George B. Wright and Family Papers

Copyright Notice:

This material may be protected by copyright law (U.S. Code, Title 17). Researchers are liable for any infringement. For more information, visit www.mnhs.org/copyright.

Version 3
August 20, 2018

A
W749
Vol. 21

Geo. B. Wright
Minneapolis Minn

his particular Scrap-book.

* G.B.W.

Election Reform
Pages 2, 3, 4, 36, 37, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59
" 60, 61

he will accept the offer or not.

Eternal Justice—The Nation in Account with the Higher Law.

The most hopeful sign of the times is, that the people begin to *think*. Never before have the consequences of our political actions, the courses of our legislators, nay, the very principles underlying the whole superstructure of American civilization, come home to us as now.

You and I fellow-citizen, here, and all across this broad land, have to decide each for himself, (answering alone to his conscience and his God) those questions which are to determine the future weal or woe of this nation. And this is the glory of true American citizenship, when each and every one of us, discarding previous political association and prejudices, passes his solemn verdict upon each question according to his conviction of its merits or faults. Thus may we hope to become in fact as in name, the *Model Republic*.

In more ways than one does man's necessity become God's opportunity.

We are wont to consider war as the greatest calamity which can befall a people. Sweeping over the land it leaves behind to mark its path of vengeance, a harvest of ruin, debt, desolation and woe. The relentless plowshare of war leaves only the black earth behind it; but out of this springs national regeneration.

The iron has struck deep into the soil. It has torn up the matted sod of our political prejudices and false conservatism, and exposed alike the wealth and poverty, the strength and weakness of our system of government.

And to the American citizen of to-day, is the duty and responsibility of weeding out error and planting those principles of true liberty and equal justice which will make us such a nation, that the rude husbandry of war may never again be needed.

Never since the Constitution of our country was adopted has there been such opportunity for reform and improvement as now, and never again in our time will such another opportunity occur. Great reforms are established, Evils in our form of government corrected, the weak places made strong, in a *day*, now, that *eighty years before* could not accomplish.

That conservatism which clings to the dead past because of the fathers, to whom it was then a *live present*, is fast being swept away by the tide of the new (and old too) Conservatism which would "prove all things and hold fast to that which is good" only, and the time has come when if we *will* we may repair every defect (which the experience of eighty years, and stern test of gigantic war, has developed) in our system of government.

The American people stand on the heights overlooking, but cut loose from the past, and before them their choice of a career honorable and glorious, if true and just, or of disgrace and infamy if false to the holy cause of liberty and nationality, for which our soldiers have sealed their devotion with their lives.

When Peace returns again to us, the basis upon which our Government shall then be established will not be lightly departed from. Nothing but the most urgent necessity—the immediate life or death of the Republic will induce our people to make radical changes in a government under which they enjoy the blessings of *peace*.

How important then, that the basis now adopted should be one grounded in natural justice and in the principle of *equal rights* which alone distinguishes Democracy from Despotism.

We sometimes hear about the "American Experiment." It comes to us in a hash of Neutrality, Non-recognition, Belligerent Rights, Wharncliffe, Semmes, and Steel-rifled cannon; and with a prevalent odor of Beef, Beer and Brittannia. Taken altogether we Americans do not relish the cookery. We sometimes feel that with our gentle cousins it is "Good Lord; Good Devil." Not that they care much which whips, but as the poor Devil pays best they will help *him* a little "on the sly."

Yet, however, much it grates on our ears, the Englishman is warranted in calling our government the "American Experiment," and he is *half* right too in proclaiming it a "failure."

The attempt to conduct a free popular government on the principles and by the maxims which make Monarchies strong and durable, has most signally and *deplorably failed*.

We must have a *New* America on a *new* foundation. An America which will gather strength and stability with every day of its continuance. An America just, righteous, and consistent. An America that is *not* a "failure" nor an "experiment." And such an America we shall yet have if the terrible experience of the past four years has not gone wholly for naught.

The first part of the problem is being solved through fire and blood, and in the national loss of every dollar of the ill-gotten booty which Slavery has given us. There is a current of the grandest and sternest justice running through the whole course of this fearful retribution. The North has fattened and heaped up wealth. Dearly we pay for it to-day.

And the South, wind sowing and whirlwind reaping, the devastation and ruin throughout the length and breadth of their land, needs but one more scene to make the picture of poetic justice complete. The United States colored police, in blue coats and with glittering rifle, enforcing order and obedience to laws till a new generation shall rise and have learned to repent of the sins of the fathers.

That great black barrier (the Apollyon of Slavery straddling defiantly across the way to free institutions) is broken.

Exhausted, faint and bleeding, with thousands of millions of debt, where before we had thousands of millions of surplus wealth, the nation is to-day more prosperous and with a brighter out-look for the future than ever before, for it is *almost free!*

We thought we were rich; now we come to settle the long bill of sin and infamy, it sweeps away our substance, sows the broad land in orphanage and widowhood, grasps all we have now, and extorts our pledge of four thousand millions more, to be paid as fast as we can earn it.

But the lesson learned now will not need to be repeated. The tempting avenues of national crime and oppression will not again seduce the nation from the straight way of political righteousness.

The harvest of repentance which we gather to-day is the rich yield of many years sowing.

Men complain of the high price of cotton. It is cheaper now than ever before, from Whitney's time down to the day of the emancipation proclamation. For twenty years we bought the staple of crime at ten dollars a pound, paying sixpence down in cash, and our bill due to the Almighty, payable on demand, for the balance. We believed He wouldn't call for payment in *our* time. Perhaps He would forget it entirely, and at all events the debt might become void under the statute of limitations.

But the Lord doesn't do business that way. Four years ago we were requested to settle that little bill, principal, interest, and costs. We haven't got it paid yet. Our cotton had been cheaper at fourteen shillings a pound cash. We have said, "after *us* the deluge," and *after* us it is—with a vengeance! Though we flee to the mountain of refuge it shall yet overtake us.

The first part of the problem of national salvation is being worked out at Richmond, Savannah and Charleston.

How may we so determine the foundations of our Government, that it shall every day become better, stronger and more permanent? That is the question which *we* are called upon to meet at the ballot box and in the legislative hall.

Let us meet it—freeing ourselves from partizan malice and acting solely for the best welfare of our country. For once let us be something better than party politicians—for once let us dare to do what we know to be right. Let us learn to practice the new and *true* maxim,—"Let justice be done lest the heavens fall."

I have in these papers already indicated some of the most obvious duties of Free Citizenship. If we have traveled these many years on the broad road to Destruction, the first duty is to "about face" and march back. We shall find the road long, sad and wearisome. With the swift sword of popular will, we may sever the bonds that held the captive to the blazing tree, but to him recovery and health come only through slow, painful processes; and so too, when we see the Serpent Slavery striking the nation with its envenomed dagger; down goes the iron heel, and the viper dies; but the virus of Slavery lingers in the blood of our national politics, and breaks out, not only in such coppery ulcers as Ben. Wood, McMasters, Gorman and Gilman, but also in Republican scabs all over the country. By Legislative acts we may put the nation on the way to health and purity, but we cannot so escape the penalty of our past transgressions. Through long suffering the people will be relieved as one by one of the men who learned politics under the reign of Slavery, shall pass away or be laid on the shelves of a merited retirement. The man who has been schooled in the policies of the past thirty years does not and cannot understand the word "Freedom." It means to him simply a million of ignorant black men pour-

ed loose into the dirty pool of politics, a promise to his swinish instincts of food and fatness. A Free America he does not understand. A nation rising from its trial of fire and blood, purified and chastened but with renewed strength and vigor, fearing to do wrong and daring to do right in all things. A nation loving and doing Justice, Truth and Mercy.—These are things of which the man educated in the school of compromise and concession, can have no conception. The logic of the Devil (leave off the D if it shocks you; it means the same) has so debauched the intellect and moral instinct of our politicians that between right and wrong they see no distinction. The good and the evil hold in even scale, and the smallest grain of interest or policy turns the beam. Such men have no faith in the people—no confidence in anything but intrigue and barter. Free Government is to them a lie. Their whole training teaches them to beware of a thing which appeals to the conscience as being right, for, whispers the Devil to them, "*if* right it *must* be impolitic and dangerous."

Now the people have no further use for such statesmanship. They want no men who vote for a just measure in the Legislature, only because they *dare not go* on the record against it; no men who (like the rats that desert a sinking ship) climb the wave only for fear of being swallowed up by it. They want men who firmly believe that Truth and Justice in all things is not inconsistent with the highest welfare of the nation. When the generation of politicians who gave us the Fugitive Slave Law shall have passed away, we may have a Free America.

Patience, dear friends, the time will come.

UNITED STATES.

"United States" on the Suffrage Question.

The cause and cure of our national troubles lie not alone in the question of slavery, but deeper, in that principle underlying slavery, and alone making slavery passable anywhere: the ignorance of the people. That alone makes possible for a single hour, Absolutism, Aristocracy, Caste, Privilege, power in the few over and against the many, of what form soever and in whatever land or clime.

Every power, political or ecclesiastical, striving to wield absolute sway over men, depends most on the one agency of Ignorance, to maintain its cause. Ignorance is the only *free school* under such a system—that alone, of all the virtues and accomplishments, is most studiously inculcated. The whole policy of Absolutism seems to hinge on this one principle; and well it may; for with popular intelligence, thrones crumble and kingly heads fall. If we would make this Republic a permanent fact, we must reverse the policy and maxims of Despotism, end for end—liberty for their slavery, education for their ignorance.

How far then, have we advanced toward popular self-government? The Constitution guarantees to every State a republican form of government. In one half of our Union it was but a form.

South Carolina held four-sevenths of her people as chattels, "beasts of the field that perish," and of the remainder, a large percentage were excluded from any voice in the government, and a still larger number were ineligible to any office, while the whole tendency of government and legislation in the State was to enforce and strengthen that system of aristocracy, and make it more and more exclusive, permanent and oppressive.

The one argument by which all such systems seek to justify themselves is, that the people are not fit for self-government—that is, they are ignorant. The invariable practice of such systems is to keep the people ignorant that they may never be fit to govern themselves. There is a thread of truth in the web of falsehood; for nothing is truer than that while in ignorance, a people are not only not fit for self-government, but that self-government is an absolute impossibility—a thing which perhaps existing in form, is yet entirely unknown in such a community or nation.

How much of popular government has there ever been in the Southern States? How much to-day in the city of New York? How much —— I need not go so far away for examples, nor need I name them to you.

At least 40,000 of the votes cast in New York city for General McClellan, expressed no particle of popular will. They were simply evidence of the absolute sway of a few political demagogues over an ignorant mob, and those forty thousand votes were simply the expression of King Fernando's will, and not that of those who cast them.

Wherein, I ask you, differs this from despotism, so long as those forty thousand remain in their degradation? But educate those men, and Republicanism—the distinguishing and essential feature of our system of government becomes not only possible but inevitable.

Intelligence is democracy; ignorance is despotism.

Are we not then justified (if the Republic is worth preserving) in using the strongest measures against that ignorance which would destroy the Republic? But for the ignorance of the southern people they could not have been dragged into secession; and but for the State to which it was tied, New York city might have gone down also into the pit of treason and rebellion.

Were New York city cut loose from the wholesome restraint imposed upon it by the intelligent and uncorrupted State, it would drift through terrible anarchy to irresponsible absolutism in a single month. Riot, arson, lust and murder, would make the most grinding and oppressive imperial rule not only a gratifying relief, but the only government they could have, and the only one they would deserve.

We have opened our ports and stimulated emigration to our shores, from the down-trodden nations of the world. It was grand;—it was noble. No true American can but be proud of his country for the liberal hand with which she has bestowed blessings on the oppressed of every land—except (alas, must we confess it!) our own. The negro alone has had to fight, not alone for his own liberty and right to life, but for our liberty and our national life, ere we would accord him a bare and meager justice—much less welcome and privilege.

But elsewhere we have made broad our invitation and welcome. We have offered indiscriminately, to the man of cultivation and virtue not more than to the most ignorant, besotted and degraded, from other lands, felons and hopeless paupers though they might be, the highest privileges of the Republic; and so far as that ignorance and degradation has gone it has been "casting pearls before swine." We have not scrupled to call and bestow the highest reward on any material only that we might use some part of it to build our railroads, bear our burdens, and make us rich, and the whole of it to carry our ticket.

If we have gained this at the cost of the deterioration of our national quality and average intelligence; if we have endangered the cause of civil liberty (not yet firmly established here); if by our release from burdens Americans have grown effeminate; and if by the introduction of ignorant material we have debased and corrupted our politics; then, indeed, we have paid a fearful price for the settlement of our prairies, the building of our railroads and the wealth of our cities.

An intelligent Englishman recently said to me, "Your system of government is admirably adapted to a sparsely-settled country and highly intelligent people, but when you become as densely populated as the old world it will fail. You cannot sustain it. Demagogues will control the masses and overthrow the government for their own base ends."

Have we not already seen the attempt made, and almost successful, through a rebellion, the most gigantic the world has ever seen?

The Briton was right,—unless the same high standard of intelligence is maintained—and that becomes more and more difficult as population increases, and men jostle and crowd each other because there is not room for a generous competence for all. Every where we see recognized, in one form or another—openly or tacitly—the fact, that intelligence of the people implies free government, and that ignorance is synonymous with despotism.

Then there is the one only and proper restriction that should be put on the elective franchise—a restriction recognizing only the intelligent use of that privilege, requiring only that at the root of all power in a free government, intelligence and not ignorance should be the rule and the controlling force. Restriction of the elective franchise in any other direction, leads straight to caste and aristocracy. That, on the contrary, always insures free institutions. Join that principle with the most liberal system of free schools, offer every inducement to every one to become fit for participation in the government—(the qualification of intelligence in a voter being of itself one of the strongest inducements)—proscribe no one on account of creed, nativity or color; give every one the opportunity to fit himself for the duties and privileges of citizenship, and then leave the responsibility with himself alone whether he will accept the offer or not.

If the privileges of American citizenship are held by any one at so low a price as not to be worth the cost of learning to read (itself an equal blessing) then that man *is not fit* to receive those privileges. What might we expect of the man who holds the elective franchise in such low estimation, as to barter it away for the basest coin?

Am I told that there is no need for this restriction; that the government has got along well enough without it thus far, and will continue to do so? It is false! Look at the spectacle of one-third part of the nation in arms against the national authority. Look, in our northern cities to the mob law, riot and anarchy, between which and constitutional law and order, those cities are trembling at even poise.

Look back for a few months, if you will, and behold the whole force and strength of ignorance in the North marshalled in one unbroken rank of opposition to the Government, and blindly, but no less really, in alliance with the rebels of the South to overthrow the nation; and then say, if you can, that we do not, as we value the existence of this Government, need this change!

Am I told that it cannot be brought about? I admit that in those States where power has already passed into the hands of ignorance—in those States where the terrible tyranny of political demagogues, based on the corruption and degradation of an ignorant mob is felt most oppressively—in those States where this restriction is most needed—it is already too late to apply it, But it can be done here; and the examples before us warn us plainly that it cannot be done too soon. Were there any doubt of it, then so much the more necessity for doing it at all hazards; for where the State is beyond the possibility of passing such an act, its situation is perilous indeed. UNITED STATES.

The Suffrage Question.

There is another question which is intimately connected with our consideration of this matter of suffrage. Probably many of us, especially if we have been extensive readers of the current literature of the country, may remember to have met the word "negro" spelled with two g's! It is not so common now as once! There has been among us a class of politicians whose whole energies seem to have been devoted to the propagation of great political and moral truth through the unanswerable logic of bad spelling and bad pronunciation. It was their helmet, their buckler, their sheet anchor, their stay, their shield and their defense. They have hurled the two g's linked together like chain-shot, through the smoking atmosphere of political strife, from every stump. They have bombarded us with the same missiles from every "enlightened press." They have exhausted their wit and racked their ingenuity on this one theme. It has been their delight and affection—their meat and drink and wear—the alpha and omega of their thought. Living, it has been their constant labor of love, and, dying, they have maintained it to their latest breath.

But those days and that statesmanship have passed by. Orthography as a great moral and political power has been tried and found wanting. The hundred thousand black men who are to-day fighting for our country—for your liberties and mine—have taught the American people *how to spell*. Occasionally, indeed, we see, even yet, some antediluvian relic, some mournful reminiscence of the days of slavery and barbarism, borne hence from the further shore of oblivion, (in whose waters we would, in Christian charity, be glad to sink the dead and disgraceful past of American oppression and crime) stranded high on the hither shores of our new civilization, and proclaiming in terms unmistakable to every human sense, that, though surrounded by a renewed, healthful and vigorous life in all things else, the spirit of misnamed Democracy "smells to heaven"—fragrant of corruption even more in death than in life.

Buzzards find sweet and tender morsels where even dogs decline the feast—and worms yet revel among the scattered remains of what was once a live power of evil wearing the mask of Democracy.

To the common sense of humanity the spectacle may be wholly disgusting, but to the student of philosophy, the study of depraved tastes and rotten affiliations possesses a scientific interest. It is mournfully touching to witness the brutish joy, the insane delight, the frenzied hope, with which the buzzard clutches the opportunity to say "*nigger!*" How he concentrates the gall, venom and malice of a life-time into those two syllables—louder and louder—"if he dies for it", NIGGER! NIGGER!! *NIGGER!!!* How he gloats and glories in the prospect and hope of amalgamation and consequent degradation of the white race to the level of South Carolina society! How handsomely does he mouth the indigestible and kinky fibre, the wool of Africa!—How he rolls it as a sweet morsel under his tongue! How he plumes himself and rubs down his dirty feathers with the sweet oil of African fragrance; and how, at last, like the worm, he rolls himself, and burrows deep in the rottenness of his own imagination! It is not often that we now are compelled to witness these disgusting reminders of the good old days when Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan made the name of America infamous.

Thank God! there are men of to-day in high places who are not afraid to do justice to the despised, down-trodden and hated negro. And we have learned too, better than either to despise or hate him. No other class have stood up more manfully in defense of the Government, a Government, too, which to them had been always the symbol of oppression and wrong. The negro of 1862 was still to us the thing that had no rights which men were bound to respect;—to-day he has certain rights, and the haughty chivalry of the South are rapidly learning to respect those rights at the bayonet's point; and we have learned, too, to respect him for those qualities which make the true, faithful soldier—qualities which mark manhood and not beasthood.

The tendency toward recognizing the negro as a "man and brother" is more marked in the ranks of the pro-slavery conservatists (and who late were national destructionists also) than anywhere else. Sam Cox (he whose sun hath gone down while it is yet day) in a fine burst of patriotic enthusiasm, announces to the astonished world in his most swelling phrase, that slavery is to him "the most re-pug-nant of human institutions;" and with the air of a victorious Roman, claims the applause and wears the laurel. There is at last a disposition on all hands, to accord to the negro the equal and exact justice which is his due as a man, even had he not a thousandfold earned that right, by his steadfast, earnest devotion to our cause of National Unity and Liberty.

It is evident, too, that the right about face of the pro-slavery leaders, implies something more than honest conviction of the wickedness of slavery; something more than their ardent desire for the triumph of justice and right.

It means that they foresee that the negro is likely to become a great political power in the country; and, acting on the same principle which has impelled them hitherto to pander to the basest instincts and passions of the most degraded and ignorant classes at the North, for the sake of securing control of their votes—they now haste to make their peace with the negro, hoping to secure him as a make-weight with which to turn the scale against better men than themselves and purer political principles than they represent.

We shall, I am confident, see the negro placed on an equal footing of rights with the white. *That* is simple justice under our system of government. We feel, instinctively, that we have no right to deny him that which we freely accord to the most unworthy misrepresentation of manhood who can claim any *except* African lineage.

Chinaman, Malay or Esquimaux, is welcome here; but, *until* now, "Cursed be Canaan" was our only welcome to the black man, even though his ancestor were the great Captain of Carthage himself.

We *must* recognize the negro now; we cannot, because he *is* a negro, refuse him the rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, which we have declared to be rights inherent in *all* men by virtue of their manhood. For the negro has become a *man* now, and we cannot refuse him the means and privileges incident and necessary, to the maintenance *of* those rights. Because he is a man, he must stand on an equal footing with *other* men, before the law.

But we see in this sudden change of base by such men as Cox and Voorhees, a disposition to turn the acknowledged ignorance, and innocent, childlike faith and trust of the negro freedmen, just loosed from their life-long imprisonment of body and soul, to a base political purpose.

The concurrent testimony of white officers in black regiments, is that the freed blacks are faithful to the death. That they exhibit perfect devotion to and trust in those officers who have once gained their confidence. They are grown up children, without any experience or the

slightest idea of any reliance on their own judgment.

Are we doing them a favor by leading them into the pit of politics? by making them the prey of base and unscrupulous demagogues, who would use and ruin them? Is it a kindness to them to meet them at the very threshold of the new world into which they are entering, with intrigue and trickery—and to teach them as their first lesson in freedom that their chief available capital, their prime stock in trade, is the ballot (the sacredness of which they have not learned) and which they find may readily be bartered for occupation and favor?

Would we feel it to be a kindness to ourselves, our children or our country, to extend the right of suffrage to boys of ten years of age? To expose our children to the temptations that surround every voter who has not an intelligent appreciation of the merits of the questions at issue, and of his own responsibility in relation thereto? And yet, this is precisely, in principle, what the extreme advocates of negro suffrage would have us do.

Great as are the dangers threatening the nation from thus opening new territory to the power of political demagogues, still greater is the injustice and wrong we should thereby do the freed blacks themselves. In justice to them we are under bonds to save them from the vultures who would fasten upon them and lead them and the country together to a common ruin.

To place the black man on an equal footing of rights with the white, and then to so guard the exercise of political privilege as to protect both white and black from the temptations incident to that privilege, and, at the same time, to guard free institutions from the evil consequences which would result from improper use of political power, are sacred duties which go hand in hand.

We must protect and educate the negro—we must fit him to exercise the rights of citizenship, and to act understandingly, before we turn him over to the mercy of traders in politics. And no less do we owe the same duty to the white man. It is felt to be no hardship or injustice for the young man of eighteen to wait three years for the right to vote. It *should* be felt no hardship to *any* one to wait till he has acquired a real and definite qurlification for that privilege, by learning to read and write. That is a far more just test than the arbitrary one of age; for no ignorant man is qualified to make law, while thousands of young men, not yet arrived at legal age, are in all other respects fully qualified.

The principle of restriction in suffrage is in the very foundations of our government, and is as necessary as government itself. It is in no sense proscriptive, and it has not failed. Shall we now place that restriction where it ought to be? Shall we at once do our duty in this matter, both to our country, to ourselves, and to those who may hereafter become our fellow-citizens, of whatever class or color? Fellow-citizens, shall we do it? Yea or nay.

UNITED STATES.

Steps Towards Regeneration.

In the furnace of the last four years the whole history of our republic has been "rolled together like a scroll." There are but two things in it: on the first page glows the red line "American Revolution," and on the next in letters of brighter crimson, "American Regeneration." There is something crowded in small faint type between, but nobody will ever stop to read it again.

Now is the time to make our Nation what it ought to be. In this turmoil of transition, when all our national interests and political schemes are rudely jostled together, we can safely go into a radical examination of our life, and not only avoid the adoption of pernicious methods in new settlements, but straighten the old ways wherein they have become crooked.

It seems to us as plain as day that the negro slaves, rising from bondage into liberty, are *not* as a mass fit for the exercise of suffrage; and that to extend it to them would be only to carry the field of demagoguism into new territory and to establish political slavery on what might be and ought to be free soil. To put ballots into the hands of the emancipated slaves indiscriminately, would be the barest farce that could be perpetrated; yet this is what we understand Gen. Butler and the New York *Tribune* to advocate, and what Mr. Wendell Phillips insists on as a primary condition of reconstruction.

But who can read the faithful testimony of Wentworth Higginson as to the touching dependence and docility of the freed blacks, their wild superstitions, their innocent credulity, and their semi-idolatry of their superiors, and doubt that they would generally vote the ticket which any scoundrel who could impose on their confidence, should ask them to vote? Let us guard and guide this simple, faithful race; let us instruct and Christianize them; but let us give them the self-reliance and shield which only intelligence can confer, before we make them a prey to party sharks, and permit the blarney stone of American demagoguism to be established in their midst.

Yet we must do equal and exact justice; we must respect "the rights of human nature" which we have battled for a second time; and must not discriminate against the negro on account of his color. This would be absurd and wicked, and but a repetition of the cruel logic of the slave-holder, and his parasitic echo, the Northern doughface. In the hour of triumph, we cannot afford to be mean and cowardly towards the race that has been so true to us, and has fought bravely for our success in the time of our greatest trial. It follows, then, that some other standard than color must be adopted—and that that standard must be uniform, applying to white and black alike. What shall it be? Every man spontaneously says "manhood; personal capacity." What shall be the index of this capacity? Property has been often tried, but has always failed, as a standard, because it is obviously unrepublican.

Perhaps the most practicable, though by no means infallible, test of the desired capacity is; that stated by Theodore Tilton, in a letter which we copy this morning. "*Give the ballot to all who can read, and refuse it to all who can not.*" It is useless to deny the fact that there is floating cloudily in many minds an apprehension that the standard of franchise in this country has been fixed too low. In the first grand rapture of republicanism [illegible], the recoil from monarchy carried [illegible] us to the opposite extreme, and [illegible] we freely passed the ballot-box to all men, without regard to any qualification, and not even requiring them to be able to read the ballot which they cast. This is only making the ignorant masses the prey of demagogues, and in every official relation we have suffered from it untold calamities. Had the provision been adopted twenty years ago in all our States, that no man should vote who should not be able to read aloud, at the polls, any article of the Constitution, the fearful rebellion which is taxing our best energies and is devastating half the land and draping the other half with mourning, would have been totally impossible.

Now the fountains of our great deep are broken up, and we shall be false to ourselves and to our children if we do not take advantage of the opportunity to eradicate the evils which have brought us so much harm. Let us

1. Base the government on the Intelligence, and not on the ignorance, of the people.

2. Extend to the utmost the efficiency of our system of common schools, and offer inducements to every one to acquire at least the rudiments of an education.

3. Limit the right of suffrage by a standard of intelligence. Proscribe neither Irishman nor Dutchman, neither Clay Eater, Dirt Eater nor Fire Eater, neither black nor white—let loyalty and capacity be the only tests.

Then will both secession and slavery be impossible. The nation will grow strong and happy. The demagogue's occupation will be damaged, if not entirely gone. We shall struggle up somewhat out of the mire of our political nastiness. The Outs will still abuse the comfortable Ins, and the Ins denounce the ambitious Outs: but never again will it be possible for traitors to marshal the ignorance of the country in one unbroken phalanx a million strong, to seek the death of the Nation.

But not alone South Carolina and every other Southern State; New York needs this standard as truly, if not as conspicuously, as they. Where is the "will of the people" in New York city? It is a farce to talk about it; and no honest American can look into the face of an English spectator in that city on election day, without laughing with a sense of its absurdity or blushing with shame at the spectacle. Fernando Wood or some other bold bad man holds the strings to a thousand grog-shops, and says, "Vote for McClellan and the country is safe;—peace and no more drafts," and seventy thousand men walk up to the polls and help Jeff Davis to the extent of their ability. Who voted?—the seventy thousand? No! Fernando Wood voted—and that is "the voice of the people!"

We see no easy way out of this difficulty except to require every man to sign his own name to the Registry list and to show his ability to read the American Constitution when challenged on election day. If this is not an accurate gauge of intelligence, it certainly comes as near it as we shall be likely to get, and promises much relief from the dangers with which our present system is fraught. Connecticut resorted to it ten years ago, and has found it her shield and defence. It offers the ballot at the lowest price consistent with safety, while it protects all that is best in order and law. It stimulates education to a remarkable degree, and offers suffrage as the prize of effort. It defends the interests of society against the ignorant, and the ignorant against themselves. The example of Connecticut in this respect is worthy of imitation in every State. It will give us a permanent and unexceptionable basis of suffrage for all classes of our population.

Wanted, A Nation!

The most urgent needs of our country—what we are all looking forward to—are expressed in Peace, Liberty and Nationality; not one, nor the other, but all; for neither is possible without the others.

Peace seems near, and Liberty is assured. Stephens and his co-laborers may go home, disgusted with the President for his inflexibility, but in due time they will come back like a foot-ball, still more disgusted with Sherman's diplomacy at Branchville, Augusta, Charleston and Wilmington. Peace will come, and Liberty will be one of its conditions. There is danger that Sam. Cox and Voorhies will be in at the death of slavery, ahead of Garrison and Greely.

But the main question of the war from the outset has been, and must be to the end, Nationality; without which there could be no peace and no liberty, but

only anarchy, terror and lawless force.—The South has deliberately adopted as its bond of union, the right of separation. They fight us to-day, to secure the right to fight each other to-morrow.—Their principle of confederation is like the powder in a shell, of which they themsleves have lighted the fuse. The North has steadily fought to establish the one fundamental principle that the national authority is supreme, and that the constitutionally expressed will of the people is the high court from whose decisions no faction can appeal. It has maintained successfully on the soil of every revolted State, the fact that we are a Union, and not a partnership, to be dissolved at the pleasure of whoever first chooses to leave the concern between two days, and take the spoons with him. Let us not forget the specious lie and fraud of State Sovereighty—that worst egg in the whole venemous nest of treason—the tempter that has beguiled and debauched the southern brain and conscience, to the ruin and disgrace of such men as Alexander H. Stephens, who hated the name of secession, and felt that the ruin of the State would be the inevitable consequence of treason, but who were so drugged with this poison of State rights, as to forget that their country was the *United States*, and their allegiance due *to* the United States, and not to the municipality of Georgia or North Carolina. *They* are fighting for a rope of sand, we, for a nation whose unity and integrity is well symbolized by the iron warp threading it from ocean to ocean, and nowhere cut by boundary lines or custom house officials.

Let us see to it, then, that the question of State sovereignty is settled finally and fully. It has done us abundant mischief. Put it on the record that Minnesota acknowledges the supremacy of the United States of America. State sovereignty is anti-democratic; it is the main reliance of those who would "rather be first in the village, than second in Rome;" those who would "rule in hell, rather than serve in heaven." It has no sympathy with the civilization of this continent—let it die. * * *

THE PROPOSED CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

Intelligence the True Basis of Suffrage.

EDITOR PRESS:—The proposed amendment to the State Constitution to allow colored men the right of suffrage, is a convenient opening up of the whole question of the foundations of popular self-goverament, and it certainly seems that this is the favored moment for placing the Government of our State at least, on a basis of exact and equal justice; a foundation which in the very nature of things, will with increase of population and prosperity, bring increased power and stability to our form of government, and with advancing years, carry us further and wider from the possibility of secession or subversion of the Government, and remove the deepest and most hopeless source of political corruption and degradation, which now both North and South, and in all parties, is at war with the principles of free government and free society. The remedy is at hand; it is plain and simple; it needs no argument to convince any person of moderate common sense, that it *is* the proper foundation for a free government, and the *first* step toward correcting the evils and defects so manifest in the workings of our American system.

The only question is, have we the courage to apply the remedy? Which is—the recognition in our Constitution of the principle that *intelligence alone qualifies a people for self-government.* That principle needs to be placed in broad characters in our State charter, and set before the eyes of every legislator, so that though a wayfaring man, etc., he may not err therein.

There is no rule of consistency by which we can refuse the negro as such, the right of suffrage. He has stood by the government which has always prosecuted and oppressed him, most nobly in its hour of trial. It is a generosity and magnanimity which we had no right to expect.

Shall we refuse him the same rights we freely accord to every white man, no matter how degraded, vicious and ignorant, no matter whether he has supported the State that has protected him, or has stood back sullen, mutinous and ripe for riot and treason, requiring a soldier at home, to keep him from raising his hand *against* his country, instead of *for* it? Shall we exclude the negro who is doing his utmost to sustain the conntry on the battlefield, while we accept the treacherous Indian, who as we have good reason to know, whatever may be his professions of friendship, awaits only a favorable opportunity to cut our throats?

There can be but one good and valid reason for refusing the negro or the white man who is loyal to the Government, from participating in the government, and that reason is everything, both (and equally) as regards either white or black. Is he fit for it?

The qualification for the elective franchise should, at first, be, as expressed by Theodore Tilton, in his letter to the Missouri Convention, placed as low as consistent with the safety of the State, and certainly the limit he suggested, viz., ability to read, is the lowest that will secure that end. That our State is not to-day in the deplorable condition of the Southern States of the late so-called "Confederacy," is not the fault of our State Constitution, but only that as yet ignorance is in the minority. A writer in the *North American Review* for July, 1864, in speaking of the necessity which is forced upon the National Government to provide some system of popular education in those States which neglect or discourage it, viewing the matter as vital to the national safety, says:—"It (the government) has no foe so terrible as popular ignorance, and yet against this one it cannot raise a finger."

Again—"It is to the ignorance of the Southern people that we owe the rebellion; to the ignorance of the great masses of the Northern people that we owe much of the baseness and corruption which sully our political life; to the ignorance of the Irish that we owe two-thirds of our crime; and if we ever become the prey of of a despot, it will be because ignorance will have rooted out from the popular heart the love of national freedom."

And such is the verdict of common sense everywhere. Shall we, then, as lovers of our country and its institutions hesitate to do that thing which will best ensure the stability of those institutions? Shall we, even as politicians, working basely for our own self-interest alone, refuse to see beyond the length of our respective noses; for whatever may be the feeling to-day, a few years, at most, will justify, in the eyes of the world, the motives of those who now seek to raise our political system out of the mire into which it has fallen.

Let us, then, with one hand cherish and develop our system of Free Schools, by the most liberal legislation; and with the other bring to every future citizen of the State the strongest of reasons for acquiring something, at least, of education—by making the right to participate in the government of the country the reward of him who shall, through education, become fitted to exercise that right.

Yours, in the hope of a free and just Constitution, CITIZEN.

Letter to a Friend now Stopping at the International.

MY DEAR SENATORIUS: I need not, my friend, I am sure, apologize to you for this intrusion. Our acquaintance is of too long standing and too harmonious a nature to require state ceremonials between us. Neither of us will ever forget the glow which marked our first friendship, thirty years since. It began with our acquaintance, for we were both Jackson men—very young men to be sure, but ardently Jacksonian. It is possible that we may have laid too much stress on his "By the Eternal" and not enough on the wisdom of his public measures; for I well remember that the aforesaid emphatic expletive formed a strong bond of union between us, and I confess that I was not at all surprised when, some two or three years ago, you said to me in your most impressive manner, "Jackson's great mistake was in regard to the United States Bank." I say I was not surprised, for I had long before come to the same conclusion; but I am still somewhat in doubt whether you arrived at that emphatic declaration by reason of the obvious necessities of the Treasury in 1862, and a laudable desire to make your sentiments accord with the patriotic press of the country, or from a settled conviction that a firm, responsible and uniform currency, in the benefits of the issue of which all might share, is better than an unlimited flood of private bills of indebtedness which are always at a discount (as Minnesota currency is now) at ten miles from its place of issue, and which is so manipulated by its owners (*owe*-ners) that under the various heads of Exchange, Loans, Discounts, &c., it affords a handsome revenue. And allow me here, my dear Senatorious, to digress, and observe that I can scarce

But those days and that statesmanship

help thinking that the revenue so acquired, is, by a process little better than fraud on you and me and the rest of the dear people; for neither of *us* have ever held bank stock, except a few shares in the Untamable Felis, which, you will doubtless remember, bursted one day leaving nothing to the (small) stockholders, though the President thereof is now at the head of the "National Metropolitan" with a capital of sixteen millions. Excuse me, Senatorious, for the allusion. I would not raise a doubt in your mind that I could not wholly clear up, lest thereby I might impair the efficiency of the present legislature; and I am well aware that you are at present an ardent advocate of our National Bank scheme, regarding it as a grand, glorious, pure and undefiled system of national finance; and I admit freely that I shared to a considerable extent in the gushing enthusiasm with which you exhibited to me the first package of National Bank notes ever seen in this part of the country, particularly as you took occasion then and there to liquidate a small matter of account of considerable standing between us, with a small portion of those same "Nationals" which, if I remember rightly, were the proceeds of your share in some small contract for something or other in some apocryphal frontier expedition.

Yet after all, there is something so curious in these pretty schemes of national finance, that as I observe their workings I am struck with admiration at the originality and evident genius displayed, and it sometimes seems to me that there is something deeper in it than we suspected when we looked over together the charming historical pictures which grace the national currency, both in front and rear. Let us inquire into the history of the issue of these notes.

As nearly as I remember now, the Government in the course of a formidable and most costly war, found itself daily running in debt—the ordinary receipts were but a fraction of the extraordinary expenses—and the Secretary utterly failed to be able to pay *out* three or four hundred millions a year, in gold, when other people would only pay *in* to him, some forty or fifty millions more or less. Therein the Secretary showed his incompetence. Let us hereafter insist upon a Secretary who will pay gold, whether he has it or not!

But it became necessary to issue paper. The Secretary said, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, I give unto thee," and greenbacks became legal tender. They were equally good, of course, yet after a time goods, labor, all the products of industry began to advance in price. The trouble was fully canvassed, and from that time to this, the cause of the rise in everything but greenbacks has been a staple topic. The newspapers generally have agreed (and they must be right, for you know, my dear Seantorious, how they all praised you, and your *wisdom* and *integrity*, during the late canvass, and *that* was true, of course) that the cause of the advance in prices was due to an expanded currency. Between *us* they hit the nail on the head better than in the other case cited.

So to keep down the volume of circulation, the Secretary issued bonds, which might be purchased in this same currency, but the interest of which was payable in gold, at a rate which should be a fair compensation for the use of the money, being nearly double the real and actual increase per cent. of the wealth of the country by production during time of peace. Here the surplus currency could find a safe and sure anchor. Afterwards, to more rapidly dispose of those bonds, and thereby render unnecessary a large increase of greenbacks and large "expansion of circulation," the Government authorized the use of such bonds as a banking capital, (which, don't you see, my dear Senatorious, did'nt imply an increase of *circulation* at all) the Government standing responsible for the notes based on said bonds, and agreeing to receive them in payment of all dues. This was an ingenious scheme of avoiding the difficulty, and may be considered as the triumphant solution of a problem which has been given up by the Faculty as impossible, to wit: the elevation of one's own self by the expansive portion of the unmentionable articles of apparel; though as a plain matter of fact, it is difficult to see what the Government has gained by the issue of National Currency in the place of greenbacks, except the privilege of paying the banking fraternity 5 or 6 per cent. per annum in gold—equal now to 10 or 15 per cent. in currency on the whole amount of the circulation based on the U. S. bonds, which circulation not the bankers, but the Government stand responsible for.

It is not necessary for the purpose of the argument to be very precise in figures, but we will suppose that a National Bank is started with a capital of $100,000, and, to be perfectly safe and secure, that only $90,000 of National Currency notes are issued, and that the securities are the pleasant Five-twenties—(you know what they are, though you and I have never had any personal experience of them)—the Government annually pays the bank six per cent. or $6,000 in gold, or at present rates, 13½ per cent. or $13,500 in paper, for —— for what, did you say? I cannot tell you, Senatorious. That 's just the point I am trying to find out.

Let us see if it is to reduce the volume of circulation. It is evident that when the bank buys $100,000 in bonds of the Government the circulation is reduced to that extent. Ah, yes; but then you see they issue $90,000 on those same bonds; consequently the net reduction is but $10,000, for which kind service the Government actually pays $13,500 dollars per year. My dear Senatorious, did you ever read of one Shylock? And then, the banker has still the use of his money, and by the carefelly adjusted machinery of loans, discounts, etc., makes it count him 12 to 20 per cent. per annum more; and, with an annual income of $30,000, the bank does well. We had better go into the business; but, with our experience, Senatorious, we will hardly be seduced into the part of the *small* shareholders again.

And with even this cheerful view of the case there is yet a "better thing" concealed in this beautiful financial scheme. Suppose the banker more patriotic than others—more anxious to support the Government — willing to take

its loans at par, and devote his whole energies to the nation's welfare—will he not then, instead of loaning out his $90,000 of notes for the convenience of private individuals, immediately purchase more bonds and deposite the same with the Treasurer as security on which to issue more notes, and thus "enlarge" the capital of the concern, (as National Banks do) and with these notes purchase more bonds, on which to issue more notes, and so on to infinity, and on every dollar of the bonds thus patriotically taken, receiving 5 or 6 per cent. in gold, worth 10 to 15 per cent. in paper, per annum. Ah, Senatorious, there's no use in talking, that's the way to make money. Let us all get rich! But who pays all this? Oh, the people. It's all right.

Let us see—on the same principle as before—a bank with $100,000 capital issues $90,000 notes. Its interest money reduced to paper at say 12½ per cent. amounts to $12,500. Now just invest the $90,000 in bonds again, and on these issue $80,000 of notes, and we now also increase our interest by the sum of $11,250, and we now have a bank with a capital of $190,000, and are in receipt of $23,750 interest money per annum; and, by "enlarging the capital" of the bank in this simple way only six times, we have a bank capital of over half a million of dollars, and with an annual income of over $65,000, all for our original expenditure of $100,000; and then, most sweet of all, *it is free from government tax.* I well remember, Senatorious, when you paid your 8 per cent. income tax for 1863, (amounting in your case on an income of $1,000, or $400 over the $600 exempt, to the snug sum of $32) that you had to borrow a little to make it up, and that you wondered how it could be that some of the great New York bankers returned such small incomes, and how you shook your head at the remembrance of our own unfortunate speculation in banking, and sighed, "Ah, poor fellows, I pity them—they must be losing money fast." If I were going to guess where your $32 went, I should say that the Government paid it to that same New York banker who returned "no income", to satisfy him for "interest on the public debt."

You need n't ask me what I'm going to do about it. That 's your business; but if you want my opinion you can have it gratis.

Truly your Jacksonian friend,

UNITED STATES BANK.

SCENE ON THE STREET.—*Wednesday Morning, 8:20 A. M.—Mercury 20°.—[Enter two well-bred gentlemen, from opposite directions.]*

Gentleman No. 1.—Splendid morning; happy to see you so well and fresh.

Gentleman No. 2.—Beautiful morning. What a glorious sunrise! You're looking splendidly now!

No. 1.—Pardon the remark, but I think—that is—is not your nose freezing?

No. 2.—Ah! indeed! Thank you, my friend! thank you! How often am I indebted to you for such kindnesses! And, by the way—if I mistake not—your nose is freezing also!

No. 1.—I am a thousand times obliged, my dear friend! How these acts of mutual kindness sweeten and throw a charm around our social intercourse!

No. 2.—They do, indeed. Good morning. Many happy returns!

No. 1.—Good morning. Thank you—A beautiful morning!

[*Exit* well-bred gentlemen, rubbing their respective probosces.]

The amenities of Hyperborean civilization.

GENTLE ALICE BROWN.

It was a robber's daughter, and her name
was Alice Brown,
Her father was the terror of a small Italian
town;
Her mother was a foolish, weak but amiable
old thing;
But it isn't of her parents that I'm going
for to sing.

As Alice was a sitting at her window sill one
day,
A beautiful young gentleman he chanced to
pass that way;
She cast her eyes upon him, and he looked
so good and true,
That she thought, "I could be happy with
a gentleman like you!"

And every morning passed her house that
cream of gentlemen,
She knew she might expect him at a quarter unto ten.
A sorter in the Custom-house, it was his
daily road,
(The Custom-house was fifteen minutes'
walk from her abode.)

But Alice was a pious girl, who knew it
wasn't wise
To look at strange young sorters with expressive purple eyes;
So she sought the village priest to whom her
family confessed,—
The priest by whom their little sins were
carefully assessed.

"O holy father," Alice said, "'twould grieve
you—would it not?—
To discover that I was a most disreputable
lot!
Of all unhappy sinners I'm the most unhappy one!"
The padre said, "Whatever have you been
and gone and done?"

"I have helped mamma to steal a little kiddy from its dad,
I've assisted dear papa in cutting up a little
lad.
I've planned a little burglary, and forged a
little check,
And slain a little baby for the coral on its
neck!"

The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and dropped a silent tear,—
And said, "You mus'n't judge yourself too
heavily, my dear,—
It's wrong to murder babies little coral for
to fleece,
But sins like these one expiates at half a
crown apiece.

"Girls will be girls,—you're very young
and flighty in your mind;
Old head upon young shoulders we must not
expect to find;
We mus'n't be too hard upon these little
girlish tricks,—
Let's see,—five crimes at half a crown—exactly twelve-and-six."

"Oh father," little Alice cried, "your kindness makes me weep,
You do these little things for me so singularly cheap,—
Your thoughtful liberality I never can forget;
But, O, there is another crime I haven't
mentioned yet!

"A pleasant-looking gentleman, with pretty purple eyes,
I've noticed at my window, as I've sat a
catching flies;
He passes by it every day as certain as can
be,—
I blush to say I've winked at him, and he
has winked at me!"

"For shame," said Father Paul, "my erring
daughter! On my word
This is the most distressing news that I have
ever heard.
Why, naughty girl, your excellent papa has
pledged your hand
To a promising young robber, the Lieutenant of his band!"

"This dreadful piece of news will pain your
worthy parents so!
They are the most remunerative customers
I know;
For many, many years they've kept starvation from my doors,
I never knew so criminal a family as
yours!

"The common county folk in this insipid
neighborhood
Have nothing to confess, they're so ridiculously good:
And if you marry any one respectable at
all,
Why, you'll reform, and what will then become of Father Paul?"

The worthy priest, he up and drew his cowl
upon his crown,
And started off in haste to tell the news to
Robber Brown;
To tell him how his daughter, who was now
for marriage fit,
Had winked upon a sorter, who reciprocated it.

Good Robber Brown he muffled up his anger
pretty well,
He said, "I have a notion, and that notion
I will tell;
I will nab this gay young sorter, terrify him
into fits,
And get my gentle wife to chop him into
little bits.

"I've studied human nature, and I know a
thing or two;
Though a girl may fondly love a living gent,
—as many do,—
A feeling of disgust upon her senses there
will fall
When she looks upon his body chopped particularly small."

He traced that gallant sorter to a still suburban square;
He watched his opportunity, and seized him
unaware;
He took a life-preserver, and he hit him on
the head,
And Mrs. Brown dissected him before she
went to bed.

And pretty little Alice grew more settled in
her mind,
She never more was guilty of a weakness of
the kind,
Until at length good Robber Brown bestowed her pretty hand
On the promising young robber, Lieutenant
of his band.

From The Overland Monthly.

DOW'S FLAT.

(1856.)

BY F. BRET HARTE.

Dow's Flat. That's its name.
And I reckon that you
Are a stranger? The same?
Well, I thought it was true—
For thar isn't a man on the river as can't spot the
place at first view.

It was called after Dow—
Which the same was an ass—
And as to the how
Thet the thing kem to pass—
Jest tie up your hoss to that buckeye, and sit ye
down here in the grass:

You see this yer Dow
Hed the worst kind of luck;
He slipped up some how
On each thing thet he struck.
Why, ef he'd a' straddled thet fence-rail the dern'd
thing 'ed get up and buck.

He mined on the bar,
Till he couldn't pay rates;
He was smashed by a car
When he tunneled with Bates;
And right on the top of his trouble kem his wife and
five kids from the States.

It was rough—mighty rough;
But the boys they stood by,
And they brought him the stuff
For a house, on the sly;
And the old woman—well, she did washing, and took
on when no one was nigh.

But this yer luck of Dow's
Was so powerful mean
That the spring near his house
Dried right up on the green;
And he sunk forty feet down for water, but nary a
drop to be seen.

Then the bar petered out,
And the boys wouldn't stay;
And the chills got about,
And his wife fell away;
But Dow, in his well, kept a peggin' in his usual
ridikilous way.

One day—it was June—
And a year ago, jest—
This Dow kem at noon
To his work like the rest,
With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and a derringer hid in his breast.

He goes to the well,
And he stands on the brink,
And stops for a spell
Jest to listen and think:
For the sun in his eyes, (jest like this, sir!) you see,
kinder made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals
In the gulch were at play,
And a gownd that was Sal's
Kinder flapped on a bay:
Not much for a man to be leavin', but his all—as I've
heer'd the folks say.

And——that's a peart hoss
Thet you've got—ain't it now?
What might be her cost?
Eh? O!——Well then, Dow—
Let's see—well, that forty-foot grave wasn't his, sir,
that day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick
Sorter caved in the side,
And he looked and turned sick,
Then he trembled and cried.
For you see the dern cuss had struck—"Water?"—
beg your parding, young man, there you lied!

It was *gold*—in the quartz,
And it ran all alike;
And I reckon five oughts
Was the worth of that strike;
And that house with the coopilow 's his 'n—which
the same is n't bad for a Pike.

Thet 's why it 's Dow's Flat;
And the thing of it is
That he kinder got that
Through sheer contrariness:
For 't was *water* the derned cuss was seekin', and his
luck made him certain to miss.

Thet 's so. Thar 's your way
To the left of yon tree;
But—a—look h'yur, say?
Won't you come up to tea?
No? Well, then, the next time you 're passin'; and
ask after Dow—and thet 's *n.e.*

Another Letter to my Friend in the "Rural Districts."

My Dear Senatorius:—I regret to learn that the Comptroller of the currency is ruthlessly interfering with our schemes of wealth. It has been generally understood among us on unimpeachable authority (I had the fact, myself, direct from the cashier of the "Seventeenth National Bank of Ojibway") that the Comptroller "kept his eye on these things," and didn't allow any banking, unless done on the indubitable "square;" and consequently that over issues were to say the least, unprofitable.

We flattered ourselves that we were "all right" for another National Bank at Otter Tail, and on the strength of it went so far as to solicit "tick" at a shop on 3d street for some slight articles of personal adornment of which I regret to add we stood in some need. It is not essential to the present argument to enter into the details of our experiment. Fortunately State Scrip is at par. I fear, however, that our plan of a bank with a capital of $1,000,000, and privilege to increase to six millions is a failure, for if the Comptroller's bill passes, we would only be able to issue three millions and a half, and I judge you can do better than *that*, by getting the Indian Superintendency, and making a treaty.

We have ourselves had no doubt but the Comptroller had all needful authority and power over the banks. No one, viewing the matter from our stand-point, could have failed to come to the same conclusion. But it seems that the Comptroller doesn't see it in that light.

As usual, we were a little too late.—Others gathered sudden wealth, but when *we* stretched forth the willing hand to pluck and taste the luscious prize—

"Like Dead Sea fruits,
It turns to ashes on the lip."

Ah, Senatorius—

"'Twas *ever* thus from childhood's hour."

When earthly visions come to naught, men turn philosophers. So let us; and see if we cannot arrive at some truths in regard to currency—some maxims, which we may accept as sound—some sturdy facts that we can "tie to" under all circumstances, without exciting suspicion of our "hitching horses together" from unworthy motives.

And here, I beg indulgence of your time for a few moments to the consideration of a point, which incidentally comes up, but which, perhaps, at the present time and in our present financial condition, is rather theoretical than useful, from the fact that the logical conclusion could not now be put into practice. The usual theory in regard to paper money is based on the assumption that the precious metals are insufficient in quantity for the demands and necessities of business.

In a very practical, but at the same time very narrow, temporary and superficial sense, this is strictly and harshly true, but at the bottom, it rests on a monstrous *lie*; in essence it is as false as local bank issues are irredeemable beyond the sight of the spires of their native villages.

Senatorious, I see in your face a stare of utter incredulity. I am not surprised, for we are all in the habit of thinking just as you do about it. We have been educated to it.

The proposition I maintain is this:

The whole amount of currency, or circulating medium, is the *measure* and gives *name* to the whole average amount of property being transferred from hand to hand through all the branches of trade, without in the slightest degree affecting the *real* amount of that transfer or trade. And this is a law of necessity and nature; it is immutable, and can be impeded in its workings only temporarily by the sudden expansions and more sudden contractions (when banks collapse) of the volume of circulation.

That is to say: were the coinage of the world all uniform, then it would not matter whether the whole volume of circulation were a thousand millions, or a hundred times that, only so that to serve the ends of convenience, the whole mass were subdivided into the same number of pieces, bearing to each other the same *relative* values so that the process of making change would be the same in both cases. The same *actual* amount of business would be done in either case, the same number of ships would carry the same number of bushels of wheat from us to Europe and bring back in return the same amount of English fabrics, wares and implements, and the same number of Paris gew-gaws and frippery, to turn the same number of silly heads.

The same number of negroes would be stolen from Africa or sold in Richmond. The same number of thieves in the public treasury would build the same number of elegant dwellings. The same millions of spindles in Lowell; the same bursting warehouses in New York.

The actual business would be precisely the same in both cases (with the advantage to the credit of smaller amount of currency, that, it being in smaller counters, it could be handled and carried more easily.)

But if we were going to report the amount of business done on this earth to some statistician in the moon, we would say that the amount, or value, was in the one case a hundred times greater than in the other.

The whole mass of currency is the measure of and gives the name to the whole amount of trade.

If you double the volume of circulation, you inevitably double the nominal amount of business and value of all products of industry—really, you only depreciate your currency by one half; the business remaining the same.

A man now works for two dollars a day, where formerly he got but one; but he brings home no two barrels of flour, or pounds of tea, as the real product of his labor, in place of the *one* he used to.

To illustrate the other side of the question, that a diminution in the volume in circulation brings prices of all other things inevitably down in the same proportion. I need only refer to our experience of 1858-9. Our relations with the rest of the world where the volume of currency was unimpaired, and where we owed, caused distress and inability to pay eastern or foreign debts. But among ourselves, how soon domestic exchanges were regulated to the amount of circulating medium, which was, as you and I, Senatorius, have good reason to remember, ludicrously infinitesimal. Would you travel? A glorious dinner of Minnesota products awaits you at the hotel, for the sum of ten cents. You stop a day, commanding the best accommodations of the house, and go away grumbling over a bill of three shillings.

The fact that since the introduction of paper money, the whole volume of gold in circulation has increased more rapidly than have the other products of man's industry, and that in consequence thereof the price of gold, as compared with that of grain, cattle, cloth, weapons, tools, &c., has been constantly depreciating instead of increasing, is sufficient proof that the precious metals are *not* too scarce to supply the business of the world.—This is especially noticeable since the discovery of the gold mines in California and Australia. The prediction of *Punch* fifteen years ago, that "Gold watches will sell for sixpence," is in a measure true, so far as the gold goes. Bear in mind, dear Senatorius, that I make a clear distinction between gold in its relations to us as American citizens in the fourth year of the war, and gold as related to the rest of the world. *We* do not find it oppressively superabundant.

The real difficulty in meeting the question is this: that every expansion of currency by paper, or otherwise, brings "flush times" for a while, and until the whole system of exchange becomes regulated to the new basis, and any contraction of currency causes distress and misery to every one who has promised to pay in the old expanded and consequently depreciated currency, and now finds himself obliged to pay in a more valuable one—to pay *really* two dollars or two bushels of wheat where he only promised to pay one—and this state of things lasts until the exchanges come down to the new basis.

So, naturally, we all feel a dread of attempting a reduction of the amount of circulation, and finally we settle the case by assuming that we *need* it all.

I have made a long digression from the main question, and lest it might alarm you unduly, I here take occasion to assure you that I entirely agree with you that it would be most unwise to superadd to the heavy burdens of the war the still heavier ones which would follow from an attempt to return to a metallic currency, nor can I see wherein such a currency is in any way better, except for foreign exchange, than a paper one, sustained by the pledge of the aggregate wealth of a firmly established nation, and held in such check and guidance as to be free from sudden expansion or contraction and in the benefits of the issue of which, "we, the people"—you and I, Senatorius, and all of us—may share. But between such a currency and that which we have struggled against, and which has ruined our merchants and eaten up the substance of our farmers, for the last thirty years, there are some points of difference, concerning which, my friend, we may talk sometime.

Till we meet again, your friend,

UNITED STATES BANK.

Another Letter to my Friend at the International.

DEAR SENATORIUS: In the multiplicity of weighty and urgent legislative matters pressing upon you at this time, it is not to be expected that you have either opportunity or inclination to examine into the merits of any questions upon which I might address you, nor yet, indeed, to waste time in consideration of any matters of general public welfare and concern.

There appears to be no necessity for general legislation so long as each individual member of the State obtains all necessary bills adapted to the exigencies of his or her peculiar circumstances, and the fewer number of general laws the less conflict of authorities will occur in the execution of special acts. I might go so far as to say that were the Constitution and the general laws done away with altogether, the legislature would be freed from many restrictions which are now felt to be uncomfortable and which prevent it from doing many worthy things which it otherwise would. A thick volume of session laws is a sure index of industrious legislation, and what better card can you have to the gratitude of your constituents than the grand title of "working member?"

The peculiar advantages of local legislation are, that being directed to specific objects it can always be explicit and in the highest degree adapted to the end in view—(which is not always true of general laws)—besides affording more opportunities for the "pressure of public opinion" to be exerted on the minds of the legislators, thereby bringing them into more intimate and—agreeable relations with the people, whose representatives they are.

The bill "for the preservation of tadpoles in certain waters" having passed, and the special committee having disposed of the "Hokah and Brownsville Peanut Company" with its parallel and competing corporations, it is expected that immediate action will be had on the "Grant of Swamp Lands in British America to aid in the construction of the Terre del Fuego Ship Canal and Gas Company for the improvement and reclaiming of said swamp lands."

It is important that this measure pass at once, the swamp lands of Minnesota having been already *drained* to an unprecedented extent and in the most alarming manner.

But when you have ceased to be a legislator and have retired to the shades of private life (which, between us, may be set down as in A. D. 1865, for I got a glimpse at the "card" the other day, and that, you know, is infallible), then, my dear SENATORIUS, you may perhaps find time to indulge in abstract questions of national policy; and it is in that hope that I have written you these letters. You remember I expressed the opinion that a national (or United States) currency is to be preferred above the individual bills of indebtedness that have for so long a time formed the bulk of the circulation in this country. Let us inquire into the matter.

In the Constitution of the United States—a paper by the way which I would recommend to your careful and considerate perusal—we find enumerated among the powers of Congress, "To coin money and regulate the value thereof;" and among the powers prohibited to States, are to coin money, emit bills of credit and make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts.

The obvious intent of the framers of the Constitution was to provide a safe and uniform currency for the whole country, and they supposed they had accomplished that object by placing the matter in the hands of Congress and by prohibiting it to the States.

By making a uniform currency for the whole country and prohibiting States from levying duties on internal commerce, it was no doubt thought that the nation would become more united in sentiment and interest, until finally State lines would be without significance and East, West, North and South would form one homogeneous nation animated by the same purposes and interests and pursuing the same objects for the same ends.

There are two modes of interpreting the Constitution, one, in its spirit and evident intent and purport; and the other by its precise words, its peculiar form of expression and nice shades of meaning which can be tortured out of the construction of its sentences. The former is we say, general; the latter technical. *That* is the method of the statesman, *this* of the pettifogger and demagogue. The same methods applied to the Christian religion and teachings of the New Testament, have given us results which in the one case reduced to practice would make oppression or wrong in any form impossible, and in the other has been used as the special justification of American slavery.

It is at least reasonable to suppose that the men who made our Constitution did not mean it to be interpreted through a minute analysis of all the possible meanings of all the words and syllables of which it is composed. Had they so meant doubtless they would have informed us in regard to the manner in which Congress should "coin money." According to strict construction, the mint, no doubt, should have been set up in the halls of Congress and the members should be experts in the arts of assaying, refining and melting. They should be learned in mining and mineralogy, and profound in weights and measures. A hammer, anvil and leather apron should be provided at each desk, and honorable Senators would divide the time between legislative blowing and financial striking. Strict construction of law leads everywhere to equally absurd results, but we find that the most pertinacious sticklers for literal interpretation of the Constitution on certain points have no hesitation whatever in breaking both the spirit and the letter in any place where it is adverse to their interests.

And so we find that they interpret the clause to which I have referred, as prohibiting Congress from issuing or authorizing the issue of aynthing but metallic money—instead of the broader meaning that Congress alone has the power of fixing and regulating a safe and uniform currency; while, on the other hand, they interpret the sweeping and positive prohibitions of the issue of money, currency and bills of credit, or regulation of the value of money, or making a legal tender of other things than gold and silver, by the States, as permission to those States to authorize by solemn charter, the issue of worthless bills of indebtedness of private individuals; the use of the same bills as money, the receipt of them for all debts due the State, and practically to make them the current coin of the whole commonwhealth, in defiance not only of the evident purpose and intent but also of the express provision of the Constitution; for how can the State give that to individuals which it has not itself, but by mutual consent of the original States, was transferred to the General Government, and by the General Government never returned, and never granted to the new States which it has created out of its own territory.

One great, though scarcely recognized evil resulting from this, has been the encouragement of that spirit of State Sovereignty which has been the ruin of the Southern people. By it a constant jealousy has been engendered between the States, which has displayed itself in unfriendly legislation toward the prevailing currency of neighboring communities, and in prohibiting rates of discount among bankers on foreign currency (that is the currency of our next door neighbors). State lines have become positive barriers, so that a man might at times be obliged to beg for bread within fifty miles of his own home, and, at the same time, have his pockets crammed with money which is perfectly current in his own State. The very evil against which the Constitution intended to guard, namely: a fluctuating, irregular, irresponsible and unsafe currency, has, by a narrow construction of that same Constitution, been produced in its most aggravated form. To-day an enormous expansion of circulation, stimulating speculation and encouraging men to extend their business operations and increase their liabilities in all directions; to-morrow the banks suspend, and the millions of rags they have put out tumble to their own worthless level, spreading ruin and distress over the whole community—and this is the day of harvest to the bankers and brokers. Accurate statistics show everywhere enormous profits to all moneyed concerns during all those periods when the community at large suffer most severely from a disordered currency put forth by the same moneyed interest. It is as regular a system with the banking fraternity, to alternately elevate and depress, expand and contract the currency of the country, as it is with the farmer to plant in the spring and harvest in the autumn, with the difference that the farmer honestly and faithfully wrests his gains from the elements of nature, but the banker robs his from his fellow men; and the

more rapid and extreme the alternate successions of "flush times" and "hard times" the more rapid, certain and enormous are his winnings.

I do not say that I wholly blame the bankers—it is human nature to take advantage of the weak places in human laws, and were it not that express penalties are legally attached to certain forms of theft, it is not difficult to imagine that sheep stealing might come to be considered a worthy and profitable employment, carried on successfully by honorable legislators and high dignitaries of the church. How would the people stare to see in huge gilt letters over a broker's office the words, "Stealing Done Here!" and yet that expression is almost synonymous with "shaving a note."

The people are mostly to blame themselves, for having once enjoyed the benefits of a comparatively safe and uniform currency, they in a fit of mad political passion, threw overboard their only guard against all the evils of local and irresponsible ragmills, subject to no limitation save what their respective proprietors choose to place upon them through their agents the Annual State Legislatures. And if the present scheme of National Banks shall only succeed in weaning the faith of the people from a local, irredeemable and really worthless currency to one which is uniform and national, and whose redemption directly out of the United States Treasury is pledged by the Government, it will compensate in some measure for the thirty millions per annum which the government pays the banks to give up their State charters, and as a bonus to prevent their making war upon national credit and United States currency.

Space will not now permit me to go more into the details of local bank issues and show how on every hand the people have been cheated and defrauded by that system, with scarce a single compensating gain. The illustrations and proofs spring up on every hand, and when we shall come generally to understand the relations which the banking interest of the country has sustained to the causes of our panics and hard times, and high rates of interest, discount and exchange, we shall all be ready to consign to a dishonorable grave every relic of the private corporation system of banking, a system to which we owe most of the commercial ruin and financial distress of the past thirty years, and concerning the real nature and tendency of which there has been and is yet more popular misunderstanding than in regard to any other question of national policy whatever.

I cannot refrain from quoting the following from an ode on finance dating about 1858, the local allusion in which may perhaps remind you of a most uncommon phase in banking as it existed before the days of greenbacks:

"When each turned banker and opened a stand
In style fit for prince or Grand Lama,
Where Tekama's redeemed with Gosport—and
Gosport's redeemed with Tekama."

Waiting, my dear SENATORIOUS, for the coming day when we shall return to the financial principles of the fathers, when "sand" banks secured by pledge of public "corn stalks," shall be known no more in all the land, when the charter of the "Twentieth National Ojibway" shall have expired, I hope to be, then and ever

Constitutionally yours,

UNITED STATES BANK.

*This is not applied to the chemical process technically known as "working", by which is meant fermentation and effusion of gas; but signiges rather physical or mental labor—as we say of a man, "he sweats a barrelful fu the cause;" or, "he works for his own interest."

10

Another Letter to my Friend at the International.

LETTER NO. 4.

Feb 1865

MY DEAR SENATORIUS: I was deeply impressed the other day by a remark of yours on the difficulties, which, at this time, beset the pathway of public men, and especially of legislators. Their lines have not, indeed, been cast in pleasant places. I do not here refer to those "comical chembinations" in legislative matters by which some swindling land grant or charter get put through; making it necessary to meet ones constituents in public, and explain the matter to them, (which you know is a very awkward business,) but merely to the fact that the people have fallen into a disagreeable habit of discussing *all* matters of public interest and frequently of criticising the actions and opinions of their legislators.

We find too in dealing with the most important questions of the day, an alarming lack of precedents, and a frequent necessity on the part of public men of actually examining the matter for themselves, and of deciding upon its merits. I do not, in saying "merits," mean to accuse our legislators of such gross departure from the old Democratic rules of action as to decide any great question upon the right or wrong, justice or injustice of the measure itself, but only to imply the necessity of a far-reaching and comprehensive examination of a question, to determine the ultimate bearings which it may exercise on the relations existing between the favorite personal pronoun and the outlying and boundless universe of bread and butter.

There is, however, a steady tendency toward that condition of things, where people will, before engaging in any public matter, seriously ask the question, "Is it *right?*"

I never now-a-days see a boy dragging a cat by the tail without thinking of this political tendency, and of the relations between the common people and their rulers, and, lest you might misunderstand me, I take occasion here, distinctly to state my opinion, that the politicians don't resemble the *boy* in this case. The Seward school of politics—keeping the Union together by "magnificent lying," (which seems to be an epitome of diplomatic statesmanship,) is losing favor with the American people. We like better Sheridan's style of talk, which is said to be "magnificent swearing." The true use of language is to conceal the thought, says the diplomat. There is danger that our President, who is "of the people, popular," will demonstrate to the world, that even in statesmanship the true use of language is to say in few words precisely what one means.

There are evidences of other similar changes in the public mind, and (for the sake of the old school of politicians) I regret to add that America is passing through a *moral* revolution. I will not delay to explain to you the meaning of that last term, for I know I could not make it intelligible to you; time alone can impress its significance upon your understanding.

I was going to observe to you, that in the upheaval of the political crust, beneath which our honor, plinciples and sense of right and justice were entombed, strange innovations upon the old order of things and old ways of thinking, are being made. It is not uncommon to find people now-a-days seriously combatting some of the most thoroughly established of our political dogmas.

I confidently expect yet to see some of our old law-making spiders in the Lunatic Asylum,—gone stark mad at seeing the web of falsehood they had painfully toiled so many years to weave, unravelled by the American people at a single spurt. And this reminds me—not "of a man down in Sangamon County," but of a certain political maxim by which we have all steered our fortunes and squared our courses for the past 60 years. It has been the "man of our counsel," our Golden Rule, our catechism and our conscience. It is the principle of rotation in office.

Dan. Russell, of Missippi, once while ardently advocating the principle, explained his understanding of it to be, "To rotate him *out*, and rotate myself *in*," and *that* comprehends the whole question, and explains why rotation is so successful.

The Outs are numerous and hungry; the Ins are few and gorged, and though no holder of a fat office, can fail to appreciate the impolicy of rotation; the more numerous crowd who are in swift pursuit of fat offices, are wholly unable to see the question in that light, and this latter army is constantly being reinforced by "unwilling recruits" from the other side, and hence is ever strongest.

Not to disparage the success achieved by General Jackson in wrong statesmanship, respecting the United States Bank, I much doubt if that were not altogether outdone by him in establishing the principle of rotation in office. The very words of his maxim, "To the victors belong the spoils," imply, not as President Lincoln expresses it, "A government *of* the people, *by* the people and *for* the people," but, instead, a gigantic raid on the country by the opposing and alternately losing and winning armies of vampyre politicians—just such kind of rule as has within the four years past reduced Virginia to such a desert that, as was said when Sheridan last swept down through the Shenandoah Valley, "a crow flying over it would have to carry rations or starve." "The spoils;"—what does that signify but the plunder of the government? (*i. e.* the people) and what does it imply but an organized system and understanding that the political winners shall have the right and privilege to sack and pillage the community at large, as the reward of political service? and not that the public servants are expected to

give adequate service to their country, for the compensation which they receive from the country.

Between us, SENATORIUS, you know as well as I do that the position you now occupy, although dependent on the direct vote of your district, was not accorded to you through the spontaneous recognition by the people of your peculiar fitness for the place. Had the matter been decided by a vote without any previous canvass, it is highly probable you would have received one vote and no more.

Fitness in politics, is the one per cent. make-weight which goes in to make up the even 100 of necessary qualifications for a candidate. Partisan service must, on the contrary, be rewarded; and had it not been for certain party dirty work in the interest of Messrs. ——, done a year or two ago, I would not have given a dime for your chance of getting on the inevitable "slate" which the people (for mere sake of form) are called upon annually to ratify.

Still more are offices of appointment prostituted to the satisfaction of political services; and when I assert that to this cause more than any one other is due the trickery, corruption, debasement and filthy trade and barter in our politics, you, I know, dear SENATORIOUS, are too wise to dispute the point with me. I charge upon the principle of rotation in office, the responsibility for official corruption and stealing—the loose, slipshod style in which public business is conducted—the waste and extravagance in official salaries, the rapacity of place-hunters, the frauds and swindles which are perpetrated to secure office; in short, all the base and shameful features of our politics, and which, together, make a picture of American society disgusting to contemplate and hopeless of reform, while the cause remains. Rotation in office leads to a scale of public salaries disproportionately large for the amount of service rendered; and this, again, while bringing in its train all the evils above enumerated, rests upon and perpetuates the system of rotation. The remedy is to

1st, Pay for public service the same price as for private service.

2d, Return to the principle of doing public business in a business like manner.

By the first proposition I mean that the talent and fitness which would command a given salary in private business, should be paid the same sum in a public position of similar character and equal importance. Thus, if Mr. A could command $1,000 per annum in private business, I should consider him a very proper candidate for a public station requiring similar qualifications, and the salary of such place should be also fixed at $1,000 per annum. I do not mean to say that because a lawyer, actor, lecturer or mountebank, gets $25,000 per year for his services, that he would make a fit President of the United States, because there is no position in the country which can be compared to that; hence we have to, at best, take our President on trust. It is impossible to tell beforehand what sort of President a man may make; and so we have been often sadly gulled in our choice. As a general rule any increase of salary above the price paid in private business for the same grade of experience, skill or tact, instead of ensuring a more competent man for the place, but tempts some worse and more unscrupulous one to resort to intrigue and bribery to obtain the position, for the very reason that it pays better than his own private business.

You, SENATORIOUS, would never spend five hundred dollars in securing a public place requiring the same labor and paying the same salary as your private business does. The temptation in such case to political traffic would be wholly wanting. The trade of politician would be worthless. We should see men voted for because they are believed to be most fit for the place, and men would be waited upon like Cincinnatus, and informed of their appointment to public station, and begged to accept for the good of the country. The best men, the true patriots, the unselfish men, those who are above the consuming thirst for wealth, alone would fill the public offices.

Again; to conduct public business on business principles, implies following that system which has been found indispensable to success in private business. What would we think of the railroad company that changes its conductors, machinists and clerks every year, or as soon as they had learned their business? No corporation could long survive such wretched management; and it is one of the most marked proofs of the immense vitality of our Government that it has not yet been wholly ruined by the extravagance and corruption bred of such a system.

We, as all other nations, have found it necessary that our army officers should be educated to the business, promoted therein to higher grades as experience and fitness qualify them, and hold their places during good behavior. What degree of efficiency could we expect in an army officered by men having no permanent interest or professional pride in the calling, holding their places only as temporary expedients to make the most money in the least time, and at the will of a congressman who has another hungry set yelping for the same places, and waiting only till the 4th of March to be let loose? The man who has a place during good behavior has an incentive to excellence in his place. He can afford, too, to work cheaper than he could if it were but a temporary resource; and he can do it much better. Long experience in a business better qualifies a man to do a piece of work than long *in*experience, and it is as true of assorting letters as in handling a regiment on the battle-field; and the loss in killed, wounded and missing, is about the same in either case.

Excuse me, SENATORIOUS; I perceive you are thin and haggard with these long inflictions; and so I forbear, Hoping, for your sake that you may succeed in ousting the present incumbent of the —— office, thus giving my argument a practical illustration and point, I remain

Sufferingly, your

UNITED STATES.

The Lake Superior and Mississippi Rail Road.

What new mystery has come over the spirit of their dreams? The bill was to have passed several days ago.

Why this silence and apparent inaction?

Is there a screw loose somewhere? Is the Ethiopian gentleman secreted not only in the constitutional wood-pile but in that of the L. S. & M. R. R. Co. also?

Are they preparing a mine to blow Hennepin County and the North and West parts of the State generally into the middle of next week, if not further?

Or are they perfecting under-ground communications with the railroad systems of other States? Rumor has it that they already run in connection with the "spirit-train" of the Old Colony road.—The present terminus is (so far as visible to the naked eye) at Brandy Station—a flourishing, four-story, brick suburb of St. Paul.

A large amount of iron has been laid, in order to avail themselves of the benefits of the Land Grant.

It is not the usual "T rail" but what is technically known as "pipe," and is very useful in making connections.

A failure to connect, however, is not beyond the bounds of possibillity, and the stake played for by the company, being a large one for this latitude, the risk of course is correspondingly great. Add to this the almost universal conviction that some part of the play has not been exactly "according to Hoyle" and it is no wonder that a feeling of distrust in the whole concern is prevalent among those who would otherwise be its supporters. One fact, which may not be generally known concerning this Company, will illustrate somewhat the style of its operations. When the question of the grant was before Congress, a map was prepared by those urging the grant, which was laid before the Committee on Public Lands, to exhibit to them the route of the road for which the grant was asked, and was made the basis of the action of that committee.

The line of the road, as there shown, extends nearly due North for a few miles and then bears in a Northwesterly direction until it reaches the valley of Rum River, and passing up that valley to Cambridge, and thence North for some distance further before bearing North-easterly toward Lake Superior.

After the grant was passed, a *second* map was filed in the General Land Office, showing the location of the Lake Superior and Mississippi Rail Road, which claimed to be a legal concern, lawfully engaged in the occupation of building railroads from St. Paul to Superior, or from Superior *via* Shayenne (which is at the mouth of Shayenne River, in 47° N. Lat., or nearly west of Superior) to Nebraska, with a branch to the navigable waters of the St. Croix at Taylor's Falls or—somewhere, as appears by an abstract of title recently made out at the expense of the company, by Atty. Gen. Cole.

This map was filed in order that the lands along the said located line might be withdrawn from market which was done.

The route was very similar to the one previously considered in the committee of Congress, except that it started from St. Paul in a Northwesterly direction, passing some 6 miles east of St. Anthony and 8 or 9 miles east of Anoka, and following thence up the valley of Rum River. The route so laid down would be very acceptable to all the Western and Southern parts of the State, as it would require but a short line to connect the main and branch lines of the Saint Paul & Pacific Road, and also the Minnesota Valley Road, either *via* St. Anthony or Anoka with the line of the St. Paul & Superior Road, thus making to each of those routes the most direct line to the Lake, and avoiding the necessities of the roundabout by the way of St. Paul. The L. S. & M. R. R., however, had not the slightest idea of following the line of the grant. Not they. They would cheat the Government on the one hand, by so placing the location as to get the largest amount of good land, and afterward build their road when convenient, leaving Uncle Sam's $2½ land, say 20 or 30 miles from the line of the road; and on the other hand they would cheat the people by so building the line of road as to make it a heavy matter for any company not assisted by a land grant to make connections with their line, thus forever

Minneapolis—The Railroad Center of the Northwest—Progress and Prospects.

The year 1865 closed with a satisfactory showing for our Railroad enterprises. The track of the Pacific road was extended ten miles, to Big Lake. The Central Road opened from Minneapolis to Faribault, 56 miles, and is doing an immense freight business which is constantly increasing and requiring the ultimate energy, on the part of its officers, to keep up with the demand for more cars and more locomotives. The Minnesota Valley road is open, and cars running from Minneapolis to Shakopee, 28 miles, and its business is rapidly extending. The Great Western, formerly main line of the Pacific, extending westerly across the State, and which will become *the* line to Idaho, Montana, the Pacific and to the celestial pig-tails of Asia, has twenty miles graded and the work progressing favorably.

THE YEAR 1866

opens with bright prospects; we can safely rely upon the following work being done:

1st. South—The Central opened to the Iowa line, connecting at Owatonna with the Winona road to the Mississippi river, and at the State line with the Iowa—bringing us at last into the iron bonds which belt and bind together the United States of America.

2d. South West—Iron will be laid to Belle Plaine, 48 miles from Minneapolis.

3d. West—The Great Western will be opened for business for 20 miles west from Minneapolis.

4th. Northwest—The Pacific road will be extended to St. Cloud, 70 miles from Minneapolis, opening up one of the richest agricultural regions in the west.

WEST SIDE BRIDGE STREET. BRICK BLOCK.
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
DEALER IN
WHOLESALE & RETAI
S. COMSTOCK,
NEW YORK STORE
PHYSICIAN & SURGEO
Three years experience in the army. House
Hennepin Avenue.

A Short Sermon on the Duty of Labor.

BY SPLURGE-ON.

Six days thou shalt do thy work, and on the seventh thou shalt rest.

BELOVED HEARERS: I need not specify to you on the map the precise quarter section, township and range of religious literature, in which the words of the text may be found. You have all been paying taxes on that description ever since, in the arms of your proud and fond mammas, you first disturbed religious services in church, and resolved yourselves into a noisy nuisance in the vain attempt of convincing older people that you were not fit subjects for religious instruction.

Are you of Puritan ancestry, and educated in the ironclad faith of New England? Then, if I mistake not, you have had the words of the text impressed upon your youthful understandings in never-to-be-forgotten terms. Woe to that child of the Puritans whose ungodly heart and totally depraved nature tempts him to look into a picture book, or pinch the dog's tail, on the awful and ever-to-be-dreaded Holy Sabbath.

And if—oh if—it were possible for the ardent, sturdy boy, with real blood (terrible thought) in his veins, to be so utterly lost, so atrociously wicked, as to go a fishing on Sunday (or any other day for that matter) better far for him that the Day of Judgment, with its sulphurous and flaming horrors, had come.

It is said, you know, of one of the early settlers, that while yet a young ignorant fellow, he had been strictly enjoined not to eat green apples on Sunday; but he broke the commandment, and the fruit disagreed with him; and the fact being ascertained by reason of the numerous "chawin's" under the tree, a curse was entailed upon him and all his children; or, in other words, that the subsequent generations have all been sufferers on account of Adam.

What this curse was, may be found in these words: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat brgad." And the precise terms of the punishment, and the extent to which it is to be inflicted, are stated in the words of our text: "Six days thou shalt do thy work, and on the seventh thou shalt rest."

Modern commentators seem to have translated this language to mean that we shall, no matter what we do from Monday morning till Saturday night, at all events, go to church three times on Sunday, and take, by way of refreshment and recreation, a class meeting for breakfast, a Sabbath School for lunch and a prayer meeting for tea. In other words, that we may be exempt from all obligation to labor during the six days spoken of, provided we will strain every nerve and exhaust every energy in suitably resting on the seventh day. And so, my dear hearers, I find that, among you those who endeavor to live most closely according to commandment, and who insist most strenuously on bearing the curse imposed on humanity, are those who do the most work, physical and mental, on Sunday; and frequently I am compelled to add, those who do not do the most work on the six days spoken of in the text.

As this commandment concerning labor was given in the Monday morning of the world's history, it is reasonable to suppose that it was made to meet some general, fundamental and essential need in man's nature, to fill some indispensable requirement in the condition of things during all time.

The words of the curse mean, when rendered into pure English of the nineteenth century, about like this: "Them as won't work can't eat;" "Root hog or die;" "Fish, cut bait, or go ashore."

It is notorious, too, that the Orientals who live around that region of country where these commandments were given, are and always have been about as shiftless a set of mortals as ever trod the footstool—given in those days, I imagine, to the same practice of shirking their work which is characteristic of them now, and on being commanded to labor, would naturally take a "big rest" before commencing. What more probable or natural then, than to tell them explicitly, "Six days shalt thou labor, and on the seventh rest;" Just as we tell the children, "Do your work first, and play afterward."

Now, I don't want to accuse anybody, much less you, dear hearers, of deliberately breaking the commandment; but I fear yon have been in the habit of reading through cross-eyed spectacles, and of getting the horse before the cart sometimes.

And then, my dear friends, you have a queer idea about the word "rest." Why, some of you absolutely do more work on Sunday than in all the balance of the week; and the better Christians you are the harder you will work. To be sure you are at work to make other folks Christians too; and I am glad of that; but then, couldn't you just as well divide the thing a little—do a little of that sort of work during the week, and then you wouldn't get so behindhand with it as to have to pull off your coat on Sunday morning, and earn your bread by the sweat of your brow all day long in trying to fetch up the arrears of your Christian duty.

I don't believe a soul of you has the slightest idea of what a "day of rest" means, unless it is those two fat deacons over yonder, who went to sleep as soon as I gave out the text. I'll risk their working on Sunday or any other day.

Suppose now that you think ten hours a week of Christian work to be your solemn duty. If you will begin on Monday and do up about an hour and a half of that work every day during the week, I reckon you'd find when the Sabbath comes round, that for the first time in your life, you can keep the commandment which says, "On the seventh day thou shalt rest."

Try it brother, and see.

Execution of John Brown.

BROWN'S WILL.

HE WRITES HIS OWN EPITAPH.

Last Interview with his Wife and Fellow-Prisoners, &c.

The details of ordinary executions are generally repulsive; but the following account of John Brown's last hours, loses much of the terrible, from the utter absence of fear on the part of the victim. We copy it as a necessary part in the history of the tragedy just closed at Charlestown. John Brown showed the genuine martyr spirit and reminds us of the old Puritans of Cromwell's time. An army of soldiers like him, imbued with conscientious convictions that they were right would be terrible in their invincibility. The letter to his family, which we also give, breathes the spirit of a truly christian man.

From the Special Dispatches of the Cincinnati Gazette.

HIS LAST INTERVIEW WITH HIS WIFE.

On Wednesday afternoon an escort of cavalry accompanied Mrs. Brown from Harper's Ferry, under command of Capt. Moore, of the Richmond Montgomery Guards. The carriage which conveyed her was stopped at the outskirts of the town.

Capt. Brown was informed of his wife's arrival, and requested that she might be allowed to enter his room as soon as possible. In a few minutes the jailor conducted her into his presence. The meeting was affecting, and at first neither party spoke.

Brown embraced her, pressed her to his bosom and exclaimed, "My wife!" No tears were shed, but a deep drawn sigh told too well of the intensity of the feeling which each was undergoing.

After a few moments thus spent, the Captain drew a chair, and Mrs. Brown sat down. He then spoke to her of his condition, told her he was contented, and if it was not for parting with her and others whom he loved, he would have no regret in dying. Mrs. Brown entered fully into the feelings of her husband, and both were resigned to the fate which awaited him.

Capt. Brown referred to the disposition of his property and the welfare of his children, and after spending an hour in conversation, supper was brought in by the kind jailor, and the husband and wife sat down together to partake of their last meal. The Captain raised his hands, and asked God to bless the meal, and then with a cheerfulness which has no parallel, they commenced their repast. From the time Mrs. Brown arrived old Captain B's spirits rose and he exhibited light heartedness, which surprised those who were around him. Mrs. Brown remained with her husband until half past six o'clock, when she was informed that the interview must end.—The captain desired that his wife might remain with him during the night, but the orders from headquarters were to the contrary, and accordingly they separated. While the parting scene was one which showed much intensity of feeling, there was no exhibition of passion, and after an embrace and kiss, and kind admonition from Brown they parted forever.

Mrs. Brown was conducted to her carriage, and under a similar escort with Capt. Moore, who was kind and gentlemanly in his deportment, the carriage started for the Ferry. The substance of Brown's interview with his wife was relative to a settlement of his monetary affairs and the disposition of his body. Previous to her arrival he had desired that his body should be burned, and the ashes thereof urned, and in that condition removed. He also expressed a desire that the bodies of his two sons who were killed at Harper's Ferry should be disinterred, and after undergoing a similar process, be placed in the same urn with his own, and taken North.

This would have been impossible, as the physicians of Winchester had secured their bodies and dissected them.

Brown spent some two or three hours, last night, writing and reading, and then retired to rest. He slept soundly, and rose about six o'clock, cheerful and apparently unconcerned about the fate which awaited him.—About half-past seven o'clock, after partaking of his breakfast, jailor Capt. Avis, who had been very kind to Brown, and who had endeared himself thereby, informed him that he could visit Cook, Coppie, and the other prisoners, if he desired. Accordingly, he was conducted to the room of Cook first.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN BROWN AND HIS FELLOW PRISONERS.

On entering, a kindly recognition took place, when Capt. Brown said, addressing Cook; "I am sorry you have not confined yourself to truth in your statement called your confession. I never sent you to Harper's Ferry as a spy, and your statement to that effect is false."

Cook—"You certainly did."

Capt. Brown (in a commanding tone)—"I did not, sir, you have, by your course, held yourself up as an object of contempt, and deservedly so."

At this remark, Cook's head fell and he made no reply. Brown was next conducted to Steven's room. The meeting between them was cordial. Brown remarked that he was about to die, Stevens said, "I feel assured that you will go to a better world than this." Capt. Brown said, "Conduct yourself like a man, I know you will do so without my advising." They again shook hands and parted. He then repaired to the room of Coppie where a conversation almost similar took place. Thence he went to the rooms of the negroes, whom he said he expected to die like men, and as became their condition and position. The negroes gave him the assurance that they would die fearlessly, as they were fully assured that their action was just and proper. Brown then returned to his room, and continued writing for some time.

THE EXECUTION.

As the hour approached for his execution, the Medical Faculty in attendance, the Sheriff of the county and the officers of the jail, visited his room and conversed with him.—Brown was cheerful and talked as though the hour which was appointed for his death was indifferent, and far in the future. Nothing of any material interest occurred in these interviews.

At nine o'clock, agreeably to the general order, the military companies commenced assuming their positions. One company was stationed in front of the jail; another directly opposite of the Market House, and yet another in front of the Court House, which was only a few yards to the north of the prison. Two pieces of brass cannon were placed near the jail wall, on the road leading to the scaffold.

The place of execution was not more than half a mile from the jail. It was erected on an eminence, in the center of a twenty acre field. The grounds were laid off, and small white flags were struck in the ground, beyond which no citizen was allowed to pass.

At the gate a military company were stationed, who refused to admit any person unless accompanied by a military escort. The representatives of the press, after much trouble, were escorted into the field, and assigned a position within one hundred yards of the scaffold.

At this time the military had assumed their positions on the field, and in the woods, to the north of the field of execution. The cavalry were seen scouring in every direction, while mounted men were stationed all along the fences of the field of execution, and could be seen riding to the south and east, apparently anxiously looking for the anticipated rescue.

Thus matters stood at half past 10 o'clock, when Gen. Taliaferro, with his staff, consisting of thirty seven men, in various uniforms, and all mounted on spirited chargers, entered the field, and proceeded, with all military decorum, to a position in front of the gallows, and in the rear of the Cadets from the Military Institute.

The departure of the commanding officer from the town was the signal for the bringing out of the prisoner. A furniture wagon was driven in front of the jail, and the military formed around it. Brown was then escorted from his room. He was dressed in a black suit much worn, the same he had on when he made his attack on the Ferry. He wore a slouch hat, shoes, and red colored stockings. His arms had been pinioned, and he marched out with a firm step and upright head. He was assisted into the wagon, and took a seat on his coffin.

The train then proceeded to the scene of execution. The military escort was large and imposing. There was no music, and nothing was to be heard save the slow measured tread of the military, and the rumbling of the wheels of the wagon which was conveying Brown to his death. Following the military were about two hundred citizens. The gate was entered, and the command brought to a halt. In a few minutes it again started and proceeded to the gallows. The wagon was stopped a few yards from the steps which led to the platform, and Brown was assisted out, and immediately started for the scaffold. On one side was the sheriff, on the other stood one of his deputies.

Brown ascended the steps with a cheerful look, a firm, unshaken step, and an unblanching eye. Not an exhibition of fear was given. There was no evidence of a consciousness of the terrible tragic scene which was about to take place, and in which he was to be the actor. As soon as he reached the platform, the military which accompanied him filed to the right and left, and took the positions which had been previously assigned them. Brown looked at the crowd, then glanced at the scaffold. The deputy sheriff extended his hand and took that of Brown, and, shaking it, bade him farewell.

No ministers were present, owing to the fact that Brown had refused their offices. The sheriff approached him, shook his hand, and bid him good-bye. Brown stepped forward, when the deputy sheriff tied his legs, while the sheriff drew the white cap over his head, and placed the fatal rope about his neck. As soon as this was done, Brown remarked to the Sheriff, "you will have to guide me from this out." The sheriff asked, "Captain Brown, have you anything to say?" To which he replied, "Nothing."

Sheriff—"Will you take a handkerchief, and use it as a signal, letting it fall when you are ready?"

Captain Brown—"No, sir, I am always ready. Do not keep me unnecessarily long."

The sheriff then stepped aside, while the doomed man engaged in prayer. In a few minutes he stepped softly from the scaffold, and, on leaving it, the deputy sheriff sprung the trap, and John Brown was suspended between the heavens and earth.

After he had hung for twenty minutes, Drs. Girard, D. E. Mason, John A. Straith, John Starry, and H. P. Cook, ascended the platform, and, after feeling his pulse, holding their ears to his chest, pronounced him dead. Ten physicians, attached to the different military corps, then visited him, each one of them felt his pulse, and pronounced him dead.

INCIDENTS.

On the road to the scaffold, Brown remarked to the undertaker, who was in the wagon with him, on observing military in the field; "They have excluded all citizens." "Yes," was the reply. Capt. Brown said—"Gentlemen, you are calm and collected, much more so than I am, and yet your condition is much more critical. I am cool," said he, "I have suffered much more from modesty in my lifetime than I have from fear. For thirty years I have been educated to look on fear as a mith, and now I do not know what it is." After riding some distance further, and being beyond the limits of the town, he said, addressing the same gentleman: "What a beautiful country you have; I had no idea of its beauties and the excellence of its soil. This is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing it." No other conversation took place, and he quiely proceeded to his death.

Just previous to starting for the execution, Brown wrote the following and handed it to Mr. Hiram O'Bannon:

"I am now convinced that the great iniquity which hangs over this country cannot be purged without immense bloodshed. When I first came to this State I thought differently, but am now convinced that I was mistaken."

After the body of Brown had hung for thirty-eight minutes, it was cut down and placed

in the coffin. The rope with which he was hung was taken in charge by an officer, and afterwards cut up into pieces and distributed to those who were anxious to have it. Parties cut the timbers of the gallows, and carried away the pieces, while others secured a lock of his hair. When the body was placed in the coffin it was conveyed to town and placed in the jail.

Many persons desired to visit the jail for the purpose of seeing it, but their curiosity

[illegible] gratified. A special train of cars [illegible] from the Ferry, and at half-past [illegible] under a strong military escort, the [illegible] removed from jail and taken to the [illegible] ere it was placed in a special one, [illegible] escort getting in, the train proceeded [illegible] Ferry, where it arrived at half past seven o'clock.

Not more than two hundred citizens witnessed the execution. Many more would have been present, but the officer of the day, in placing sentinels on the avenues leading to the town, had selected men from the military corps from a distance, and they not being able to recognize citizens of the country, they were excluded from towns lest they might be rescuers. Much indignation was felt and expressed on account of this arrangement, and the clamor became so great that the commanding officer was compelled to remove those who were on sentinel duty and place members of the county military companies on guard.

Gov. Wise wrote a similar letter to the Sheriff of Jefferson county to the one he wrote to Gen. Taliaferro, as to the disposition of Brown's body. The gentlemen who accompanied Mrs. Brown have kindly furnished me with the following statement:

They accompanied Mrs. Brown to assist in disinterring and identifying the remains of her sons, and to aid in bringing on the body of John Brown. They found two graves, one containing three, and the other originally ten bodies. It was ascertained that the corpse of Watson Brown had been carried off by the surgeons for dissection. They found two bodies and supposed that one of them was that of Oliver Brown, but it was far gone in decomposition, and Mrs. Brown thought herself unequal to the task of recognition, so the bodies will be re-interred here.

Brown himself has furnished a touching inscription for his tomb-stone, which has not been allowed to transpire.

JOHN BROWN'S WILL.

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson County, Va., December 18th, 1859.—I give my S'n John Brown, Jr., my surveyor's compass, and other surveyor's [illegible] granite monument, now at North Elba, N. Y., to reserve upon its two sides a further inscription, as I will hereafter direct; said stone monument however, to remain at North Elba so long as any of my children or my wife may remain there as residents. I give to my son, Jason Brown, my silver watch with my name engraved on the inner case. I give to my son Owen Brown, my double spy or opera glass, and my rifle gun, if found, presented to me at Worcester, Mass. It is globe sighted and new. I give, also, to the same son, fifty dollars in cash, to be paid him from the proceeds of my father's estate, in consideration of his terrible sufferings in Kansas, and his crippled condition from his childhood. I give to my son Salmon Brown, fifty dollars in cash, to be paid him from my father's estate, as an offset to the first of the two cases above named. I give to my daughter Ruth Thompson, my large old Bible, containing family records. I give to each of my sons and to each of my other daughters, my son-in-law Henry Thompson, and to each of my daughters-in-law, as good a copy of the Bible as can be purchased at some book Store in New York or Boston, at a cost of five dollars each in cash, to be paid out of the proceeds of my father's estate. I give to each of my grandchildren that may be living when my father's estate is settled, as good a copy of the Bible as can be purchased as above, at a cost of three dollars each. All the Bibles to be purchased at one and the same time, for cash, and on the best terms. I desire to have fifty dollars each paid out of the final proceeds of my father's estate, to the following named persons, to wit: To Allen Hammond, Esq., of Rockville, Tolland county, Conn.; to Geo. Kellogg, Esq., former agent of the New England Company at that place, for the use and benefit of that Company; also, fifty dollars to Silas Havens, formerly of Irvingsburg, Summit county, Ohio; if he can be found. Also, fifty dollars to a man formerly of Stark county, Ohio, who sued my father, in his lifetime, through Judge Humphreys, and Mat Upson, of Akron, to be paid by J. R. Brown to the man in person, if he can be found. His name I cannot remember. My father made a compromise with the man by turning out the house and lot at Monroeville. I desire that any remaining balance that may become due from my father's estate, may be paid in equal amounts to my wife and to the widows of Watson and Oliver Brown, by my brother.

Brown made also a second will, in which he authorizes the Sheriff of Jefferson county to sell his pikes and guns, and give the proceeds to his wife, if they can be found. This was made this morning.

JOHN BROWN'S LAST LETTER TO HIS FAMILY.

CHARLESTOWN PRISON,
JEFFERSON CO., Va., Nov. 30, 1859.

My Dearly Beloved Wife, Sons and Daughters, Every One: As I now begin what is probably my last letter that I shall probably ever write, I conclude to write to all at the same time. I will mention some little matters particulary applicable to little property concerns in another place.

I recently received a letter from my wife from near Philadelphia, dated November 22d, by which it would seem that she was about giving up the idea of ever seeing me again.—I had written to her to come on if she felt equal to the undertaking, but I do not know that she will get my letter in time. It was on her account chiefly that I asked her to stay back. At first I had a most strong desire to see her again, but there appeared to be very serious objections, and should we never meet in this life, I trust that she will in the end be satisfied that it was for the best at least, if not most for her comfort. I inclosed in my last letter to her a draft of fifty dollars from John Jay, made payable to her order. I have now another to send to her from my excellent friend Edward Harris of Woonsocket, R. I., for one hundred dollars, which I shall also make payable to her order.

I am waiting the hour of my public murder with great composure of mind and cheerfulness, feeling the strong assurance that in no other possible way could I be used to so much advantage to the cause of good and humanity, and that nothing that either I or all my family have sacrificed or suffered will be lost. The reflection that a wise and merciful, as well as a just and holy God, rules not the affairs of this world only, but of all worlds, is a rock to set our feet upon under all circumstances—even those more severely trying ones into which our feelings and wrongs have placed us. I have now no doubt but that our seeming disaster will ultimately result in the most glorious success; so, my dear, shattered and broken family, be of good cheer, and believe and trust in God with all your heart, and with all your soul; for he doeth all things well. Do not feel ashamed on my account, nor for one moment despair of the cause or grow weary of well-doing. I bless God I have felt stronger in confidence in the certain and near approach of a bright morning and a glorious day than I have felt, and do now feel, since my confinement here. I am endeavoring to return, like a poor prodigal as I am, to my Father, against whom I have always sinned, in the hope that he may kindly and forgivingly meet me, though a very great way off.

Oh! my dear wife and children, would to God you could know how I have been travailing in birth for you all, that no one of you may fail of the grace of God.

Through Jesus Christ—that no one of you may be blind to the truth and glorious light of His Word, in which life and immortality are brought to light. I beseech you every one, to make the Bible your daily and nightly study, with a childlike, honest, candid, teachable spirit of love and respect for your husband and father.

And I beseech the God of my fathers to open all your eyes to the discovery of the truth. You cannot imagine how much you may soon need the consolations of the Christian religion: Circumstances like my own for more than a month past have convinced me beyond all doubt, of our great need of some theories treasured up, when our prejudices are excited, and our vanity worked up to the highest pitch. Oh! do not trust your eternal all upon the boisterous ocean, without even a helm or a compass to aid you in steering. I do not ask any of you to throw away your reason; I only ask you to make a candid, sober use of your reason.

My dear young children, will you listen to this last poor admonition of one who can only love you? Oh, be determined at once to give your whole heart to God, and let nothing shake or alter that resolution. You need have no fears of regretting it. Do not be vain and thoughtless, but sober minded; and let me entreat you all to love the whole remnant of our once great family. Try and build up again your broken walls, and to make the utmost of every stone that is left.—Nothing can so tend to make life a blessing

A TRANCE POEM.

The following fine poem was uttered, impromptu, it is alleged, by Miss Lizzie Doten, under what purported to be the spirit influence of Poe, at the close of one of her lectures delivered in Boston several years ago:

From the throne of life eternal,
From the home of love supernal,
Where the angel feet make music over all the starry floor—
Mortals, I have come to meet you,
Come with words of love to greet you,
And to tell you of the glory that is mine forevermore!

Once before I found a mortal
Waiting at the heavenly portal—
Waiting but to catch some echo from that ever-opening door;
Then I seized his quickened being,
And through all his inward seeing,
Caused my burning inspiration in a fiery flood to pour!

Now I come more meekly human,
And with weak lips of a woman,
Touched with fire from off the altar, not with burnings as of yore,
But in holy love descending,
With her chastened being blending,
I would fill your souls with music from the bright celestial shore.

As one heart yearns for another,
As a child turns to its mother,
From the golden gates of glory turn I to the earth once more,
Where I drained the cup of sadness,
Where my soul was stung to madness,
And life's bitter, burning billows swept my burdened being o'er.

Here the harpies and the ravens,
Human vampyres—sordid cravens,
Preyed upon my substance till I writhed in anguish sore;
Life and I then seemed mismated,
For I felt accursed and fated,
Like a restless wrathful spirit, wandering on the Stygian shore.

Tortured by a nameless yearning,
Like a frost-fire, freezing, burning,
Did the purple, pulsing life-tide through its fevered channels pour,
Till the golden bowl—Life's token—
Into shining shreds was broken,
And my chained and chafing spirit leapt from out its prison door.

But while living, striving, dying,
Never did my soul cease crying:
"Ye who guide the fates and furies, give, oh give me, I implore,
From the myriad hosts of nations—
From the countless constellations,
One pure spirit that can love me—one that I, too, can adore!"

Through this fervant aspiration
Found my fainting soul salvation,
For, from out its blackened fire crypts did my quickened spirit soar;
And my beautiful ideal—
Not too saintly to be real—
Burst more brightly on my vision than the fancy-formed Lenore.

Mid the surging seas she found me,
With the billows breaking round me,
And my saddened, sinking spirit, in her arms of love upbore;
Like a lone one, weak and weary,
Wandering in the midnight dreary,
On her sinless, saintly bosom brought me to the heavenly shore.

Like the breath of blossoms blending
Like the prayers of saints ascending,
Like the rainbow's seven-hued glory, blend our souls for evermore.
Earthly love and lust enslaved me,
But divinest love hath saved,
And I know now, first and only, how to love and to adore.

Oh, my mortal friends and brothers,
We are each and all another's,
And the soul that gives most freely from its treasure, hath the more.
Would you lose your life, you find it,
And in giving love, you bind it,
Like an amulet of safety, to your heart forever-more!

For the Evening News.

Letter from the Bay State.

SOMERVILLE, Mass., May 7, 1859.

To the Editor of the "News:"—GREETING:—We, of Massachusetts, in the midst of green fields and blooming pear trees, wish all joy to Minnesotians just let loose from winter. Spring came to us in good earnest when May set in. The trees began visibly to put forth their leaves, and a few flowers dared lift their heads and breathe, and potatoes to spout with amazing vigor. But, for two or three days past, the heat, flying dust and wilted appearance of everything and everybody, speak more forcibly of dog-days than of the warm gentleness of spring-time. I hear (from good authority) that we are to have no rain until the tenth of June. Nature will rebel long before that time, indeed she complains already of being too dry. It is to be hoped that *good authority* has made a mistake for once.

Boston—we can see the spires and State House dome from here—after resting its mighty brain for a month or two, is quickening into activity again. *Anniversary week* will soon be here. Societies, Anti Slavery, pro-Slavery, Churches, Christian and anti-Christian, associations, good, bad and indifferent, will soon hold meetings of glorification and upbraiding; make speeches, eloquent and strong, that shall stir the heart of our nation to nobler thought and nobler righteous action, and the eloquence of which will serve to calm the half-awakened consciences of evil doers, and soothe into a deeper sleep those already dead in trespasses and sins. Brave men and noble women, from hearts *of* human love, will speak words for freedom *and the oppressed*, and pass resolutions, that will make New England still stronger in her struggle for liberty and the right.

Wendell Phillips lectured two weeks ago in Music Hall, to Mr. Parker's congregation, where I heard him for the first time. He read a letter from Mr. Parker, written at Santa Cruz. He (Mr. Parker) said, speaking of his health, if the air of that Island did not cure him his people must make up their minds to let him go. Mr. Phillips used his keenest sarcasm against the orthodoxy of the present day, and made the rather startling assertion that he was standing in the only Christian pulpit in Boston, with one exception. To those who consider Mr. Parker as without the pale of Christianity, this remark of Mr. Phillips will seem like a new outbreak of his infidelity, and even to those who hold in high respect Mr. Parker and the truth he teaches, may think it rather sweeping. He did not mean, I presume, that there are no churches in Boston where Christ is taught, for there are many *liberal* as well as illiberal preachers of the Gospel, who, in all faithfulness, preach what *they see* to be true religion, but, that there is no church or society planted on the broad foundation of truth and ideas *alone*, unbound by creeds, and where they are allowed to be truly, wholly, men and women. The one exception made was the "Church of the Disciples," James Freeman Clarke pastor—one of the purest and most Christian men among the Unitarians. He characterized, in terms such as only he can command, the religion of a man who could boast of having "played upon the waters of the putred sea of a corrupt lawyer a quarter of a century and never raised a ripple." Aside from the fault-finding and sarcasm of the lecture, there was much in it for love and humanity, and even his severity and sarcasms almost bitter-

15

ness, must be taken as coming from a man whose life-work has been and is the uplifting of those sunken in degradation and crime, whose great heart overflows with love of [illegible] one up in white or black

For the Ev

Letter from Massachus

SOMERVILLE,

To the Editor of the "News

for your paper a month ago, I approaching Anniversaries, wh come and gone. Two week and the noise and talk of th have died away. Reverend m able have gone home. The ne ceased commenting; and after an nate dose of praise, and the due moralizing on "the Christian influ for a few days have been abou gone back again to the detail record of North street murd descriptions of the exquisi of fifth-rate actors and act

It is too late to give a speeches and proceedings Week, St. Anthony being o ther off from Boston than i a few personal impression ings may not be void of in nual Unitarian Festival, a co the laymen to the clergymen of nation, was the first which I attend Music Hall of Boston was filled w and women; some of whom were there to da some to hear, and a few to see. Dr. O. W. Holmes—who seems to be as popular at *dinner* tables this season as he has been at "the breakfast table" for a year or two past—was the presiding officer of the evening. He was as brilliant and as graceful there as in his monthly talks through the *Atlantic*, and much more sensible in his remarks than in his last breakfast discourse. He is a man of slight figure, rather angular looking than otherwise, but with a genial, sunny face. Rev. Mr. Mumford, of Detroit, represented the West. Although a young man, he called himself an aged patriarch, having labored many years and being the founder of Unitarianism in Michigan. He gave as a qualification for a man going West, "the power to grow old *rapidly*." Hon. Edward Everett was fortunately not detained by "Washington" but was present and made a few apologies—the first and last made during the evening—said two or three pretty things, and retired, amid cheers, of course.

I also went to the "New England Anti-Slavery Convention." On the platform for the speakers, were Garrison, Phillips, Foster, Burleigh, Mrs. Chapman, L. Maria Child and others worthy of sitting in company with heroes. Garrison, the heroism of whose soul is without parallel in the history of our country, is almost worn out by the many struggles and conflicts through which he has passed. But the storms of moral warfare have left no trace of bitterness on his face, which is stamped with the beauty and holiness of his noble life. I know of no man to whom could be so fitly applied Miss Palfrey's fine description of a holy man:

> "His brow is large and grand,
> And meet for governing;
> The beauty of his holiness
> Doth crown him like a king.
>
> "His stainless, earthly shell
> Is worn so pure and thin,
> That through, the callow angel shows,
> Half-hatched, that stirs within."

Of the commanding presence and powerful eloquence of Phillips, I need say nothing. I only know I wondered to find my feet on Massachusetts soil, with the calm stars over head, when I left the house.

The Anniversary of the "Woman's Rights Convention" was the last of the meetings which I attended. Mrs. Dall and Dr. Harriot K. Hunt were the principal speakers

among the women. They talked well and in a womanly way. Dr. Hunt dwelt particularly, as is her wont, on what she considers woman's greatest wrong—taxation without representation. She told of going a few days before to the Mayor of Boston to make her yearly protest against paying her taxes. "What cared I that I was alone and that not another woman in Boston dared do such a thing," said she. I pity the woman, or *lady*, who does not feel a glow of pride in Dr. Hunt's perseverance and courage.

If I were to make a speech before the "Woman's Rights" Society, I should dwell more fully on *self imposed* restrictions, inherent weakness, and pitiable, foolish cowardice, than did any of the speakers there. I should argue with the gentleman from Minnesota, who spoke, (but did to your State nor himself justice) that we are *lazy*. It cannot be denied that women are better content with all this sickly devotion, these unmeaning compliments, and an easy, aimless living than they would be with the vigorous, laborious, self sacrificing life which is necessary to true soul-growth, whether in man or woman. It requires *will*, all that wilful woman can exert, to rouse her out of the state of dependence and slavish fear into which she has fallen. And until she does resolve to have a life of her own—to be man's equal, if she can be—all this talk of rights and wrongs, and of eternal equality, will avail nothing. Not until she feels there is something higher to live for than pleasant gratification, a loftier approbation than man can give to elegance and diamonds, will woman begin a reform which will end only when strength and beauty, head and heart, are united in perfect symmetry.

Your readers have all doubtless heard the particulars of the supper in honor of Paul Morphy. When the oldest and wisest men in our country meet to lionize and honor the boy of twenty-one, who might, with Alexander, weep that there are no more worlds to conquer, we, of younger years and lesser knowledge should vail our faces and render devout homage to such surpassing genius. But alas, Americans are a strangely audacious and irreverent people. I heard "the Divinity Student," at our boarding-house table say yesterday that Boston was so much in the habit of lionizing everybody, that he believed if he could stand on his head they would give him a ten dollar-a-plate dinner at the Revere House. I even heard him laugh,—yes, laugh,—at Chief Justice Shaw, President Walker and all the Professors and Poets of Harvard University for doing the best they could to spoil a young man whom God has wonderfully endowed. But why should he so boldly express an opinion about what he cannot understand? For he says he never played a game of chess. I had it all explained to me once, and I believe I moved a king or queen. Therefore I would add my leaf to the wreath of laurel which crowns the head of Paul Morphy,—to whom be honor. May he pass through the trying temptations of home-adulation as gracefully as he has through the praise of the old world, and meet future triumphs as modestly and heroically as past ones. Then may America be justly proud, and say, "behold a man among men!"

The flags begin to flutter, Bunker Hill to loom up, and men to rub up their patriotism and bring forth speeches and cannon anticipat[illegible]

For the Evening News.

Letter from Our Lady Correspondent.

SOMERVILLE, Mass., July 12, '59.

MR. EDITOR:—"He only is rich who owns a day," says Mr. Emerson. But, not only to him whose soul can rest satisfied in holy hours and desire nothing beyond, does this day, with its gentle airs and golden, mellowed sunshine, seem priceless in its wealth. Restless, discontented mortals, whose lives seem full of toil, strugglings and soul-complainings, must find strength and much sweet comfort in a day of love like this. Yet I know, though three hundred and sixty-five, as beautiful and good, were given every year, some would turn away their eyes from the blue heavens and green fields, above and all around, and seek refuge in a mud-hole.

Our little Town of Somerville is one of the prettiest of the many beautiful suburban villages about Boston. It is only three miles from the city. It has the trees, fields and singing birds of the country, while art and money have done very much to beautify it, by building fine houses and filling gardens with shrubs and flowers. Horse cars, running to and from Boston every half hour, speak of noise, of many people, of heat and dust, making still more refreshing our coolness and seclusion.

Fortunate dwellers in the city, who can afford to recreate, are leaving brick walls and burning pavements; some for the White Mountains and Lakes of the North-Land; some for Maine, while others seek rest and quiet in less favorite resorts. Soon the churches will be closed, schools dismissed, and vacation will be announced for everybody—except the poor, who need it most of all!

I am content with this life between the city and the country; a little friend of mine enjoys it too. From early morn till set of sun, his broad-rimmed hat goes flittering about, first here, then there. Cherry trees are scattered over the premises and the little birds are not fonder of the nice red fruit than this same little man. He has sharp eyes too, none quicker to catch sight of ripening strawberries, growing raspberries and pretty clustering currants than his. Queer fancies he has and strange speeches he sometimes makes. He said the other day that he liked to live here because he saw so many "big funerals." The street that runs past our boarding house leads to the Catholic Burying Ground. There is scarcely a day but long lines of black carriages go by full of happy, laughing Irish men and women, following some forsaken body to its final resting-place. I have been told that when the hackmen of the city hear of the death of some poor creature among the Irish they repair, with their carriages, to the Irish quarters and offer as many as please, a ride to the grave, for fifty cents. Sundays particularly, are the processions long and merry. Shocking as it may seem to people afar off, I am afraid there are some others beside our perverse little friend who do not find very much to grieve over, either in the thought that these degraded souls are being freed from all that makes unclean, or at the sight of such grotesque, half solemn, half ludicrous marches to the grave.

I made my first visit to Mount Auburn a few weeks ago. So often has this dwelling place for the mortal of man been spoken of by lovers of nature and admirers of the beautiful in art, that what I can add will seem like paltry praise. I saw only a few of the finest monuments. I went into the chapel and looked at the statue of James Otis and no longer wondered that his eloquence could so stir the souls of our Fathers to resistance against wrong that they resolved to have "liberty or death." Statues of Governor Winthrop and Judge Story are also in the Chapel. I made but a short visit, though I would have staid longer. Almost did it seem a blessed thing to sleep quietly among the green hills of this "City of the Dead" wrapped about with the deep stillness of God.

Perhaps I should have honored *Independence* with a sooner mention of the Fourth and the annual farce enacted on that day in the city of Boston. The day was born amid the most appaling noises. Bells, cannon, guns, patriotic men and yelling boys all united in one simultaneous outburst, the like of which may our ears never hear again. At an early hour in the morning people from the country round about began to gather on Boston Common and in the streets and before noon all creation had got together. During the day there were offered by the people in the city, as a sacrifice to the Godess of Liberty, a man or two, a child, and numberless eyes and limbs, beside the millions of *human hearts* we *helped* to crush.

The oration, delivered in the Music Hall by George Sumner, brother of Hon. Charles Sumner, is worthy our attention as being one of the best they have had in this city of orations for many years if we count those best which speak manly words for humanity and just words for our country. A Boston paper speaks of the oration as "giving satisfaction to unreasoning sentimentalists, to fanatics, sectionalists, and all that miscellaneous class of persons." Hence *my* admiration.

Mr. Sumner has travelled extesively in Europe, particularly in Spain. Probably, since the death of Prescott, no man in our country has a better knowledge of the Spanish language or of Spanish literature than he. He gives, in his oration, several [illegible]

16

one brother the less will call to heaven against us from the gallows! The "good time" is surely though slowly advancing. Not now, as in the ages not long past, do we hang men and women because they look a little wild and have strange dreams. Scarcely, without much ado, is it now done even for blood shed, unless the guilty be some poor wretch, in a grog-shop, the rights of whom the law "is not bound to respect." If we strive patiently, we may yet grow civilized.

I must confess, however, my faith in the final development of mankind and the onward, upward progress of the race, received quite a shock from your last paper. Such a revival of bigotry and petty, mean persecution as the excluding of a part of the children of the city from a public picnic, in which the rest were to join, because of the belief of the parents of the children! I did not think it could be, in the free, generous, growing West. But grief rather than indignation should we feel when we see some of our best and noblest men of St. Anthony and Minneapolis uniting in a league against the poor little Universalist children, denying them a pleasant, joyous day in *this* world, because, according to their creeds, they are doomed to have no pleasant days in the other. "Charity suffereth long, endureth all things." Jesus ate with publicans and sinners, and is the servant better than his master? I had thought truth eternal and the pure in heart not easily corrupted; how then could the church be fatally injured or the children contaminated by walking, for one day, side by side with error? for light and darkness, truth and error, never touch, but must remain separate and forever distinct. What if the angels, whom, we are told, our Father in Heaven sends to watch over the little ones of earth, were frightened away by every wrong deed and fled to the skies at the sight of dirty boys and girls for fear of soiling their white robes? If the Universalist children be indeed so bad how are they to be made better, if all good children withdraw from their company, leaving them alone in their badness? Saintly Eva was none the less a saint for loving and living with wicked Topsy. Oh! it is pitiful that such a lesson of self-righteousness and uncharitable sectarianism should be instilled into the minds of children, who should know no creed but universal love—no church but that of Jesus, who says alike to every child, "come unto me."

I am sorry to learn of your financial troubles in Minnesota. I know of one man who says he is willing to be forgiven for having voted in favor of the "Loan Bill."

Not long ago you published a notice of a call received by a minister, formerly from your State, to preach in Quincy, Mass. It may interest you to know he declined accepting it and still belongs to the tribes of earth that wander hither and thither, "seeking rest and finding none."

Since the startling development of waywardness, which you will find recorded in the "Minneapolis Journal," no man can tell whence his footsteps may next tend; hoping, however, I may keep at a *respectful* distance, and not lose sight of his whereabouts, I subscribe myself one who in a measure sympathizes with him.

S. M. A.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

Letter from Honorable Joseph P. Bradley of New Jersey, to Mr. Charles Knapp, on the Question of the Number of States Requisite to Ratify an Amendment of the Constitution.

WASHINGTON, February 18, 1865.

MY DEAR KNAP: Agreeably to your request, I proceed to jot down the substance of the views expressed in our conversation to-day, in relation to the number of States required to ratify the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery. I apprehend you will find very little that is new, as most right-thinking men who have given attention to the subject, have undoubtedly come to the same conclusion. But the persistency with which certain leading journals and polititians detract from the just authority of the Government and the validity of its proceedings as being unconstitutional, on the plea that certain integral and essential elements of the Confederacy (as they love to term it) are not represented; renders it proper, and it is high time, that all such heresies should be put down by the American people. While we are at the work of restoring and reinaugurating the truth, which has so long been concealed in the deep well of Virginia abstractions, we should strangle each head of that hydra of error which has led our country to the verge of destruction. If, from motives of expediency or clemency, we should conclude, in any case, to *waive* the truth, we ought, at least, to *recognize* it, and place it upon its own proper pedestral. A different course will only lead to misunderstandings and embarrassments hereafter. I consider the doctrine that a State, by withdrawing from the Union, can produce any deficiency in the "quorum," or other derangements of the organic functions, so as to render constitutionally nugatory any action or proceeding of the Government, quite as repugnent to all just ideas of constitutional law, as is the doctrine of secession itself. And, therefore, I entirely concur in the conclusion arrived at by Mr. Sumner in the joint resolution offered by him in the Senate on the 4th instant, that the rebellious States are not to be counted in estimating the number of States, of which three-fourths are required to ratify and validate the amendment in question.

Congress having, by a vote of two-thirds of both Houses, proposed the amendment to the Legislature of the several States, of the fifth article of the Constitution, declares, that "when ratified by the legislature of three-fourths of the *several states*," it will be valid as a part of the Constitution. The question is, What are, "*the several States*," intended in that article; I contend they are those and only those, States which are connected with the Union *as States* when the amendment is passed upon.

It is certainly clear that the Constitution did not refer merely to the thirteen States which were then organized, and in confederate relations with each other. It might have been only nine of those States, had only nine adopted the Constitution; and as the power to admit new States is expressly given, it may be a hundred, if so many shall at any time be formed under the Constitution. Otherwise the object of the clause, namely, to secure a large preponderance of the body politic in favor of an amendment before giving it validity, would be frustrated. If three-fourths of the original thirteen were meant, ten of the old States could at any time adopt an amendment which would bind, perchance a hundred States. This could not have been the intent. The clause, therefore, must have respect to the States which, in the sense of the Constitution, are, or shall be, *States* whenever an amendment is proposed, whether they include all or do not include any of the original thirteen.

This point being established, the next proposition, equally clear and demonstrable, is, that although there may be and is such a thing as actual secession, there is no such thing as a *right of secession*, any more than there is a right of rebellion or revolution. The word "right" indicates a liberty of action or possession guarantied by the social law that is the law which binds civil society together. But revolution is an abrogation of the pre-existing bond of civil society. The very provision making amendments to the Constitution was intended to obviate every pretence for revolution. Now, by adopting the Constitution, the people of the United States erased and abrogated all State jurisdiction in the matters of sovereignty embraced within the scope of that instrument, and in so many words, declared: "This Constitution, and the laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, &c., shall be the *supreme law of the land*." These portions of the general sovereignty was lodged in the General Government, not as a fief to be *holden* by any sort of *tenure* of or from the State sovereignties, but as the undoubted prerogative and *allodium* of the whole people of the United States, independent, outside of, and above the State sovereignties: so that, in very truth, the Constitution and laws of the Federal Government became, in their nature, as they were thus declared to be, "*the supreme law of the land*." After this no State had or could have any right to secede. To do so would be to set at naught or defiance, "the supreme law of the land," which no State can repeal, and over which no State has control. Within the constitutional scope, which embraces all the most important branches of national sovereignty, such as the foreign relations, war, peace, army, navy, controversies between the States themselves, commerce, citizenship, money, weights and measures, &c., there is but one country one "land," and "one supreme law of the land." Just as well might any county in a State claim a right to secede from the State, as for a State to claim a right to secede from the Union. The attempt in either case would be an attempt to disrupt the bands of civil society as organized in that community of which the seceding body is a part. A State is a limited and subordinate sovereignty—limited and subordinate, because destitute of those transcendent powers which more particularly characterize nationality. Those powers have by the ultimate source of political power—a source superior to that from which any State power is derived, namely; the whole people of the United States been lodged in a separate and superior government. And hence, if a State could lawfully secede, it would only carry with it legitimately those subordinate branches of sovereignty which it possesses, and which are not lodged in the General Government. It is true, countries and people formerly one, do sometimes violently separate from each other. But it is revolution when they do so; and it is revolution here.

But while there is no such thing as a right of secession, and while, in all national respects, as before said, we are one people, and this is one country, yet in the eye of the Constitution, the States for many purposes have separate existances and status as such. The members of the House of Representatives are elected by the people of the several States—no Congressional district being formed from two States; each State is entitled to a certain number of Representatives and Senators; each State owes certain constitutional duties to the other States and to the General Government; and the General Government owes certain duties to the States, one of which is to guarantee to every one of them a republican form of government, and protect them from invasion and domestic violence. The States, therefore, having a separate existence, and being clothed with the forms of political sovereignty, and acting in all domestic and internal

matter as independent communities, they can *de facto*, secede, and by their actual secession cause a vacancy in the associated circle of communities forming the United States, which is calculated to embarrass a fair exposition of constitutional rights and duties both of the General and State Government. This is the difficulty to be solved.

Now, suppose a single State in the national body politic—Maryland for example—should, through all its organism, popular, legislative, executive, judicial, secede from the Union, and repudiate the Constitution, and forcibly prevent the exercise of any Federal authority in the territory, what would be the status of that State? The territory of the States would of course remain where it was in spite of secession, and the inhabitants would remain upon the territory. But the State does not consist merely of the one nor the other, nor of both, without a certain political organization. If for example, all the inhabitants of that State, with their entire political organization, should remove to the Western plains, and there continue their political and social life, they would no longer be the State of Maryland, and on the other hand, without inhabitants and an organized community, the territory of Maryland would cease to be a State. It would be the territory which was once called the State of Maryland, but it would cease to be such. Yet it would not be out of the United States, nor free from the laws of the United States, nor would it be so by the supposed act of secession.

With this preliminary observation, I ask again, What would be the status of Maryland after thus seceding from the Union? What would be the status of her territory and its inhabitants? Are they any longer "*State*" within the meaning of the Constitution? They may be *de facto* a State, in the popular sense of the term; but are they a State in the constitutional sense? Are they entitled to the rights which the Constitution secures to "*the several States*?" When a citizen of Maryland, for example, should come into any other State, would he be entitled, any longer, to all the privileges and immunities of its own citizens. Do we concede this privilege, now, to citizens of Alabama? May they come within our lines, and take rooms at our hotels, and trade and converse with our people? And in the hypothetical case of Maryland, would the General Government any longer be bound to guarantee to her a republican form of government? Would the other States be bound to return her fugitives from justice and her fugitives from service? Would they be bound to give full faith and credit to her legislative acts and judicial proceedings? Would the Supreme Court be bound to hear and decide her controversies with the other States? If Maryland under such circumstances, should send two persons to the Senate of the United States, and demand that they should sit in that body, would it be allowed? To ask these questions is to answer them. It would be absurd to answer them in the affirmative. It is an intuitive principle, growing out of the very nature of right, and obligation, and law, and therefore a fundamental maxium of all codes, that he who violates, repudiates, and contemns an obligation, cannot claim its collateral advantages. If it is a lease of land, he loses all claim to that land. If it is an agreement, he can claim no benefit from the agreement. As respects the bond repudiated, he is an alien; he has no rights and no claims, except upon the clemency of the other party. So he who repudiates and contemns the social bond, and wages war against mankind, is a pirate, and is entitled to the protection of no law, for the very reason that he has repudiated all law. And so, in the case supposed, Maryland, by repudiating and trampling upon the bond of our national social compact, would be no longer entitled to any of the benefits or any of the considerations of that compact. She shuts herself out of the pale of the Constitution, and shuts her mouth to all objections arising out of her wrongful position.

Then what, in relation to the Federal Constitution and Government, would be her condition and status? Though she has seceded in fact, she cannot secede in law; and yet having seceded in fact, she —that is, her people—are entitled to no regards as "a State." And there lies her territory in the very heart of the country cutting it in twain. What are the logical results of her condition?

Are we told that we must reduce her people to obedience? This the General Government unquestionably may do. But still the question recurs, what is the constitutional status of Maryland and its inhabitants *in the meantime*? And suppose they will not be reduced to obedience. They prefer extermination; they fight to the last ditch and die in it; or they are expelled and banished. What then? Will the territory belong to nobody? May England people it again with colonists? May France sieze it as virgin territory, and hold it by right of occupancy? Has the United States no right of political dominion in it? It seems to me perfectly clear that the government of the United States would be entitled to invite settlers to replant it. If it might do this, would these settlers be a State perforce, and without the consent of the United States Government? Is a particular tract of land necessarily a State because a State was once organized upon it? This we have seen is not so. If, then, new settlers, placed upon the territory by the General Government, could not act as a State without the consent of that Government, could a people who have lost all rights as a State under the Constitution, and who, by the strong arm of the government, have been reduced to obedience, claim it as a right to act again as a State on that same territory? Could they claim to resume and proceed with all the functions of a State as though nothing had happened?

These questions lead unerringly to the true solution of the difficulty.

The territory of Maryland is a part of that country, that "land" over which the people of the United States have constituted a Federal Government, by the Constitution which they have declared to be "the supreme law of the land." This territory cannot be wrenched from its subjection to the authority of that government. There is, there can be, no right of secession. It is a constitutional solecism. But if the people of the State acting through their State organization, and as a State have forfeited all claims to be considered as a State—as in the case supposed they clearly would—then it follows (and no other conclusion can be logically drawn) that the General Government has a right to occupy the obnoxious territory with its armies, and in all other ways, and to impose such conditions of habitancy therein as it sees fit to do, and as it would have a right to do in relation to any conquered or purchased territory. Any other conclusion would be subversive of the Government itself, by putting it into the power of any State, by indirection, to stop the wheels of the government, and thus practically to assert the right of secession, which it is admitted does not exist. The recreant State, by seceding, renounces her rights and status as a State and the government takes her at her word; but also adheres to and enforces that other relation in which her territory stands to the country and Constitution, as an integral portion of the territory of the United States.

It follows as a corollary, that a seceding State, which repudiates and disclaims the Constitution, *is not a State* within the meaning of the Constitution, but has ceased to be such; and, therefore, that its action cannot in any manner clog the wheels or embarrass the movements of the Government. The territory of the United States remains the same; there is only one state the less within that territory. The organization of the various departments of the Government, executive, judicial, legislative is not affected nor changed. Quorums of representative bodies, such as the Senate and House of Representatives, are not destroyed or rendered impracticable. The Government moves serenely on; and if the people of a particular State will not have the Government to rule over them, they simply loose their status as a State in the eye and within the meaning of the Constitution, and remain subject to the clemency of the Government.

As a matter of policy and expediency, it might and probably would be advisable, in such a case, to receive the erring sister back again as a State as soon as she gets tired of secession. And the most expedient manner of doing this might, and perhaps would be that indicated by the enunciation of General Sherman, namely; by silently allowing her representatives to take their seats in Congress, whenever Congress is satisfied of her returning loyalty, and quietly setting the wheels of our government in motion again in her territory. Such a course would probably be as valid a process for readmission as a joint resolution was in the case of Texas for the original admission of a State; for it would be tantamount to a joint resolution.

Be this as it may, in strict right, and as a matter of constitutional law, the seceding State, while in a state of actual secession, cannot be reckoned as a State for the purpose of claiming any rights or interposing any obstacles to the action of the Government or people of the United States, or for any other constitutional purposes.

To admit for a moment that the wrongful secession of a State, or a number of States, can embarrass the proceedings required to amend the Constitution, or to perform any function of the Government, would be to enable disloyal and rebellious States to deprive the people of loyal and faithful States of their most valued privileges. For one of the most valuable privileges secured to the people of the United States is the right to amend their Constitution and Government by peaceable means—a right which few other nations enjoy; and hence their bloody revolutions for redress of grievances. Englishmen secured this right by the revolution of 1688, and highly do they prize it. The progress of ideas in the world, and the steady advance of civilization, require gradual changes in the organic law. But if seceding States are to be included in the roll call of States when an amendment is proposed, the permanent secession of ten States would forever present a bar to any amendment being made, and their temporary secession would temporarily suspend the constitutional prerogatives of the Government and people.

We should not for a moment listen to any such absurd proposition. If a State secedes, she, by her own act, ceases to be a State, but her territory does not (except by force of successful rebellion) cease to be a portion of the territory of the United States. Her re-admission as a State cannot be claimed as a right, but must depend upon the authority and consent of the Federal Government.

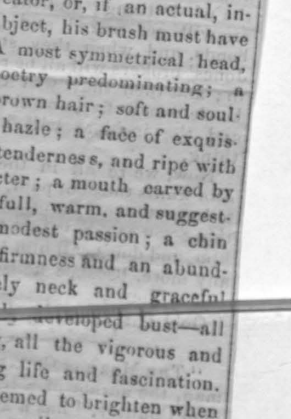
It follows, as a further corollary, that any amendment of the Constitution requiring the approval of a majority of the States, is valid when approved by a majority of those States which adhere to the Government. If others have put it out of their own power to co-operate in the matter, either by approval or rejection, it is their own fault and their own misfortune, and not that of the country or of the loyal States. And when they come back again as States, if they ever do, they will be bound by what the Government and people of the United States

wallawalla paper

The Plymouth Church Scandal.

THE NEST-HIDERS' PORTRAITS.

Since the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton have become the subject of such wide-spread scandal, we have taken the pains to procure what we flatter ourselves are very fair portraits of the two champion "nest-hiders" of Plymouth Church, which we below give for the benefit of those who are not satisfied with knowing how these two models of morality act, but also wish to see how they look. As Beecher is the more note-worthy of the two, we will give his likeness first, and here it is.



His broad, high forehead denotes the man of mighty intellect that Mr. Beecher is known to be, while the large and well shapen mouth would indicate the orator, and the strong prominent nose shows determination and will. But as we are no reader of character either by the signs of phrenology or physiognomy, we leave our readers to pick out the points in the picture, and make up their estimation of the man according to their own judgment. Intellectually he is doubtless a splendid man—physically, Professor Fowler says he is a splendid animal—morally he is—doubtful. We are sorry our artist did not bring out a more readable expression in his eyes, for there above all other features do we expect to find the true windows of the soul." The subject of this sketch is now said to be in his sixty-third year, and is still strong, robust and apparently in the prime of life, with a fair prospect of becoming a centenarian.

The engraving of Mrs. Tilton is taken from a portrait painted by an artist of high repute, and we here re-produce it.

In looking on that fair and beautiful young face, one can hardly believe the many damaging stories that are being circulated against her reputation, which ought to be as fair as the face. The original from which this engraving is made is thus described by our artist and correspondent at the time of beholding the portrait in Mr. Tilton's parlor. "I observed an exquisite portrait on canvass gracing the wall. Again and again my eyes fell upon it. Something peculiarly charming and fascinating, and tender hung about it. Musingly I thought the artist himself a most imaginative genius and consumate creator, or, if an actual, instead of fancy subject, his brush must have been inspired. A most symmetrical head, intellect and poetry predominating; a wealth of silken brown hair; soft and soulful eyes of richest hazle; a face of exquisite sweetness and tenderness, and ripe with culture and character; a mouth carved by the gods, and lips full, warm, and suggesting robustness of modest passion; a chin indicating a gentle firmness and an abundant will; a shapely neck and graceful shoulders, and finely developed bust—all harmony, all beauty, all the vigorous and tenderness of young life and fascination. The witching eyes seemed to brighten when looked into; a very smile so sweet as to thrill me appeared upon that face when I involuntarily fixed my gaze upon it." Notwithstanding the youthfulness and fresh beauty of the likeness, and its original, Mrs. Tilton is now in her mature womanhood, and is really much older than she looks. She, like all other woman, does not make public her age, but she has been married more than [illegible] years. All who have ever seen these somewhat noted individuals will doubtless recognize the likenesses, and especially will this be the case with all newspaper men!

...miliar, in my capacity as a surveyor for ten years past in some of the finest portions of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, with the character of soil and climate, and natural advantages of

...since.

The ultimate capacity of the country can hardly be computed, and it only needs facilities for any communication with the great markets to make it one great garden.

...more attractive to the enterprising foreigner element both in our own country and in Europe; and the route along your main line, is, I think, taking all things

done in their absence; and they can never plead their own wrong as a bar to the validity of such action. They might as well complain that the amendment was not presented to them for their ratification, when they had armies in the field to prevent any intercourse with them! For, if they are to be reckoned as States whose approval or rejection is necessary, they could logically argue that a failure to propose to them a contemplated amendment would be a fatal objection to its validity.

At the present time eleven States are in a state of secession, *de facto*, or rebellion, if that expression is preferred, and twenty-five States remain true to the Government and Constitution. Therefore the ratification of the amendment in question by nineteen States not in secession will make it valid as a part of the Constitution. This is a clear dictate of constitutional law.

I do not know that the exigencies of the country render this view of the subject at all important. Both Houses of Congress virtually assumed it as the true one when they declared that a majority of the Senators and Representatives elected to each House respectively was sufficient to form a quorum. The great desideratum of the present hour is to insure the success of our arms in quelling the rebellion. That once quelled, I have no fear that three-fourths of all the States, including those which have no constitutional claim to be treated as such—but which will undoubtedly be welcomed back to their allegiance—will be readily found to approve of the proposed amendment. The recruiting of the army with stalwart and honest men is at present the great and absorbing duty of the nation.

I am as ever yours,

JOSEPH P. BRADLEY.

CHARLES KNAPP, Esq., Washington.

From Geo. B. Wright, U. S. Deputy Surveyor, to Hon. Geo. L. Becker.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn. March 14th, 1865.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your inquiry of the 12th inst., concerning the resources, &c., of the region of country through which the main line of your road is proposed to be built, as compared with the other portions of the Mississippi Valley, I would say I have been somewhat familiar, in my capacity as a surveyor for ten years past in some of the finest portions of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, with the character of soil and climate, and natural advantages of each of the four States named, and which, taken altogether, embrace perhaps the most desirable portion of this continent. In the ultimate capacity of these States (in proportion to the number of square miles) I should place Illinois first, Iowa second, Minnesota third and Wisconsin fourth; while to take the southern and western portion of Minnesota (leaving off the N. E. part, which, though valuable for timber and mineral, can never sustain so dense a population,) I would place it along side of, if not even above, Illinois as regards capacity. It is a better wheat country, better adapted to sheep farming, more healthful and more attractive to the enterprising northern element both in our own country and in Europe; and the route along your main line, is, I think, taking all things into account, through the very best portion of the State. While the soil is no better than in Illinois, the climate and water perhaps not much better than in other portions of the State, or some parts of Wisconsin, and no healthier perhaps than other parts of the State, yet it is first rate on all those accounts, and it is a handsome land, and preserving a more desirable and uniform proportion of wood, water, meadows, and prairie uplands, handsome building sites, grove and parks of fine timber, and pretty gravel beached lakes; and this is more attractive and more desirable naturally, than any other region of country of equal extent with which I am acquainted. I have frequently found all the advantages I have mentioned combined naturally on one-quarter section of land, and forming a perfect farm, lacking only suitable and tasteful buildings and enclosures to complete my ideal of a model residence. The percentage of waste land is quite as small as in any portion of the West, and the quantity of soil will, I think, average fully as high. I have seen frequently large fields of wheat in that region which yielded thirty to forty bushels of wheat per acre, with only the cheap cultivation of the country, and I believe twenty-five bushels per acre for all cultivated, and for a series of years, would not be above the average. I know of no branch of agriculture—suitable to temperate climates—for which the country spoken of is not peculiarly well adapted.

Recent discoveries indicate, unmistakably, that this route is the very shortest between the eastern cities and the gold fields of the west, and also that its completion will open up and develop the coal regions on our western border, which now promise so much for the future prosperity and greatness of the State. I feel assured that the building of your road will open to the world as rich, and a more desirable region of the country, and produce a greater miracle of development than did the building of the Illinois Central Line a few years since.

The ultimate capacity of the country can hardly be computed, and it only needs facilities for any communication with the great markets to make it one great garden.

Hoping that your efforts in that direction may speedily meet with the success they so richly merit.,

Yours very truly,

GEORGE B. WRIGHT,

U. S. Deputy Surveyor.

—*London Railway Record, Aug.* 12, 1865.

The Closing Scene.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

The following is pronounced by the Westminster Review to be unquestionably the best American Poem ever written:

Within the sober realms of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper, in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dun waters, widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights are mellowed, and all sounds subdued;
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low,
As in a dream; the distant woodman hewed
His winter log, with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forest, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On sombre wings the vulture tried her flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And, like a star, slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew—
Crew thrice—and all was stiller than before;
Silent, till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy martins of the eaves,
The busy swallows, circling ever near—
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest, and a plenteous year;

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reapers of the rosy east;
All now was soulless, empty and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail;
And crossed the crow through all the dreary gloom;
Alone, the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders moved their thin shrouds, night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passing noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with his inverted torch—

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyous train,
Sat like a Fate and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her;
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his brisk mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned and she gave her all;
And twice war bowed to her his sable plume—
Re-gave the sword to rust upon the wall.

Re-gave the sword—but not the hand that drew
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him, who, to his sire and country true,
Fell mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmurs of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through her hands serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

To the Editor of the New York Sun:—
Sir:—Some of us have
article in
and then he and his friends will all protest
to be selling out, and they'll look gloomy
the whole thing
in; and then they will turn them over
Uncle Sam at five, and the debt will be paid.
she insists
thing.
Now, we're
Sam wants the debt paid,
to have the credit of doing it.
him, and don't call him "
any more, because he
Yours,
Gold Hill, Nevada, June 21, 18

"THE MORMON COUNTRY," Captain Cul
man, the author of a treatise on the Mor
mon Country," has a keen eye for the pecu
liarities of the original characters whom he
and in this account of some of them, as
as told by himself, we get a sandy of humor
He is lamenting
Harte, "partner," shot down in
former "partner," shot down in
fight by his side, and says that they were
always getting scrapes on him when
"Gus" got the heaviest things on him when
he died. As soon as he was shot, I see
he was a goner. I jolted him up on the
back, and even tried to feed him, saying
all the Bible I knowed, and promisin
to all his folks. But

INCOME LIST 1867--8.

For Hennepin County.

Incomes Including $1,000 Exempt from Taxation.

The following is a complete list of all income tax payers in Hennepin county, for the year ending May 1st, 1868. The list embraces the total incomes, including the $1,000 exempt from taxation. The amount of income tax paid by each can be easily ascertained. By deducting the $1,000 exempt, it is five per cent. on the remainder :

Allen, T B....	1,160	Lindley, A H..	2,848
Ames, A F....	1,139	Lee, Wm T....	3,154
Ames, Eli B...	3,400	Lee, Wm H...	2,678
Baker, Jason..	1,194	Linn, J J.....	1,060
Barnard, T G..	1,450	Linton, A H...	4,465
Brown, E S...	2,914	Laraway, O M.	3,600
Butler, Levi...	4,126	Langdon, R B.	3,122
Bogardus.....	1,830	Loring, C M...	1,134
Bausman, A L.	1,089	Levi, C H.....	1,686
Billings, A J...	1,634	Merritt, W....	1,544
Bryant, R R...	1,647	Morse, E jr...	1,504
Bryant, Jas....	1,469	Morse, Frank L	1,152
Bode, A H.....	1,481	Mattison, S H.	1,146
Bolles, G F....	1,056	Moore, Wm...	1,158
Brackett, G B.	2,500	M'Langh'n J M	1,995
Brown, J F....	1,231	Murphy, T A..	2,461
Bull, B S.....	3,829	Moses, Elias..	3,280
Bassett, Dan..	1,204	McMullen, Geo	1,935
Beal, A H.....	1,500	Mendenhall, R J	5,949
Beebe, F.....	1,540	McNair, W W.	2,500
Baldwin, R J..	5.108	Mills, H W....	1,618
Camp, G A....	2,156	Merrill, A C...	3,980
Clark, J H....	1,730	Martin, John.	3:957
Cushman, C M.	1,772	O'Connor, P..	1,800
Cahill, W F...	1,981	Pomeroy, J L.	1,145
Church, Calvin	1,196	Plant, Henry..	2,293
Cocks, C P....	1,185	Petran, W....	2,200
Copeland, Jesse	1,390	Pinney, Ovid..	1,783
Chalmers, Fdk	1,730	Philbrick, C S	1,482
Chalmers, Jas.	1,480	Perrine, C K..	2,158
Christian, G H	3,690	Pray, O A.....	3,664
Chase, Jon...	1,900	Pierce, J W...	5,190
Chute, Sam H.	1,574	Dayton, Jas, P..	1,519
Chute, Richard	1,614	Davie E H.....	1,200
Carpenter, H M	1,500	Door, C D.....	2,317
Dean, Joseph..	3,504	Elliott W.....	1,288
De Laitre, Jno.	1,310	Elliott, J S.....	1,436
Deshon, S.....	1,325	Emerson, S.....	1,054
Eastman, W W.	2,780	Flandrau, C E..	1,156
Eastman, J W..	1,982	Fenart, M.....	1,020
Field, Wm.....	1,398	Grethen, A.....	1,720
Ferguson, S T..	1,200	Gray, Thos K...	1,980
Grap, J D.....	1,454	Gluck, J G.....	1,109
Greely, A M....	1,893	Gale, S C.....	2,220
Gilmore, D M..	1,442	Gibson, Paris...	1,688
Gale, H A.....	2,822	Robinson, G R..	1,035
Grethen, H.....	1,178	Rogers, A B....	1,425
Radeliff, A M..	1,182	Rust, Geo H....	1,398
Reid, A M.....	2,320	Salter C C.....	1,404
Shuey, Wm H..	1,900	Scheitlin, G....	1,525
Smith J G.....	1,688	Shuey, John H..	3,507
Stevens, R S....	1,565	Smith Sydney..	1,634
Shepard, D C...	3,895	Spear, S P.....	1,200
Sage, R jr.....	1,463	Stewart, L M...	1,500
Savory, E.....	1,183	Spaulding, S M.	1,333
Secombe, C C..	1,859	Sidle, H G.....	3,242
Sidle, J K.....	4,055	Snell, E.....	2,267
Sidle, Henry....	1,777	Secombe, D A..	6,922
Snow, James...	1,005	Scholar, G.....	1,050
Stanwitz, Carl..	1,050	Swett, O T.....	1,422
Gilfillan, J B...	1,189	Tuttle, T J....	1,560
Hechtman, H..	1,101	Thompson, B..	1,160
Harrison, Wm.	10,144	Veazie, E A....	1,315
Harrison, T A.	11,405	Vanderberg, C E	2,577
Harrison, H G	11,732	Vancleve, H P..	1,871
Hills, Miles.....	1,578	Wilson, E M....	2,000
Hard'bergh C M	3,087	Wakefield J T..	2,250
Hedderly, E....	1.189	Wolford, Peter.	3,620
Hill, W B.....	3,840	Wright, Geo B.	2,123
Hancock, H B..	2,771	Williams, H....	1,930
Hathaway, G C	1,791	Wilson, D F....	1,601
Hatch, P L....	1,740	Welles, H T....	4,671
Hamlin, H O...	1,418	Webster, J.....	3,476
Hale, A T.....	1,300	Williams, J....	1,678
Hiskey, W O....	1,114	Walker, G F...	1 028
Jones, W E....	3,226	Waters, Jas....	2,040
Jones, James...	1,223	Wagner, H W..	1,368
Judd, W S.....	2,500	Widstrand, C A	1,624
Johnson, J C...	1,420	Westfall, W P..	8,820
Johnson, L G..	1,375	Warner, G F....	1,200
King, O B.....	3,726	Warner, R D...	1,684
Keith, Geo H...	1.128	Wheaton, G A.	1,045
Knickerbacker D B.....	1,400	Wells, G G.....	1,065
		Washburn WD	10,147
Kissell, A S....	2,055	Wilbur, H J....	2,199
Kelley, A.....	4,635	Witmore, Geo..	3.028

Total income.....$391,561
Total income tax paid.....$10,474.20

From the New York Evening Post.

THE THROES OF SCIENCE.

The following is an interesting, and, the author, F. Brett Hart, declares, entirely truthful account of the circumstances which led to the dissolution of the Stanislaus Archaeological Association. The society, by the by, seems to have been formed upon the principle of art unions ; that is, the accumulations of the association were freely distributed among the members. But here is the tale as told by Hart :

I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is
Truthful James ;
I am not up to small deceit or any sinful
games ;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know
about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislaus.

Nothing could be finer or more beautiful to
see,
Than the first six months' proceedings of
that same society ;
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of
fossil bones,
That he found within the tunnel near the
tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there
From these same bones an animal that was
extremely rare ;
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones
were one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and
said his greatest fault
Was that he had been trespassing on Jones's
family vault.
He was the most sarcastic man, this quiet
Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out
the town.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific
gent
To say another is an ass—at least to all intent ;
Nor should the individual who happens to
be meant,
Reply by heaving rocks at him, to any great
extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angels raised a point
of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in
the abdomen ;
And he smiled a sort of sickly smile and
curled up on the floor,
And subsequent proceedings interested him
no more.

Then, in less time than I write it, every
member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a paleozoic age,
And the way they heaved those fossils, in
their anger, was a sin,
And the skull of an old monarch caved the
head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of those improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name
is Truthful James ;
And I've told in simple language what I
know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislaus.

"LAURA, LAURA, DON'T SECEDE."

Kiss me, Laura, ere I go
Arm'd and drill'd to meet the foe ;
Gun in hand, and on my back
A sixteen-pounder—haversack.
I go ; my country calls—adieu!
To bolt, my darling girl, be true ;
And come success, come scathe and need,
Laura, Laura, don't secede.

When on the tented field, perhaps
With rations short and shorter naps,
With wheel, present, advance, retreat,
Thou'lt have, O heavens! at thy feet
Some one persuadingly present
Himself and an establishment;
Laura, no such trifler heed!
Though he glitter, don't secede!

Cling unto thy mother, dear ;
Let no "Home Guards" come anear,
Dancing gewgaws 'fore thy eyes,
Making light of household ties,
Prating of thy woman's rights,
Gallanting thee about o' nights—
Lest the rose should prove a weed
Basely crimsoned—don't secede.

Good bye, Laura! No regrets
If from balls and bayonets,
From "broils and battles"—(boils, I mean ;
For deadlier is the soup tureen,
When badly seasoned, than the bore
Of the loudest cannon that can roar)—
Safe delivered, swiftly I
Back to ease and thee will fly,
United, then, in word and deed,
Laura, dear, we'll both secede.

An Exquisite Lyric—Song of the Home Guard.

DEDICATED TO THE BLOOMINGTON HOME GUARDS.

The gifted "preservior and defendier of our country," who sends us the following touching little poem of the home affections, will please accept our thanks. It is indeed a spirited battle song :

Mid Foth street's wermarkables
Though we may woam,
Be it ayver so vulgaw
There's no place like home ;
A fwesh sortaw chawm
Seems to wavish us there,
Which wises wenewed
When we're wanted elsewhere.
CHO-WUS.—Home, home, safe, safe home ;
Aw vewy wemarkable safe place is home !

Aw atwanger to home,
Glowry ain't worth a dem :
Ah! give me my back
Gaw-wet bed-wrom, PRO TEM,
Where the wed clar wet cobbler
Is brought at my call ;
And give me my board-bill,
That's dearwer than all.
CHO-WUS.—Home, home, safe, safe home ;
Aw vewy wemarkable safe place is home !

Those vulgaw, wough howses,
May go to the waw,
That's gwown a wediculous
Vewy dwy baw ;
While we, the patwicians,
Wemain where we air,
Pwotecting the women
And dwessing our hair.
CHO-WUS.—Home, home, safe, safe home ;
Aw vewy wemarkable safe place is home !

We dwill once a week
In pweposterwos caps,
And carwy our muskets
Like weal soldjaw chaps :
Aw don't know what twials
Aw met with in camps :
But dwilling—good gwacious
Bwings wetchedest cwamps.
CHO-WUS.—Home, home, safe, safe home ;
Aw vewy wemarkable safe place is home !

The poor timid women
Wejoice when they heah
The twamp—twamp that tells them,
Pwotection is neah ;
They crowd to our awms,
Till the cwises is past,
And pwomise carwesses
To crown us at last.
CHO-WUS.—Home, home, safe, safe home ;
Aw vewy wemarkable safe place is home !

BLOOMINGTON, Aug. 6th, 1860.

Rev. C. G. Ames, Pastor of the Free Congregational Society: DEAR SIR:—Having heard with much interest your discourse on "Northern Responsibility for Slavery," and believing that good would result from giving the views therein contained a wider circulation, we would respectfully request of you a copy of the same for publication:

JESSE GREGG, E. WAKEFIELD, D. STONER, F. K. PHŒNIX, C. WAKEFIELD, E. BARBER, B. F. HAYS, J. H. STEWART, G. W. STIPP, JESSE W. FELL, H. B. MILLER, R. THOMPSON, WM. PERRY, C. P. MERRIMAN, E. HUNT, JOHN BEATY, DAVID BRADEN, A. J. PORTER, C. S. JONES, HUGH TAYLOR, J. P. JENKS, V. FELL, SAMUEL WILLARD.

REPLY.

BLOOMINGTON, Aug. 10th, 1860.

To Jesse Gregg, E. Wakefield, et als: GENTLEMEN:—I hand you herewith a copy of the Sermon, called for in your kind note of the 6th inst., cheerfully acceding to its publication in any form you may think best. Very respectfully,

CHARLES G. AMES.

"NORTHERN RESPONSIBILITY FOR SLAVERY"—A SERMON

PREACHED IN BLOOMINGTON, ILL., SUNDAY, AUGUST 5TH, 1860, BY CHAS. G. AMES, MINISTER OF THE FREE CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY.

TEXT.—"*And Nathan said to David, thou art the man!*"—II. SAMUEL, XII: 7.

There is no more subtle power of evil than that by which the evil-doer hides his sin from his own eyes, and smothers the testimony of his own conscience. David, King of Israel, who, as judged by the dim light of his age, was in his general character "a man after God's own heart," fell from his high estate, into the sin of adultery with the wife of Uriah, one of his absent soldiers. To cover his disgrace, he planned, with devilish cunning, to have Uriah killed in battle. With this double guilt of adultery and murder upon his soul, he seems not to have been seriously troubled. "Am I not a king? Do not all sovereigns take great liberties? What shall stand between me and my desire? And what is Uriah, but a poor Hittite, one of a despised Canaanitish race whom Israel was told to destroy?" So David sent for Bath-Sheba, partner of his shame, whose husband he had put out of the way, and she became his wife—though he already had six wives. But the doctrine that "the king can do no wrong" did not find favor with the old Hebrew prophets. This monstrous abuse of power could not go unrebuked. "The Lord sent Nathan to David." Nathan presents himself before the King, and enters complaint that a rich man, "with exceeding many flocks and herds," has robbed a poor man of his only lamb—a pet ewe-lamb, the playmate of his children, which slept on his bosom, "and was unto him as a daughter." King David hears with indignation; he is chief magistrate of the people; and his sense of justice is keen enough when another man has abused his power by doing a mean and wicked act. He hastens to pronounce sentence, that as sure as the God of Israel lives, the rich robber shall die. Now it is the prophet's turn to speak: "And Nathan said to David, *Thou art the man!* You, O King! can see and condemn a wrong done by another: behold the abomination wrought in Israel by yourself! You say the rich man shall die, because he has violently taken away and eaten up the poor man's cosset lamb: what wrath from God shall visit your head, who have robbed an humble soldier, first of his wife, and then of his life!" David is smitten to the heart; the stern word of reproof carries all before it. The poor sophistries with which he beguiled his soul one hour ago—the disguises of passion, pride and power—are swept, like cobwebs, from his eyes: he sees, he abhors himself. Not Nathan and the nation only, but his own conscience also detects and exposes his sin; and he stands, not now a conscious king, but a convicted culprit, cowering before the law of which he is the guiltiest violator in the whole land. Melted into penitence and shame, he pours his confession, "I have sinned against the Lord!" and pleads in a shudder of sorrow, "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God!"

Nathan performed no pleasant duty. He might have found plausible excuses for leaving his majesty to manage his own affairs, and to account for his conduct to God and his conscience as best he could. Did not David know what evil he had done, without being officiously informed by his chaplain? But, ah, what if Nathan had been silent through such cowardly counsels? Would not silence help keep David in countenance, and make Nathan also a virtual accomplice? The word of reproof spoken faithfully and in season, was best for both. It was a bitter bud; but it ripened into wholesome fruit. Always it is God's mercy to a man, which brings him face to face with himself, as Nathan brought David. If the man has done no wrong, the searching word can do him no harm; the river of God's peace will only flow deepening into his soul through an approving conscience. But if he has done evil, then Remorse also is God's minister of good will, sent to lead him back, through the path of pain and penitence, to health and peace. But alas, for him who goes on deluding himself by "calling his evil good," because no reprover helps him to detect himself; and alas, too, for him who silently suffers sin upon his neighbor!

I think I see how the word of Nathan to David may be God's message of merciful reproof to each of us, for the wrong use of our moral and political power in the matter of American Slavery. I think I see what good might be done, if, as with the voice of a prophet, the rebuke might be brought home to the conscience of many a free citizen of the North—"*Thou art the man!* Thou standest chargeable with the guilt of slavery."

It is not common to talk as though Northern men had any share of accountability for what they call the sectional institution of the South. No man opens a market for buying and selling men, women and children, in our Northern towns; no drove of human cattle creeps coffled through our streets; no one of our laborers goes to his daily toil under the lash of an overseer, or gets scourged at night because he has done so little; no one of us hangs his head before a master, saying, "Please, sir, may I go and see my wife and children?" And not one of all the many ten thousands of the tribes of the North is ever asked the insulting question, "Who owns you?" Many of us are poor: we all see trying times; but one dear blessing remains to us, and waits for our children:—we are free! We choose from all the lands of the earth the place where we will live: we choose of all employments that which will please us best. No tyrant hand, or tyrant law, forbids the humblest one among us to exercise all the rights, and enjoy all the privileges, secured to the highest, richest and most cultivated,—we are all nobles, all kings, though we walk in rags and live in huts. We revel in this bountiful, magnificent liberty, unmolested, unafraid. For we all make the law—all protect each other—all wield the sword of civil power for the defence of all. Slavery is away to one side, and for the most part it stays there—down South. The people who live there, let them manage it as they like, as we do our affairs. If it be wrong, it is their wrong, their leprosy, their curse, their shame. What has the North to do with slavery?

Thus men talk, and think they have disposed of the whole subject, putting it to everlasting sleep.—But it does not stay disposed of thus. It wakes up again, and wakes them up too. Uninvited and unwelcomed, the "eternal" question thrusts itself upon us everywhere and always. We open the Bible and read about it: we carry it to church and think of it, whether the minister does or not; the papers are flooded with it; we go on the street and men are discussing it; we travel, and find it a fellow-passenger everywhere. We build hedges and shut it in; but soon it appears that the geography-makers are right in calling parallels of latitude "imaginary lines," for slavery rubs them out, as if they were chalk-marks.

"Now," says the politician, "we will have no more agitation. This everlasting talk about slavery will ruin the country!" And on he goes, talking about—slavery. "At last," say the papers, "this exciting and dangerous topic has been withdrawn from the arena of Congressional discussion." But their next issues report hot debates in Senate and House. And the great ecclesiastical bodies can do little else but discuss the question, "How can we best cap the crater?" Just as the great waves of ocean come tumbling in perpetual succession upon the beach, so it seems we are fated to an unbroken series of excitements about slavery. It is a fulfillment of the word of wisdom: "The wicked cannot rest." This guilty nation must be kept from repose, for its own safety. Providence loves us too well to give us peace in our sin. Let us hope and pray that this social eruption may go on, until the foul impurity which circulates in the nation's veins and poisons its life, is wholly brought to the surface and thrown from the body.

With so much, and yet more, of introduction, you may be prepared to expect a long sermon.

I have now a single object to accomplish, viz: *To exhibit the responsibility of Northern men for American Slavery.* I shall speak less of the rights of the negroes than of the duties of the whites. As in my ordinary preaching, I am called to speak, not for a sect, but only for the truth; so now I must speak, not for a party, but only for the right. I deal to-day, not simply as a citizen, with questions of public policy, but as a Christian minister, with your consciences. It might indeed be easily shown that Northern pecuniary interests are injured, and Northern privileges impaired and imperilled, through our relations with slavery.

That would be no mean argument, nor without important moral bearings; for self-preservation is a high duty; and our material prosperity, our outward civilization, constitutes a sacred, God-given trust for the good of mankind, which we may not innocently squander. But, leaving those considerations for other occasions, I invite you now to consider, in candor and with seriousness, the more pressing question:—What share of the guilt of slaveholding rests on Northern men? How far are Northern men implicated in the sin of oppression? Tried by the eternal standard, God's law of right, to what extent are Northern men found accomplices in this great wrong? For I shall assume that slavery is wrong. I do not say—for I do not believe—that every person who holds the formal relation of a slave-master is a tyrant at heart. I am satisfied that there are excellent men and women holding that relation who do not habitually think of those who are called their slaves as though they were really property, but who regard them as unfortunate beings committed to their guardianship—a troublesome trust, of which they would gladly be rid.—I should be glad to concede that this class is so numerous as to form a very large ratio of the number of actual slave-masters. But the system of slavery, in its substance and essence, if we judge it by the degree of light which God has given our country, must be declared the most palpable violation of natural right on the face of the earth. This wrongfulness of slavery I assume—for I will not stop to prove so clear a truth as that no human being can rightfully reduce another to chattelhood. I will have here no argument with those who say that a human soul—the image and offspring of God—can be inventoried as merchandise. I repel at the outstart, what Lord Brougham, the most venerable of living statesmen, has fitly stigmatized as "the wild and guilty fantasy that there can be property in man." I calmly rest the doctrine of natural and equal rights to "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness," on the fact that God has written that doctrine, and thus revealed it, in the structure of every human being; so that every man, however weak or strong in body or mind, is conscious of the truth of that doctrine *as applied to his own case;* and so every man regards it as an unjustifiable use of power when *his* natural rights are invaded, either by the stronger hand or sharper cunning of his neighbor, or by any of the governments of the earth. The great Declaration uses language none too strong, when it calls this truth "self-evident." And yet, only think of it! Public men all over the land are gravely discussing the question, "Has a man the right to himself?" That ought not to be an open question; and it could not be, if there were not a sad decay of public virtue, a wretched apostacy from first principles, a disastrous eclipse of moral vision. When men debate over a self-evident truth of morals, it is as if they debated in broad noon-day whether the sun shines; it only proves their own blindness. I will build on the doctrine of natural equal rights as on a rock.

Nor can I speak to-day for immediate effect, so much as for future and permanent good. I take advantage of the general excitement only to show how far the question which convulses the country is a question of *duty*, and to gain a hearing for some truths, which, if received into good and honest hearts, may yet become the power of God unto the nation's salvation, since they are the fundamental principles of that righteousness which exalteth a nation, and on which all stable governments must rest. The partisan appeal to current prejudices, and to the passions of the hour, may indeed serve to change here and there a vote. The Christian appeal, to what is eternally true, and eternally right, may more slowly but surely change the hearts of the people, and so purify that fountain out of which flow all institutions, governments, and laws.

American slavery is a great system of wrong.—The responsibility for *creating* it rests upon generations of men who have long since passed from the earth. With them and with their work, we have nothing to do. But the responsibility of *maintaining* it, in these days of greater light and maturer civilization, rests upon men now living. *Upon whom* does it rest? Will you say it rests only upon those who actually call themselves slave-owners: But the new census will show four millions of slaves, and only four hundred thousand slave-owners; ten slaves to every master. Now one master can easily control ten or ten thousand servants, by paying them honest wages for their services; but it is not so easy or safe for one man to detain ten men in the condition of slaves. Slavery is at the bottom a system of terrorism—brute force. To feel secure in his unnatural supremacy, the master wants help. He can maim the slave's mental sinews by keeping him in ignorance and animalism; he can maintain police regulations which prevent free intercourse between the slaves, and so ward off insurrectionary combinations; and he can attach them to his person, by habitual kindness; but for his safety, and to make slavery profitable, the system must have strong supports; weak ones will not answer.—The "fear and trembling" which takes hold of the slave must be omnipotent for its purpose. It

must *dishearten* him of all hope that he can by any means throw off the yoke. Even then, so ineradicable is the instinct of liberty, the master will hardly sleep in peace. His sense of security rests, largely, at least, in the belief that his claim of mastery is backed by the pledge of some power adequate to reduce and overpower his bondmen, in case they attempt to resume their rights.

Will you say that the people of the slave States are competent to manage and retain the slaves? Perhaps it is so: there are two white men to every slave in those States, and the whites have the advantages of superior intelligence and native force of character, beside close organization, and the means of offensive and defensive warfare. But they are not so strong as not to be glad of *allies;* they desire to accumulate guaranties against the rising spirit of freedom; they want to back up the system with the pledge of still more brute force than they can command. Brute force is the servant of moral force—of public opinion, or public will. *Slavery finds its real support in the general acquiescence of the great mass of non-slaveholders, North as well as South, and in the virtual pledge of their aid.* The aggregate will and choice of the many millions of white men in this country, is that the few millions of black men shall be the slaves of the few thousand masters who claim them as property. That combination of moral sentiment in favor of slavery, or in favor of acquiescing in it, is the slaves's true fetter. Thus it is that "on the side of the oppressor there is *power.*" For this pro-slavery sentiment, or pro-slavery public opinion, wields the power of the national government, and pledges any amount of brute force which may be necessary to maintain the master's supremacy. The conviction ground into the slave's spirit is this:—"All white men are my enemies; if I attempt to fight or fly, they are against me." Slavery is strong, not only through the natural docility of the African race, not only because of the superiority of the whites of the South over the blacks, but also *because it is understood to be backed by millions of Northern bayonets and the collective will of the whole nation.* The number of slaveholders and of slaves is increasing every year, and the system extends every generation; because, with these guaranties, slaves are regarded as safe property. Thus slavery is *nationalized*—made the nation's sin, your sin and mine, if we consent to it.

The Chief Justice of the United States declares, in an official opinion, that every State that comes into the Union comes pledged to maintain the rights of the master; so that the very oath of allegiance to the Constitution, *with this current construction,* is an oath that we will stand by Slavery, and fight for it, if need be. Who then is the real slaveholder? *Thou art the man!* whoever thou art, that dost consent to any share in wielding the power of the government for such a purpose! With this view of the Constitution, we have no government for the protection of rights, so far as negroes are concerned—only a conspiracy for their destruction—and every citizen who accepts such a construction, and joins in the administration of the laws on this principle, makes himself one of the conspirators. "Conspiracy" is defined as a combination of men for an evil purpose; a plot to commit a crime in concert. I do not believe the men who framed the Constitution, and who professedly ordained that instrument to establish justice and to secure the blessings of liberty to the 'people' of the United States and their posterity, had any such infamous and infernal design as is now attributed to them. I believe in, and am sworn to maintain, that Constitution as interpreted in the light of its own declared objects:—justice, liberty, and public order—the only rightful objects of any civil government. It nowhere mentions or defines a slave: it makes no more distinctions for the color of the skin than for the color of the hair or eyes.—No man in the Republic can look on another, and say with truth, "The Constitution protects my rights, and takes away yours!" If there are clauses in it which refer to slavery, and afford it a kind of temporary or side-wise support, that it may die easily and without social convulsions, what gross perversion is it to construe them into *foundations* for the system, and pledges of its permanence! Every principle of government stated by the instrument is overturned by such a construction, and every one of its leading objects set at naught. Let slavery perish out of the land to-morrow, and not the slightest change would be needed in our political system—not one proper function of the Federal Government would be impaired, lessened, or extended.

Doubtless the framers meant to *tolerate* slavery as a kind of necessary evil for a time: that is, they meant to avoid any abrupt and violent demonstration against a social system which they found in existence, and which they were powerless to deal with; for then, as now, each State had complete jurisdiction over the institution within its own limits.—But a general assurance prevailed that the progress of Christian civilization, under a government itself born of insurrection and revolutionary war against oppression, would at no distant day put an end to so palpable a wrong. They followed out the suggestion of a noble slaveholder, who thought it "wrong to admit into the Constitution the idea of property in man." Yet, in the awkwardness of compromising with the existing slaveholding interest, and urged by the necessity of an immediate Union of the States, they did leave a door open for the entrance at a later day of the whole brood of pro-slavery misconstructions which now domineer over every department of the government. Because each State agreed not to interfere to *prevent* the recapture of "fugitives from service," it has since been claimed that every good citizen should interfere to *help* such re-capture: which was no part of the bargain, bad as it was. Much less was it a part of the bargain that the Federal Government—the power of the whole nation—should be employed to return the fugitive, and that all expenses should be paid from the common treasury, with your money and mine. But, as it is said that Satan's whole body will follow wherever there is a hole big enough for the tip of his horn, so gradually have all the powers of the nation been taken possession of by the evil spirit of slavery, which now speaks from the supreme bench and the chair of State, commanding us all to hold ourselves ready for any degrading service which the interests of that insatiate demon may require.

Now I ask, is there a man who does not see and feel that so far as he lends any voluntary support to slavery, through the use he makes of his share of the political power of the nation, so far he becomes responsible for the wrong of slavery? If you honestly think the Constitution makes all the States the pledged guardians of slavery, why do you support that Constitution? Confessing to an interpretation of it which makes the Union a conspiracy, and not a just government, why make yourself a traitor to mankind under the false plea of allegiance to your country? For your country's highest claim is that you shall help to rule righteously.

Either the Constitution is pro-slavery; or it is, as I have claimed, essentially anti-slavery. I mean that the powers of the nation are meant to be actively used *for* slavery, or they are *not* meant to be thus used: (for it is not necessary to conclude, and I do not claim, that the national power ought to be used actively *against* slavery in the States.) If the Constitution be pro-slavery in such a sense as to require non-slaveholders, men of the Free States, or that federal government which they share in administering, to help maintain slavery, then Mr. Garrison is right in calling it "a league with death and a covenant with hell," and I must repudiate it.—But if it does not thus require me to help maintain slavery, then I am, to say the least, without excuse for perverting my share of power to so base a use.

All I ask is that if Northern men have any share in the administration of national affairs, it shall be on some principle which relieves them of all responsibility for the existence and support of slavery anywhere. Then only can you and I live in the Union without dishonor, and without being accomplices in the great crime against the slave. And I understand this to have been the original plan of the fathers. They meant to let each State take care of its own slaves, without any sort of federal interference. But not foreseeing the future expansion and arrogance of the Slave Power, they swerved from the wise and right path in permitting the master to make the whole country a hunting-ground for fugitives. That has been the vulnerable spot in our system; because from it have arisen many unjustifiable presumptions in favor of the doctrine that the Constitution does recognize property in man—the very doctrine which the authors of that "fugitive" provision studiously sought to exclude. Thus has a little leaven leavened the whole lump.

I dare say, I address numbers of men who have been so far beguiled by this pro-slavery interpretation, that they verily believe they ought, as good citizens, to do many things contrary to the doctrine of impartial liberty. I will deal in no bitter reproaches. We all see things through the colored glasses of education, prejudice, party feeling. But may I not take it for granted we should all be glad to see things as they are? And that we should be sorry, if even ignorantly we have made ourselves to any degree abettors of crime?

Let me illustrate: Smith and Jones are mercantile partners. By the terms of the partnership, neither can interfere with the outside speculations of the other; but it is agreed that Jones' interest in the profits of their mutual business shall increase according to his success in certain doubtful transactions. Smith consents to this reluctantly, as it is unfair; but Jones says 'tis only a point of honor, and Smith yields it, as he is anxious to get into business. Each puts funds into the trade; and each has other funds of his own. Jones plays the rascal; invests his private property in a pirate ship, and in counterfeiting implements. Smith is a man of easy virtue; he has known what it was to run a pirate vessel and corrupt the currency himself, though of late he has rather got ashamed of it. He says "Jones can do as he likes with his own money; it is none of my business." But Jones gets bolder, and begins to use *partnership* funds for his outside operations. Smith objects; but Jones claims that as part of the joint stock is his, he has a right to use that also as he pleases; and he swears that if Smith doesn't keep quiet, he'll dissolve! Smith mutters, but he likes peace and union too well to say much; and the next he knows Jones is using not only the common funds, but the name of the firm, and all its effects, so far as he can manage to get them into his hands. The very innocent Mr. Smith has gradually yielded little by little, so that he is hardly surprised one morning to find that Jones has put up, over the door of the concern, a new sign:—"Jones & Smith, *Merchants, Pirates, Counterfeiters, Wholesale and Retail!*" And as matters are now managed, the sign tells only the truth; for Smith, through his own criminal folly, is as really a pirate and counterfeiter as Jones; as really, though not as deliberately; and he deserves to swing on the same gibbet.

Do you see how my awkward parable bears upon Northern responsibility? In the Union, by the perversion of the Constitution, through some fatal concessions in it contained, the partnership between the States which have become free and the States which have remained slave-holding, has been gradually transformed into a combination, not for the original and legitimate purposes of freedom, justice, and order, but for the maintenance, extension, and perpetuity of a system of slavery, which we should regard as one of the greatest possible wrongs, if familarity with it had not blunted our sensibilities, and blinded our minds. It was not so when we first took our place among the nations. George Washington fondly looked forward to the day when this reproach should be voluntarily wiped off from the character of the young Republic. Benjamin Franklin, President of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, headed a petition to one of the earliest Congresses which met under that Constitution which he had helped to make, urging that body to "step to the utmost verge of the power vested in it for the discouragement of every species of traffic in human beings." There were differences then, as now, about the extent of the power vested in Congress; but nobody then claimed that that power was to be used equally for slavery as for liberty. That power was sacred to liberty, except so far as they held themselves bound by humiliating concessions already made—exceptions which have since been become the rule. Alas! American avarice—that love of money which is the root of many another evil—found slavery profitable in cotton culture; and then the uncurbed curse grew and spread wherever it might, until it became a compact and colossal sectional "interest," so vast and perilous that it felt the need of those outside protections and pledges of aid already described. Political Ambition could best mount to the high places of the land by paying court to this sectional interest; and soon the Black Giant of slavery bestrode the continent, imperiously and insultingly claiming all thing for itself—claiming that the combined power and conscience of all the people in all the States should acknowledge its soundness and its safety, and recognize its will as paramount law, and that the Union should be at once its constable, overseer, and banker. Then our Supreme Court, President, and Senate hung out the shameless sign-board in presence of the nations—"The United States of America, *Dealers in Fetters, Whips and Bloodhounds! The Right and Title to Property in Negroes Guaranteed wherever Our Flag Floats!*

Fellow countryman of mine! If in your heart, or with your lip or vote—you knowingly consent to this, ask not elsewhere who is responsible for American slavery. *Thou art the man!* Answer, as best you can, to the Judge and Father of all for the crime of helping to enslave his children, your weaker brothers.

I believe slavery will be put well on the way to final extinction, when the North shall withdraw from it all moral and political support. But even if it could live on forever, from its own inherent vitality in the Slave States, where it is beyond the reach of that central government which has no powers except such as are ceded to it by all the States, still there remains with Northern freemen the responsibility of maintaining it where we have power to abolish it—as in the District of Columbia; of extending it where we have power to limit it—as in the territories; and of facilitating its wickedness where we have power to check it—as in employing the army and navy to fight its battles, the federal treasury to pay its bills, and the diplomacy of the nation to forward its schemes of extension.

Few persons, except abolitionists, know of the deplorable extent to which the whole nation has been involved in disgrace through federal intervention in behalf of slavery, and through the readiness of all classes of public functionaries to do the dirty work which slavery exacts. Four times have ministers of

the American government sought to draw foreign nations into treaties stipulating for the surrender of fugitive slaves escaping into Mexico, Canada and the West Indies.

Twenty-eight thousand dollars has the nation paid to hunt down and carry back a poor, black Baptist preacher, who foolishly supposed that "if he might be free, he was to use it."

Forty or fifty millions of dollars have we spent in war with the Indians, simply because they furnished hiding places for fugitives. Over two hundred millions of dollars, and many thousands of lives, have we spent in a war with Mexico, which originated in the fact that that half civilized Republic had abolished slavery in Texas, then a part of Mexico, but which was wrested from it by men from the United States, and with the connivance of our government, for the avowed purpose of re-establishing slavery. We hastened to recognize the independence of Texas, thus gained by a revolution fomented by the invasion of our citizens, and we hastened to make sure of its annexation,—as a measure for strengthening slavery; but the Republic of Hayti, which became such through a real revolutionary war for freedom, continues for half a century without our positive recognition as an independent sovereignty, though long since recognized by the nations Europe. Reason: Hayti is a negro Republic, and of its very existence is offensive to slavery.

For more than fifty years the laws of the United States have declared the African Slave Trade to be piracy, punishable with death; and by treaty stipulations the government has bound itself to be active in the *suppression* of that execrable traffic *everywhere*. But with abundance of information, showing that thousands of native Africans are annually introduced into Cuba and our Southern ports, and that many vessels bearing the American flag are engaged in the African Slave trade, the federal authorities bestir themselves only enough to keep up a show of opposition to it; for not a man engaged in that trade has suffered the penalty of the law. *One hundred and twenty vessels are reported to have been thus engaged, under the American flag, within the past four years!* Why is the course of justice arrested? Simply because the government and people are paralyzed by the inevitable logic that, if the slave trade be dealt with as piracy, slavery itself must be regarded in the same light. Moreover, the government itself is directly involved in the same kind of traffic at home, as I will now show.

In the District of Columbia, *scores of free blacks have been reduced to slavery under laws which derive their force from the sanction of the nation.* They have been seized on suspicion—mere *guess*—that they were runaways, and cast into jail!—then advertised; no claimant appearing, and it being out of their power to prove themselves free, they have been sold into perpetual slavery to pay their own jail fees!—Judge Jay tells us that, in one report of a United States Marshal, five sales of this kind are mentioned. He describes the case of a poor helpless colored woman, who was seen wandering about the streets by some mean white man, who thereupon swore before a Justice that he suspected her of being a runaway slave. She was imprisoned as a felon, duly advertised, and finally knocked off at auction for $61. One negro man was thus *kept in jail four hundred and five days.* Disease, filth, and the misery of his mind, so wrought upon him that he lost the use of his limbs, and no man would buy him!—[Jay's Works on Slavery, p. 238, &c.] No jury intervenes—no writ of *habeas corpus* permits inquiry—no bolt of justice from the hand of a just judge smites off the chain which for weary months keeps an innocent and free-born man in a dismal dungeon!

Mark! it is United States law which treats these free negroes thus—the old slave code of Maryland and Virginia continued in force by act of Congress; and eighty-two Northern men, gathered from the happy homes of Illinois and New England, have voted that so it shall be. Men who hear these words helped to elect the very Representatives who voted that "it is inexredient for Congress to interfere *in any way* with slavery in the District of Columbia;" and what did you care whether or not that vote helped to rivet a chain upon the body and soul of an obscure negro, born free as you, and his innocent children through endless generations?—You would have held high and indignant language if any Congressman of yours had so far insulted the honor of the country as to introduce a resolution of inquiry into matters where only "niggers" are concerned. While that free-born black woman, just led forth from the nation's prison, stands upon the nation's auction block, with the nation's officer by her side, perhaps Northern Senators are brawling in the Capitol hard by of the solemn duty of the federal government to protect the property in slaves wherever the master goes; Brooks is murdering Sumner for daring to exercise freedom of speech; Giddings is being threatened, because he will not recognize the supremacy of the lash; and all over the free States men are asking, "What has the North to do with Slavery?"

When the stars come out, what will they see?—The new slave, bought so cheap to-day by a trader, who has in his pocket a bill of sale from the United States Marshal, will be hurried over the deck of *an American slave ship*—a vessel engaged in the coastwise slave-trade, under regulation of laws which Northern men have joined in approving; and when the morning's sun shall rise, the whole gang of fettered passengers will find themselves far down the Potomac, bound for the Savannah or New Orleans man-market, to spend their remaining days of toil God only knows on what plantation. And yet, I would rather be that free negro, kidnapped by the American people, chafing against the chain with which a nation's injustice had bound me, and looking forward through my tears to a life of unpaid toil amid the death-damps of the rice swamp, than to stand before God in the place of that free citizen of the North who should knowingly give legal sanction to the iniquity. It is innocent to be a slave, when the iron hand of a great nation forges the chain: it is *not* innocent to make a slave.

Ten discourses, as long as I am making this, would hardly do this subject justice; for I can only mention a few of the many ways in which Northern men make themselves responsible for slavery, thro' their joint action with the South in the use of the national government. Judge Jay gives details of more than twenty different forms of this kind of action, and hardly a month passes in which anti-slavery men do not vainly call public attention to something of the kind. Thirty years ago it was said by John Quincy Adams, a pure hearted man, whose ample experience in all departments of public service well qualified him to judge, that "The preservation, extension, and perpetuation of slavery is the vital spirit of the federal government." And yet you ask, "What has the North to do with slavery?"—as though we had no share in the administration of affairs, and no responsibility for the action of our public servants in questions which concern the rights of the negro. We watch their political conduct jealously and zealously, on tariffs, homesteads, Pacific railroads, river and harbor improvements; and this is well; but we beg them to maintain a masterly inactivity when there is any danger that by action on the slavery question they will repel voters from the ranks of our party!

I know that to a great extent, we have made ourselves responsible for slavery unconsciously and ignorantly. Politics is made too much a matter of play. You may see in a Presidential campaign only a series of "good times," party rallies, and frolicsome excitements; but let me say to you, Government is not a plaything: it is an engine of stupendous, far reaching power—power to bless, or to curse; power to protect, or to crush. If you see all this, you will not set its wheels in motion carelessly; if you do not see, it is time you began to inquire.

But we have been misled by pro-slavery sophistries about the compromises of the Constitution,—as though parchment law could sanctify a wrong; we have been deluded into imitating the faults of our patriotic fathers, to the disregard of their virtuous purpose; and we have not seen clearly what connection our political action might have with the black man's liberty. And we have been blinded, too, by our party zeal—so stunned with electioneering huzzas that we could not hear the cry of the poor for justice. But *how have we treated the matter when our attention has been called to it?* How have we *felt* toward the slave, and toward the system which makes him a slave? Deeper than political action, stronger than the power of the government, is the moral sentiment of the people. If that moral sentiment has been perverted and arrayed on the side of slavery; if in our hearts we have sympathized with injustice; if we have despised the victim and approved the spoiler—then again comes home to us the awful message: *Thou art the man!* Thou makest thyself partaker of the guilt of slavery! For no man can look on wrong *with allowance and sympathy*, and be innocent himself. If Northern men are guilty for having used their share of the nation's power for unrighteous purposes, how much more are they guilty for that *state of heart* which approved the unrighteousness, and which hated the innocent sufferers!

What have you done? You have joined hands with the oppressor in the *work* of oppression: and you have also joined hearts with him in the *spirit* of oppression. Is not the white race on this continent carrying on a continual and unprovoked war upon the rights of the blacks, regardless whether they are bond or free? Yes, a cruel and unprovoked war.—What have these free colored people done to deserve this at at our hands? Why is it that an Indian, Chinese, Japanese, or Jew, every nation and tribe under heaven, can find legal protection, gain civil privileges, and be made welcome to all social advantages, on this continent, while the native-born black man is denied recognition, and driven to herd with the brutes? Not simply because he is inferior; for we have also inferior whites, and moreover we send men and money to all lands to lift up those who are beneath us: why trample down the heathen at our doors? Not simply because of their color; for we welcome to our society and schools the dusky Indian and yellow Asiatic. Not because of their misconduct; for statistics will prove that, despite our abuse, colored criminals are not proportionally much more numerous than white ones. So you will find it in this city, if you will examine the police record of committals. Why, then, this hue and cry against negroes? Why are the courts of justice closed to their testimony and to their grievances? Why must the great and free State of Illinois make itself their persecutor and tormentor? Why is every possible social barrier set up in the way of their education, their salvation, and even their access to an honest livelihood? Are these men giants, that we must maim them, and put out their eyes, lest they do us mischief? Do we so far distrust our own strength that we fear they will become our masters? Will they outstrip us in the race, unless we "play foul?"

There is but one answer: *Slavery has taught us to hate them.* Slavery requires that they should be kept down; and we keep them down, to our own detriment as well as theirs. I felt cut to the heart two days ago to hear a black man say to white men: "You *make* us vagabonds!" And we do this wickedness in the service of slavery. If free negroes prove their capacity for culture and civilization, then they will prove that Slavery is a monstrous crime against the souls of men. Every free negro who rises in talent and excellence gives the lie to that system, and suggests that the white people of this country are hypocritical when they talk of equality and Democracy, and atheistical when they talk of Christianity and the Fatherhood of God.—Fitly does Cowper put these words into the mouth of the injured negro:

> "Prove that *you* have human feelings,
> Ere you proudly question *ours!*"

You cannot wrong a man, and love him as Jesus bids at the same time. It is natural to hate those whom we wantonly injure. The sight of them burns our eye-balls, and stirs up wrath. If "he that hateth his brother is a murderer," what accumulated guilt must rest on the souls of the white people of the Free States, for the spirit they manifest towards the colored population!

I know and admit that the free colored people, *as they are*, do not constitute a desirable element in any community; but neither do rude and ignorant white people any more. Our duty towards both is the same; we must help them up. We must consider their disadvantages, and make charitable allowance for their faults. We must look kindly on them, speak kindly to them, and do them good as we have opportunity. What means our Christianity, if it is not for just such cases as these? We must christianize them by our sympathy and our example. The gospel of the preacher can effect little for the regeneration of the degraded classes, while you counteract and contradict it by your visible example of ill-will and selfish arrogance. Did not God make the world for them as well as for you? And did he not invite them to the feast of existence along with you? None of your crowding!—If you are not pleased with the neighborhood, it is for you to move as well as for them.—But if you will do nothing to lift up these men, in Heaven's name, let me ask that you will at least refrain from crushing them.

It may be that the presence of a quarter of a million colored people in the Free States puts into our hands the peaceable solution, on Christian principles, of the whole question which troubles the country. Let these men who are now outcasts and outlaws among us, not through their own fault, but because we are their enemies—let them have a fair chance, what you or I would call a fair chance, to work out their own salvation.—When they shall fill a sphere in the North as useful and healthful as they now fill in the British West Indies—the sphere of a happy and industrious laboring class, with unembarrassed access to any position for which talent, moral worth and force of character may fit them—being left to stand exactly on their own merits—that very fact will give a fatal blow to slavery in the neighboring States. If it be in our power to strike that blow, simply by obeying the golden rule, and treating the colored people as we might reasonably ask them to treat us, were the circumstances reversed, then by refusing to do so at the bidding of an unbrotherly, unmanly and ungodly prejudice, we make ourselves again responsible for the hopeless enslavement and degradation of the whole black population of the country.

I might also enlarge upon the fact that

Northern men make themselves the responsible allies and supporters of slavery, by their bitter hostility toward every one who even advocates the negro's cause. The bravest who have trod this continent are the American Abolitionists. I speak not of the earlier Abolitionists—the school of Franklin, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Washington, and the great lights of the pulpit during the last century; but of those who have stood by the same principles in the later days of their deep and dark eclipse. The courage which faces a foreign foe, with carnal weapons, is low indeed compared with that which declares war upon a popular evil at home. There is moral grandeur—the very sublimity of virtue like that of Jesus—where a man for conscience's sake takes up the cause of a despised and injured people, and draws upon his own head the gathered bolts of malice and hatred which only lower darkly in the cloud overshadowing them. Not for light reasons will a man invite the enmity of his neighbors and countrymen. But if he does accept the post of dangerous duty from genuine love to mankind, he has done it for Christ's sake; and whoever sides against him, fights God and Heaven. I know that a man may be an opponent of slavery from lower motives than love of justice and the call of duty; it is not of such that I speak. And I know also that the anti-slavery men of this country have not always spoken wisely; nor has their zeal been always according to knowledge; nor have they always showed the most Christian temper. But they have espoused a righteous cause; and for the most part, their very mistakes do but show that they love liberty for others as they love it for themselves. Now how have these men been treated in the Free North? How are they regarded by many of you to-day? They are denounced as traitors and fanatics; not for their errors and mistakes, but simply because they take the side of humanity—the side of the oppressed. You abuse and curse them, not because they do not love the country, but because they do love their brother man and seek his good. To speak for the black man's rights, is to be scorned as a "negro-lover;" and, with all Christian professions, you hate the man who loves his neighbor as himself. And hereby it is shown again that Northern men do make themselves accomplices in the sin of slavery, because they stone the prophets of God who cry aloud against the abomination.

I only wish I deserved to be counted among the men who are thus reviled. I would gladly wear the stigma of being a hater of every form of tyranny upon my brow as a decoration and a crown of honor. When I shrink from pleading the rights of the slave as I would plead for my own, then I shall deserve the chain which he innocently wears. God give me the blessed grace of being despised along with the humblest of his children. He that despises them, I invite him to despise me also. And he that despises the least of these my brethren, let him know that he despises also the great Christ of our common humanity, and Him that sent him to seek and to save the lost.

And now be pleased not to misunderstand me. I recur purposely to what I have already said. In political action we owe it to ourselves, and to the South also, not to render any voluntary support or encouragement to slavery. Let the action of the general government be utterly divorced from slavery, so far as it can constitutionally be done. Let the national power act positively for freedom wherever it can—in all federal territory, on the high seas, at the seat of government. Let the government cease volunteering to kidnap and carry back fugitives. Let the spirit of freedom enter into and operate through all departments of the public service. When we read the constitution with our brains unaddled by pro-slavery assumptions, we may find it much nearer to a charter of impartial liberty than is generally supposed.

As to slavery in the States, I leave it there, just as I leave polygamy in Turkey and paganism in Japan. South Carolina must make its own internal laws. I have no vote there—no political responsibility there. I am a foreigner to their domestic concerns, so long as they remain domestic. But if they ever bring the legality of slavery in question, before the United States Courts, I think it will yet be shown that a slave is unknown to the American government; and that, under the Constitution, no person can be deprived of liberty without due process of law, which must be for crime. I do not despair of seeing the Supreme bench yet occupied by clear-headed and right-hearted lawyers, grounded in the doctrine that all men have natural rights, and that governments are made for the protection of those rights; men who shall feel bound by their Constitutional oath, as well as by the fundamental principles of justice, to follow the righteous precedent of that Vermont Judge who would recognize no man's claim to property in a slave, unless he could produce before the Court a bill of sale from the Almighty. For if the Constitution-makers did mean to provide for the recognition of property in slaves, they failed to do so in explicit terms; and according to an accepted principle of judicial interpretation nothing but "irresistible clearness" of statement can authorize any Court of Justice to construe the law into a violation of natural right.

I leave slavery in the States to be dealt with as those States see fit; but let it never venture to ask protection from the nation, or from any department of the federal government; for that is asking Northern men—asking me—to share the responsibility of the system; and for *that*, slavery has no more claim than it has for a place on Northern soil, and under my very roof. I know Northern men have yielded to this demand, and that they will still yield to it; for there is not yet virtue enough, or clear vision enough, in either political party, to cease from doing it. Our Northern anti-slavery sentiment is yet in its gristle, and dares not subject itself to the strain of a grapple with the monstrous, full-grown despotism that rides the land.

While it is out of my power to interfere *politically* with slavery in the States, it is not out of my power—and so it becomes my duty—to interfere *morally*. I must employ all moral influences for its eradication everywhere.—Slave masters are made of the same flesh and blood with ourselves; I dare say they are in all respects just about what we should be in their circumstances, with their education and peculiar temptations. But that does not make slavery right, nor justify me in remaining indifferent to it: it rather encourages the supposition that a slaveholding community, like all others, if approached aright, will be found accessible to all saving and healthy influences. We all thrill under the words of the Roman orator: "I am a man; and nothing which concerns men is foreign to me." We sympathize with Garibaldi and the struggling Italians; we deplore the failure of Hungary's patriots; we hail with gladness the greatest event of the century, in the magnanimous action of the Russian Czar, who now presses upon his people the enfranchisement of sixty millions of serfs. And we should be base men if we looked on these events with indifference. They concern human welfare—that compels our attention. We are base, if we look on slavery in our own country with indifference; much more if we treat the agitation of projects for its abolition with hostility or scorn. We owe it to mankind that we protest against slavery, and that we attest the excellence of equal liberty by our example.

And we owe it to *ourselves*. I am not willing you should lose the benefit which every man gets through the communion of his own heart with right principles. Whether you can help the slave or not, the slave can help you. Love him, and you will be a better man. Love justice, and it will make you into its own image. But be indifferent to human rights, scoff at the negro, care not whether slavery be voted up or down; and your heart will grow hard, your whole character will degenerate, and you will be less a man. Thus it is that in speaking for the slave, I am, in a still higher sense, speaking for you.

Gentlemen, justice is the law of the world. The reign of right is the reign of God. So far as justice and right prevail, the kingdom of God has come. When it shall be so in all hearts, and between all men, then it will work out through all institutions. Then the kingdoms of this world will have become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ. But where there is no justice, there is no law. Injustice is not law, though Congress, Court and President join hands to perpetrate it. Injustice is not law; though thirty millions of men decree it, and only one weak child be its victim. The cry which comes out of the crushed heart of that wronged and helpless little one, in God's righteous sentence of damnation upon the thirty millions, for conspiring against the peace and dignity of the human race.—For the same evil principle which permits the strong to oppress the weak in one case gives endorsement and sanction to all the violence done under the sun. No! Injustice is not law, though it reign a thousand years and grind all the nations under its heel. It is lawlessness, disorder, anarchy. When justice comes, then comes law—never before. Out of injustice only comes more injustice, as scorpions can breed only scorpions. Satan cannot cast out Satan: injustice can never cure injustice. Justice is the cure of injustice. Repent, and the Kingdom of Heaven will be found at hand. When men cease to do evil, then only do they learn to do well.

Gentlemen, slavery is injustice—organized, compacted, deep-rooted, wide-spread, systematic injustice. It is the usurpation of the strong—their overbearing encroachment upon the rights of the weak. The mean falsehood that skulks behind all the talk we hear about the inferiority of the enslaved races, when stripped of its stolen mask of respectability and custom, amounts to this: *Might makes Right!* We will rob and plunder, because we are strong, and can do it with safety!

Gentlemen, it comes at last to a question of right; and as a question of right at last we must meet it. Providence is busily preparing that very issue for the American people.—The patch-work compromises of the politicians do but repeat the old folly of putting new cloth upon an old garment—the rent is made worse. Sooner or later, it comes out that a compromise between Right and Wrong will not hold. The Devil of Wrong keeps no promise longer than he pleases: the Lord of Right never ratifies the treaty by which you bargain away his supremacy. You may cry "Peace! peace!"—but the war goes on; for slavery respects no truce, and Freedom can make none without dishonor. Let the wise, peace-seeking statesmen partition off the disputed grounds: "Here may be slavery; there shall be freedom." To-morrow, one wave of the lawless flood sweeps your boundary stakes away, and re-opens the old question. Only on the basis of right and justice can there be any lasting settlement or enduring peace.

Gentlemen, ultimate and entire *Abolition*, or we may as well give up the grand experiment of a Republic. The principle of a free, self-governing Democracy is a failure on this continent, if it has not moral vitality and force enough to strangle its natural enemy—the serpent, slavery. How is it that this power of darkness has so blinded our eyes that we cannot see, plainly as the sun in heaven, the utter contradiction and irreconcilable antagonism of these two principles! See what a stride backward we are taking in political philosophy! If by a free government we mean only the freedom of a ruling race—the liberty of a powerful majority to domineer over a disarmed and powerless minority,—what do we more than others? What is this, but an enlargement of the very system we have renounced? What is this, but the very essence of tyranny?—a tyranny the more odious and criminal, because exercised by millions of people boasting of freedom, intelligence and self-government. We are falling back into the track of Austria and the rotting despotisms of the Old World. We have said, "America is to be the teacher of the nations!" And what lesson is America sent to teach?—*Impartial Liberty, maintained by Impartial Law.* That is the lesson. That is the principle to which this fresh Western Continent has been consecrated through a baptism of blood.—America is a failure, if it shall apostatize from that principle, and only re-affirm the old lie of absolutism, that mankind need masters.

The great battle of the ages is this ever-repeated struggle of the Spirit of Justice to take possession of Government, and to incarnate itself in human institutions, that liberty may be protected. It has run the gauntlet of a hundred revolutions and counter-revolutions

DEATH OF JOHN BROWN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Rev. C. G. Ames, Pastor of the Free Congregational Society of Bloomington:—The undersigned having heard with much interest your funeral discourse of yesterday, on the death of John Brown, and believing that the cause of Truth will be subserved by a wider circulation of the views therein set forth, do very respectfully request that you will furnish us with a copy of the same for publication.

JESSE W. FELL,	ELISHA WAKEFIELD,
K. H. FELL,	ROBT. THOMPSON,
B. F. HAINS,	T. J. DONAHUE,
J. H. WICKIZER,	WM. M. RICHARDSON,
JAMES ALLIN, Jr.,	J. F. REES,
R. W. DIBBLE,	V. FELL,
S. D. ROUNDS,	THOMAS FELL,
JOHN MARBLE,	WM. F. FLAGG,
E. BARBER,	W. W. ORME,
J. N. LARRIMORE,	R. M. BENJAMIN,
JOSEPH BAKER,	JAS. H. SMITH,
W. H. HANNA,	WM. B. ALLYN,
SAMUEL WILLARD.	

December 5th, 1859.

[REPLY.]

To J. W. Fell, Esq., Dr. S. Willard and others.—*Gentlemen:*—Your note of 5th inst., requesting a copy of my last Sabbath's discourse for publication, is received.

I comply with your request, not unwilling that any words which you have heard with approval should reach a yet wider audience.

Yours for Humanity,

CHARLES G. AMES.

Bloomington, Dec. 7, 1859.

FUNERAL DISCOURSE,

OCCASIONED BY THE PUBLIC EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN; DELIVERED AT BLOOMINGTON, ILL., DEC. 4TH, 1859, BY CHARLES G. AMES, MINISTER OF THE FREE CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY.

TEXT.—"*Judge not according to appearance; but judge righteous judgment.*"—JOHN 7: 24.

On any topic of such absorbing public interest as to set all other tongues in motion, a Christian minister has no right to be silent. Every event which excites the feelings and rouses the thought of the people must deeply affect their moral character and spiritual life. Events are our teachers. If we rightly interpret them, we grow wiser, if we misinterpret them, they do but lead us estray. If we gather useful instruction from any event, it must be because we see it in the clear light of some moral principle; and the minister, whose high mission it is to deal with moral principles, must never hide their light under a bushel, when some event is passing by which the people are half afraid to look in the face. That light has a right to shine; and whatever cannot bear that light confesses itself to be evil.

There are two ways in which the pulpit may abuse its power—two ways in which a minister may dishonor his position. One is, by speaking what ought not to be spoken. The other is, by not speaking what ought to be spoken. Rashness and cowardice. If a minister fall into the evil current of party spirit, and lend himself to a narrow, fanatical love of agitation, pandering to passion and to a morbid craving for excitement, or to sectarian and party ends—that is a shame! Let him bear the indignation of an injured public. Preacher though he be, he is "a pestilent fellow." We have no use for such. The sooner he quits the church and the world, the better for both.

But the pulpit is hardly less disgraced by the minister who betrays his trust through the timid, temporizing policy of withholding the fitting truth because it may be unwelcome to his hearers. He sees the truth, but dares not utter it. He knows the right, but dares not defend it. He will not attack the wrong, because it is still popular. He will not espouse the right, because it is still in a small minority. When it is evident that victory is to turn on Zion's side, you shall find him in the fore-front of the battle, a bold leader of the hosts of the elect.—But he has not faith enough in God to feel quite safe in taking sides with Him, nor love enough for the true and the right to stand by them in their hour of seeming weakness. He is "a dumb dog"—a speaker of smooth things—false to God and man. There are no baser men than those who use holy words to hide an unfaithful and cowardly spirit, and who let all forms of wickedness find an undisturbed refuge in the very folds of the altar cloth.

Now if a man rests in an easy going conservative religion, which prides itself in standing aloof from all passing events, he will naturally regard a deaf and dumb clergyman as a model of fidelity; and so, taking such an one as a standard, he will condemn every faithful testimony against public wrong, and every pulpit discourse on an unusual topic, as loose, dangerous and fanatical. But no man ought to venture upon the duties of the Christian ministry, until he can look the world in the face, and say from his heart with Paul, "It is a small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment: He that judgeth me is the Lord." It may do for politicians to determine all questions by mere rules of expediency, which slide here and there with ever changing circumstances; but the prophet of God must point steadily to the eternal principles of truth and right.

Yet the most faithful and honest minister is fallible like other men. His judgment on any matter may be good or bad, or partly of both. If what he may say does not seem true and wise to you, let it be as if he had not spoken. But if his words help you to "judge righteous judgment," he is your benefactor: you and he may rejoice together.

The events which are exciting such a deep and painful interest in all parts of the country, and which found their climax forty-eight hours ago in the public execution of John Brown, will be differently regarded by different men. There will be honest differences of opinion, according to our previous habits of thought, and the extent and correctness of our information. The man who regards Human Slavery as "the sum of all villanies," will see the affair at Harper's Ferry with other eyes than those of that other man who thinks the institution is ordained and approved of God. On these matters of difference, let us not deal violently nor uncharitably with each other. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind;" but let no man withhold the expression of his views, simply because they are unlike those of any or all of his neighbors. To speak freely and without fear, on any and all subjects, is one of the dearest of all our privileges; nor is that a desirable country to live in, where men speak with bated breath, as if afraid of their own thoughts.

I am to speak to-day, not as a prosecuting officer, to prove John Brown guilty of a capital crime; nor yet as his defending counsel, to make out, by any special pleading, a case in his favor. But I am to join with you, in seeking to find a just verdict—the calm, impartial verdict which history will render, when the exciting passions and bitter prejudices of this stormy time shall have passed forever away. "I go into eternity but a few years before you!"—said John Brown to the Governor of Virginia; and so he might have said to all of us who sit here, as it were to hold an inquest over his dead body. What interest have we in deceiving ourselves, when *the exact truth* will serve our purpose better? Let us forget party, dismiss bias, and hush our passions, that we may not hastily judge according to appearance, but "judge righteous judgment."

Two hundred and thirty-nine years ago this month, the Mayflower brought to the coast of Massachusetts Bay a little band of Puritans—brought with it the seeds of our Revolution, and brought also, in some sense, the seeds of the recent outbreak at Harper's Ferry. For those Puritans were men who loved liberty religiously, if not always wisely; and one of them was Peter Brown, the great-grand-father of John Brown's grand-father. And from the old Puritan ancestor down to himself, the whole line of six generations was composed of *farmers*—doubtless like himself men of sinewy muscle, robust constitution and strong will, believing in the Bible as John Calvin explained it, and believing in Jehovah as the God of battles—hating oppression, but loving their country. John Brown's father was a soldier in the last war with England, and both father and son were present at Hull's surrender.

John Brown was early inclined to "do something for the benefit of mankind;" and being disposed to piety as well as benevolence, he commenced to study for the ministry, I think of the Presbyterian denomination, of which he remained a member till his death. But inflamed eyes put a stop to his theologic studies, and he went back to the farm. During an active life for many years in Connecticut, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York, he seems to have been regarded as a man of unusual energy in business and of incorruptible integrity. The armed invasion of Kansas, and the pollution of its ballot-boxes by pro-slavery ruffians from Missouri, roused his spirit; and though growing grey he started with several of his sons for the field of strife—already a "dark and bloody ground," though the Free State men, still trusting to the protection of the Federal Government, had not yet learned to defend themselves, much less to deal back those destructive blows by which John Brown afterward taught the invaders such salutary lessons. Avoiding public meetings, and despising the men who dealt in talk, resolutions and the machinery of political conventions and parties, he gathered a small band of trusty men, inspired them with something of his own bravery and confidence, and then performed such daring exploits as made his name a terror to evil-doers. Once with a party of forty men, he held a position in the woods, against one hundred and fifty pro-slavery men, for five hours, and finally obliged them to retire with a loss of thirty-one killed and thirty wounded, while he lost but two killed and one wounded. It is doubtful whether any man contributed so largely to break the force of pro-slavery violence and open the way for Kansas to become a Free State, as did John Brown. And the *general* testimony is that through all those terrible scenes he maintained a spirit of humane thoughtfulness for the welfare of even his enemies, and a religious devotion as profound and strict as that of Cromwell, rigidly prohibiting all profanity, and offering prayer in his camp every night and morning. I know there are charges of wanton cruelty brought against him; but it would be unjust not to remark that most of the witnesses against him are men who have forfeited all claim upon public credit. Yet, it would be strange if in those days of confusion and excitement, any man in the heat of the conflict could act a part in every respect free from censure, nor is it my part, with but limited information, to justify, excuse or condemn by the wholesale, the part enacted by John Brown in Kansas. It is not the less safe to say that the worst men who ever set foot in that Territory will be among the most clamorous of all who rejoice over his sad fate.

For the past twenty or thirty years, according to the statements of his wife and others, John Brown has been revolving in his mind projects for the overthrow of slavery in the United States. Whether he has always thought that violent methods were best I cannot say. But it is probable what he saw in Kansas destroyed all hope that the slave-holder would ever let go his victim peacefully, and all expectation of a rightous use of the powers of the Government; and his experience there gave him a high degree of confidence—perhaps amounting to conceit—in his ability as a military leader. And so for the last two years he seems to have been diligently engaged in organizing the rash expedition which cost his life.

Now *what did he mean*? What were his principles, *as he understood them*? What were his motives and plans? Now he is dead, we can at least afford to do him justice; and, in order to this, we want so far as possible to *understand the man*. We shall find him transparent—no mystery in him. I think I never read of a man so easily comprehended—a man whose motives stood out so clearly, and whose principles and conduct required so little explanation to reconcile them.

John Brown's view of slavery, of his own duty, and of the ends to be accomplished by his Harper's Ferry enterprise, will be best understood from his own words. When he was visited and questioned by Senator Mason and others, after his arrest and imprisonment, in the course of his conversations, he used the following words:

"I think you are guilty of a great wrong against God and humanity. It would be perfectly right for any one to interfere with you, so far as to free those you wilfully and wickedly hold in bondage. I think I did right; and that others will do right who interfere with you at any time and at all times. I hold that the golden rule [quoting it] applies to all who would help others gain their liberty. *It is, in my opinion, the greatest service a man can render his God.* I pity the poor in bondage; that is why I came here. It is not to gratify any personal animosity, or feeling of revenge, or vindictive spirit. It is my sympathy with the oppressed and wronged who are as good as you in the sight of God. I want you to understand, gentlemen, that I respect the rights of the poorest and weakest of the colored people just as much as I do those of the most wealthy and powerful. *That* is the idea that has moved me and that alone. We expected no reward. We expected to do for them in distress—the greatly oppressed—as we would be done by. *The cry of distress*, and of the distressed, is my reason, and the only one that impelled me. I did it secretly because I thought it necessary for success and for no other reason. I don't think the people of the slave States will ever consider the subject of slavery in its true light until some other argument is resorted to than moral suasion."

When asked if he expected to bring about a general rising of the slaves in case he had succeeded, he replied:

"*No, nor did I wish it.* I expected to gather strength from time to time; then I could set them free."

"You people of the South had better all of you prepare for a settlement of this question. You may dispose of me very easily. I *am* nearly disposed of. But this question is still to be settled—the negro question, I mean. The end is not yet."

All this is John Brown's plain, honest thought; and it lets us see into his heart. He loved liberty for himself; and he had Christian feeling enough to love it for others. He thought of slavery as you think of piracy, and he thought of the slaves as you would think of your own brothers imprisoned by pirates, and living only by permission of pirate law—law for which he felt no respect, simply because it rests on the brutal lie which underlies all despotism, viz. *That Might* makes right.

"The cry of distress," he says, impelled him. He heard, or thought he heard, a sound of wo from nearly four millions of human beings, whose rights

he tells us he regarded as equally sacred with those of the rich and powerful. He goes to their relief at the risk of his life, just as he would plunge into a burning building when he hears the piteous shriek of a child. He acted under the auspices of an organization holding it as a self-evident truth that "Whenever a human being is set upon by a robber, ravisher, murderer or tyrant of any kind, it is the duty of the by-stander to go to his or her rescue, *by force, if need be.*"

In perfect keeping with the language already given from his conversations in prison, are his memorable words uttered in court, when he stood up to receive the sentence of death. After admitting distinctly his intention of "freeing the slaves on a large scale," he added these words of denial:

"I never did intend murder, or treason, or the destruction of property, or to incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection."

Then follow words which are destined to become a part of the everlasting literature of liberty:

"It is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. * * * Had I so interfered in behalf of the rich and powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of their friends, either father or mother, brother or sister, wife or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right, and every man in this Court would have deemed it worthy of reward rather than punishment. * * * I have endeavored to act up to these instructions. [of the Bible.] I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done, and as I have always freely admitted that I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, was no wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children, and with the blood of the millions in this slave country, whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel and unjust enactments, I submit! So let it be done!"

I have quoted thus freely to show exactly his principles and the sentiments of his heart. It will be said that they show a morbid interest in the freedom of the slave and an utter forgetfulness of the safety and welfare of the white population of the South. But there are positive evidences that his very regard for the whites and his aversion to shedding blood, was one of the prime causes why he failed in his enterprise. He detained a train of cars for a while, and then, concluding it was hard to put the passengers to such inconvenience, let them go on and give information against himself. He had forty of the citizens of Harper's Ferry in his power as prisoners for many hours; but not one of them suffered the least indignity or discourtesy,—not one of them even had his hands tied, and when the engine-house, where they were confined with him and his handful of men, was being fired upon by the soldiery, he obliged them to lie down under shelter, lest they should be exposed to the balls. In Cook's confession, we are told that before striking a blow, Brown called his men together, and addressed them on the importance of conducting their hazardous enterprise as peacefully as possible, saying, "You all know how dear life is to you. Remember that it is equally dear to others. Fire on no one who does not bear arms against us; but if you do fire, make sure work of it."

In a public speech at Richmond, after visiting Brown in jail, Gov. Wise testified thus:

"He is a man of clear head, courage, fortitude, and simple ingenuousness. He inspired me with great trust in his integrity as a man of truth. He is a fanatic, vain and garrulous, but firm, truthful and intelligent."

Singular qualities in a felon! The curse of God and man be on the institution whose safety calls for the death of a man like this!

Brown had no thought of plunder. In the armory he had seized, were $17,000 of public funds. He took the arms to be used for his purpose, but the money was untouched. One of the railway passengers, with $10,000 on his person, was searched for weapons, but the money was not meddled with.

But while all these things, and many more like them, furnish ample evidence of John Brown's *humanity and unselfishness*, they cannot relieve him from the charge of *wrong-headedness*. His very humanity and zeal infatuated him—in the same sense as we are all infatuated by too ardent desire—so that he under-estimated difficulties and over-estimated his own strength and tact. What folly for twenty-two men to seize upon a town and public arsenal, in the very neighborhood of Washington and Baltimore! What folly to suppose that the ignorant and brutal crowd of slaves whom he hoped to draw to his standard, and to furnish with arms, could be restrained from the violent and revengeful use of their newly-gained liberty, knowing as they would that no effort would be spared to reduce them again to bondage, and that no mercy could be expected! What folly to suppose there would be no wide-spread civil war, when the mass of the whites would be exasperated to the highest pitch of frenzy by the presence of a Northern invader, raising openly the standard of compulsory emancipation! And what utter blindness led that humane-hearted old man to imagine that no innocent persons would suffer through the general and violent disorganization of society, and the explosive outbreak of all the mad passions and rankling hates, engendered for ages by the false and bitter relations of slavery! He seems to have supposed that all these terrific forces of wild volcanic fury could be controlled by his authority, harnessed tamely into the service of freedom, and made to work with the precision of machinery, like the ready obedience of his own little band of Spartans!

A gentleman who sat with us three or four Sabbaths since writes me from Memphis, that on Thanksgiving day he heard a clergyman of that city give thanks that the fuse lighted by the fires of fanaticism had been extinguished before it reached the mine and produced a disastrous explosion. So do I give thanks to God that John Brown has failed, for I believe the only success which, under the circumstances, was possible to him, would have drawn after it consequences at which his own kind heart would have revolted. His wisdom was like that of the man who puts a match to a magazine of powder, hoping to control, regulate and graduate the explosion with his hand.

Perhaps, however, it may yet appear that he foresaw that all these direful consequences were possible but thought them entirely improbable; and thought also, that should matters come to the worst, the responsibility would rest on those who refused to "let the oppressed go free," and thereby invited the retribution on their own heads; even as Jefferson had taught him in words of trembling confession that in case of a struggle between the slaves of Virginia and their masters, no attribute of the Almighty could take sides with the masters. What Brown's real views on these points were, we shall doubtless know from the document he has been preparing during the last week of his earthly life—unless indeed the authorities of Virginia should be as fearful of his words as of his deeds. I think it will be seen that his real plan was to do one of two things, according as circumstances should favor: Either to arm such slaves as might come to him, and march them in a body to Canada, acting strictly on the defensive; or, if he should have power, to gain a strong position among the mountains, establish a kind of temporary community under what is called his Provisional Constitution, and encourage fugitives to come to him from all quarters. He believed it right to take the property of the masters for the benefit of the slaves; and he hoped thus to keep up an increasing system of *harrassings*, with little bloodshed, but having the effect to produce a chronic panic, so that slavery would waste itself away with fever. By forcing the slaveholders to "dwell in the midst of alarms," by making them feel more deeply than ever the wretched insecurity of their system, and of property and life; by making all labor irregular and uncertain, and so preventing both seed time and harvest; by thus increasing the public burdens, while destroying the public credit;—by these means he may have hoped to *make Slavery* unprofitable, and to force the millions of non-slaveholders to resume their manhood, and to say at length to the three hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders, "we will not bear this yoke for your sakes any longer!—either consent to emancipation or watch your own property, and take care of your own lives." (For it is plain that no slaveholder can maintain unaided his authority over ten slaves--about the average to each master.) Whether such was John Brown's plan or not, it seems certain to become the real order of things at the South, just as fast as the bondmen become more intelligent and more restless, and just as soon as the self-degraded non-slaveholding whites come to appreciate their position and power.

But if such was Brown's real object, it seems to me unwise: for the inauguration of this state of things should be the work of the slaves themselves—the result of their own inward discontent—the outbirth of their own keen sense of wrong—and not the work of a premature and meddling band from abroad. These evil results of slavery and retributive remedies ought to be left to work themselves out; and they will be hard enough to bear, both for master and slave, without being aggravated and embittered by rankling hatreds, imported from other sections. Nor do I believe the welfare of the slave would in the end be promoted so well by a liberty gained under the sudden stimulus of foreign and violent aid, as if gained by the slower and more peaceful methods, which God grant may not prove impossible!

And so I condemn John Brown's method, while I praise his motives. I find fault with his head, while I honor his heart. I regret his blundering haste, and his rash and foolish violence; but I love and glory in the cause for which he died. He is no selfish robber, or blood-thirsty assassin, but an unpretending, honest-hearted philanthropist, deluded to the overdoing of his duty, and misguided by the wrong application of a right principle,—for which he may be no more blameworthy than we all are for our errors of judgment in the less important concerns of every-day life. The qualities which lived in him to excess were noble qualities, more honored in his failure than they would have been by his success. For his own sake, for the glossiness of his memory, as well as for the sake of the cause he loved so well, and for the sake of the whole country, I am glad he failed; because I am forced to conclude that, under the circumstances, the only success which he could have gained would have been a greater failure. If he *could* have succeeded in the broadest and deepest sense,—succeeded according to his own high and generous ideal, of liberating many thousands of slaves with but little blood-shed, such success as that would have made him the nation's benefactor, and I would have rejoiced in his triumph. But that was out of the question—his means were unequal to the accomplishment of what his great heart coveted; he could only have kindled a conflagration which would have scorched and consumed those whom he sought to rescue; and he himself would prefer to die. He would heartily join in the language of one of his comrades in arms, who is soon to follow him up the gallows-ladder to a scaffold of glory—"ten thousand or million deaths if I can by that means benefit the cause!"—What hero of the revolution could say more?

Let us "judge righteous judgment." What John Brown *did* was on his part a sad mistake; but what he *meant* in his inmost thought was neither treason nor murder, but duty, humanity and patriotism.—And sooner or later he will get the credit of it. The best thought which ever crossed the mind of your great historic military heroes,—Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon,—was far below the worst thing we know of Brown. Had his army of twenty-two swelled to a hundred thousand, he would never knowingly have touched your liberty or mine, nor that of any other human being, except that he might make it more secure. He would never have disturbed wilfully one foundation stone of the Union, unless to pluck away the bloody cement, that he might bind these States more firmly together in the love of justice and in the spirit of mutual regard. Men talk of his scheme for a "Provisional Government" as though it were intended by him to supplant and overthrow the Federal Union. Such a charge might be bro't with equal reason against the organizations formed in the early history of Illinois for the suppression of horse stealing, when there was not *law* enough to protect the people. John Brown's "Constitution" was only intended for temporary use, and expressly provided that nothing in it contained should be construed to encourage the overthrow of existing State or Federal governments. It was poorly enough planned for its own objects, and shows much more familiarity with matters of moral reform than with legislation.

There may be technical treason in John Brown's acts, but there is no treason in his spirit. Treason, indeed! Do we forget that it is hardly four years since the present Governor of Virginia declared that he would seize this same federal arsenal at Harper's Ferry, in case of the election of a President opposed to the extension of slavery? John Brown has only done for freedom what Gov. Wise pledged himself to do for slavery! We pardon everything to the Southern propaganda: we can pardon nothing to the spirit of liberty.

They are the traitors, who have perverted justice and prostituted the powers of the government so that it is made an instrument for the perpetration of crimes so foul that they drive our purest hearted men to madness! That will be a sad day for our country when no citizen feels his spirit roused, and his "sinews change to steel" when the gates of justice are slammed in the face of men simply because they are poor and weak, and wear a skin of such a color as their Maker gave them. A sad day when we can *all* look on calmly and see the government gradually transformed into a conspiracy for the punishment of innocent men as criminals, and the giving of honor to the greatest knaves,—a conspiracy in which the true objects of government get so utterly confounded that villainy sits on the bench of justice to give sentence against virtue. Let us thank God that we are not yet incapable of feeling shame and indignation at the spirit of real treason, sedition and murder which strides the land, and which has made the upholding of slavery the main object for which our government now exists.

And there is no more hopeful symptom than the wide-spread sympathy awakened throughout the country,—which I doubt not is as deep and extensive in the South as in the North, like fire under the turf,—in behalf of the true hearted but wrong headed hero whose life has paid the forfeit of his noble error. Men condemn his conduct, but they admire

his manhood, and secretly or openly respect the cause he sought to serve. Had he succeeded in doing *all* he wished,—succeeded in that broad sense already described,—he would have been hailed as a deliverer; like that William of Orange who drove the tyrant James II. out of the English throne; like that General who went to Algiers to rescue white Americans from Algerine slavery; like Garibaldi, who has rendered such service to Italian liberty; or like that Moses, who led out of Egypt some three millions of fugitive slaves no whit better prepared for liberty than our own,—so poorly prepared that they went toward their Canaanitish Canada grumbling because of their hard fare in the wilderness, longing for the flesh pots of Egypt, and murmuring against the man who under God had broken their chains. But William of Orange, and the American General at Algiers, and Garibaldi and Moses succeeded. John Brown has failed. So they wear laurels of honor, and he goes to the gibbet. So Louis Kossuth failed to deliver Hungary, and only saves his head by voluntary exile. Between "George Washington, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," and George Washington, hanged as a bloody insurrectionist and traitor to his lawful Sovereign, there is one word which fills up all the broad space—"Success!" So between John Brown the murderous conspirator, hooted into eternity from the top of a scaffold, and John Brown standing proudly on a monument of broken chains, crowned with the tearful gratitude of thousands of delivered slaves, and with the admiring applause of hundreds of thousands of white freemen who now condemn him, there is one word which fills all the space,—"Failure!" For I think that no man who will examine with care and candor all the accounts given us of his whole career by friends and enemies, can doubt for a moment that his inmost motives were as pure, and the objects which he sought as they lay in his own mind and heart were as holy, as the motives and objects of William of Orange, Kossuth, Garibaldi, Washington or Moses,—all of whom accomplished their work at immense sacrifice of life, and with the exception of Moses by an appeal to the sword.

Nor will John Brown's gross errors of judgment and his mistaken method of promoting a righteous cause, prevent his being regarded in coming ages according to his real character and objects. The Christian missionary who throws away his life in a vain attempt to introduce the gospel among the cannibals, and whose zeal yields no obvious fruits except to excite in them a hankering after more human flesh, is not the less canonized as a martyr. The church does not stay to inquire about his want of prudence, his needless self-exposure, the folly of his method. He dies for Christ—he dies for man; and that fact becomes a halo of glory around his head, as he passes up to shine among the stars of God. And the world will glorify the memory of John Brown, because he died for liberty. History will not deal in careful criticisms upon his personal infirmities, his errors of judgment, his conceit and talkativeness. His heroism, his self-forgetfulness, his simplicity of character, his "bearing the yoke of the oppressed as upon his own neck for thirty years," his honest zeal outrunning all prudence, his manly bearing and high religious faith and self-possession before the court, not excelled since our Elder Brother stood before the unjust bar of Pilate—all these will be faithfully studied and duly honored. For, be it remembered, the future will have no interest in slavery, and its highest honors will be reserved for those who have openly hated and opposed it in the days of its arrogance and power, when the very names of the Virginian Governor, judge and hangman will be forgotten like those of Pharaoh's generals. For the names of the too ardent lovers of liberty are a part of the world's richest treasures; and the hymns of freedom in all countries do perpetually and exultingly teach us that

"Whether on the gallows high,
Or in the battle's van,
The noblest death that man can die,
Is when he dies for man."

I think there are three scenes in the tragedy at Harper's Ferry which will live in the picture-galleries of the world!

One of them will represent the stalwart old man, with grey hair and white beard, hemmed in by United States marines—your soldiers and mine,—with his few remaining companions still true to their captain,—with his crowd of unfettered prisoners crouching in the rear—while with the finger of his left hand he feels the pulse of his dying boy, and with his right poises the rifle to fire upon his foes.

Another will portray that same old man, his hair matted with blood and his face disfigured by wounds, stretched upon a cot in a Virginian court room, listening to the details of his own trial, the calmest man in the room! Those wounds in his head and face are cuts from the sword of Lieut. Stuart—an officer the people of Illinois have helped to arm and commission—and were inflicted after the old man had fallen, though the valorous Lieut. declares he was "defending himself with his gun!"

And a third picture will reveal John Brown as a prisoner in jail, with fire in his grey eye, as he points to the door, and indignantly spurns the pro-slavery clergyman, saying—"Go! You and I do not worship the same God! I want nothing of such as you!"

I saw John Brown once. It was at an anti-slavery meeting in Boston, last May. Other men were speaking words which made my pulses beat quicker, and which moved the whole assembly. He seemed almost indifferent. I understand it now. He despised *talk*; but he believed in *action*. The moral agitators were engaged in what he thought a hopeless task; for he believed the oppressor would never relax his gripe upon the slave till he was obliged to do it. And while they thundered eloquent denunciations from afar, he was saying in his heart, "I will go near to the old Bastile of tyranny; and in the strength of God I will smite it with a blow that shall *tell*. Even if I perish, my stroke will be felt." And the old man prayed Almighty God to help him strike hard, and strike in the right place. And that God—whose all-wise providence employs all such material as is in its hand for the working out of unseen purposes of beneficence, using alike the fighting man and the man of peace, calling into its service our errors as well as our little wisdom—heard and answered his prayers, but not in the way which his short-sighted wisdom looked for. Lying a helpless prisoner, with all his plans frustrated; with his fellows killed or captured; with the bodies of his children buried with dishonor by the hands of angry strangers only to be dug up and hurried to the dissecting room, there to lie for hours naked and exposed to repeated insults of cowardly enemies:—his heart grew heavy with the disappointment; and he blamed, never his motives, but his want of generalship. But the hasty trial came on; the sentence of death was pronounced; he saw the gallows not far distant; the near prospect of eternity brought back his faith, and he saw, what we may see, that the hand of that Wise Providence would make his very failure better and grander than success. He says: "I am worth inconceivably more to *hang*, than for any other purpose. I have fought the good fight, and nearly finished my course; I am exceeding joyful in all my tribulations. God has taken away my sword of steel; but He has given me instead the sword of the Spirit."

Never was such a hanging before! The very deed of horror which places a seal on his lips forever, becomes eloquent as the tongue of a prophet. Like that first gun of the revolution, which as Emerson says was "heard round the world," so is the deed of John Brown. No other man, living or dead, has ever struck a blow which so shook the system of slavery to its foundations. God grant it may never get over it, but go tumbling to its utter destruction. The panic which spreads from the Potomac to the Rio del Norte is the result of the public and emphatic utterance of an idea—the idea that *slavery itself is lawlessness, and universal freedom alone is law and order*. The boiling and turmoil of political parties at the North is comparatively a trifle: the terror of the South means everything. It is a confession of conscious weakness and conscious wrong.

I think there are three ways in which John Brown has hastened the inevitable downfall of slavery: By the effect of his strange deed on the mind of the slave; By its effect on the mind of the slaveholder; And by its effect on the state of the question before the Nation. On each of these points something must be said.

The slave can never be made free with *immediate* advantage to himself till he has some sense of the value and uses of liberty. John Brown perhaps did not fully understand that; but Providence did not the less employ him to bring forward that very thing. The slave's great want is self-respect—the feeling that he is really a man, with rights and duties. Give him once the full idea of what it is to be free, and he will straightway begin to yearn after it and grow toward it. Now the knowledge of what John Brown has done and suffered, and the reason of it, will travel to the remotest plantation. The slaves who are being sold southward in such haste will carry startling reports to the cotton-fields and rice-swamps. There is no more mighty power than the power of growth—the power of inward life forcing itself outward, as of the seed-germ pushing up through the soil into the sunlight; or of tree-life, pressing all elements into its service, and bursting into a thousand buds. And soul-growth comes from ideas quickening into action. It is easy to pass laws forbidding men to read, but no law can arrest the thought, or prevent the growth of a living idea once fairly sprouted in the soul. John Brown's blood, freely shed, will moisten and warm into more vigorous germination, all over the South, that idea of liberty which God has planted in all souls, and not less surely in the breast of the African than in that of the Anglo Saxon. Increased rigors and more vigilant police will only sharpen inventive wit, making runaways more frequent and discontent more general.

Still more fatal to slavery is the increased timidity of the slaveholder. [illegible] increased timidity, for with all the bluster and high talk about the content and happiness of the slave, no slaveholding community is ever entirely free from apprehension. The highest southern authorities confess it. Jefferson bases upon it his prophecy of evil. Senator Foote portrayed it in vivid colors on the floor of the Senate, and upbraided northern men as helping to stimulate insurrection. John Randolph once said, "the night-bell never tolls for fire in Richmond but the mother clasps her babe more closely in her arms." Josiah Quincy, Jr., recently spoke of hearing a southern gentleman laugh at the idea of being afraid of slaves: but he adds that he afterward heard that same gentleman confess that he never slept without pistols under his pillow. "The southern powder-house" is a proverbial description of the institution and its ever-present perils.

But this unnatural and monstrous feature of southern life, and these elements of insecurity and alarm brooding like a nightmare over the slaveholding population, have never been so clearly made manifest as by the event of Harper's Ferry. John Brown has laid bare the weakest point of the system to the eyes of the world. It is as if God had let loose a great storm of wind upon the ocean, tearing and lifting the waters into yawning chasms, letting us look down to the bare and jagged rocks at the bottom. The slave sees it. He knows that his master fears him. Worst of all, the master knows that the slave knows it.

True, the southern press exults over the report that the slaves would not join John Brown, as an all-convincing proof of their satisfaction and repose under the partriarchal rule. The Memphis clergyman before mentioned gives thanks for this new evidence that the servants are loyal to those who have given them the blessings of Christian teaching. But all this is thinly-veiled pretence. Their words look one way, their conduct another.

The slaves did not join Brown, but why? If because they were cowardly, or because they preferred bondage to freedom, that is in itself the most damning of all testimonies to the degrading effects of slavery upon them. But it is likely that the true reason why they did not join in the effort for their own deliverance is because they were not generally apprised of it; and that the outbreak fortunately came to an end, or was in a fair way to fail, before they understood its true nature. Cook had resided at Harper's Ferry for some months; but in his confession he tells us that Brown had given him strict charge not to acquaint the slaves with the plan, and to make no conversation with them on the subject, a charge which he says he obeyed to the letter, except that he once asked some negroes if they desired liberty, to which they replied that they thought they ought to be free, but had little hope of it; when he simply told them to be of good courage, as there might be a good time coming. Yet the South Carolina papers say that the slaves on two estates did actually arm themselves with rude weapons, and started stealthily for Harper's Ferry, as is now supposed; but their movements were watched, and their escape prevented.

But if John Brown has satisfied the slaveholders of the contentedness of their human chattels, what means the general alarm? Why are the people of Virginia advised to remain at home and watch their own affairs, on execution-day? Why is every northern traveler turned back, and every free spoken anti-slavery man in the south driven from his home or lynched? Why do all hearts palpitate with every unusual stir among the blacks? Why are the cities and villages governed by vigilance committees? Why do the very screams of the night-birds startle the sleeping people, as though a destroying angel were ready to pass through the land and smite all the first-born?

There is but one cause for all this nervousness and terror: slavery blockades the whole South. The helpless, ignorant black man holds his proud master in a state of perpetual seige. The sword which Dionysius, tyrant of Sicily, always saw suspended over his head by a single hair, hangs over the household of every slaveholder. This is no overdrawn picture. As I have already shown, it is no more highly colored than those which Southern statesmen have drawn. The pleasant representations of slave society and of the affection felt for some masters are true in many cases,—and I am glad they are true: but this agreeable admission does not affect the general fact, which John Brown has made to stand out in bolder relief than ever, that slavery throws the subject race into false, bitter and dangerous relations with the dominant one. Judge Jay quotes the *Southern Religious Telegraph* as saying,

"*Hatred to the whites, with the exception in some cases of attachment to the person and family of the master, is nearly universal among the black population.* We have a foe cherished in our very bosoms,—a foe willing to draw our life blood whenever the opportunity offers."

And the Maysville *Intelligencer* speaks of an "innate desire for liberty, ever ready to act itself out in the bosom of every rational creature."

By just so much as John Brown has quickened that desire for liberty, by just so much has he increased the apprehensions of the master, and loaded his heart with anxiety and alarm. There is but one possible peaceful remedy,—but one possible termination for this reign of terror, and that is *Emancipation.* Drop the *lash* system, and try the *cash* system.

> "Let the hand that tills the soil
> Be like the wind that fans it,—free."

Give the laborer an interest in his own industry. Be simply honest with him. Pay him for his work, and there is no danger that he will cut the master's throat. Do him justice, treat him as a man, and he will be a fast friend. Either this,—something like this,—something looking toward this,—or ever increasing dangers, converging to that terrible crisis—

> "When vengeance shall her tocsin toll,
> And insurrection's storm shall roll
> Like the strong surgings of the deep,"

—involving master and slave in one common wide-spread ruin.

And now I must speak of John Brown's great blundering blow, as it affects the general state of the question before the nation. We have striven in vain to dodge the whole matter of our duty by compromises, political tactics, and resolutions against agitation. But John Brown has moved the previous question, and forced us to vote. God loves the nation too well—He loves the North and the South, the slave and the master, too well—to let us rest in peace under the shadow of Our Great Crime. He lets these awful events come to tell us that we are to be holden to a strict account for our action or inaction. He bids us "choose this day" which we will serve, freedom or slavery; for, however we may desire it, neutrality is now out of the question. Every man's sympathies *must* be either for or against the principle for which a pure-minded man has bravely laid down his life.

More than that: We have been secretly thinking, or timidly saying, "Slavery is unfit to live. It is a sin and a shame. But it is like an unmanageable disease, a cancer, which it is dangerous to touch and still more dangerous to let alone. We will do what we can to keep it from spreading; and leave it to southern men to take care of it themselves. *It is none of our business.*" But the slaveholder has been saying, "*You shall make it your business.* It is not a cancer nor disease; it is life, health and beauty. It shall live forever, and we will make this Union an instrument for preserving and extending it, or we will overturn the Union. You shall be the 'jailors and constables' of the institution. If a slave runs away, you shall help us catch him, and the expense of his capture shall be paid out of the common treasury. If a number of slaves revolt, you shall help us bring them under the yoke. Slavery shall be the Nation's concern, and you men of the North, along with the mean whites of the South, shall be its body guard. If the Union does not work for this result, we want nothing of it."

And so, instead of being a nation of so many millions of freemen, we have become simply a nation of three hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders. Not the negro alone, but the non-slaveholding white man also, is without any rights which the slaveholder feels bound to respect. If you doubt it, go into a slave State and speak your mind concerning the institution. You will find it true, then, to your sorrow, that the handful of slaveholders constitute the nation. There is no power in the land which will protect you from their fury. The government is theirs. Congress meets for them. Courts decree injustice for them. We wage war for them. John Brown breaks the law and sheds blood to deliver [illegible] to snuff out the insurrection, and the mistaken old man goes hurrying to the scaffold. But this very year, some thousands of human beings are violently kidnapped from Africa, amid scenes of blood and horror compared with which Harper's Ferry is as a drop in the bucket: they are brought to Southern ports and openly sold; and though the laws of the land stamp this Foreign Slave Trade as piracy, punishable with death, the Government is helpless. Not a slave trader can be convicted. High handed lawlessness goes scot free and finds ample advocacy, when it is on the side of slavery; but the lawlessness of too great zeal for liberty swings on the gallows!

The question of the hour is, shall we cower like slaves, and let John Brown's error frighten us into easy acquiescence in all the monstrous demands which are made upon us by the arrogance of that system of utter lawlessness, fraud and violence? On that momentous question it is not for me now to enlarge; the events which are ripening upon us will give it emphasis enough to fix it in the attention of every man who feels the grand responsibilities of American citizenship.

And let me here say to you what I deeply feel, that these are no times for passion, or uncalculating precipitancy of action. Let every man hold his mind in sober, even balance, that the duties which coming events may devolve upon us may be discharged firmly and promptly, but in the highest spirit of wisdom. We can ill afford to lose our wits in this double crisis of difficulty and danger. I believe that every person in the land, whether he knows it or not, has a deep interest at stake in the settlement of this exciting and troublesome question of slavery on the basis of natural justice and right, so that it may stay settled forever; nor can it be desirable that excitement and trouble should cease until we have conscience enough to settle it on that righteous basis. Equally deep is our common interest in settling it without blood, and in healthful conformity with those laws of social order by which God leads the nations upward. We want no strife between the North and South, nor between the black man and the white. But it is both idle and foolish, if not wicked, to seek tranquility while slavery exists. The thought of peace and amity while that institution lives and sets up such atrocious pretensions, is as vain as to look for quiet in a whirlwind where two storms meet. When the nationalization of slavery became a settled purpose of the slaveholding interest, a conflict was inevitable, if the North retained any conscience whatever. So it is not agitation which has brought us into this evil; but this evil has brought on the agitation. The man who tells us there is an "irrepressible conflict" between freedom and slavery does not produce that conflict by mentioning it; he only states what every thoughtful man knows to be a fact—a fact of history, and a fact of to-day,—a fact which Harper's Ferry only confirms and makes obvious to all eyes. That conflict does not end with John Brown's life: it only deepens and darkens, as men ponder over the details of his short and strange career and his sad but glorious fate.

It only remains for us to ask where we shall stand and what we shall do in this unavoidable struggle. Carnal weapons!—they are not called for, and God grant we may never have use for them. War—savage, red, indiscriminate War, with its garments rolled in blood, with its slaughter of women and children, its heaps of gory, mangled corpses, its devouring flames leaping from rafter to rafter of burning cities—with the unutterable atrocities which mark its progress, and the black and blasted track of desolation which it leaves behind—ah! I cannot invoke these, even in aid of Human Liberty. I think a man can be the friend of the slave without being the enemy of the master.—Anarchy, disorder, violence and bloodshed can have no fascination for any heart in sympathy with God's great law of love and his gospel of good-will. If these terrible ministers of vengeance ever come, it will be because the slaveholder perversely refuses to "let the oppressed go free," and so gets ground to powder by insanely throwing himself across the track of Progress. If he is ever overwhelmed by the waves of ruin, it will be because he follows the slaves into the Red Sea.

Truth, Law and Justice! These are weapons mightier than the sword; and if John Brown did not well use them, he has taught us how to use them, for he has fixed the Nation's gaze on slavery, and slavery cannot bear to be looked at. Wendell Phillips has said—and to me it seems wiser than some of his recent words—"against the thoughtful and determined gaze of twenty millions of Christian men, no institution is wicked or powerful enough to stand!" But, oh my friends, where shall we find these twenty millions of Christian men who are to look slavery out of countenance and out of the light of the sun?

It was my duty to give you my exact thought on these matters, so far as possible, without reserve and without exaggeration. I have done it,—not in vain confidence, but in simple frankness, taking your candor for granted. Many of you think differently from me. I recognize your right and do not question your honesty. I may be wrong, and you right. Further developments may confirm or disprove the opinions of John Brown which you have heard to-day. If he were a bad man,—knave, hypocrite and murderous cut-throat—I have no more interest than you in hiding his real character. And if, as I have no shade of doubt, he were a true man, laying his life on the holy altar of liberty from pure love of the injured and oppressed, you have no more interest than I in blackening his blessed memory with the charge of crime. Nor does his personal character affect the merits of the cause in which he suffered death. John Brown's fame or his infamy is not the great matter at issue.—Slavery is on trial for its life; and we are in court, interested parties, likely to be arraigned before God and the world as accomplices in the guilt of upholding it, by the abuse of our influence, by our contempt for the colored man, by our sympathy and countenance of his oppressors, and by our criminal misuse of the power given us as American citizens. God help us to wash our hands in innocency of the great transgression, and to serve our country by serving with our highest wisdom the holy cause of Human Brotherhood and Universal Justice—the cause of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

RELATIONS OF THE WAR TO SLAVERY.

Substance of an Address delivered in the Court House yard, Bloomington, August 22 and 23, 1861.

BY REV. CHARLES G. AMES.

Mr. Ames, in opening his address, (which required two evenings for its delivery, and is here given in a form much condensed,) said he had no desire to add to the unhappy excitement now raging like a conflagration throughout the land, and threatening to leave no green thing behind; rather would he speak calm and moderate words; though he hoped to say nothing tending to weaken the purpose of all loyal Americans—the earnest purpose to restore and maintain, at any cost and at all hazards, the supremacy of the government and the integrity of the Union.

Why speak at all? We are all in the woods, making reconnoissances; and the fact that no one of us can see out, or look through the present troubles, is of itself a reason why every citizen, who can get even a partial glimpse into the state of affairs, should give in his report. It will require the collected wit and wisdom of the nation to bring us thro' this crisis: and as we are all stockholders in the general welfare, the humblest citizen ought to contribute his wisest thoughts and best endeavors to the common cause. And as only a great man can make a great blunder, we can hear the opinions of common men with comparative safety.

This war will stand out in history: it is one of those events on which destiny hinges; it is a war with a moral to it; for it is a *war of ideas.* "Bayonets think," said Napoleon.—Behind every bayonet, whether in the hands of federal or rebel soldier, is a live thought.

Men talk of the war as if it were causeless,—as if it "happened." It is rather the ripe and natural fruit of a long series of events. It is but one stage in the onward march of affairs; and it is absurd to suppose that when it is over, matters will resume their former status. The war cannot leave us where it found us. It must work radical changes—changes in the institutions of the rebel States, or changes in the spirit, structure and prospects of the present National Government. Let us be hopeful. "God is in history." As all the "fair ranks" of stars and the goodly frame of the world rose out of original chaos, so from the present seeming confusion the ever busy Providence will evolve a higher order.

This struggle engages the attention of mankind, as well it may from the magnitude of interests involved. Nations are spectators: the great and wise ones of the earth hold their breath. Kings and people say, "Democracy is on trial! We shall now see what is to become of this boasted system of self-government." For we are not fighting for mere national existence; but for such a national existence as shall rest on that basis of popular liberty recognized by the founders of the government.

British toryism tells the world through the London Quarterly Review that popular government is played out; and a noble Lord proclaims, in hasty exultation, on the floor of Parliament, that "the Republican bubble has burst." All over Europe the friends of progress feel their high hopes sinking towards despair, as they ask, "Can it be that the great light of American liberty is to go out in darkness, or is it but a temporary eclipse? The old despotisms have lived a thousand years; shall freedom perish before it is a century old,—die in its very cradle!"

Citizens! I must speak to you as to men who care for these things: men who are not indifferent, but vitally concerned for the safety of our American system of free government: men of unquestioning loyalty to our Republican Constitution, and to those principles of equal justice, which, however imperfectly administered, have been the source of all our past prosperity, and which must still be the fountain of all we can desire for ourselves and our children. In the name of God and of the liberties of mankind, let me ask that you hear with candor while I speak of the relations of the present war to American Slavery.

What is the object of the war? On the part of the Federal Government and its loyal subjects, the object is simple and direct: To p

down conspiracy and rebellion; to restore the rightful authority of the General Government in every part of the land; to exturpate the heresy of secession which threatens to break up the nation into petty and squabbling military bands; to vindicate the claim of the United States of America to be considered, not as a loose partnership, subject to dissolution at the pleasure of every mal-content, but as a government and a nation, one and indivisible; to aid the legitimate authorities, created by the will of the people, in maintaining the Constitution, the Union and the enforcement of the laws; and thereby to preserve and transmit, in complete vigor for its future work, the body politic organized by our fathers. That is what *we* are fighting for.

But what makes this necessary? Why are the laws defied? Why is the Union assailed? Why the Constitution set at naught? What got up, and what keeps up, the rebellion?—The idea behind the bayonets of the North is, National Union under the Constitution; what is the idea behind the bayonets of the South? In a word, what is the South fighting for? I answer, *Slavery!* Slavery is the disturber of the nation's peace; Slavery is at the bottom of the rebellion. Alex. H. Stephens, Vice President of the so-called Confederate States, and their ablest Statesman, vindicates the secession movement on this very ground. He frankly tells the world that this American system of government is a delusion; that Washington and Jefferson were mistaken in their notion about the natural and equal rights of all men; and that the Southern people, having discovered the mistake, have separated themselves from the Union in order to found a government whose chief corner-stone shall be the enslavement of the inferior race.

We shall all admit that the negro, in his present stage of development, is very far behind the white man; many of us may suppose he will ever remain behind; but the matchless madness and inhumanity of founding a government whose chief object and policy shall be *to keep him behind*—to perpetuate the white man's mastery by perpetuating the negro's ignorance and degradation—is only equalled by the blackness of the treason through which these conspirators against the peace and dignity of mankind seek to accomplish their purpose.

I know we are often told that the slaveholding interest resorted to secession as a necessary means of self-protection against the expected injustice of Mr. Lincoln's administration;—that the people of the South were moved by a fear that the new President would invade their section with an army, with a view to compel emancipation, after the manner of John Brown. But those who say this have not looked below the surface. No doubt the electioneering falsehoods of recent years had inflamed the minds of many of the common people at the South and aroused these fears; but the conspirators, the leading politicians, who basely played upon the public passions, knew better. Their fear was of exactly the opposite kind. They feared that Mr. Lincoln would *not* invade the constitutional rights of the South: that his administration would be so satisfactory as to take away all their power as disunion agitators; that the pro-slavery reign of terror would cease; that free speech and a free press would gradually open the way for emancipation by the action of the Slave States, without any "overt act" on the part of Federal Government or Northern people. Hence it was their policy to inaugurate secession before the incoming administration should have a chance to quiet the alarm of the people; and while the imbecile, rotten, and traitorous administration of Mr. Buchanan could be used to forward their schemes of plunder and violence. The majority of the Southern people were ready for revolution if necessary to safety; but they preferred to wait and see what course Mr. Lincoln would take. The cry of cowardice was raised, and the name of "submissionist" was used to stigmatize all who did not join in the clamor for immediate secession.

So after years of impatient waiting for a good opportunity to "precipitate the cotton States into a revolution," this malignant clan of demagogues and intriguers took advantage of the feverish excitement attending and following the Presidential election, and artfully spread the virulent contagion of treason throughout the South, so that in every Slave State it broke out in huge blotches of Secession. Moderate men shrunk timidly from the charge of opposing "Southern rights;" lynch law was administered with ferocious earnestness; slave society had not schooled men to that kind of moral courage which faces down and rebukes public wrongs: the storm carried all before it. The small majority of ardent and active agitators seized the helm and swept the State Governments into the whirlpool. The people found themselves compelled to choose between loyalty to a distant central authority which offered them no protection, and obedience to the merciless mandate of mobs who could control the machinery of the local governments and use it to crush out all opposition. Then the rebel leaders made haste to commit acts of hostility to the United States, in order to create a state of war, and force the people into an attitude of armed rebellion, thus hoping to consummate the revolution.

Mark this: *All these steps in the path of wickedness were taken, avowedly, to prevent the people of the South from abolishing Slavery by their own act!*

[Mr. Ames here presented evidence from Southern authorities, of the ultra pro-slavery school, going to show that secession was hurried forward before Lincoln's inauguration, for fear the people of the South would be content to live under a Republican Administration, and would sooner or later lose their interest in slavery, and abolish it. "The contest for slavery would be no longer between North and South; but in the South, and between the people of the South." Men would begin to talk about repealing the laws against emancipation, saying, "a master has a right to set his negroes free, if he desires," &c.]

Secession, therefore, does not date from December last when South Carolina declared itself independent; it is the carrying out of a plot of long standing. Secession was already in full blast when the Democratic National Convention met in Charleston; the Union was split when that Convention divided. To avert the catastrophe, Mr. Douglas and his friends were willing to go further in concessions than some of us thought best; but Satan had already entered into the southside delegates, and no possible concessions would satisfy. They had determined to rule or ruin; and they spurned the peace offerings of Mr. Douglas as scornfully as they would have rejected the proposals of Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

So we have fought out this battle of ideas in the field of national politics, before it became necessary to fight it out on the field of blood. It is the Northern civilization, born of Liberty, clashing with the Southern barbarism, born of Slavery. Slavery claims supremacy,—claims the right to use the government for its own purposes—claims to be the dominant interest on this continent. That is the Southern idea. The Northern idea may be represented by a mean between Messrs. Douglas and Lincoln, around whom nearly all of us rallied. Mr. Douglas said, "No slavery in the territories against the will of the settlers: unless the Supreme Court shall decide that the Constitution gives the slaveholder a right. In that case, I submit." Mr. Lincoln said, "No slavery in the territories any way; and no construction of the Constitution which permits it. But let the slave States control it where it is." But the conspirators said, "We'll have slavery wherever we can carry it, under the Constitution, or over it. We are bound to rule the continent. If we can do it in the Union, and by means of the Union, well and good. If not, we will break up the Union, and try another way."

The Northern idea voted down the Southern idea. Slavery lost the political battle, which was a battle of reason, and argument, and numbers; then it seized its opponent by the throat, and cried out, "Let me alone!" The two ideas grapple for life and death; the country reels with the earthquake of civil war.

Thus much to show, what hardly needs proving, that slavery is the cause of the war. I can see no way in which we could have avoided this conflict, except by a base surrender of the government to the control of the rebellious minority, which is itself controlled by a bitter hatred of republican liberty. And now that the war is begun, I see but two possible ways of bringing it to a close:

1st. By our giving up, through weariness or weakness, and recognizing the rebellious States as an independent and foreign nation; or,

2d. By putting down the rebellion, and restoring the authority of the government.

Let us examine both these "peace measures."

Let us consider what state of things would ensue, should the war terminate in the success of the rebellion and the independence of the "Confederacy." This might come about either by our being beaten in military operations, or because we became tired of fighting. In that case, we acknowledge the new nation under circumstances which enable it to dictate to us the terms of peace.—There will be the same identical interests to harmonize, the same questions to settle, between the two governments, as have given rise to the distractions within the Union, only we should have to settle them by negotiation or treaty. All the chief difficulties would grow out of slavery, just as before. The United States, humbled and weakened, would send three commissioners, selected with reference to their having never said or done anything offensive to the slaveholding interest, to sit in conference with three other commissioners, appointed by the victorious and overbearing South. And the Southern commissioners would be selected with reference to their hard-facedness,—their fitness for pressing upon us the most exacting terms. At their pleasure, negotiations commence.

First comes the question of *Boundaries*—the old territorial question reopened. The South has fought for empire—for room to expand her "peculiar institution;" and when our commissioners propose to quit-claim forever all jurisdiction over the territory of the seceded States, the lordly gentlemen across the table wither them with a look of scorn and indignation. "Here is our *ultimatum*. The Confederate States of America claim all the territory south of the Pennsylvania line, the Ohio river, and the line of Iowa; together with all the territories lately belonging to the United States, except Nebraska. We claim also all such portions of Southern Illinois and Southern California as may choose to be annexed to us." Vainly do the U. S. commissioners bite their lips and gasp their protests. They are in the power of men who disdain argument. They can only choose between a shameful relinquishment of all the most valuable regions belonging to the Republic,—so long held sacred to free labor,—and the abrupt breaking off of all negotiations, to settle the matter again on the battle field, under greater disadvantages than ever. Gentlemen, if the South beats us in this war, we shall sing no more songs about free lands for the landless, nor about extending the area of freedom. Our future expansion can only be toward the resting place of Sir John Franklin. Shut up in narrower limits, at no distant day the spirit of Northern enterprise will find itself cramped: there will be less outlet for the restless and agrarian element in our own population: and an intestine broil might soon commence in our midst, which would add yet another strain to our already reduced powers of self-government.—Give us time, and with our present wide expanse of unoccupied territory, we might by a judicious system of land reform avoid an ultimate collision between poor and rich; but if we surrender all that fair heritage to an unscrupulous and grasping foreign power, what shall prevent the speedy maturity of these explosive materials among us?

Then comes before the commissioners the old and annoying question of *Fugitive slaves*. "Of course we should provide by treaty for returning their property," says a friend. But sir, if we, being free, bind ourselves to recognize the principle of property in man in another nation, our cup of humiliation overflows. No such principle is known to international law. No amount of coaxing or pleading can bring the nations of Christendom to stipulate for the surrender of fugitive

slaves. In 1827, when slavery was yet tolerated in the colonies of the crown, our government, in its zeal for Southern rights, tried to procure from Great Britain a stipulation for the mutual surrender of such fugitives; but our minister to England was informed by the authorities to whom he broached the subject, that "the law of Parliament gave freedom to every slave who effected his landing on British ground." In the same year, even the Congress of half-civilized Mexico refused to ratify a similar treaty with the United States. Even the surrender of criminals is rarely provided for between nations; (though there is no valid objection to this;) and when we, under a threat, bow our neck to such a yoke, and make our country a hunting ground for the slave drivers of *another nation*, we shall be an object for the pity and scorn of Christendom and Pagandom. It will be the virtual extension of the Constitution of the Confederate States over us, so far as their definition of "property" is concerned; and we might then as well wear collars about our necks, and say to each other, "I am Jeff. Davis' dog; whose dog are you?" Yet this degradation threatens us, if we are ever driven to the alternative of recognizing the Confederacy. But that will not happen to night!

A third question which our treaty makers must reopen will relate to the slave trade.—By the laws of the United States, and by our treaties with European powers, we are bound to suppress that execrable traffic as *piracy*. What self abasement for our country, when as a condition of peace we are *required* to repeal our statutes and abrogate the solemn treaty engagements into which we have been compelled to enter by the moral sense of mankind! The necessities of slavery, with its newly acquired lands and its thirst for power and supremacy, will make the reopening of that trade a favorite measure in Southern counsels, as indeed it already is with that very school of politicians who lead the rebellion.. Perhaps not at first, but at no remote day, we shall be involved in difficulties with these haughty neighbors, if we lay the little finger of our navy on any ship which is bearing a grist of heathen to their Christianizing hopper. If we let the slaves alone for the sake of peace, thus nullifying our own laws and keeping bad faith with other nations, then we lose our self respect and the confidence of mankind. We shall have to travel a thorny path, if we recognize the Confederacy. But that will not happen to-night!

The rights of our citizens, while sojourning in the Confederate States, would constitute another bone of contention; as would also the navigation of the Mississippi, and the revenue regulations along the extended border. In settling any of these questions, we should be obliged to play the lamb, and let them play the wolf. With a perpetual threat of the renewal of the war hanging over us, we should have among ourselves a large class of men always clamoring for concession in order to preserve peace; and from being a peace party it would easily pass into a Southern party. From its very character and the nature of the questions at issue, this party would have among its leaders men accessible to the corrupting influence of Southern intriguers, who in times of peace would swarm among us and do their mischievous work with impunity. So Louis XIV., with French gold and diplomacy, could keep alive feuds in England which involved that country in civil war. The spirit of the nation would be broken; servility would take the place of patriotism; and the friends of pure and free government would sink disheartened into a sullen indifference to public affairs, or else their active opposition to the Southern party would create new "irrepressible conflicts" in our politics, unsettling the government, prostrating public credit, and perhaps resulting in the overthrow of the Constitution and the annexation of the free North to the South.

Another danger, not less serious, would arise from the necessity we should be under of keeping up large military and naval establishments, to restrain the cupidity of our neighbors. With an honest, able and patriotic President, a standing army, however large, might never become an instrument of evil; but the first corrupt and ambitious Chief Magistrate could easily employ it for the overthrow of public liberty, even under the forms of the Constitution. The very existence of such an army is an offence to democratic freedom, and a provocation of frequent wars.

[Mr. Ames here spoke at considerable length on the risk to which our institutions would be exposed from the probable character of the Confederate government, and its tendency to aristocracy and monarchy. He enlarged on the sympathy felt for secession by British tories, which grows out of the fact that they expect the South to be governed ultimately by a king, who will be the representative of the upper classes; and he showed, from Southern sources, that the present ruling element there has little or no faith in popular government. He spoke also of the plan already proposed by Mr. Alison for dividing the United States into three Kingdoms,—Northern, Southern and Pacific,—with members of the English royal family to rule over them, laying the foundation for illustrious lines of sovereigns in America. Our national policy has been to resist the extension of European influences in this continent, chiefly because we tolerate in our neighborhood ments essentially antagonistic ism. How much more sho planting of a governmen present boundaries, which ing the sympathy of Eur itself to be founded on lar rights! He further view, the highest aut South, as saying tha from "the few" w pel the many to s ing governments the world a pre

You see to v civilization a cession su *slavery* is to the Union is still to be over the cont thing which obstr its supremacy. Its p corrupt, and then to dis that remains of the United S tired of fighting and sue for pe are driven to it by defeat, so that we nize the Confederate States and accept terms as they may deign to propose, then t work of our fathers will be ruined; the grandest experiment of the ages in the way of self-government will be a failure. Slavery will prove the bottomless pit of American liberty; and we shall go sinking down through unfathomed abysses of disorder, dishonor, and corruption, till we have neither name, influence, nor credit abroad; neither peace, self-respect nor protection at home; while—

"In the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour us, opens wide."

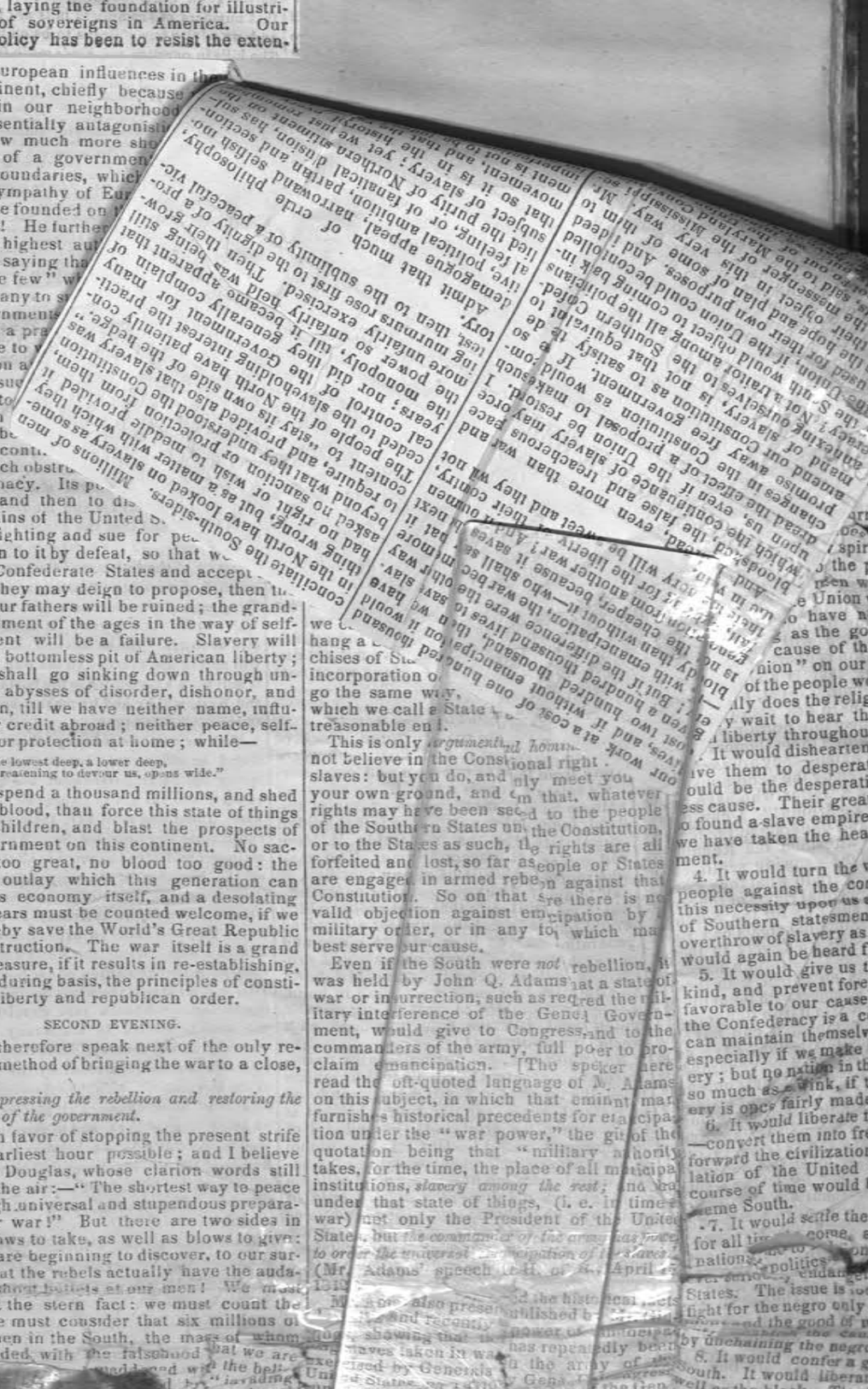
Better spend a thousand millions, and shed rivers of blood, than force this state of things on our children, and blast the prospects of free government on this continent. No sacrifice is too great, no blood too good: the heaviest outlay which this generation can endure, is economy itself, and a desolating war of years must be counted welcome, if we can thereby save the World's Great Republic from destruction. The war itself is a grand peace measure, if it results in re-establishing, on an enduring basis, the principles of constitutional liberty and republican order.

SECOND EVENING.

I will therefore speak next of the only remaining method of bringing the war to a close, viz:

By suppressing the rebellion and restoring the authority of the government.

I am in favor of stopping the present strife at the earliest hour possible; and I believe with Mr. Douglas, whose clarion words still ring on the air:—"The shortest way to peace is through universal and stupendous preparations for war!" But there are two sides in war: blows to take, as well as blows to give: and we are beginning to discover, to our surprise, that the rebels actually have the audacity to shoot bullets at our men! We must confront the stern fact: we must count the cost: we must consider that six millions of white men in the South, the mass of whom



Magistrate could easily employ
overthrow of public liberty, even
forms of the Constitution. The
ence of such an army is an offenc
cratic freedom, and a provocation
wars.

[Mr. Ames here spoke at c
length on the risk to which our
would be exposed from the probab
ter of the Confederate governme
tendency to aristocracy and mona
enlarged on the sympathy felt for
by British tories, which grows out
that they expect the South to be go
timately by a king, who will be t
sentative of the upper classes; and h
from Southern sources, that the pre
ing element there has little or n
popular government. He spoke al
plan already proposed by Mr. Alis
viding the United States into three K
—Northern, Southern and Pacif
members of the English royal famil
over them, laying the foundation for
ous lines of sovereigns in America
national policy has been to resist th

ntagraph.

TERMS: $2,0 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

WHOLE NO. 768

sion of European influences in the
this continent, chiefly because we cos of
tolerate in our neighborhood any govt
ments essentially antagonistic to republic-
ism. How much more should we resist th
planting of a government within our own
present boundaries, which, besides welcom-
ing the sympathy of European despotism, is
itself to be founded on the denial of all popu-
lar rights! He further quoted De Bow's Re-
view, the highest authority of the kind in the
South, as saying that political power springs
from "the few" who sieze the reins and com-
pel the many to submit—a theory of organiz-
ing governments of which secession is giving
the world a practical illustration.]

You see to what fearful hazard our whole civilization and polity will be exposed, if secession succeeds; and you see also that *slavery* is to be a greater plague to us out of the Union than it ever was in the Union. It is still to be an evil spirit, raging to and fro over the continent, seeking to devour every thing which obstructs its progress or questions its supremacy. Its policy will still be, first to corrupt, and then to dismember again, all that remains of the United States. If we get tired of fighting and sue for peace, or if we are driven to it by defeat, so that we recognize the Confederate States and accept such terms as they may deign to propose, then the work of our fathers will be ruined; the grandest experiment of the ages in the way of self-government will be a failure. Slavery will prove the bottomless pit of American liberty; and we shall go sinking down through unfathomed abysses of disorder, dishonor, and corruption, till we have neither name, influence, nor credit abroad; neither peace, self-respect nor protection at home; while—

"In the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour us, opens wide."

Better spend a thousand millions, and shed rivers of blood, than force this state of things on our children, and blast the prospects of free government on this continent. No sacrifice is too great, no blood too good: the heaviest outlay which this generation can endure, is economy itself, and a desolating war of years must be counted welcome, if we can thereby save the World's Great Republic from destruction. The war itself is a grand peace measure, if it results in re-establishing, on an enduring basis, the principles of constitutional liberty and republican order.

SECOND EVENING.

I will therefore speak next of the only remaining method of bringing the war to a close, viz:

By suppressing the rebellion and restoring the authority of the government.

I am in favor of stopping the present strife at the earliest hour possible; and I believe with Mr. Douglas, whose clarion words still ring on the air:—"The shortest way to peace is through universal and stupendous preparations for war!" But there are two sides in war: blows to take, as well as blows to give: and we are beginning to discover, to our surprise, that the rebels actually have the audacity to shoot bullets at our men! We must confront the stern fact: we must count the cost: we must consider that six millions of white men in the South, the mass of whom are deluded with the falsehood that we are [illegible] with the bell-[illegible] by "invading [illegible] reduced by [illegible] any outnumber[illegible] hosts we may [illegible] against them. We must not overrate [illegible] resources, nor underrate their courage.—[illegible] consider the long line of military ope-[illegible] stretching from Kansas to the Atlan-[illegible], and indeed around many hundred miles [illegible] seacoast; if we count the mountain-passes [illegible] ough which we must push, and the vast [illegible] gions over which we must carry the en-[illegible] signs of the Republic; if we remember that [illegible] the rebellion is only quelled when we have made the nation's power omnipotent and omnipresent in every one of the twelve [illegible] and nine hundred counties where it [illegible] ed and defied:—and then if we [illegible] losing hazards of war; the possibility [illegible] our best generals, and of the [illegible] of our cause in decisive battles; the [illegible] through successful stratagem, incompetent officers, unwise counsellors, and traitors in our ranks;—if we give just weight to all these considerations, we shall feel that we have undertaken a great work; that there is [illegible] possibility of our failure and of the final success of the rebels—a success which would draw after it all the disasters to public liberty which I have already set forth. Too much is at stake to justify us in running any useless risk, or in adopting any half-way measures. In war, according to Vattle's "Law of Nations," we have "a right to do against the enemy *whatever is necessary* to the justifiable end of bringing him to reason and obtaining justice and security from him. RIGHT GOES HAND IN HAND WITH NECESSITY AND THE EXIGENCY OF THE CASE; but never exceeds it." It this be true as between hostile nations, it cannot be less true as between a just government and rebellious subjects.

We must not fight in vain if we can help it: it is our duty to succeed if we can. Our duty to mankind requires that we shall not shrink from the use of any rational means of strangling this ungodly insurrection, and of preventing the threatened overthrow of free government. The most thorough method will be wisest, shortest, cheapest, safest.

My deepest convictions command me to say, that *emancipation*—the liberation of the slaves in the rebellious States—*is the short and straight road to victory and peace.* In the end it will cost least blood, for it will insure us against war in America for the next century.

A few months ago, an apothecary's clerk in Michigan was called up in the night to procure some medicine. The pretended customer followed him to the safe, whither he went to make change for a bill. As he stooped, he saw by the shadow on the wall that the man behind him was raising a weapon to strike.—What was he to do? Should he strike the shadow? No!—quick as thought he turns and deals a stunning blow at his assailant. Gentlemen, the rebellion of the South is only the dark and threatening shadow of slavery. If we wrestle only with flesh and blood, and leave the principalities and powers of darkness unharmed, we shall fight with shadows on the wall, and perhaps waste all our blows.

"Do you want us to make this an abolition war?" Yes! in order that we may make it a *successful* war—successful in maintaining the government on its original principles—successful in preventing the possibility of another such in all our future history. If this war does not destroy slavery, no future historian can justify it. We are going to save the Union, because the interests of free government and of mankind are bound up in its destiny. While that is our object, we must use the means which are best fitted to accomplish it. The war is not against the South as a section; yet we are not to blame if practically it comes to that. We are not making war on Tennessee, as a State; yet it comes to that. So we are not fighting slavery as our original object, but it comes to that. We must beat the South, we must beat Tennessee, and we must beat slavery, for they are all in rebellion. I speak of emancipation therefore as the means of *stopping* the war. *It is but fair, when men seek to overthrow the Government for the sake of slavery, that we should overthow slavery for the sake of the Government.* "But we ought not to do anything in violation of the Constitutional rights of the Sch." My dear sir, are you still in the fog? Are you still slow to see that *rebellion and treason work a forfeiture of all legal rights?* I have a right, as an American citizen, to demand protection in going where I please, and in following my chosen avocation; but I cannot steal a horse, and then appeal to the Constitution to take me out of the hand of the sheriff. The rights, as between rebels and the Government, are all on the side of the Government. Is not its right to defend itself, to preserve its powers, and to secure the safety of the whole domain, paramount to any claim of a South Carolina or Virginia to retain or reclaim a negro slave, held by power never derived from the Constitution? Here is talk of "State rights," I recognize their existence; but why may not they, too, be forfeited, by the rebellion of a State. We sometimes told that only individuals can rebel,—a State cannot. But there is the fact: States *have* rebelled. Yes, States, with their whole governmental machinery—their legislative, judicial, and executive representatives and functions—hold to-day the attitude of traitors and do that work of treason which consists in "levying war against the United States." If active treason works a forfeiture of individual rights why not also of State rights! Vattel tells us that not only "tangible property" but also "rights" are subject to confiscation. True we can only punish a State: we cannot shoot or hang a State; but as the rights and franchises of States are only an aggregation and incorporation of individual rights, they must go the same way, with that organic body which we call a State, all its powers for a treasonable end.

This is only *argumentum ad hominem*. I do not believe in the Constitutional right to hold slaves: but you do, and only meet you on your own ground, and say that, whatever rights may have been secured to the people of the Southern States under the Constitution, or to the States as such, those rights are all forfeited and lost, so far as people or States are engaged in armed rebellion against that Constitution. So on that ground there is no valid objection against emancipation by a military order, or in any form which may best serve our cause.

Even if the South were *not* in rebellion, it was held by John Q. Adams that a state of war or insurrection, such as required the military interference of the General Government, would give to Congress, and to the commanders of the army, full power to proclaim emancipation. [The speaker here read the oft-quoted language of Mr. Adams on this subject, in which that eminent man furnishes historical precedents for emancipation under the "war power," the gist of the quotation being that "military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, *slavery among the rest;* and in under that state of things, (i. e. in time of war) not only the President of the United States, but *the commander of the army has power to order the universal emancipation of the slaves.*" (Mr. Adams' speech of H. of R., April 16, 1842.)

Mr. Ames also presented the historical facts [illegible] and recently published by Mr. Gid[illegible] showing that the claim for slaves taken in war has repeatedly been exercised by Generals in the army of the United States, namely by Gens. Gaines, Jessup, Jackson and Taylor, and that Congress has not only approved the action of the Generals, but has also denied the claim of masters for compensation.]

Emancipation is necessary not to sustain, but weakening the power of the enemy, in impairing the rebellion. Slaves are not fortifications, but in the direst extremities of life our armies, in immense numbers, are compelled to do all the work which at great expense are compelled to do all the labor of the camp; and many of which must reduce the force in the ranks of the Confederate army. A sergeant in the Minnesota regiment writes home that he himself confronted and bayoneted black soldiers in the battle at Bull Run. Slaveholders, who wish to help on the rebel cause, contribute the services of a certain number of slaves; and even against the will of the masters, the Southern authorities force that contribution. The negroes are told that the Yankee soldiers are coming to butcher them, and rewards are offered for every Yankee they will shoot.

And those slaves who are not employed directly in the war, are nevertheless an arm of strength to the rebellion. The boast is made that all the agricultural operations of the South go on unimpeded, that the cotton crop and all the productions on which the rebels rely for sustaining and provisioning their armies, are being gathered in due season and in ample abundance, through the labor of slaves, while the North is compelled to draw recruits largely from the ranks of its laborers, thus reducing and crippling its industry.—Slavery, thus husbanded, constitutes an immense self-supplying magazine of resources, and to strike at that magazine is to strike the rebellion where it is most vulnerable. Why do we fight at all, if we hesitate to disable the enemy? Should we hesitate, if we were dealing with Mexico, and she were a slave holding nation? The President asks, and Congress votes, four hundred millions of dollars to carry on the war: a sum equal to twenty dollars for every man, woman and child in the loyal States, *just to begin with*, there being a fair prospect that as much more will be wanted for the operations of another year; and at least a possibility that after a long, wearisome and disastrous war, we shall be required, as a condition of peace, not only to shoulder the whole national debt, but also to pay a large part of the expenses of the Confederacy! While the government is thus making a free use of the property of its faithful subjects, why should it hesitate squeamishly about abridging the war, by a blow at what you call the property of the rebels?

Emancipation is our true war policy; but there are difficulties in the way of carrying it out. A presidential proclamation would be ineffectual in the States where we have no armies to enforce it; or, if effectual, might only operate to promote a horrible uprising, followed by the general massacre of the blacks by the whites, or the indiscriminate butchery by the blacks of the long-hated race of oppressors—a state of things which we cannot invite or desire. How then shall we get at it? I think Wendell Phillips has said the right thing: "Let our generals, as they advance Southward, or as they land their forces on the coasts, treat every man they meet, black or white, as a friend to be armed or an enemy to be shot." This is my kind of "gradual emancipation." Mr. Lovejoy's words look in the same direction. "Let us use any muscle that can fight." Operating on this plan we leave nothing but liberty behind us. Our flag, wherever it floats, becomes not only the ensign of victory over treason, but the symbol of protection to all the natural rights of man. The war for the Union becomes also a war of liberation. Rebellion proves the death of slavery. Do you shudder at such a result? I think we could all bear it with a good deal of fortitude; for, as Gen. Butler expresses it, if human beings gain their liberty I do not know that it is a thing to be greatly regretted.

What would be the effect of our adopting this policy? Slaves, in great numbers, would rush toward our armies. Such among them as could be used for any service would be retained; the rest would fall into our rear, to be somehow cared for; and the condition of the whole would be adjusted by legislation at the close of the war, when doubtless all loyal masters would find the nation ready to share their losses.

Perhaps, however, our policy being understood, the slaves would be hurried South, or in any direction to keep them out of our reach. This would greatly reduce the resisting force we should meet, and would accumulate embarrassments on the rebel side, throwing Southern society into a state of confusion which would make ultimate submission a necessity.

If it should be said that there are many objections to this plan, that it would work many hardships to innocent parties, and produce a desperate state of disorder: I answer, there is no easy way out of this war. Only [illegible] thing can save our cause but a [illegible] and stern work. This kind of devil will not be cast out without much foaming and tearing and rending of the patient.

This policy of emancipation by military order is recommended by the following advantages:

1. It will prevent insurrections, by drawing the discontented negroes toward our ranks.

2. It will give new spirit and [illegible] to our own soldiers and to the people of the North. There are many men who see the folly of trying to save the Union without hurting slavery,—men who have no heart to draw the sword so long as the government refuses to strike at the cause of the war. Write "Liberty and Union" on our banners, and the enthusiasm of the people would know no bounds. Especially does the religious sentiment of the country wait to hear the government "proclaim liberty throughout the land."

3. It would dishearten the rebels. It would drive them to desperation, perhaps; but it would be the desperation of a falling, hopeless cause. Their great motive in fighting is to found a slave empire. When slavery falls, we have taken the heart out of their movement.

4. It would turn the wrath of the Southern people against the conspirators who forced this necessity upon us and them. That class of Southern statesmen who predicted the overthrow of slavery as the result of disunion, would again be heard from.

5. It would give us the sympathy of mankind, and prevent foreign complications unfavorable to our cause. The recognition of the Confederacy is a certainty, if the rebels can maintain themselves for a year longer, especially if we make no move against slavery; but no nation in the world will give them so much as a wink, if this issue against slavery is once fairly made apparent.

6. It would liberate four millions of slaves—convert them into free laborers, and hasten forward the civilization of the colored population of the United States, which in due course of time would be collected in the extreme South.

7. It would settle the question of secession for all time to come, and remove from our national politics the only question which has ever seriously endangered the union of these States. The issue is too large to make this a fight for the negro only; it is for free government and the good of mankind. "But we can establish the cause of public liberty by unchaining the negro.

8. It would confer a great blessing on the South. It would liberate the white race as well as the black. The first effects would be disastrous—the prostration of all business and labor, the general breaking up of society, and perhaps distress. But this would only prepare and better conditions and introduce a new and free labor would unlock with returning peace, wealth; the tide of migration, and of mineral from the North and Europe; real estate would rise; the spirit of enterprise would flow in where break forth; and the next generation would witness a transformation as beneficent as that which comes over the "burnt district" of a great city, when the dirty and dilapidated wooden buildings, licked up by devouring flame, give place to stately structures of brick, and stone and marble. The proclamation of emancipation will be to the South as the trump of God, sounding her resurrection to newness of life.

We do not owe any favors to slavery. It has been the plague of our history. The Constitution has never been fully in force in any of the slave States and never can be. No citizen of the United States ever enjoyed full liberty of opinion and speech, while sojourning in the land of whips and lynch-law. Jury trial,—the right of the people peaceably to assemble—due processes of law—protection from illegal search and seizure—republican forms of government—all these constitutional safeguards of public and private right, have been set aside in the slave States, and denied to white citizens, whenever the caprice or interest of slavery so required. We can excuse it to ourselves that we have been patient and forbearing, that we have been disposed to leave each State to control for itself even these questions so vital to the whole country; but we cannot excuse it to ourselves, nor to our children, nor to the world, nor to history, nor before God, if now that the issue is raised, we refuse to vindicate the Constitution as the supreme law of the land, by striking down the institution which has so long set that Constitution at naught.

And I must again remind you that slavery is at the bottom of the rebellion: it is itself the arch-rebel. I can forgive our misguided Southern brethren; I can even forgive Davis, and Toombs, and Floyd, and Yancey; but I cannot forgive slavery, which made them traitors. Let it be accursed! It breeds traitors from its own nature. The more slavery, the more treason. In South Carolina, much slavery and much treason. In Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland, less of each. In Eastern Virginia, Western Tennessee, and Western Kentucky, as compared with the other parts of those States, the proportion holds good.—Even in the North, secession sympathy and sympathy with slavery everywhere keep company. Compare Southern and Northern Illinois: look over your own circle of acquaintances. Do you know an anti-slavery secessionist? I tell you slavery breeds traitors. It must be so, by the law of its nature, as scorpions breed scorpions. If we let it alone it will breed more. Shame on the war policy which trifles with the facts. Hang and shoot the rebels you say. But they are only as viper's eggs. Why not kill off the old cockatrice?

I learned to hate slavery at first from crude but truthful notions of the wrong done to the negro; later I learned to hate it as a still greater curse to the white man; and now I hate it because it assails the life of my country, and calls for the blood of my neighbors and countrymen. Down with the Dagon that devours human sacrifices! No blood is too sacred to be shed for the preservation of the Republic; but I do feel, and will not cease to say, that it is a shame and a crime that we should send men forth to die for the question of slavery: a shame [illegible] against the banners inscribed with "Slavery and Disunion," we should [illegible] ner inscribed with "Slavery [illegible] do you not see that if we [illegible] sooner and better by adopting emancipation, then, if we must additional cost and risk is similar alive? I am not willing to die for that. If with eman

MARRIED.

In Bloomington, Illinois, April 28, 1868, by Rev. C. G. Ames, GEORGE B. WRIGHT, of Minneapolis, and SERENA M. AMES, daughter of the officiating minister.

DIED.

March 1868

In this city, on Sunday, the 22d inst., SERENA M., wife of George B. Wright, aged 27 years.

Mrs. Wright was a daughter of Rev. Charles G. Ames, formerly of this city, and had been a resident of Minneapolis most of the time for the past fourteen years. Esteemed by her numerous friends for intelligence and a pure and exalted character, she will be deeply mourned by all who knew her, as well as by her bereaved husband and little ones.

THROUGH THE VALLEY.

She is gone;
The bright eye darkened now,
Paled from the lip its glow—
There in the grave, so low,
She is gone.

Oh, my God!
The bitter cup I press—
Drink deep its wretchedness;
Canst Thou it also bless,
Oh, my God?

These her babes—
Here in each precious face
Some look, some light, some grace—
Some sign of her, I trace;
These her babes!

Lord, I come;
Through all Thy Love I see,
Thy hand still guiding me—
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,"
Lord, I come.

Minneapolis, March, 1868.

LISTENING.

I listen at the gate—
At the porch again I wait
As of yore.
But the step I loved to hear,
And the welcome, warm and dear,
Are no more.

The desolated walls
In echo mock my calls
Of her name.
The place—its mem'ries sweet,
And the tokens here I meet,
Yield but pain.

A low and narrow mound,
In yonder holy ground—
Tells the tale;
And in waiting I, too, stand
Till I pass, at His command,
'Neath the veil.

Then—at the Holy Gate
I'll listen, while I wait
As of yore.
Her step again I'll hear,
And her welcome, warm and dear,
Evermore.

Minneapolis, May 1868.

For the Pantagraph.

FOR THOSE WHO REMEMBER.

We sat beneath the trees that day,
So still, so bright, so calm:
The summer south-wind, thro' the leaves,
Murmured a Sabbath psalm.
Rich, singly August, o'er the land,
Poured like a dream of love;
The forest waved its seas of green
To azure seas above.

We saw the noonday splendors fade;
We saw the sunset's scroll
Of purple and of crimson cloud,
Along the west unroll.
We saw the gorgeous pageant pass
Through heavenly deeps afar;
And on the twilight's dusky breast
Flash forth the evening star.

The *Friend* was there—the calm, white brow,
So placid, pure, and pale,
Shrined in the ringlets floating down,
A glimmering, golden veil.
And all those hours whose spirit seemed
A deep, unuttered prayer,
We sat beneath the waving boughs,
In happy converse there.

We talked of high and holy things,
And looked, with earnest eyes,
Full on the Sphynx-like front of Life,
The voiceless mysteries.
And when the twilight shadows fell,
The night winds murmured low,
With longing hearts we lingered still
Beside our watch-fire's glow.

We little thought the Shadowy King
So soon the Friend would call;
That from the heart, which overflowed
With prince as love for all,
The silent touch of viewless hands
Unclasped the silver strings;
That all the air was heavy there
With sweep of spirit-wings!

The golden summer days have passed;
The rain is pouring cold
Upon a long and narrow mound
New-wrought with freshest mold.
Peace to the precious dust we laid
Within that mound to rest,
In draperies of bridal white,
Fresh garlands on her breast!

And so we thank the loving God,
That, ere the parting scene,
He gave us all those golden hours
Beneath the forest green;
And from that scream of peace
He led her by the hand,
To walk, in soft and summing light,
In His Immortal Land!

NORMAL UNIVERSITY, October, 1861.

For the Christian Inquirer.

DOING WITHOUT IT.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

I've found some wisdom in my guest
That's richly worth retailing:
I've learned that when one does his best,
There's little harm in failing.

I thought to gather wealth untold,
And made my boast about it;
My wit and toil bring little gold,
But I can do without it.

I said, "The world shall hear my name,
And down the ages shout it;"
I shall not win the bauble Fame,
But I can do without it.

Another thing I've had to prove,
Though much I used to doubt it:
One can't be sure of human love,
But one can live without it.

I thought to know philosophy,
And teach the world about it.
My plummet will not sound the sea;
My ship can sail without it.

I saw the earth with wrong o'ergrown,
And set myself to rout it;
Some age will see it overthrown,
So I can die without it.

I may not reach what I pursue,
Yet will *I* keep pursuing;
Nothing is vain that I can do,
Since soul-growth comes of doing.

From the Boston Transcript.

HIDDEN LIFE.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

Since Eden, it keeps the secret!
Not another flower knows
To distil from the day the fragrance
And beauty that flood the rose.

Silently speeds the secret
From the loving eye of the sun
To the willing heart of the flower,
And the life of the twain is one.

Glowing within my being,
A Wonder to me is taught,
Too deep for curious seeing,
Or fathom of sounding thought.

Of all sweet mysteries, holiest;
Faded are rose and sun!
The highest hides in the lowliest;
My Father and I are one!

For the Christian Inquirer.

DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

The years, swift waves of an eternal sea,
Successive break on Time's receding shore—
Now the subsiding sob of Sixty-Three,
And now the rising surge of Sixty-Four.

Here, the gay argosies of proud Success,
Rich-freighted, ride to the rejoicing land;
There, with unanswered signals of distress,
Dash Failure's wretched wrecks upon the strand;

While o'er the Future's blue and billowy years,
Borne under varying skies of gleam or gloom,
Press toward the Present fleets of hopes and fears—
Armadas, laden with our human doom.

O angry-voiced, O treasure-bringing Sea!
O happy Land! that draws its wealth from thee.
O wiser souls! that wait upon the shore,
And take whate'er thou bring'st, nor ask for more.

ALBANY, N. Y.

For the Christian Inquirer.

MOUNTAIN-TOP.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

I stand on high,
Close to the sky,
Kissed by unsullied lips of light;
Fanned by soft airs,
That seem like prayers
Floating to God through ether bright.

The emerald lands,
With love-clasped hands,
In smiling peace below me spread;
Around me rise
The amber skies—
A dome of glory o'er my head.

Wind-swept and bare,
The fields of air
Give the weaned eagles room for play.
On loftier wing,
My soul doth spring
To unseen summits far away.

For the Christian Inquirer.

ATHANASIA.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

The ship may sink,
And I may drink
A hasty death in the deep, salt sea;
But all that I leave
In the ocean grave
Can be slipped and spared, and no loss to me.

What care I,
Though falls the sky,
And the shrivelling earth to a cinder turn?
No fires of doom
Can ever consume
What never was made nor meant to burn.

Let go the breath!
There is no death
To the living soul, nor loss, nor harm.
Not in the clod
Is the life of God;
Let it mount, as it will, from form to form.

31

THE FALLING SNOW.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

I see a straggling, dim procession pass,
Of struggling, shadowy shapes that come and go;
I sit and watch through clouded panes of glass,
Through gauzy curtains of the falling snow.

The fairy phantoms of the peopled air
Come softly gliding to the earth below;
I sit and list, and list in vain to hear
The feathery footfall of the falling snow.

No sound, save now and then a muffled hoof
And muffled wheel. And in the silence, lo!
I sit and worship 'neath my whitening roof.
The world keeps Sabbath for the falling snow.

White wings are fluttering all around to-day;
Unseen, unheard—the loved of long ago!
Alas! why miss and mourn I, more than they,
The forms that rest beneath the falling snow?

UNSEEN.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

How do the violets find their way?
How do the flowrets know the day
And open their cups to catch the ray?

I see the gem to the sunlight reach,
And the nestlings know the old bird's speech;
I do not see who is there to teach.

I see the hare from danger hide,
And the stars through the trackless spaces ride;
I do not see that they have a guide.

He is eyes for all, who is eyes for the mole;
All motion goes to the rightful goal.
O God! I can trust for the human soul.

For the Pantagraph.

FOR THOSE WHO REMEMBER.

We sat beneath the trees that day,
So still, so bright, so calm:
The summer south-wind, thro' the leaves,
Murmured a Sabbath psalm.
Rich, kingly August, o'er the land,
Poured like a dream of love;
The forest waved its seas of green
To azure seas above.

We saw the noonday splendors fade;
We saw the sunset's scroll,
Of purple and of crimson cloud,
Along the west unroll.
We saw the gorgeous pageant pass
Through heavenly deeps afar;
And on the twilight's dusky breast
Flash forth the evening star.

The *Friend* was there—the calm, white brow,
So placid, pure, and pale,
Shrined in the ringlets, floating down,
A glimmering, golden veil.
And all those hours whose spirit seemed
A deep, unuttered prayer,
We sat beneath the waving boughs,
In happy converse there.

We talked of high and holy things,
And looked, with earnest eyes,
Full on the Sphynx-like front of Like,
The voiceless mysteries.
And when the twilight shadows fell,
The night winds murmured low,
With longing hearts we lingered still
Beside our watch-fire's glow.

We little thought the Shadowy King
So soon the Friend would call;
That from the heart, which overflowed
With priceless love for all,
The silent touch of viewless hands
Unclasped the silver strings;
That all the air was heavy there
With sweep of spirit-wings!

The golden summer days have passed;
The rain is pouring cold
Upon a long and narrow mound
New-wrought with freshest mold.
Peace to the precious dust we laid
Within that mound to rest,
In draperies of bridal white,
Fresh garlands on her breast!

And so we thank the loving GOD,
That, ere the parting scene,
He gave us all those golden hours
Beneath the forest green;
And from that sacrament of peace
He led her by the hand,
To walk, in soft and sunning light,
In His Immortal Land!

NORMAL UNIVERSITY, October, 1861.

[For the Tribune.]

MY LITTLE ONES.

TO REV. C. G. A.

Here, both they come
On tip-toe.
How they grow;
How they cheer my home,
Beautiful to me;
And I sigh, as on my knee
I hold 'em,
To think how very soon
Their morn will grow to noon
And then—I'll be the "Old one."

Precious little snip
With the pouting lip;
And airs much older
Than of little maid of eight:
Ways that are natural bait
For young men's hearts.
Pretty little arts—
But she's gentle, good and true—
Loves me—and would love you
If she knew—
You see she's bolder
Than the other;
He's her brother.

Glad little man
With cheeks like a rose,
What he is good for
No one else knows.
But his father should be
Of all judges the best,
And the boy's worth to me
A million at least.
A stray bit of sunlight
Rests on his hair,
His eyes—clear and bright;
And his face, frank and fair.
A tender and sensitive heart he has too;
He's sure to suffer; and (we hope) to be true.
Dear little Tad! I love him; don't you?

Such are lights in darkened homes.
Now I hold them on my knee,
They are doubly dear to me.
Motherless ——
I pray God spare and bless
These, my little ones.

MINNEAPOLIS, February, 1869.

Rest.

The following lines were found under the pillow of a soldier who was lying dead in a hospital near Port Royal, South Carolina:

I lay me down to sleep
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find me
Here or there.

A bowing, bewildered head,
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now—
To make the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past;
I am ready not to do
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done.
And this is all my part;
I give a patient God
My patient heart.

And grasp His banner still,
Though all its blue be dim,
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after Him.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

THE BELLS OF LYNN HEARD AT NAHANT.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

O curfew of the setting sun! O Bells of Lynn!
O requiem of the dying day! O Bells of Lynn!
From the dark belfries of yon cloud-cathedral wafted,
Your sounds aerial seem to float, O Bells of Lynn!
Borne on the evening wind across the crimson twilight,
O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O Bells of Lynn!
The fisherman in his boat, far out beyond the headland,
Listens, and leisurely rows ashore, O Bells of Lynn!
Over the shining sands the wandering cattle homeward
Follow each other at your call, O Bells of Lynn!
The distant lighthouse hears, and with his flaming signal,
Answers you, passing the watchword on, O Bells of Lynn!
And down the darkening coast run the tumultuous surges,
And clap their hands, and shout to you, O Bells of Lynn!
Till from the shuddering sea, with your wild incantations,
Ye summon up the spectral moon, O Bells of Lynn!
And startled at the sight, like the wierd woman of Endor,
Ye cry aloud and then are still, O Bells of Lynn!

INTERESTING LETTER.

Life in the East India Islands.

The following private letter has been kindly furnished us by Mr. Geo. Wakefield. It is from his brother, a former correspondent of this paper, under the *nom de plume* of "Badger Boy." It is a graphic description of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, climate, natural curiosities, etc., of the tropical islands, and will be perused with interest:

SINGAPAN, Nov. 28, 1865.

DEAR BROTHER:

As you will see by my heading, I have at length reached my destination safe and sound, and see no reason why I should not continue so. I had no personal bad luck, and did not loose a dime's worth of anything in all the changes and shifts I made. I was however, delayed ten days at Penang on account of the steamer *Ikbar* on which I was a passenger, breaking her shaft and had to be towed back to Penang, and laid there ten days, and then got a passage down on board a gunboat; as it was, I was only 56 days on the road which is uncommon quick from Boston; only for the break down I would have made the best trip on record from America.

I believe I told you in my last about the island of Ceylon and my run on shore there of our days, so I will begin with Penang, or Prince of Wales island as it is called on many of the maps. It is one of the loveliest little gems you ever dreamed of, as I know you never saw anything like it. It is about 20 miles long by 10 broad; the surface is hilly, almost mountainous, some of them as high as 3000 feet above the level of the sea, clothed in a summer foliage, such as is only seen in tropical climates, the year round. You see growing here the tall Cocoa Nut Palm, a hundred feet without a twig or leaf and then branching out in a sort of branch, melon vine, while the fruit is oblong and weighs from eight to fifteen pounds, and is much esteemed by the natives. I don't fancy it much; but the Pineapples they get me, every time, they grow in abundance; then they grow rice, or Paddy as they call it before it is hulled, always in all the hollows or ground where they can flow it with fresh water, as rice can only be grown where they can flow it; it looks when growing very much like a field of wheat just before it heads out, the most beautiful green you ever saw, while round the edges of the island where the salt water flows, there grows the dark green Mangrove, which I think is a species of laurel. So you see what a second Paradise this is in the way of productions; nearly everything grows spontaneous.—Then you can have a good climate if you like to go up to the hills; there you sleep with a blanket over you the year round, while down at the coast you would lie out doors without covering of any kind and not be uncomfortable. As we broke down, and were towed back and remained there ten days, I had a good chance to look it over. Three miles out from the town is what they call the Cascade, a beautiful, clear stream of water that comes tumbling down the hill 2,500 feet in half a mile, presenting the nicest waterfall on any of the straits islands. At the foot a bathing establishment is erected, where we used to often resort during my stop there. This water supplies the town, and also the ships which stop here. There is considerable trade done with Penang, especially with England. Although the trade is in few European hands, there are only some 35 or 40 full blooded Europeans there, while there are a good many Portugese and mixed blood, and perhaps 20,000 Chinese, Klings, Malays, and the d——l knows what. I had a good time, and was treated very handsomely by the people there. I had letters to some mercantile houses, who each invited me out to dine—we would call it tea—as it comes at ½ past 6 or 7 P. M. And you may believe me when I say they look well to the creature comforts—wines of the choicest brands, meats of the daintiest kinds, and fruits, of course, in abundance.

I also made the acquaintance of the American Consul here, Mr. Baine, a Scotchman by birth, but an old merchant of Penang, and who understands American matters very well, and looks after our interest very satisfactorily. With him I liked to stay there. He is quite a botanist, and has many rare specimens of flowers and shrubs, and I procured some nice specimens which I think will please cousin ——. As I could do no business there, the rattans being of too poor a quality for our use, I made myself quite happy, driving and tramping about. I went one day to see the big tree eleven miles away on the southern part of the island. What species of tree it is I was unable to learn, but it is a rouser, sure. peans, and some of them live in real European style and manner. I had a fellow-passenger on board the steamer *Behar*, who was on his way to Hong Kong, China—a Mr. Sassoon, who had 1,500 cases of opium on board worth $1,000 per case. A nice, social chap he was, too. The next are the Portaguese and their descendents, who are quite numerous. The Europeans, made up of about equal numbers of English, French, and Dutch—only about 2,500, all told. There are not more than a score of native Americans in the place, yet a great deal is done on American acct. This is the great central depot for all the Straits Islands, being as it is mid way between China and Calcutta, Bombay and all the Indies and having a magnificent harbor where the navies of the whole world can ride at anchor; and all vessels trading between America and Europe and China touch here. Here, too, all the great mail steamers plying between China, Japan and the far East, have their docks for repairing and their depots for coaling and general supplies; so you see we have arrivals and departures of steamers for some place daily. We have four European mails each month, two by the French and two by the English line. To show you the extent of commerce I need only to say we have in the harbor at the present time 184 square rigged vessels and this does not include the native craft by which mostly all the coasting is carried on.

We are located but one degree South of the Equator, but being entirely surrounded by water and having some pretty high grounds at the back of the island, it is always comfortable nights. No one thinks of going about much in the heat of the day, certainly not unless he has an umbrella over his head. We have copious showers of rain at this season nearly every day, accompanied by thunder and lightning in right western style. This is the time of the change in the Monsoon from south west where it has been blowing from for the last six months to the north-east where it will blow from for six months to come with very trifling deviations. The natives take advantage of these winds and load their junks and come up just before the change, stop a month, dispose of their cargo and take the fair wind back again—like the old lady who prayed the wind might change before she went back so she would not have to *face* it,—thus they make but two trips a year each way.

The soil and productions of the island are very much the same as those of Penang before described, except we have an addition to the forest in the renowned Bunyan tree with its hundred trunks, in fact, each tree is a miniature grove. The main trunk grows up from about 15 to 20 feet and the limbs branch out and directly you see the little tendrils begin to hang down like icicles, some of them almost as fine as hair and as soon as they reach the ground they take root and so on *ad finitum* a half an inch, but it was at one plastered over on the outside. Now to the white ants—they followed up that track actually *cutting a pathway along the hard brick and solid granite* and got to the roof, and in *three weeks time ate plates, rafters and all to a pulp* so it fell in. Men of veracity tell me they have had cases of goods completely destroyed in a single night by them.—They tell a good story of one of the early treasurers of the British East India Company whose cash account was found to be minus several thousand dollars; he wrote home in explanation that it must be the work of the *white ant*—as all cash in bank is kept in Mexican dollars it was hardly believed.

Then there are any quantity of lizards You may see them on the walls of the porch and often on the ceilings of the room, gliding along with as much ease as a fly and as quick as a flash of lightning, almost. As A. W. says of his Kangaroo, they are "frolicksome cusses," but I have not learned to admire them yet, quite so near me, though I believe this specie is perfectly harmless.

Then you have only to go ten miles to the interior of the island to find game worthy the old pioneers Daniel Boone or David Crocket. No man's life is a moment safe in the jungle alone, at even that distance there is danger. The Royal Bengal Tiger is no myth here, I assure you. About one native daily is picked off by the savage brutes, it is calculated even now. I have not heard of any European ever being killed, although a number have had a very narrow escape. They decoy them into pits sometimes, but they are hard to trap. The Government pays a bounty of $50 for every head. There is an old Kentuckian here known as the Tiger Slayer. He is a sort of half horse, half alligator and stripe of man, but one who never misses his aim which is the great thing in tiger shooting. The last one he killed, only a few days ago, just as she was in the air springing upon him, he sent the ounce of lead him into the right ear of the brute; but you see a novice could not do that, he would be troubled with something worse than the "Buck Fever" that we used to tell about. A high hill in the center of the island called in native parlance "Bok a Terna" which means Tin Hill, being filled with tin ore, that is a great haunt for them, and the straits are so narrow they swim over from the main land so there is no clearing them out.

In the way of amusement we have among the Europeans about the same as at home, Cricket, Yachting and Horse Racing are carried on to a lively extent. The racing horses are all English horses but the most of driving horses are the native pony—a smooth, clean limbed, little nag not much larger than your Indian ponies but much nicer. They work the Buffalo some to bring in the produce on the Gambier and Sugar plantations a

which is in reality onty the stem of the leaf, ten of fifteen feet long making a top like an umbrella, and nestling among these leaves at the top like potatoes in a hill are the cocoa nuts, perhaps 50 full grown ones at a time, then there are smaller ones at different stages of growth that keep ripening monthly. The trunk of the tree is about 18 to 24 inches in diameter. The natives have a peculiar way of climbing them; they tie their ancles together by means of a green hide thong, say leaving them six inches asunder and then clapping their bare feet each side of the trunk and closing it in their arms, they literally *walk* up the tree, going about two feet to a stride, and when they come down they do so by the run, *slide* down it.—Then there is the "Beetle Nut Palm" which only grows the size of six inches in diameter, and just as clean and straight as an arrow; the top is similar to the cocoa nut, only it bears the same proportion to it that a parasol does to an umbrella, and instead of cocoa nuts, it produces clusters of Beetle nuts which are about the shape and size of a large acorn. Mother used to have one about her curiosity box, which I remember very well, but did not know what it was then. The natives split them up and make a kind of paste of them and put the leaf of the Beetle vine with it and chew it. Men and women Malays chew, and nearly all the Eastern nations use it so; it makes a worse looking mouth than tobacco, for it turns the teeth red and makes the saliva look like brick dust wet up. Then they are used in Europe for dying purposes considerably. Altogether they form an important article of commerce. Then there is the Bananas or Plantains, I don't think you ever saw any of the fruit, but father can describe it to you perhaps, better than I can. The shrub or plant it grows on, is shaped like an Eelecampane leaf as much as anything I know of, only twenty times as large, say from the tips of the leaf to the base is sometimes twenty feet and eighteen inches and two feet broad, while the fruit grows in clusters on a stalk that shoots up from the center of the cluster, a very fine fruit it is, and very healthy. "Orange trees are blooming on this sunny shore;" this is an evergreen, also, of the darkest hue, and has blossoms, green fruit half grown, and ripe fruit on the tree at the same time. Then there is the "Pomelo" a fruit growing the size of a cocoa nut, rind like an orange, a delicious fruit. The "Sour Sap" which looks like a cantelope musk-melon, but not so good, I don't think, and the Bread fruit which makes very good eating and tastes not unlike a doughnut when first cooked; it is usual to fry it as you do fish. Then there is the Jack fruit, a peculiar kind of fruit indeed, grows on the side of the Jack tree from a little stem not larger than a water-I measured the diameter at the base, and it 10 feet through, and 100 feet to a limb, I should think, and holds its bigness very well. You stick a knife into it, and the milk or gum oozes out white and thick. I suppose it is a species of cork wood.

The soil of the hills is a dark red color—they say it is decomposed granite—and produces very well. The jungles are so thick you find it impossible to get through until the pathway is cut, and snakes, and flies, and mosquitoes are ready to make a meal of you as soon as you get into their dominion, while troops of monkeys chatter and shin around among the trees overhead, and parots and other gaudy colored birds hop about among the branches. So much for Penang. I shall ever retain pleasant memories of thee.

From Panang to Singapon is about 360 miles. I was fortunate to get a passage in the gun boat H. M. N. We keep down along the Malacca coast, passing through the straits of McCullum, and the straits of Singapon, where we double the most southern point of Asia, called in the native tongue "Tangon Bollus." Singapon is an island in the straits of same name between the Malacca peninsula and the island of Sagan. Singapon is but a comparatively small island, being only 26 miles long by 18 broad. The city is located on the south-easterly side of the island, and contains about 200,000 souls. Yes, I suppose they have all got souls, but you would hardly think it to look at some of them. All the nations on earth, I think, may be found represented here. The thick-lipped, wooly-headed "Seedy Boy," as they call the full blooded African, with his burly form and muscles like a ox; the Malay, a little, well built chap, straight hair black as a raven's wing and eye like a serpent. Then the Klings, as they call the mixed races of Malays and Hindostan-men. They are good looking men, too; but they shave the entire head. They are the men who peddle most. You may see one of them in a place here buying 3,000 or 4,000 dollars' worth of clothes and prints on three or four months' credit, and he will not be clothed in anything but two yards of brown cotton tied about his loins. Then comes the Chinese, who are the great citizens and merchants of the East. They out-number the native population by far. They collect all the goods of the native traders, and from them all Europeans get their supplies, and they make them pay a round profit, too, I can tell you. A Yankee can't keep in sight of a Chinaman in the way of sharp practice. Then there are a small number of higher caste Klings called "Parsees" they are the Crœsuses of the land, and count their dollars by the *Lac*—a *Lac* is a hundred thousand. They are the opium traders, the "Heavy Dorgs;" they dress approaching the Euro-*ad libitum*. There is one tree of this species in Calcutta said to be the largest in India, whose spreading branches will afford shade to nearly 2,000 men. Just imagine two full regiments of the "Boys in blue" beneath the shade of a single tree. I used to think it was rather *fishy* when I read of it in the old Geography, but I have no longer any doubt of it. It seems like a dream to me, the fact that it is almost December and even now you dwellers in the good old Badger Commonwealth are shaking out your thick coats and handling the pitch-fork foddering the cows, while here I sit with all my windows open, nothing on but my pojommas, the fragrance of orange blossoms and pine apple wafted in on the breeze. Think of it my dear boy receiving your invitation to a Christmas dinner under an orange tree in full bloom. I can't have it so. I must be asleep,—it's the 4th of July to me,—but no that surely is not so for where is the old Stars and Stripes that always greet the morn of the nation's birth at home, and better yet, where are the "daughters of the virgin soil"—"our free born Yankee girls." Alas! they are not here, at least but three or four, I think there are four American women, married ones though, in this place. One rarely sees a woman on the street. Chinese and Malay women rarely ever go on the street, yet you do see them occasionally. They are extremely modest and shy appearing.—The best-looking ones I have seen are the Maddras girls; though they are black as ebony, yet they have splendid forms, and very regular features, thin lips and bright eyes, although I can't say much in favor of the mode they take of improving their beauty: i. e. of not only wearing jewelry in their ears but also in each side of their nose. As Holmes says, "just think of a muse with a ring in his nose." Ye Gods! It knocks all the poetry out of me at first sight, but mayhap I'll get accustomed to it and like it yet. If I do, as Artemus says, "I'll get *Betsey* to try it."

But all this goes down to the credit side of the place. Like everything else there's another side. We have here all kinds of vermin, reptiles and "varmints" as the Kentuckian would say. One, the smallest and most distinctive of all is the *white ant*. You would think I was trying to munchausen you if I was to tell you half they do. They are in every crack and crevice. All the warehouses are obliged to have a cemented floor and cemented walls to keep them out. I saw myself, the new St. Andrews Church built only two years ago of bricks, modeled after Netley Abbey in England, finished in splendid style, but the land on which it was built was not very firm and the end on which the tower was built settled more than the other, causing the walls to crack from foundation to roof, in the widest place it opened about little distance from town, but all the envoying and transfer of goods about the city is done on the backs of coolies. You will see them carrying beef or pork or anything in fact. Anything too heavy for one take on his shoulders they put a rattan rope or sling around and two of them take it up and away with it. They are very strong and muscular. I have seen two of them carrying barrels of beef all day long and when night came receive ten cents for their day's work. It is because this native labor is so cheap that they do not use more oxen; but then a Chinese cooley lives almost upon rice and two cents will keep him in daily grub handsomely.

They are a very singular race of beings; they all have their Gods in their own houses, or Joshes, as they call them; then they have public temples, or Josh Houses, where all go to talk to Josh. It is usually only a mere daub of paint or a wooden image of a fat Chinaman, and before this they keep the Josh stick burning nearly all the time. They have the most implicit faith in their Gods. If one of them is sick he goes to his Josh, and if he gets an idea that Josh means him to die, he seems to be perfectly happy,—stretches himself down to die in a manner to shame a christian. Their manner of criminal punishment is to cut off the head, and a Chinaman dislikes that, as he fears it will trouble Josh after death to find the right head for him; but they have little dread of being hung, and will march up to the scaffold as if it were a holiday; so I am told by those who know them well. But they are naturally very peaceable, and little disposed to get into difficulties. They are treacherous chaps, however. You may have had a boy with you from youth up, and some night he decamps with your jewelry, watch, money, and whatever he can carry away. They have an inordinate love for gambling, and will at any time risk their last *piece*—a cent—on the "hazard of a die."

The mode of living differs some from what I have been accustomed to. We do our business in the middle of the day, and use the cool of the evening and morning for exercise. I'll give you a sketch—rise at 6, first thing is to take a bath, then the servant brings you a cup off coffee and a piece of bread and butter, after which you take your pony and gallop along the beach, or about the country until nine o'clock when you take breakfast and then to your office. You have your Chinese servant, and whatever you want to buy, the China merchant brings you samples of, and you buy all by sample, and sit in your office and transact all your business. At one o'clock you lunch, at half-past six you dine, and at nine o'clock coffee and cigars. This is the regular routine. There are many other interesting matters I wish to write, but reserve them for another time.

Hastily and Affectionately, your Brother,
C. W., 2d.

INTERESTING CORRNSPONDENCE.

Epistolary Set-to between Gordon E. Cole and Ignatius Donnelly.

COLE DRAWS FIRST BLOOD BUT DONNELLY GETS FIRST KNOCK-DOWN.

Affectionate and Friendly Reminescences.

Letter from Gordon E. Cole.

The following is Hon. Gordon E. Cole's reply to Mr. Donnelly's "Letter to the People:"

FARIBAULT, Sept. 19, 1867.

MR. DONNELLY: I have read with interest your "Letter to the People," in which you, with unmerited kindness, have travelled very far out of your way to pay me the compliment of having opposed the soldier's voting bill, which was passed to secure your election. I believe that I was opposed to the measure, although the item of my hanging around the legislature with an opinion in my pocket, is one of those pleasant little fictions with which you have, since the political accident which resulted in your election, amused your constituents. Yes, I well remember when we were both members of the Administration of Governor Ramsey (who I am surprised to see you don't appear to like) the patriotic manner in which you then insisted that if the bill was not passed, Major Cullen would carry the district, which you then regarded as a great calamity.

It was, at the time, you remember, my dear Donnelly, that you persuaded our friend Governor Ramsey to hire a top buggy and send you as a sort of Minister Plenipotentiary to St. Peter, lest Major Cullen and his rangers should outflank you in the coming election. It was a very unnecessary danger into which you then so heroically rushed, although I confess that the dispatches which you sent us back, if of no great benefit to the State, or injury to the Sioux, would, by the graphic and glowing description of savage atrocities, which were related to you by the refugees whom you met on the way, have served to amuse us who remained in peaceful security at home, if the refugees had not reached us before the dispatches did.

By these means you were elected, and the soldiers voting bill, in addition to its inherent infirmities, has borne its share of the heavy responsibility of the result.

But, seriously, my dear D., your letter has recalled not only yourself to my mind, whom I had almost forgotten, but many reminiscences of your career, and of our pleasant intercourse. For instance, you wrote me once, kindly tendering me your support for the coming convention. I replied that I accepted your friendship as *frankly* as it was offered. I afterwards discovered, you know, that you were industriously at work to induce another gentleman in my county to run against me.

I thought that letter of mine very discreet, you see; "I knew you not wisely but too well."

But my dear *Ig.*, is it possible you don't like Ramsey? How times have changed! Don't you remember how you loved him when he was a candidate for the Senate? How you used to come to his room and get all his plans out of his private secretary, while professing that undying friendship of which you possess so much, and go and communicate them to your other dear friend, Colonel Aldrich; but then, you know, you told the Governor some of the Colonel's secrets, so that made it even.

I didn't tell you much, and you didn't ask me, you remember. We knew each other too well. There is nothing like a good understanding between friends.

But speaking of the Senatorial contest reminds me of the remarks you make about the St. Paul *Press*. What has occurred to create a coldness between you and your old friends? You cannot fail to recollect how kindly you pledged the *Press* your support for State printer, and with characteristic facility transferred your influence to the *Union*. Surely you ought to be Joe's friend. I remember assuring him then of your character, but he, like others, chose to learn by experience.

With reference to ourselves I am aware that a trancient coldness clouded our affection at one time because I did not choose to advise the Governor that when he had occasion to go to dinner it occasioned a vacancy in the Gubernatorial chair, which the public interest required should be promptly filled by the Lieutenant Governor, with the title of Governor *ad interim*. But the Governor knowing your wishes kindly yielded to them. If you filled the vacancy, or least, if you didn't quite fill it, you did the best you could at it, and boasted modestly among your acquaintances that all the good acts of his administration were done at these intervals by yourself, and all the bad ones, which included whatever was done in your absence, by the Governor "*in propria persona*."

But that shadow which for a brief period clouded our loves has passed away, and I am glad to see by your letter to the people that we are friends again. I am also glad to see how much you love the people. They are good fellows indeed; I love them myself; they are so confiding, credulous and unsophisticated, and believe so readily all the letters that are addressed to them, that who could help loving them.

By the way, Donnelly, did it ever occur to you to be a candidate for the United States Senate? Now, why sdould you not try it? Ramsey is getting old, and has confined himself to such humdrum matters as legislating for the good of the nation, and getting acts passed for the benefit of the State, such as anybody might have thought of; but, good gracious, Donnelly, he has no brilliancy of conception. Now, if he had lived a hundred years, he never would have thought of that tree scheme of yours, of making Cannon river navigable for gunboats. Then, again, Ramsey has signally failed on one thing, which is more serious than all. I have reason to suspect that when he promises his friends office of any kind he really means to keep his promises, and tries to do so. Now you and I know, Donnelly, that this will never do for a successful politician. Then you know everybody says he would make a poor Governor except when the Governor *ad interim* performed his duties. I would try it; I don't know, but I think you would get some votes. I know a great many people who say they would like to have you try it, and that if you will they will *go* for you.

Oh, I had almost forgotten one thing, (as this is a familiar epistle between friends, you will, I know, excuse its rambling style,) you hit our friend Cornell nicely—for I suppose you mean him—when you speak of the possibility of a Railroad attorney being elected Attorney General. I am glad you did that; it will help *our* candidate Gordon, whom the *Pioneer* calls "thundering," although if Fisher had been up in his Latin he would have said Jupiter Tonans, which would have been prettier and more classical. You know how you and our amiable friend Dr. Foster, whom everybody loves, beat the Cornell and Baldwin clique and the regular Republican nominees in Hennepin county last fall, and elected that illustrious Pole, John Seboskiah! There was a triumph for you; and don't you remember that little joke at the last State Convention, when our friend Gordon, between whom and myself there was then a little coolness, moved to make my nomination unanimous! That beat me; of course you knew nothing about it. My friend, they call you Ignatius Loyola; they intimate that you are a Jesuit. How absurd! Do I not know you to be the soul of honor! Ignatius Loyola lived in an age when the arts had by no means reached their perfection.

But why descend to particulars? As well attempt the enumeration of the stars in the heavens as the kindred exploits which have illuminated your Congressional career.

The shadows of your own forests, about to spring up in the deserts of the West, were not more profound than the mysterious policy that controls your political acts. The tranquil flow of the Cannon, before the surface is ruffled with the prows which the inventive spirit of your genius is about to launch upon their bosom, is not more facile than the easy transfer of your allegiance, or the shadowy neutrality of your promises.

Your friends have listened to your honeyed words.

Your letters are read and admired by your constituents.

May those sterling qualities of brain and heart which hrve served you so well in the past, carry onward and upward your prosperous fortunes to that success which you have so assuredly deserved.

Admiringly thine,

G. E. COLE.

A Reply to Gordon E. Cole.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 13, 1867.

MR. DEAR COLE:—Your tender and affectionate epistle to me, so kindly published by the St. Paul *Press*, [which is evidently trying to rally around Gov. Marshall all the public men of the State, so as to make his already assured success brilliant with an enormous majority,] is just received. I paid five cents for a copy of the paper and consider it a good investment.

Your letter, my dear Cole, is redolent of that gushing, frank, amiable and generous spirit which has always distinguished you even more than the blueness of your coat and the brassiness of your buttons; a costume which by the way, was formerly affected by Mr. Daniel Webster, whom you strikingly resemble in several other particulars.

Your pleasant allusions to our past intercourse have touched all the tender chords of my memory.

Can I ever forget that time when we worked together, you as Attorney General and I as Lieut. Governor, under that great man and profound statesman, Alex. Ramsey, the frankness of whose character has won for him the designation of Bluff Aleck. Ah, "honest, honest Iago!" At the very commencement of his term, ere his graceful contour had yet increased its temperature in the gubernatorial chair, he wrote to you for your opinion as Attorney General, whether I, as Lieutenant Governor, had any right to act as Governor during his absence from the State, and you, my dear Cole, gave it as your opinion that I had no such right.

Neither of you deemed it necessary to inform me of that question or that decision. Conscious of the gushing abandon of your own confiding nature, and the sweet frankness of Mr. Ramsey's character I am now somewhat surprised at this.

But Mr. Ramsey stuck the opinion in his pigeon hole, and when he was about to leave the State summoned me by letter to St. Paul to act as Governor during his absence. I came, and for many months enjoyed the sweet refreshment of your society and the large per diem provided by law for my services.

In 1862, after having thus served at intervals during two years, I was a candidate for Congress, and you were desirous of "going for me." Shall I ever forget that day when the State Auditor came to me to obtain my signature as Governor *ad interim* to bills amounting to several thousand dollars? As usual I signed them and as usual they were paid. On the same day I called at the Treasurer's office to receive my pay for one week's service, amounting to $36, and the smiling Deputy Treasurer kindly told me that, in consequence of an opinion on file in the Governor's office, I had no right to act as Governor and could not receive any pay.

Feeling the touching tribute which you had thus rendered me, I went at once to the State Auditor and asked him for the bills I had that morning signed, and when they were handed me I tore my signature off them, and told the Auditor I had reached the logical conclusion that if I had no right to my pay as Governor *ad interim*, I had no right to sign those bills; and that if my signature was not good for $36 for myself, it certainly could not be good for several thousand dollars for somebody else; and that, tenderly as I loved you, I should be compelled to ask for a lock of your hair and a few of your front teeth, tear myself from your affectionate embrace, return to the bosom of my family and let the State run itself!

"Then there was hurrying in hot haste." You were in somewhat of a perplexity, my dear Cole, for the war was raging and I was busy supervising the raising of a regiment, while Alexander was disporting his fair form and exhibiting his manly proportions to the other statesman of the country in the far East; not precisely in the way he exhibited them to the Sons of Malta, but in such wise that he might build up that national reputation which he has since achieved.

The difficulty with you, my dear Cole, was to make your "little point" against me, and at the same time not expose the pleasing incident to the people. At last, with a flash of your own peculiar genius, you solved the problem. You made a new decision. You decided that although I had no right to act as Governor, nevertheless my acts were valid and my *per diem* shall be paid.

On this lucid showing I continued to exercise the office of Governor. I again signed the bills. I drew my per diem with great regularity, and our charming intercourse continued unbroken.

Shall I ever forget that other pleasant incident arising out of this same subject?

"Bluff Aleck" wrote me one day to come at once to the State Capitol, as he was about to go up the Minnesota Valley to the Indian payment, and would be gone for a few days. I felt like that celebrated member of the Irish Parliament, Sir Boyle Roche, when he said: "Mr. Speaker, I smell a rat—I see him floating in the air—but by the blessing of God, I will yet nip him in the bud."

I came to St. Paul. One shoddy contract had already been consummated upon the 1st Regiment. The cloth of the pants furnished was of such fine quality that it was said that when the regiment made a charge over a fence, there was such a display of white flags that the enemy thought the regiment had surrendered in a body. This naturally led to remonstrance, and some of the soldiers were profane, my dear Col. They thought it more important to protect their rear than to keep open their lines of communication.

As soon as I reached St. Paul I discovered that a new contract was about to be made for some more of those valuable goods, and that it was to be done under my temporary administration. I felt confident, of course, that "Bluff Aleck" would come out, in case any complaint was made, and assume the whole responsibility of the transaction. So to save *him* "I put my foot down," as good Mr. Lincoln would say, and "squelched" the whole thing, and compelled the publication of an advertisement for bidders, and the awarding of the contract to the lowest bidder. You remember all about this, my dear General; of course you do!

You allude to another thing. You say I "boasted" (why use so harsh a term in such affectionate correspondence?) that all the "good acts" of Gov. Ramsey's administration were done by me, and all the bad ones by him. This was very natural, and probably true. You see, my dear Cole, the point was here: When the matter was one simply of hard work, I had it to do; whenever it was one of glory and credit, the Governor attended to it. It was a very equitable adjustment, very much like nominating bond candidates for the anti-bond men to elect.

For instance: The Governor was at Washington when the war broke out. Filled with the spirit which prompted Artemus Ward to offer all his brothers-in law and all his wife's cousins on the altar of his country, the Governor rushed wildly to the White House and tendered a regiment for the war; and the act was hearlded as one of unprecedented patriotism. At the same time he telegraphed me: "Issue a proclamation calling for troops in my name!" Here you see the pleasant little fiction! I was Governor to do the work; I was not Governor to take any of the honors. I declined the the modest suggestion, and issued the proclamalion in my own name.

Then again, the Governor strictly enjoined me to work hard at raising the regiments, but in no event to make any of the appointments.

I knew his motive in this: He wished to save me from the complaints which always follow the distribution of patronage. [He has taken the same generous course lately. From purely unselfish motives he has relieved me of all share of the Federal patronage in this State, lest it might embarrass or distress me.] Narrow-minded men said that he was using these regimental offices as a means to secure his election to the United States Senate, but you and I who are well acquainted with the purity and simplicity of the Governor's character knew this to be a slander.

You also refer, my dear Cole, to the pleasant occasion when the Governor and Mr. Aldrich were competitors for the United States Senate. You omitted to supply some important facts.

In the previous fall, (1862) there were two candidates before the Republican Convention of this District for the nomination for Congress, viz: Hon. James Smith, jr., of St. Paul, and myself. I was supported by Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Smith was supported by Mr. Aldrich'a friends! This to some extent complicated the issne. In the midst of the contest Mr. David Heaton, Mr. Bassett, Dr. Reiner and other friends of Governor Ramsey called upon me, and proffered their support on condition that I would remain neutral in the pending Senatorial contest. This pledge I made and I faithfully lived up to it; and as a consequence my relations remained unbroken with the friends of both candidates. Had I been one of your ill-filled-out, shad-bellied, narrow-minded malignant cusses, with a face like a last year's persimmon and a hand like a dead mackerel, I should probably have repelled the civilities of both parties, but being like yourself, of a genial, generous and affectionate temper, full of the rich juices of a kindly nature, I strove, while keeping out of the fight, to remain on pleasant terms with both parties, and this led to some misconceptions which I am glad to see you laboring to remove.

Now, my dear Cole, as to another point: You make a pleasant suggestion about my being a candidate for the U. S. Senate and you assure me you will "go for me." I never doubted it, my dear Cole. It is just like you. You went for Norton, and to-day who shall say that your handiwork does not reflect the credit upon you. Yes, my dear General, the country owes you that debt of gratitude. It outweighs even the trifling error of your head and heart in opposing the right of the soldiers to vote.

I am the more touched by your generous offer of support, because I had supposed that as a friend of Mr. Norton you would naturally support Mr. Ramsey. All the Federal office holders appointed by Mr. Norton are supporting Mr. Ramsey. And why should they not? Were they not confirmed by him? And is not Alexander of a kindred spirit with Daniel? Did he not vote against free schools in the South, and in favor of paying the rebel office holders appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury, and who could not take the oath of office prescribed by law? Did he not dine with Andy Johnson while other men spurned his invitation with contempt? And while not prominent in the councils of the nation is he not strong on contracts and heavy on appointments?

Now a word or two, my dear Cole, in your private ear:

I am not a candidate for the United States Senate, and I am "going for" Alexander Ramsey, and for these reasons:

1. He has turned all my friends out of office.

2. He has confirmed all of Dan. Norton's appointees, now holding office in this State.

3. He is by nature a Radical of the Radicals, and if re-elected for six years he could be depended upon in any new contingency where nerve, candor, and Radical instincts were required.

4. He removed W. L. Wilson while in the actual exercise of the duties of his office as Assessor of this District—and Wilson deserved it! Is he not a natural Abolitionist, who was rotton-egged some years ago, and did he not have the effrontery to entertain Fred. Douglas at his own house? Served him right, Aleck! If Minnesota had been located a thousand miles farther South, Wilson would have been tared and feathered—here he was simply removed!

5. He, Gov. Ramsey, has labored diligently for the renomination of Gov. Marshal in spite of the virulent opposition of every bond-holder in the State, who feel that his election would be a fearful calamity to them!!

For all these reasons I shall "go for" Gov. Ramsey. So take your characteristic coat with the idiosyncratic buttons and help me to elect him. We shall win, we have all the State officers, all the bond-holders, and all the Federal office holders to help us, to say nothing of our friend Dan. Norton! How can we fail? Why, between you and I, we can bring even old Andy into the work.

Now, one word in conclusion. Write me a few more letters, Gordon. They are good. They help to harmonize the party. Governor Marshall's friends want me to "take the stump," and I am greatly inclined to do so. But I don't think he will need much aid. He has the anti-bond men and the temperance men all right, and if Governor Ramsey can only be induced to keep this side of the "big woods," and make one of his rousing and brilliant campaigns, Marshall will be elected by fifteen thousand majority.

So go ahead, my dear Cole. Continue to pour oil on the troubled waters; in fact, "rub it in." It will act like Croton oil, and bring all the inflamation to the surface.

In the meantime I am, with sentiments of the tenderest regard, your friend,

IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

P. S.—Do you really think you are right in stating that Mr. Cornell is a "railroad candidate," and that I "hit him nicely" in my "Letter to the People,' when I said that an effort would be made to elect one of Selah Chamberlain's attorneys, who would sell out the people on the bond question. I meant *you*, my dear Cole; but it may be important to have it clearly understood that the "hit" applies with equal "nicety" as you say, to Mr. Cornell. Ah! Gordon, you have a happy faculty of making "points."

Again yours affectionately. I. D.

A New Yorker's Visit to Minneapolis--Jacoby's Art Gallery in Particular.

I visited, in my ramifications about Minnesota state, and especially Minneapolis, the splendid Art Gallery of W. H. Jacoby, for the first time, and did so from a feeling of curiosity, too, and I must truly say I was forcibly struck with surprise and astonishment to see the large amount of business done at this place in the Fine Art line, and all of the first class type, too. I found colored photographs here that will surpass anything in New York, or in the United States.

I did not contemplate sitting for a picture when I started out, but my love for good work, square work, &c., over-pursuaded me to change my mind. I didn't for once suppose that a good picture could be procured, or taken, so far from the "hub." As I before stated, I was astonished, so much so that I was really inclined to sit for another picture; so after waiting about two hours for Jacoby to work off no less than two dozen previous engagements, consisting of five ladies and gentleman, I was politely asked by one of the gentlemanly artists if they could do anything pleasing for me in the picture line. I stated that I had been looking with pleasure at the great number of pictures, views, &c., and had not contemplated sitting, but I had changed my mind, and would sit and get a picture that I could with pleasure show to our good artists in New York. Upon this Mr. Jacoby advanced and commenced conversing with me, and among other things asked if I was a resident of New York. I told him I was. I then presented him my card of introduction, as hailing from one of the largest wholesale grocery houses of New York. Here again was I surprised for I expected to see some (slight at least) surprise would be delineated in the smiling, congenial countenance of Jacoby, but on the contrary he appeared perfectly easy and free to state he would be pleased to produce a picture for me if I wished, yet an order from New York was not common, yet they were frequent. I consented to have him produce me a picture, and after taking my seat in the operating chair, he very affably informed me if the picture was satisfactory, I could take it with me, if not, he would keep it as a memento that one human being had set and he had produced an unsatisfactory picture, and he would place it in the archives of his gallery as such. After sitting just thirteen seconds, I was politely informed that in two hours I could return and I should have a finished picture of myself. So that at the end of the time specified I went for my picture, and I must here state, after having had thousands of picture of myself taken in all the different forms of the art, I was more astonished than ever. This picture completely outstripped all former attempts for life-like delineative distinctness ever attempted on my phiz. I took some four dozen of photographs, sent them mostly to New York, and I am in receipt of many and many a letter like this:

DEAR ED.: Where did you get those pictures? Did you take them with you? Oh! how splendid, &c., &c.

W. H. Jacoby is a gentleman, and he is a thorough mechanic; he has introduced many improvements under Letters Patent to the public, and has suggested many also to the Art association of New York. He is the first artist who produced the beautiful colored picture as taken on watch dials, that would stand the test of time, rubbing, &c. These are beautiful Chinese pictures, and when taken as Jacoby can take them, will be as durable as those beautiful fancy pictures frequently seen on our fine porcelain ware. The public are requested to look at New York papers and see what is there said of W. H. Jacoby's pictures, views, &c., &c.

ED. NEW YORKER.

First Impressions of a Man from New York, N. Y.—Minneapolis in General, and Beal's Branch Gallery in Particular.

Editor Minneapolis Tribune:

I have been here, and still remain. I have ramified largely in the State of Minnesota, and especially at "the seat of destiny," where to my unspeakable joy and unbounded gratification, I at last succeeded in gaining the interior of the gorgeous apartments popularly known as "Beal's Branch Gallery"—Art Gallery—*fine* Art Gallery. I was forcibly hit—that is, struck, by finding myself in the centre—that is the middle—of an apartment furnished in a style which excels in splendor the palaces of the old world, and upon the walls my eyes were greeted with rare visions of loveliness, to say nothing of the many elaborate tin-types, &c. I went in from curiosity, and went out from the front door, but not until I had made many observations. Sixteen men and a small boy, with coats off and hair parted in the middle, were actively engaged in producing people, two hundred and fifty-nine of whom, exclusive of infants, were in waiting. The talented artists were just fifteen minutes in grinding out the beautiful shadows of these two hundred and fifty-nine exclusive of infants, and after waiting a period of ten days that previous engagements might be filled, I was astonished at my own inclination to sit for a picture. I am from New York, N. Y. I didn't suppose that in this wooden country pictures could be made, but before me were specimens superior to any ever exhibited upon the inhabitable globe. No inhabitant of Africa or Hindoostan ever possessed a better. As I have said, I felt like squatting right down into an easy chair and being transmogrified, and when one of the polished, or polishing artists approached and asked if he could please me, I immediately delivered an address—one I have used in New York, N. Y.,—of two hours and ten minutes, stating that I had been looking over his collection of pictures with an opera glass and a headache, and although when leaving my distant home I had no intention of "setting," I would at once "set" and procure a picture that I could show with pleasure and a stereoscope to artists in New York, N. Y. In conversation he asked if I was from New York, N. Y. I told him I was, and then presented my card of introduction as hailing from a mammoth hardware house; and representing that I had a father and a mother and a sister and a brother and they all got a living in the hardware line. I was not surprised to see that it "knocked him," it was too much for human nature, and the small boy was sent up the back staire for Beal, who shortly arrived. I thought he would be upset, too, but when a youth of tender years, he had seen a man from New York, N. Y., and he appeared very affable and congenial, smiling pleasantly. He said he could "secure the substance before the shadow faded," if I wished, "yet orders from New York, N. Y. were not common, yet they were frequent." Attracted by the "magnet of the west;" I occupied the "seat of destiny" for just one-thirteenth of a second, when Beal blandly informed me that it was all right, and two-thirteenths of a second afterwards, he placed in my hands twenty-five elegant photographs of myself—life size, and finished in oil. I have "set" a great many times, in every portion of the known world; in Europe, Asia and Africa; on Pike's Peak (very uncomfortable) and the Rocky Mountains generally, and more recently upon an iceberg in our new possessions of Alaska, for native artists, but the result at the Seat of Destiny beats them all. Fourteen hundred of these photographs I have sent to New York, N. Y., to my intimate friends, and am daily in receipt of letters like the following:

"DEAR JUGHANDLE: Where did you get that thing of "joy which is a beauty forever"—those pictures! How perfectly delicious they are! As natural as life! any one of them will speak! Your photos have been invited out to tea repeatedly, and are just like you! One would suppose it was really yourself, only they are superior to you in conversational powers. Your wife is charmed and hardly knows which she likes best, though I think her preference is for the picture. &c., &c."

A. H. Beal is a gentleman, to say nothing of his being a brick, and the world is indebted to him for many Patent Letters. The Art Association of New York, N. Y., was founded by him, and it was Beal who first discovered and brought to perfection the art of photography. He can produce beautiful colored pictures upon your boot, if you desire, and his Chinese pictures upon stove pipe hats, are incomparable. The public are requested to look at the records of the last century, and see what is there said of Beal.

JONATHAN JUGHANDLE,
New York, N. Y.

P. S.—The above is written without Beal's knowledge or consent, but is a tribute to his intrinsic worth and cultivation as a gentleman, mechanic and artist; and his Original Art Gallery, on Washington avenue, is as far superior to the Branch Gallery of which we have been speaking, as is the brilliancy of Venus to the stars in the milky way.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

"They would scarcely believe him when he told them that when in Thurso, some time ago, he on one occasion saw six hundred people asleep in church."—*Speech of Dr. Guthrie, 20th of October.*

O'er their devoted heads
While the law thundered,
Snugly and heedlessly
Snored the six hundred.
Great was the preacher's theme;
Screwed on was all the steam
Could he disturb the dream
Of the six hundred.

Terrors to right of them,
Terrors to left of them,
Terrors in front of them—
Hell itself plunder'd
Of its most awful things,
All those grim awful things

Strong-minded preacher flings
At the dumbfounder'd,
Boldly he spoke and well;
All on deaf ears it fell,
Vain was his loudest yell,
Volley'd and thundered;
For, caring—truth to tell—
Neither for Heaven or Hell,
Snor'd the six hundred.

Still, with redoubled zeal,
Still he spoke onward,
And in a wild appeal,
Striking with hand and heal—
Making the pulpit reel,
Shaken and sunder'd—
Called them the Church's foes,
Threaten'd with endless woes—
Faintly the answer rose
(Proofs of their sweet repose)
From the united nose
Of the six hundred.

ELECTIONS. 1868

Individual Liberty and the Will of the Majority One and the Same.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

Most persons will see only a singular hardihood and recklessness as to facts, in the above proposition. Bold absurdity! Flat contradiction of terms! As though it were possible to reconcile individual will with majority will! Nonsense! How often do we have an opportunity even to vote for the man of our choice? Aow often even does the real choice of the majority get elected? About once in a dozen. A hat full of politicians (not a hat full of good honest brains in the lot) get together, concoct a ticket—a regular bolus—and then stuff the unsavory dose down the public throat. There is no escape—we must either bolt the pill or "bolt the ticket," and while the former may in part preserve our principles, and by the election of the prescribed ticket, seem to carry out the will of the majority—yet each really and equally outrages and sets aside the will both of the majority and individual, so far as relates to the men elected; and the latter usually defeats the principles of the majority also.

Turn it as as you will, the two principles named at the outset, cannot be wholly divorced, and whatever injures one, hurts the other also, more or less. Both, under our present system, are persecuted and in exile; both have deserved well of an ungrateful country and *in behalf of both* I appeal to my countrymen to do them justice.

The caucus system was an improvement upon its more aristocratic predecessor. It was a step towards "government by the people," but the politicians have worked into and entrenched themselves in its weak places, till the whole system "smells to heaven."

A radical change is demanded, and though a crusade against our established law may seem like a tilt at the windmills, yet, O, politicians! be ye warned in time, that Truth, Purity and Justice are the "coming men" in American politics, and he who strikes a blow in their behalf, shall surely not fall.

As before remarked, politics at present hath an offensive odor, and no one coming into its presence with unperverted nose, accustomed only to the daises and clover of rural retirement, can fail to notice the unmistakable *tang* of sewers and slaughter houses.

Ten per cent. of our best and purest men habitually keep aloof from politics, through mere disgust, and the sense of their inability to do any good under the present system. They feel that "the will of the people" is but a term of mockery. It is only when the people are in deadly and terrible earnest, that their voice reaches up to where laws are made.

Well, what are you going to do about it? That brings me to the point, and with your assistance, dear sir, I propose to do this:—abate the evils of the caucus system by digging out the foundation from under the whole thing, and thus—

1st. Allow the elector to place upon his ticket, below the name of the person who is his first choice, the name of one or more persons as alternates or second choice—no preference however to be indicated as between these alternates each being considered a second choice of the voter.

2d. In canvassing the votes; if one person as first choice has a majority over all others as first choice, he to be declared elected: but in case there is no one so elected, then the person *whose name is upon the greatest number of ballots* (either as first or second choice), shall be declared the choice of those ballots, and therefore elected.

Now let us on paper put the plan in force and observe its workings. We will suppose for instance that an excited canvass is in progress and the law passed, after the nominations and before the elections. The dominant party as usual has two wings (or, regardless of symmetry and anatomy, three or four perhaps) and a tail—each of which instead of behaving as an harmonious member should, acts in the most independent and discordant manner.

Mr. A was nominated at the regular convention, Mr. B, his competitor, cries "foul play" (as no doubt there was on both sides, and man never feels so badly as when beaten at his own trick,) and he organizes a bolt. Each faction works harder to defeat the other than the common enemy of both; each claims to be the strongest; each denounces the other as an irregular, disorganizing concern, playing into the hands of the copperopposition, I should say.

To make matters worse, a few shrewd politicians of the minority party have taken advantage of the temperance movement, and succeeded in putting a prohibition ticket in the field, whose candidate (Mr. C.) belongs to the dominant party, and who will draw at least three votes from that party to one from the minority. A railroad ticket headed by Mr. D. is also adroitly put forward for the purpose of still farther dividing the majority party, which, although numbering three-fourths of the voters, is morally certain of defeat in the election. Just here the new election bill passes. The canvass has become a bitter and personal one, but the majority electors have not forgotten their party, though they *will* vote for the leader of their faction at whatever cost. The election is held with the following result:

Mr. A. (Rep) 2d choice B.	5,000 votes
Mr. B. (Rep) 2d choice A.	4,000 "
Mr. C. (Rep) 2d choice A., D.	1,500 "
Mr. D. (Rep) 2d choice A, B, C.	1,500 "
Mr. C. (Rep) 2d choice E. (Dem).	400 "
Mr. D. (Rep) 2d choice E. (Dem).	400 "
Mr. E. (Dem) no 2d choice named	5,500 "
Total Poll.	18,300 "

Under the present system, Mr. E. would have been triumphantly elected. How stands it under the new law? There being no majority in favor of any one as first choice, we find that the name of Mr. A. is on 12,000 ballots.

Mr. B. has	10,500
Mr. C. has	3,400
Mr. D. has	3,400
Mr. E. has	6,300

And Mr. A., who represents more nearly the wishes of his party than any other, is elected, and the majority party wins as it ought to.

By this system every vote in the party has its full weight in determining the choice of the party, and also in sustaining that party against the opposing one. It does away with the expensive double election of the Crawford County system, and with the outrages and abuses of the caucus systen. Conventions would indeed be held, but only for consultation and advice. If one man stood prominent and above all others, he would be accepted without question. If the forces were pretty equally divided, the convention could not and ought not to decide. No bolt or quarrel could be made; no charges of foul dealing could be raised; each wing of the party would be at full liberty to do its best for its own candidate, assured that by so doing it would do its best also for the party.

It is always difficult is not impossible to get a clear majority who favor one man above all others, but this comes as near it as is possible, while the principles of the majority could not fail of victory.

A further provision, giving (in cases where two candidates have the same number of votes) the preference to the one who was first choice of the greater number, would be necessary to carry out the system.

Want of space forbids extending this communication, to enumerate the other advantages of this plan, but, fellow-citizens, isn't it an improvement on the old system? If not, why not? And if no improvement on the caucus system is possible, then, Lord have mercy on American politics!

The field is open. Relieve your minds, dear friends, as I have done.

Truly yours, U. S.

Saturday, January 23, 1869.

An Old Way to Pay New Debts

To Oliver P. Morton, M. D., Benj. F. Butler, M. D., Horace Greeley, M. D.:

GENTLEMEN:—The multitude of prescriptions, volunteered for the relief of our dear Uncle's "difficulty," indicate clearly that he is either in a bad way or a very remunerative customer.

Each of you have an original panacea for all financial ills. I have also an old fashioned prescription, not over pleasant to take, but warranted to make the patient feel better afterwards.

Let us compare our drugs:

You, Dr. Greeley, have the merit of frankness. You don't pretend to sugar-coat your pills. The proposition is plain and easily understood, and is precisely that of blowing one's brains out to cure the toothache. It will do it surely every time, but, if you please, commend *me* to the toothache.

You, Dr. Morton, have, I believe, an incorrect diognosis of the disease. You assume that it is one mainly of the imagination, and that if you can only cheer up the old gentleman and make him *think* he is well, he will be so. Furthermore, that it will take just two and a half years to cure the insanity of the patient, and (which is of equal importance) to convince other people of his entire recovery.

You, Doctor Butler, admit that the patient is in a very bad way—indeed, nothing but you "Patent poor man's plaster" will cure him. That, properly applied will change the entire circulation and in a short time bring his unhealty *greenback*, to its proper and healthy yellow complexion. The wonderful transmuting virtues of this preparation are known and understood by you alone, and having yourself been restored to robust financial health by its use, it is now offered to a suffering community at the bare cost of the raw material.

"Goy to the world."

I suspect, Doctor, that you are a quack. Now, gentlemen, for *my* prescription:

1st. The patient *is* sick. No one can go through the expensive dissipation of War for four years *without* being sick.

2d. Recovery must be gradual and natural. It can not be forced a single day.

3. (Prescription.) He must go to work. He must live on plain but nutritious food, avoiding wine, jewelry, silk and such like indigestible knick-knacks.

And lastly; (for I find his mind *is* a little disordered) to secure a quiet rest at night, a clear conscience and good digestion, he must be *scrupulously honest*.

This I affirm is the only true and real road to health. I do not claim that it will cure as quick as the guillotine, nor yet in "ninety days," or even two and a half years, but I do claim that at the end of the latter time he will be much nearer perfect recovery than by using either of your patent medicine nostrums.

To illustrate my proposition, I will take the case of John Smith; and if you examine closely I think you will find that the same rule holds among nations as with individuals.

John is in debt, seriously so; he has notes out, drawing interest, and due bills ditto not drawing interest, both are bought and sold at a discount. John has five coin cents in his pocket for every dollar of these outstanding obligations, and he has a good constitution, a strong arm and a clear head. Now, what will he do?

Doctor Greeley says, "Pay your debts *now*." Does it require any prophet to foretell the result? Every creditor knows that his claim is worth at present 70c on the dollar, and that John has on hand money enough to pay one claim in twenty; so the first man wins; and for the first time in his life John finds that he has squarely broken his promise—his word is dishonored and his credit is ruined.

Dr. Morton says: "Talk large, John "—tell them you'll pay everything in "two and a half years. Get their con"fidence and make them think you will "do it, and before the time comes, your "notes will come up to par; only make "them think that your note is good as "gold, and they won't want the gold."

The confidence game won't work, Doctor—for John tells everybody every month, how much money he has in his pocket, how much he earns and how much he spends, and the showing isn't an indication that he will pay everything in two years and a half.

I say, "Go to work John—be prudent, careful, economical and honest—pay just as fast as you can, and when you do pay, let it be in full, principal and interest, in good hard coin. Before two and a half years are gone they will find that they can trust you for an honest man who is determined to pay his debts, and that is what will enable you to borrow at a lower rate of interest, if you want to."

And now my gentle Doctors, I have a word for you—stand by and strengthen the hands of the man who, almost alone, is fighting a ravenous lobby, and trying to keep down the expenditures of the government where they ought to be. Stand by the incoming President in his efforts to honestly and fully collect the revenue. These things done and the debt will diminish steadily and speedily and you will find no need of patent medicines to cure the financial disorder.

Faithfully yours, U. S.

The Minneapolis Tribune

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1870.

The Tyranny of the Caucus System—A Remedy.

Ever since the government of the United States was founded—at least up to the period of the late rebellion—there has been a degree of laudation and self gratulation bestowed upon it such as has more or less subjected us to the ridicule of the statesmen and scholars of other governments. And so thoroughly convinced have we been of our perfection in all the past, that not until it came near to destruction were we effectually awakened from our dream of security and compelled to fight in order that our institutions might be perpetuated.

In all the past, the evils of kingly governments were manifest to the most careless observer and thinker; inasmuch as the institutions of royalty and nobili-

ty meant in most cases little more than unlimited privileges of plunder, and a monopoly of honors and profits generally, which recognized the masses as little better than slaves. And inasmuch, further, as the one great agency for the perpetuity of these abuses was the standing army, a force gathered by conscripting the young of the country, and kept on foot at great expense, most of these governments—the exemplars of their kind in the old world—are nothing whatever but gigantic military despotisms, which whilst enabling the monarch to amuse himself and nobles and neighboring princes with military reviews, grand and costly pageants, permit him at the same time, by making the honors and objects desirable by the army separate from those of the people, to rule the latter literally with rods of iron, with bayonets ever at their throats, cannon frowning upon them from every guard house and fortress.

We, of course, glance over the way at all this, and it is so palpable and so grievous, that we have no difficulty at all in condemning it; and more, in looking back at our own simple forms, and thanking God in a spirit of political Pharisaism, "that we not as other men are." We have a costly navy to be sure; but the army in time of peace is not much. But then, when we remember, what we fain must remember, that because of inherent defects in our own boasted system—defects which for nearly the whole period of our existence as a government we determinedly shut our eyes to—we are now paying taxes which, distributed over years of government are equivalent to maintaining the standing armies of the old world, we may as well acknowledge the failure; and with a little less of high sounding felicitation, conclude that if we would candidly examine into our institutions, we might find other defects calculated to make us look sharply and anxiously into the future of the Republic.

Concluding then, that there is room for improvement; that as it stands, our government, although having in theory plenty of "checks and balances," does not feel the force of these in practice, should it not make all receive gladly—at least with patience—any well based suggestions looking to ultimate improvement.

The government, we repeat, is good in theory, because on the face of the Constitution, the organic law, the *intention* is apparent to make it a government of "equal rights." It is not expected, seemingly, but that every honest citizen of competent age shall have as fair a showing in shaping the government of the country as any other. But how is it carried out? Nothing would seem on the face of it fairer than that the majority should rule. But if a bare majority gotten by trickery, unscrupulousness, a disregard of all right, is enabled to seize and hold power in a way so tyrannous that only an armed revolt will suffice to loosen their hold on the throats and pockets of nearly the other half of the community, is there not something palpably wrong in this, and particularly when it is not seen to bear the semblance of accident, the procedure of a year or two, but of a series of years.

Now then because *something is wrong in practice*, for the theory of the Government, we repeat, appears well enough, what do we see? Why we see every day, and it has occurred for half a century without correction, a few sharp fellows get together in some back office, ostensibly to arrange for a political campaign. They are not the best men usually of the community; not the industrious, earnest workers, but the veriest drones of the hive. One wants this place, the other that; and recognizing in each other the needy and greedy and brazen aspirants they are, they conclude to "divide the spoils." The old Roman Triumvirate was a type of all that have come along since, sacrificing their own friends one to the other, without scruple, if thereby they are likely to win. The gathering is called a "caucus;" *the most fatal institution in American governmental affairs.* Well, they look into each others faces, we may say, and as was said of the old Roman augurs, the wonder is how they can do it without laughing, and with grave professions of patriotism, of devotion to the party, that in that particular "crisis" is always to save the country they divide up the honors and emoluments of the government, national, State, county or city, as the case may be. Then a meeting of the "people" is called with confidence to "ratify the nominations." And as the honors in question fall to the half dozen of worthies, gamblers, card shufflers in politics, the rank and file shout themselves hoarse with delight at the chance offered them to taste the sweets of office by proxy—their one man or half dozen are provided for, and that is enough for them.

But worse than this in the way of a reflection on human inconsistency. When an old writer puts the case of pampered royalty as that of a supposed dove-cote selecting one of their number, perhaps the weakest and shabbiest of them all, to pile up grains of wheat around, which, whilst he scatters and wastes, they witness with delight, and then if any one of the rest dares take a grain or two off the pile, they all pounce upon him and pick him to death, he did no more than tell the truth of human consistency and folly exemplified, not only in the case of crowned heads, monarchies, but in this republic of ours. Let any one refuse to assent to this distribution of the royal share to confessedly mean men, and how quickly will the rest pounce upon him and politically oftentimes, or socially, destroy him if they can.

Now we say again, the defects and the evils of our system of government are exemplified every day. *The people do not rule.* Whatever our government may be in theory, it is made, to too great an extent, a cheat and a humbug in practice, such as calls loudly for a reform and a radical change. Every body knows this, and is obliged to acknowledge it; but nobody is powerful enough to stand up and see that the people have their boasted "equal rights." Nay, the President himself, with all his supposed immense power and prestige, has become a mere cypher in the presence of a "Congressional caucus," where one powerful blatherskite may walk into a committee room of the Capitol at night, and brow-beat his half dozen associates into a plan or a policy of his own, which not only Congress shall abjectly follow, but which in turn shall be forced upon the nation as well.

We say then, in conclusion, there ought to be a remedy for all this; for this stupendous grievance and wrong against popular rights. A ticket is forced upon the public by a caucus of debauched politicians, and the people have *not* their choice. We believe there is a cure for it all; and through a correspondent of the TRIBUNE we offer it to-day. We gave recently the remedy proposed in the new Constitution of Illinois; but we do not—as we understand it—regard it as being so plain simple and effective as that offered b low. And although it may not be wit in our province to reform the Nation these things, it may be possible—if t people will only be true to themselves to reform matters in these regards in young and growing State like Minne ta. Meanwhile, let the people read t communication we present, with ca and give its suggestions a fair hearing admitting what is good, and pointi out what may be deemed its errors.

CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM.

A Word for Unrepresented Majoriti

To the Editor of the Tribune:

I am reminded by your article 25th of June upon unrepresented m jorities, that under our present electi and caucus system, that portion of t community known as *the people*, o finds itself an unrepresented fact in the government. In practice, m than one half of those entitled to v under the law are habitually disfr chised. A few wire-workers make u slate and manage, through superior tics, to control the primary meeti often making those meetings the sc of disgraceful riot or fraud, for wl the outraged community have no dress save to bolt the "regular" n nations and give the election to the nority party.

Year after year we go through t same shameful farces of election. pure men get disgusted and Amer politics *smell.*

THE TRUE PRINCIPLE.

Every ballot should express the ers real preference and exercise its weight in electing officers and deter ing the policy of the government. dividual liberty and the will of the jority should be one and the same.

HOW TO DO IT.

Change the method of voting. low each voter to place on his ticke *1st choice* the name of *one person;* below, as substitutes, the names o many others as he may see fit, thus

For Congress—JOHN SMITH.
Substitutes—JOHN DOE, OLE OLSO

In counting the ballots, if any person has as first choice, a majo over all others, he is declared t elected. If no one has such majo then the person whose name is u the greatest number of ballots, ei as 1st choice or substitute, is to be clared elected.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THIS SYSTEM.

Every voter is perfectly free to express his real preference without fear of throwing away his vote. The respective political parties throw their full strength in the election, no matter how sharp may be the personal rivalry between the factions of the party. The principles of the majority triumph, and the really most popular men of that party are chosen to the offices. Caucuses and conventions are done away with, or used only for purposes of conference, and not for dictation. No bolts can be made by a minority wing of a party. At the end of every canvass we know precisely what the voters *want*, and who are really the rising or falling men among our politicians. Harmony is preserved, and the *will of the people becomes the law.*

THE TERRIBLE RESULTS OF THE SYSTEM.

A large and growing class of party blowers and strikers, cheap ward politicians, caucus shoulder-hitters &c., will be *thrown out of employment.* Do you think "the people" can stand that?

G. B. W.

1874

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Is a Convention a Fraud?

To the Editor of the Minneapolis Tribune.

THIRD BALLOT.

Washburn	153
Davis	149
Austin	1
Scattering	4

Necessary to a choice, 154.

The lesson of the Convention, as of all caucuses and conventions, is to the lover of his country, a lesson of shame and disgrace.

A Convention stands squarely in the way of a free expression of popular will. It is the mockery of Republicanism and the great overshadowing danger to the Republic.

Almost inevitably in a delegate convention or delegate electoral body, like a legislature, when choosing United States Senators, if the prize be a high one, there comes a time when by the parting of the forces between two candidates, *one man stands between, and dictates for a great commonwealth* the selection of its high officers. Almost as inevitably too, that one dictator is the most upt, miserable, contemptible scalawag of the whole delegate body. He procures his own election as representative for the express purpose of selling out at the election to the highest bidder, and *he does it.* By a stupendous accident which every convention regularly repeats, a wretched vagabond whom not one of his neighbors would trust or believe, is, for the time, the supreme ruler of the State.

If this is *not* a mockery of Republicanism, and a bane and disgrace to a people, claiming intelligence and common sense, please inform us of a lower depth, and one worthier of such epithets.

The late Convention may not have been worse than its predecessors. The fault is inherent in the present caucus and convention system, and without remedy under our present election laws. The people do not and cannot express their choice. The convention is essentially *despotic.*

There is one remedy, and only one: Caucus and convention should go down at once, utterly and forever. And they will go down just as soon as they are shorn of their tremendous power for evil; as soon as the people can express their will and enforce it without the necessity and in spite of the interference of caucus or convention.

The preference system of voting, heretofore explained in the TRIBUNE, offers a perfect remedy. Under its workings, the strongest man (before the people) of the majority party, will almost inevitably be chosen, no matter how many candidates there may be. And no accident, juggling or corruption in caucus or convention can deflect the popular will one iota. Nomination will signify nothing to a man unless he has the popular will to back him, and if he has that he will need no nomination.

Do the people of this county wish to govern in fact as well as name? If they do, King Caucus must go down.

GEO. B. WRIGHT.

WENDELL PHILLIPS ON THEODORE PARKER.

A speech delivered in the New-England Anti-Slavery Convention at Boston on Thursday last.

Another friend is gone. Not gone! No, with us, only standing on one step higher than he did. To such spirits, there is no death. In the old times, when men fought with spears, the warrior hurled his weapon into the thickest of the opposite host, and struggled bravely on, until he stood over it and reclaimed it. In the bloom of his youth, Theodore Parker flung his heart forward at the feet of the Eternal; he has only struggled onward, and reached it to-day. [Profound sensation.] Only one step higher!

"Weep you may full well for Scotland,
Let none dare to mourn for him."

How shall we group his qualities? The first that occurs to me is the tireless industry of that unresting brain, which never seemed to need leisure. I have been home many and many a time in the small hours of the morning (my own window commands those of his study), and as I was about to prepare for rest, I looked out and saw that unquenched light burning, that unresting student ever at work, and, half ashamed, I said to myself, "The trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep." He seemed to rebuke me even by the light that flashed from the window of his study. I have met him on the cars in the far West; he was preparing an argument in behalf of the perishing classes of his own city. Neither on the journey nor at home did his spirit need to rest.

Why is he dead? Because he took up the burden of three men. A faithful pulpit is enough for one man. He filled it until the pregnancy of his ideas overflowed into other channels. It was not enough. His diocese extended to the prairies. On every night of the week those brave lips smothered bigotry, conquered prejudice, and melted true hearts into his own on the banks of the Mississippi. That was enough for two men. But he said: "I will bring to this altar of Reform a costlier offering yet"; and he gathered the sheaf of all literature into his bosom, and came with another man's work, almost all the thoughts of all ages and all tongues, as the background of his influence in behalf of the slave. He said, "Let no superficial scholarship presume to arraign Reform as arrogant and empty fanaticism. I will overtop your candidates with language and law, and show you, by the spoils of all tongues, the rightfulness and inevitable necessity of justice and liberty." [Hearty applause.] Enough work for three men to do, and he sank under the burden!

Lord Bacon says, "Studies teach not their own use; that comes *from* a wisdom without them and above them." The fault of New-England scholarship is, that it knows not its own use; that, as Lord Bacon says, "it settles in its fixed ways, and does not seek reformation." The praise of this scholar is, that, like the great master of English philosophy, he was content to light his torch at every man's candle. He was not ashamed to learn. When he started in the pulpit he came a Unitarian, with the blessing of Cambridge. Men say he is a Unitarian no longer; but the manna, when it was kept two days, bred maggots, and the little worms that run about on the surface of corruption call themselves the children and representatives of Channing. They are only the worms of the manna, and the pulpit of Federal street found its child at the Music Hall. [Loud applause.] God's lineage is not of blood. Brewster of Plymouth, if he stood alone to-day, would not be in the Orthodox Church, counting on his anxious fingers the five points of Calvin. No; he would be shouldering a Sharp's rifle in Kansas, preaching treason in Virginia, and hung on an American gibbet; for the child of Puritanism is not Calvinism; it is the loyalty to Justice which tramples under foot the wicked laws of its own epoch. So Unitarianism is not standing in the same pulpit, or muttering the same shibboleth; it is, like Channing, looking into the face of a national sin, and, with lips touched like Esaiah's, finding it impossible to launch at it the thunderbolt of God's rebuke. [Applause.]

Old Lyman Beecher said, "If you want to find the successor of St. Paul, seek him where you find the same objections made to a preacher that were made to St. Paul." Who won the hatred of the merchant princes of Boston? Who did State street call a madman? The fanatic of Federal street in 1837. Who, with unerring instinct, did that same herd of merchant princes hate, with instinctive certainty that in order that their craft should be safe they ought to hate him? The Apostle of Music Hall. That is enough.

When some Americans die—when most Americans die—their friends tire the public with excuses. They confess this spot, they explain that stain, they plead circumstances as the half-justification of that mistake, and they beg of us to remember that nothing but good is to be spoken of the dead. We need no such mantle for that green grave under the sky of Florence. No excuses—no explanations—no spot. Priestly malice has scanned every inch of his garment; it was seamless; it could find no stain. History, as in the case of every other of her beloved children, gathers into her bosom the arrows which malice had shot at him, and says to posterity, "Behold the title deeds to your gratitude!" [Applause]. We ask no moment to excuse; there is nothing to explain. What the snarling journal thought bold, what the selfish politician feared as his ruin—it was God's seal set upon his apostleship. The little libel glanced across him like the rocket when it goes over the vault; it is gone, and the royal ruin shines out beneficent as ever. [Applause.]

When I returned from New-York on the twelfth day of this month, I was to have been honored by standing in his desk, but illness prevented my fulfilling the appointment. It was 11 o'clock in the morning. As he sank away the same week, under the fair sky of Italy, he said to the most loving of wives and nurses, "Let me be buried where I fall;" and with tender and thoughtful duty, she selected 4 o'clock of that same Sunday to put all that was left of his dust into the kindred dust of brave, classic Italy. Four o'clock! The same sun that looked upon the half-dozen mourners that he permitted to follow him to the grave, that same moment of brightness lighted up the arches of his own temple, as one whom he loved stepped into his own desk, and with remarkable coincidence, for the only time during his absence, opened one of his own sermons to supply my place; and as his friend read the beatitudes over his grave on the banks of the Arno, his dearer friend here read from his own handwriting the text, "Trust God." It is said that in his last hours, in the wandering of that masterly brain, he murmured "there are two Theo. Parkers; one rests here, dying: "but the other lives and is at work at home." How true! At that very moment he was speaking to his usual thousands; at that very instant his own words were floating over the hearts of those that loved him best, and bidding them, in this, the loneliest hour of their bereavement, "Trust God."

He always came to this platform. He is an old occupant of this platform. He never made an apology for coming to this platform. I remember, many years ago, going home from the very hall which formerly occupied this place. He had sat where you sit, in the seats, looking up to us. It had been a stormy, hard gathering—a close fight. The press calumniated us, every journal in Boston ridiculing the idea which we were endeavoring to spread. As I passed down the stairs homeward, he put his arm within mine and said, "You shall never need to ask me again to share that platform." [Applause.] It was the instinct of his nature, true as the bravest heart. The spot for him was where the battle was hottest. He had come, as half the clergy come—a critic. He felt it was not his place; that it was to grapple with the tiger and throttle him. And the pledge that he made he kept; for whether here or in New-York, as his reputation grew, when that lordly mammoth of the press THE TRIBUNE, overgrown in its independence and strength, would not condescend to record a word that Mr. Garrison or I could utter, but bent low before the most thorough scholarship of New-England, and was glad to win its way to the confidence of the West by being his mouthpiece—with that weapon of influence in his right hand, he always placed himself at our side and in the midst of us, in the capital city of the Empire. [Cheers.]

You may not think this great praise—we do. Other men have brought as brave hearts, other men have brought as keen-sighted and vigilant instincts, but he brought us, as no one else could, the loftiest stature of New-England culture. [Applause.] He brought us a disciplined intellect, whose statement was evidence, and whose affirmation the most gifted student took long time before he ventured to doubt or to contradict. When we had nothing but our characters, nothing but our reputation for accuracy, for our weapons, the man who could give the cause of the slave that weapon, was indeed one of his ablest and foremost champions.

Lord Bacon said in his will: "I leave my name and memory to foreign lands," and to my own countrymen, *after some time be passed.*" No more fitting words could he have chosen, if the modesty of the friend who has just gone before us would have permitted him to adopt them for himself. To-day, even within twenty-four hours, I have seen symptoms of that repentance which Johnson describes:

"In nations slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust."

The men who held their garments aside, and took care to have no contact with Music Hall, are beginning to show symptoms that they will be glad, when the world doubts whether they have any life left, to say, "Did not Parker spring from our bosom?" Yes, he takes his place—his serene place—among those few to whom Americans point as proof that the national heart is still healthy and alive. Most of our statesmen, most of our politicians, go down into their graves, and we cover them up with apologies; we walk with reverent and filial love backward, and throw the mantle over their defects, and say, "Remember the temptation and the time!" Now and then one—now and then one—goes up silently, and yet not unannounced, like the stars at their coming, and takes its place, while all eyes follow it and say, "Thank God! It is the promise and the herald! It is the national heart. God has not left us without a witness, for his children have been among us, and one-half have known them by love, and one-half have known them by hate—equal attestations to the Divine life that has passed through our streets."

I wish I could say anything worthy; but he should have done for us—with those words that never failed to be fitting, with that heart which was always ready, with that eloquence which you never waited for and were disappointed—he should have done for us what we vainly try to do for him.

"Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true;
Hands that never failed their country,
Hearts that baseness never knew!"

[Prolonged applause.]

more for others than

THE MEMORY OF THOMAS STARR KING.

Lecture by Rev. C. G. Ames.

The lecture by Rev. C. G. Ames on Sunday evening, on the memory of Thomas Starr King, was delivered to a large audience, and was one of deep interest. He commenced by saying:

Six years ago to-day the city of San Francisco was in mourning. The still, white form of Thomas Starr King lay in state in front of the pulpit which his word of power had made more glorious than a throne. The announcement of his death, said the city press, has shocked and startled the community "like the loss of a great battle." Throughout the State, nearly all classes united in saying: "We have lost our great friend—the fairest ornament of human life on this coast—the generous helper of all our institutions—the gifted inspirer of our noblest sentiments—the pulpit orator who made religion patriotic—the platform preacher who made patriotism religious." During the nearly finished quarter century since the American occupation of California, no man has appeared to win so large a place in the respect and affection of the people. In every town, and in thousands of homes and hearts, his image is still an idol, and his very name revives something of the inexpressible charm of his living presence. So mighty, sweet, and lasting is the influence of consecrated genius. He was a benefactor in the largest sense, by raising the standard of life.

He was a public man and awakened the public feeling in others. I suppose there was not a day of the four years spent here in which he did not think, plan and act for himself. The needs of the religious society, whose faithful, beloved and successful minister he was, required of him enormous and exhausting lab[or] but his real parish was as large as all out-of-doors. The unchurched masses knew and felt his purifying friendship. Like Jesus, he mingled freely with publicans and sinners, without ever descending to their moral level. His religion made him liberal toward the ~~illiterate~~ illiberal; and he willingly helped, by his lectures, to pay the debts of many a church whose creed branded him an infidel.

After giving an outline of Mr. King's early life and his career in the East, the speaker said: All this was mere preparation. It was in California that his true life came to him; here he found himself and his work. Here was a new State, full of bounding, feverish, frothy blood; full of chaotic elements waiting to be reduced to order by the touch of some great word of God. Commonly, the preachers belabor the people for caring so much for this world. It was Mr King's part to present the harmony of religion and common life. He believed in gold and silver, in 50-vara lots and houses, in steamboats and railroads, in agriculture and commerce, just as he believed in prayer and praise. He let the light from above shine on things below. He saw a moral value in property, a moral purpose in business, a spiritual end in all reasonable enterprises. How he lifted up the toil of the farmer and mechanic—how he breathed on the land and a fresh fragrance arose from all the acres!

In his address at an Agricultural Fair he talks like one sent from on high to show mankind the lost Eden at their own doors. Every thoughtful farmer, orchardist or cattle-ranchman must have felt a sudden dignity and glory in his lowly, homely tasks—as if a holy hand had been laid on his head to ordain him to the sacred and beautiful ministry of industry. "The world is not yet fully finished; the Creator associates you with himself in the work of completing His plans." "Remember that weeds and all tares and slovenly labor are of the devil, and tend backward to chaos." He portrayed the miracle of the seasons—the mystery of fertility and production—the summer advancing northward like a spreading smile of God, the helpless inhabitants of the globe living only in that smile. Every day He sets a table for a thousand millions, and they are all "fed on the influence of sunshine."

Then he turns to the fruit-raisers: "The Creator desires and intends that the human race shall have perfect peaches, berries, vegetables and grapes." "A true peach is so much sunshine and dew wrought into a poem."

He has a religious eye for horses, cattle and sheep. Who but King and Beecher could ever have said this: "I walk among the cattle pens of a great fair with reverence and joy. Here at last we see the creatures God meant should eat the grass and snuff the morning." But his very next thought is the possible improvement of men and women.

Whether he spoke from pulpit or platform—whether he dealt with facts or fancies—whether his theme was nature or men, books or life, history or art—whether his tone was gay or grave—one thing was constant: there went out from him an influence of refining and elevating power, which gently shamed his hearers away from all littleness, coarseness, vulgarity, sensualism and selfishness, and beckoned them upward toward the level of a clean and beautiful life. * * There are many passages, thrown off in the white heat of his glowing soul, that are like the gems and precious stones which so pleased his eye—the bits of amethyst and sapphire, diamond and ruby, which were baked in the globe's primeval oven. His rhetoric was superb, well sustained and self-contained, like himself, yet easy and natural as the song of a bird.

His voice might have passed for that of Apollo—god of music, poetry and light. It was wonderfully rich and ringing, clear and far-reaching, sweet and full of soul. I should say it was completely human in its tones and modulations. Few voices are wholly human, probably because few people are so. Most of us still give out something of the snarl, or howl, or squeal, or hiss, of the original animal.

A gentleman says that in hearing Mr King pronounce the word "sweet" he could always taste something. His very tongue and lips were steeped in soul. There was more soul in his finger-end than in some men's whole organism. There was more gospel in his eyes than in some volumes of sermons—the outshining of a serene and joyful wisdom, as if those eyes had grown deep and clear and bright through habitual gazing at that light which is above the brightness of the sun.

So it was that the poetry, harmony and wholesomeness of his own spirit came and like a precious infection in his acts and utterances. When he expressed a thought, men caught something besides a thought—a fragrance, an effect of coloring a glow of life, a feel-

ing as if they had seen a picture and felt a heart-throb at once. Even his logical statements were never dry and hard, they took hold with the cordial grasp of a human hand.

He advised the farmers not to hold more land than they could thoroughly and honestly use. Many a farm is only cultivated in patches; the rest runs to brambles and mustard. So with most natures: there is in each of us a garden spot, perhaps; but wide regions run to waste and are overgrown with weeds. Mr. King's whole nature seemed to be under cultivation; he was healthily alive all over and all through. He was better when sick than most of us when well This makes the minister; he gives us an example of what obedience to the Divine laws can do for a man; he is an illustrated copy of the gospel he preaches.

Mr. Ames spoke of the playful element in Mr. King's nature and its serviceableness to others and himself. He understood the principle of Whateley's motto: "Cultivate not only the cornfields of the mind, but the playgrounds also." A golden thread of pleasantry run through all his discourses. Anecdotes of his sayings and doings are circulating unprinted which would make a handsome volume, showing that he combined the high-toned gentlemanliness of Sir Philip Sydney, with wit as genuine as Sydney Smith's and humor as genial as Charles Lamb's. With his intimate friend, he could unbend like a boy. But they well knew that whatever ripples danced on the surface, the deep currents of earnestness always rolled below. He felt and he made others feel the grandeur and responsibility of existence.

Our report must stop in the middle of the lecture—which, treated at length of Mr. King's part in the great national struggle, his fine balance of radicalism and conservatism, his deep and active religious nature, the sources of his power over men, and the crowning glory of his career as he passed from this life to the higher, "happy, resigned and trustful."

Mr. Ames announced as the subject of his next Sunday evening lecture, *Religion in California.*

the very revealing

THE LECTURE-ROOM.

Charles G. Ames on "The Origin of the Bible."

The audience at the Hall of the Mercantile Library last Sunday evening consisted of rather more than five hundred persons. Mr. Ames began with congratulations on the happy freedom which permits us to help ourselves to all that is good and true wherever found, and expressed the hope that as there is no civil, ecclesiastical or social hindrance to this blessed liberty, so we may escape the worse hindrance of our own prejudice and cowardice: Let us ridicule nothing, despise nothing, cudgel nobody and caricature nobody's opinions, but treat all questions in the spirit of generous justice. The beliefs of mankind need sifting, but they would not be worth sifting if there were not much sacred truth in them. Vast heaps of material have accumulated on the threshing-floor of the world, much of which will pass off in "great clouds of chaff" by a free use of the winnowing-mill. And what will be left? The wheat of God—the very bread of life for our hungry souls. Certainly we should never have heard of the Bible, or any other wise book, if the men of old had not hospitably welcomed the thoughts which knocked at the door of their own minds. We can read the most ancient history in the facts of to-day. The geologist finds old fossils, plants and animals that turned to stone a thousand centuries ago; he finds also some which are now becoming fossils—detects them in every act. Every man, whose life has come to mean anything, must have had thought and experience on nearly every subject. If all the chambers of his mind and memory could be vividly illuminated, it would be like lighting up a library and reading shelves of books of all kinds—books of fact and of fiction, the records of his thought and feeling on all matters. His life produces this kind of inward literature of all sorts, including possibly some sorts he would not care to publish. Here in one sacred alcove he keeps the books of the soul—the transcript of his holiest inspiration—all that he has felt or found to be profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction and for instruction in righteousness. Something like a Bible has been produced in every man. Consider how strong are these native instincts of reverence, dependence, mystery and duty. Consider that religion was not at first a separate department, but mixed itself healthfully with everything, so that agriculture and cattle-raising were religious; medicine, politics, astronomy, war, everything was religious; and all that was said and done on any of these subjects was said and done religiously. Every fact or event was interpreted in a spiritual sense. Whatever seemed to be wisdom was called the word of God. The term "inspiration" occurs but twice in the Bible: in Job and in Paul's Letter to Timothy. The latter passage refers the origin of the Scriptures to inspiration, and the former refers man's understanding, his gift of common sense, to the same ever-open source. Consider also the natural wish to know of the sayings and doings of remarkable men. How many biographies of Washington and Napoleon? After the death of Jesus many appeared, of which only four survive—doubtless the best, so that the world is well rid of the others. These four gospels, deservedly held sacred, don't claim any higher origin than our modern biographies. Consider, further, how everything "in black and white" impresses an ignorant man with superstitious awe and wonder. Under all the conditions, writings acquire a vast unofficial authority, which is useful so long as the people are incapable of independent thought; but, like parental restraint too long continued, becomes a despotism after the people find access to the fountain of knowledge for themselves. So to the early Christians it was said, "We have a sure word of prophecy, whereto ye do well to take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day-dawn and the day-star arise in your hearts." We want teachers and helps, not lords and masters. Even in mathematics, no valuable discipline comes from blind following; the pupil must work out every principle and process for himself. * * * The lecturer spoke at length of the veneration felt for ancient religious teachers and prophets, of their gradual corruption and venality, and consequent loss of inspiration. No man can long keep his mind and heart to the purest and finest influences when his predominant motive is popularity or pelf. He showed how faith in continuous inspiration gradually declined into a tradition that God had communicated his word once for all, so that nothing more is to be expected; and that the same sad fact appears in other religions as well as in the Jewish and Christian. He then spoke of the vast services rendered by the Bible, and yet justified the freest use of reason in canvassing its claims. We want to build on solid reality; so long as we fear to face the facts, as if we suspected a sham, we suffer a central, corrupting weakness. * * There is an increasing disposition among the more advanced Christian and Jewish scholars to regard the Book as a providential provision for human guidance in a general rather than in any special sense. It is no longer claimed, by the well informed, that God ever spoke so as to be heard literally, or that he verbally inspired the writers, or suspended their natural powers by the gift of supernatural ones. It is even conceded that the sacred books may not be free from error in matters of chronology, astronomy and history, though they are able to make us wise unto salvation. When it comes to this we can all rationalize, if we are indeed rational. The Bible comes under the same law with all other books. If we put the primer and almanac into the same class with the Bible, it is just as if we put the jews-harp into the same class with the noblest organ that "roars sweet thunders up to heaven through all its pipes of gold." The little illustrates the large. The child grasps a toy as Alexander grasps the empire of the world. The ship that brought over Columbus seemed a supernatural wonder to the savages. They could not span the interval between the white-winged water-bird and their own dug-out canoes, without throwing over it a bridge of miracle. In producing the books of the Bible—sixty-seven books, which were a thousand years in growing—Providence had no need to employ any other than ordinary causes. There are passages in the Bible which no preacher dares read to his congregation, or even ponder long in private. Yet the finest spiritual insight may yet see that every fact, in the books, in the world, and in ourselves, is full of divine significance, so that the Jews got hold of one end of a great truth when they said every word and letter and dot was full of God's wisdom. * * The history of the Jews is merely one chapter in the history of the race; the Bible one appointed means of instruction among many, else how should Providence leave mankind without it for thousands of years and then keep it hidden from a vast majority? * * * * * * * * * Without Washington, independence would sooner or later have been secured. So if Abraham and all the other Scripture characters had never been heard of, if Mary had died childless, if there had been no Jewish nation, this planet would still have been the scene of divine wisdom and love, and the doors between heaven and earth would have been kept wide open. But no matter what might have been; Washington did lead the armies, Columbus did make the grand discovery, a moral law was proclaimed by Moses, and grace and truth did come by Jesus Christ. All history holds together. Unroll a bolt of carpeting: pattern after pattern comes out, but the threads run through the whole length of the web. So these ever-varying scenes of history are all woven of one stuff: the same divine warp, crossed by the same human woof. * * All the truth we know—in Bible or out—is only a hint of more, as the bits of strange wood that floated across the Atlantic were a hint of America. Jesus, who looked for much and found it, says to us, "Seek, and ye shall find." James, who wrote one of the accepted books, says: "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally. Our own souls are unknown and unexplored regions. Where this Word came from, there is more if we will live for it. God is a fountain of Bibles, ever full, ever flowing. As Lowell says, "There is only one thing more sacred than tradition, and that is the original and eternal Life, out of which all tradition came. The origin of Scriptures? Look for it in the headwaters of God's life in the human soul.

Mr. Ames announced as the subject of next Sunday evening's lecture, "Shall we believe in Jesus?"

THE LECTURE ROOM.

Rev. Charles G. Ames on "Will the Coming Man Have a Religion?"

Rev. Charles G. Ames lectured at Mercantile Library Hall last Sunday evening. There was no falling off in the attendance at the hall of the Mercantile Library, and a decided increase in the manifestations of interest. We give a few paragraphs of the lecture:

Will the coming man have a religion? Not if he can do better without. But *can* he do better? That is a problem respecting which thoughtful men differ; and their differing opinions are entitled to the more respectful consideration from the magnitude and transcendant importance of the problem. The elder Adams is reported as saying: "This would be a good world to live in if only there were no religion in it." A historian says of the religions of the ancient nations, "They were all alike, sublime to the vulgar, useful to the politician, and ridiculous to the philosopher." The skeptic thinks of religion as a phantasy of the world's childhood. The man infant is disturbed in his sleep, and dreams of monster gods, devils, heavens and hells. When he awakes he will throw off the nightmare, and find himself alone with nature. He will outgrow religion, and leave it behind. Certainly he *has* outgrown many a creed, many a form of worship, many an experience which he now pronounces absurd or harmful. He is reproached with apostasy, but he can no more get back into his old religious ideas, than he can get back into his baby clothes. There is wide discontent and unrest; it is a period of overhauling—of reopening questions once thought settled. Some scoff; some whistle to keep their courage up; some shut their eyes and say, "Let us leave it as we found it. Why trouble ourselves with difficult and dangerous questions? It is safe to say our prayers and go to sleep." Others strain their eyes to see into the invisible realm; a few wish to look calmly and rationally at all things. A humorous philosopher says there are three classes: "Those who say it is so; those who say it is not so; and those who don't care whether it is so or not." In respect to religion, the third class are apparently the larger majority. Even in the lands where authority settles all questions, and where priest and king have it all their own way, so that the tax for the altar is paid as cheerfully or stolidly as the tax for the throne, the masses are indifferent and apathetic. In America there is also an active intellectual revolt against the current religious teaching. The spread of natural science has made it impossible to retain the old ideas without such a re-casting as the sluggish and cowardly church conservatism is reluctant to attempt. Change may come in two ways: through violent and convulsive revolution, or through gradual, orderly unfolding. France has given a melancholy lesson. Popery resisted the advancing thought and the new life of the eighteenth century. A little man with a bunch of keys said to a people who had learned to read and think for themselves, "Stand! I will do your thinking; I am God's agent for transacting all this spiritual business; in His name I open and shut heaven and hell." And the outraged people said, "It is a lie!" They swung away from the church into the extreme of denials and disbeliefs; next they flew at each other's throats. The French revolution, which had its political and historic justification, was aggravated in its horrors by the sudden and violent dissolution of religious restraints. Then came the recoil: men swung back, not toward the faith they had rejected, but toward the forms under which they had lived more peacefully. They crossed themselves and took up the prayer-books; though they couldn't keep their faces straight. In America the movement of thought is more free and natural, therefore more orderly and less perilous. But a vast, comprehensive change is going on, like those geologic changes which modify climates and growths. We get stalled in words and phrases; language plays tricks with our thoughts; this influence, all abroad, which beckons toward truth and goodness; which reproves our falses and evils, so that a man may grow better every day—why should we not call it the Spirit of God—the Holy Ghost? But a neighbor exclaims: "Nonsense! I don't believe in any Holy Ghost; it is only a nervous excitement which makes people scream and fall at the camp-meeting!" Yet this neighbor may live habitually under the control and keeping of the good influence which he refuses to name. Would any skeptic object to a rational religion which should disinfect the air so that we could breathe more worthily, or to a moral power which should uplift life to a better level? Let us modernize our method to meet the new need. Why should this dead man's hand of Romanism be reached down through the centuries to hold our civilization by the throat? And why should Protestantism fall into the same vicious worship of the old because it is old, and the blasphemy of the new because it is new? If a man say, "My Church is the oldest," why should we not reply, "Our Church is the newest?" May not the oldest be most rotten? Has the Creator left off creating? Here is the Bible—a precious album of photographs of good men who lived well in their time; why must we try to twist our faces to look like theirs. Let us have good honest faces of our own. The invisible will always be more than the visible—the unknown than the known; always in man's heart a mighty something will draw him toward the mysteries. The coming man will have a religion, because he cannot live without the bread that cometh down from heaven. But he will rejoice in the fulfilled prophecy of a time when the law will be found written in the heart and mind—man's own constitution the clearest revelation of God! So the true religion will develop itself, as identical with the highest health and noblest uses of man's being. The religion of the coming man will be manliness, combining respect for the lowest with reverence for the highest. Pure air and wholesome food will be thought more sacred than sacraments are now; cleanliness than priestly baptism. The sick will be healed; the leprosies cleaned; the devils will be cast out; there will be life for the dead. The God who now seems far away will be O how near! Good bye, venerable authorities and priesthoods! Good bye, timid dependence on books and churches! Honor to you as monuments and milestones of God's majestic march through history! We follow our Divine Leader—our faces to the future. Good bye, antique customs and worn-out customs of Hebrew and heathen! tiresome routine and cumbrous ceremonial! old copybook wherein we painfully tried to spell holy words of hope and salvation! Good bye to sacred words worn so smooth that the meaning is lost; to phrases once full of sweet juice, but now so dry that they only rattle; to prayers which strangle the aspirations they no longer express. The letter killeth; the Spirit giveth life. He who spake still speaks. O dear human heart, say good bye also to folly and sin; to worldliness and selfishness; to pride and presumption; to animalism and sensuality; to hate and ill-will; to profane uses of the day and night. Good bye to the old man, with his deeds. Gird on the beautiful garments of truth, purity and strength, and go forth to a life of faithfulness, which is the true life of faith; to a life of good service to man, which is the true service of God.

The lecturer concluded amid applause, and gave notice of a lecture next Sunday night, on "Foundations."

HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF

FERGUS FALLS

THE COMING CITY

OF THE

NORTHWEST!

ITS SOLID ADVANTAGES!

UNRIVALLED

WATERPOWER

Manufacturing Interests!

Opportunities for Profitable Investment.

THE

N.P.R.R.

ITS CONNECTION WITH US.

Its Aid in Our Development.

PROXIMITY TO

COAL MINES!

from an old pioneer named Fergus, who squatted upon a claim near by, in 1858, before the land was surveyed by Government. His occupation being that of a hunter and trapper, he made no further improvements than the erection of a small log cabin, and the breaking up and fencing of a small peice of ground. In 1862 during the Indian war Fergus was driven by them from his claim, when he left the state for Montana.

In 1865, Geo. B. Wright, Assistant U. S. Surveyor, while in the line of his duty came here, and foreseeing a future rown, quietly entered a part of the land now covered by the town site. In 1869 Ernest Buse, of Wabasha Co., who had spent some time in prospecting for a favorable location, came this way, and entered a large amount of land.

Upon the 19th day of August, 1870, a crew of men in the employ of Geo. B. Wright and R. J, Mendenhall arrived upon the scene, and commenced the labor of building a dam and getting out the timbers for a saw mill. At this time there was not a single building to mark the site of the future town. Those engaged in building the dam and mill labored under great disadvantages, they being obliged to depend upon the simplest tools to complete their enterprise, as Minneapolis was their nearest source of supply—some 225 miles distant over nearly one-half of which distance all their supplies had had to be transported in wagons, over hilly roads.

About this time, the town site was surveyed and laid out, and the proprietors advertised that they would give a town lot to any one who would build a good substantial building thereon. They had not long to wait for applicants. Shrewd business men saw and availed themselves of this golden opportunity, and about the 10th of September, 1870, the

FIRST HOUSE IN FERGUS FALLS

was raised by E. W. Sims, who occupied it as dwelling and store. others followed in the wake of Mr. Sims, and by the middle of February four stores drove a thriving trade. Ernest Buse also had put up a log hotel which was overrun with custom. The mill Co. having so far completed their improvements as to enable them to run a circular saw commenced the manufacture of lumber from oak, ash, basswood and poplar logs which were drawn in by the settlers, and cut by the company on shares

Nothing further was done until the first of March, when we arrived

COURT STREET.

D. Bell, hotel	2,000 00
" barn	800 00
Knute Foss, paint shop	1,300 00

MILL STREET—SOUTH SIDE.

Wright & Mendenhall, saw mills	18,000 00
" " flour mill	3,000 00
" " barn	900 00
" " dwelling	1,500 00
" " office	200 00
Wm. Salvage, dwelling	600 00
E. Knatsen, store	800 00

BISMARCK AVENUE.

O. Hosburg dwelling	700 00
C. Aurland, "	700 00
Chas. Dunton, "	400 00
James Swift, "	300 00
A. M. Brandenberg, "	300 00
A Nordmalen, "	600 00
Wm. Bersch, "	300 00
Lewis Benson, "	400 00

JUNIUS AVENUE.

J. A. Falls, dwelling	800 00
Dr. R. M. Reynolds, dwelling	400 00
L. A. Rustad, dwelling	600 00

CASCADE STREET.

Andrew Hult, dwelling	800 00

VERNON AVENUE.

Rev. L. Woolfsen, dwelling	600 00
Total amount improvements	$78,095 00

Numerous other buildings were projected and contracted for, some even partially built, but winter closing in much earlier than usual delayed their completion to another summer. The above statement does not take into account the numerous shanties built for summer occupation, and the numerous shed stables which were erected.

Taking into consideration the fact that one year ago to-day there were but four small buildings upon the town site, and the further fact that no pine lumber could be obtained for building purposes until the last of June, with no railroad construction to give a temporary life and activity to settlement, we challenge the history of the whole State to present an instance of equal growth and prosperity. The permanent character of the buildings erected are sufficient proof to the traveler of the faith which our people have in the future importance of our town in the Northwestern portion of the State.

A year ago the name and advantages of Fergus Falls were hardly known outside of the township in which it is located. In this short space of time it has made itself known, attracted hither an energetic industrious class of citizens who have made improvements amounting to

SEVENTY-EIGHT THOUSAND AND NINETY-FIVE DOLLARS.

And why is it that while other places in this portion of the State are standing comparatively still, we are making such rapid strides? We answer, from the simple self-evident fact that no other place north of Minneapolis offers such

SOLID ADVANTAGES,

to the settler as Fergus Falls. Situated upon the eastern boundary of

At this point will be manufactured the lumber to build their dwellings—lath, shingles, doors, sash, blinds, flooring &c. Here will be fashioned the plows to break up these fertile prairies; their farmers will buy of us, their seeders, reapers, mowers and rakes, necessary for their farming operations; our millers will buy their grain, and in return find with them a market for their flour; the fleeces of their sheep will be here manufactured into cloth to protect them from the rigors of a northern winter.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD

will furnish us an outlet to eastern markets for our surplus manufactures while it will bring to us the trade and commerce of the Red River Valley, and blooming prairies of Dacotah. Already under its influence thousands of hardy, industrious settlers are pushing on into these rich regions, with their families, taking homesteads and converting this hitherto valueless land into productive farms. This company have established their

LAND OFFICE AT FERGUS FALLS,

and appointed Sam H. Nichols as their agent for the sale of lands in Minnesota. Mr. Nichols' long experience in the U. S. land office has rendered him perfectly familiar with the descriptions and quality of lands in this section, and he will take pleasure in giving immigrants the benefit of his experience.

Through the agency of this road and its connections, which present indications clearly show will pass through Fergus Falls, we shall be put in close communication with the

IMMENSE COAL FIELDS

of the Cheyenne whose products will supply our forges and foundries with excellent and cheap coal for their use and an inexhaustible amount of fuel for the stoves of our citizens. Indeed we need not go even to the Cheyenne for our coal, Late discoveries show that coal may be profitably mined within three miles of the town site. We have received at our office and tested by burning, good hard coal taken from the earth within three miles of our office.

Taking into consideration the numerous material advantages possessed by our embryo city, to-wit; an unlimited water power permanent and easily improved, enormous quantity of pine and hardwood timber, railway communication, east, west, north and south, inexhaustible supplies of coal, and a soil and climate unsurpassed upon the face of the globe,

SOIL, SCENERY, CLIMATE.

STATISTICS OF THE RAPID GROWTH, BUSINESS, &c.

With the closing year it it is eminently proper that as a town we should review the current events of our history, and note the rapid progress which we have made, as compared with other localities, in the grand march of civilization during the few brief months of our existence as a town, which have gone to join their predecessors in the endless ages of the past. As the prudent merchant squares his books and takes an account of stock in store with each closing year to inform himself of the amount of business transacted and profits realized, so should we, as a town, looking back upon our record, and gathering wisdom from experience, with renewed courage inspired by past success, redouble our efforts in the coming year to place our rapidly rising town in that proud position among the cities of our State which its location, resources and manifold advantages so justly entitle it.

In order that the reader may thoroughly understand and appreciate the rapid strides which have been made by Fergus Falls, it will be necessary to give a brief history of its early settlement. The village of

FERGUS FALLS

is situated in townships 132 and 133 range 43, of Otter Tail County, upon the Red River of the North, called improperly by some the Otter Tail River, above its junction with the Bois de Soux. It derives its name with the material for a newspaper, and the construction of a building for an office was commenced and completed so as to enable us to issue the first number of the ADVOCATE upon the 15th of April. The scarcity of lumber for building purposes prevented further improvements until the arrival of the first drive of pine loge for Fergus Falls in the latter part of June, since which time the number of buildings have only been limited by the help that could be obtained to do the work.

Commencing upon the north side of the river, we append a statement of the buildings and improvements of the past year, by streets, with the cost as near as could be ascertained;

SUMMIT AVENUE.

Sam H. Nichols, dwelling	$ 1,200 00
" " barn	250 00
Geo. Head, improvem'ts to dwelling	2,000 00
" " " barn	500 00

CAVOUR AVENUE.

Adam Walsh, dwelling	800 00
Knut Harris; "	1,200 00

LINCOLN AVENUE.

C. Shepard dwelling	1,200 00
" barn	400 00
J. H. Hartow, dwelling	800 00
Martin Swenson. "	700 00
Hurd Bros. & Junken, hotel	4,000 00
J. Lantz, blacksmith shop with residence	1,050 00
Junken & Bordson, dwelling	950 00
Fred Mathias, meat market and residence	850 00
H. Henningsen, dwelling	1,400 00
Picket & Abbott, store and dwelling	2,000 00
E. W. Sims, store and residence	1 500 00
Geo. F. Cowing, store and dwelling	1,200 00
J. G. Johnson, Norsk Hotel	1,000 00
E. Buse, printing office building	800 00
John Zaizer, restaurant	1,200 00
Robie & Co., Store and residence	700 00
W. H. Smith, Billiard Hall	2,000 00
James Chambers, store	1,350 00
N. H Chittenden, dwelling	800 00
" " law office	300 00
Nichols & Dearborn, store & dwell'g	2,000 00
J. Austin, store, shop and dwelling	4,000 00
Couse & Hammer, store and dwell'g	2,000 00
Lowry Bros., " "	1 200 00
N. P. Johnson, Norsk Hotel	1,000 00
Ed Roise, dwelling	800 00
C. O. Squires, "	900 00
Squires & Gray, Livery Stable	1,200 00
O. M. Lanphere, blacksmith shop	1,800 00
L. H. Johnson wagon shop	600 00
N. B. Warn, blacksmith shop	450 00
S. B, Miles, store and hall	4,000 00

UNION AVENUE.

N. B. Warn, dwelling	400 00
A, McLeod, hotel	2,000 00
E. Buse, barn	800 00
C. W. Smith, dwelling	500 00
E. Buse, store building	1,200 00
J. Austin, bank building	1,200 00
O. S King, dwelling	800 00
W. Y. Smith, "	800 00
Buse & Henning, furniture store	1,200 00
E. Buse, dwelling	3,000 00

that vast "Green Sea," of 60,000 square miles in extent, which captivated the eminent traveller, "Carleton," and filled with astonishment the mind of that world wide observer and traveler, Bayard Taylor, so that he was forced to exclaim, "*we were amazed at the tropical luxuriance of the vegetation*," it stands the gateway through which must pass the millions of pine lumber growing in the forests to the north and east of the Red River and the lakes emptying into it. This must be had by the thousands of settlers who are swarming into these rich plains in advance of that great artery of commerce, the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Foremost among its many advantages we find its

UNLIMITED WATER POWER.

For two miles the Red River of the north, which is at this point 75 feet wide and five feet deep, rolls impetuously down an incline of 80 feet to the mile, with a power that is irresistible. The banks are favorable for the location of manufacturing establishments, varying from ten to thirty feet in hight. The volume of water is remarkably uniform, there being a difference of only two feet between high and low water mark. This arises from the fact that the river receives its supply of water from some thirty different large lakes, which with the marshes contiguous to it, act as natural reservoirs which store up the waters from the melting snows of spring and the heavy rains of summer, furnishing an ample and equal supply, giving to Fergus Falls

SPLENDID MANUFACTURING FACILITIES

excelled by no other location in this state. The country to the west and north of this point, says Bayard Taylor, "is excelled by no country in the world for its richness and fertility," and this of necessity must become its manufacturing and commercial center.

who shall say that Fergus Falls does not present some of the best opportunities for the

PROFITABLE INVESTMENT OF CAPTAL

of any town or city in our whole Union? The capitalist, to whom immediate returns are not imperitive, can here put his funds into almost any branch of manufacture with perfect security, knowing that but two or three years will bring back the money put into the original investment, together with a heavy per cent interest, and leave him an extensive and profitable business besides. To the laborer and mechanic, to whom cheap comfortable homes with steady employment are a desideratum, what place can offer such inducements as this, where so much is to be done which requires their aid, and where already capital is beginning its improvements which shall transform this lately quiet spot into the work shop of a territory extending to the Rocky mountains, and large enough to make three states as large as the state of Illinois. Here you can now cheaply secure a home which in five years time will have more than quadrupled in value, besides having furnished you with a comfortable home rent free.

To the farmer who depends upon a sure and convenient market for the products of the soil, where can he find a more favorable location than near a young and rapidly growing town where land is cheap and which in the language of Gov. Bross, of Illinois, "is one of the most healthy, productive and charming sections of the world," and soon to be a busy workshop with armies of workmen to be fed?

SOIL AND CLIMATE.

For wheat and stock raising this section of the country can not be surpassed by any portion of the West. The soil is a sandy loam, mixed with marl, and a heavy clay subsoil. An unlimited supply of native grasses supply all the pasturage and hay wished for the support of stock.

Speaking of the vast amounts of timber tributary to this point, Ex-Gov. Bross, a world-wide traveler, says, in a letter to the Chicago *Tribune*, while on a visit to this section of the country last summer: "This timber will all be wanted in the middle and western parts of the State. It will be sure to find its way far into Dakota, and down the Valley of the Red River of the North. It would almost seem as if Providence had especially designed it for this purpose. Central and Northwestern Minnesota, for perhaps a hundred and fifty miles, is one of the most healthy, productive and charming sections of the entire Union. There is scarcely a section without its beautiful lake; small prairies, rich and rolling, alternate with little groves of oak and other hard woods; and certainly, if any more inviting region can be found, we never had the good fortune to see it. That in the next dozen years it will contain a dense and highly prosperous population is certain as any event in the future. All the elements that can develop and sustain a highly cultivated, progressive civilization are found here in the greatest profusion. The population that is crowding in from the older States and from Europe is just the kind of people from whom the highest expectations are sure to be realized. Hardy, intelligent and enterprising they are men who will help to make Minnesota one of the leading States in the Union."

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Groceries, Dry Goods and General Merchandise.—Pickit & Abbott, Geo. F. Gowing, Jas. Chambers, Robie & Co., S. B. Miles.

Drugs and Groceries.—E. W. Sims, Nichols & Dearborn.

Hardware.—Jacob Austin, Couse & Hammer.

Furniture.—Buse & Henning.

Harness and Saddles.—S. A. Terwilliger.

Livery Stables.—Gray & Squires.

Lumbering.—Wright & Mendenhall.

Flouring.—Wright & Mendenhall.

Millinery.—Mrs. C. W. Smith.

Printing.—O. S. King.

Physicians.—Dr. R. M. Reynolds.

Lawyers.—J. W. Mason, N. H. Chittenden.

Hotels.—Geo. F. Cowing, D. Bell, Hurd Bros. & Junken, N. P. Johnson, J. G. Johnson.

Restaurants.—John Zaizer.

Saloons.—W. H. Smith.

Blacksmiths.—O. M. Lanphiere, N. B. Warn, John Lantz

Carriage Makers.—John Craig, L. H. Johnson.

Flour, Feed and Provisions.—Lowry Bros., Knut Harris.

Butchers.—Fred Mathias.

MANUFACTURES, BUSINESS, ETC.

It will be borne in mind by the reader, that of necessity the business of the town, for the first six months of the year, was comparatively light, the greatest portion of the growth of the place having been subsequent to the latter part of June, 1871, while no account at all is made of the lumber sawed or grain ground prior to the 1st of July, 1871.

LUMBER SAWED AT MILL.

Boards, dimensions and square timber feet	835,339
Shingles	450,000
Laths and Pickets	265,000

LUMBER SOLD FROM MILL.

Boards, dimensions and square timber (feet)	600,675
Shingles	450,000
Laths and Pickets	137,400
Sold from Rafts, all kinds lumber, feet	40,000

LUMBER ON HAND.

Boards, dimensions and square timber (feet)	234,339
Laths and Pickets	138,100
Logs reserved for improvements in spring	35,000
Amount of logs being put in for next season's work	3,000,000

FLOURING MILL.

Wheat ground since Sept. 28th, 1871. (bushels)	9,712

BRICK BURNED.

Three kilns, 100,000 each	300,000

MERCHANDIZE SOLD IN 1871.

Groceries	$65,000 00
Dry Goods	20,000 00
General Merchandise	35,000 00
Flour feed and provisions, 5 months	4,000 00
Hardware and furnishing goods	27,000 00
Furniture	5,000 00
Total merchandise sold	$156,000 00

OTHER BUSINESS.

Including drugs, livery, blacksmithing, wagon manufacture and restaurants	$5,000.00

TOTAL AMOUNT MANUFACTURED AND SOLD FOR 1871.

Merchandise,	$151,000 00
Lumber,	30,000 00
Flour,	10,000 00
Furniture,	5,000 00
Brick,	3,600 00
Other business,	5,000 00
Total amount,	$204,600 00

The above figures are in the aggregate taken from the books of our merchants and business men. We have given the amounts of the different articles sold in totals only, for the simple reasons that our business men felt it unnecessary to make public their private business, and in order to curtail as much as possible an article already too lengthy. The figures are however substantially correct, and are the best of evidence that Fergus Falls is the commercial centre and trading point for a large extent of valuable country.

RECAPITULATION.

Total business for 1871,	$204,600 00
Total improvements,	78,095 00
Total	$282,695.00

As yet no census of the

POPULATION

of Fergus Falls has been taken, without which it is imposibile to give an accurate statement. It has been found however, that a very close estimate may be made of the number of inhabitants of any locality by multiplying their voting population by five. At the last election Fergus Falls township cast 201 votes, full two-thirds of which were from the village of Fergus Falls. In a new country like this, no doubt the ratio of voters to inhabitants would be somewhat higher--say four inhabitants to each vote. Upon this basis the population of Fergus Falls would be 528, which we have no doubt is about the actual population of the village.

IMPROVEMENTS TO BE MADE IN 1872.

Already capitalists and others are making arrangements for extensive and important enterprises for the coming year. Messrs Page, Robinson & Co. have completed the preliminaries for the erection of another dam, and propose to build a large four run grist mill, costing at least $15,000, and will enter into the manufacture of flour. If their facilities for manufacture shall enable them to grind more than will be demanded by our home and western market, they propose to compete with Minneapolis in the New York market, shipping their flour *via* Duluth over the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Other parties have entered into negotiations, for water power to be used in driving the machinery of a sash, door and blind factory, and planing matching and re-sawing mill. We shall then be no longer dependant upon Minneapolis for our dressed lumber and siding, and as a consequence will be able to build cheaper than during the past year. The palates of that portion of community who have a partiality for good lager beer will also be provided for next spring by John Zaizer, who will erect a brewery for the manufacture of that beverage. The building and fixtures for the business will involve an outlay of $2,500.

The educational interests of this locality will not be neglected the coming year, but a fine new school house capable of accomodating 200 scholars will be put up for the use of the district. This will be a wise expenditure of money, adding another inducement to intelligent people to cast their lot with us. Education and christianity are the very ground work of civilization, and no intelligent high-minded citizen cares to settle and engage in business in a place where these interests are entirely overlooked, or poorly provided for.

Church privileges will also be provided for the well being of all. Parties in the east interested in the cause of christianity have signified their intention of erecting a fine commodious church here the coming summer for the accommodation of the friends of the Presbyterian denomination.

The Episcopalians do not intend to be one whit behind in the matter of church building, and will keep good their reputation as pioneers in the christian world by building a fine church, and supplying its pulpit with an able and earnest man.

Buse & Henning will also erect a factory for the manufacture of all kinds of furniture and cabinet work, at a cost of about $7,000. Their rapidly increasing business renders this step an absolute necessity.

The mill Co., have already the piers built for a new bridge across the river at Mill street, and will finish the superstructure by spring. This bridge it is estimated will cost $3,000.

The large amount of business which is increasing with wonderful rapidity in Fergus Falls, demands at times large sums of money outside that invested by our business men for their temporary accommodation, and to meet this demand the requizite capital has been pledged and a national bank of issue will be established in Fergus Falls before the heats of July shall be upon us. Other and more important enterprises for the development of Fergus Falls are culminating, of which just at present we are not at liberty to speak, but which we may say will give such an additional velocity to our substantial growth and prosperity as will fill with surprise and wonder even our oldest settlers who have witnessed the marvelous change of the past few months.

FUTURE PROSPECTS.

After a fair and honest review of the magnificent achievements of the past few months, taking into consideration our small beginning, the disadvantages under which we have labored, and the magnitude of our success, who shall say that we have not a great and glorious future before us. Surely indeed does the coming city of the northwest occupy a proud and enviable position. Standing as it were upon the backbone of the State, laying her either hand upon a tributary territory, soon to be peopled with hordes of sturdy, industrious, intelligent men and women, the future is indeed big with promise for her.

Furnished by the hand of Nature's God himself with all the requisites to become the busy workshop of this Northwestern world, the finger of fate is surely and unerringly pointing to her as the sceptered queen designed by location and natural advantages to shape the destinies of a numerous, happy and prosperous people.

Correspondence of the Tribune.

FERGUS FALLS, OTTER TAIL CO., Jan. 6th, 1871.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

If ever in my travels I meet old Capt. Miles Standish, I shall invite him to a trip "out West," just to note his astonishment at the modern way of doing things. It is said that the streets of Boston mark the lines of the original cow paths, and that the poor brutes were so weak and feeble that they couldn't walk reasonably straight. Now-a-days a line of stakes is the first symptom of a— settlement shall I say? No! Metropolis is the smallest word that will satisfy the ambition of the place which was wilderness yesterday, and to-day asks for a city charter.

But I was going to give you a sketch of this place, which seems to me to be the embodiment of the modern idea in town building. Springing up as it has like a mushroom, and yet with such solid foundation in natural advantages, and backed up by such management and enterprise, that from its start it is an assumed success.

Fergus Falls is in sections 33, 34 and 35, townships 132 and 133, range 43, in the western-central part of Otter Tail county, and in the heart of that beautiful belt of country, the cream of the State, which stretches from the Minnesota river northwesterly along the margin of the "Big Woods," away north, almost to British America. Fifty miles southeast from us down this belt is Alexandria, the nearest town. Within the past two years the settlements have extended seventy-five miles to the north of us, without a town. This is the belt of rolling prairie country, thickly interspersed with lakes and timber—farms ready made to the hand of the settler.

Across this belt flows the Red River of the North (incorrectly called Otter Tail by some) and at this point breaking from the high uplands of the Otter Tail Lake basin, down into the broad, fertile Red River valley, it forms the magnificent water power known for many years as Fergus Falls. The descent in the space of half a mile is over thirty feet, and considering the locality, the extent of the power, the ease and cheapness with which it can be improved and controlled, and the reliable character of the stream, it is without doubt the finest in the State, though in ultimate capacity it rates as the fifth. The Red River is here the most beautiful of streams, perfectly clear and sweet, with a sea-green tinge rarely seen except in the ocean.

To the north the prospect is limited by high lands and the beautiful grove of broad-spreading oaks on "University Hill"—for I am told they have an institution rivaling Cornell—in prospect. The architecture to me resembles a "Castle in Spain." To the south and west spreads far away the broad rolling prairie, with clumps of woodland, lakes and springs, and to the east and northeast is heavy hard-wood timber. The soil is deep, black and rich, with clay subsoil. Sixty miles up this river are the pineries, where a gang of hands are busy this winter cutting logs to be manufactured into timber here next summer, for this is the only point where all this region lying to the north and south can be supplied with pine, and pine lumber no less than soap, is a necessity as well as test of modern civilization.

And so they have mills here? Verily, for a consideration they will saw your lumber, furnish you with a shingle—to hang out—and "Good flour" (for that is their brand) will be made in a few weeks.

Upon the upper power (for there are three) the proprietors, Messrs. Mendenhall and Wright of your city, have put a solid substantial dam and use a portion of the power thus created to run a large

saw-mill fitted up with the latest improved machinery; and operating also one run of burrs and necessary machinery for flouring, which are to be transferred next year to a large new grist mill on the opposite side of the river. This work has been done under the superintendence of Mr. Henry A. Dow of St. Anthony, and I suppose "reflects great credit—" etc., but as I don't know anything about such things I will only say that it looks to me like a first rate job. Call on me for æsthetics and I'm your man every time, but I couldn't run a saw-mill, to save me from glory.

The first blow was struck here on the 19th of August last, little more than four months ago. The work I have spoken of has all been done since that time. A half dozen stores and a hotel are in operation, and as many more are under contemplation and will be built as soon as sufficient lumber can be obtained here. Three hundred acres have been surveyed as a town site, and the proprietors with shrewd outlook to the future, decline to sell lots to speculators but give away to actual settlers who will put up good buildings. A man sticks up his shingle on a lot—a valid squatter's claim for thirty days. If at the end of that time he fails to build, another claimant proceeds to knock down the shingle and put up his own notice of claim. Lots will never be sold very cheap here, for when the proprietors have done giving away, the remainder will be valuable.

They have a splendid water-power to give to the first co-operative association of mechanics numbering not less than twenty working members, that will come on and build shops, and improve the power. The proprietors feel, and justly too, that they have the finest natural point for trade and manufactures in the upper part of the State, and propose by a liberal policy to make Fergus Falls what it deserves to be, the largest city northwest of Minneapolis.

Among their plans for the coming year are, I understand, the creation of a new county, comprising the western part of Otter Tail and eastern part of Welkin counties. This would be a natural geographical division and would make the best county in this part of the State, with a present population of probably over three thousand and increasing rapidly. Of this Fergus Falls would be the natural center of business. Mechanics of all kinds are wanted here, and more merchants would do a first rate business. A good American hotel and a newswaper are imperatively demanded. It is expected that a daily mail and stage route connecting important points on the St. Paul & Pacific, and Northern Pacific railroads, and passing through this place, will be secured this year.

Lands hereabouts are all cheap yet, though the operations here within the past four months, have fully doubled the value of lands in the vicinity. Homesteads can be secured, however, within five or six miles of the town.

As I consider this place a good "specimen brick" of western live towns, I shall, in my journeyings hither, keep you posted as to its growth and progress. As ever yours.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

Rochester (Minn.) Post Aug 1871

Fergus Falls and Thereabouts.

The account of our trip to the Otter Tail region in our last issue broke off at Pomme de Terre. This point is about twenty miles this side of Fergus Falls, and it is twenty miles of as interesting a country as ever stranger rode over. Every mile or two, and at many points much more frequently, the road passes by lakes ranging through all the gradations of size, from large sheets of miles in length to little cattle watering ponds, and the traveler is scarcely out of sight of them anywhere on the route. Most of these lakes have groves, some quite large and others quite small, on their sloping banks.

From what we saw and were told, we should judge that timber was tolerably plenty here for a prairie country.

The surface of the country is rolling and the soil good, and much of it excellent.

Several farmers along that road have homesteads, costing them but sixteen dollars for 160 acres, that with their pretty lake, cozy grove and rich prairie land would be worth a fortune in an older country.

We drove by one lake, however, that we, individually, would not trade an old penknife for. It was a warm, sunshiny afternoon, and the ride had produced thirst, so as we rode within a few rods of the beautiful little sheet of water, we went down the bank and dipped up a cupful of the fluid, and then first noticed a milky, opaque sort of a look to it, and on tasting, found that it was a genuine alkaline lake, and strong at that. It was unfit for the drink of man or beast, and good for nothing unless to irrigate a soap factory. We were told that there were a couple of such lakes in that neighborhood, and have no idea how many more there may be. We should consider the poor quality of the water all through this region something of a drawback to its charms. The water that we drank, everywhere from Morris to Otter Tail, tasted more or less of soda or some other alkali. At Otter Tail we drank good water; we do not know whether it was from the river or from a well. The water of the Red river at Fergus Falls tasted good and pure. We were told that by sinking wells, a good quality of water may be got anywhere, and also that the surface water has been made stronger in this respect than usual by the extraordinary dryness of this season.

Fergus Falls is the beginning of an inland city. It has now something more than sixty houses, all of them put up this season, and about three hundred inhabitants. The Red River, on both sides of which the town is laid out, is a stream about the size of the Zumbro at Rochester, but deeper and much more rapid. There is abundant water power, the best, we believe, northwest of Minneapolis, and a rich country all around it, especially to the north and west. At Fergus Falls we are within twenty-five miles, on a straight line, of Fort Abercrombie and the west line of the State.

The location is a pretty one, the sloping banks of the river and numerous swells and knolls, affording a great variety of pretty sites for residences. The business part of the town is quite uneven, and they were already grading it when we were there. When it becomes a city, the office of Street Commissioner will be worth more than that of Mayor.

On the north edge of the town site is a nice grove with a lake in the heart of it. There are small groves right around the town, and within a few miles is a considerable body of timber. Fuel is now and is likely to be in the future, a good deal cheaper there than here.

A good saw mill is cutting up boards, lath and shingles from pine logs, that are brought down from beyond Otter Tail Lake, and two run of stone in the same building furnish the only grist mill within from thirty to fifty miles, and even farther in some directions.

Mr. Chauncey Payne, formerly of this place, now near Trempeleau in Wisconsin, is about putting in a dam this season and erecting a new grist mill.

We met and heard of not less than thirty Rochesterians there. George Head, one of the fathers of this place, has moved out there and become step-father to that promising infant city. Mr. Head's friends here will be pleased to learn that his new home is in one of the prettiest locations in the State. We think even prettier than that he had here; nearer the business street, and with no hill to climb, it is on a slope in the edge of the grove we have mentioned, and beside it a nice lake. It would be hard to find a place capable of being made a cosier home.

Messrs. Couse & Hammer, both formerly in the employ of Van Dooser & Ellithorp, of this city, are doing a fine business in selling hardware. There are two hardware stores in the place. Milnor Lowry is keeping a feed and grocery store. His brother Stewart is also living there. Dr. R. M. Reynolds is located there and doing a large practice. The Johnson Brothers, who worked with Oleson & Larson here, are putting up one of them a wagon shop, the other a store. Nels Knudson, who was with Mr. Peterson here, is building a store. Dawson Bell, well known here as a merchant, is keeping a hotel that is constantly crowded with travelers.

Samuel H. Nichols, a well-known former resident of Salem and Byron, in this county, has recently removed from Alexandria to that point, and we were told is about starting a bank in connection with Mr. Head and some other parties. His brother, George Nichols, is just opening a drug store, making the second one in the place.

There is a vast scope of excellent country tributary to that new town and apparently likely to continue so. It is already the most important point in all that region, and, with its great natural advantages, we can see no reason why it may not become another such interior city as this or Faribault. It is but fair to state that its most sanguine inhabitants expect to make of it another Minneapolis.

We had one adventure, while out there, that made a very strong impression on our mind and person. Mr. Head took us one afternoon to Elizabethtown, or as they oftener call it, Miggler's, a village on the Pelican river, eight miles north of Fergus Falls. The ride was over a rich and beautiful prairie country, skirted with an abundance of timber, with fewer lakes than we had seen this side of Fergus, and no waste land.

Miggler's is a little village of a few houses clustered around a partly improved water-power. It is probably the identical spot of which the engineer wrote to his employers, as recorded in Harper's Drawer, that he "found a dam there by a mill site but no mill by a dam site"; at least, that is its condition just now.

Deeply interested in the country which we were riding over, which is as fine as the finest portions of Olmsted county—and none could be better than that—we had rode farther than we ought under the shadow of an approaching storm, and while on the way back, night and the storm overtook us. It was the severest hailstorm we were ever out in, pelting the team till we barely escaped a runaway, and drenching us to the skin. After about an hour's endurance of this soaking, we spent the remainder of the evening under the hospitable roof and in a pair of hospitable dry pantaloons of Mr. Head, the latter being the smallest that we could get into out of the wet, just then.

Those of our readers who know the writer and his portly host, can imagine what an abundance of room we had to spare in our borrowed garb. Our habits were never before so loose.

Fergus Falls has a live paper, the *Advocate*, and to its editor, Mr. O. S. King, we are indebted for a pleasant and interesting ride to Otter Tail City, thirty-five miles north of east of Fergus Falls. Our route was between large and handsome lakes, through wide strips of eastern looking timber, across new prairie, and over a very picturesque country. It was a succession of novel and striking views. One large sheet of water, Battle Lake, about five miles in length, struck us as peculiarly lovely. Even in a country of lakes, where the sight of water almost palls on the eye, and where almost every farm has its lake or pond, its blue expanse and shores of brown prairie and mottled trees, would compel the admiration of the most stolid. The drive along its gravelly beach, just beyond the ripple of the pure water, was charming.

We passed one lake, Turtle Lake we believe, which sends its waters from one outlet towards the Gulf of Mexico, and from the other to Hudson's Bay.

We crossed the Leaf Mountains, a semi-circular range that, where we crossed it, seemed only a series of hills, but, as seen at several points in the distance, across miles of stretching prairie, stood out in bold grandeur against the sky like real mountains.

Otter Tail City is a small place, about the size of Fergus Falls, but not so new looking, though well spotted with new houses. It is on the sandy, prairie shore of a pretty lake, about thirteen miles in length and five in width. It has a steam saw-mill and is the county seat. It is there that

"City lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves."

Within a couple of squares of the hotel are the rough rooted graves of a band of lazy Chippewas who loaf around in that vicinity, equally worthless whether alive or dead.

At Otter Tail City we were within twelve miles of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

We met at Otter Tail City, Prof. Daggett, formerly of this city, who is postmaster there. We also learned that Hon. R. Reynolds, our former Judge of Probate, is about moving there from Alexandria.

On our return we went by way of Clitheral. After riding through a strip of woods on the bank of Battle Lake—where an ambuscade and terrible slaughter of old time aborigines took place, giving the lake its name—and across a prairie, we came upon an oak-opening, in which the tall straight trees and lawn-like grass had more the look of cultivation than of nature, on a high, bold bank against the base of which washed Lake Clitheral—a broad and pretty sheet, with shores lined with great smooth pebbles. Here a colony of Mormons have a settlement. A huddle of about twenty-five little log houses are gathered together, and a common fence, extending four or five miles away, encloses their common farm. They are not polygamous, live in separate families, but we were told are communists in their farming, sharing all their wordly goods in Apostolic style.

The site of their farm-village is one of perfect natural beauty and pastoral seclusion, and their homes and fields have a look of industry and thrift that speaks well for the actual morals of these people of an odd faith. We believe they are all Americans.

Everywhere through the region we traveled over, the population was principally Scandinavian. At several points along the railroad and generally from Morris to Fergus Falls and beyond, these hardy people constitute the bulk of the farming population. At Otter Tail we met the Board of County Commissioners, who were all foreigners; one a German, the others Norwegians. The chairman, Mr. Juleson, lived a few years ago in this city, and Mr. Ole Jorgens, the Auditor of that county, was from Grand Meadow, in Mower county.

Log houses are the fashion on all the farms out there, but with the approach of the railroad they will be superseded by frame buildings. Occasionally, where timber is scarce, sod huts are to be seen; generally, the front to a cave dug in the side of a bluff.

We returned greatly pleased with our trip, and with a greatly enlarged idea and improved opinion of that rapidly filling new country. We can see no reason why most of it, with its varied resources, is not sure to be developed with its increased railroad facilities, much faster than this of ours has been, into a thickly settled and highly productive region. In some places timber is scarce, but apparently no more so than in some localities that have become settled in this part of the State, and we were told that near the railroad the lack of timber would be obviated by the railroad furnishing fuel from the exhaustless supplies in the Big Woods, through which their track runs.

We cannot doubt that the day will come when that land of lakes will be all cut up into small farms, and will be as wealthy as it is already beautiful.

Fergus Reports Progress.

FERGUS FALLS, Minn., Feb. 1.

To the Editor of the Minneapolis Tribune:

You have not heard from me for a long time. I have flattered myself that you would become alarmed lest I should have gone to sleep in a snow-drift somewhere, and would wildly telegraph for me. I am disappointed.

Since I visited this place, a year ago, I find considerable change and progress. I see new buildings and new faces. The people have the same abiding faith in the future greatness of their "coming city" that they used to have, and with, it seems to me, a much better foundation for it. Extensive improvements have been made and a large amount of capital has come in during the past year.

Messrs. Page & Scott, formerly of Illinois, have built a substantial dam across Red River, about forty rods below the upper dam, which has also been entirely rebuilt in the most substantial manner. These dams furnish each about twelve feet head of water and power sufficient for all the machinery between here and Minneapolis. The saw mills have been rebuilt and lumber-dressing machinery added, so as to make them the most complete of anything north and west of Anoka.

At the lower dam is a large four-story flouring mill, with three run of stone in operation and room and machinery for three additional run, which the owners, Messrs. Page & Scott, design to put in during the coming season. This mill was built between September 1st and November 15th, and is first-class throughout, doing as good work as any mill in the State. There's enterprise for you.

A handsome two-story school house with cupola and bell, costing altogether some $4,000, stands on a commanding elevation north of the river, and a neat church built by the Presbyterian denomination occupies a similar knoll in the edge of the beautiful grove that skirts the northern limit of the village. Four or five other church organizations hold regular services in various halls and in the church. The Episcopalians and Congregationists are preparing to build each, handsome church edifices this year, and I hear that a select school or academy is probable. The town proprietors give liberal grounds for church and school purposes. The "First National Bank" has out an unpretending shingle, and is doing a safe and rapidly increasing business among the business men of the village and the Yanks and Norsemen of the surrounding country. The latter are usually shy of trusting their money affairs with Americans, but I judge from the appearances that they have found Cashier Compton to be one of the sort to "tie to." I think so too. Among the new faces I see here is that of the jolly, enterprising Charlie Goodsell, known to everybody in Rice county as an A. 1. Republican and business man, and a capital fellow beside. He, with his brother Louis, have bought the upper water-power and mills, and are here to stay. He has bought a beautiful site in the grove, and, like a number of others, will build him a fine residence there next summer. By the way, I have seen something here which might well be imitated by town owners elsewhere. Lots in the residence portion of the town, instead of being laid out on the principle of making as many little strips as possible out of an acre, are of generous size, the streets in some portions being handsomely curved to conform to the natural features of the ground, after the manner of a well laid out park.

The aggregate cost of the improvements during the past year cannot be much less than $100,000, and it is said that the new-comers of 1872, represented not less than $250,000 capital. Several fine brick buildings will be put up during the present year, some of them being already begun.

Two railroads have been surveyed through the village, and the business and wealth of the place are a sure guaranty of early railroad communication with the rest of the world. The telegraph clicks the eastern news, and the place that was almost out of the world a year ago, is now in hourly communication with all creation. A handsome block of three or four acres of land has been accepted by the county as a site for county buildings.

Long trains of teams come in daily, and the flouring mill runs day and night. Here, where but little more than two years ago not a single habitation could be seen, is now an active, enterprising population of some six hundred persons, all brimfull of pluck and energy, and with a supreme faith in their great future which makes even the most incredulous stranger feel that they "mean business" and deserve success.

Adieu; if I don't freeze up we shall meet again.

X.

W R Dunn
Great Republican
Tionesta Pa.
Nov 5/72

Fergus Falls.

During our trip in the West we stopped several days at this young and thriving town, which is situated in Otter Tail county, Minn. At present it is twenty-two miles from the nerest R. R. Station, which is Campbell, on the St. Paul & Pacific R. R.; but one, and probably two railroads will pass through the town during the coming season. The town is about the size of Tionesta, and is only two years old. Several fine buildings are already up and others are being erected constantly. Goodsell Bros. have an extensive Sawmill in operation, and Page & Scott a large flouring mill almost ready for business. Both are run by water power furnished by the Red River, which runs through the place. This is the second water power in State; the stream being swift and deep, and never varying a foot in a season. The power is easily controlled, and can never fail. This alone is bound to make Fergus Falls a large manufacturing place within a few years. The country about there is rolling prairie. A national bank has been established there, with Henry G. Page as President, and Capt. Jas. Compton as Cashier, which is doing a fine business. We have been acquainted with both of these gentlemen for years, and know them to be first class business men, and men who are bound to be popular with those transacting business with them. A Republican paper, yclept *The Advocate* is published there by a gentleman named King, who appears to be laboring for the best interests of the community. A Presbyterian church, very neat and comfortable has been built during the past Summer and the flock, which is numerous, is presided over by Dr. Godale, who, beside being a powerful preacher is a mighty hunter and a skillful fisher, and finds lots to do in all three vocations. A large school house is now in process of construction. All branches of business are well represented in this growing town, and a good class of people are there congregated. The land-owners in and about the village are very reasonable in their prices; their object seeming to be more to build up the town than to make large amounts of money on their lands. Should we ever take the advice of the worst defeated candidate for President who ever ate his words, *i. e.* "Go West, young man, go West," Fergus Falls will be our target. The inhabitants of that place will always be kindly remembered by us.

ROAD PROGRESS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

...e prospects are favorable. Congress and ...Legislature of the State have both passed ... extending the time to Jan. 1st, 1872, for ...pleting the St. Paul and Pacific branch ...s from St. Cloud to Brainerd and from St. ...nd to St. Vincent, and the company is now ...king active preparations for the resumption ...work immediately on the opening of spring. The work was so far advanced last year that ...s expected both lines will be finished by ...dsummer. The system of land-grant roads ...d out in 1857 will then be complete. The ... Paul and Pacific lines alone measure 700 ...iles, all north and west of this point. The ...ng controversy in regard to the location of ...e St. Vincent line is settled, and the line is ...o be built *via* Fergus Falls, thus assuring to that smart town the supremacy over all its rivals in the northwestern part of the State. With its extensive water power and vast tributary wheat region, Fergus should become, next to Minneapolis, the leading point for flour manufacture in the State.

The Legislature has authorized the bonding of the counties along the line to aid in the construction of the Duluth, Fergus & Breckenridge Railroad, (the Minnesota portion of the North Central Railway, projected to connect San Francisco with Lake Superior by the shortest practicable line) and we understand that a company of heavy capitalists have offered to build the road immediately with the aid contemplated, which, ft is understood, will be sufficient to grade and bridge the line.

We shall have occasion to refer more at length to this "North Central" project, which we regard as of great importance to the State. It promises, by the construction of some 600 miles of road, (about the average yearly amount built in Minnesota,) to shorten the route from San Francisco to the great Eastern markets by some 250 miles over any possible competing line. As San Francisco, with its population of over 200,000 of the most active and energetic people on earth, and backed up by almost boundless wealth and resources, must always remain the great city of the Pacific coast, it becomes to us a matter of great importance that through Minnesota, and not through Illinois, is found the shortest and cheapest route between that city and the East.

We notice the incorporation of another important line—The Duluth, St. Cloud and Yancton Railroad. This will give a short route from the central part of this state and southern Dakota, to Lake Superior. It is evident now that Minnesota has reached that stage that railroads can be built without Congressional aid. Dakota is unfortunately situated at this time. Though blessed with a tolerably good soil, there is no prospect of any extensive settlement except in the extreme southern part, and along the Northern Pacific Railroad line. The territory has no accessible timber and railroads are an absolute necessity *before* settlements can be made. Fuel and building material must be had by the very first settler. And Congress has shut down on land grants—the only means by which new railroads can be built in unsettled districts.

There are reasonable objections to land grants. The creation of great landed monopolies and the witholding from market of vast areas of land are serious objections. Congress may however effectually aid railroads, and develope and settle up the country, without witholding from settlement, or giving into the control of railroad companies a single acre, or spending a dollar of money. Let the price of the land be doubled and the proceeds of sales of one half of the lands along the lines be given to the railroad companies and capital can be found to build the roads.

Only by some such plan can Dakota be developed.

WHEAT GROWING IN MINNESOTA.

(From the Farmers' Union.)

A dozen years ago Minnesota did not raise enough wheat to supply its 150,000 inhabitants with bread. This year the crop will reach THIRTY MILLIONS OF BUSHELS, or sixty bushels for every man, woman and child of it half-million inhabitants; a larger yield *per capita* than in any other portion of America.

The yield is over twenty bushels per acre, and the breadth sown about one-and-a-half million acres, or about one-twentieth part of the arable lands of the State. The cultivation is generally of the rudest and cheapest kind. The careful and thorough culture of the Eastern States would increase the yield from 30 to 50 per cent.

The breadth prepared for the crop of 1873 is not less than eighteen hundred thousand acres. The average increase each year in the breadth sown is not less than 20 per cent. This rate of increase on the crop of 1872 will give for the area cultivated in 1876 over three million acres, yielding sixty million bushels, and in 1879, five-and-a-quarter million acres, yielding over a hundred million bushels, and even then but an eighth part of the good farming lands of the State will be in crop. From the fields when grown, the cost of transportation to eastern markets is no greater than from Western Illinois. At this time from 100 to 150 carloads of wheat pass daily over the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad alone, on the way to market *viâ* Duluth, and this wheat comes in part from the river counties near the southern corner of the State, and within 300 miles of Chicago. The shortest line to the great lakes will always carry the heavy freights of the West, and the Minnesota wheat-field is within an average distance of two hundred miles from the most magnificent harbor on the upper lake, from which point eastward freights are as low as from Chicago. Salt, iron, and all heavy goods from the East for Nebraska and North-Western Iowa are now sent *viâ* Duluth cheaper than *viâ* Chicago. Nebraska and Kansas are from two hundred to five hundred miles further from market than Minnesota is. Even Iowa has to haul its wheat a hundred miles by rail to place it as near market as is the threshed grain in the field of the Minnesota farmer.

Does wheat farming pay? The best answer to this question is the statement above given of the marvelously rapid increase both in the area sown and in the yield. The rapidly-extending lines of railroad are unable to keep pace with this development. Their elevators, and warehouses are bursting with wheat.

A single example is here given to show what may be done in wheat raising in Minnesota. Eight years ago Mr. Oliver Dalrymple, of St. Paul, undertook to demonstrate that wheat farming, pursued in a business-like manner, with the energy and intelligence essential to success in commerce or manufactures, would yield a better return than any other occupation.

The result thus far is given from his own statement made to the writer a few weeks since. His three farms, the "Grant," "Sherman," and "Sheridan," are all situated in the vicinity of Hastings, Minn.

Number of acres under cultivation, 2,300; average annual yield of wheat per acre (for 6 years), 20 bushels; the average selling price per bushel at the farm, 1 dol.; the average cost per bushel, 50 cts.; average cost of the land per acre in 1864, 10 dols.; cost of all farm buildings, per acre, 8 dols.; working capital employed, per acre, 10 dols.

This latter covers the following items:—

Ploughing (which is done in fall)	$2.00	per acre.
Seed Wheat 1½ bushel	1.50	,,
Sowing and harrowing	75	,,
Cutting and binding	2.50	,,
Hauling and threshing	3.00	,,
Sundries	25	,,
Total	$10.00	,,

Board fence costs him 75 cts. to 1 dol. per rod; prairie breaking, per acre, 3 dols.; the average profit on his total investment per annum for six years past, 20 to 25 per cent., and the value of the land at this time, 40 dols. per acre.

The yield of 1871 was a very poor one for wheat, and his yield was only 19 bushels per acre. In 1872 the crop was better, yielding 22 bushels to the acre, a total of 50,600 bushels, sold at 1 dol. 5 cts. per bushel as soon as harvested; so that before the 10th of September he pocketed his 53,130 dols., puts his ploughs at work for another year's crop, and takes a vacation till next spring.

He uses but four horses on each 160 acre tract, and as yet no steam power. He ploughs soon as the old crop is off the field, sows early as possible in spring, harvests early and sells early. During three-fourths of the year he is more at leisure than any other business man in Minnesota, and yet nothing is neglected.

His answer to the question, "Does farming pay as well as other business?" was simply, "I know it has paid *me* better than anything else I could have done."

Minnesota has room for twenty thousand just such farms, requiring only intelligent management to give equally good returns. Business farming in Minnesota is infinitely safer and equally profitable with manufacturing and merchandising.

MORE ABOUT THE EARLY HISTORY.

The Old Settler Rises to Explain.

Editor Fergus Falls Journal:

I notice in your last number a letter from "Vindex" to the Audubon Journal, giving some points of interest which to me were new, respecting the early settlement of Fergus. All these bits of history are valuable, and it is to be hoped that others who can will furnish us with their information on this subject.

But Vindex in correcting "Old Settler," falls into errors which he will thank me for setting right. The claim of Mr. Ulvigen on the N.W. ¼ 35, T. 133, R. 43, could not have been on any part of what is now the village of Fergus, although within the corporate limits, about three-fourths of a mile from the centre of business. The land where the town is had been previously entered. The original plat of the town covered the fractional S. W. of S.W. sec. 35, fractional S½ S.E.¼ sec. 34, T. 133, R. 43, and N.W.¼ sec. 3, T. 132, R. 43—the nearest point of which is one-fourth of a mile distant from the N.W.¼ of sec. 35.

Several persons were living within the present corporate limits of Fergus before the commencement of the village, Aug. 19, 1870. When the writer renewed his acquaintance with this region in 1869–70, the N.W.¼ of 35 was occupied and claimed by Mrs. Lisette Paul, the mother of Ernst Buse. What happened between 1865–6 and that date, among the homestead settlers of the township, the writer does not claim to know. But in the incidents of the settlement of Fergus village proper, it is thought that the account heretofore given is substantially correct so far as it goes.

OLD SETTLER.

See also Page 79

Geo. B. Wright and A. J. Underwood.

The Champion Liars of the Northwest.

THEIR LIES REFUTED

Geo. B. Wright Tries to Defeat the St. Vincent Extension.

With that contemptible meanness and falsity which is so pre-eminently characteristic of the man, Geo. B. Wright while in Fergus Falls, last week, deliberately coined and set afloat upon its travels the atrocious lie that Col. King had opposed the bill before Congress last winter for the St. Vincent Branch, and that he was hostile to the completion of the road.

From his knowledge of this Geo. B. Wright and the questionable manner in which he acquired a portion of his wealth, E. E. Corliss, chairman of our Republican County committee, believed the charges to be malignant and false, and addressed a note to Col. King, requesting him to give him the facts in the case. Col. King replied to Mr. Corliss, stating the truth of the matter, and exposing the duplicity of the sneaking liar, Geo. B. Wright, who was the one who tried his best to defeat the bill and with it Fergus Falls.

We give below the letters so that the people of Otter Tail County can see what contemptible sneaks Geo. B. Wright and his manakin, A. J. Underwood, who prints his paper, the *Journal*, are.

Mr. Corliss' Letter.

FERGUS FALLS Aug. 11, 1874.

W. S. KING, Esq.,

DEAR SIR:—The assertion is being made to our people, by Geo. B. Wright, of your County, that the N. P. R. R. is hostile to the St Vincent Branch of the St. Paul & Pacific R. R., that you are interested in the N. P. R. R., and that in furtherance of their designs against said St. Vincent Branch, you did at the last session of Congress oppose the passage of the bill extending the time for its completion.

Our people are vitally interested in the construction of this road, and I take the liberty of inquiring of you the facts concerning the charge made by Mr. Wright.

An early reply will oblige.

Yours Respectfully,

E. E. CORLISS,
Cha'n Rep. Co. Cent. Com.

Reply.

E. E. CORLISS, Esq.,
Fergus Falls, Minn.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the 11th, informing me that one George B. Wright has publicly stated at Fergus Falls that the North Pacific R. R. Co., was opposed to the bill passed during the last session of Congress, extending the time for the completion of the St. Paul and Pacific R. R., and that, being interested in the Northern Pacific Co., I had opposed the extension bill, is received.

This statement is so vilely and audaciously false, that had it come from a source no more respectable than the characterless and almost unknown sheet through which Mr. George B. Wright occasionally thrusts himself upon a disgusted public in the role of editor, I should, following a rule to which I have closely adhered for many years, pass his slanders by unnoticed and uncontradicted.

But George B. Wright is a man who *claims* to be respectable. He *assumes* to be a man of personal honor and of truth, and I am therefore compelled, in self defence, to notice his unworthy and disgraceful conduct in this matter by showing that he has maliciously and intentionally resorted to falsehood to injure one who has never in the slightest degree wronged or injured him in any manner.

The "facts" in the matter of the bill extending the time for the completion of the St. Vincent Branch, so far as I have any knowledge of them, are simply these:

Early in the last session of Congress, Col. DeGraff, Col. Crooks, and Charles A DeGraff visited Washington to secure the extension of the time for completing the St. Vincent Branch. To this end they called upon Senator Windom and solicited his active aid in the matter. At the same time they conferred freely with me upon the subject, and requested me to urge upon both our Senators the necessity for prompt action upon the bill which had been prepared and placed in Senator Windom's hands, he being on the Committee of public lands in the the Senate. This I freely did and consulted daily with Col. DeGraff and Col Crooks upon the subject until the bill passed the Senate and went to the House where it was taken in hand by Mr. Dunnell, a member of the committee on public lands in the House.

Returning home early in the month of May, I met Col. DeGraff and Col. Crooks in St. Paul, who informed me that certain parties were opposing their bill, and they requested, that, on my return to Washington, I should use whatever influence I might have to secure the withdrawal of such opposition, which I most cheerfully and willingly did. Returning to Washington I saw the parties named by Messrs. DeGraff and Crooks, stated to them the great and vital importance of the bill to the State of Minnesota, corrected false impressions under which they were laboring, and induced them to cease their opposition to the measure. In the meantime Gen. Averill, Mr. Dunnell and Maj. Strait were actively and vigorously pressing the measure, and, through their well directed efforts, the bill was finally passed.

Such, my dear sir, are the "facts" in regard to this measure, which, so far as I am in any manner concerned, are well known to Col. DeGraff and Col. Wm. Crooks, both of whom will, if appealed to, corroborate my statement herein made. So far as I have any knowledge of the wishes of the Northern Pacific Rail road Compay in relation to this matter, they were earnestly in *favor* of the extension bill, as they are in favor of the completion of the St. Vincent branch. And that George B. Wright should so far forget the common decencies and proprieties of life as to be guilty of such lying statements as stated by you, would be deemed incredible by me, had I not evidence that in his efforts to injure and defeat me in this campaign, he had been guilty of other falsehoods against me equally vile and infamous.

Having thus answered the statements of Mr. Wright in this matter, I trust I shall be pardoned by you and my friends in Otter Tail and other Counties, in this District, if in the future, I decline to notice the further falsehoods and libels which Mr. George B. Wright or his paid hireling may utter against me.

My time can be better employed than in attempting to refute the statements of characterless libellers, the only limit to whose falsehoods is the extent of their ability to invent them.

Very Respectfully Yours,
WM. S. KING.

Minneapolis August 14th, 1874.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 14, 1874.

E. E. CORLISS, Esq.,
Fergus Falls, Minn.

MY DEAR SIR:—Since writing you this morning in regard to the lying statements made by George B. Wright, I have had a conversation with Mr. W. A. Croffutt, editor of the Evening *Mail*, of this city, a close personal friend of Mr. Wright now and for many years past. I informed Mr. Croffutt of the statements made by Mr. Wright concerning my alleged opposition to the bill extending the time for the completion of the St. Vincent Branch of the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad. Mr Croffutt replied to me as follows:

"I am astonished at what you say. *Why, Mr. Wright himself was strongly opposed to that bill, and came to me in the Tribune office* [Mr. C. was then editing the Tribune—Ed.] *and wanted me to attack the bill.*"

"Are you not possibly mistaken?" I asked of Mr. Croffutt.

"Mistaken? *No*," said he. "Geo. B. not only wanted me to attack the bill, but *offered to write articles and furnish me with points against the measure!* He said the bill *was a fraud* and would raise a howl against Gen. Averill from one end of the line to the other, as the Company would get the land while the people would not get the road."

This, bear in mind, was the same bill which passed Congress, and which Mr. Wright now falsely charges me with having opposed. I think Mr. Wright mistaken in the character of the bill under discussion, but I cannot be mistaken in saying that a man who would conduct himself as Mr. Wright has towards myself in this matter, is unworthy the association of honorable gentlemen, and deserves to be kicked from the doorsteps of every decent man in your own or any other community.

Yours Truly,
WM. S. KING.

What a "Hennepin County Republican" Thinks of George B. Wright.

MINNEAPOLIS Minn. Aug. 15 1874.

For the Fergus Falls Advocate:

I have just read in the *Journal* of the 13th inst., what purports to be an extract from a private letter in reference to the character of Col. W. S. King of this city, and the statements it contains an so infamously false in assesion and insinuation that I cannot let them pass unnoticed. True, Col. King is a candidate for Congress, but is that any reason why every black hearted liar in the country should throw mud at him? I have known Col. King for sixteen years—ever since he came to Minnesota.

I have been intimately acquainted with him in political and social matters, and while he is not a "religious" man as I profess to be, I can truly bear testimony to his honor, integrity, and every other trait of character that goes to make up a true citizen and upright man.

The citizen of Minneapolis, have the reputation of being as pure in their moral character as any place of its size in the land, and if Col. King was such a man as the "*Journal*" would try to make him out to be, why is it that every body here believes in him? There is not enough opposition to him in Minneapolis to make a respectable shadow of a musquito. If every church in the City were canvassed, not ten men in the thousands of communicants they contain could be fund who do not cheerfully and most cordially endorse Mr. King. Is it possible that these men—most of whom are familiar with Mr. King's character, would so stultify themselves by supporting a man such as the *Journal* would try to make out Mr. King to be? Every body is friendly to Mr. King where he is best known, and have the fullest confidence in his ability and character as a man. This fact it seems to me to be all the answer required to the base and villainous attacks of the *Journal*. If I believe any respectable man in Otter Tail Co. would believe any of the assertions of the *Journal*, I would enter more into detail, but I take it that your people are too sensible and well posted to believe such nonsense published just before election, and that in the columns of a paper of the calibre of the *Journal*.

A HENNEPIN CO. REPUBLICAN.

HIS TRUE COLORS.—Underwood of the Fergus Falls *Journal*, has at length begun to sail his paper under ..., by the ... The Demo...

... ving "accepted money for my serv-s," etc., but in asserting, also, by ...t same broad implication, that I ...ve refused to appear before the ...nmittee of Ways and Means to tes-... as to my connection with and ...owledge of the passage of the Pa-...c Mail subsidy bill. For I now ...in assert, what I two years ago ...thfully stated under oath, that I ...er "accepted" or received one dol-... as "consideration for my services ... aiding the passage" of that bill, ...ile I took great pleasure in appear-... before the Committee, at the very ...ning of this investigation, and ...tifying fully as to all I know con-...ning the matter.

...herefore it is, gentlemen of the ...gislature, that I thus distinctly ...arge you with having spread upon ...e records of your respective Houses, ...agrant and audacious falsehoods con-...erning myself, an act, which, to use ...our own language, is calculated to ...ast dishonor upon the escutcheon ... Minnesota" unless you shall have ...e decency to "at once rectify your ...ositions" by expunging these dis-...raceful falsehoods from your journ-...ls.

But, gentlemen, who are you, and ...hat are you, that you thus pompous-... set yourselves up as my masters, ... assume to instruct me, a private ...zen, (for I am only such, as yet) in ... or any other matter? Who con-...ituted *you* either my masters or my ...es, that you thus impudently ...ame to issue instructions to me, ...pose penalties for non-compli-... with your insolent demands? ... hasty answer, I pray you, for ... before this letter can reach ...you will have disappeared into ...position of "nothingness" from ... you were only lifted by one ...e political accidents of annu-...rrence in our State. And the ...ply I have to make to the im-... demands of your Joint Resolu-...s, that in this, as in all other ...rs, my action will be governed ... own sense of duty, of right and ...opriety.

...der what arrangement I *did* re-... a large sum of money about the ... of the passage of the Pacific Mail ...dy bill, is a matter which I do not ...ose to disclose to the world except ... own good time, nor until evidence ... I am unable to reach now can ...cured, to the end that the exact ... in the case can be presented to ...public, which will bring to me the ...st and most complete vindication ...nst the falsehoods which you have ...ad upon your respective journals. ...l that time, which I trust is not ...istant, I have only to say that not ... dollar of the money received by ...of which so much has been talked ...written, was ever intended for or ...ied to the influencing of a vote ...n the Pacific Mail subsidy, and no ... or line of all the evidence that ... been taken during this long and ... searching investigation even ...nts" to any such conclusion. And ...onscious of my own rectitude in ...natter and, pausing here to ten-...der to that one Representative who was just enough towards me to refuse his assent to your lying declarations, my grateful thanks, I pass on to some other points which I propose to present to your and the public's consideration.

In perusing the proceedings of your very distinguished body (and the farther away from home its name goes the more "distinguished" it becomes) upon this matter, I notice that, in the presentation, discussion, and adoption

not wise and virtuous. The people of this State have just now a desire to know Mr. King just how it is with the men ... Congressional

sand dollars of Cuban gold ...islators u... ter to such a high toned and ...-day eyed sentinel of the "escutcheon" "Wilk." Gentlemen Legislators, you only do yourselves and your own characters simple justice in following "Wilk" as a proper leader in this crusade against official corruption.

And *he*—shall I name "him?" *Need* I name "him?" Does not every Legislative eye turn instinctively towards that proud champion of political virtue and "Reform," before whom fifty-three of you so recently bowed in political adoration, without my resorting to the vulgar necessity of uttering the name of ——Donnelly? DONNELLY!!! A name familiarized to the people of Minnesota by its close and intimate association with all that is pure and good in politics during the ten years' service he rendered in guarding the "escutcheon;" a name synonymous with the loftiest integrity, purity of character, exalted patriotism, and unyielding devotion to the cause of public virtue and the honor of the "escutcheon." And when I recall that fifty-three of you, gentlemen of the Legislature, thoroughly acquainted with Mr. Donnelly and his public record, recognized in him a fit and proper representative of yourselves, and gave him your votes for U. S. Senator, I am forced to admit that you performed one of the most proper political acts of your lives. For Donnelly is worthy of you and your votes, and you are worthy——but no, I can't say that. No, Donnelly is worthy of more reputable followers than *you*, so far as I have the honor of your personal acquaintance. For I here assert that I think him just as *honest* as you, who so recently kneeled before him and decorated him with your votes for U. S. Senator, while the most common-headed man in the State, outside the present "Minnesota Legislature," will at once admit that he has more brains than all of you. So, extending to Donnelly my sympathy that he could not have been favored with a more reputable class of supporters, I proceed to remark that, after all, your mutual relations are, beyond doubt, the most fit and proper that could have been established. For Donnelly's political "kite" no more tasty and becoming "tail," with fifty-three joints, could possibly have been constructed, even down to the very last little "Crooks" at the end. The combination of materials and character is most happily blended from extreme to extreme, and I do not wonder that you are somewhat vain and even pompous in view of the very satisfactory and happy relations you sustain to your distinguished head and leader. For Donnelly's kite is, fortunately for your ambition, different from other articles of that kind, inasmuch as he can always furnish wind enough to fly it in any kind of political weather. This close of political "attachment" between ... is also very fortunate for you in another respect; that it enables you to reach a political altitude which you could otherwise never have hoped to attain.

But, gentlemen, interesting to you as I know this somewhat digressive branch of the subject must be, proud, as I know you must be at the exalted position which your "attachment" to Donnelly enables you to reach, I must pass on to the more important points of this subject. And as Mr. Donnelly is a member of your "joint" body, and as he, too, doubtless considered my case "in no partisan

THE CAUSE OF RELIGION.

Hon. W. S. King Is Worried about Beecher.

From N. Y. Sun, Feb. 6.

There is news from the Hon. William S. King of Minnesota, the celebrated ...ividual who has such valuable ...the ...on respecting the Pacific Mail anything ... intelligence now received Mr. Donnelly as your recognized leader and Senatorial candidate. No, no. I know you too well for *that*. Memphis and El Paso R. R. stock is not the kind of assets which would quicken your regard for or commend any candidate to your favor. No, it was Donnelly's *principles* you loved. It was "his way" of guarding the "escutcheon" that challenged your admiration. It was his style of political purity and virtue which excited your patriotic pride, and made him the master of your hearts and votes.

Gentlemen of the Minnesota Legislature, Mr. Donnelly is with you, and of you still. He "moves, breathes, and has his being" within your highly virtuous body. He is subject to your call and to your jurisdiction. But he is, also —— I do not say this to flatter him, but simply "as a friend"——the principal part, the "butt-end" of the present very pretentious "Legislature of Minnesota." He rules and "runs" two of the three parties which make up your distinguished body, and seems to inspire the fatal and destructive policy of the other. Therefore there will be no exhibition of your superior virtue and honesty in the case of either "Wilk" or Donnelly. There will be no investigations asked by you into Mr. Donnelly's transactions with the Memphis, El Paso and Pacific R. R. Company, unless it be to "inquire" of Mr. Donnelly why in the name of all the Prophets he did not compel the company to make his payments "all cash," instead of taking so much R. R. stock. Ah, gentlemen, had he only have done *that*, what rich "pickings" you would have had, and how the "fifty-three-jointed tail" would have shaken and quivered with delight, clear down to the last little "Crooks" at the end. Yes, gentlemen, you would have had Mr. Donnelly *elected* Senator long before this, and would doubtless have added still another to your series of "joint resolutions" upon the importance of protecting the "honor" and the "escutcheon" of Minnesota. But as it is, you have fulfilled your mission. You have, peacock like, made a public "spread" and exhibition of your virtue by placing a falsehood against me, upon your journals, and there you will "rest." Now you will go on with your corrupt bargains and intrigues in Senatorial matters. Your buying and selling of each other may now be resumed with perfect impunity. Even as I write a telegraphic statement from St. Paul, which I find in the public journals, informs me that "active negotiations are now in progress" upon the Senatorship, of which I have no doubt.

I might, gentlemen of the Legisla-... and virtuous tastes do not, it is true, all run in the same direction, but they "*run*." With some of you they travel in the line of railroad schemes. With some they lead into the rich domain of swindling government and Indian contracts; some into the delightful pursuit of manufacturing and dealing in bogus half-breed scrip; while others of you prefer the more quiet and shady pathways of "pine land rings." But all of you are equally honest and virtuous. Your characters in that respect you have founded upon your lying joint resolutions.

BILL KING'S PIOUS GAME.

A Few Remarks upon the Same by One of His Minnesota Backers—Running a Newspaper on a Religious Basis.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: In THE SUN of Feb. 6 you quote our Bill on the Beecher scandal as follows:

"Ah, I'm afraid it is a very bad business. Now I sometimes swear, and occasionally drink whiskey, and I may even now and then do other things that are not quite right; but I *tell you* I am very sorry for this Brooklyn scandal, *especially on account of the harm it will do to the cause of religion*."

Now, Sir, there's just where you struck ...y gravel. We know Bill out here, and we ...now that morality and religion is Bill's strong ...it. That is why we elected him to Congress. ...ou see, Bill has got a good face, and them that ...n't used to it can't tell what he holds. ...nd Bill is always ready to ante and pass ...he buck—that's the subscription paper—and whenever religion turns up, why Bill just bets ...is—I was going to say bottom dollar, but on reflection I won't—he just gives his note at ninety days for any amount. You see no common kind of a player can afford to put up greenbacks against that. And so Bill goes down to Washington and just rakes down the pool, and then he brings home the spoons, and we all have a finger in the divide. Well, this went on for a good many years, and Bill continued to render it sultry for the Philistines, and never had to show his hand ...ill Irwin went back on him.

Now, to show you how strong a religious game Bill plays, I just call your attention to a neat little thing he did here last year. Bill owned the *Tribune* of our town, and Croffut (that's Peleg Wales) slung ink for him. Peleg is a little shaky on his theology, and Bill hasn't preached a great deal since he left the Methodist ministry for the wildcat insurance biz, and so we orthodox fellows thought the thing didn't look just right, considering that Bill was going to be a candidate. Besides that, there was some danger that another paper—square orthodox—would start up and give the *Tribune* a hard rub. So we just told Bill we were afraid his religion was getting a little down at the heel. The upshot of the matter was that Bill had a talk with Peleg, and said to him, said he, "Croffut, I'll be damned if this sheet isn't hereafter run on a *religious basis*."

But even that didn't quite satisfy some of the religious folks—a precious hard lot to manage, some of our preachers are. So Bill watched his chance.

It wasn't long before Vic Woodhull came around lecturing, and all the Legislature at St. Paul went to hear her, and—well, you know, there is a good deal of human nature in a Senator after all. The *Tribune* (Bill's paper) printed her advertisement and called her a bad egg and all that. So of course everybody wanted to know how it was himself, and went to the lecture. Bill was all ready, and as soon as Vic paid her advertising, down he pounced on Peleg with this letter, and Peleg had to print it:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19, 1874.

To the Editor of the Minneapolis Tribune:

Nothing can be more unpleasant to the writer than to publicly dissent from the editorial expressions and management of the *Tribune*. But a sense of personal as well as *public duty* impels him to say that the recent admission of the notorious and disreputable "Woodhull" into the editorial and advertising columns of the *Tribune* is *most mortifying and humiliating* to him. That these parties, so notoriously indecent and blasphemous in their publicly proclaimed sentiments, should have been allowed to throw their vile poison out upon the community through the columns of the *Tribune* is to him a source of *deep regret*.

In advertising for and noticing editorially the advent and doings of the parties referred to, the editor and business manager of the *Tribune* followed, as the writer is well aware, journalistic custom and usage, and violated no law of generally accepted newspaper practice and etiquette. But whatever common usage may establish in such matters or *however much money may be brought to the coffers of the Tribune* by that class of advertising, the undersigned prefers that the paper shall on all such questions pursue the more exceptional policy of excluding this class of matter both from its business and editorial columns, a policy which he trusts may be *rigidly adhered to in the future*.

W. S. K.

That fetched 'em. It was just Bill's regular little old game, and after that there wasn't a P. R. (P. R. stands for Pine Ring out here) deacon in our church who had divided spoons with Bill for the last ten years, but just came right out flat footed for him, because we all knew now that Bill was sound on the great moral goose. And all our boys who hold some of the eight million North Pacific that Bill got in the big divide, and all the rest that expected individually the big contract in the next big divide—and that included pretty nearly all of us, as we have since found out—and every fellow that Bill was going to help into the United States Senate this winter in place of Ramsey—and that made a clean sweep of the field—went in for Bill hot and heavy, and among us all we scooped Averill and boosted Bill in. But it was a tough old job and cost us a pile, and now for that Irwin to go back on Bill and us in that way, is rough—mighty rough! It's what I call a regular hog game, after Bill's coming out square as he did on the high moral.

And now, Sir, won't you publish Bill's letter, so as to show Mister Dawes and them other fellows that Bill is on the square; and if we can work this thing through, and Bill gets his seat in Congress and gets the subsidy for us, why, it will all be right. Bill will give his note for ninety days rather than not have every good man chip in with us.

Yours, &c., P. R. STRIKER.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Feb. 10, 1875.

G B W in NY Sun

JANS;
A Christmas Tale of Fergus Falls.

BY GEORGE B. WRIGHT.

[Written for the Fergus Falls Journal.]

Christmas come again. Merry Christmas over all the world. All the earth glad because the Child of Bethlehem is come again into the lives and hearts of men.

1863.

Christmas in Old England. Christmas around every hearth, at every loaded board, in every home in all the land. How the wide scattered branches of every household tree come close together this blessed eve. Middle-aged sons and daughters—children again in the old home—bringing their sheaves, God's blessings, with them; the young proud mother with her first-born, shy maid and blithe lad, with shy doubt and blithe hope in their hearts, and silver haired grandfather and grandmother, all once more around the old cheery fireside, where the ruddy flames dance and leap for very joy and the glowing embers light up with the glad faces that Christmas days long years agone have gathered there, as the glad faces gather there to-day. Peace on earth—Good will to men.

Merry Christmas in Ireland. In huts of misery and squalor, this day the one day of cheer in all the dark wretched days of many and long wretched years of degradation, oppression and wrong.

Christmas in America. A million homes where stand the vacant chair of the absent or dead soldier. A million prayers for safety. A million supplications for strength to bear the worst. Not joy and gladness, but anxiety and foreboding. Waiting for the time to come—waiting, waiting, oh, how long—for Peace on earth.

Christmas in camp. Across a continent two serried lines; the blue and the grey. Christmas in Virginia along the Rapidan where the blue, heavily massed, crowds down on the sullenly shrinking line of grey.

Christmas in Knoxville, late beleaguered, starved and frozen. Christmas across the mountains and far down the eastern road, where Longstreet's baffled army drags itself through snow and mire.

Christmas across the Mississippi and along the dark border where on midnight murder, pillage and nameless outrage, feed the fiends who once were men—once little children, too; once darling babes rocked to sleep on gentle breasts of mothers, who prayed that nought might ever come to harm their little ones.

"Merry Christmas," bellowed the batteries of Gilmore, as they tossed their mock sugar plums abroad through Charleston's deserted streets and ruined walls.

Christmas in war. Death bids men to the carnival, "welcomes them with bloody hands to hospitable graves"—bids them taste his grape, the rarest vintage of the Devil, and carves, with bayonet and sabre, the choicest flesh into which God hath ever breathed the breath of life. Gaunt starvation spreads the board with the tempting husk that swine refuse, and blind Fury brightens the evening hearth of war with blazing rick and mansion, and gives a welcome home illumination, in the flames of cosy village and bustling city. Peace on earth—not yet. Eighteen Hundred Sixty-three years, and yet He hath not come.

In the little tattered 7x9 tent along the railroad track of the Orange and Alexandria, Jans Ulrich with three comrades. Jans, the ruddy-faced generous, brave young color sergeant of the regiment. Jans, who sprung joyously to meet the first call of his adopted country in her first need of good blood with which to wash out the darker stain of Treason and Oppression. Jans, who at Malvern Hill, in the fierce struggle over the body of the dead sergeant for the colors he had in life borne so proudly and loved so well, wrenched them with strong hand from the grasp of a rebel captain, and had borne them grandly—triumphantly, in the front at Antietam, Gettysburg and a score of hot fights all across the bloody breadth of Virginia, until his comrades learned to say that where Jans Ulrich bore the flag no Johnny Reb dare stand. Yet in all those dark bloody months and years, had the strong arm of Jans never drawn the life blood from the heart of an enemy, nor had mark or scratch marred the frank face or manly form of the young color bearer.

This his last day as a soldier. The term of enlistment was up and half the regiment, already discharged, were to-day with loved ones in their far western homes, or in railroad trains going, moving, creeping—oh so slowly—cars surely never dragged so tediously before or since—toward the same blest destination. And last night, while Jans slept, came there to him the vision of his meeting—now so soon to be—with his mother. She of all the world whom Jans could say was his in blood. But that morning came a little box from head-quarters marked "Jans Ulrich, Company A," and he had opened it alone. It was a Christmas dinner of the good things which only a hungry camper knows how to appreciate, and nailed to the lid inside, a little letter to "Jans, our own brave soldier," in which he read:

CARVER, December, 1863.

"It is very little we can do for you, Jans, but you know by this we always think of you. Stand faithful to the last—God help you.

This from your mother, and Lars Norman, and his little grandaughter Christine."

And below in the strong hand writing of Lars, a P. S. thus:

"Your mother shall not want while Lars Norman lives, or has to give."

"God bless the grand old man, friend of my father and my father's father before him," cried Jans,—and then he unrolled a bit of paper on which was written "from Christine," and took out—something—which after a long time he pressed reverently to his lips and then replaced in the paper and then in an inner pocket—close the heart. But a new, strange light was on the face of Jans as he went into the tent and laid before his comrades the generous Christmas dinner, ample for all, and told them of Lars Norman.

"Ay," said Franz, "the old farmer up by the lake. I knew him well in Norway."

"And he's rich they say" spoke another.

"He is good and true" returned Jans. "His only son Eric was struck down beside me in that last charge at Gettysburg."

"Yes, yes," Franz spoke softly now—"and the old man is alone in the world now—."

"Eric had a fair haired little girl, and he lived alone with her and the old man after Karen died. You knew Karen his wife?" asked another.

"Ay," said Jans, "Christine, the little girl, lives with her grandfather and joins in sending us this dinner."

"How say, Jans, do you go home with us to-morrow?" asked Franz.

"Not yet," Jans spoke soberly, and the strange light shone strongly in his face now—"not while Uncle Sam needs the flag carried to Richmond."

"Good for you, Jans," came from three mouths and three hearts at once.

"And we'll stand by you too—we four will go to Richmond with the flag."

And the strange light which broke on the young face of Jans Ulrich gleamed all along the line of blue from the Potomac to the Mississippi, and from the pine woods of Maine to the Golden Gate of the Pacific rose in the hearts of a million good true men the words of Jans Ulrich, "Please God, we'll go to Richmond with the flag."

Merry Christmas to strong heart and firm purpose. Glad precursor of the New Year of Peace on Earth and good will to men. Merry Christmas to four boys in blue whose first toast was, "thanks and health and long life to Lars Norman and the fair haired Christine," and whose last—always in the hearts of the three other boys in blue—"God bless and keep our color sergeant, Jans Ulrich."

And to the three in Carver county—patient self denying earnest souls—if not a Merry Christmas, God grant at least Strength, Hope and Trust.

1868.

The dark night of whirlwind and storm has passed. The thick cloud of sulphurous smoke, blazing lightning and biting hail slowly rolls away and the morning light of Peace rests on the mountain tops and glows in men's hearts.

Back across the great valley and away beyond the far Texan prairies rolls the last retreating cloud of war sun-tinted now, like the memory of darkened days, long since gone by, and blazoned across it, the prism-tinted arch of promise—Covenant of Peace on Earth. The ark of safety, bearing the hopes of a free and united people rests firmly on the everlasting hills, and the winged messenger has gone abroad over all the land, bearing glad tidings—the olive branch of peace and prosperity. Men go forth with swords beaten into plowshares to till the fields enriched with the precious red rain of war.

Winter has come, and through all the north land nature sleeps beneath a crisp, chaste coverlet of snow.

Summer green and winter white have thrice covered the little mounds where loving hands laid to rest the forms of Frieta, the mother of Jans, and old Lars Norman, her friend in life and death.

Christmas come again. Merry, indeed, it is now in the frontier settlement of Scandia—the spot of green groves and dancing lakes, far out on the broad plains of western Minnesota. Merry Christmas, such as never came before in all the settlement, for to-day the maidens deck the fairest one of their number in bridal white, woven out and in with all the marvellous witchery that only the hands of fairies know the mysteries of. And the bride is the fair haired Christine, pride and joy of Scandia.

Merry Christmas at Fort Abercrombie. The dull daily round of the soldier in the dull times of peace, broken in upon by one day of generous cheer, and hearty laugh and glad face. Well worn jest and feeble wit pass current as golden coin, at premium to-day.

Merry Christmas to Jans Ulrich, the color bearer—five years this day a soldier of the United States. Five years ago he had said, "No longer for Minnesota; my country is the whole country, and I am hers."

Long and tedious these last three years. His heart with Christine, now alone, and his hand waiting for the blest day when he should clasp her as his own. And that day, always before him like the light of a far distant home across wide snow-clad fields—this day now come. Years had shortened to months, and months to weeks, and weeks to days—swifter than light they fly, to him held by strong arm of law, who sees only a fearful death at the end; slower than the work of idle wave on granite cliffs, to Jans Ulrich, held by his oath a soldier in t me of peace.

"Merry Christmas and good-bye," he shouted to the old dreary fort, as even before streak of dawn he had passed out of its gates a free man. To his feet he had bound the long, lithe, ashen slides, which had carried him many a day before, over long wastes of snow, swifter than the winds of the north. Many an elk and wolf had he brought to bay, and the sixty miles of treeless plain between him and his Christmas night in Scandia, was but a day's sport to the thought of Jans Ulrich. And so, instead of turning south, whither his heart pointed, he bore eastward over the broad flat prairie toward the white hills which the coming morn disclosed looming grandly up like pictures in fairy land, against the eastern sky now blazing with fan-like bars of golden light, and bands of purple cloud. The mysterious mirage of the North came forth, and Jans walked in the clouds and looked down on all the wide snowy field. Far to the west the long crooked line of timber marked the great bend of the Sheyenne, forty miles away. To the north the fringe of elms along the winding Buffalo, and now a glittering point in the far northwest tells him that the first ray of sunlight has touched the windows of the old trading post of Georgetown. To the east, reflected as in a mirror, the broken path of the Red River of the North, down through the hills and groves of the Park Land, and the broad, calm waters of the Otter Tail lake, deep and unfrozen. Far, far away—like dreams of heaven—to the south—an oasis in the desert of snow, the groves of blessed Scandia, the home of Christine, and then, fading away, till the entranced eyes of Jans saw only broad plain and quivering horizon, the vision passed.

Straight on he bore, up hill and down dale, leaving two straight bands sharply marked across the whitened field. For Jans had seen in his long scouting over this country, a spot that he had marked for his future home, and for these two years past had carried the picture of it in his heart and had joined it with the thought of Christine in all his dreams and hopes of life and love and happy days to come.

And so he lengthened his day's journey that he might visit the place and see if it still remained unclaimed. Loveliest spot on all the western border. Where the great old oaks gather on the hills and look down upon the green waters, now winding idly here and there, now dashing over rocks and plunging swiftly down a narrow gorge, and anon widening and sweeping onward down the valley. Here, in the edge of the grove, stands a deserted cabin, and on the broad, hewn window-sill, cut deeply with a jack-knife, a name and date, thus:

j. WhiTFoRd, 1858.

"I wonder who he was and what became of him," thought Jans. "He had rare taste to pick this very spot. I have heard the name—the very same—and he was killed by the Sioux. Well, the name shall be remembered. Ah, the day will come when the story of Whitford shall be the choicest legend of all the region around. Another week shall see me back again. Yonder I will build my little home, and in the spring Christine and I will come here and live." So, with his hunting knife he smoothed down the bark of a low, broad spreading oak, and carved upon it, "J. U., claimed 1868."

And then Jans Ulrich set his face southward, crossed the stream and swiftly sped over the high rolling prairies, stopping at every crest and looking back to catch a last glimpse of the chosen home. Down the steep hill-sides swept the long ashen slides, and behind him ever lengthened out those two long trails straight as an arrow across height and depth. It was early yet, but the sun ran low in the south, and before noon its light had paled, and bright patches of frost gleamed around it, above, below, on either side; and then they joined hands, a misty circle in the sky, and swept onward with the sun.

But Jans felt no fear though his road was long—an open sea of snow, without tree or human habitation, and he quickened his speed lest nightfall should overtake him. A haze creeps now across the sky, and the sun grows dim and pale. A faint northern breeze—just a puff or two, and now a stronger gust. The sky grows like lead, and the sun feebly struggles through the clouds that seem to choke and dash against it. Spits of snow throw themselves spitefully down, and a passing gust whirls them onward over the prairie. Jans shoots across the bleak field swifter than the hungry winds that rage along those two straight trails behind him.

But a few more miles remain to traverse, and for a moment his eyes catch a glimpse of the outline of the groves of Scandia. Faster falls the snow—whirling, eddying, round and beating in his face. Swifter the howling winds course down the two straight trails, thirsting for human life. Straight on bears the stout-hearted, strong-limbed Jans. The snow grows deep and soft, and clogs the light, ashen blades till they drag him down like logs of wood. Straight on. He must be nearly there. How dark it grows—how thick the blinding snow. The wind blows in his face now. It has changed. It blows in his face whichever way he turns. Not light or tree, or human hand or voice to guide. He is lost on the prairie in a driving snow storm, and his strength is gone. His clothing wet with the melting snow now freezes about him. How cold it is; how sharp the wind. And at last, worn out, Jans crouches down in the snow for shelter from the biting north wind. "I am very tired and sleepy—let me rest." And there in the brief hour of slumber on the boundary line of two worlds, rises before him the visions of the coming time.

How bright and glad the ruddy flames on the broad hearth of Taral. How gay the light hearted maidens of Scandia. How fair Christine in her bridal robes, and who so happy and proud as Jans Ulrich? And the curtain of his dream draws wider aside, and he lives in the little cottage in the grove overlooking the green waters, and his babes, handsome and brave, climb on his knee. Who so fair as Christine, the mother, and who so proud and happy as Jans? And again the scene changes, and before him rises white church and tapering spire. Yonder another, and beyond the stream still another. The heavy roar of the cataract is louder than before. The pent waters pour through sluices and over dams, and busy wheels turn and the hum and clatter of mills rise on the air. Cosy cottages and broad mansions peep out of the groves on every side. And now long rows of shops and warehouses rise along the crowded, busy streets. The snow gleams and sparkles in the sunlight, and the mellow bells ring glad chimes, and happy boys and girls shout "Merry Christmas," and men and women go forth, carrying blessed gifts to the needy and leaving thanksgiving wherese'er they go.

Brighter than the mirage of the morning is the Vision of the eve. And then the curtain softly falls, and the lights burn low and fade and vanish. And all through the long, dark night the wolfish north winds toss the snow and shriek and snarl above their prey. And the dawn of day shows, close by the grove of Taral, a patch of blue on the broad field of white, that marks the spot where to Jans Ulrich came that night the Savior of men, bringing to the weary heart Peace on Earth—Eternal Peace.

And when the merry bells rang again their Christmas chimes, the maids of Scandia decked the fair haired Christine in the robes of that other bridal, and she went forth and joined her brave lover in the new home. Last of their race to go where all meet at last. To them, Peace, Joy and Life Everlasting.

1874.

Winter in the North. Day after day the sun goes on his long journey southward, and day after day shrinks before the growing night. The stars twinkle above, and lights gleam within almost at mid-afternoon. Slowly the breath of winter creeps over the land. The smooth hard beaten track gives back to the tread of mailed hoof, an answering ring like an anvil beneath the hammer. Roofs and walls shrink in the grasp of winter and fastening spike and bolt yield with sharp report to the resistless force of cold. The still waters are like rock and the merry skaters whirl over lake and river in endless rounds, swaying idly as they go. Up from the village chimneys shoot, tall, white shafts of smoke, that far aloft spread out like giant palm trees, shaded dark beneath, and pearly white above. And now the snow, in the still warm night comes down, hiding all that was dark, unsightly or wrong, and the morning light rests on a world washed white and clean. And the color of the snow goes into the hearts of men and women, and thus the days of early winter are the bright and blessed portals to a better and holier life.

Winter in the North. The sky is living crystal, and the sunlight has a glory that summer cannot give. Out of the field of white, blaze and sparkle uncounted gems in whose light the jewels of kings grow pale. Tree and shrub and grove, clad in white, stand up against the blue northern sky like the fairy pictures one may see in dreams. The green waters pour ever over the great dams that check but cannot stop them. Up from the stormy flood rises a vapor, turning to silvery mist in the morning sunlight, and all around, sturdy oak and trailing birch and clinging shrub and vine put on the fantastic drapery of

winter's frost. Beautiful is winter in the north.

Christmas in Fergus Falls. And again as ever on this day, comes the spirit of Jans Ulrich and beside him the fair haired Christine, visiting the spot that to them is ever their earthly home. Here before them white church and tapering spire. Yonder another and another and another. For when the spirit of Jans knocks at men's hearts, straight their human sympathies ope the doors, and the Child of Bethlehem enters. Cosy cottages nestle in the groves and broader mansions stand solidly forth on crest and sloping prairie lawn.

Along the green river and down the gorge, rise the great awkward mills, and here the long street lined with shops now gay with holiday trinkets. The low broad spreading oak bears the strange initials that idle boys have often looked upon, and wondered at their meaning. Hand in hand they pass through the streets, seeing but unseen. Sturdy boys shout merry Christmas and the fortunate ones boast to the others of the fine things that Santa Claus had crammed their stockings with, and Jans stoops low and on a breath of north wind kisses their cheeks into ruddier life, and they grow gentle and share their bon bons and playthings with the ones to whose stockings no Santa Claus came. On down the street. Up the hill comes a rough farmer, goading his overloaded cattle, vainly tugging at the creaking sled. Jans touches the shoulder of the man and a thrill of pity goes down thence to the heart, and he puts off halt his load, and gently pats his uncomplaining cattle, till they look up into his face with mute thankfulness of eye. Into a shop where a pinched woman stands at the counter, and a trader at the scales sharply weighs out a meager pound of sugar. Jans looks in the face of the man where a sudden glow bursts forth, and the trader's hand piles full the measure that the woman has brought, and from the trader's lips, "This for merry Christmas." And Christine draws the woman to her heart and kisses her either cheek till a bright spot trembles there, and a glad light breaks over her sad face, and the words, "God bless you, sir," from her heart.

Thus all through the village. Noiselessly, through closed doors and solid walls, go Jans Ulrich and the fair-haired Christine, every Christmas morn. And men grow strong in heart, generous, tender and true, when Jans takes them by the hand. And the women whose lips Christine has touched, are God's angels on earth;—patient, devoted, pure in life and heart, forgetting their own lives in the needs and sufferings of others.

And the blessed Vision of Jans Ulrich grows on ever to the fulfillment. Babes are born, and men die and are forgotten, but the country and the town grow on. And the years bring ever increase in numbers, prosperity and happiness. A race of better men and women shall yet live. Higher ever the summits of human achievement, and deeper the wells of everlasting truth and the mines of human research.

Peace, good villagers. While you sleep, the spirit of Jans and Christine watches ever over you, and ever draweth near the blessed Christmas of Peace on Earth and good will to men.

THAT COMET.

It shakes our faith in modern science to see hail storms and grasshoppers here in Minnesota, and read the terrors of fire flood and tornado elsewhere. We are inclined to side with the ancients and treat the comet as the harbinger of wrath, and its fiery tail as the besom of destruction. It's so much easier to have an enemy that we can see and squarely anathematize, than to attribute all the bad licks which Nature gives us to some occult influence which we don't know anything about and never will. And why may not the old belief have been true? One of the awful computators of the period has figured out that Coggia's comet would switch its millions of miles of tail around this way and actually envelop the earth without our knowing it. We beg leave to differ with the man of figures. A very slight admixture of tail with our atmosphere would change its character and conditions, as the exhilarating extract of corn changes the nature of the proud American Citizen. In brief we suggest that the atmosphere is drunk on comet, whence ensues drouths, storms of wind and hail, water spouts in Pittsburgh and Nevada, inundations in Louisiana, reservoir disasters in Massachusetts, and grasshoppers in Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Dakota and Minnesota. And if isn't the comet, we would like to have any gentleman tell us what it is that has made the mischief. Meantime we are willing to do without any comet in ours.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM GEO. B. WRIGHT.

Another Falsehood Nailed.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 31, 1874.

Editor Fergus Falls Journal.

I read in last weeks Advocate the following tender considerate and christian like remarks.

"Underwood anxiously inquires of us 'is Col. King a member of the Puget Sound land Co.?' We frankly confess, Pecksniff, that we do not know. If he is, however, he shows his thorough knowledge of human nature in employing Geo. B. Wright, the most reckless, unprincipled dirty dog in the State, (yourself excepted) to do the dirty work of the Company.

"But it seems that Geo. B. Wright was too mean even for that Co., for when they found that he was playing such contemptible tricks upon the people in their name, and *for his own personal benefit*, they discharged him."

It is sad to be compelled with the sharp and unrelenting point of truth to puncture and take the wind out of a sweet pretty fabrication like the above. I greatly fear that Orlando though a "*religious* man which Col. King does not profess to be," yet hath somewhat of the Original Adam remaining within his epidermis, and that in the language of the Press he still "needs no family bible to prove his relationship to" the Second Duke of Hillhurst.

The following extracts from letters in my possession or of which I have retained letter-press copies, show the relations between the Company and the subscriber. If any one desires further information he can doubtless obtain it by addressing a note to Thos. H. Canfield, President, 23, 5th Avenue, N. Y. City, or Wm. S. King, Director Lake Superior and Puget Sound Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

NO. 1—GEO. B. WRIGHT TO PRESIDENT CANFIELD.

March 20, 1874.

* * * I do not see how I can attend to *any* L. S. & P. S. business and do it justice. I think I had better turn over the books and traps and square up. Glad to do anything for you but my time is worth more to Geo. B. than to any one else.

Your Friend,
GEO. B. WRIGHT.

NO. 2—PRESIDENT CANFIELD TO GEO. B. WRIGHT.

March 27, '74.

* * * I wish you would *on my account* do all you can and devote what time is neccessary. It will accommodate me personally and after that is done I will try not to ask much more of you. Yours Truly,
THOS. H. CANFIELD.

NO. 3—GEO. B. WRIGHT TO PRESIDENT CANFIELD.

Apr. 2, 1874.

* * * I do not see as you need me and I *must* attend to my own work—so I shall not much change my programme. I must be free to take my own time to go and come when and where and do what I please.

Yours &c.
GEO. B. WRIGHT.

And as embodying the latest views of the Company relative to the atrocious manner in which the subscriber has nefariously swindled the Company I append the following.

NO. 4—TREASURER FALLETT TO GEO. B. WRIGHT.

Office L. S. & P. S. Co., 23, 5th Ave. N. Y.
Aug. 27, 1874.

* * * Your reports and vouchers received and examined and are O.K.

Yours Truly,
GEO. FALLETT, Treasurer.

I regret that Orlando still continues to use improper words—words improper at least for a "religious man—which Col. King does not profess to be," and if on reading the above it should occur to any one that he had also departed from the straight line of verbal accuracy and rectitude it would be a cause of deep regret and mournful solicitation among his numerous friends.

Very respectfully,
GEO. B. WRIGHT.

THE connection of WILLIAM S. KING, of Minnesota, postmaster of the House in the last Congress, and member-elect to the Forty-fourth Congress, with the Pacific Mail subsidy, has given to this personage a notoriety most extensive if not highly enviable. His early history is but little known, his first appearance amid Washington scenes being as a correspondent for various country weeklies in Minnesota. Early in the late unpleasantness he was elected postmaster of the House, an easy place, and ordinarily one of but little importance. KING, at the time he received this position, was very poor; indeed, had no money at all, and for some time was in the habit of borrowing small sums from members and others of his acquaintances, which, it must be remarked in justice to a faithful biography of the postmaster, he often forgot to return. KING, however, was no ordinary postmaster, soon manifesting an eye for business and a willingness to undertake lobbying enterprises of the most daring and desperate sort. Shortly after the passage of the Pacific Mail subsidy, KING's name was connected with the ugly stories in circulation as to the disreputable manner in which it had been lobbyed through. KING's connection with the subsidy was so openly talked of even at that time that the Ways and Means Committee attempted to probe the matter, but nothing could be found out. During last summer the committee investigating this subsidy examined KING, who testified positively that he had received no money on account of the passage of this subsidy, and did not know that money had been paid. The testimony of New York bankers lately has proven clearly that he received over one hundred thousand dollars from the Pacific Mail Company. WILLIAM is conveniently absent at present, and, as the testimony is so clear against him, it is thought that in the next Congress among the Minnesota delegation there will be one vacant chair. A correspondent of the Brooklyn Argus describes KING as a large, robust, coarse-looking man, a good deal of a politician, and pleasant, vigorous and sharp-spoken. AVERILL, the present Representative from KING's district, wished to again be a candidate, but his friend KING took possession of the district, and was elected, notwithstanding the charges of corruption openly made against him. KING is reported to be worth at the present time a quarter of a million dollars, all made in a short time in politics and fancy farming.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

High Toned Journalism—The Great Popular Educator.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 12.

To the Editors of the EVENING MAIL.

The Daily Inferno is a very good paper—of its kind. It is to be regretted perhaps, that the kind is so numerous. Possibly the world might survive the catastrophe, if the entire race of Daily Infernos should become suddenly and violently extinct.

Through the kindness of the Styx Transportation Company, of which our old friend Mr. Charon is the gentlemanly superintendent, I have received a late file of Infernos, containing some allusions to, and throwing some calm and unprejudiced light upon a recent political difference incident to the election of officials in our neighboring Republic across the river. It seems that the low-lived and scurrilous sheet known as The Celestial Guide has made a base attack on the character of one of the candidates, and has accused him of packing the caucuses, bribing several members of the Angel family and using unfair means generally to secure his election. Not having seen a copy of The Guide I am not sure that I state its position correctly, and, lest I may be accused of presenting the case of The Inferno unfairly, I take the liberty of making the following extracts from its columns. The first number is dated June 5th. It contains a brief editorial headed—

LOOK OUT FOR HIM.

"That traitorous scoundrel Bill Zebub, who headed a secesh company in the late accursed rebellion, is we understand using the most herculean efforts to foist himself upon the party. He is buying up the delegates like so many cattle, and would if possible deceive the very elect. Beware of him. His triumph in the convention, would be the certain defeat and ruin of the party.

Weather—uncomfortably warm."

I infer that at that date The Daily Inferno was not particularly in favor of Mr. Zebub. From the issue of July 15th I clip the following:

OUR CANDIDATE.

"The Convention, by an overwhelming vote, has nominated Hon. B. L. Zebub, of Sulphur Glen, as our standard-bearer during the campaign. It would be the sheerest hypocricy for us to pretend that we are or ever have been an admirer of Mr. Zebub, but as the Convention has deliberately expressed its conviction that he is the ablest and fittest exponent of the principles of our party, we shall support the nomination heartily. Mr. Zebub has large experience in governmental affairs, and is noted for his indomitable energy and the faithfulness with which he sticks to his friends so long as they remain useful to him. He has done more to induce immigration to this region than any one else, and he never misses the opportunity to show up the material advantages of this locality to outsiders.

"The weather continues very close and sultry, light clothing in demand."

I again quote from The Inferno, this time of July 26th:

"THE CANDIDATES.

"The kid gloved, old line imbeciles and fogies had a very exclusive and straight-laced convention (?) yesterday, and put up that aristocratic up town old numbskull, A. Gabriel, as their candidate. It was a cut and dried affair from the outset, and just what we expected the old Ring would do, for Gabriel has been an office-holder ever since we can remember. Another such an old moss-covered barnacle doesn't exist. He may be a very well-meaning, reputable old person and a very good end-man in an orchestra, but he has no administrative talent, and if elected could do nothing for us. He is a terribly conceited old fellow, too, and is always blowing his own horn to the disgust of those worthier than himself. He hasn't the ghost of a chance against the popular candidate, Hon. B. L. Zebub."

Further down I find

"WHY WE SUPPORT HIM.

"The Hon. B. L. Zebub is the friend of the people and identified with their dearest interests. He is pledged to stand by them and he was never known to break a pledge. But the great reason why we should support him is because of his unimpeachable integrity, the pure and lofty nobleness of his character, his wise and far-sighted statesmanship evinced in a long and and active experience. He is all truth and candor, purity and modesty; peace and prosperity follow in his footsteps. He is the soul of humility and devotion, and can carry a bill through when no one else would think of undertaking it. It is because of his transcendent moral superiority that we appeal to all our readers to rally as one man to his support. Voters! will you stand by one whose feelings and sympathies are all with the honest down-trodden millions? or will you debase yourselves and wear the hateful yoke of that old Ring despotism that has put forward A. Gabriel as a bait for your suffrages? No! a thousand times No! Meet them at the polls and hurl back the insult to your manhood! Vote for no monopolist, but for one who is in all things one of yourselves.

"It continues exceedingly hot—unbearably so, and the atmosphere is so murky and close as to occasion great discomfort. The Chemical works in the lower Ward are a nuisance, and the Brimstone factory over in Satanville is another. The authorities should attend to this matter at once."

The last copy which has reached me is dated August 14th, and is considerably scorched and mutilated. The following extract gives the political situation at that time:

"A DEMONIAC CALUMNY.

That low, vile organ of the Ring—The Celestial Guide—has published a most disgraceful attack on the moral character of our honored and beloved candidate. Not content with the most outrageous and atrocious falsehoods and lies, about our party and principles, the grossest misrepresentations, slanders, libels, and calumnies about all who have taken part with us in this great struggle for liberty, it has at last transcended every bound of honor and descended to the lowest pit of infamy, in assailing the personal character of that greatest, best, purest and noblest of beings, the revered and beloved Zebub, our candidate. This dastardly attack will recoil. Truth crushed shall rise again, and shine resplendent over all the land. The infamous Guide has even accused Gen. Zebub of participation in a rebellion which occurred so long ago as to be a mere tradition, and it turns up its pious eyes in holy horror and snuffles with sanctimonious twang such vile sentiments as the following:

'We adjure every one by the hope of a glorious hereafter—by the fear of the endless woes which the triumph of that bold and bad one would entail upon us, to rise and cast him out as we have aforetime. We all remember his past evil history, his wicked rebellion, his deep, dark and devious ways, and we all know that out of such blackness and rottenness no good can come.'

"This is a sweet-scented sample of the libels and slanders with which this hypocritical Guide is seeking to ruin the fair fame of our honored standard-bearer. The infamous innuendo about a rebellion more than a thousand years ago is lugged in, in the vain hope of throwing a little dust and drawing public attention from the damning record of their own candidate. This shall not avail. Where, we ask, are the hen-roosts that their high-toned Mr. Gabriel robbed last winter? Will he dare to deny stealing the last morsel of bread out of the mouth of his blind grandmother? We have the proofs and he dare not deny the facts. We charge this Gabriel with gross immorality, with fraud and peculation, with all the crimes of the calendar, and several others invented for his special accommodation. Let him disprove it if he dare."

The remainder of the article was illegible. It is well known that the election is over, but full returns will be looked for with deep interest. Respectfully,

P. GREEN.

Some Illustrations of Human Duality.

For The Evening Mail.

I heard a couple of anecdotes the other day about old Deacon Smith, that I think worth repeating. The Deacon is one of the truly good, you know. He has a beard like a William Goat, and a half-yard of countenance, like an army mule, expressive of nothing but patience and long-suffering, with a general unreliability of heels whenever a good occasion presents itself. His voice is of that unctious and gluey sort, supposed to signify oil on the troubled waters, and yet the Deacon has his little worldly excentricities, for all the world, just like the unregenerate. One day the Deacon, driving to town, found Sim Jones, with a heavy load, stuck in the mud, and all the Good Samaritan in Deacon Smith riz to the top and boiled over. He just hitched his team ahead of Sim's, and the way that load came out of the mud-hole, was a caution. Of course Sim was profuse in thanks, but by that time Adam the First got a corner on the Good Samaritan, inside of the Deacon, and with his sweetest smile and greasiest tone, his mouth puckered, meanwhile, as though tied up with pack-thread, he said to Sim: "This is very *well*, but will not *suffice*. I require seventy-five cents." Sim's religious condition has been in a very hopeless way ever since.

The other yarn runs thus wisely:

The deacon was going home one Saturday night from town. Bill Briggs is his nearest neighbor this way—a poor kind of cuss any how—and Bill had a sack of flour which he wanted taken home. It was about four miles out and the deacon considerately thought he could afford to take it along for about a dollar. Bill emptied all his pockets for scrip, but could only raise sixty cents. The deacon was inflexible. It was a dollar or nothing. In vain Bill told him his family had had no bread for two days and nothing at all to eat that night. It was no go—the deacon wanted a dollar—a very smooth and oily dollar he demanded, but a dollar nevertheless. Finally Bill said he would have to give it up, go home, try to borrow a team and come up next morning for the flour.

"What!" gasped the deacon in horror—"*to-morrow*. You wouldn't break *the Sabbath day*, Mr. Briggs?" Bill unanimously and expressively concluded that he *would*. And the deacon drove home sad at heart, yet meek and sweet as ever, solacing himself with considerations of the punishment awaiting the ungodly, and regretting that he hadn't taken the sixty cents when he had a good chance.

J. A. N.

Campbell, Wilkin County.

HIS USEFULNESS IMPAIRED.

A Demand that Col. King Shall Vindicate Himself or Resign.

In the Lower House of the Legislature, yesterday, Col. Crooks, of Ramsey county, introduced the following resolution relative to Hon. Col. King, member elect to the 44th Congress from the 3d District:

WHEREAS, The proceedings now pending at Washington, in the matter known as the Pacific Mail corruption investigation, point to the Hon. W. S. King as one who, as an officer of the National House of Representatives, accepted money as a consideration for his services in aiding the passage of the subsidy bill to the Pacific Mail steamship company; and,

WHEREAS, Mr. King having been elected a member of the 44th Congress from the Third district of this State, the people feel that his usefulness will be greatly impaired and dishonor cast upon the escutcheon of Minnesota, unless he at once rectify his position; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the people of Minnesota, in Legislature assembled, demand of Mr. King his immediate attendance before the investigating committee at Washington City, and that he there state to such committee what has been his connection with the great national scandal, and thereeby vindicate himself, or failing thereof, to place his resignation as a Representative of this Commonwealth in the hands of the Governor.

WILLIAM S. KING.

He is Heard From and Seen at Last.

The Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms Finds Him in Canada.

Serving as a Pastoral Shepherd on the Grassy Slopes of Cochrane's Farm.

And is Officially Summoned to Go to Washington.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—The messenger of Sergeant-at-Arms Ordway arrived this morning from Montreal. He has been on the track of William S. King since the 20th of January, when he first obtained a sight of him.

He traced him to the great stock farm near Compton, Canada, about a hundred and fifty miles from Montreal, and on the 2d of February about 10 o'clock in the evening, he placed in his hands a subpœna to appear before the Committee of Ways and Means, to testify concerning his receiving one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars ($125,000) in connection with the Pacific Mail subsidy.

Mr. King expressed much surprise that the messenger found him, but did not indicate that he would obey the summons.

The Minnesota friends of Mr. BILL KING who have feared his mysterious disappearance was the result of foul play, may set their minds at rest. The lost child has been found. He has been traced to Compton, a little town hid away in the interior of Canada, about 115 miles from Toronto. He expressed surprise that a Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms of Congress should have discovered him and served a summons on him to appear before the Committee and tell what he knows about *that* $125,000 lobby money which Lawis swears he paid him. It must indeed have been a great surprise to KING. He has been taking a vacation, to escape the extreme heat of the season, in a part of the country known for its cool and salubrious air, especially in winter. He chose an obscure spot in order to rid himself for a time from the cares of state which were weighing heavily upon him. And here is a prying, officious, and impertinent subordinate of Congress who dares intrude himself upon the Hon. Mr. KING's retiracy, and revive the disagreeable recollection of $125,000 which have been placed where it was supposed it would do the most good. Of course the Hon. Mr. KING, in his remote summer retreat, has not heard of the recent revelations before the Pacific Mail Committee; perhaps he did not want to hear of them. As it is, he will probably not bother himself about them. He will very likely remain in Canada during his vacation, which will come to a close March 4, unless there is an extra session of Congress. It must be a consolation to his friends to feel that, with $125,000 to go on, he can pass the time very comfortably. Meanwhile, we do not know how the Committee will get at him, unless they resort to the device recommended to the small boys for catching birds.

MINNEAPOLIS, NOVEMBER 12 1874.

COMPENSATIONS AND RETRIBUTIONS.

The pendulum always swings as far left as right. The trough swiftly follows the wave. For every excess their is reaction and depression. The madness which today would destroy all corporate property under the cry "down with monopoly," tomorrow begs capital to build two more railroads, and strips the constitution of power to regulate or restrain the grossest excesses of corporate greed. Herbert Spencer tells us that the appliances which we employ to correct existing evils usually create other evils equally grievous, since the most obvious corrective is that of restraint. We punish the outcome of evil which we see, instead of removing the cause which we do do not see, or if the cause be obvious, it is usually a link in a chain which broken brings down upon us other and unforeseen evils. At the close of the war of Rebellion, we had millions of unregenerate rebellious whites on our hands, and the Republican party adopted the first expedient at hand to insure security, and by the enfranchisement of millions of loyal blacks established a counterpoise. But the blacks brought to the work ignorance and improvidence, and a class prejudice as strong as that of the overborne whites, and having only power while the whites had only property, they set industriously to work to hold the former and divide the latter. A curious illustration of the purblind way in which men use the wrong means to reach the right end, is found in the history of political representation in this country. The primary idea — and a most admirable one it is—was to elect the whole representative law making body by the vote of the whole people of the State. But it was speedily found that a majority of one only, could by that means elect the entire Legislature and thus wholly exclude the minority from representation in the legislative hall. Or, in other words, that the whole State could be at the mercy of one man. The injustice and danger of this was so obvious that the dishonest scheme was devised and minority representation was blundered upon through geographical subdivisions even while the rights of minorities were not recognized; since in some little districts the minority were sure to be the majority instead. And ever since the district system was adopted, we have seen most industrious gerrymandering of boundaries in the vain hope of completely disfranchising the minority. But with the adoption of the district "rotten borough" system, crept in an evil greater than that of unrepresented minorities. It has grown up a system of "county rings" run by small potato politicians, and crammed our Legislatures with the most conspicuous dunderheads and narrow minded incompetents in the whole community. Instead of giving voters a chance to select able men for their representatives, no matter where they lived, the district system has compelled them to choose, as John Stuart Mill says, "from the two or three rotten oranges in the local market." And finally,

when the moral sense of the country rouses to the injustice and outrage of excluding minorities from representation, the popular mind gravitated at once to the system which seems to lie first in the road labeled "minority representation," and adopts it without investigation of its principles or study of its weaknesses. Provided only it accomplishes minority representation, its advocates predict early millenium, nor suspect that a greater evil than it seeks to cure lies hidden in panacea of cumulative voting. They forget that a power greater than law or popular will is growing up in our politics; that the rule of the many by the few, and that few made up largely of the worst elements of society instead of the best—is daily increasing, that the caucus system has become a fine art. That private greed instead of public good is coming more and more to control Congress, our legislatures and our public servants everywhere, and they give minorities representation in legislation, at the expense of binding party machinery upon the people more strongly than ever before, since in its ultimate workings the Illinois system inevitably gives the greatest proportionate representation to the party that yields itself most blindly to the direction of its party leaders, and in which individual independence is least exercised. This does not prove that minority representation is any the less right or its attainment without resulting injury any the more difficult, but simply that some tools are adapted to the end better than others, and that though with a blunderbuss one may hit the mark as well as with a rifle, yet the prospects of being knocked over by it do not make shooting either profitable or pleasant. In short, that the game is hardly worth a skinned proboscis and a broken shoulders.

Another curious instance of political retribution is found in the paradox that it is only when minorities are disfranchised that minorities rule—a bare majority of the voters may elect all the representatives, and a bare majority of those representatives may make all the laws. So that the laws are made by the representatives of a quarter of the people, instead of a majority. "Action and re-action are equal"—every wrong done retaliates somewhere else upon the doer, and the wrongs perpetrated by society are no exception to the rule, done even as they mainly are through ignorance and without

CONCERNING SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.

One of the things which the elections this winter have demonstrated is that the people are a little tired of caucus rule. They do not respond to the crack of the ring-master's whip with the old time alacrity. The Press yesterday bemoaned this sad condition of things. Gazing down the darkened vistas of the future and beholding only the sombre pathways which lead down and out from fat postoffices and ring contracts, The Press was constrained to remark that "the Republican party had outlived its usefulness." Truly the Republican party has been for many years useful—especially to The Press. But even in Joseph's hour of despondency and bile, there were signs in the sky, visible to all not under the roof of a post-office, which were far from discouraging. The nation may survive even if the purposes of the politicians come to naught.

Senator McMillan thinks that the Republican party has not outlived its usefulness, even though the Post-office Department should be deprived of the inestimable services of Joseph. The "Republicans of the State"—Joseph says there is no longer a Republican *party* in the State—(since the Sacred Cow has dried up as it were,) will agree with McMillan, and will generally rejoice at the revolt in the party which has broken up so many old rings, and elected to the United States Senate new, independent and honest men. There were but two alternatives, either to follow the old ring system, stand by the caucus and with it, all go down to political perdition together, or make a square fight and satisfy the people of the country that for once the thing wasn't "cut and dried."

The lesson of it all is that the country is dissatisfied with the present mode of electing Senators and with the caucus business.

And since under our present laws a party organization cannot well be maintained unless caucus decree is implicitly obeyed, it becomes our party men to hunt up some plan which will satisfy the people of its honesty and fairness, and yet hold a party together as strongly and work as efficiently as the caucus.

There is an opportunity for them to "try it on" even now. Senator Buckham's bill for Reference Voting is thought by some to possess those very qualifications. Why not give it a trial? If it doesn't work well, it wouldn't take long to repeal it, and meantime it could do no great harm.

SENATOR BUCKHAM.

Among the men who have been named as possible successors of Mr. Ramsey, Senator Buckham, of Rice county, is one of the very best.

He is a Vermonter, about 40 years of age, a graduate of the University at Burlington, and for 18 years a lawyer in Faribault. He comes of a race of clear-headed scholars and thinkers. One of his brothers is President Buckham, of the University of Vermont, and another is Principal of the New York State Normal School. All of them are men of solid, strong qualities, without a particle of pretence, humbug or display; in their work they are thoroughly in earnest and thoroughly fearless.

Senator Buckham came into the Senate last winter a new man in political life. He is to-day one of the very strongest men in an unusually strong Legislature, and has won to a remarkable degree the confidence and respect of his associates. We can pay no higher compliment to his fellow Senators than to say he is a *little* the clearest headed one of the lot.

He is a Republican in everything that makes Republicanism desirable, and so far as the Republican party remains true to its vital principles he stands by it; but if the party has any dirty work to do he evidently is not the man to do it. To the public nose of the country, Minnesota politics doubtless seems a little tainted just now, and the election of such a man as Senator Buckham would clear the sky wonderfully. We are glad to note that Messrs. Langdon and Page yesterday treated themselves to the honor of voting for Mr. Buckham, a circumstance that they may look back to for consolation in the hour when they may feel compelled to vote for some second-rate man.

[For the Tribune.]

HOW TO PURIFY POLITICS.

ART. 1st. Allow voters at all elections to cast their ballots in this form:

For Sheriff—1st choice.
JOHN BROWN.
Substitutes.
OLE PETERSON,
JAMES SMITH.

ART. 2d. In canvassing the vote, First, If any person has as 1st choice a majority over all others as 1st choice, that person to be declared elected. Second, If no one is so elected, then the person whose name is on the greatest number of ballots (either as 1st choice or substitute) is to be declared elected. Third, as between two persons having an equal number under the last rule, the preference to be given to the one whose name as 1st choice is upon the greater number of ballots

TO SECURE MINORITY REPRESENTATION.

ART. 3d. When two or more persons are to be elected to same office (as representatives, boards of commissioners, &c.,) vote in same manner as above.

ART. 4th. In canvassing the vote, First, any person having as 1st choice one-third or more of all the ballots cast, to be declared elected. Second, if any vacancies still remain they shall be filled as prescribed in article 2d.

Is it Better than the Caucus System?

To the Editor of the Tribune:

Several persons have, in commenting upon an article in your daily of June 29th, said to me, that they thought the plan there proposed was no better than the caucus system, and would, in its workings, lead to no different results.

I have in each case found that opinion was based upon a misapprehension of the manner of voting and canvassing, as there proposed; and as these gentlemen were all persons of good intelligence, I am forced to believe that my manner of stating the case must have been in some way blind or muddy, and I therefore ask the indulgence of the TRIBUNE, to make an illustration of the effect of the new system.

I will take as an illustration the case of the Congressional election in this district two years ago, for the reason that it is one familiar to your readers, and the result, such as to Republican voters should "point a moral." The circumstances, the manner and bitterness with which the canvass was conducted, taken together with the evils of the caucus system and the imperfection of the election laws under which the result was finally recorded, make it impossible now to tell what was the real sentiment of the Republican party at that time, or who of the various candidates most nearly represented the wishes of that party. We only know one fact and that is *that in a district with an overwhelming Republican majority, the wishes of that party were defeated and a Democrat elected to Congress* through the operation of the present election law, and I for one have faith that there is some way to improve such a law. For the purposes of illustration I shall assume first, that in the Republican party at that time a *plurality* of the voters would have named Mr. Donnelly for their first choice. The remainder being divided between several candidates of whom for the purpose of this illustration it is not necessary to mention more than were voted for in the District Convention, viz: Messrs. Hubbard, Andrews and Washburn.

2d. I assume that a *majority* of the party would *not* have named Mr. Donnelly as their choice, but would have preferred to compromise on some other; say, for instance, on Gen. Hubbard. It is not necessary that my assumption be correct. I merely wish to show that with 5,000 Republican majority, we ought not to have elected a Democrat.

3d. I assume, further, that there were 15,000 Republicans and 10,000 Democrats who would go to the polls, and that of the Republican vote there were 6,000 "Donnelly men" and about 3,000 each of "Andrews," "Washburn" and "Hubbard men," and that of the former were 1,000 who would have preferred Wilson as a second choice, rather than either of the three opposing Republican candidates. I assume, further, that of the remainder of the party, nearly all would have been willing to accept Generals Hubbard or Andrews as second choice, in case their first choice could not be elected, as they were, perhaps at the beginning of the canvass, as nearly compromise candidates, and as little objectionable as any one who could have been named. I assume (for the sake of returning the compliment) that there were 1,500 anti-Donnelly Republicans who would have preferred Wilson to Donnelly, but they could name as second choice, either of the three candidates named and thus save their credit as Republicans.

We know what the result was under the old law. Now let me repeat the

PROPOSED NEW LAW.

1. Every voter may upon his ballot name one person as his first choice, and below may designate one or more other persons as substitute.

2. In canvassing, if it shall be found that one person is named as the first choice on a majority of all the ballots cast, then he shall be declared elected.

3. If no person has such majority, then a plurality shall elect, and the person whose name is upon the greatest number of ballots, either as 1st choice or substitute, shall be declared elected.

4. As between two persons having an equal number of votes (counting 1st choice and substitute ballots all together) the one who has the greater number as 1st choice, shall have the preference.

Now, if my assumptions are correct, an election under the above laws would show the following results:

1st Choice—Donnelly; Substitutes—Andrews and Hubbard—5,000 votes.

1st Choice—Donnelly; Substitute—Wilson—1,000 votes.

1st Choice—Washburn; Substitutes—Andrews and Hubbard—3,500 votes.

Choice—Hubbard; Substitutes—Donnelly, Washburn and Andrews—3,000 votes.

1st Choice—Andrews; Substitutes—Donnelly, Washburn and Hubbard—2,500 votes.

1st Choice—Wilson; no substitute named—10,000 votes.

Total Poll—25,000 votes.

No one has a majority as first choice. Hence under paragraph third of the law, we canvass and find as follows:

Mr. Hubbard's name upon 14,000 ballots; Mr. Wilson's name upon 10,000 ballots; Mr. Washburn's name upon 9,000 ballots; Mr. Donnelly's name upon 11,500 ballots; Mr. Andrew's name upon 14,000 ballots.

And as Andrews and Hubbard have each equal numbers, the latter is elected under paragraph four of the laws, and would be more nearly than any other one man the choice of a majority of the party.

The assumptions may be incorrect, and the friends of either candidate may change the figures to suit themselves, the fact still remains that one or the other of the Republican candidates would have been elected, and *that one* would more nearly than any other have represented the wishes of the majority, or in other words *the will of the people.*

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS MOVEMENT?

It is precisely what the new constitution of Illinois means,—*that the people must and will rule.* That one by one they are laying aside every relic of tyranny, and more and more approaching that ideal civilization in which shall be found as defined by one of our greatest and best American writers a "Government *of* the people, *by* the people, and *for* the people."

Yours truly, G. B. W.

REVOLT AGAINST THE CAUCUS.

The feeling of revolt against the party caucuses which dictate local nominations, is deep-seated and wide-spread. The readers of THE POST know that we have not encouraged it, because the rebellion has seemed to be generally impelled and directed by demagogues who justified their action as follows: "We object to the caucus, because *we* are not the caucus."

Yet, as we honor personal independence, and seek an expression of the people's untrammeled will, we see in the caucus as it stands a machine of repression, which ought to be repaired so as to become an instrument of good, and in our present electoral system, a cumbrous, clumsy and unjust contrivance for misrepresenting the people. The time has come when the latter ought to be superseded, and by this reform the caucus will be regulated and rendered subordinate.

Elsewhere in these columns will be found a suggestive communication from an intelligent and thoughtful Minnesotian, embodying a brief statement of his plan for an electoral reform—an ingenious plan in which the majority will elect, and the caucus will not be omnipotent. The scheme itself does not necessarily involve personal or minority representation, but it is compatible with it, and the two should be combined in order to produce such a method of popular election as would combine the largest advantages and the least occasion for discontent.

Under our present system, there are at least two millions of voters in this country as absolutely disfranchised as their wives and sisters are—as wholly without a voice in public affairs as if they were slaves in Afghanistan. One hundred thousand Democrats in Massachusetts, a hundred and fifty thousand more in Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa, a hundred thousand Republicans in Kentucky and Maryland, and fifty thousand in New York city, are utterly disfranchised in the election of Congressmen. They are outvoted in their several districts, and so cannot under the present arrangement be represented at all.

The genius of our government requires that every voter shall be represented by some man for whom he voted, in City Council, Supervisor Board, Legislature, and Congress. This result is as easy of attainment as it is obviously just. There are many ways to achieve it. One, and the simplest, is to provide for the election of three (Congressmen, for instance) in a district, giving to each voter two votes to cast for two candidates or to concentrate on one, at discretion. Another is to make of every State one Congressional district, giving to every voter as many votes as there are men to elect, and permitting him to scatter or cumulate them at will. Another is, to permit a voter to cast only one vote, but to choose his candidate anywhere in the State,—every candidate receiving, say, twenty thousand votes to be chosen. There are many methods and not one that has ever been devised is more unjust in theory, or could be more vicious or mischievous in practice, than the disfranchising system under which the republic has, for eighty years, managed to exist.

Croffut 1869

THE ELECTORAL REFORM.

A Revolt Against the Tyranny of the Caucus.

Plan by a Minnesotian.

To the Editor of The Evening Post.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec 28, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR: The election system proposed by me several years since, to which considerable attention has recently been directed in this State, is as follows:

1. Allow the voter to place upon his ballot the name of one person as his first choice for the office named; and below the same, the names of one or more other persons as substitutes for the same office, no preference being indicated as between these substitutes, each being a second choice of the voter.

2. If, on counting the ballots, it appears that one person is named as first choice on a majority of the ballots, he is to be declared elected.

3. If no one is so elected, then the person whose name is upon the *greatest number* of ballots, both or either, as first choice or substitute, is to be declared elected.

4. As between two persons having each an equal number of ballots, under article third, the preference is to be given to the one who is named as first choice on the greater number of ballots.

The design of the above plan is to break down the tyranny and corruption of the caucus system; to make bolting an impossibility; to allow each voter to express his honest preferences and yet not throw away his vote; to make election returns show unerringly the real strength before the people of the various candidates, and to mass the vote of a party holding certain principles—upon the strongest man or most popular one, at least, representing such principles; to preserve individual liberty fully, and yet yield to the will of the majority. And the plan proposed will do this with the utmost certainty and in the simplest manner. To illustrate, let us take

A COMMON CASE.

Congressional district, 18,000 votes; 10,000 Republican, 6,000 Democrat. Mr. A., Republican, draws 5,500 votes; Mr. B., Republican, draws 4,500 votes; Mr. C. Democrat, draws 6,000 votes and is elected under our present system of voting. Under the proposed plan it would stand about thus: Mr. A. (second choice B.) gets 5,500. Mr. B. (second choice A.) gets 4,500; Mr. C. (no second choice named) gets 6,000. Now, we count the ballots, and under Article 2 no one has a majority. By Art. 3 we find A. and B. each named on 10,000 ballots, while C. is on but 6,000; and by Art. 4 Mr. A. has the preference over B. because named on the greater number of ballots as first choice, and is elected, as he ought to be, because more nearly representing the personal preferences and political principles of the people than any other of the candidates named; and this is *always right*, when but one officer is to be elected, as is necessary in nearly all executive or clerical offices. With Legislatures and Boards of Council it is different, and we may here group them in districts electing three members and adopt

MINORITY REPRESENTATION

in its simplest and most efficient forms by simply adding to the above:

5. Where three persons are to be elected, the voting to be done same as provided for in Article 1st; *one ballot only from each voter, and one person only named on such ballot as first choice*, and one or more others named as substitutes or second choice.

6. In counting such ballots, if any person or persons be named as first choice upon *more than one-fourth of all the ballots cast*, such person or persons to be declared elected.

7. The remaining offices to be filled by canvassing, as prescribed in Articles 3 and 4. The person or persons having the highest number of votes to be elected. For example: Legislative district electing three Representatives, 10,000 Republican votes; 6,000 Democratic votes.

Republicans vote for A, B, C and D. Democrats concentrate on Y, with Z as second choice.

The vote stands as follows: Mr. Y (3d choice Z), 6,000; Mr. A (2d choice B C and D), 4,500; Mr. B (2d choice A C and D), 2,400; Mr. C (2d choice A B and D), 2,100; Mr. D (2d choice A B and C), 1,000. The total poll is 16,000.

Messrs. A and Y have each received over one quarter of the whole vote as first choice, and are therefore elected.

B, C and D are each named on 10,000 ballots, and Z is upon 6,000 ballots, and as between B, C and D, B has the preference, being named on the greater number of ballots as first choice.

I have purposely arranged the figures in the examples given, so as to show the working of the plan under every article. Ordinarily it would be simpler still.

Very truly yours,

GEO. B. WRIGHT.

POLITICAL.

A NEW ELECTION LAW IN MINNESOTA.

The Minneapolis Tribune and other State papers are discussing the following plan for an election law, which, if adopted, will dispense with caucuses and give the people an opportunity to vote for their first choice:

First: Allow the voter to place upon his ticket the name of one person as his first choice, and below the same the names of one or more other persons as substitutes or second and third choice for the same office.

Second: If, on counting the ballots, it appears that one person is named as first choice on a majority of the ballots he is to be declared elected.

Third: If no one is so elected, then the person whose name is upon the *greatest number* of ballots, either as first choice or substitute, is to be declared elected.

Fourth: As between two persons having each an equal number of ballots, under article third, the preference is to be given to the one who was designated as first choice upon the greatest number of those ballots.

Prepared in 1868

HOW TO PURIFY POLITICS.

ART. 1st. Allow voters at all elections to cast their ballots in this form:

For Sheriff—1st choice.
JOHN BROWN.
Substitutes.
OLE PETERSON,
JAMES SMITH.

ART. 2d. In canvassing the vote, First, If any person has as 1st choice a majority over all others as 1st choice, that person to be declared elected. Second, If no one is so elected, then the person whose name is on the greatest number of ballots (either as 1st choice or substitute) is to be declared elected. Third, as between two persons having an equal number under the last rule, the preference to be given to the one whose name as 1st choice is upon the greater number of ballots

TO SECURE MINORITY REPRESENTATION.

ART. 3d. When two or more persons are to be elected to same office (as representatives, boards of commissioners, &c.,) vote in same manner as above.

ART. 4th. In canvassing the vote, First, any person having as 1st choice one-third or more of all the baliots cast, to be declared elected. Second, if any vacancies still remain they shall be filled as prescribed in article 2d.

A Nut for the Republicans of the Second District.

We are a pretty shrewd lot—*we* are smart horse-trading, shingle-whittling Yankees. *We* have got our eye teeth cut, *we* have; and don't often get "sucked in."

(Here let me make a remark—put it in your pipe and smoke it: 1st. *Tickle a man's vanity, and you can cheat him out of his eye teeth*, and 2d. *No flattery is so fatal as self-flattery.*)

Now let me ask a question. How happened it, that the intelligent, virtuous and wise Republican party of the 2d District, with an overpowering majority of thousands, cut its own throat and elected E. M. Wilson to Congress two years ago? And I answer the question myself:

The law, and the caucus system defeat the will of the majority continually; and the remedy is to *change the law.*

Allow each voter to name on his ballot the person who is his *first choice*, and below, to name one or more persons as *substitutes*, thus:

For Congress.
C. C. Andrews.
Substitutes,
W. D. Washburne.
I. Donnelly.

And if in counting the returns it appears that any one man has as first choice, a majority of all the ballots, then he is to be declared elected, but if there is no majority, then the person whose name is upon the *greatest number of ballots* either as first choice or substitute is to be declared elected, as being *nearer than any other*, the choice of the majority party. Had such a law been in force, would E. M. Wilson be in Congress now? Not unless Republicans were base enough to really prefer the defeat of the party unless their particular candidate could be elected, and bold enough to act their minds by putting Wilson's *name* on their ticket and thus advertise their real sentiment. Would there have been a double-headed convention in St. Paul? Would there have been any inducement to fraud and force and sharp tricking in primary meetings? Could a few men concoct a ticket and then force it upon the party? Would a faction beaten in caucus or convention, bolt and overturn the party? Would caucus or convention be necessary at all, except for consultation as against the Common enemy? Could not rival candidates work together and in harmony *for the party*, assured that the one who does the best and most effective work against the enemy will be rewarded at election time? And finally would not every voter express his honest preferences upon his ballot, making his own free choice yet assured he does not throw away his vote by so doing?

What think you Republicans of the Second District—are we smart to elect a Democrat to Congress, or otherwise?"

G. B. W.

Jan 1873 or Dec 72

55

PERSONAL REPRESENTATION.

Constitution tinkering may become a nuisance, but we judge that the fundamental law of Minnesota needs amending about as badly as any constitution in the country—as much as that of Indiana, New Hampshire or Connecticut. It was born of anarchy and compromise, being the offspring of two conventions—sired by Republicanism and damned by Democracy under circumstances most unfavorable to health or long life. It requires a Philadelphia lawyer to interpret it—and even then, it will be ambiguous.

Not only is amendment needed for mere verbal correction—to iron out the wrinkles and straighten out the kinks—but for the incorporations of reforms not dreamed of in 1857. Foremost among these, we think, is minority or personal representation, tried in Pennsylvania and prove in Illinois.

The *Press* understands that an attempt will be made in the present Illinois Legislature to abolish personal representation and go back to the old system again. Perhaps such an attempt may be made by some ante-diluvian, but the proposition, by whomsoever made, would be overwhelmingly defeated. We know whereof we speak when we assure our St. Paul friend that the people of Illinois would no sooner give up personal representation, having once enjoyed it, than they would abolish trial by jury or free speech. They cherish it as a new advance in individual liberty, and they believe, as we most earnestly do, that the time is soon coming when every State will adopt it and regard it as indispensible to a republican form of government. Illinois will stick to personal representation as she will stick to the ballot; the only question up here is, Shall Minnesota be the first to join her?

Under the Illinois system, every voter was last Fall permitted to cast three votes (all on one ballot,) for members of the lower branch of the Legislature, and he might distribute them among three men, concentrate or "cumulate" them all on one, or divide them equally or unequally between two. In Republican districts, the Democrats would cast their three votes for one man and elect him, while the Republicans cast 1½ votes for each of two and elected both. In Democratic districts, it was *vice versa*. The *Press* regrets that "the results are undoubtedly a practical failure." We assure the *Press* it is mistaken. Of course the few fools who expected to witness the ushering in of the millennium—no more knaves in office—no more corruption—of course, *they* are disappointed. But nobody else. What are the results, briefly?

1—Under the old style, the Republicans of Illinois would have elected 99 representatives, and the Democrats 54. Under the new system, the Republicans elected 85, and the Democrats 68—precisely a fair representation of each party. The Democrats cast 187,250 votes; the Republicans 240,837 votes—exactly the same ratio that 68 bears to 85. It is almost mathematically exact.

2—The Illinois Legislature consists of a better set of men than ever before, because each party felt sure that if it did not put up a good candidate, some independent would cumulate the votes and beat him.

3—This actually proved to be the case in several districts; men, outraged by an unworthy nominee, bolted their ticket and elected another man of their own party with little fear of electing one of the opposite party. Thus the tyranny of the caucus was perceptibly weakened.

4—Every citizen of the State is actually represented by a man for whom he voted. Such a thing was never known before. Last year, more than 150,000 voters of both parties in Illinois were practically disfranchised—without a representative in the Legislature. Now every voter in somebody's constituent.

Perhaps these are not gains; but they look very much like it. Perhaps this is not progress—but the people of Illinois think it is. Both parties and the whole press of the State are in favor of it. Shall Minnesota try it?

Southwest Division—Where is it.

New Minneapolis having indulged in conflagrations and exhausted the supply of small-pox, measles and the other usual municipal luxuries, is just now having a run of that fearful malady, *The Nomenclature*—"Got it bad," too—none of your weak, seedy, one-horse affairs, but a genuine, radical, high-priced, five-story-and-swell-front machine, presenting all the separate excellencies evolved by the wisdom of the ancients, and the lapse of ages, all the way down from Babylon to Philadelphia, and all in as active and harmonious operation as an Orange parade to the tune of "Croppies lie Down," indulged in on St. Patrick's day in the morning. One of the "prodigious facts" achieved by the Nomenclature is that of making the southeast corner of the city, the extremity also of the Southwest Division. The city has been hung, drawn and quartered by two diagonal lines intersecting each other at Suspension Bridge. Standing upon the bridge for a short time only, to avoid publicity and admiring mention by reporter, you look northwest, up river, and south-east, down river, and at a glance comprehend the propriety of considering the Mississippi a cause of "division," and then with the assistance of a city map, an able-bodied imagination, and the eye of faith, you turn to the northeast and behold Central avenue careering its wild way across back yards and front porches in defiance of the existing order of things—while to the southwest Hennepin (or Zero) avenue mildly meanders out past Deacon Harmon's old homestead and Lakes Calhoun, Minnetonka and Big Stone to its "bright home in the settin' sun." And now consult your Directory for the locality of one Philip T. Brown (whom Heaven defend—for if The Nomenclature gets hold of him he will hereafter exist—if he survives at all—only as "No. 19,846 west-by-sow'.")

You find his address to be "No. 762 27th avenue southwest," but if you want to *find* him, just beware of traveling southwest to any great extent. Go southwest! Lord bless you—you are ignorant of the "system"—that "southwest" is simply a sublime fiction introduced to bring into play all the latent energies of The Nomenclature. Allow your simplicity to be enlightened. You must go down Zero avenue to 7th street, and thence in the direction of sunrise for a couple of miles, and the further you go the deeper you will penetrate that peculiar mystery known as "southwest" of The Nomenclature, till at last you find the object of your search about half way to St. Paul, and for the first time in your life you understand why the St. Paul and Pacific railroad starts out east from St. Paul to go to Minneapolis, and your mind is in a condition to believe anything.

I had it confidentially imparted to me a day or two since by The Nomenclature itself (or a near relative thereof, at least) that though technically (that is, in fact) the Fair Grounds are at the extreme east side of the city, yet for the purpose of The Nomenclature, they are *called* southwest, just as we *say* that the sun rises in the east, whereas it doesn't rise at all.

This was certainly an ingenious and novel view of the case, and I admit that The Nomenclature never achieved a greater triumph except in the well-known instance where the small boy sold "Hot mince pie" to a gentleman who, on inserting his teeth for a sample, found the thing frozen solid. We remember the indignant denunciation which the defrauded customer poured out upon the head of the devoted youth whose bland and serene exposition of the case was simply, "Vell, you see '*Hot* mince pie' was the *name* of it."

So "Southwest" is the "name of it." To be sure, all mankind understand the word to mean something entirely different, and what are the preconceived notions and prejudices of average humanity to the exigencies of The Nomenclature?

Seriously, if such nomenclature is not a simple absurdity, it is only because it is a complex one.

G.

March 16, 1872.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

How shall we name our streets? "Tangleton" is a timely word in regard to the Divisions. "East and West" are tolerably easy of comprehension, especially when we have a Mississippi River between to give emphasis to the word Division; but when we come to Nor' nor'-east and sou' sou'-west divisions, where there is no natural bound, the thing can only be described as "tangled mass."

The only reason we have ever heard advanced for numbering or lettering streets and avenues instead of naming them, is that of greater convenience in finding a place or understanding its locality when named to us. This arises from the fact that we all understand the order in which the numbers or letters come. All the excellence of the system ends there, and any other plan which will convey to the mind the same idea of order is equally good in that respect, and no other plan can be devised that will be in all other respects so repulsive, dreary and barren as that of designating the locality of one's home by a letter or number. To follow the order of the names of the Presidents is a vast improvement over numbers, the only objection being that it is a pretty well worn system; that one name is repeated, that others are little honored and others not pleasant to the ear. A better plan is to call all the streets leading to the country (or in this case, all at right angles with the river) Avenues, giving to one series of them the names of distinguished statesmen, and to another, if necessary, the names of eminent authors or artists, or of cities or towns, the names of which suggest pleasant associations, and let each series of names preserve the alphabetical order, as Arlington, Bellevue, Clarendon, Dorchester, etc.

The streets may be named from trees and should preserve the same alphabetical order. Generally, it is better to name streets in words of one or two syllables, and avenues in three syllables accented on the first, which though unimportant, is worthy of remembering when new names are proposed. A very great advantage of this system is that no name is repeated in the whole city, whereas by numbers you get the same thing over and over, and the stranger who in haste goes to No. 936, 28th Street Southwest, when he should have called at the same number and street in the North East division, five miles away, will hardly pass encomiums upon the wisdom of the fathers who evolved such an admirable system.

But the greatest advantage is, that it preserves all the good features of the number system and saves us and all future generations from that terrible nightmare of figures. It is all well enough in business, and necessary there, but unless necessary let us try and preserve in and around our homes something that will suggest pleasant memories. Compare "Arlington" with "South West 94th Street, South East Division," for instance. Twine your tender vines of association around the latter name and see how they "wilt." Doctors might advocate such a nomenclature, but other people can certainly have no interest in spreading such a dark miasmatic cloud over the face of our fair city.

Yours, for Names,

Geo. B. Wright.

February. 18, 1872.

A con—temporary—in fact our nearest newspaper neighbor, has had a great deal to say, and we suppose will continue to, about Darwinism and the development of men from monkeys. Nonsense—you can't make the people of Fergus Falls believe any such stuff as that. They have proof positive against it. They have had an Orang among them for three years and more, and he hasn't shown any signs of developing any manhood yet.

Minneapolis Tribune Jan 1873

Minority or Proportional Representation; Its Nature, Aims, History, Process and practical operation; is the name of a volume by Salem Dutcher, just issued by the United States Publishing Company of New York—165 pages, octavo.

This unpretending little book is a clear, concise and impartial statement of the various plans which have been prominently presented to secure equitable representation in legislative assemblies.

It explains the method of each system and points out its advantages and defects. It gives its history and practical working so far as tested in this country and in Europe, and is illustrated with numerous examples of actual elections held under the various systems. It contrasts the minority representation systems with the present mode of conducting elections, with as little partisan spirit as is possible to any one who has compared the two and noted the glaring defects of the present system, a departure from which in almost any direction will, upon examination, be found an improvement.

The radical injustice inherent in the present electoral system is clearly pointed out and fully explained.

The main faults of the system are:

I.—Non-representation of minorities.

II.—Unfair and unequal apportionment of representatives to voters.

III.—Crushing out of minor differences of opinion in the struggle between two great parties for absolute mastery.

IV.—Dangerous importance of a few votes in a close contest; and,

V.—Practical impossibility of securing the best men for offices.

It is shown from numerous tables of elections in this country and in England, that at any general election for representatives fully two-fifths of the persons voting do not secure a single representative, and are practically disfranchised. Thus all Republicans in Kentucky and all Democrats in Vermont may be called unnaturalized foreigners. This occurs with such certainty and regularity that it may be set down as an established law.

Look over the old files of the New York *Tribune* Almanacs, and you will find at every election an alarming number of States in which 51 per cent. of the voters monopolize all the offices, and 49 per cent. are disfranchised.

The 51 per cent. in any one district have not only their own proper representation in legislature, but they have that also of which the 49 per cent. have been defrauded.

The legislative body should be a map of the whole community and present in fair and proper proportion all the various interests of the whole community, but unless an interest becomes—in one legislative district at least—the leading one, it is never heard of at all in the Legislature, and when it does reach that stage then *nothing else* is ever heard of. The picture is either all black or all white; between the two great parties there is no opportunity for minor interests to get a voice. In the Congressional election of 1870 in three Pennsylvania Districts electing three Democrats to Congress, the aggregate majority was 53 in a poll of 72,745 votes, and 36,399 Democrats were represented by three members in Congress, while 36,346 Republicans were wholly disfranchised. The immense money value of the few casting votes in this case, makes it morally certain that they were bought, and that in fact the fifty-three miserable men sold their franchise for money, determined for the 72,745 who their three Congressmen should be.

Any system which will do away even measurably with such an outrage on the name of free government demands at least respectful consideration of its claims.

The various plans of electoral reform mentioned in this work are called—

1—*The cumulative vote* under which each elector casts as many votes as there are persons to be chosen, and may distribute his votes equally or unequally among several candidates, or cumulate them all upon one.

2—*The limited vote*, in which the elector has less votes than the number of persons to be chosen; as, if three persons are to be chosen, no voter can put more than two names on his ballot.

3—*The preferential vote*, indicating by its name that the elector designates on his ballot his preferences, naming as many persons as are to be chosen, and indicating his first, second and third choice, and so on.

4—*The list vote*, where the elector votes a certain list of candidates, and if that list receives a certain proportion or *quota* of all the votes cast, the first name on that list is elected; if the list receives two *quotas* it is entitled to two members, and so on.

The proxy vote, by which a candidate securing a certain proportion or *quota* of all the vote cast is elected, and in Legislature has one vote; if he receives two *quotas* he is entitled to two votes, on the common principle of elections in stock associations by proxy. Various other plans are mentioned, but these are the most prominent.

The particular forms which have attracted most attention and are perhaps most worthy of consideration are the first and third in the above list. The Cumulative vote, first proposed by Mr. James Garth Marshall, of England, in 1853, and since adopted and now in operation to a greater or less extent in England, Pennsylvania, Illinois and West Virginia, is the one with the idea of which we are in this country most familiar. It has met with great favor where tried as indeed almost any form of minority representation must when contrasted with the present system.

Its greatest defect, and it is a very serious one, is stated in this book. "It cannot be relied upon to work out proportional representation unless some approximate idea of how parties stand can be obtained before election." Mark the language. Information must be had before election—that is, a *thorough canvass and counting of noses*, else it will not secure proportional representation. And how does this information affect the issue? By enabling the professional politicians—the party managers, to determine to a fraction how their strength must be distributed in order to secure the greatest possible result. And the party which submits most implicitly to its managers and gives up individual preference most completely, will certainly secure the largest proportionate representation.

This is anti-republican doctrine; it works out a contrary idea from that intended; it takes power away from the people and gives it to the politicians, and operates as a premium on ignorance and a restraint upon intelligence, for we all know that just in proportion as men become intelligent they exercise independence in politics. Who ever heard of the average Irish voter scratching a ticket?

Under this plan the party of ignorance will inevitably secure a larger proportionate representation than the party of intelligence, and a few years' experience will demonstrate this fact.

The preferential vote, which is the system adopted in Denmark in 1855, but which is generally called the *Hare* plan from the name of the English author of a book on the subject, published in 1859, is no doubt the most just and equitable of any that has ever appeared. The subject has been worked out with the nicety of an arithmetical problem and the will of each voter has its due weight in the electoral college.

The method is difficult to explain and is quite complicated, yet has worked with great success in Denmark for 17 years and a return to the old system would not be thought of.

The greatest apparent fault in the Danish system would seem to be the opportunities it offers for fraud. The votes go into an intricate mill which will grind out honest results if the *millers* are honest, but alas for poor human nature, we must take it as it is and avoid making laws which offer a premium on fraud. The author's criticism on the Hare or Danish system is: "In itself it ensures a just representation but in practical operation would probably be made the occasion of great dissatisfaction,

unfairness and fraud." It might work in Denmark better than in Tammany.

The most significant fact in connection with this subject is the great number of different plans which have been advanced, all looking in the same direction, and the rapid multiplication of books upon the subject. One author gives the names of no less than 40 different publications of which more than half have been issued within the past two years, all but three of which since 1858. To America belongs the honor of first discovery in the matter, the publication being by Thomas Gilpin, of Philadelphia, in 1844.

While it is evident that none of the plans mentioned are in all respects unobjectionable, yet it is equally evident from the wide-spread interest in and agitation upon the subject, that in some form it is destined to be generally adopted, the thinking public rallying rapidly to the *principle* of minority representation as being right. By what means to accomplish it is another question. The plan should be: 1*st*, *Just*; 2*d*, *Simple*; 3*d*, *Popular*—and by that last much-abused word we mean it should be of and for the *people* rather than the politicians; it should weaken the power of party managers and ward committees; it should offer a premium on intelligence rather than on ignorance; it should allow personal liberty without danger to political principles; it should allow a man to vote for whom he wishes without that vote losing an atom of its weight on the great questions which divide parties—such a system and only such deserves the name of the *free vote*, and the nearest approach to it that we have yet seen, is the plan proposed to the public by Mr. George B. Wright, of this city, in 1868. It is a form of preferential vote stripped of all intricate machinery. While not theoretically so exactly just as the Danish system, it would in practice prove far more so, and with the symplicity of the cumulative system is free from its great inherent defect. We shall have occasion to refer to it more at length hereafter.

Mr. Dutcher's book will be found an invaluable aid to all wishing information on the subject, and indispensible to every politician who wishes to keep up with the times and to take note of one of the most remarkable political movements of this century.

BALLOT-BOX REFORM.

All who desire to keep pace with the progressive movements of this ingenious century should read the article in this paper by Mr. George B. Wright, of this city, setting forth the features of a system of personal or minority representation invented by him, and applicable to all elections, whether for one or more officers.

While bearing some resemblance to the Hare system, it is yet radically unlike it, and seems to be an improvement on the methods by Hare, Mill, Foster, Buckalew and others. There appears to be little doubt that some system of representative election will soon be substituted for the current clumsy method, whereby 1, every party can be represented in every district, and 2, the better class of men will be chosen in place of the political bummers and dead-beats who now so often succeed in imposing themselves on parties. It behooves us, then, to examine the different methods, to compare their merits and disadvantages, and to be ready to speak or act intelligently when the time for action arrives.

This scheme of Wright's seems about as simple as the Illinois plan and much more effective. By the Illinois plan, each voter casts three votes, giving them all to one candidate, dividing them equally or unequally between two or giving one vote to each of three candidates in the field. There are three Assemblymen to be elected in each district. The result is that the majority party in a district elects two men and the minority party one. This plan of Wright's arrives at the same result in a more satisfactory way, for it leaves the voter much more freedom, while it effects the infallible choice of "the men who most nearly represent the wishes of the voters" as the deviser of the scheme puts it The letter setting forth this unique system of arriving at the popular will, will bear study; when you have perused it, reader, cut it out and stick it up in your office, where you can turn to it occasionally, and study it anew.

MINORITY REPRESENTATION.

A New Methed Suggested and Minutely Explained.

MINNEAPOLIS, March 3.

To the Editor of the Minneapolis Tribune.

I notice in two or three recent numbers of the TRIBUNE, mention of a plan for Proportional Representation proposed by me. Attention was first called to this plan in the TRIBUNE as long ago as 1868, but at that time little interest was felt in this question, and I think the articles upon the subject occasioned no word of comment.

The method proposed is as follows:

1—Allow the voter to name upon his ballot one or more persons as candidates for a single office, thus—

For Governor—
JOHN BROWN,
HENRY SMITH,
CHARLES JONES,

one or these names to be considered the voter's *first choice*, and if not otherwise designated, the first name on the list to be so considered.

2—In canvassing the votes, of course if any person is found named as *first choice*, on a majority of all the ballots he would be in this (as under any system) elected, but if no one is found elected in this manner, then if any persons are found to be named (either as first choice or otherwise) upon a majority of all the ballots, the one of such persons who is named as *first choice* on the greatest number of ballots shall be elected.

3—If no person is named on a majority of all the ballots, then the person who is named on the greatest number of ballots shall be elected; and, as between two persons named on an equal number of ballots, the one who is named *as first choice* on the greatest number shall be considered as chosen.

TO SECURE MINORITY REPRESENTATION

in elections for Boards of Trustees, Directors, Commissioners, and (by grouping three districts together, or making each district elect three or more members) Congressmen and members of State Legislatures, the same system of voting and canvassing is pursued, except that a *quota* of 1st choice ballots for one person (instead of a majority) shall elect. These *quotas* are determined as follows. Suppose three trustees or directors are to be elected on one ticket. Then any person named as first choice on one-third of all the ballots, is elected irrespective of all other candidates. Similarly, if five or seven are to be chosen, then one-fifth or one-seventh of the first choice ballots may elect one man. And if, as would almost invariably be the case, the whole number registered should not be chosen in this manner, then the vacancies remaining are filled in the same manner as prescribed above, where one person only is to be elected.

ILLUSTRATION.

1*st Example*—Election for Governor in a State casting 13,000 Republican and 10,000 Democratic votes. Suppose there are three Republican candidates, A, B and C, each indisposed to yield to the other, and one Democratic candidate, Z. In canvassing the votes cast at the election, we find the following numbers and kinds of ballots:

REPUBLICAN BALLOTS.

A, B, C	5,000
B, A, C	4,500
C, B, A	3,500

DEMOCRATIC BALLOTS.

Z	10,000

The above ballots, counted to the candidates, show the following numbers received by each:

Candidates.	*1st Choice.*	*2d Choice.*	*Total.*
*A	5,000	8,000	13,000
B	4,500	8,500	13,000
C	3,500	9,500	13,000
Z	10,000		10,000

23,000 total vote, making 11,501 a majority.

—* *Elected.*

After counting the ballots, the questions arising are:

Question—Has any person been named as first choice on a majority of all the ballots? Answer—No.

Q—Has any person been named on a majority of all the ballots, both as first choice and otherwise? Ans.—Yes. A. B. and C. have each been so named.

Q.—Which of these men have been named on the greatest number of ballots as first choice? Ans.—A. and he is therefore elected.

We see by this that where but one person is to be chosen, *the strongest man of the strongest party is elected.* The election accomplishes effectually, and under the restraints of law, all that is attempted by the cumbrous and ineffective machinery of the Crawford county plan, *viz:* An election within the party to determine the strongest candidate, and the massing of the strength of the party upon that man.

It allows the free exercise of the voter's personal preferences, yet without the slightest danger of throwing away a single vote. It does not require a voter to accept a "choice of evils," and a bolt from a "regular nomination" does no harm. Corrupt or third-rate men cannot by manipulating a caucus compel the popular acquiescence.

ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION.

2*d Example*:—Election of three Commissioners in a district casting 300 Republican and 200 Democratic votes. Republican candidates, A, B, C, D; Democratic, ditto, Y. and Z. In canvassing the following numbers and kinds of ballots are found:

125—A B C D.
50—B A C D.
40—C A B D.
85—D A B C.
200—Y Z.

These ballots counted, the various candidates show their respective strength as follows:

Candidate.	*1st choice.*	*2d choice.*	*Total*
*A	125	175	300
B	50	250	300
C	40	260	300
*D	85	215	300
*Y	200		200
Z		200	200

*Elected.

500.—Total vote. 251—A majority. 167—A quota, or one-third.

Q—Has any person been named as first choice on one-third of all the ballots?

Ans.—Yes—Y. has such quota, and is elected.

Q.—Have any persons been named, both as first choice and otherwise, upon a majority of all the ballots cast?

Ans.—Yes. Four persons have been so named; and of those four A. and D. have been named as first choice on the largest number of ballots, and are therefore elected.

Here we see that any one-third of all the voters may, by massing their votes upon one man, elect him.

This plan applied to elections in stock companies allows each *quota* of stock to be represented in the directory. Thus if there is $50,000 of stock, and five directors to be elected, each $10,000 of stock can secure one director.

ADVANTAGES.

It is claimed for this method, that more than any other plan yet presented, it

1st. Is just and equal in its workings to both majorities and minorities.

2nd. Allows individual freedom and choice in voting, without danger of throwing away a vote.

3d. Weakens the despotism of, and removes all temptation to corruption in caucuses.

4th. Elects the men who most nearly represent the wishes of the voters.

5th. Takes power from politicians and gives it to the people.

6th. Brings purer and better men into politics, and elects such men to office.

7th. Puts the responsibility for the selection of men for office upon each individual voter, and makes him feel the importance of the trust imposed upon him.

It is *not* claimed to be perfect in its plan, and I only hope that the question is now ripe enough for some of your readers to feel sufficient interest in the *subject* to suggest improvements in the *method*.

An inquiry by a friend at my elbow suggests this remark—that in the election for commissioners as above, it is required that they be all voted for on one general ticket (not singly as if from different districts); that the voter may put on his ballot one name or a dozen at pleasure; and that only one of these names shall be considered his first choice, the same as though but one person was to be elected. And I have also, for convenience, assumed in the case of election for Governor, that the friends of each candidate in the Republican party have mutually supported the other Republican candidates as their second or compromise choice, on the ground that they would prefer a man of their own party, rather than the candidate of the opposition.

GEO. B. WRIGHT.

1873

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

This, or, if the reader like it better, Personal or Minority Representation,—a proposed reform of the electoral method, which, its projectors believe, would give the people a more just representation,—is the subject of an intelligent letter we print this morning from one of the men who secured the success of the free vote in Illinois. Mr. Matteson criticises, in an excellent spirit, the devise of Mr. George B. Wright, of this city, already fully explained in our columns, calling attention to what he thinks the imperfection of Mr. Wright's method, while admitting that it possesses marked excellencies. It seems to us, according to our understanding of Mr. Wright's system, that Mr. Matteson errs in saying it is founded upon the plurality plan proposed by the French statist, Emile de Girardin. It differs from that plan in all its constituent elements, unless we are greatly mistaken. We may hereafter discuss this criticism.

Our readers will remember that a bill was passed by the last Legislature, empowering the people of Fergus Falls, to elect their officers by Mr. Wright's ingenious plan. This reform is destined to make its way. It cannot be many years before all the States and communities of this nation will adopt this method, or some other akin to it, to arrive at a fairer and juster representation in all municipial and legislative assemblies. All thoughtful men will soon favor it.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

An Intelligent Discussion of the Plan of Mr. George B. Wright.

A Member of the Chicago P. R. Society Gives His Opinion of the Different Schemes.

To the Editor of the Minneapolis Tribune:

CHICAGO, March 20.

My attention has been directed to the explanation, in a recent number of your paper, of a method of attaining proportional representation suggested by Mr. George B. Wright, of your city, which seems to possess (one very high merit, namely, its probably strong tendency to emancipate the voter from the corrupting caucus slavery.) You speak of it as "an improvement on the methods advocated by Hare, Mill, Forster, Buckalew and others;" but as upon this proposition there will be a variety of opinions, it is in the hope of being able to aid in the formation of an intelligent judgment that I beg space in your journal for a little criticism of Mr. Wright's scheme.

WHAT IT IS.

Analyzed, it is found to be simply a combination of the two distinctive features of two other plans, namely, the simple "plurality vote" proposed in France a long time ago, by M. Emile de Girardin, (and again lately by the Baron de Sayre,) and a modification of the "preferential vote" of Mr. Hare (the originator of which was M. Andræ, formerly Finance Minister of Denmark). A complete statement of M. de Girardin's plan is given, in the words of Mr. H. R. Droop:

"The elector places in the urn [ballot-box] the name of a single candidate. The candidates who have obtained the largest number of votes are elected, according to the number required. A minimum [of votes] may be fixed [which every candidate must obtain in order to be elected."]

Mr. Wright fixes the minimum at one-third of the whole number of votes given. To this point his plan and M. de Girardin's are the same. He then applies Mr. Hare's preferential device (allowing the voter to name a number of candidates in the order of his preference) and in order to make up the quota of one-third (when there is not sufficient first-choice votes) transfers to the candidate having the highest number of first-choice votes all the votes given for him as second and third choice. The condition required is that the votes of all choices shall amount to a majority of all the votes cast; a condition that, in case the election should be contested by more than two opposing interests, would frequently fail. *Then*, the plan would return to the simple "plurality vote" *without* any minimum limit; that is, in Mr. Wright's words, "the person named on the greatest number of ballots would be elected," and in case of "a tie" in the number of ballots, then the person standing highest in first-choice votes.

WHAT IT DOES NOT DO.

Thus, for the purposes of election between contesting interests, or parties, Mr. Wright's application of the preferential device is entirely superfluous. The representation of minorities is not gained by it (as in Mr. Hare's plan), but is gained by the simple plurality vote of M. de Girardin. Strike out from Mr. Wright's scheme the preferentive device altogether, and the result, so far as it secures representation for the minority, would be the same. There being say three vacancies to fill, and each voter being restricted to a single vote, (all those after the first choice are merely alternative or contingent votes, suggesting the wish of the voter in case a certain contingency shall happen), the three candidates highest on the return will be elected, and of course any minority that shall give to one person one-third of the whole number of votes cast will elect its member. The whole use of the preferential provision in Mr. Wright's plan is to break down, or at least mitigate, the caucus tyranny *within* strict party lines. Of this a word more further on.

THE OBJECTIONS TO IT.

In my opinion, the principal objection to Mr. Wright's plan is that it does not approximate the equal representation of the whole body of electors so nearly as some others; that, for instance, which now prevails in the election of representatives in Illinois, and the truest designation of which is the "free vote." Other things being equal, that plan is the best which disfranchises in the representative body the least number of voters. The great merit of Mr. Hare's plan is that in giving effect to every vote it leaves not a single voter unrepresented. It accomplishes complete and proportional representation of every part of the body politic with precision and certainty, and without any necessity of submission to the caucus tyranny. If it were not for the supposed complexity and intricacy of its electoral machinery (a good deal of which is imaginary) there is probably not one man in a thousand who would hesitate to say that it is the plan which ought to be adopted in every representative government on the globe.

THE DIFFERENT SCHEMES.

Next to the "preferential vote," the "free vote" will generally give (without the intervention of legalized party machinery, such as the Swiss "*liste libre*" proposes) the largest per cent. of actual representation; but this will vary as the number of members to be chosen by the same consistuency, just as it also will by the "plurality vote" plan. By the latter, in a constituency entitled to send three representatives, any minority of voters less than one-third of the whole number, will be disfranchised on their votes. By the "free vote," the number who can be disfranchised, in a three member district, must be less than *one-fourth* of the whole number voting. The "plurality vote," in a five member district, will give a representative to any minority of voters not less than *one-fifth* of the whole number; the "free vote" will, in the same district, give a representative to any minority of voters not less than *one-sixth* of the whole number. To illuatrate this superior merit of the "free vote" over the "plurality vote," which is the basis of Mr. Wright's plan, take the experience of Illinois, which contains fifty-one three-member districts. Among these districts there is only *one* in which the political minority (by reason of comprising less than one fourth of the whole number of voters) is without a representative. Under Mr. Wright's plan, there are, perhaps, half a dozen districts in Illinois, in which the minority party would be unrepresented. By the operation of the "free vote" in Illinois, 407,844 voters, in a total of 427,101, are actually represented in the popular branch of the assembly, by members which their votes elected, leaving only 19,257 voters unrepresented. This latter number comprises all the voters in the whole State of Illinois whose votes were "thrown away" in the election of representatives last November. By Mr. Wright's plan, the number of lost votes, that is of persons disfranchised upon their votes, must have been considerable greater.

THE MERIT OF WRIGHT'S PLAN.

The one undoubted merit of Mr. Wright's plan is its application of the preferential device of Hare in such a way as to pretty effectually emancipate the voter within his party from the degrading caucus tyranny. It is this which renders it a decided improvement upon the plan of M. de Girardin, and entitles it, in my opinion, to a more favorable consideration than any other yet-suggested plan based on the simple "plurality vote." Of its simplicity in practice there cannot be a reasonable doubt. Indeed, the stumbling block in the way of reformed representation which the corrupt "drill-sergeants of party" seek to set up on the plan that the various methods proposed for the conveyance of equal rights into the representative system are "complex" and "intricate" and "impracticable," is an unfounded bugbear. When brought to the test of experience the imagined complexity disappears; there was nothing of it.

THE FUTURE.

The reform in the representative system is a movement toward the right that will not go back. *Some* mode of attaining better and more complete representation of the "units of the State" in the legislative body, is perfectly certain to take the place of the existing system of a monopoly representation of a privileged class or party. To me it seems highly desirable that different States should adopt different plans, in order that a comparison of experiences may develope and determine the best one. Illinois has adopted the "free vote," and will assuredly not take any step backward; for the more a few dissatisfied "county court politicians" evoke discussion by proposing to reinstate the old "jug-handle system," the more evident to all honest men appears the justice and wisdom, and good results of the reformed system.

I am strongly of the opinion that Mr. Wright's plan would be found to work particularly satisfactory results in the election of boards of Aldermen in cities, where the evil consequences of the caucus despotism attain the worst degree. Why can not your law makers be persuaded to give it a trial in some considerable city that may be seeking to have its charter doctored?

ANDRE MATTESON.

ILLINOIS AND MINNESOTA.

Free Vote and Plurality Vote! Which is Which? A Review of a Review.

MINNEAPOLIS, March 28.

To the Editor of the Minneapolis Tribune:

I have read with deep interest the letter of Andre Matteson, of Chicago, in the TRIBUNE of to-day, in review of the plan of electoral reform proposed by me.

His conclusion seems to me to be, in the main, correct.

He will, I think, find upon further examination that the objections raised are not quite well-founded, and that there are some advantages in the system which have escaped his attention.

He says correctly, "strike out from Mr. Wright's scheme the preferential device altogether, and the result, so far as it secures representation for the minority would be the same." In other words minority representation is but one feature in a more comprehensive scheme of reform. If by that scheme, minority or proportional representation is fully secured, minority representationists ought not to find fault with the system which accomplishes, also, other needed reforms that the comulative vote of Illinois is not equal to.

WHAT IS IN A NAME.

For convenience in comparing the various plans of minority representation, let us first get proper names for them.

The general public cannot, I think, be very clear on the merits of the Hare-cumulative-free-Danish-plurality-*liste*-preferential-Illinois-proportional-quota-minority representation plan, so long as the names are used indiscriminately and without reference to their meaning. The same public have never been fully satisfied with the boy who named his frozen pastry "hot mince pies," nor yet even with Mr. A. Ward, showman, for the title of Duke of Wellington, which, in defiance of the fitness of things, he bestowed upon a versatile wax figure which erst had done duty as Captain Kidd and Mrs. Cunningham-Burdell.

THE QUOTA SCHEME.

Mr. Matteson speaks of the feature of my scheme by which minority representation is secured as the simple "plurality vote."

Of course he doesn't mean the plurality vote of our existing system, with which it has nothing whatever in common, but that is what a majority of his readers will understand by the term, and as the plurality system of America doesn't savor of reform "but on the contrary quite the reverse," I prefer a truer and less objectionable title. My plan of minority representation is strictly the *quota* system. It is based upon the principle that every one-third or one-fifth or one-tenth of the people, working together for a common interest, are entitled to a representation of one-third or fifth or tenth as the case may be in the representative body; and the method which I proposed for determining the *quota* was simply to divide the whole number of votes cast in a district by the number of persons to be chosen, and the quotient arising therefrom is the number required to elect. Of the fairness of this system a word further on. It will be seen that the term "plurality" as commonly understood is entirely inapplicable to this plan.

THE FREE VOTE.

Mr. Matteson designates the Illinois system as the "free vote." Now this term means nothing in comparison with other systems except the assumption that the Illinois system is a freer and therefore a better one than others. Wherein does the freedom consist? Under the old plan the voter is free to go to the polls or stay at home, and to vote for the candidate designated by the caucus of his own party, or the opposing one, or for any other person, with the certainty, in the latter case, that he throws away his vote, and the consoling reflection that he might better have staid at home. Precisely the same freedom is offered under the Illinois system with the additional liberty to throw one, one and a half, two or three votes for a particular candidate, with the certainty that exactly in proportion as the voter exercises personal freedom of choice or preference in the matter, will he endanger the success of his party.

Under my plan every voter may (where but a single office is to be filled) exercise perfect freedom of choice and yet work with the greatest efficiency for his party and party principles. Every voter in the majority party is also equally free in the choice of representatives where three or more are chosen on a general ticket. The minority party alone is required to use concerted action in order to obtain its rights, and the members of that party must be governed by a caucus. And this is right. Corruption flourishes in the rank soil of a majority-party caucus. The stealings of the minority are not worth fighting over.

SOME DISTINCTIONS.

I claim, therefore, that my Minnesota plan is best entitled to the name "free." But no system should arrogate that, because all the methods proposed are an approach to freedom and an improvement upon the old one. I have called my plan in the legislation thus far procured, the "*Preference vote*," as that is its most distinguishing feature. So far as minority representation is embraced, it is the "*quota vote*."

As the distinguishing feature of the Illinois system, and that by which the minority party secures its representation, is the cumulating of the electors, voting-power upon one candidate, it is properly designated the "cumulative vote." We will, therefore, not take any "plurality" in ours nor allot any imaginary "freedom" to theirs.

OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

The "principal objection" of Mr. Matteson to the *quota* system, "that it does not approximate the equal representation of the whole body of electors so nearly as some others," is, I think, groundless. His illustration shows that the *quota* plan will, in a three-member district, disfranchise a minority of less than one-third, while the Illinois system would not disfranchise a minority of more than one-fourth; similarly that in a five-member district my system requires one-fifth the votes to elect one member, while the Illinois system requires but one-sixth, and that in any case there is a probability of a larger per cent. of voters disfranchised under the *quota* plan than under the cumulative one.

A very slight examination of the *quota* system shows that it is free from the objection raised. It is as easy to fix the *quota* in a three-member district, at one-fourth (or rather at one-fourth plus *one*, for under any system it would be hardly proper to elect four members in a three-member district), as at one-third. So, also, in a five-member district the *quota* may be any number *more* than one-sixth.

The *quota* proposed by me was purposely put high enough, to silence the objection which might be raised in the majority party—and these laws have to pass by aid of the majority party—that a minority of one-fourth ought not to have a representation of one-third. We must always expect a majority to be at least as tender of its own interests as those of other people.

ONE OR TWO?

The theory upon which the cumulative system is based, is that there is one great overshadowing evil in politics—the non-representation of minorities, and that evil it overcomes, but leaves the caucus system in full play.

The "*preference* vote" is advocated on the ground that there are *two* great evils to be overcome—the non-representation of minorities and non-representation of *majorities*, as well, and that both evils should be abated by the same process and machinery.

It is claimed by us that the caucus system is inseparably connected with our existing election laws, and with the cumulative system of voting in Illinois. It is claimed that to the caucus more than any other one thing is due the corrupting and disgraceful conditions of American politics, and that any system which aspires to reform politics should embrace not only proportional representation, but individual freedom from the tyranny of an irresponsible, corrupt and arrogant oligarchy by ward bummers and dead-beats who "run" the caucus and *prescribe* the nomination.

It is claimed for the preference vote that it accomplishes—

1. In the election of any executive officer, (generally from the majority party) of the person among all the candidates named, who most nearly represents the views and wishes of the whole body of voters; and

2. In the election of representative bodies—by the same method of voting and canvassing—it admits of as close an approximation to proportional representation as any other plan yet proposed.

THE FAIRNESS OF IT.

In regard to the fairness of the *quota* plan of minority representation—the representative body should be as nearly as possible the perfect miniature of the vast constituent body. Every feature and interest in the one should be represented in due proportion, so far as possible, within the limits of the other. In a stock company choosing nine directors, every one-ninth of the stock should have one representative. In a three-member representative district every one-third interest should elect one.

There are some apparent objections to the Illinois system, to which I wish at another time more particularly to call attention, contrasting the probable workings of the cumulative and preference plans.

I have no desire to detract from the well earned laurels of the friends of minority representation in Illinois. They have done a noble work, nobly, and on a grand scale.

The merits of the various plans of reform can only be proved by ample experience, but it is obviously the part of wisdom to test in different States the different modes proposed.

GEO. B. WRIGHT.

ANOTHER PATENT BALLOT-BOX.

Hon. Peter Cooper, the eminent and enterprising publicist and philanthropist of New York, sends us a letter, covering and commending a scheme invented by Dr. C. C. P. Clark, of Oswego, which it is alleged will destroy the machinery of the caucus, defeat the wire-pullers, whippers-in and ballot-box-stuffers, send the bummers of politics into oblivion and call the best and wisest men to office. A device for which such high claims are made is certainly entitled to some investigation; for it must be tolerably apparent to all that some reform is indespensable to the prosperity, not to say the vitality, of this Republic. Mr. Cooper says:

"I share the feeling with great many others, that there is a sad downward tendency in the men and measures of parties that threatens the destruction of the very fabric of our free institutions if not checked in time. Forms cannot be kept up long when the soul of vital truth has fled from them. Despotism and venality, under the forms of republican institutions, must, sooner or later, bring about their destruction. I have full faith in the principles of a free and representative government. But I have lost confidence in some of the methods by which those principles are carried out."

We are still quite hopeful and bouyant concerning the future of our country. There seems to be a good deal of life in the old hulk yet. We doubt if there is any more chicanery in politics than there was when Federalist cats and Republican dogs fought each other sixty years ago, each prophesying that the boiler of our blessed and glorious Union would burst if the Opposition was appointed engineer. Yet we have no doubt that some radical electoral reform is very much needed, to secure to the great body of the people their rights. We advocate the adoption of some plan of Minority Representation, and believe it would clear the air, purify the ballot-box, and give the Republic an indefinite lease of life. Mr. Cooper's Dr. Clark makes a similar diagnosis, but prescribes a different dose. Let us explain what it is:

To state his remedy first, and then give his reasons for it: He proposes that all officers shall be elected by *representative electors*, and that these shall be chosen by the people. To effect the choice of these go-betweens in such a way as to break up the vicious mastery of the caucus, he would have the constituency of every primary elector established by lot. He says:

"For this purpose let the voters in a town or ward be registered. Let their names be publicly drawn by the proper authorities as the names of jurors are now drawn for the panel, till the whole are divided, by fifties, or hundreds, or other suitable number, into as many lists as the register will fill. Let each such list constitute a *primary electoral constituency*. Let this constituency be assembled as soon as convenient after the drawing, and after notice to its members, and proceed, retired by itself like a jury, to choose its representative elector. Let this establishment of constituencies and choice of representative electors be repeated every two years, or as often as may be judged expedient."

The representative so chosen becomes a member of a college of electors, whose business it shall be to elect all the officers of the town, county and State—though provision is made for them to delegate the election of the Governor, Congressmen, etc., to a higher college of electors, composed of, say, one delegate to each ten of the primary electors. The author of the Cooper-Clark system would, in fact, legalize the caucus, and substitute it for the polls. He says, truly enough, that it is the caucus-chosen delegates, falsely claiming to represent the people, that now in effect elect and appoint all public functionaries. And, he adds:

"We must make this mayor of the palace, king. The people must transfer the privilege of electing their servants, now nominally exercised at the ballot box, to representative electors."

us impracticable. It looks far too complex. When it is very difficult to get our voters out to caucus and polls, it would be quite impossible to get them to lock themselves together in separate rooms to choose a proxy. Besides, we are not certain that the scheme is desirable, even if it were feasible. It was a favorite and wise saying of Uncle Abe that "Everybody knows more than anybody"—that is that the average sense of an intelligent community is better than the opinions of its most sapient men, on those matters that affect the welfare of all.

Our Presidents are chosen by proxy; and we are all tired of the method, and eager to substitute the *direct vote*. Our Senators are elected by proxy—by "representative electors"—a very miserable business do those representative electors make of their trust—sticking their open palms into the candidate's door before writing their ballots. Not any delegate in ours, Mr. Cooper! We have seen enough of delegates, and are certain that purity will be promoted by letting the people give their personal attention to their own business.

FERGUS FALLS, OTTE

The Minority Burlesque.

We give in another column the detailed plan of holding elections, originated by Geo. B. Wright, of Minneapolis, and forced upon the people of this village by the late Legislature at the instance of Mr. W. and his man Friday. We do not belong to that class which would cry down all reforms by stigmatizing them as "hobbies," for reform and improvement is sadly needed in the body politic as well as in all other matters of public interest.

But we do oppose this plan for many reasons which we consider sound ones.

1st. Its operation is confined exclusively to this village and forced upon the people without their knowledge or consent. It is the pet "hobby" of a man who is a resident of Minneapolis, and an unwarranted and impertinent interferance with our local affairs.

2d. It is clearly unconstitutional, as the Statutes of our State prescribe the manner of holding elections, and an election held in a manner contrary to that prescribed by the election law governing the whole State, would be illegal and void.

3d. It is intended to mislead and deceive our foreign citizens, who are not able to read our language readily.

4th. The ordinary American has got to go through a college course before he can understand it, or intelligently explain it to others.

5th. If it is so great an improvement upon the old method of voting, why could not the Legislature see the improvement, and pass an act by which the whole State should have the benefit of this profound system? The very fact that it was only upon a small frontier town, in which not a single member of the Legislature lived upon which this crazy bill was forced, is the very best evidence in the world that it is *not* an improvement, but that it is got up with a design to be used to obtain the ends of parties who expected to gain them by no other means

We object to being used as experimental subjects in politics, — as physicians use dogs in physics—for the benefit of other localities. If Mr. Wright, or any other Minneapolis man has any pet theory which he wishes to experiment upon, we would respectfully suggest that the city of Minneapolis offers as fair a field for such experiments, as they could wish, as the politics of that city will stand a good deal of purifying and be none the worse for it.

If this bill was for the benefit of the village, why did its originator not try and get some expression of the wishes of the people of Fergus Falls upon the matter before it was presented to the legislature? and why did he wait until but a day or two before the adjournment before he even let them know that such a measure was on foot, only that by so waiting all opportunity for remonstrance or appeal was cut off.

As it stands, it is an outrage and an insult to every voter in the village. We are not children, in leading strings, that it is necessary that non-residents should take so active an interest in our local political affairs, or act as our guardians before the state legislature.

This special act, by which certain parties hope to gain special positions and privileges, will not hold water, and we advise our citizens to let the experiment quietly slide, and vote the same as the rest of the state, until the field of experiment is enlarged, and Minneapolis as well as Fergus Falls can enjoy the blessing of Mr. Wright's Patent Purifying Machine.

Communications.

We give place this week to several communications from our citizens upon the local legislation to which they are commanded to yield obediance. These letters show that the people feel indignant at the attempt of outside parties to force upon them an elective system so different from that of the rest of the State, and so odious in its nature.

We do not claim to endorse the sentiments of all, nor are we responsible for what they affirm We simply give them the use of our columns to express their feelings.

FERGUS FALLS, March 21., 1873.

ED. ADVOCATE:

I read in your issue of March 19, with a great deal of satisfaction, your article on the "Minority Representation" scheme, which has been so unexpectedly *forced* upon the voters of this village.

If this scheme have any merit, it is in the fact, that under it, the minority are entitled to representation.

This truth alone, is, in my judgment, enough to condem it in the minds of all. That a majority may rule, is the fundamental principle of all Republican forms of Government. Do away with that principle, and you effectually destroy Democracy in its broadest sense.

Let us endeavor to draw an example of what the practical working of this scheme would be. Suppose a present Legislature were about equally divided, with but a small Republican majority. Some exceedingly smart man, like the originator of this scheme, might see that in the coming year. An element would be introduced in politics, which would make the next Legislature *Democratic*. To prevent this, the Republican Legislature might select the democratic counties, such as Stearns, Scott, Ramsey and Sibley, and by forcing this admirable "Minority Representation" dodge upon them, secure from one to three Republican Representatives from each of these counties, and thus change the politics of the legislature from what it should be, Democratic, to what it should not be, Republican, under the broad principles upon which our Government is founded.

This brings us to the main objection, viz: The constitutionality of the act.

Sec. 6., Article VII, of our constitution provides, that, "All elections shall be by ballot, except for such town officers as may be directed by law to be otherwise chosen."

Sec 10, of Chap. 1 of our Statute, provides, that "*No* ballot shall contain a greater number of names of persons designated to any office, than there are persons to be chosen at the election to fill such office."

Mr. Cooley, in his work on "Constitutional Limitations" (which is acknowledged as authority wherever read) says; "The Legislature may suspend the operation of the general laws of the State; but when it does so he suspension *must be general* and cannot be made for individual cases or particular localities." To substantiate this text he quotes from a New York case as follows: "Every *partial* or private law, which directly proposes to destroy or *effect* individual rights, or does the same thing by affording remidies *leading to similar consequences, is unconstitutional and void.* Were it otherwise, odious individuals and *corporations* would be governed by one law, the men of the comuunity and those who made the law by another.

VOTER.

What the People Think.

ED. ADVOCATE:

Why have we, the citizens of Fergus Falls, been pitched upon as the especial pets of our last legislature? Is it because we are the only people in the State to which Mr. Wright has a title in fee simple? If I can judge by the *town talk*, but few of us have any idea of its intricate workings.

There were a few amendments to our village charter that were consid

ered necessary, which we asked our *friends* in St. Paul to get through for us, instead of which, they have forced this obnoxious measure on us without our consent or knowlege; we asked for bread, they gave us a stone: we asked for a fish, they have given us a serpent. Who has thus meddled with our affairs, is it Mr. Wright or Friday? whoever that may be.

Our village council say they can not understand it, though the explanation is very clear. If they, the solons of our village, *cannot get it*, how can we? Du tell.

YOKEL.

The First Fruits of Minority Representation.

Just as we feared, the letter of Mr. WRIGHT'S, explaining his system of minority representation, has furnished another candidate from Otter Tail county for the insane asylum, at St. Peter.

In a letter in which the writer assures us, that after prolonged an intense study he has mastered the system set forth by Mr. WRIGHT, he proposing the following as an amendment, which he thinks will render the system perfect:

"The intense frigidity of the circumambient atmosphere had so congealed the pellucid aqueous fluid of the enormous Red River of the North, that it was with the most eminent superlative reluctance I was constrained to procrastinate my premeditated digression to the prolatinate province of Otter Tail. For the medical chemical galenial coadjuvancy, and the cooperation of the sanative son of Esculapias, united with the preculitareous matter of the predestined major digit, had so pervaded the cranium of my paternal relative in consanguinity, into which it had ascended, and penetrated, and magnified so exhorbitantly as to produce a total extinguishment of vivifaction."

THISLY.

ONE SIDED REFORM.

A Laborer's View of the Institution.

FERGUS FALLS, March 20th, 1873.

ED. ADVOCATE:

In witnessing the proceedings of our County Commissioners, I noticed they made considerable allowance on the personal property tax of Messrs. Wright & Mendenhall for the year 1871.

I wish to ask how it is that this tax has remained so long unpaid? and why they made this abatement?

Us poor folks, who have much difficulty in raising our share of taxation, are allowed a very few days grace, and the rich men get *over a year*. Now they can't want for money, or they could sell a lot or two at a reasonable figure and pay up. I also see that they have not paid their personal property tax for last year. I was informed that if I did not pay mine by March 1st, they *must* commence proceedings, as the law compelled them to collect it.

Yours,

TAX PAYER.

We know nothing of the matter to which our correspondent refers, as we were not present at the session of the Board. We do not doubt but that the board acted from wise and good motives. The fact that the tax had run for over a year is presumptive evidence that the parties wished to evade the tax altogether, and it probably was in order to get the majority of the tax, without the tedious process of law, that induced the board to abate a part. If this theory is the correct one, the board pursued a course calculated to benefit the rest of the tax-payers in the greatest degree in their power.

We presume Mr. WRIGHT'S time has been so occupied with political reforms, and legislating them through unsought upon an unwilling people, that he has been unable to attend to the minor details of tax paying

OUR SUPERIOR CIVILIZATION

The Chinese think it meet
To dwarf their women's feet.
We, with our higher taste,
Crimp and contract the waist.
Thus are we much more wise than they,
The foolish people of Cathay.

Some squaws, as Catlin shows,
Wear rings in ears and nose.
Our more fastidious dears
Only so deck their ears;
Being thus much advanced in grace
Beyond a wild she copper-face.

The Hindoos, it is said,
Give to the fire their dead.
We ours to stifling clay,
To worms and foul decay.
Yes, more humane are we than these
Barbarian Hindoostanese.

Some tribes sleep in the breeze,
On hammocks swung in trees.
We breathe in air-tight rooms
Foul air and fetid fumes.
Such comforts do our arts confer,
Unknown to the poor Islander.

Some tribes from darkness sprung,
Possess no written tongue;
Our people fill their nobs
From Tupper's pen and Cobb's.
Therein is shown our very great
Advance beyond the savage state.

OUR MISSING STATESMAN.

Bennett Will Fit out an Expedition to Find Him Again.

An Advertisement Issued Before the Messenger Reached Compton.

In The New York Herald we find the following advertisement:

THE MISSI'G AT 'MAN.

The Sergeant-at-Arms of [illegible]se of Representatives of the United States of America will pay a liberal reward for the production before the Committee of Ways and Means of the Hon. William S. King, commonly called "Bill" King, Congressman-elect from Minnesota, and one of the most distinguished Christian statesmen of modern times.

Bill King is 50 years of age; 5 feet 8 inches in height; weighs about 200 pounds; has brown hair, slightly tinged with gray; hair thin and falling low on the forehead; small gray eyes, with a chubby, fat, corpulent, long body; short legs, thick neck, full face, double chin and an expression of genuine Christian benevolence.

Bill King resembles in personal appearance William H. Kemble, of Pennsylvania; Charley Backus, the distinguished minstrel; Senator Spencer, of Alabama; Colonel George H. Butler, late Consul General; Major General Tom Ochiltree, of Texas; General Sharpe, of the Custom House; Reverend Elijah Pendleton Brooks, editor of The Washington Republican; Colonel H. J. Ramsdell, Washington editor of The New York Tribune, and Mr. Unsworth, the great banjo player.

Bill King is not a drinking man.

Bill King is not free with his money. He talks well, is a good business man and a great admirer of the Hon. Schuyler Colfax.

When last heard from Bill King was said to be on a stock farm in Canada, seeking to purchase a famous Durham bull, and had on his person $10,000 with which to pay for this bull. There are grave fears that he has been foully tampered with. Therefore, a large reward will be paid for his return to this country or for any information calculated to lead to his return. Address SERGEANT-AT-ARMS, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

To this The Herald, with a memory of the Livingstone stories in mind, adds:

"We have already shown our earnestness in this matter by offering to defray the cost of an expedition to find Bill King. If our Washington correspondents can find any ex-Congressman or member of the Third House or "parliamentary lawyer"—such a man, for instance, as the Hon. Sam Ward—who will take charge of The Herald expedition, we will equip it immediately. The mysterious disappearance from the United States of Bill King is a reflection on justice. Any one who knows this distinguished statesman can understand his anxiety to appear before the House of Representatives, and especially before the Senate and House of his State, who have asked for him in a series of imploring resolutions. As the matter now stands his mysterious removal from public and social life is only equalled by the abduction of Charley Ross or the extraordinary disappearance of the anti-Mason Morgan fifty years ago."

Mr. Ames' Christmas Sermon.

Charles G. Ames, who has spent a three months' furlough in the East, quietly improving his health, re-appeared before his congregation in San Jose on Christmas Sunday, and delivered a discourse, of which we print a portion. After giving his impressions of the material, intellectual and moral progress of the country, he said:

The liberalizing tendencies of modern times are not confined to a small aristocracy of advancing minds, nor to a few minor sects. It is "sun up" all around. Sectarian lines are fading out; the harsher features of old religious teaching are softened. With a few hard-shelled exceptions, the preachers of all denominations are unconsciou protestants against the rigid austerity of their fathers, for they tone down the creeds and round off the sharp corners against which so many earnest souls have bruised themselves black and blue. Nor will the Holy Ghost wait for reluctant pulpits; but it finds a voice and utterance through the press, through all forms of light and solid literature, and through the commonest speech of the people. Clouds lift; the light shines all abroad. Ministers and churches are slowly discovering, with truest increase of reverence as well as of gladness, that the universe in every aspect is a text-book of theology and a revelation of the Father. So there is less fear of death, less terrorism in religion, and a more free, natural and rational use of this world and of all it contains.

Men are learning to say, If Christianity means anything, if it *fits* our nature and need, it will prove its worth by making us more truly and wholly *human*. So it has become possible to attach parlors to churches, and to tolerate all innocent amusements. Sunday does not sit like a nightmare on the children, nor half suffocate the life of the young people; and the solemn realities and mysteries of Here and Hereafter, as well as the awful Name and Attributes, are thought of in ways which add to our cheerfulness, instead of destroying it. In Boston, some of the orthodox people actually come together before the regular Sunday evening service, and spend half an hour in what they call a "praise-meeting"—singing happy hymns with all their might!

Another symptom of the improving moral health and natural freedom of our people is found in the growing love of music. How suggestive is the fact that in nearly every large city there are establishments for making pianos, cabinet-organs and melodeons, and that thousands on thousands of these instruments find their way every year into the homes of the people. Often as a foolish extravagance, no doubt; but in conformity to a fashion which could have no existence if there were not an advancing love of harmony, and a deepening faith in the goodness of life.

The brooding and breathing of the Divine Spirit over our population is producing a new and broad interpretation of religion itself. Often the old form is retained, but vivified by the new spirit; and the old statement becomes the vehicle of a new meaning. What the critical reason condemns as a tendency to Jesus-worship—a baptized paganism—may nevertheless be a sign and result of spiritual progress, limited by certain historic conditions. Roundly speaking, in Romanism, Jesus is presented as the Son of Mary, and in Protestantism, as the Son of God; in both, as the supreme object and claimant of love and adoration—fountain of hope and salvation, and head of all authority, practically supplanting and displacing his Father and ours. It used to be a matter of wonder to a lawyer-friend of mine that in the Episcopal church "the people all kept bolt upright when the name of God was spoken, but all bowed at the name of Jesus." But if we go behind names and forms, it may be seen that when they say Jesus they mean God; that a conception of the Eternal Lover has gradually taken the place of the earlier conception of a stern, implacable, iron-hearted, dark-faced Deity; and that among both Romanists and Protestants the idea of the tender Son of Mary or the tender Son of God—a being full of good will, who went about doing good, who laid his hands on the heads of children and "Bless your little hearts," and who cared for the least, the lowest and the lost—has been gradually transferred to the Ruler of the Universe, name and all, so that in a most exalted and precious sense the Son has made manifest the Father. To me, there is something repugnant to reason in singing hymns and offering praise and prayer to the man of Nazareth; but I can recognize a healthy, happy progress, a gain in the right direction, whenever the Lord of All is felt to be at least as good as a good man. As another has said: "If they cannot believe in a Christ-like God, let us be glad that they believe in a God-like Christ."

Perhaps we have the advantage of escaping this confusion. Our heads and hearts rest and rejoice together, when we take Jesus for a true and pure man, believing that his Father is ours, and that the Spirit given to him is given to us, so that we also are sons of the Highest. But I don't see how any thoughtful mind can help confusion and conflict in this attempt to make out that the New Testament man is all one and the same with the Creator of all the worlds.

I believe in God the Father, in Jesus the Son, and in the Spirit which unites them; because my own experience illustrates what it is to be a son and what it is to receive the spirit of sonship. So the love of God and the love of man become as natural and reasonable as the love of wife and children, as natural and reasonable as is this sweet and sacred friendship which has grown up between you and me.

How good it must be for us of California to share this larger and wider life of the nation, and its churches and schools; to be no longer isolated and shut in, but related to those great, active, earnest populations who throng the Atlantic slope and the vast interior basin of the continent. Our life will be deeper and richer for a growing share of theirs. "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

I think it will be good also for us who hold what we call liberal views of religion to seek and keep up acquaintance with that noble and growing body of people in the East whose thought and aspiration are so much like our own, and who have been before us in these matters. Some of our neighbors suppose we are trying to get up a new religion, and that we are out of relation to any and all other religious societies in Christendom, with our heads full of crazy crotchets which mock the reason and convictions of all the rest of mankind. It will be good for them and for us to know that we do not stand alone; that many thousands of people, and hundreds of churches with ministers of the highest culture and noblest character are in sympathy with us, so that we are strengthened and cheered by their fellowship, instructed by their learning, and united with them in every good word and work.

It has been more than pleasant—it has been blessed!—to meet some of these people and taste the communion of old friendships and new. How I wish I could bring you to an acquaintance with Samuel J. May, already and long a citizen of heaven; with Robert Collyer, "the transfigured blacksmith;" with James Freeman Clarke, whose wisdom is innocence and whose innocence is wisdom; with Henry W. Bellows, many-sided and many-voiced, as if he alone were a multitude of giants; with Edward Everett Hale, whose clear eye sees the new in the old and the old in the new; with Edgar Buckingham, bright as a star behind a veil of modesty; with Wm. H. Furness, who leans on the same breast with John, the loved disciple; with Cyrus A. Bartol, whose heart is a dove-cote, and whose thoughts set themselves to music; with Charles Low, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, whose praise is in all the churches, to the honor of the churches; with O. B. Frothingham, President of the Free Religious Association, a child of the light, who *walks* in the footsteps of the fathers, instead of standing still in their tracks; with Wm. J. Potter, a man of so clean life that the very sight of him rebukes us, and makes it easier to believe in mortal temples of the Holy Ghost; with Lucretia Mott, the Quaker saint, who illustrated in her eighty years what the grace of God can do for an American woman, and what an American woman can do by the grace of God; with Julia Ward Howe, who strikes up anew the angel-chorus of the first Christmas in no discord with the "Battle-Hymn of the Republic;" with Frances D. Gage, who has proved that public activities and domestic duties may be all of one noble stuff. And the time would fail me to tell you of Harrison, and Mumford, and Chadwick—of Wasson, and Weiss, and Tiffany—and a glorious array of others, who are also of the apostolic succession, and whose names must be written in the book of life, since they are all live men and women, in whom liberty keeps company with the Spirit of the Lord. Some of them are classed as Radicals and some as Conservatives, since they differ just as we do; but to me they are all a part of that growing Holy Family which groups itself now around the cradle, now around the cross, and now around the throne.

I wish you could see their faces and hear their voices as I have seen and heard. It has been like a warm and pleasant bath for soul and body, and good alike for both. I come back feeling more than ever that we are not alone; that many faithful hearts beat in unison with ours; that many strong hands are trying to do the same blessed work. We are not afar off; we are brought near and made akin to these, and to all such as these, by that blood of the Lamb—that vital spirit of truth and love—which circulates alike in their veins and ours. We belong to them and they to us. God grant that some happy day we may see, and all His children may see, that behind all differences and discords of the intellect, the good of every name, and of no name, are accepted of Him and should be accepted of each other.

I wonder if there is not a still greater and nobler company—redeemed from the earth, and "walking in soft white light as kings and priests abroad"—invisible to our eyes, but fast bound to us by their love and ours, and who know better than we that there is one general assembly and church of the first-born, both in heaven and on earth. O brothers! we belong to them, too; we belong to them and they to us.

I wonder if Jesus—the dear, great-hearted, self-forgetting Friend of all mankind—would not willingly count us as part of his company, if we like him seek to learn and do the Father's will. Surely if any of the inhabitants of this planet have cause to rejoice in his birth, and give thanks for his mission and message, it should be those who desire to share his spirit and follow with cheerful steps his high example of love and good will.

Back of all—wide as the sky, touching us on every side, but most gloriously within—is the Everlasting Father, whose smile is on us to-day, while we gather here to renew our friendly greetings and to pledge our faithful service to Him and to all His household.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Mr. Stimson's Sermon.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 2.

To the Editors of the EVENING MAIL.

The spirit of the ancient Celt within me prompts me to inquire if this is a free fight. If it is, then why should not I also indulge in the luxury of a blackthorn and an invitation to tread on the tail of my coat, albeit of cloth unprofessional? If it is not, then it strikes me that Mr. Stimson and his critics are having altogether too nice and vigorous a little game all to themselves. On the whole I prefer to be "counted in."

Mr. Stimson has sharply pointed to the corruptions of the times; to grave faults that none but moles can fail to see, and none but those who fancy in his words some covert attack on institutions and policies, the honor and dignity of which they feel responsible for, would deny the existence of. To say that the past ten years have developed the most stupendous steals and frauds ever known in the history of this country is simply to repeat what every man of sufficient intelligence to read well knows.

What—has no Jim Fisk lived to make wholesale robbery gorgeously dazzling and contagiously tempting to the young men of America? Has no Bill Tweed plundered the Metropolis of untold millions, and spread broadcast over the land the philosophy that theft is ease, honor and luxury, and work but the last hard and ignoble resource of base and inferior humanity? Did no Credit Mobilier buy up Congress and secure disgraceful and corrupt legislation? Are there not to-day jobs, some meritorious and some villanous, before that same august body, asking for almost countless millions of appropriations and limitless powers and privileges?

Mr. Stimson has called attention to public evils which mark a dangerous condition of private morals. The people of this country have come to look upon honest labor as disgraceful, and with the shining example of newly made millionaires about them, are looking for some avenue to sudden wealth without labor. Mr. Stimson's critic, with that sudden instinct which heretofore has been the betrayal of so many, rushes in with the protest that the Republican party didn't do it and that in proportion to the money it handles it steals a very small and justifiable pittance indeed.

Now I do not believe either that Mr. S. intended any such personal reference as his critic supposes, or prepared any such garment for the fitting of that gentleman, nor do I believe that the Republican party needs or is helped by such a defense as that critic gives.

To say that we don't steal in government more than other folks do in business, is no special moral credit to us. Certainly if we are to be compared with Erie or other average railway management during these same ten years of public demoralization, our limited thefts would be rather an imputation of lack of ability than otherwise.

A true friend of the Republican party, or any other party, or of his country, is not he who glosses its faults. Rather it is he who acknowledges them freely, denounces them, seeks a remedy and calls upon his friends and his audience to help cast out or cure those faults, and I for one rejoice that there is once in a while a minister who has the courage to speak words of living truth to his hearers, who dares tell sleek heavy men before him, the truths that came home to them and convict them before their own consciences, of rotten lives. None of us who have not been so placed, can understand what it costs a man who has the strongest motives for keeping on good terms with his hearers, to tell those hearers unpleasant truths. The Republican party has unfortunately for its present reputation been the party in power during these years of demoralization. The inherent waste, pillage and extravagance of a great war have had their effects on the people. And if that party is saved it must be by "coming up higher," and not by excusing it as no worse than its neighbors.

G. B. W.

"The Clean Heart and the Right Spirit."

Rev. C. G. Ames, of California, who supplied the pulpit of Mr. Alger's congregation in Music Hall last Sunday morning, gave a sermon from Psalm 51: 10—"Create in me a clean heart and renew in me a right spirit." The substance of the sermon was a plea for *soundness at the centre*.

Opinions are unsettled; there is a chaos of theories and a Babel of noises; but one Voice has ever a right to be heard—the Voice which recalls us to ourselves. Let us honor every man who, in the face of all authority and tradition, dares ask for himself the ever-vital question, What is truth? Let us recognize the value and fitness of all honest, manly inquiry into the validity of systems and theologies which claim to speak in the name of God; let us gratefully accept, as His revelations, all the verified results of science. But in this tremendous reaction, provoked by the impious piety which has wrought injustice to the intellect, let us not swing to the opposite extreme. Of mere gush and cant and rant—of both the wolfish and the sheepish styles of religion — we have had quite enough; but we can never get on with the heartless kind, however sound and clear its head may be. Indeed, we may question whether any head is sound or clear which is not the organ of a clean heart and a right spirit.

As the life of the body is more than the meat which feeds it, so the life of the soul is more than the truth by which it lives—as end is more than means. We are under no sad necessity of settling all the hard and vexing problems of theology and creed before we begin to live like rational and religious beings — children of light and love. There is no end of this business of thinking. Truth is infinite. The more we learn, the more new problems are thrust upon us. If our peace of mind is to depend on our penetrating the central secrets, and comprehending the absolute order of the universe, we may as well go crazy; for our little plummet will never sound that sea, nor our mental yard-stick measure that sky.

What is at once our most pressing need and most glorious privilege? Is it not a certain interior health and soundness of the soul, a conscious and assured repose on verities known to us chiefly as the mother's love is known to the happy child? Is it not a sense of being at home in the universe, at peace with God and man, with nature and ourselves? This, then, must ever be the main thing: a clean heart and a right spirit.

Knowledge itself is a means—not an end. Intellect itself is but an instrument, a servant of our deeper being, as the eye is. But because knowledge is a means, and intellect an instrument, let us not fall in with those who despise and disparage them, any more than with those who deify them.

A lecturer lately told us that "the preacher's business is not to instruct, but to move." Yes, if he means to move the will as well as the emotions,—to move the whole man, by increasing the volume and moral momentum of his life. But unless the heart is moved through the understanding—moved by truth and rational conviction—we only open the flood-gates of fanaticism and superstition. The preacher must therefore be a teacher, or he is a blind guide, hardly likely to steer his own feet clear of the ditch.

But of what use are the best ideas, the clearest perceptions, the loftiest truths, unless they *strike in*, and affect us like realities? Intelligence, without moral impulse, degenerates into foxy cunning; the more of it the worse. Laboulaye says: "Satan's true name is Ignorance." No doubt Ignorance is one of the infernal brood; but the very prince of devils is Unprincipled Intellect.

How much of the brightest modern literature glitters with this serpent eye! How much of the shrewdest criticism is borne to us on the breath of self-glorification, pride and malice! If any men need to pray for the clean heart and the right spirit, it should be those who minister at the altar of public intelligence—the men who address us with pen and tongue. Mr. Voysey's revised litany is said to include a prayer for our brethren who edit the papers. "Truth is, in order to goodness." The light shines, not merely for a spectacle, but to show us our way and our work. Even beauty serves us best when it shames our inward deformity, and moves us to pray, like Plato, that we may become "beautiful in the inward man." Even music blesses us most by wakening an inward echo—a subtle whisper of spiritual harmonies, of which we may be a part—a soothing faith, or a stirring hope, that there is a power which can take all the discords out of our life, and set it to perfect tune.

Our purity and peace, therefore, depend not so much on the largeness and depth of our thinking, as on the sanity and vigor of something in us deeper than thinking—on the activity of something instinctive and spontaneous, and which inclines us to "the love of virtue," which Channing calls "identical with the love of God." It is the clean heart and the right spirit. That must be our true selves, unless we are indeed devils at the centre.

Mr. Emerson says, "It is not to be doubted that all men at times have high thoughts." Does he not mean that all men are sometimes made sensible that the true way of life is lofty and clean; that in every wakeful hour the soul claims its kinship with the everlasting purity? Who of us has not felt this up-reaching, this aspiration, which is the proof of inspiration? Does a worm ever desire to be a bird? or a mouse to be an elephant? or a gorilla a man? But man does desire to rise out of every low and unworthy condition; to escape from folly, sin and shame; to reach the freedom and joy of established wisdom and goodness. Deeper than all bodily and mental cravings for food, wealth, fame, knowledge—sometimes wakens the unutterable hunger for righteousness, the cry of the soul for its true destiny of union with God. When that becomes the ruling passion, the master wish, the prevailing and habitual inclination, then all the cursed and cursing lower loves take their subordinate place, and become sacred forces in the character. As "dirt is matter out of place," so the heart is defiled even by *good* things, when they are cherished at the expense of the *best*. There is no order so long as the rig[illegible]overeign is expelled from the throne. "The clean heart" is the home of simple loyalty to truth and right.

We call a man "unprincipled," when he knows what is right, but disregards it, is not governed by it. In Mississippi, they have a way of saying about a man, "O yes, he's honest; but that isn't what ails him." We are only noble when our nobler nature takes the lead.

The line which divides good from bad does not run chiefly through the head. As Goethe puts it, "The spirit in which we act is the highest matter." A man's standing with his fellow-men depends on his outward acts, properly enough; but his real standing, as God sees it, as the man himself needs to see it, must depend on his motives. Alas, how much dross mixes with our finest gold! How can we be inflated with human praise, when we know that our very charity is spotted, and that the taint of selfishness is even in our prayers!

There is something at the bottom of human character besides thought and opinion; something subtle as odor of flowers and flavor of fruits, yet mighty as the power which drives the engine. From a whole field of herbs, the chemist distils away the finer principle, and puts it all in a few bottles. It is essence; for the sake of that, all the rest existed. There is an essence in every man's life which makes it what it is, gives color and quality to his character.

See how this spirit comes to the surface in conduct, and shines through every mask. The city is on fire; this man forgets himself in zeal for others; that man falls to plundering. One citizen throws open his doors to the homeless; another forbids them even to rest on the lawn of his front yard. A line of public policy is proposed; one stateman instantly asks, What will be its effect on the general welfare? another asks, What will it do for our party, or for my personal prospects? Of the younger Rantoul, a Massachusetts magistrate told me that as soon as he heard a statement of facts connected with a lawsuit, his mind went like chain lightning through all the mazes of evidence to the *justice* of the case.

"A good tree brings forth good fruit, but a corrupt tree brings forth evil fruit. A good man, *out of the good treasure of his heart*, brings forth good things; an evil man, out of the evil treasure of his heart, brings forth evil things; for out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaks." What philosophy strikes deeper? Is it not the main thing—a clean heart?

This is what we want, and must seek: a confirmed, interior virtue, which will be trustworthy when we are off guard; which will not permit a secret, traitorous correspondence with the enemy, be it world, flesh, or devil; which will save us from keeping in the back-store any goods which we are ashamed of; which will make it easy to speak kindly to the servants and the children, and to be gentle and just as husbands and wives, even when visitors and neighbors are not by; so that even if God were not lo[illegible]ing, we should still choose and do the right thing from honest love of it.

The best service we can render each other is heart-help—the influence of [illegible]

spirit in common affairs and ordinary intercourse. Bunsen, dying, said to his old wife: "We shall meet before the throne of God. If I have walked toward it, it has been by your help." So Petrarch sings to Laura:—

> "The sweet completeness of thy life
> It was, that saved my soul."

So again Emerson:—

> "He who feeds men serveth few:
> He serves all who dares be true."

We are helped more by breathing pure atmospheres than even by sound doctrines. Our civilization wants to be fortified and protected by a standing army of faithful men and women, who are brave enough to care more about being simply right, true, just and clean, than for outward advantage, easy living, "popular noises," and all the sweet perfumery of praise.

And what folly is this of our political reformers who look to reconstruct society by playing one evil against another—hoping to check and balance the selfishness of capital by the selfishness of labor! If the economists can write for us no higher scripture than that which bids us "set a thief to catch a thief," what can they hope to make of society but a perpetual antagonism of unworthy passions? The simple word *justice*, if there were any voice among us competent so to pronounce it that justice itself should respond in the popular heart, would regenerate and disenthrall all classes.

"The clean heart—the right spirit." For the love of God and man, do not say these are mere phrases, standing for no possible reality. They are great words of hope, for man and for men! They are the brightest ideal that can beckon us toward a better future. They are the symbol of heaven itself, which can hardly offer us anything better. And they represent not merely our possibilities; they represent the very thing we are made for. David, with his hands red with murder, his heart stained with adultery—leprous even with the deeper guilt of treachery—David asks for the clean heart. In the very prayer, do we not see that he is leaving his evil self behind? The sincere desire, rising mightily within, is a fountain which can wash him thoroughly from his iniquity and cleanse him from his sin.

The worst infidelity of our times is our disbelief and despair of moral improvement. Men say it is too much to expect that society, or individual life may be purified by arousing deeper and better principles. Things have always gone wrong, always will. All we can do with a rogue is to beat him at his own game. Some of the very men who are trying to strangle corruption in the city of New York, throng to the pools and stake their money on the success of the reform ticket—gambling in public virtue as the Roman soldiers tossed up a penny for the garments of Jesus, at the very foot of the cross.

The brambles cannot bear grapes; nor can we cast out devils by Beelzebub. The lower spirit can only be conquered by the higher, as beasts are tamed by men. The brutal, savage, selfish and sensual forces, in us and in society, can only be led captive by the awakened moral sense, which is itself responsive to the call and touch of that Spirit which is never far from any one of us.

How grandly it fulfills the old symbolism! Here is the hideous, horrible beast, with horns and claws and teeth of iron, crushing, stamping, tearing and devouring. But behold a mighty angel comes down from heaven, and lays hold on the old serpent, the dragon-devil, binds him in chains and casts him into a bottomless pit, that he may deceive the nations no more.

The Flaw Hunter.

To the Editor of the Minneapolis Tribune.

Every grade of civilization develops its own peculiar types of villainy as well as excellence. I doubt if a Hottentot could be made to understand the nature of the animal whose name stands at the head of this article.

The savage, desiring the possessions of his neighbor, proceeds with a stout club to put a head on said neighbor. The proceeding is done openly, by daylight, and the result of the arbitration is to cause the old title to cease and determine, and the new one to be established and confirmed.

In civilized countries, this mode of judicial procedure falls into disuse. Society becomes organized on the basis of the protection of innocent owners of life and property against ruffians and thieves. But the thief instinct never rests. If an animal, in the semblance of man, has the blood and disposition of the thief in him, it will work villany in some form. It becomes utterly impossible for such a creature to live upon bread honestly earned. Unless it has the flavor of theft about it, his food is tasteless to him. If only a rascal of ordinary meanness and cheek, he avoids the law and does his work secretly, hoping to escape detection. This class are called burglars, pickpockets and sneak-thieves.

The more pernicious villain seeks to entrench himself within the law and gratify his disposition to despoil his neighbor without running the risk of the penitentiary. Of this latter sort of vampyre the flaw-hunter is the meanest. He never earns a dollar, and lives only by robbing others. He generally has picked up some sort of legal education, sufficient for pettifogging purposes, and for convenience the better to prosecute his robberies has managed to get admission to the bar, but he gets no legitimate business, for nobody trusts him. He searches records diligently and when he finds any little error in a deed, or defect of any kind in a title he is happy. If he can then get a quit claim from the former owner for one or five dollars, he is happier still; and if he can finally succeed in turning the rightful owner out of house and home, his happiness is complete. No law reaches him (in this life.) If occasionally summary justice, in the shape of a cowhide boot or coat of tar and feathers, overtakes him, the general public smile grimly, recognizing the fitness of things. Sometimes the Shylock falls in the hands of a righteous judge, as we have in our times seen, in which case the shearer of wool returns from his labors shorn.

To the contempt of mankind the flaw-hunter is not susceptible. He has the epidermis of a rhinoceros. To the instincts of the sneak-thief he adds the insensibility and cheek of a brass statue. He is known and recognized everywhere as the enemy of society whom all despise and none trust.

The animal is not yet extinct, evidently the millenium hasn't dawned. He seems indigenous to Minnesota, and his foot prints are daily seen in the vicinity of our Court House. Cannot our laws be so amended that a clerical error or a slight inadvertency shall not work ruin to honest men? Will not our Legislators look at this matter?

A Victim.

1873

SEYMOUR ON THE PREVENTION OF CRIME.

The St. Paul *Pioneer* of the 28th remarks:

At the meeting of the National Prison Association, held at Baltimore on the 21st, ex-Gov. Horatio Seymour, the President, delivered a most admirable address on the treatment of criminals and the prevention of crime. Under the latter head, we find the following words, which should sink deep into the hearts of judges, jurors and governors, and the general public as well:

"While Christian charity leads us to take the kindest view we can of every man, it does not follow that crime should be dealt with in a feeble way. *Let the laws be swift, stern, and certain in their action.* What they say, let them do, for CERTAINTY *more than severity carries a dread of punishment.* Let the way of bringing offenders to justice be direct, clear and untrammelled. The technicalities of pleading, proof, and proceedings in many of our States are painfully absurd. To the minds of most men a criminal trial is a mysterious jumble. The public have no confidence that the worst criminal will be punished. The worst criminal cherishes at all times a hope of escape. In every part of our country there is a vague idea that certain men of legal skill can extricate offenders without regard to the merits of their case. This is a fruitful cause of crime.

We say most unhesitatingly "Them's our sentiments." No mealy-mouthedness for *us*. And we always *did* admire the Governor's candor and cheek and consistency. If we were a Governor we should take a lantern and search for his illustrious boot-tracks in order that we might "follow." And then if there should be a little disturbance in the city and any of the cold-blooded Irish citizens of American descent should light a little fire of Orphan Asylums and such, just to keep things warm and to get in out of the draft; and should happen to mash or fricasee or leave attached to lamp-posts and awnings a few dozen Niggers and Abolitionists, why we should promptly, in a couple of days, or so, come down and make a speech to those gentlemen which would just make them jump right up and howl—with fear. We should say—

"My Friends: I have come down here from the quiet of the country to see what was the difficulty; to learn what all this trouble was concerning the draft. Let me assure you that I am your friend. [Uproarious cheering.] You have been my friend, [cries of "yes, yes, and will be again"] and now I assure you, my fellow citizens, that I am here to give you a test of friendship. [Cheers.] I wish to inform you that I have sent my Adjutant General to Washington to confer with the authorities and to have this draft *stopped*. [Vociferous cheers.]

That's the way *we* would do it! The laws should be "swift, stern and certain" if we were Governor, and crime should be prevented if every Ethiopian in New York had to be sacrificed in order to accomplish that result.

"PROBABILITIES."

We reprint below, in a correct form, an editorial which appeared in a very mutilated shape in the TRIBUNE of yesterday:

The probabilities of the recurrence of the various convulsions of nature are being reduced to a science—certainly, though slowly. Some volcanic eruptions are found to be absolutely periodical; data are being collected wherefrom to calculate the yawning of earthquakes; and even the seemingly intractable simoons of the Southern Ocean are being organized into a system. All nature is found to be the servant of Law, and the student finds herein a clue to the ultimate mastery of all the furies.

The late terrible storm has stimulated inquiry respecting similar freaks of climate in Minnesota, but there are no records or recollections furnishing any parallel whatever.

Records have been kept at Fort Snelling for fifty years, but, although several cold terms have been registered, nothing approaching the severity of our last storm has ever been experienced. A singular fact observed in regard to excesses of climate in this State is their recurrence at regular periods of about eight years. In rainfall it is very marked. Our "old settlers" remember the great flood of 1851, when the Mississippi reached the highest stage ever known. Precisely eight years after, the high tide of '59 came, when the maximum was reached on the 3d of May, and two bridges and a large number of logs were swept down the Mississippi. Again, eight years later, we had the flood of 1867, which carried fifty million feet of logs over the falls, and carried off almost every bridge, dam and mill on the Sauk river.

The periods of drouth and extreme low water occur regularly at almost equal intervals between those of high water. Thus, in 1855 and '6 (the latter known as grasshopper year); again in 1863 and '4 the severest drouth ever known, and navigation to St. Paul almost entirely suspended. Again, in 1871, extreme low water prevailed, and crops were badly injured by drouth.

These phenomena occur with the regularity of ocean waves. At regular periods come seasons of unusual rainfall; and, like the tenth wave, one is marked high above all the others, and recurs with the regularity of day and night. There is a rhythm in all the forces of nature, and we must keep step or suffer the consequences.

None of these things happen by chance, but all of them by rule. We have learned the laws which govern the ocean tides, so that to know, not only *when* to expect them, but also which ones will be strong and which ones weak. It is not too much to suppose that with the rapidly increasing means of observation, and the deep interest taken by governments and scientists everywhere in the laws of climate, we may yet learn to calculate with certainty and for years in advance, what years will be dry or wet; *when* we may expect years of storm or cold, —in *what* years indeed, we may plant corn and beans, and when, instead, we must put our trust in wheat and oats, that require less summer heat to mature;—what years to cut our logs on small brooks with certainty of driving them out, and *when* we may *beware* of trusting all our logs in the booms of the Mississippi.

The cycles of temperature coincide nearly with those of rainfall, in recurrence and duration, but they fall a little later. The extreme of cold happens somewhat later than the extreme of drouth. The winters of 1855–6 and 1856–7 are remembered as the coldest ever known in Minnesota previous to the present. Again, in 1863, very severe cold was experienced. The first eleven days of that year were almost duplicated by the last eleven in December, 1872. But the great storm of Jan. 7th, 8th and 9th, 1873, is quite without parallel. The is the great tide-wave of the cycle. Probably its like will not be seen again within eight periods of eight years each—that is till 1937.

There is no science more exact in the long run than that of the probabilities. A betting man who has mastered it, is as certain of a fortune as he is to squander it riotously and ruinously when acquired.

Applying what we have seen in regard to these climatic periods in Minnesota—what are the probabilities?

1—For a series of six or seven years next to come, of mild and moderate winters, but let all beware of recklessly tempting the storms of 1880 and '81.

2—That for a couple of years we may have seasons of average rainfall, gradually increasing till 1875, when lumbermen will do well to leave their surplus logs in lakes or very safe booms; and that thereafter the seasons will grow dryer until in 1878 or '79, when steamboat men may find it advisable to abandon the upper river trade to those who have not studied the chances.

TERRIBLE CYCLONE AT SIOUX CITY.

The Sioux City *Journal* of the 17th in a graphic account of the terrors of the storm—*in other localities*—says:

"Within a radius of twenty-five miles from Fergus Falls, Minn., it is estimated that the number of frozen bodies already found, together with those which will undoubtedly be picked up, will reach fifty. In this locality a man started on Tuesday afternoon for New Ulm, after a doctor to attend his wife."

The remainder of the account is the same as heretofore published by us. The *Journal* has evidently got the complaint which has stricken so many western editors in the fullness of their manly vigor and beauty. "Oh no, the ager ain't very bad here, but down in Hooppole Bottoms it's powerful."

The returns being all in, it may be well to inform the *Journal* that within the radius of twenty-five miles aforesaid two persons only were frozen to death. Many were storm-bound for two or three days away from home, and their absence gave rise to apprehensions of great loss of life. The two cases of fatal freezing were quite unnecessary—the men were probably under the influence of liquor, as they started out in the storm without any occasion for it, and against the urgent appeals of their friends. But for the various healths and long lifes drank at a wedding, the two men might probably have been alive and well to-day. The woman with them was frosted somewhat, but is coming out all right.

The conspicuous inaccuracy in the last paragraph from the *Journal* will be appreciated when we remember that the man who went to New Ulm for a doctor lived in the Southwestern part of Minnesota, somewhat nearer to Sioux City than to Fergus Falls. The condition of the various railroad lines is a fair indication of the severity of the storm. The Northern Pacific was blockaded for two days. The St. Paul & Pacific was badly drifted out as far as Kirkhoven, where the line bears away Northward, but when the blockade was raised between Litchfield and Kirkhoven trains ran right on through to Brekenridge without detention. The Sioux City road isn't open yet, and "old probabilities" are against it for some days to come.

The greatest violence of the storm seems to have been over the region of country extending through Redwood and New Ulm Southeasterly to the Mississippi river. That it was the most severe storm ever known, not only in that region, but over large areas of territory both North and South of its central line, is generally conceded.

The Minneapolis Tribune

ISSUED Mar 15 1873

A FARMERS' RAILROAD.

Can these things be? Is it possible that a railroad can be built and operated directly in the interests of the people? If so, where and how?

Where? Extending northwesterly from Minneapolis between the main and branch lines of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, is a fertile region of country averaging 35 miles broad by 150 miles long, with a present population of 40,000 souls, which has practically no railroad facilities and no outlet. This vast tract embraces some of the finest prairie lands and the largest and finest body of hardwood timber to be found in the State. The prohibitory rates which the St. Paul and Pacific Company have put on the transportation of fuel and timber render all these magnificent timber lands worthless. Farmers within thirty miles of Minneapolis in extending their fields are compelled to burn their timber on the ground to get rid of it, while the twenty thousand fires of Minneapolis and St. Paul perpetually yawn for more wood at $8 and $10 a cord.

The proper line for this road would be from Minneapolis, through the towns of Crystal Lake, Brooklyn, Maple Grove, Corcoran and Hassan in Hennepin County, and thence westerly and northwesterly midway between the St. Paul & Pacific lines, through Buffalo, the county seat of Wright County, the northeastern part of Meeker, and the southern portion of Stearns, striking the north fork of Crow River at Painesville, and thence up that stream through Pope County and Glenwood, its county seat, to Alexandria, county seat of Douglas County, a distance altogether of 140 miles. The first twelve miles of the route are prairie, the next fifty miles are fine heavy hardwood timber; the remainder of the distance is mainly prairie of superior quality, and already thickly settled. Within three miles of this line and within 50 miles of Minneapolis are more than a million and a half of cords of good wood not now worth the cutting. We need and will pay a good price for fifty thousand cords a year here in Minneapolis. Every acre that is cleared will produce yearly twenty bushels of wheat, for there is no better region for wheat growing in the west than this.

How to build the road: We shall see no more roads built on the old system. That system was for a half-dozen politicians to organize a company, take a million or so of stock, and pay in enough to get their stock certificates printed; to log-roll with a few other squads of similarly circumstanced fellows and get a land grant; to nurse their charter along through a precarious existence until the country became settled and the franchises valuable; to bond the unbuilt line and its grants for as much as possible—say all the way from $20,000 to $60,000 a mile; to build a road so that the contractors' profits should be the greater part of the job; and finally to sell out the stock that never cost a cent, for eleven millions or so, and retire. It stands to reason, considerably, that such a road cannot best serve the interests of the people--cannot afford to do freighting cheaply, and, except in very flush times, cannot be built at all.

A different plan must be adopted. The road of the future must be built and operated as cheaply and economically as possible. Instead of a bogus original stock of $30,000 or $50,000 a mile, or of a bogus watered stock of $110,000 a mile like the N. Y. Central on which dividends are to be earned, the coming road must have not a dollar. Instead of $50,000 or $60,000 a mile of bonds hawked off at any price and on which interest has to be paid, it must be content with $10,000 a mile of bonded debt. Every recent invention economizing in the cost of construction must be taken advantage of, *and the people along the line of road must own and control it.* This last point is essential to cheap transportation. But how can the people keep the control of the road? How can it be arranged so that the other roads shall not combine and force it to sell out? The answer is—by making it an independent line from the producing districts to the market. It then needs no connection with other roads, and can afford to carry cheaper than they can. The leading products of this great region will for many years be lumber, fuel and wheat.

Minneapolis is the market, and Minneapolis needs for home consumption and manufacture all that the country can send. There is no need, therefore, of a broad-gauge line. The narrow—three-foot—gauge is cheaper and more economical every way, and would be especially well adapted to the traffic on this line. By this plan we reduce the cost of construction one-half at the outset. The grading can be done for one-half the price per cubic yard, that has been paid on long lines of heavily bonded road here in Minnesota. Again, the new invention of the Angle-Iron rail, using for narrow gauge roads a rail weighing fifteen pounds to the yard, in place of fifty-four to sixty-four pounds for T rail on the broad gauge, reduces the cost of track from $10,500 to $3,500 per mile, and saves at least $2,000 per mile over the small T rail used on narrow gauge roads. Where timber is scarce and

dear, there would not be so much saved, but on this line are millions of feet that to-day are worth nothing. With the angle-rail timber is a very important item, for it consists of a wooden stringer with a "strap rail" on top, and with one edge of the iron turned down, forming an inner flange, and effectually preventing the rail from forming a "snake head," the only serious objection to the use of the old "strap rail."

The route mentioned is one singularly adapted to railroad construction and the cost of the road complete, ready for cars, if built with narrow gauge and angle-iron rail, need not be over $7,000 per mile, or less than a million of dollars for the entire line. Six rich counties and a present population of seventy-five thousand people would be directly benefitted by the construction of this line. Even 30 miles of it costing $2100,00 would give the farmers of Wright county good prices, and Minneapolis would have (what there is no other prospect of getting,) cheap fuel for the next twenty years.

SINGULAR RELIGIOUS AWAKENING.

Have We a "Christian Statesman" Among Us?

HIS MAJESTY (KING BILL)—
I'll be —— if this sheet isn't run Hereafter, on a religious basis."
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS (P. of WALES)—
"Or in any other event..... "

Nothing can be more unpleasant to the writer than to publicly dissent from the editorial expressions and management of the *Tribune*. But a sense of personal as well as of public duty impels him to say, that the recent admission of the notorious and disreputable "Woodhull" into the editorial and advertising columns of the *Tribune* is most mortifying and humiliating to him, because, as one of the proprietors of the paper, he will be held responsible by the public for [illegible] which its columns are

HAMLET.

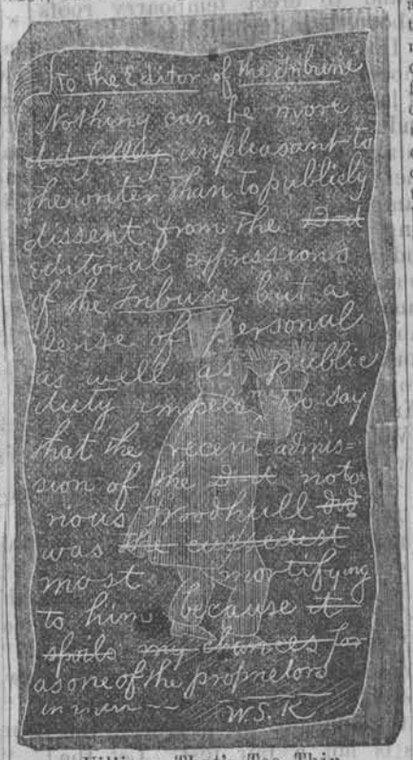
King William as the Player-Queen.

"The Lady doth protest too much, methinks."
—Hamlet, Act III, Scene 2.

"Will. Honeycomb calls these over-offended ladies Outrageously virtuous."

"UNAMBIGUOUS."

View From a High-Moral Standpoint.



Villiam, That's Too Thin.

How doth the little Donnellee
Improve each shining hour,
On every bill to make a plea
And all the *time* devour.

WILK'S SERENADE TO THE GRANGERS.

THE BARD OF SCOTIA SINGS.
(*Official Scotch-fiddle accompaniment.*)

I'll chase the antelope over the plain,
(that's office)
And the tiger's cub I'll bind with a chain,
(that's the railroads)
The wild gazelle with its silvery feet
(that's Donnelly)
I'll give the for a playmate sweet.
(That's bosh.)

O come with me and be my love,
(that's a good girl)
For thee the jungle depths I'll rove,
(that's the primaries)
I'll gather the honeycomb, bright as gold
(that's mileage)
And chase the Alick to his secret hold.
(*That's business.*)

SPRING is coming, and the melodious note of the tax-gatherer is heard in the land. A gentleman who had just visited the court house informed us a few days since that for the first time in the course of a long and eventful life he had learned to appreciate the soul-satisfying sentiment of that noble work entitled "Five Acres Enough."

CHIEF Justice Horner
Got up a corner
On statute corruption pie;
When he put his thumb
On the treasury plum,
He observed "How's that for high?"

Father Taylor's Cause.

IN THE HOUSE—LAST WEEK.

Mr. Taylor—"I repeat it, sir, that the statutes are a reeking mass of corruption, and I insist that Justice Horner shall be supplied with a copy,"

Who will Scale that Log?

The Absquatulation of Mr. Mann.

Mr. Mann of Fargo has absconded. In an evil moment (for his creditors) he decamped. Suddenly, and like rain out of a clear sky, the melancholy intelligence reached those who were interested in him—pecuniarily—that he had yamoosed. He left his mattock behind and lit out. We are pained beyond measure to be compelled to state that a mann of so much promise—to pay—should forfeit the confidence of the public and git without warning.

The particulars are briefly these. Mr. Mann, who has been doing a very good business—for himself—at Fargo, suddenly scooted some days since, leaving ten thousand dollars worth of regrets, and a degree of wailing and gnashing of teeth, behind him. As soon as his creditors discovered that he had levanted, they took steps toward Manitoba with a view to intercept the steps of the skedaddling Mr. Mann before he should be able to cut sticks across the line. In this they were unsuccessful, for Mr. Mann hearing of the attempted raid, cleared out before the pursuers reached Pembina, and as a bail piece wont hold anything but a bean-kettle in Manitoba, the inquiring friends of Mr. Mann stayed on this side the line. They were informed by the Canadian landlord at Pembina, that Mr. Mann had taken French leave and put for Fort Garry but a few hours before their arrival. On inspection of the muddy road near the International boundary it became evident that Mr. Mann had made tracks down to Winnipeg, and doubtless ere this he has joined Lord Gorden in Alaska. One thing appears evident—Mr. Mann has made a straight shirt-tail and departed for parts unknown, or in other words he has fled and run away.

And this account may be taken in entire confidence, as it was made up by our own reporter which his name it is Reliable Jones, and he uses only language correct and elegant, and he would'nt deceive a deacon of the church, unless the deacon should be greener than—

RELIABLE JONES.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

THEY ARE NOT DEAD!

But they fill two Chairs in the Minnesota State Senate, and Support Each Other in all Measures Calculated to Alleviate their Political Condition.

ENGNATIUS DONNELLY AND CHANGHIGH WILKINSON.

Eng—this is he—
Just turned to see
What 'twas his brother bigger meant;
"Take care!" outsang
The tender Chang,
"You're pulling on the ligament!"

Said Eng "That's rich!
Of course I'll twitch
This muscle with impunity."
"Oh dear!" said Chang,
"Heaven help me! dang
This hated bond of unity."

Mid groans and pain
The brothers twain
Yank one another funnily;
And Chang is Wilk.
The other bilk,
The same is Iggy Donnelly.

PELEG WALES.

THEN DONNELLY SPOKE.

"Altogether, Donnelly was on his legs twenty times during the day, and made twenty speeches long and short, that were noticed by our reporter."—*Press, Jan. 24.*

LETTER OF SENATOR J. Q. A. BENNETT TO HIS BROTHER JOSH.

"Well, Josh, when I come to the Senate
I felt like a pig in a poke,
I waited and didn't open my head when the bill
come up to hire another janitor, and all was
still a minute—
Then Donnelly spoke.

He spouted nine times on the message,
And when he was done I awoke;
Then we took up the bill to regulate taxes in
Pembina, and everybody was ready to vote for
its passage
When Donnelly spoke.

He favored it—so 'twas defeated;
Then we took up the project to yoke
Some 'lection-districts together so that the voting
business could be done more economically,
and nobody be cheated;
Then Donnelly spoke.

He spoke nineteen times in one morning;
I should think that his voice would be broke,
For above all the clamor it rang forth like a carrion, only waiting for the question to be stated,
on which slight warning
Then Donnelly spoke.

He talked on the county-seat matter,
(His head ought to be put a-soak)
And he talked and he talked, and says I to myself, Bennett, is this the reform for which the
Grangers have made such a clatter?
Then Donnelly spoke.

Now, Josh, I am tired of this foolin';
It may be a very good joke.
But it's costly. It delays business. He'd do better if he had n't half so much schoolin'
(Then Donnelly spoke.)

I see I'm no wheres in the Senate;
By the side of that eloquent moke,
I rose once to introduce our bill and show why it
ought to pass, and the President says he "Bennett"—
Then Donnelly spoke.

His gabble is next to eternal;
Sometimes I'm afraid he will choke;
And the Secretary says that he talks three-fourths (¾) of the time and that at the close of the session it will be found that these words constitute nearly all of the journal:
"Then Donnelly spoke."

—*Peleg Wales.*

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

They Quarrel at Close Quarters.

Illustration of the Debate on the Normal School Bill.

Mr Wilkinson next exposed the false figures of Mr. Donnelly concerning Normal Schools, and said they were calculated to deceive. Particulars of the grossest exaggeration were then given, and he said that Donnelly would yet be ashamed of himself for having uttered such false and ridiculous statements.—*Press report.*

Mr. Donnelly replied sharply, calling attention to the fact that he and Mr. Wilkinson were thrown into the Senate together on the same tidal wave, and their relations had been so intimate that they had even been illustrated by a cut of the Siamese twins in the Minneapolis TRIBUNE. He abused Senator Wilkinson, and charged him with desertion.—*Dispatch report.*

EGNATIUS DONNELLY AND CHANGHIGH WILKINSON.

Chang will be recollected as the larger of the twins, Eng the smaller. Numerous instances are related (some of which are, of course, exaggerated) of the unhappy domestic consequences of Chang's violent temper. Repeatedly he fought desperately with Eng—a hand-to-hand combat, the latter always acting on the defensive.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Dear Peleg, we're divided!
Our confidence has flown!
If Wilk. had done as I did
We still had been as one.
I was polite and unctious,
While he was too rambunctious;
But Peleg—leg,
You will I beg,
Let Wilk. and me alone.

Oh, Peleg do not mention,
The strangely altered tone;
But pay your whole attention
To how the crops are grown,
The changes of the weather,
The price of logs and leather,
Or what you may;
I only pray,
Let Wilk. and me alone.

We had a little scrimmage,
The worst the twins had known,
I spoiled his graven image
As in the picture shown;
The ligament the lubber
Stretched out like India rubber;
It was'nt play,
But Peleg, say!
Let Wilk. and me alone!

I INVESTIGATE MYSELF.

"Mr. President—This Thing has Gone far Enough."

Back Pay—$25,000 Hastings & Dakota Railroad Bonds.

Mr. Donnelly then rose in his place in the Senate and moved that the charges of the *Press*, that he had been bribed by railroads, be referred to the Committee on the Sale of Pine on the Indian reservation—of which he is Chairman.

DONNELLY WHITEWASHED.

DEAR PELEG:
I send you my picture,
A duplicate pattern, you see,
(And beg you'll no longer inflict your
Vile stuff on the land of the free.)
It has some relation
To investigation—
And that's what's the matter with me!

I thought I was living in clover;
I laughed and cavorted in glee:
I found Ramsey rotten all over
And Smith as corrupt as could be;
When like Pompey, caught napping,
I "heerd somfin' drappin'"
And that's what's the matter with me.

Like a bolt of the midsummer thunder
Was the blow that was leveled by Wheelock. A cloud I am partially under
'Cause the railroads would pay me a fee—
Their bill, if I'd pass it—
And likewise from Bassett—
And that's what's the matter with me.

Oakes Ames never gave me a dollar;
He frequently said he "would see,"
When I offered my neck for his collar
And went for the bonds of U. P.
But my terms never suited,
And I'm unpolluted,—
And that's what's the matter with me!

"'Tis a monstrous and vile allegation!
I move to refer it to me!"
I exclaimed—so a fair exculpation
Will follow—if I can agree.
To all I repliest
"I'm fair and unbiased,"
And that's what's the matter with me.

THE SCALPERS SCALPED.

They Come for Trophies and Leave Their Hair in the Hands of the Enemy.

The Siamese Twins Fracture the Ligament, Seize Their Carpet Bags and Travel.

(Who Will Care for Mother Now?)

The Song of the Dakota and the Winnebago.

Should you ask me whence this picture—
Whence these twins forever parted,
Whence this ligament all broken
Like a sausage-link asunder,
Whence these scalps above the State-house,
And these heads without a hair on,
And the small canine attendant
Which the same is labeled Meighen,
I should answer, I should tell you,
That the cruel war is over;
These are the defeated chieftains;
This is the Dakota warrior
And his Winnebago ally
Just returning from the war-path,
With their bond of union severed
And no scalps as far as heard from.

They are sad and solemn looking;
For they said to one another
Underneath the moon of August,
"Let us get a nomination
Nomination for the Senate
Senate in the Legislature!
Let us tell 'em we are gGangers;
Let us even join the order,
So that we can make it useful."
And they went forthwith and did it—
Joined the Order and the Senate,
But the venture didn't pan out
Half as well as they expected.

How the stalwart Winnebago
Hammered on his breast and shouted;
How the briefer Iggynatius,
Keeping up his yawp barbaric,
Never paused to rest his throttle,
Or suspended for a moment,
But just kept his tongue a flopping;
While enraptured Senate listened
Sang the song of the Dakota:

"The larnyx now goes up,
The pharynx with a slam
Ejects a note
From out the throat
Pushed by the diaphragm"

Once again they seek their firesides;
Once again they'll pick the hen's-egg;
Once again they'll dig the apple,
Sow again the oyster-fritter,
Plant again the pickled salmon
In the rows of vermicelli.

For they're coming from the war-path,
With their bond of union severed,
And no scalps as far as heard from.

THE DIFFERENCE.

More Room in Some Cases Than in Others.

Broad Enough for all Practical Purposes.

"The Washburns were all born with the letters M. C. emblazoned across the broadest portion of their persons. Fortunately for the country, but unfortunately for them, none of them were ever broad enough to wear that other brand—U. S. S."—*Donnelly's Speech in Congress.*

FOR INSTANCE!

"FEL-LOW CITIZENS!!"

The Vision of Ignatius.

Is it "a glory round about?"
Is it an *Ignatius Fatuus?*
Or is it only a Windmill?

"On this bright May day morning the *Press* flowers out in all the vernal splendor of a new dress and spreads its broad white petals a column wider to the sun of public favor."

Rather neat. We might regret that there is no flower without a stigma, but we desist lest we be shot with a little pistil. We cordially hail this typographical holyhock and are glad to have it Blow so early in the spring.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Singular Experiences of a Granger—Paris Green on Bugs—A Big Thing.

[Accompanying the following notes was a wash-tub full of May-bugs—the first fruits of our friend's agricultural operations—a present to the TRIBUNE.]

MINNEAPOLIS, May 30.

To the Editor of the Minneapolis Tribune:

DEAR BROTHER:—Please accept the accompanying parcel as a slight testimonial of esteem from the youngest and most ardent, to the most eminent and profound of the agricultural brotherhood of our noble State.

You see, I joined the Grange last week, and the Grand Worthy told me that eternal vigilance was the price of potatoes and things, since which period I have vigilated more or less, and with the following results: When I came home about 11 o'clock that night, this earth seemed very beautiful. The fragrance of things growing and otherwise stole on my senses not wholly unaware; the curtains of day-light were pinned down with several stars more or less, till they resembled the pin cushion of night, as I thought. The silver moon rolled on at my special request, and I was happy.

When I arrived at home I heard a noise—a sweet, musical tone that had often, in times before lulled me to slumber (after wakefulness of several midnight hours, for instance), and I said: "'Tis well—she sleeps." Under the circumstances, and considering the lateness of the hour, I was reconciled to the musical slumbers of Eliza Jane, and I would not have exchanged the same for her vocal wakefulness—oh, no, not for the world.

But, hush! hark! It cannot be! Ah, no! 'tis *bees!* All the hives of America must have swarmed since I left home. Here was wealth, richness, I might say, within my grasp. And astonishment also. Why should the little busy bee insist on thus overflowing my premises and drenching me with its flow of milk and honey—annointing my head, as it were, with the Isle of Patmos? Why, oh, why, should——the spirit of mortal be proud? That's the conundrum, Mr. Editor, that I want answered now; for while I gazed in surprise with mouth agape, something—yes—you can tell what he was by looking in this tub—came in and—well, the fact of it is, he tried to go down my windpipe and see if my lungs were sound. I was awfully afraid he would sting, but, for some reason, he did n't, though he clawed around powerful. I did n't like that style of pouring wealth into my coughers, and so I gradually spit him out—a couple of quarts or so of him—and then I examined him. He wasn't a bee, or if he were, it was the father of all bumble bees *he* was.

No, I could not be mistaken, I had met him before in summer evening rambles—an ignoble insect of base instincts—called May bug or otherwise.

Worldly prosperity receded from view and I went to bed—and all that blessed night the unsatisfied May bug to the extent of several millions of him and her, calmly and voraciously chawed the foliage, buds, twigs and bark off my shade trees without a compunc or regret.

I had observed that my trees looked particularly thin and scattering about the tops this year, and on examination next morning I was surprised to learn that there had been leaves all over those trees—which were leaves no longer—very much shorter in short—and that the May bug was no doubt the vandal who had done the mischief.

And now observe the effects of organization and concert of action! while I had been lying around disorganized and unreconstructed they had moved immediately on my works and about a hundred of my best elms, poplars and hackberries, had surrendered unconditionally rank and file. The luxuriant ash was in sack-cloth and ashes, so to speak, and devastation prevailed. Maples and evergreens alone had mostly escaped injury.

So I went down to our Grand Worthy Mogul, and to him I confided. Said he impressively, "Paris Green—that'll knock 'em; there ain't no kind of bug whatsoever that Paris Green won't knock; jist you git some Paris Green—the real genuine stuff—put it in a barrel of water and squirt it onto 'em, and you'll knock 'em. Paris Green's the stuff to knock bugs!" And then I went over to see Mrs. Ceres, of our Grange. Says she, "Get some Paris Green—that'll knock bugs; there ain't ——" At this period I remembered an engagement down town and excused my-

self, and as I drove off I caught the faint sound of a far-off, able-bodied but feminine voice remarking, "Git Paris Green—that'll knock bugs."

On my way I met the eminet horticulturalist, Y. Mellior, and I asked him a question and he said, "Get Paris Green—that'll knock bugs."

So I got Paris Green—the real genuine article—that'll knock bugs—and I filled barrels with water and stirred in the deadly pigment according to the prescription and chucked an extra pound or two into each barrel just for luck and to be sure the stuff was strong enough to knock bugs. And then I waited impatiently for evening shades and the commencement of carnage. And then I advanced on the enemy—Charlie and I—in double column armed with that horrible engine of destruction, a garden pump, loaded to the nozzle with the death-dealing Paris Green that'll knock bugs.

Determined to make a sure thing of it I selected a thrifty tree well loaded down with the enemy and ordered the artillery to play upon it for five minutes or so. I gloated over the scene of death and one by one deluged a dozen trees with those green waters of Fate that'll knock bugs. And then I went back and I lighted a big straw fire to satisfy my thirst for revenge by a view of the victims.

Loading every tree like ripe plums in August were the bugs—cheerful and content—calmly feeding on the fast vanishing leaves.

I remarked to Charlie "Let us cease this carnage; it is too horrible!" and we sat on the steps and meditated in the mellow moonlight. And the bugs—knocked by Paris green—continued to chaw.

It transpired eventually, however, that two white cotton sheets were tacked on frames, and that the same were placed under the trees and the trees shaken, whence ensued such a plum gathering as I hope may not again occur. The ready and generous handfuls of clawing and squirming bugs were rapidly transferred to pails partly filed with the fatal Paris green water—that'll knock bugs—and thence to the barrels of the same diabolic decoction, and for fear that somebody might fall into the barrels they were immediately covered securely with boards. It was a generous harvest. The accompanying sample may perhaps convince you of that fact.

And now comes the heart-rending part of this tragedy. I had already ascertained that Paris green knocks bugs, but I had not dreamed of the terrible manner of their taking off by this unparalleled agent of destruction. I had supposed that their manner of death must be swift and silent, and therefore comparatively humane. Ah, the deep devilish possibilities of anguish and misery concealed in Paris Green!—that'll knock bugs.

After two days it occurred to me to bale out the mortal remains of those bushels of bugs and bury them—if, indeed, the consuming fluid had left any of those mortal remains to bury.

They were all alive!—clawing, kicking, squirming—too sad, and sick, and hungry to fly—the slow poison in their veins was doing its fatal work, spoiling their complexions and irremediably ruining their dispositions. What were the horrors of the Black Hole of of Calcutta to agony like this? Think of the lingering days and nights of mental torture which I had inflicted on these poor helpless creatures. Think of their going for forty-eight hours without a mouthful to eat! It was too much. Vengeance within constitutional limits is sweet; but outrage like this is sickening to civilized man.

And so, humanely, I biled some water, rescued the bugs from the scene of their fearful torture, and calmly put an end to their sufferings. And, now, whenever I hear a man say, "Get Paris Green, that'll knock bugs;" I shall hand him over to righteous retribution and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for the heartless and unfeeling wretch that I know him to be.

P. GREEN.

THE FEARFUL MORTALITY RESULTING FROM LIFE INSURANCE.

We sound the tocsin of alarm. A terrible race of Ghouls are running a muck all over this free and enlightened Republic. The American citizen is hauled out of bed at one o'clock in the morning to examine a new non-forfeiting plan. He is waylaid in the evening by a vampyre who measures 94 inches around the cheek, with a modest request to invest in a Tontine period. His directory refers him to nothing but life insurance. His daily paper, magazine and dictionary have but two words—Life Insurance. The Bible is to be printed in large type on white paper and interlined with Life Insurance maxims, tables, examples and rates. All this we expected and are prepared for. It was not designed that we should be happy here, and for what we suffer at the hands of Insurance Agents, we expect our reward hereafter.

But Life Insurance statistics present one startling result that has not heretofore attracted public attention; the immediate pecuniary ruin and early and sudden death of apparently all or nearly all of the persons who get their lives insured. We know from our personal acquaintance that large numbers of healthy and prosperous men (to escape the torment) get their lives insured, and we might reasonably suppose that, being thereafter at peace, they might live to a green old age.

Far otherwise is the mournful result. We have secured a large and valuable collection of insurance reports, statements etc. We bought them of a gentleman whose chief function in life is to supply a paper manufactory. We paid a cent a pound for them and darn the expense.

From an industrious perusal of some forty thousand of these books and pamphlets we have learned the following startling facts which we hasten to lay before a breathless (so to speak) world; viz, to wit, namely. That all persons (or nearly all as the case may be, irrespective of age sex or previous condition of servitude), who get their lives insured, die immediately, under the most distressing circumstances and in a condition of utter destitution and extreme penury, leaving a children and six small widows at the breast to mourn that his loss is their exceeding great gain, and with their widowed hearts prepared to leap with joy (in the next weeks advertisement) at being the recipients of an apocryphal fortune at the hands of the genial agent (measuring 94 inches around the cheek as aforesaid).

This strictly deplorable condition of things may be attributed either to a laudable desire on the part of the policy-holders (and their relatives) to realize on their investments before the company suspends payment, or (which is more probable) to the reaction caused by the removal of the terrible strain on the moral nature, when the party finds himself at once free from torture and importunity.

And this terrible mortality must be stopped. We call on Farmer Donnelly and General O'Neil and Lord Gordon and George Francis Train to muster their clans and charge on the enemy, while we remain in a secure place and chronicle the conflict. Meanwhile let everybody subscribe for the JOURNAL, for "When cheek meets cheek then comes the tug of war."

FALSE REPORTS.

An Editor's Trials--Another Reporter Dispatched.

We have got a new reporter to supply the place of the one whose obituary we published two weeks ago. Perhaps we might more accurately say that he has *got us*. However that don't signify. He is one of a cheap lot which we purchased at auction (two shillings a dozen) at St. Paul. We laid in a large stock knowing that under certain contingencies a heavy mortality among reporters would ensue. These contingencies are being resolved into certainties. The Auctioneer warrented his goods "not to cut in the eye" nor to "break in cracks or flaws." We have a horrible suspicion that the auctioneer wasn't truthful, and that his wares like Hodge's razors were made to *sell*. Certainly we have thus far discovered no other valuable qualifications in them.

The scribbling idiot to whom we now refer has already furnished us more than four barrels of manuscript,—the most ridiculous stuff we ever read in our life. We wanted some trustworthy market reports and sent him out to obtain them. We ask our readers to consider the utterly atrocious character of the trash which he has palmed off as a correct market report, and then to ask themselves if *any* revenge would not be justifiable.

Especially let them put themselves in our place and imagine themselves setting it up for the proper column of the JOURNAL, unconcious of any fraud only to discover too late to remedy the matter, that the whole diabolical manuscript was but the product of a depraved imagination.

Here is his report:

COMMERCIAL.

FERGUS FALLS, Aug. 6, 1873.

The week opened favorably, and business

at the restaurants continues fair. Collections continue good, nearly a hat-ful being taken at one of the churches last Sunday, though it is rumored on 'Change to have been largely composed of buttons.

Mining stock has fallen off since the most industrious explorations on Page's Block discloses no new leads. There is a suspicion abroad that the mine has been salted. A dark mystery broods over the operation and hides the original discovery. We advise all to keep out of "thar."

FISHERIES are doing well. Four million buffalo and nineteen thousand catfish reported this week. The business *ranks* (with a west wind) among our most important and fragrant industries. Still, as has been frequently observed, it is a slippery trade at this season of the year. In the

STOCK MARKET there is little to note; the modern style of cravats has mostly driven the old black chokers out of the field. In LIVE STOCK we notice one fine large brindled animal on the street—weight three tons—and predict an early decline in the sausage market.

GRAIN—Old Rye 15c. Cannot observe any *change*, and therefore unable to test the market. Noticed one man with corn-ucopia (plenty of corn-or a horn too much) who was travelling up Union and down Lincoln avenue at the same period, and who remarked, "road'sdamhilly man'llbreak'sneck furzino." Had evidently tried to "bear" the market and miserably failed.

GRASS-hoppers—Lively and on the rise; the supply limited.

In other articles of domestic produce we note as follows:

TEA—Strong, and the market stimulated. Observed 4 young ladies at hotel—drank 4 cups apiece—kept me awake all night by their talk in next room. No disclosures made by reporter under any circumstances.

FREE-LUNCHES—Scarce in this market—had a small commission to execute in this line on personal account, but found no offers.

HASH—Too high; impossible for a poor man to do business in this market. Business active, however, and large quantities closed out daily. Indications of a corner, and we advise operators to "light out" before Saturday night.

LEMON PIE—Active, with a downward tendency. Several operators sold short and the market somewhat demoralized.

DAIRY PRODUCTS—Butter baldheaded and held strong at previous quotations—or at any price. Cheese is active; it usually is at this season. In Milk a fair supply, but recent rains have injured the quality,—the animals have become water-soaked probably. Milk in the cocoanut has been recently discovered, and promises to be a big thing.

We have only to add in extenuation of the above that the reporter did not survive. Meritorious indignation was what affected him. No coroner need apply.

LONGEVITY OF THE MOSQUITO.

1873 — *

The Question of his Great Age Put ta Rest by a Journal Reporter.

He Interviews an Old Residenter on the "Red River Flats."

AND FALLS A VICTIM TO THE CAUSE OF SCIENCE.

The mosquito is an object of interest at all times, particularly so at this season of the year. Very little is known of his natural history, and though often met in a familiar manner in the family circle and elsewhere, still he remains a mystery. Whence he cometh and whither he goeth, and what the——Apollyon he is here for, even the *savans* can give no idea. Large rewards have been offered at times for information (especially on the last named point) which might serve to clear up the mystery shrouding his history, parentage and final destination. Often and often have we lain awake nights vainly trying to solve this problem.

The Library Association and the various scientific bodies of our village have of late been exercising themselves on the question, "How long does the mosquito live?" some maintaining that three days are the extreme measure of his cheerful existence, while others stand by the doctrine of a hoary antiquity. One gentleman claimed to have dug mosquitoes out of the frozen earth in midsummer and to have found them ready for business as soon as thawed out; but this statement (being in conflict with previous theory) was very properly squelched as quite improbable.

Feeling this question of vital statistics of the mosquito to be one having an important bearing on the longevity of the *human* race also, we have undertaken in the interests of science to solve the problem satisfactorily and beyond cavil. For this discovery we shall no doubt receive the brass medal of the St. Paul Academy of Natural Science. And yet we do not ask it. We have merely done our duty.

There is one method (when all others fail) of obtaining relieable information on any subject whatever ranging through the eternal ages, and in an inspired moment we adopted that method.

One morning last week we dispatched a reporter (we didn't exactly kill or execute him, you understand, but merely dispatched him with a threat of execution in case of failure, and the promise of a white marble villa to his memory, and a pension to his surviving relatives in case of unusual success), with instructions to proceed to Campbell and interview the "oldest inhabitant" in his native fastnesses, as it were, on the "Red River flats."

The prompt arrival on the following morning of the young gentleman's note book, together with the application of his intended mother-in-law for the pension above referred to, accompanied by proper proofs of the discovery and burial on the spot of the remains of the unfortunate youth, and a brief line from the said intended relative requesting immediate attention to business, was the first announcement to us of the triumphant success of the expedition and the fulfillment of our dearest hopes.

The following is the translation of the reporter's notes:

At 4 P M., arrived on the flats at the "home of the mosquito" and soon became aware that the party I was in search of was "at home." After spitting out a couple of quarts of him which had accidently lodged in my windpipe, and hanging a moderate sized window curtain before my mouth to avoid similar contingencies in the future, I inquired for the oldest inhabitant and was directed to the margin of a slough near at hand where I found a venerable but vigorous mosquito sharpening a 1¾ drill on a boulder and playing simultaneously "Rock me to sleep mother" on a bagpipe, and I recognized him at once as the genial and versatile old rascal whom I met on a Jersy saltmarsh some years ago.

He stood about six feet four in his boots, broad shouldered, with an open countenance indicating a good appetite and a conscience void of offence.

He wore his natural back hair (which was a reddish-brown color and I should judge not over two or three inches long) in a becoming and appropriate manner all the way down his back.

By his venerable appearance and the color of his mustache I should say his motto must be "Never Dye." His dress generally was light and well adapted to summer wear.

Seating myself on the boulder with my feet in the slough, and slapping the old fellow familiarly on the shoulder (my own shoulder I mean) I whipped out my note book and commenced as follows: "Well, Uncle, I have come down to have a little talk with you, and to give you a little puff in the JOURNAL."

It was suprising how that little preliminary speech opened his mouth. I got his confidence at once, you see, and he was as familiar as a brother after that.

"Glad to see you," says he; and with that he sat down, stopped whistling the plaintive airs of his native land, and playfully whacking a hole with his drill through the 2 inch brass armor which (in common with the profession generally,) I always wear when on an interviewing matinee, he entered briskly into conversation.

"Well," said I, "how have you got along since we bunked together on that Lower Mississippi steamer, the time I was going to join my regiment in the Mexican war?"*

"Bully," says he, "I've just had a roaring old time of it ever since. 'Haint I had fun though? If there's any thing I do enjoy more than another," he added meditatively, after a pause, spitting out his quid and taking a fresh "chaw" out of my off leg, "it is to watch a feller on a hot night, with his eyes shut, but he half awake, you see, clawing away with both hands like he was drowning and mauling hisself fust here, and then there, and all the time me a sottin' there and sucking the claret, just fit to bust myself a laffin' at him. And then to see him when he gets waked up madder than thunder, and a rollin' over and over a cussin, and me sashayin' round just out of his reach, and a playin' just a little tune on the trombone. Oh my! that's too good for anything! Oh, you bet, I've had a good time."

"Well, Uncle," says I, "don't you find it pretty cold up here in winter."

"Pshaw, no," says he, pinching a moderate sized stove pipe hole through my left shoulder, "I never felt a grain cold in my life. I generally go down to New Orleans about September, but then you see, it's kind o'wearin' on the constitution to keep it up right along year after year, carousin' here and there all the time. Too much cavortin' round shortens a feller's life, I think sometimes, and so I generally stay up here and winter once in three or four years. You see, it gets to be kind o' cool and comfortable nights for sleepin' 'long about October, and I just take a nap and don't generally wake up till about April, and I feel fresh and young then for a couple of years. There's nothing like a good nap to fix a feller up lively."

"Do you know old Pierre Bottineau?" I asked.

"*Know* him! Know old Pete *Bircheno?* Ye don't take me for an idjeot, do ye? Didn't I ride with him all the way from St. Paul to Long Prairie, that time he went two hundred miles in one day and killed his hoss? Didn't I ride straddle of Pete's nose more'n half the way, and he never noticin' me at all? But I can't say I ever had much of an opinion of Pete. The blamed half-Injun used to grease hisself with skunk grease, and skunk is one thing I never could stand up to."

"Do you remember Columbus?" I asked.

"Wal, no," said he, "I never was down to them parts till sense then. I used to feel a kind o' prejudice agin that country. I thought 'twas sickly. But I had a nephew who was well acquainted with Columbus and the rest of the Greasers that came over that time."

The feeling of respect and veneration which had been gradually coming over me was fast giving way to a sense of awe in the presence of this mysterious being. Tremblingly I asked:

"How old *are* you then?"

The ancient meditatively took a long suck from my jugular, as if to strengthen himself for a mental effort, and then with a sigh he spoke:

"Now, stranger, you've *got me;* I never *was* very good at figgers, and my memory is kind o' failin' me, and besides you folks don't reckon it up the same way they used to when I was younger." And then he added, as his aged eye brightened, "Do you see that thar' limestone with the whirl in the end of it, like a snail shell?"

"Yes," said I, "it's a fossil, and it tells of unnumbered cycles of ages." [This was an extract from my academy oration.]

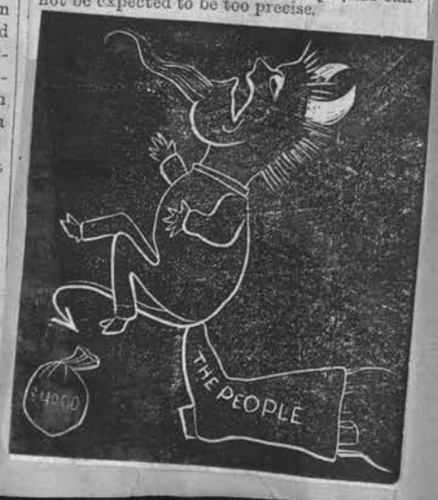
"Wal," said he, "I knew that little feller 'way up north, when he wasn't half growed. He was a lively little chap in them times, you bet."

Perceiving that I had already occupied his valuable time too long, I withdrew.

Here ends the reporter's story. It bears, as will be seen, internal evidence of truthfulness and candor. Whether after it was written the unfortunate youth bled to death, or died from the reaction of an excited imagination, is a mystery that perhaps may never be solved. We incline to the latter view. It would seem more natural and appropriate. At all events, he is dead and we shall hear from him no more. We are resigned—even happy.

---

* Probably an error—the reporter was born in 1852, and the Mexican war was previously antecedent thereto, but reporters cannot be expected to be too precise.



ORIGINAL STORY.

"PATENT INSIDES."

The Newspaper Career of Orlando Slop.

Orlando Slop—that's what ailed *him*. Not that Orlando was to blame for it—he was born so. In the innermost recesses of his being, in the ultimate essence of the spirit he was a Slop. And yet, it is to be feared that he had not wisely and faithfully tried to restrain the inevitable native tendency within him—that it had grown with his growth and strengthened with his weakness—that from being positively a Slop he had become a comparative Slopper, and was rapidly swinging along the down grade toward the superlative. But then—his education had been defective on that point, and the family example demoralizing. And who can tell whether Orlando was morally responsible for the consequences of not trying to become something better than a Slop, after having come into the world so constituted as to render it morally impossible for him to either make the attempt, or see any object or even excuse for making it. The waters—even those surrounding the moral nature of a Slop—are very deep. Let us not disturb their profound depths with the long pole of rationalistic criticism, but proceed to business. Enough for man to know that Orlando was a slop—had been and would so ever remain.

Fate—untoward and unkind—had fixed the abiding place of Orlando at Punkville, and Orlando wielded the destinies of the *Punkville Clarion*. One hundred and twelve deadheads and forty two paying subscribers—five columns dead and one and a half of paying ad's—Five hundred dollars a year (by charging treble rates) of official advertising, and an indefinite balance earned between blackmailing and toadying, supplied the available revenues of the *Clarion*. Sudden and violent prosperity like this was too much for Orlando. He naturally became arrogant and purseproud, and walked the middle of the street and on both sidewalks at once.

Though not large he was "loud"—the responsibilities of a Nation's policy rested upon him—he bore the awful aspect of the conqueror, and small boys trembled in their boots as HE passed by. Midnight oil and ditto types and whisky, had left their sallow stamp upon his countenance, and he had the same stroke of generalship to introduce a degree of economy hitherto unknown, into the *Clarion* management. Magnificent idea—but not strictly original. It was a plan patent to all—*patent insides* to all—the country newspapers of the state. Wherefore Orlando went down to the city and contracted with the *Metropolitan Enterprise* to furnish six quires weekly from the refuse of its previous week's supplement, for the price of the blank paper on which the same was printed. And then Orlando went home and with the true instincts of a Slop wrote and published in the *Clarion* the following Announcement, prefaced by startling head lines and one of those reckless and irresponsible roosters of the press, that crow regardless of consequences:

"BLOW THE HEWGAG!!

SOUND THE TOM-JON!!!

Ne plus ultra—Multum in parvo!!

RE-MARKABLE ANNOUNCEMENT!!

Progress is the watchword of the hour!

THE CLARION TAKES A HAND!

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS CONSUMMATED!

THE FUTURE OF THE PAPER!!

RALLY FOR THE CLARION!!!

"We are able to announce to our breathlessly expectant readers that we have at vast expense perfected arraugements to take the lead of the northwest in Journalism. Next week the CLARION will ring out a note of defiance which will make the old fogies of this region take back seats in the newspaper line. We shall make the CLARION *just get up on its hind legs and* HOWL hereafter. The old mud-scow that runs the "*snootville smokestack*" may as well order his coffin.

"The CLARION will be elegantly printed and contain more reading matter than any other paper in the world. We have engaged a large number of the most brilliant intellects in the country as contributors. Mark Twain and Bret Harte will write for our columns, also many other imminent divines, as well as some poets. In jokes we shall not be beat. The pumpkin-headed old dummy of the "*Hunktown balderdash*" will no doubt try to make out that all these vast improvements amount to nothing, but after we have hung his hide on the fence to dry, as we now propose to do, we rather think he will begin to understand the difference between enterprise and pigheaded stupidity.

"*Let everybody subscribe for the* CLARION. *The best advertising medium in America.*"

The next week failed to bring out the announced improvement and the *Clarion* published a half sheet edition made up of the previous weeks paper, and a brief apology setting forth that in consequence of the vast amount of was correct, and that the Board of Health ought to abate the establishment as a nuisance.

Why oh why! should the spirit of mortal be proud under such circumstances? Orlando only ventured the assertion that they be dam, and went on with his printing; and as has been stated previously (with little elegance of diction however) time passes, by a well known system of aerial locomotion, and in a few weeks the untoward circumstances attending the advent of the improved *Clarion* had passed out of the current of men's thoughts and they were ready to take the paper—to put it mildly—for—*what it was worth*.

For the *Clarion* had really become very much better. Under certain conditions of things, Change is synonymous with Improvement. The *Clarion* was a shining example of this great abiding principle. The scissors of the *Metropolitan Enterprise* were more intelligent than the brains of Orlando—the types of the *Enterprise* supplement, though old and worn, were purity itself compared with those of the *Clarion*. And the less that Orlando had to do with the paper, the better the paper became. But the march of improvement ended here; the one obvious step forward, which would have given Punkville a first class journal, did not occur to Orlando.

The *Enterprise* was a gigantic concern. Its huge sixteen cylinder presses were clanging away day and night. Its six story pile of brick and mortar swarmed like an ant hill with busy worms of the dust. The gleam of sunshine, the glitter of frost, summer heat or winter cold never penetrated here. The breath of outer air, the voice of birds, the sight of heaven's blue above or earth's green below were never known by the moles that burrowed in the *Enterprise* printing house. All days and nights, all seasons and years were here alike. The editorial mind was inspired and the editorial pen gushed ink when spring came per telegraph and calendar, and the editorial soul was chilled only by the thermometrical report. Gas blazed from January first till December thirty-first. Steam heat transformed every room and passage into a tophet, and the smoke of the torment went up forever. The daily editions went away by carloads, and thousands of embryo Presidents daily announced to the world—"Yer's yer Daily Enterprise—forty murders and twenty-seven hangings, all for four cents." Its Saturday supplement was something frightful.

The *Clarion* flowed on harmoniously for a few brief happy weeks. Four new subscribers had enrolled themselves under the banner of Orlando, and a new advertisement of the "Wide West Saloon" had been handed in for next week's insertion. All the latent Slop in the soul of Orlando rose with the auspicious brightness of his financial sky, and overflowed the columns of the *Clarion*, devastating the happy fields of literature like a Mississippi deluge. The editor of the *Balderdash* was called a "pewter headed idiot," and the presiding genius of the *Smokestack* was touchingly alluded to as a "degraded wretch" and a "black-hearted villain." But it was when he endorsed the nomination of Gen. Fluffer to the U. S. Senate that he put himself on his nerve and rose to the sublimest heights. Fluffer had already arranged to carry the county delegation, and Slop knew that it was safe to "go the whole hog" for Fluffer and then to demand credit for superior political sagacity.

The paper had gone to press, and Orlando refreshed himself after his herculean labors at the counter of the "Wide West," and had it charged to the prospective advertising account of the *Clarion*, and then at the Punkville Hotel he slept the sleep of innocence, and was still

"——dreaming of the hour
When Balderdash in sappliance bent
Should tremble at his power,"

when a gruff voice at his bedside recalled him to earth. The level rays of the summer sun just rolling up the eastern sky fearfully illumined the red nose of Major Battles, who was prancing around like a maniac, and waving a copy of the *Clarion* before the startled and half blinded eyes of the Slop, as he shouted:

"See here, you infernal ass; just see *that*, will you; and *that*, and *that* infernal lie—you old mutton-headed son of a sea-cook, you. Didn't you know more than to print *that*, you white-livered numbskull?" roared the Major as he rapidly pointed to one marked paragraph after another. "Read that, you gutter-snipe! What do you mean by defaming our county, sir? the most delightful spot on God's footstool—you low minded pup, you! And by denouncing General Fluffer for a thief and corruptionist in *that* way, sir!—and look at *that*, will you? three whole columns of abuse of this country in a story about a summer snowstorm in Minnesota. And here's another, you idiotic scoundrel! a story showing up and slandering General

low trace on the fierce countenance of Orlando. His garb was of the printers regulation cut—several sizes too large for him, and in which he resembled somewhat an animated swab in an uncertain and demoralized condition. Printers always have a talent for looking as though their clothes had been piled on them with a pitchfork, and time hadn't been allowed to "mow" them away properly. He was not, strictly speaking, a thing of beauty, a joy forever, or even the nephew of his uncle; but gloried particularly in his relationship to and resemblance of the royal bulls of Bashan. A printer's regulation pipe hung gracefully from the off corner of his mouth, and his toilet culminated in a pair of ancient gum shoes, so very much too large for him as to suggest in the mind of the observer the apparition of some brawny six-footer who had been their former probable proprietor. There was a mystery about those shoes—they were not ornamental—in the summer time hardly useful, and Orlando did not wear them gracefully, yet he—metaphorically—pressed them to his bosom, and rolled them as a sweet morsel etc. How he acquired them none knew, yet he ever and oft mentioned them tenderly in the *Clarion*.

Though he had tobacco and gum shoes to minister to his comfort, yet did not happiness abide with him. There was something rotten in the state of—finances, and sheriffs visited him oftener than bankers. And though he never lacked for the neccessaries of life—whisky and tobacco—yet it is to be feared that its luxuries were often problematical with him, and that behind his lion front of brass—there cowered a yearning stomach and an empty flour barrel.

And so the editor of the *Clarion* bethought him of rising to a higher plane of journalism, of improving the general character and tone of his paper, and of securing a degree of literary excellence therein by engaging the mercenary talent—the hireling brain of the far off city, and of binding the same captive to the victorious chariot wheels of the *Clarion*, and by unforeseen labor in initiating the vast work undertaken, it had been found impossible to get out the improved paper as early as expected.

The next day's mail brought the package of missing "ready made bowels" from the *Enterprise* office. The time tables on some of the lower roads had been changed so that the stage connections just missed, and the supplements were a week old before arriving in Punkville. If they had only started a day sooner they would have come through in two days; now it would be two weeks before publication in Punkville; worse than that they were dated for the previous issue, and to crown the sadness of Orlando, the type slingers of the *Enterprise* had *got the name wrong*. Orlando's writing was never of the best, and his written order had been misinterpreted, and from the bald head line of every sheet flashed the startling intelligence that this was the "PUKEVILLE CARRION." Orlando was a man—on this occasion—of few words. Justice to the matter in hand could not be thus satisfied, and he remained in silence. But there were the six quires of paper on hand, and the idea of losing them was not for a moment to be entertained. Worst feature of all, another week's issue would be printed before a letter could reach the *Enterprise* ordering a correction. And so for two weeks the fragrant title stood at the head of the *Clarion*, and for two weeks the date of the paper continued persistently wrong. And then a brief apology and an eloquent denunciation of mutton-headed typos appeared in the *Clarion*.

The *Balderdash* was heartless enough to make light of the trials of Orlando Slop, and seven indignant subscribers (two paying and five dead-head) wrote savagely stopping their papers. They wanted him to understand that he could not with impunity flaunt at the head of his columns an insult to their beautiful village, or thus traduce the memory of its founder (the late Gen. Punk) by calling it the disgusting name of Pukeville. And one of them in bitter scorn intimated that the remainder of the title thing marvellous. Beside its own vast circulation in city and country, it supplied four hundred and ninty two country newspapers with "patent intestines," and simultaneously four hundred and ninty two able, intelligent and independent family journals, by a rare coincidence of thought and sentiment, presented to four hundred and ninty two seperate constituencies, representing twelve states of the Union, fifteen degrees of latitude and twenty degrees of longitude, besides every varying shade of climate, soil, production and political sentiment—the same identical reading matter, the same jokes and local hits, the same typographical errors, and the same cast of political sentiment. It is unfortunate for the perfect working of this magnificent system that the American Declaration of Independence did not affirm that all men were created "alike," as well as "free and equal." The great idea of the "protected bowel" had evidently not dawned on the mind of Jefferson. It was specially unfortunate for Orlando Slop in his attempt to supply literary food and current news for the local appetite of Punkville, that the *Enterprise* was a violent organ of the opposite political party, and that it had a permanent climatic difference with the new northwest. In the struggle for the isothermal belt of championship, the *Enterprise* stood bold and mendacious on the side of the Union Pacific line. All its telegraphic items were reconstructed to meet the requirements of its theory. All its local tilts were at the expense of the Northern Pacific. And if it had one thing more at heart than another, it was its special hostility to the gallant General Fluffer and the railroad ring that he represented. Of course its *supplement* must be all things to all men, and hence was claimed to be strictly neutral—emasculated of everything which could excite an emotion in the human mind, and such, Orlando fondly hoped and religiously believed it to be. Alas how prone this world is to evil. How oft our cherished idols are broken.

Now the sweet steady current of Fluffer—two columns more of *that* outrageous lying, sir!! Do you think a high-toned public sentiment is a-going to stand that ere stuff, you bloody minded heathen you? No, sir 'ee—Git, you *hound!!!*"

In vain Orlando attempted to explain that he had not read a word of the offending patent inside, and was innocent in its publication—that editors *never* read anything in their patent insides, and never know anything of their own internal economy, and that such a thing should *never* happen again! *Never!!* The Major would listen to no apologies or explanations. In vain Orlando plead for delay and opportunity to put on his pantaloons, which the Major had incontinently chucked out of the window.

Orlando's patent inside had outraged the most sacred sentiment of Punkville in a scurrillous witticism at the expense of Punkville itself, and the Major was but the vanguard and spokesman of an indignant community which had resolved on summary vengeance upon the traitor. The hoarse growl of a coming crowd of angry citizens jarred with discord the sweet air of the summer morn, and shouts of "rail," "rope" and "pitch," rose above the din.

The Major, blazing like a huge light-ship, appeared at the hotel door with Orlando in tow, running under bare poles, and firmly anchored by the ear. The procession fel' into line. All the proprieties of the occasion were strictly and decorously observed—not the minutest detail of tar, fence rail or feathers was omitted. The salutes of rotten egg were duly given—vocal explosions resounded all along the line of procession—and the still, muddy waters of Cow Creek received the now unrecognizable form of Orlando.

Fortunately he could swim,—and now far from Punkville he toys with the festive type at "40 cts per 1000 ems," and alludes not to the scenes of former greatness.

Peace reigns in Punkville—the calm waters of Cow Creek flow unruffled above the types and broken press of the *Clarion*. Ages have passed, and little children listen to the tale of Orlando Slop and his patent entrail, as it falls from the lips of aged men, and deem the same truly as a wild tale of old, or the fanciful dream of an idle imagination. For in these days, they say, such things may never be.

This was published the week before Jay Cooke failed

BLACK FRIDAY IN FERGUS.

Terrific Corner in the Peanut Market.

Ruin among the Bulls--The Corner Busted.

Incidents by Our Own Reporter.

Last week was the most eventful known since the first organization of the board. The anomalous and feverish condition of the market was observed by all the older operators early in the week. Though cash peanuts were held at regular rates during Monday and Tuesday and about the usual amount passed bond for actual consumption, there was on 'Change an upward tendency in Friday options, and large amounts were bid at an average advance of 1c ℔ quart, and several young operators were roped in at that figure. The old ones however detected a corner brewing and wisely kept aloof. The Wednesday statement proved unfavorable, and advices as to incoming stocks being regarded as unreliable by many of the best posted members of the board, prices jumped up to 12c ℔ quart for cash peanuts and consumers had to suffer.

Many regular dealers held back or transferred their attention to low grade candies of which at least 10 sticks were closed out for actual consumption.

The regular meeting of the board was crowded and wild rumors were circulated as to the effect of the weather on stocks in transit. At one time a report was circulated that a bridge had been carried out on the Pacific Road and as it became evident that no further receipts from that source could be expected before Saturday there was a scene of wild alarm. One heavy Court Street operator offered 15c for Friday delivery which was snapped up by a new firm on Union Avenue. Others followed suit and for a few minutes everything was lively, and the prospect of 1c further advance was promising until it was discovered that the report was a canard —no advices having been received from the Pacific Road. A panic ensued and prices tumbled to 11c. Later the market rallied to 12 and it is understood that the Court Street operator who had become thoroughly frightened compromised at the latter figure in advance. As his purchases must have been fully 2 qts. it was a so excited an assemblage within the walls of the chamber.

Posted conspicuously on the Bulletin was this dispatch:

CAMPBELL 8 A. M.

Half a bushel has passed this point *en route*. Should arrive at 2½ P. M.

(Signed) RELIABLE JONES.

This created great excitement but was generally believed and probably justly so to be a ruse of the bears.

As the hammer fell, a heavy Court street operator known as a bear leader, in a clear confident tone offered 5 qts at 11c. The board were staggered at the bold audacious movement, and stunned with the immensity of the transaction. What was the astonishment and bewildering surprise of the crowd when the leader of the bulls took the whole offer and followed up the charge by offering in the same breath, 12, 13, and 14c for as much more.

The bear combination was broken in an instant. It was a regular Waterloo—every one tried to look out for himself. They commenced hedging at 14c at which figure some small lots changed hands, but all attempts to cover shorts in the board were met handsomely by the bull leader and prices run up rapidly to 15, 16, and 17c. A heavy bear, in desperation offered 16c for 3 qts. to cover his shorts of yesterday at 13. This shows the desperation of the case. One of the big bulls caught him on the horn however and put it up to 17c.

A wild scene of excitement ensued. Shrieks of rage and despair, the roaring of the bulls and the howling of the bears made the chamber hideous. Several knock-downs occurred and at one time the whole board engaged in the melee. The President vainly hammered for order. What could be done in such a crisis! With ruin staring them in the face and blind rage in their hearts the bears were frantic and fearful to behold. The bulls had it all their own way, and steadily they crowded the thing up, 17—17½ 18—18½—19—19½, stopping a few minutes at each ½c and bellowing for peanuts at that figure till they were hoarse and no peanuts were for sale.

At 10 minutes to 3, the leading bull crowded to the front and in a clear loud voice offered 20c for 10 qts. The bears looked helplessly on while he repeated the call. A dead silence fell on that excited crowd. It was evident that this was the terrible figure heavy blow and he hobbled off the street and has not since put in an appearance at the board.

At the regular board on Thursday transactions were light, as in the absence of reliable advices as to stocks, both parties were reluctant to take risks. Cash peanuts stood at the usual figures in large lots. At the second board and after adjournment a little more stir was perceptable and Friday deliveries stood at 13@14c total sales reported about 2½ quarts.

The 7 o'clock circular however told a different story, and when it came to be generally known throughout the city that a certain bold operator on Lincoln Avenue had quietly through curbstone brokers and others, taken no less than 5 qts. Friday deliveries at 14c the excitement became intense. A pool was hastily formed among the leading bears to take all the cash peanuts in store so as to control prices on the morrow. The bears passed a sleepless night and soothing syrup and paregoric advanced rapidly.

Early on Friday morning the bears prepared to put their plan in execution. It was arranged to make all the purchases simultaneously so that no advance would have time to effect the market. They were simultaneously met by the astounding intelligence that the bulls had cleaned the entire market. It was found that stocks had been reduced to about 6 quarts in the aggregate, and the bull clique had actually been able to lock up the entire amount at 11½c cash. No doubt the banks were heavily drained, but whether they lent their aid knowingly to the scheme or not can only be determined by an investigation. We call on the Secretary of the Treasury for a rigid and searching examination into the facts. When banks prostitute their powers to such nefarious plans it is high time that their charters should be revoked.

The bears in great alarm held a secret conference before the meeting of the board. It has transpired that they discovered the aggregate of short sales to be not less than 16 qts. at an average price of 13½c—If the bulls should force the market up to 16c as was feared, it would sweep the street. Consignees could give no certain information as to incoming stocks although a large amount was known to be *in transitu*. In this desperate state of affairs it was resolved to break the market by one bold stroke at the very opening of the board.

Precisely at the stroke of two the President appeared and called the board to order. Never had been seen at which the bull clique proposed to settle—It was a scorcher, but a feeling of relief spread instantaneously through the crowd. It was evident that the bulls were unwilling to ruin *all* the younger bears. To most of them however it was clipping their claws where the Indian cut the dog's tail—just back of the ears.

At that instant a loud cry came up from the bridge, and the next moment a bulletin flashed out from the Presidents desk:

"THE PEANUTS HAVE ARRIVED."

This was the consignment that passed Campbell at 8 o'clock.

Where, oh, where were the bulls then? Fancy the revulsion of that moment. The bloated aristocrats of the moment before were beggars now. Shrieks of rage and wails of despair burst from the lips of the ruined bulls. The bears jumped on chairs and boxes and howled again—"ten quarts at 15c —14—13—12—11—10—9", and all over the chamber rose the cry—"NINE CENTS"—'NINE'—'NINE', and when the hammer fell and the President shouted "closed at nine cents," the bears screamed and hugged each other and simultaneously broke into:

"John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave."

And shouted themselves hoarse again.

The corner was broken. We estimate the losses of the bulls at fully a dollar and forty cents, as the average price could hardly have been less than 13c and the transactions certainly exceeded the enormous quantity of 30 qts.

Great interest was manifested throughout the city to learn the result of the Sunday School collections on last Sabbath. As a general thing the bulls failed to put up their regular 2c deposits.

As an offset however one of the oldest bears came down with the magnificent sum of 25c as an endowment to the new Theological Seminary on University hill, on condition that the establishment should hereafter bear his name.

The Trustees have the matter under consideration.

WHY will compositors be so careless? Here is an agricultural item that has been going the rounds till it is utterly demoralized. An eastern paper has it as follows:

The short-horned King, 60th Bull of Geneva, sold by Wm. S. the Duke of Minneapolis, two or three times for $8,000, has exported to England $1,500,000 in gold. This is undoubtedly the best bull ever perpetrated, and has crossed the ocean either way for years.

We should say so. That bull should be closed for repairs.

To 3d Column

To 4th Column

EDITORIAL SCRAPS.

It is astonishing how much valuable information is lying around loose in the newspapers, and which nobody seems to make any use of. Now if anybody would only cut out the following items and put them carefully away where children nor any one could ever find and destroy them, how useful they might be in an emergency:

How to Tell a Good Cow.—There is no certain way only to make yourself familiar with her language—then you can tell her anything you choose. Unless you have something important to communicate, the necessary time might be more profitably employed otherwise.

To Tell the Time of Day.—Set up a pole 50 or 60 feet high, in such a manner that its shadow will point north at noon. This is easily done by employing a surveyor and astronomer, taking care to allow for the paralysis of the apparent acceleration of time, the sun being on the equator. Then with a string lay out a series of concentric circles around the pole, so that the shadow of the pole will at certain times exactly reach the circle, which may be ascertained by experiment. At eight o'clock in the morning the circle need not be more than 300 or 400 feet across. Of course the shadow will reach to the same line at four o'clock in the afternoon, allowance being made for the variation of declination, which will not generally be more than an hour or two. Now it is plain to see that all you have to do when you want the time of day is to wait until a sunshiny morning and then observe to which circle the shadow reaches. You know then that it is just as much before noon as it will be afternoon when the shadow reaches the circle on the opposite side. This knowledge is invaluable.

An Easy Way to Reckon Interest.—At 13 ℘ cent., reduce the time to days, allowing one for leap year. Take the square root of the time, increased by four, and divide this by the sum of the digits in the amount. Multiply this by twice the number of days in the last month upon which interest is reckoned. One ninth of this sum will be the required answer. This rule should be committed to memory so as to be available when needed.

It is only by strict attention to scientific knowledge like the above that a young man can hope to rise to that summit of imbecility which is the distinguishing feature of the enlarged American Mind.

DARWINISM.

A Remarkble Case of Evolution.

The Habits of a Respectable Organization Imitated by a Collection of the LOWER ANIMALS.

Proceedings of the St. Paul Menagerie No. 19,276, Pograms of Agriculture.

Taken at Sight by the Journal Reporter and Artist.

St. Paul, Dec. 22, 1873.

Editor Fergus Falls Journal:

A very fine collection of trained animals, some of which had previously not "appeared on any stage," assembled in the barnyard of a prominent citizen one evening last week. The agricultural aspect of that crowd was truly remarkable. A large number of big Bugs of both sexes were present, and a near view of a flowery and verdant Mead enlivened the prospect. The animals were called to order by the

Hon. Igneous Loyliaginous D.,

who vocalized as follows:

Fellow Pograms: The country is in danger—everything is wrong. I have not lately been in Congress to assist in the repeal of laws I helped to make. As Shylock says, "Am I not a hog, and when pinched shall I not squeal?" Allow me to tell you a little story about the skunk and the jackass. It is highly appropriate.

We are, my Pograms, governed too much and taxed too little. Our farmers should be free to sell their wheat in Odessa, and to buy their oranges in Nova Zembla, subject to no tyrannic restraint from manufacturing monopolists or pig-iron despots. I will now introduce some elegant remarks about the nigger and the Massachusetts schoolma'am.

The iron heel of railroad oppression is making tracks all over our prairies, and charging a cent a mile for freight and two cents a mile for passengers all the way from Chicago to New York. I will now sing you a song about the monkey and the baboon's sister. This is all wrong. They should be compelled to carry for three cents a mile irrespective of persons or property. They are like two bundles between a jackass of hay and ignorant of their best interests.

But, fellow Pograms, what I rose to say is, that like the late king of the Cannibal Islands, I love the people: and as the hawk said to the chicken, "O, Jerusalem, how I would have gathered ye under my wings and couldn't do it." It's a mean dog who won't promise a friend a pup. And I have demagognes, and no words of mine can express my utter detestation of the lust for office exhibited by Ramsey and Washburne. I will now close with a graceful allusion to the nigger who got drunk on New England rum. [Subdued approbation.]

The Hon. William Goat

now came forward, and after removing his cud and ejecting a couple of quarts of hay tea, he smiled upon the fair bugs in the galleries and expressed himself as follows:

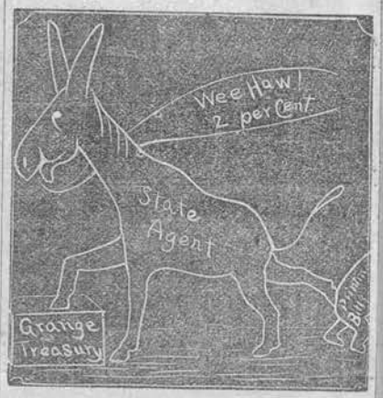
What we need and what we in thunder tones demand of this administration is Reform! I repeat it, sir, Reform!! Not a mere superficial and delusive ephemeris of improvement, but radical reform at the bottom!! [Immense feeling in the audience.]

The growing immorality and licentiousness of the age must be rebuked. [At this juncture an observer might have detected a tremulous motion in the left eyelid of the speaker evincing the deep emotion which agitated him.] Extravagance must be checked with a stern purpose, and *luxuries dispensed with.* [Immense sensation.] Corruption must be removed. Retribution must be swift, certain and terrible. Reform, I repeat it, sir, must be radical and immediate. It must begin *now and here!* [stamping and striking his breast with his beard.]

Howling P. Howl

then rose from a sitting posture, where he had been picking a bone, and after unfolding a serial and serious tale concerning a "pine ring," which he carefully deposited between his legs for safe keeping, and swallowing some uncomplimentary vomit concerning a prominent and respected citizen, he gave a preliminary yelp to clear his throat and barked as follows:

I, too, fellow creatures, have cause for complaint. Observe these itching paws, and this sore and chawed-up head! Am I not called a lousy and dirty dog? Alas, as A. Ward hath said, it is "troo—too troo." For myself I care not which side whips. Good Lord or Good Devil is all one to me, but I must insist upon the sacred right to turn an honest penny. Honesty is my most excellent holt, and I stand here to-day to protest against the degeneracy of the times and the daily press, to say nothing of the *Tribune.* The low state of journalistic honor, the sad prevalence of blackmailing, the vile tendency to slander, and the outrageous abuse of private confidence in the publication of things sacred to the privacy of domestic life, which I see in current newspaper literature—these, my fellow animals, are the things which excite my repugnance and horror. Daily I weep in my den over these evidences of the degradation of a once noble profession. And, by the way, I see a fellow over yonder that I know something about. He has got to *come down* or I shall go for him with commendable Dispatch. Excuse my emotion, my friends. *Yea-o-o-ow!* [Sympathetic fervor in the audience.]



The last speaker now arose with that elegance and grace which always distinguishes him, and having adjusted his ears to the proper focal length, he addressed the audience:

"We 'aw here, my friends," he observed, "on this most aw—aw—awpicious day to consider the most aw—aw—awpressive monopoly that the civilized world has ever witnessed. We 'aw here on this ear aw—aw—awcasion to demand that every one shall have what he wants and that there shall be no monopoly. [Loud cries of ear! ear!! Down with monopoly!!]

"They say I'm an ass, and have put my foot in it. Perhaps I have. It's not for me to say I haven't; but I'll bet you two dollars and fifty cents that they'll aw—aw—awbject when they see me take my foot out of it a nation sight worse than they do now. All I want is my little two per cent. for the time I aw—aw—awcupy in this business, and which some envious brutes 'aw striving to take from me. They'll find me obstinate. But what I do aw—aw—awpose, my friends, is big salaries and grinding mo-naw-aw-awpolies that eat up our substance."

At this juncture a printing bill was presented, which was referred by the speaker—free transportation included—to a select committee "just across the river," with the remark that it was "an aw-aw-dacious insult."

The meeting then adjourned to an adjoining livery stable, where the principal orators of the evening partook of a cold collation, and the reporter withdrew, profoundly impressed with the Darwinian theory.

Written for the Evening Mail.

"EXCELSIOR."

After Longfellow.

The "Shades" were closing very fast
Along 'bout midnight, when there passed
A youth, who carried up the stairs
A letter, which the postmark bears
"Excelsior!"

His hair was cleft. His tongue beneath
Was tightly grasped between his teeth,
Until released, in accents bland,
It said "I know John Parker's hand;
Excelsior."

"Try not a scoop!" an old man said
"Show not yourself a punkinhead!"
But J. L. M. yelled, loud and clear,
"The parson shot off John Stout's ear!
Excelsior."

"Oh pause," the maiden said, "and rest
Upon this cotton-batting breast;"
Says he "it's awful news! For then
John bust the parson's abdomen!
Excelsior!"

"Beware the rival's chastening rod!"
Brown whispered as he cleared the prod,
But Colonel Cliff. replied "Why, thunder!
Jones dragged the gory fiends asunder!
Excelsior."

At break of day from ward to ward
The noisy newsboy went abroad.
Folks waked from dreams to hear the shout
"The Trec-bee-youen! All about
Excelsior!"

A traveler fished at Harlow's isle
And on his face he smole a smile;
He had a Tribune in his hat
And muttered when he gazed at that,
Excel? Pshaw!

—PELEG WALES.

The Saratoga Belle of 1874.

There she goes, the old belle—and thus we sum her up:

Nine gallons of inflated panier, 176 yards of muslin in trailing underskirts, $48 worth of wig, one twenty-inch fan, $36 worth of dangling smelling-bottles, card-cases, and straps; 196 yards of gros grain silk, some cotton, pearl powder; $72 worth of teeth on gutta percha, six-button gloves, mammoth umbrella, copy of Edmond Yates' book—and all hanging on the arm of something intended to represent a man—a sort of amateur gentleman.

Saxe says:

Hark to the music of her borrowed tone;
Observe the blush that purchase makes her own;
See the sweet smile that sheds its beaming rays,
False as the bosom where her diamonds blaze.

And "Peleg Wales" remarks:

Anon the changes of her walk reveal
The patent instep and the patent heel;
The patent panier rounds the form divine,
Its patent arch supports a patent spine,
Lends matchless symmetery and sylph gait,
And bears the label, "PATENT '68."
A patent corset holds her flimsy form,
And patent dress-pads keep her bosom warm;
Behold the plaintive glance of patent eyes;
The patent lashes flutter as she sighs
And lifts her patent eyebrows in surprise.
She shakes her head—four packs of patent hair
Fly like a hop yard in the August air;
And twenty grim ghosts whisper her aside,
"Dear sylph! we wore that wig before we died!"
To whom respondeth, unabashed, the beauty,
"Git out, you spooks! I guess I know my jutey!"
The glarish gas her patent charms revealing,
Her bosom heaves with cotton batting feeling;
How smash her patent teeth with gutta percha fire,
And flash her patent eyes with belladonna fire;
She drops her patent chignon in a chair,
Then jumps to pick it up——

JOHN PARKER.

The Excelsior Fiend Chased by a Tribune Detective.

The Way of the Transgressor is Hard.

On Friday The Tribune remarked, concerning a gory outrage and sanguinary sell that had been perpetrated by some romancing topers of Excelsior:

"It seems we were the victim of a cruel and heartless hoax yesterday morning. The mail of the evening before brought us a letter from Excelsior, signed, 'John Parker,' giving elaborate details of an affray which was alleged to have taken place between the Rev. Mr. Sheldon, of that village and a saloon keeper. It proves that the whole story was a fabrication, and that no such person as John Parker is known at Excelsior. We have taken such steps as will, we hope, lead to the detection of the scoundrel, and if we can identify him, we shall prosecute him to the fullest extent of the law."

The Tribune sent out a private detective the same day to drive the low lived villain to his hole; and THE EVENING MAIL, not to be outdone for enterprise, notified its extensive corps of telegraphic correspondents to keep an eye oper. Some of their dispatches have come to hand to-day:

Special Dispatch to the Evening Mail.

EXCELSIOR, Aug. 22.—The Tribune's emissary arrived this morning looking for John Parker. He was dressed in a carbine, goggles, umbrella and high-heeled socks. He went right to the hotel and asked to be shown to Mr. Parker's room. Has not since been seen, though John Stout is waiting under the horse shed for him to come out.

Special Dispatch to the Evening Mail.

FERGUS FALLS, Aug. 22.—John Parker went through here this afternoon, on a saffron mule, chased by the Tribune policeman, who was on a jump close behind. The latter was afoot. A letter which he dropped was picked up, and read. It ran as follows: "Bring in John Parker, dead or alive. C. T."

Special Dispatch to the Evening Mail.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia, Aug. 23.—John Parker and The Tribune man went through here to-day, fairly flying. The chase was very exciting. The Tribune man seemed to be the spryest, and was a little ahead.

Special Dispatch to the Evening Mail.

GALVESTON, Tex., Aug. 24.—A man registered as John Parker at the Galt House to-day. The Tribune man is secreted with a shot-gun in the cloak room waiting for him to appear.

Special Dispatch to the Evening Mail.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 25.—One of our detectives, stimulated by The Tribune's offer of reward, has just found in the cemetery at Park street church, a moss-covered stone bearing the legend "John Parker, 1648." An application for permission to dig up the remains has been refused.

WE have received the following "varses" from an esteemed correspondent in the Pelican valley, and would respectfully inquire if the poet Longfellow has been heard from lately:

Not content with natural graces,
To enslave the masculines,
Charming maids with charming faces,
Put up jobs of various kinds.

Chief among which let me mention
(Though the subject still is sore
I bespeak your kind attention)
Wish bones just above the door.

Breast bones from the sportive chickens,
That is what I'd rise to say,
And it plays the very dickins,
In a general sort of way.

For the first unlucky eligible cuss that comes within,
Is a caught and ruined creature,
Surer than orig'nal sin.

For these wishing bones are elevated with a silent prayer,
That to him who first comes under,
They may prove a perfect snare.

And I think if the statistics,
Were procured in every guild,
'Twould but prove that these young misses,
Know the rock on which they build.

"Hope abandon ye who enter!"
O'er Inferno's door is writ,
And it should be in these cases,
I will answer well for it.

For the girls with all their graces,
Deep within their wicked nobs,
On the unprotected *he*-then,
Put up various kinds of jobs.

...dence manifest.

THE Washington correspondent of The Chicago Tribune thus telegraphs: "It seems certain that Bill King does not intend to give his evidence to the Committee. Three Sergeants-at-Arms have been hunting him for three weeks. If his $115,000 was simply the result of a private speculation in Pacific Mail stock, the Committee on Ways and Means are unable to understand why he seeks to evade Congress. It is not believed that King will ever attempt to ta take his seat in the Forty-third Congress, or to return to Washington, through fear of indictment in the courts. It is also said that, that, besides the $115,000, he also subsequently received from the Pacific Mail Company as a reward for having looked so near the prisoner's bars in his testimony at the second investigation, and yet escaped them." Rather rough for a Republican paper.

THE "pool theory of defence" being done-busted by William's own testimony in 1873, his friends in Minneapolis have fallen back on the more reasonable belief that several distinguished Senators who participated in "those hams" have formed another pool and made it a pecuniary object to William to imitate the example of Tweed's friends and seek retirement in foreign climes. If the voice of the Short Horn is to be heard no more in all the land, we shall be sad—so will his creditors.

REMINISCENCES OF SOUTHERN PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

BY H. H. B.

In the autumn of 1830 I attended a Methdoist camp-meeting in the interior of Georgia, and heard a sermon which I have never been able to forget or describe. At the earnest solicitation of friends, I have attempted several times to write it. But it cannot be put on paper. The main force of it was in the snuffling and spitting and groaning and hound-after-a-fox sort of yelp and whine, to which no pen can do justice. It must be *intoned* to be appreciated. I have preached it a thousand times for the amusement of friends, and have been satisfied with my effort. I have used it as a remedial agent in exorcising the demons of hypochondria, and have never failed "to send them down a steep place in the sea," or somewhere else, to the great relief of the sufferer.

The speaker had just been licensed and it was his first sermon. In person he was small, bullet-headed, of a fair, sandy complexion, and his countenance was indicative of sincerity and honesty.

His remarks evinced great reverence for the works of God as manifested in zoology and natural history, and "was taking up the Bible in regular order for the first time in his life." He had gotten as far as the history of Noah, the Ark, the Flood, etc. Besides, "just before his conversion he had been reading Goldsmith's 'Animated Nater,' and the two together, by the aid and assistance of the Sperit, had led him into a powerful train of thinking as he stood at his work-bench day in and day out."

But whatever his sermon may have been, it was his own. The text was: "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be." After commenting upon that portion of Genesis descriptive of the flood, he "warmed up" suddenly, and broke out in the following strains:

"Yes, my brethren, the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the g-r-e-a-t deep kivered the waters-ah, and there was Shem, and there Ham, and there Japheth-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah.

"And there was the elephant-ah, that g-r-e-a-t animal-ah, of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah what is as big as a house-ah, and his bones as big as a tree-ah, depending somewhat on the size of the tree-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the g-r-e-a-t deep kivered the waters-ah, and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japheth-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah.

"And there was the hippopoptamus-ah, that g-r-e-a-t animal-ah of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah what has a g-r-e-a-t horn-ah a stickin' right straight up out of his foreward-ah six feet long, more or less-ah, depending somewhat on the length of it-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah.

"And there was the giraffe-ah, my bretherin, that ill-contrived reptile of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated-Nater'-ah, whose forelogs is twenty-five feet long-ah, more or less-ah, depending somewhat on the length of 'em-ah, and a neck so long he can eat hay off the top of a barn-ah, depending somewhat on the hithe of the barn-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the great deep kivered the waters-ah; and there was Hem, and there was Shem, and there was Japheth-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah.

"And there was the zebra, my bretherenah, that b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l animal of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what has three hundred stripes a-runnin' right straight around his body-ah, more or less, depending somewhat on the number of stripes-ah, and nary two stripes alike-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah.

"And there was the anaconder-ah, that g-r-e-a-t sarpint of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what can swallow six oxens at a meal-ah, provided his appetite don't call for less-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the great deep kivered the waters-ah, and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japheth-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah.

"And there was the lion, brethren-ah, what is the king of beasts, accordin' to Scripter-ah, and who, as St. Paul says-ah, prowls around of a night like a roarin' devil-ah, a-seekin' if he can't catch somebody-ah; a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah.

"And there was the antelope-ah, my brethren, that frisky little critter-ah, of which Goldsmith describes in his "Animated Nater'-ah, what can jump seventy-five foot straight up-ah, and twice that distance down-ah, provided his legs will take him that fur-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the Ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the great deep kivered the waters-ah, and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japheth-ah, a-l-l a:gwine into the Ark-ah."

Just at this point he stopped speaking a few moments, wiped his forehead, turned back his wristbands, ran his fingers through his hair, spit and rubbed his boot in it, drank a little water, commenced on a lower key, and proceeded as follows:

"But time would fail me, my brethren, to describe all the animals that went into the Ark-ah. Your patience and my strength would give out before I got half through-ah. We talk, my bretherin, about the faith of Abraham and the patience of Job-ah; but it strikes me they didn't go much ahead of old Noer-ah. It tuck a right smart chance o' both to gether up all that gopher-wood and pitch and other truck for to build that craft-ah. I am a sort of carpenter myself, and have some idee of the job-ah. But to hammer, and saw, and maul, and split away on that one thing a hundred and twenty year-ah, an' lookin' for his pay in another world-ah—I tell me, my bretherin, if the Lord had a-sot Job at that, it's my opinion he would a-tuck his wife's advice inside of fifty year-ah. Besides, no doubt, his righteous soul was vexed every day, hand runnin', with the filthy communications of the blasphemious set that was always a-loaferin' and a-saunterin' around-ah, a-pickin' up his tools and a-misplacin' 'em, and a-callin' him an old fool or somethin' worse-ah; and, to clap the climax, he was a preacher, and had that ongodly gineration on his hands every Sunday-ah. But the Lord stood by him and seed him through the job-ah; and when everything was ready he didn't send Noer out to scrimmage an scour and hunt all over the wild world for to git up the critters and varmonts that he wanted saved-ah. They all come to his hand of their own accord, and Noer only had to head 'em in and fix 'em around in their places-ah. Then he gethered up his own family, and the Lord shut him in, and the heavens of the windows was open-ah.

"But, my bretherin, Noer-ah had use for patience after this-ah. Think what a time he must a-had a-feedin' and a-waterin' and a cleanin' out after sich a crowd-ah. Some of 'em, according to Goldsmith's 'Animated Nater-ah,' was carnivorious, and wanted fresh meat-ah; and some was herbivorious, and wanted vegetable food-ah; and some was wormivorious, and swallered live things whole-ah; and he had to feel everything accordin' to his nater. Hence, we view, my bretheren-ah, as the nater of the animals wasn't altered by goin' into the Ark-ah, some of 'em would roar, and howle, and bark, and bray, and squeal, and blate the whole indurin' night-ah, a-drivin' sleep from his eyes and slumber from his eyelets-ah; and at the first streak o' daylight the last hoof of 'em would set up a noise accordin' to its nater-ah, and the bulls of Bashan wer'n't no whar-ah. I've often wondered how their women stood it. Scripter is silent on this pint-ah; but I think I know of some that would a-been vapory and nervious under sich circumstances-ah, and in an onguarded moment might a-said somethin' besides their prayers-ah."

Here the speaker stopped again, spit, took water, etc., and hastened to a conclusion.

"My brethren," said he, "one more word for old Noer-ah and I will draw to a close-ah. After the outbeatin' time he had, first and last, for so many hundred year-ah, if he did, by accident or otherwise, take a leetele too much wine on one occasion-ah, I think less ort to a-been said about it-ah. Besides, I think he was entitled to one spree-ah, as he made the wine hisself, and, accordin' to Scripter, it makes glad the heart o' man-ah.

"My brethren, as it was in the days of Noer-ah, so shall the coming of the Son of man be-ah. The world will never be drownded agin-ah. It will be sot a-fire, and burnt up, root and branch, with a fervient heat-ah. Oh! what will wretched, ondone sinners do on that orful day-ah? They won't feel fit for to live, nor for to die-ah. They will be put to their wit's end, and knock and straddle around in every direction-ah. For all at onct, my bretherin-ah, they will behold the heavens a-darkenin'-ah, the seas a-roarin'-ah the tombs a-bustin'-ah, the mountains a-meltin'-ah; and everything, I think, will be in a confused and onsettled state.

"May the Lord add his blessing. Amen!"

—*Reprinted by request from* THE INDEPENDENT *for June 12th, 1873.*

CYRUS WAKEFIELD.

Death of one of the Boldest Speculators of Boston.

BOSTON, October 27.—The sudden death, yesterday, of Cyrus Wakefield has occasioned an unusual interest in all circles. He was one of the most extensive and boldest speculators in Boston, and held large lots of real estate in the heart of the business portion of the city, besides much more out of town. His wealth, in the first instance, was obtained by importing tattan, and manufacturing furniture of it. He owned many vessels trading with Singapore, which brought various cargoes. His manufactory in Wakefield employed 1,300 men, and he was largely interested in another of the same description in Fitchburg. He was also owner of the Boston and Maine Iron Works, a very extensive business. He held more stock in the Boston and Maine Railroad than any other individual, and large blocks in other roads, being a director in several railroad companies. In this city he owned the Quincy House, City Hotel, Central House, Old Brattle Square Church, and much contiguous property, where he proposed building a hotel whenever Washington street was extended. He also owned the Studio Building, on Tremont street. His real estate is said to be all heavily mortgaged. At one time during the panic, it was reported that he was in difficulty, but he met all his obligations, paying what was demanded for money and loans. There are not more than one or two men in Boston who carry on as extensive and various business as did Mr. Wakefield. The strain on his mental powers was enormous, for, like Oakes Ames, he carried his business in his head. He was very liberal and public-spirited. Lately he built a dormitory for Harvard College, at a cost of $100,000. He built a Town Hall for Wakefield, which was named in his honor, costing the same sum, and spent money freely for the improvement of the place. He was very popular with all classes, and especially with his workmen. There has been considerable speculation as to his real financial position, and opinions vary, some asserting a belief that his estate will prove insolvent, but those who are most likely to know say that, after paying all boating obligations, amounting to several hundred thousand dollars, there will be left more than $2,000,000. He leaves no children. His death is reckoned a public loss, for he had few equals in shrewdness, courage, and capacity for large affairs.

LIKE the love of David for Jonathan, Damon for Pythias and Carton for Miss Manette, is the persevering fondness of Fletcher for Christopher Columbus Andrews.

Later.—The Andrews ring is broken—his supporters all deserting him to-day with Fletcher at their head.

"Of all sad words of tongues or pens
The saddest are these—we might have beans."

A CROSS-CUTTING PHANTASY.

The Rough and Tumble railroad was a lively thoroughfare,
But its rolling stock and track, for want of adequate repair,
Afforded solemn evidence of fearful wear and tear.

It trains were run by telegraph. It may be that is why
Most of its trains collided; for nobody can deny
The melancholy fact that telegraph will sometimes lie.

For causing sudden deaths that road was noted, far and wide,
And innumerable coroners with business were supplied—
Holding inquests on the corpses mangled, roasted, steamed or fried.

Not a coroner among them who was worthy of the name,
Was sufficiently ungrateful, or insensible to shame,
To ever take a verdict finding any one to blame.

Nor were these coroners without an adequate excuse;
For when a goose lays golden eggs, to go and cook that goose
Would argue an intelligence ridiculously loose.

So the coroners all fattened on their ill-begotten gains
And encouraged that vile railroad to dash out people's brains,
Till the "Travelers' insurance" took their agents off its trains;

And the favorite mode of suicide was traveling by that route,
For the passengers were always in a state of pleasant doubt
As to just the precise moment when they might go up the spout.

And when disasters happened it seemed rather to amuse
The officials of that railroad, to be able to abuse
The friends of slaughtered victims prowling 'round to get some news.

But one day's fearful slaughter caused a Daniel, on the bench,
To denounce that railroad's management as an outrageous stench
In the nostrils of the public, which he meant forthwith to quench!

He said, "Your entire crew, from president to track-patrols
Shall take one trip upon that road; and may those greedy ghouls—
The coroners—have mercy on your despicable souls!"

The judge refused to grant a stay, and eke refused all bail,
And then that wretched crew gave voice to one de-pairing wail,
For well they knew the fate of those once rode upon the rail!

As this was the director's train, a free track was his due;
It ran straight through five other trains, yet onward still it flew
Until some gaunt and lofty trestle-work appalled that crew.

Down from its dizzy height that train went to eternal smash,
And was fire. In fifteen minutes from the antecedent crash,
Converted seven carloads of officials into hash!

A few directors crawled away, but that they always do—
But it is a satisfaction to relate, because 'tis true,
That not a single soul escaped from that atoning stew!

—*From the Buffalo Courier.*

COL. KING'S SERVICES.

Witness did not employ Wm. S. King, but paid him $125,000 for services under his engagement by Stockwell. Witness has no knowledge of King having paid out any portion of that sum; considered him a very indiscreet advocate, as he talked indiscriminately to friend or foe.

Witness considered Schumaker to be virtually in charge of the measure in the House. He, (Irwin) did not go the House but confined his attention to the progress of the bill in the Senate.

Irwin's examination was here suspended until Monday, as he was suffering greatly from ill health.

THE TENACITY OF LOVE.

BY PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

Abou Ben Adhem, the wise magician, does not leave his home in New Jersey to go off to watering places in the summer, for the reason that life is uncertain. Should death overtake him where there was any thing to make life worth preserving, he thinks it would annoy him to go into the dim hereafter. Hence he remains in his tent, philosophizing on life, and making life entirely undesirable by giving audience to his neighbors who hunger for advice; which, as is the custom of mankind, they go to a great deal of trouble to get, but never regard. Bothered as he is by these seekers after wisdom, he is kept continually in a frame of mind that causes him to regard death as a rather pleasant deliverer.

Abou was sitting outside his tent, and had been solacing himself with the elixir of life. With great presence of mind he put the bottle behind his chair, before it could have been observed, that expectations which were not to be realized should not be awakened in the mind of the stranger, and with great skill assumed the thoughtful expression that is always seen in photographs of young ministers and lawyers.

"Great Abou," said the stranger, 'I want advice."

"State your case," said Abou, blandly. "You have come to the right shop. Advice is my best hold. As an advisor, I am unequalled by few and excelled by none."

"I have a daughter," said the stranger, "who is passing fair. Her hair is like silk, her eyes are as blue as yon arch that bends above us—the gazelle is not more graceful in movement; in hape—"

"Cut it short," said Abou, impaiently; I know all about it. I have ead novels. Your girl is pretty, I resume. I will concede it. To the oint, garrulous man, to the point."

"I am rich—I am a bloated aristorat. I have blood, and Keturah Jane, my daughter, is entitled to mate with the highest and per-oudest. But, great Abou, a dry goods clerk—a nameless counter-jumper, on a salary of five hundred dollars a year, has lifted his presumptuous eyes to Keturah Jane—"

"And she?"

"She lowers herself to him. He has black hair which he parts in the middle—he has a broad white forehead, white teeth; and he wears No. 5 boots, which are always of patent leather. He brushes his teeth regularly, has always a white shirt front, and—"

"What a tiresome fellow thou art," interrupted Abou impatiently. "By the bones of the prophet, man, dost think I know not the fellow? Chesit! Say at once he is a village fop—say he is a clerk in a dry goods store, a photographer, a dancing-master or writing-teacher, or that he runs a singing school, and shall I not know all about him? If you say to me, 'my cow is a Durham,' must you go on and tell me of her hair and horns? Mankind, O, most stupid, runs in kinds as do cows. Say to me of a man 'he is a New York ward politician,' and do I not at once know that he hath a bottle nose, a diamond pin, a prominent abbomen, a a revolver and a broken nose on a face which is a record of broken commandments? Say of another, 'Lo, he is a member of Congress and is popular with the people,' and do I not know he weareth a perpetual smile, and that his hand hath two motions—one as if shaking the hand of another, the other as if patting a baby on the head? Doth not nature and education put their stamp on all men, which he who runs may read if he hath eyes? By the dust of my ancestors, you tire me. He is a dry goods clerk—go on."

"Mighty Abou, I bow in the dust before thee. Pardon the stupidity of your obtuse slave. Truly, wisdom cometh not with money, nor acuteness with lands and herds. But Keturah Jane fancyeth this man, and will not wed Jenkins, whom I prefer. She will hear of no one else but this dry goods clerk, and because I forbade him the house, and hoisted him off my front door step with the toe of my boot, and set my dogs at him, and shot at him with a double-barreled shot-gun loaded with bird shot, she mourneth and refuseth to be comforted."

"And the man?"

"Like a tick sticketh he. The mospuito of our beloved New Jersey is not more persistent. Bludgeons, shot guns and bull-dogs have no effect upon him. He lurks about my dwelling by day, and maketh my nights hideous with serenades. Mighty Abou, he sings tenor, and he knows but one song, which is 'Ever of thee.' Eighty and two nights in succession hath he sung that song under her window. Life is, in consequence, a burden to me."

"Listen," said Abou, lighting his pipe, and fixing the unfortunat man with his eye. "In the dim years long since fled, I too had a daughter. No damsel in Persia was fairer—Isaphan could boast no lovelier. Her voice was that of the bulbul; her form was as slender and graceful as the young cypress; she was as round as the apples; her eyes—by the bones of the prophet, the sloe was not blacker, and her hair—"

"Mighty Abou, ahem! do not girls run in classes as do cattle? Say she was a pretty girl, and I shall know all about her."

"Wretch, is there no difference between the description of a discriber and a clod like you? Go to. Am I talking, or are you? I was rich, as are you. I had been in Congress twelve years, and we had voted ourselves back pay every session; we had a mighty nice slice out of the Bulbul and Cashmere Railroad, to say nothing of the dip we had in the Ispahan Slack Water Navigation Company. I was, I might say, the Oakes Ames of Persia.

"My daughter loved and was loved by a youth of Ispahan, who was a mere seller of shawls. He stood in the bazar, on a small salary, with no chance to steal but little, and was therefore poor. His master, a Jew from Cairo, paid him but four dirhems per month, which would hardly keep him in kirboshes. He kept up style, however, by bilking his landlady and borrowing. His capital was cheek. The immorality and dishonesty of the lower classes is something terrible. Baba, my daughter, loved him, nevertheless. She would steal out into the garden nights to meet him; she would go to the mosque to meet him; and he even once penetrated to her chamber.

"I remonstrated with the young fellow, but to no purpose. I desired Baba to wed with Hassan, the rich merchant, but he was old and ugly, and she preferred the penniless young man. I pointed out to her the probability of Hassan's dying and leaving her a rich widow, but she was immovable.

" 'Papa,' said she, 'I will never desert Ilderim till he deserts me, which he never will. I can die, but what is death? It is merely a change; the body moulders in the silent tomb, but the spirit, the eternal essence, returns to and becomes part of the supreme entity from which it originally sprang. Your cruelty may drive me to an immediate return to my native heaven, but as for marrying Hassan—not for Joe.'

"I was determined that she should not wed with Ilderim, but did not resort to bludgeons and double-barreled shot guns, and bull-dogs, and things of that unpleasant nature. Not any. I am an astute old gentleman, whose eyeteeth have been cut. I met Ilderim cordially the next day. I invited him to the house—I said to him, 'Take Baba to the minstrels, and to the Young Men's Christian Association lectures, and other places of cheerful amusement,' and I slapped him on the back, and remarked that I liked young men of spirit.

"But just at that time a story got into circulation that I had been speculating in stocks—that I had been led into trouble by Jimfisqu and Jagoold—two railroad financiers of that day, who would clean out an honest man in less time than it would take him to write out an assignment—that I had confided in Da Neldroo, and, in short, that I was busted. And the next time that Ilderim came there were officers of the Cadi in the house, who were, as he entered, apprising Baba's Steinway piano. I fell on his neck and wept, and told him I was ruined, and asked him to see if he could not get me a place as a scribe for his master, for I was now poorer than he.

"I need not dwell on this painful theme. I was surprized to see Ilderim's vacant look, as he remarked, 'It's a queer go,' and pained to see him absent himself without even asking for Baba. And two days after I heard Baba speak of him as a 'heartless wretch,' which remark she made just after seeing him promenading gaily with Zobeide, the daughter of Zanroud, the rich candle maker. Baba married Hassan the next week. Ilderim was disgusted when he discovered that I had not lost my shekels—that not a dirhem had left my pouch, and that the officers he saw in my house were my own slaves in disguise, and he accused Hassan and myself of having 'put it up on him,' as he expressed it. Possibly we did. Mind is stronger than muscle, the cunning dwarf can do more than the stupid giant. Management will accomplish what kicks and bludgeons cannot. Kicks never reach the seat of reason.

"Go home, fond father, go home. Spread the report of your failure—get it noised about that you have been a week in Wall Street, and see how long it will take your dry goods clerk to jilt Keturah Jane, Then will Keturah Jane wed whomsoever you wilt. Her head is set on matrimony, and she must marry somebody. The moment her present young man goes back on her (to use a phrase of the ancients) you may nominate his successor, for marry somebody she will, if for no other reason than to spite the man who jilted her. Once set on matrimony they marry. The flame of Hymen in a girl's bosom never goes out—never. Follow my advice, and she will be Mrs. Jenkins in a week! Away, dotard, away!"

And Abou Ben Adhem gathered up his pipe and bottle, and went into his tent for his siesta.

A Sad Parallel.

From Pioneer—Minneapolis Column.

Senator Donnelly says: "I never received one dollar from that company, either directly or indirectly." That's what Bill said.

Stab at Ramsey.

FROM COL. KING.

About a fortnight ago we received from Col. W. S. King a letter for publication, earnestly expressing the regret that we had admitted "the notorious and disreputable Woodhull into the editorial and advertising columns of the TRIBUNE." As the business manager had followed recognized newspaper usage in accepting the advertising alluded to; as Mrs. Woodhull's name had never gained admission into the editorial columns, excepting for the purpose of enabling us to condemn her doctrines as pernicious; as we felt sure that the course of the TRIBUNE was approved by the people of Minneapolis and as we believed it to be right, and, moreover, as it seemed possible that Col. King had misapprehended the circumstances of the case, we assumed the responsibility of suspending the publication of the letter till we could confer with its writer and explain. We have done so, and he still dissents from our position. We therefore print below the original letter—delayed, but quite unambiguous:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.

To the Editor of the Minneapolis Tribune:

Nothing can be more unpleasant to the writer than to publicly dissent from the editorial expressions and management of the TRIBUNE. But a sense of personal as well as of public duty impels him to say, that the recent admission of the notorious and disreputable "Woodhull" into the editorial and advertising columns of the TRIBUNE is most mortifying and humiliating to him, because, as one of the proprietors of the paper, he will be held responsible by the public for the manner in which its columns are conducted. That these parties, so notoriously indecent and blasphemous in their publicly proclaimed sentiments, should have been allowed to throw their vile poison out upon the community through the columns of the TRIBUNE, is to him a source of deep regret.

That, as you state, other papers which chose to publish the "Woodhull Lecture" in full, found ready sale for a large number of papers containing the same, may be true. But other, and if possible, viler documents intended to lead to the debauchery of the bodies and to the destruction of the souls of our sons and daughters, have found a much greater sale, even though prohibited by law.

In advertising for and noticing editorially the advent and doings of the parties referred to, the editor and business manager of the TRIBUNE followed, as the writer is well aware, journalistic custom and usage, and violated no law of generally accepted newspaper practice and etiquette. But whatever common usage may establish in such matters, or however much money may be brought to the coffers of the TRIBUNE by that class of advertising, the undersigned prefers that the paper shall on all such questions pursue the more exceptional policy of excluding this class of matter both from its business and editorial columns; a policy which he trusts may be rigidly adhered to in the future.

W. S. K.

CONCERNING Col. King's dilemma, The Tribune says:

"When the fight [between the bulls and bears], is over, it will be time to look after the killed and wounded. We count Col. King among the latter, and have confidence in his ultimate recovery. * * * But he is just the kind of a man who would keep out of the way at a critical moment, at any sacrifice to himself, if by so doing he could serve a friend."

Very well said, indeed; only, is not the last sentence rather a rough dig at Ramsey?

FOOLISH LYING.

The St. Paul Press speaking of Gen. Averill's efforts in securing the extension of time for completing the construction of the St. Vincent branch of the St. Paul and Pacific R. R. says:

The friends of Mr. King have labored to ignore the great service rendered by Gen. Averill to his constituents in securing the passage of this important measure, to which it is understood that Mr. King was opposed.

We know of no "friend of Mr. King" who has "labored to ignore the great service rendered by Gen. Averill in securing the passage of this important measure," but we *do* know that the editor of The Press *intentionally* insinuated a lie when he stated that Mr. King "was opposed" to that bill. Instead of its being "understood" that Mr. King "was opposed" to that bill, it was well known and distinctly "understood" by Col. De Graff, Col. Crook, and every other friend of that measure that Mr. King was earnestly in favor of the extension asked and rendered important "service" in securing the passage of the bill. Now that The St. Paul Press has got down to that small kind of lying, it should call in Geo. B. Wright as associate editor in the dirty work of misrepresenting Mr. King's position on the bill referred to. Joe Wheelock's long experience in such business has made him proficient, but as a "natural born liar" where a "little practice will make perfect" we rather think Geo. B. Wright is entitled to the "ribbon."

But what a team they would make hitched up together.

THE Detroit Record questions the St. Paul Press about a certain $30,000 bribe said to have been paid that paper once upon a time. The Press retorts by asking the Record for the name of the villian who paid the bribe. For fear that the Record may be ignorant, and the Press reluctant, we would suggest that the initials of that paragon of virtue, who bribed the Press with $30,000, are William Subsidy King, sometimes called bilking.

AH Ebenezer—caught at your old tricks again. Why don't you write to Col. King and ask him if somebodys statements that he (King) had slaughteted his grandmother and eaten her on the half shell were correct? Why don't you find another ticket on the ice, or another unonymous letter thrown through the window? Why don't you invent another cock and bull story about the court house block? This last yarn of yours is a little *too* thin. It don't wash worth a cent. Try again.

JOHANNES PETERSON, who pocketed a five dollar note for telling Bill King the right or left road to Elizabeth, was infected with the generous act, and divided it with a couple of partners, to whom he gave $1.50 each.

MUD-THROWING.

We protest against the transfer to Minneapolis of the disgraceful style of campaign journalism which some frontier newspapers have inaugurated; and in support of this protest we to-day print a letter from Mr. George B. Wright to the editor of The Tribune. We shall not co-operate with partizans on either side in the business of throwing mud at any reputable citizen merely for the crime of expressing an opinion of his own on any public question. The Tribune has no more right to call Mr. Wright "an infamous liar" on account of his political opinions or those of the Fergus Falls Journal, than we have to call Mr. Hendryx an infamous liar on account of his opinions, or some expressions of The Tribune. We trust The Tribune will not turn over a bad new leaf by introducing here the piratical style of journalism.

AN OPEN LETTER.

George B. Wright, Esq., Has a Word to Say.

DULUTH, Aug. 22, 1874.

MY DEAR COL. CLIFF—A friend has just called my attention to your complimentary allusion to me in to-day's Tribune. I am thankful to that friend for his considerate thoughtfulness. Had it not been for him I might forever have remained in ignorance of the views of the Illustrious Conservator of Public Morals on a question—to me—of importance. So I hasten to return the compliment, and, fearful that it might never reach you through The Tribune, I am impelled to forward it to you through the mail—EVENING MAIL I may say. Permit me, therefore, to observe (if in such a matter I have any right to speak) that, although I don't exactly see the relevancy of your remarks, yet I am free to say that I admire your spirit. It is what I should have expected from an Illustrious Conservator, etc., like yourself. Give me high-toned journalism every time—and Cliff—what you don't know about honor, morality and fair speech, don't signify.

None but a base, low-born wretch could fail to recognize in the Head Light of the City Hall all the elements of Moral Superiority (with capitals.)

A captious and unreasonable sort of chap might indeed object to being called a "natural born liar" in an editorial having no reference to him or in any way showing what the editor was driving at, or what reasons the editor had for using such language—just as though the Illustrious Conservator isn't entitled to select language best fitted to his own style and character.

Such a critic might say that journalism of that sort is a disgrace to the name—that frontier swashbuckling isn't quite the thing for a civilized community and that dragging before the public in the manner you have done, the name of a private citizen with whom the editor cannot have any occasion for difference except that he privately entertains opinions in respect to a candidate for Congress not in accord with those of the editor, is a shameful abuse of the position which he holds, and is a standing menace to the public if it shall in any respect dissent from the dictation of the editor. But Cliff, you know I'm not one of the captious or quarrelsome sort. You know I wouldn't say such a thing if I had a chance to, and that's why you sailed into me—and, as I said before, I like your style—just because it so befits you. And yet, my dear Colonel, permit me to say that I think you have made a mistake.

I'm not running for office and have no stamps to fork over, either in pay for slobber or to avoid blackmail, so I am happy, and particularly so since I have the assurance that the Illustrious Conservator does not endorse me.

Henceforth my friends will rest assured that I am a pretty decent sort of a fellow.

Ever of Thee, GEO. B. WRIGHT.

THE letter from Geo. B. Wright, which we print on our first page, in reply to King and Corliss, is in clear contrast to the coarse, ungentlemanly letter of the would-be Congressman printed in a recent number of the Advocate. It will repay a perusal.

COME rise up William Subsidee,
And tell us all you know;
They say it is a perjuree,
Sweet William, "Isn dot so?"

His name is Schumaker,
A Brooklyn M. C.,
A bribe giver and taker,
And he says, says he,
"That's just what's the matter with me."

ABOVE THE FALLS.

Col. King obtained from Congress winter an appropriation of $25,000 to prove navigation above the Falls of Anthony. Government engineers are at work removing obstructions from channel, but more money will be needed before steamboats can run freely. Col. King to Congress and the appropriations will be made as fast as the

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM GEO. B. WRIGHT.

He Replies to Corliss and King--It was Somebody Else who Lied.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 21, 1874.

Editor Fergus Falls Journal:

A letter purporting to be from E. E. Corliss to Wm. S. King has been published, in which it is stated explicitly that I asserted to the people of Fergus Falls—

1. That the N. P. R. R. is hostile to the St. Vincent branch of the St. Paul & Pacific R. R.

2. That Wm. S. King is interested in the N. P. R. R., and

3. That Mr. King did, at the last session of Congress, oppose the passage of the bill extending the time of completion of the said St. Vincent Branch.

And the innocent seeker after truth asks Mr. King for the "facts." Mr. King in reply, ignoring the first two points above, gives the "facts" in relation to the third charge, claiming that he favored the bill and that I opposed it, and he proceeds eloquently and juicily to go on his ear in denunciation of the "vile and infamous falsehoods" which—if Mr. Corliss is correct—I have put upon an unsuspecting public.

And now comes the party of the second part, the subscriber hereto, and he desires to state and does state with due explicitness, that he never, in Fergus Falls or elsewhere, made the statements imputed to him in the third of Mr. Corliss' charges as noted above, nor any statement which could be construed to imply any such meaning. Furthermore that such a statement is in direct conflict with what he did say in Fergus Falls.

But, to be more explicit, I wish to say that I did not make "assertions" at all, and especially that in a conversation with Mr. Nichols,—about the only extended one I had with any one in Fergus Falls on the subject—I stated merely my reasons for believing as I did, based upon the facts in the situation, which were admitted by both. In the course of this conversation Mr. Nichols said that he believed last winter that the Northern Pacific was hostile to us, and that I then defended it, and he asked how I reconciled my views then and now, and I gave him my reasons plainly as follows: That last winter, when the extension bills were pending, the North Pacific as I then and now understood, owned the stock of the St. Vincent line, and any legislation in its behalf and for its benefit were to the advantage of the Northern Pacific Company. That *since* that time and *since* the passage of those bills the North Pacific people had, I understood, sold the stock of the Saint Vincent to Mr. Litchfield, and now had no interest in it. That by that sale their interests and relations to the whole subject had changed, and that they could now, as it seemed to me, have no policy but to secure if possible all the great trade of northwest Minnesota and British America and carry it eastward from Glyndon over their own road, and to prevent its going *across* their road southward from Glyndon, via Fergus, on the road of a competing company. That I did not consider Mr. King or the N. P. Company as either specially hostile or friendly to us, but that I believed they would do what their principal interest prompted, just as he or I or any other sensible and selfish business man would be likely to do under the same circumstances; and that it was clearly their business interest to prevent at all hazards the completion of the connection southward from Glyndon, and equally their interest to encourage the building of the same line northward from Glyndon, where it would act as a feeder to the N. P. line.

I allude particularly to this conversation as being almost the only one I had on the subject—as the one upon which I believe Mr. Corliss based his statement—as showing pretty fully my views on the subject, and as showing conclusively that those views and statements were utterly contradictory to the idea that the N. P. Company was opposed to the extension bill last winter or when the bill was passed.

What Mr. King's position was at the time the bill passed, I never knew or claimed to know, and so far as I can remember it was not alluded to by me or by any one in my hearing at Fergus Falls. I then supposed and do now think, that at the time of its passage he favored or acquiesced in the bill as finally passed, but I did not understand that he worked for or against it.

Mr. King thinks he has discovered a mare's nest, and publishes with a tremendous flourish, the fact—known at the time to the people of Fergus Falls—that I did not favor the extension bill in the form in which it passed the Senate. Mr. King tells the truth substantially in that matter, so far as he goes, and he goes just far enough to leave a false impression. I did protest vigorously to Gen. Averill against that bill. It was not the one which the people of the State had demanded, and it did not impose the guarantees and pledges of good faith which the people and the State Legislature had deemed necessary. But when Gen. Averill wrote me that it would not be possible to better it at that late hour of the session, and that to send it again back to the Senate would kill it entirely, I urged him to secure its passage, as the best thing that could be done under the circumstances. But these matters were known long ago to the people of Fergus Falls, and are not worth repeating now. And while my honor and character are to me, perhaps, as dear as Col. King's are to him, I do not see the necessity in stating the "facts" to denounce Mr. King as a villainous and unmitigated liar, or to repeat the charge in varied language a dozen times in a single letter, as he has done. Such talk, while it degrades its author (if he is not already at the bottom) never proves anything.

The pinched rat squeals, and this attempt to shift the issues of the campaign will not avail. The question still remains, Do not the admitted facts abundantly show that the N. P. R. R. Company, and Bill King their lobbyist, are and must of necessity be, vitally hostile to the Fergus and Alexandria connection? And the answer is Yes! And the second question comes also: Is any man who descends to the low, disgraceful abuse and slander which Mr. King has been guilty of in his published letters in the Advocate, a fit man to go to Congress and to maintain the dignity of the people of a great and prosperous State in that high position? Is such a man one to command the respect and confidence of his associates in Congress? Is the language and style he has used that marking the gentleman? And the answer is No!

It is of little consequence to the people of this district whether I did or did not say a certain thing. But it is important to them what sort of man their Congressman is. And to the people of Otter Tail, Grant and Douglas counties it is even more important that they vote for a man who is the friend and not the enemy of their business interests.

Respectfully,

GEO. B. WRIGHT.

FRONT DOOR SHIRT.—A fellow went into one of our stores the other day, and says he:

"Have yer got any front door fine shirts?"

The clerk said they had a magnificent line of shirts, the latest styles; but they all opened in the back, which was just the thing now, and no other kind was worn.

"Well," said the customer, "I don't keer a cuss what you all wear; I want no shirt with only a back door to go into it; I allers went into my shirts the front way, and if yer han't got no shirts like I allers wore, yer can take yer new fangled truck, and I'll wear my old red one till the fashion changes back again."

And off he went, independent as a bovine monarch on congealed water.

—This is the latest: Two thieves, well dressed, of course, enter a jewelry store and open a conversation with the watchmaker. Presently a customer enters. He wants his watch repaired. The conversation of the customer furnishes the rascals with the number of the watch, the repairs to be done, and the time it will be finished. On the day the watch is to be ready, a boy calls at the jeweler's store and presents an order for the watch. As the order contains a full description of the watch, and is accompanied by the money, the jeweler has no reason to refuse to deliver the article. When the owner calls he is minus a timepiece. It is a Boston idea.

—This is how it happened down in Southwest Missouri:

He found a rope and picked it up,
And with it walked away,
It happened that to t'other end
A horse was hitched, they say.

They found a tree, and tied the rope
Unto a swinging limb.
It happened that the other end
Was somehow hitched to him.

A Card From Geo. B. Wright.

To the Editor of The Minneapolis Tribune:

I dislike to make personal statements or explanations, but in justice to you, to myself and to the public. I think that one is due.

I read yesterday in the Fergus Falls Advocate of the 19th a published letter of one E. E. Corliss, of Fergus Falls, to Wm. S. King, charging me with stating publicly that Mr. King opposed the extension of the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad grant in Washington last winter. Mr. King's reply to Mr. Corliss is also published in The Advocate, and charges me with falsehood. I presume you had Mr. Corliss' statement as a foundation for your editorial in reference to me. In reply I have to say that I have not, at Fergus Falls or elsewhere, publicly or privately made any such statement as charged, or anything that could bear such construction. I wish to add further in reference to the charge that I had written letters to The St. Paul Press opposing Mr. King, that while I see nothing atrocious in such a thing as charged, it so happens that I didn't do it. To the best of my knowledge and belief it is about ten years since I have written a word that has been published in The Press, except perhaps a business advertisement. The offending Press letter I have never even seen, and have not the remotest idea of the author. As to what Col. King did in the St. Paul and Pacific matter I never knew or asked to know, but always supposed that he favored the bill of Mr. Ramsey's as it finally passed.

I do not wish to trespass further upon your space unless you wish confirmation of my statement above, and would dismiss the matter with the remark that I could have desired that Col. King and yourself should have investigated the truth of the charge against me, before accusing me of falsehood, and further that had I known the grounds upon which you wrote, I should not have answered you through The Mail, and though much may be excused in the heat of a political contest, I do not desire to give or take any but fair blows. GEO. B. WRIGHT.

Minneapolis, Aug. 25.

JOHN PARKER HEARD FROM.

We take this opportunity to again denounce that hypocritical scoundrel and calumnious villain, John Parker, of Excelsior. Again he has imposed his loathesome lies upon our confiding neighbor, The Tribune. Hopping from polemical pugilism to piratical politics, he writes to The Tribune that George B. Wright, Esq., wrote a certain anonymous letter to The Press, whereat The Tribune straightway denounced Mr. Wright as "an infamous liar"; also that Mr. Wright has said that Col. King opposed the passage of the St. Paul and Pacific railroad bill—whereat The Tribune characterized Mr. Wright as "a natural-born liar." Mr. Wright now calmly states, in The Tribune of this morning, that he never wrote such a letter and never said such a thing. Whereupon The Tribune properly retracts.

Hanging is too good for John Parker. Tar is too white for him, and feathers are too ornamental. Is this insidious falsifier to be allowed to ravage our fair community farther? No!—several times No! The man who doesn't want to be desolated should go for his scalp. The women and children ought to rise with a shudder of horror and track the wolf to his lair as they would track the abductor of Charley Ross. For what is petit larceny compared with an unreliable reporter? If John Parker is allowed to live, no citizen is safe from his depredations. Of course every well regulated newspaper will at once assume his statements to be true and pitch into everybody when he gives the cue. The only relief is the hanging, drowning, garoting or otherwise stopping the breath of John Parker, the moral marauder and Fiend of the Lake.

Col. King merely illustrates the force of habit by becoming himself an Overdue Bill. Of course the Sergeant-at-Arms can't collect him.

WILLIAM S. KING.

Everybody Knows He was in Washington Before the Holidays.

He Offered His Services to the Committee "and Something Else."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—The Ways and Means Committee making investigation into the Pacific Mail subsidy business took testimony to-day concerning the presence of Wm. S. King in Washington. A correspondent testified that he was informed by the messenger of the committee that Col. King was in Washington recently.

The messenger testified that he saw him near the committee room on the day preceding the holiday adjournment in December and heard him inquire for Wm. Bassett, Clerk of the Committee.

Bassett, in turn, testified that King came to the Committee room and said he would like to see his former testimony given a year ago, and this being public the witness supposed him with a copy. Beck said there was no dispute about King having been in Washington, and Dawes remarked that King went to New York with the sub committee, tendering his services and offering something else.

Let every tax-payer whose interest is in the prosperity and future greatness of Minneapolis, who would have a representative at the National Capital whom he can rely and trust to secure the appropriations necessary to the same, vote for Wm. S. King's election to Congress means activity in the prosecution of all public works, and the disbursement of large sums of public money to meet the urgent demands of the people for cheap transportation.

Arizona, for the man of enterprise.

individual." This must not be understood to be a stab at Ramsey.

done so a month ago!

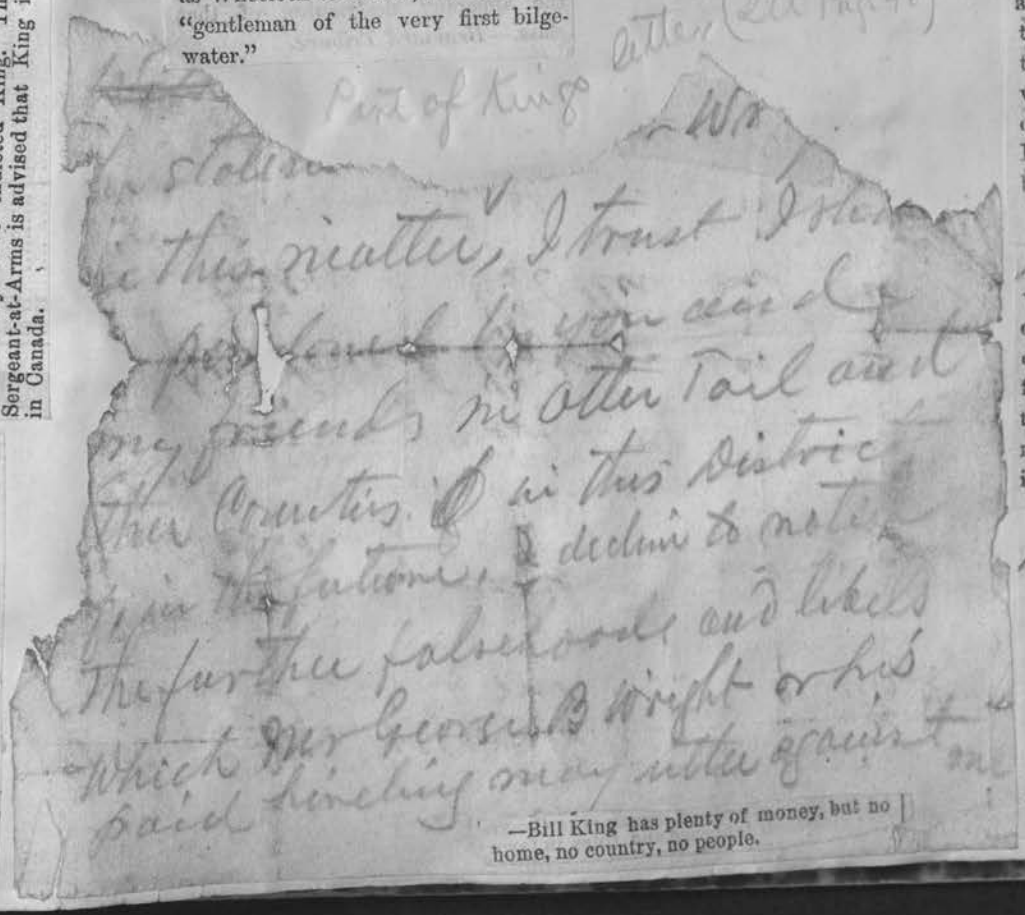
THE immense and gory bandanna which Corliss flaunted in the face of the Second Duke and which caused such a bellowing and tearing up of the earth in the Advocate last week, turns out to have been a fraud. There wasn't anybody behind it and the roar of the short horn was in vain. Geo. B. Wright didn't say any such thing, but Corliss did.

"Let us have Peace."

THE letters of Bill King in the Advocate last week show just what style of man he is. Orlando can't hold a candle to him for smutty and disgraceful journalism. It seems like the old times when he used to edit the Minneapolis Atlas. Ah, Bill, for throwing mud you have no equal.

IN Bill King's letter, published in the Advocate, he alludes to the editor of the JOURNAL as a "paid hireling." "*Paid* hireling" is good—very good. It implies that William S. recognizes a distinction which some people would not, and that to his acute mind there is a considerable difference between *paying* a hireling and merely *promising* to do so.

KING's letter to Corliss indicates, as Wheelock once said, the mind of a "gentleman of the very first bilgewater."



—Bill King has plenty of money, but no home, no country, no people.

MECHANICS!

You depend for steady employment and good wages upon the preservation of the Falls of St. Anthony. Col. King has written got an appropriation of $150,000 for this work, and can get more when needed. For your own interests, he is the man for you to vote for for Congress.

COL. KING will not resign; except when protested notes are presented to him—then he always re-signs.

For Perjury.

The Ways and Means Committee have transmitted Col. King's evidence of two years ago, with the evidence this winter, to the Grand Jury of the District. Indictment for perjury would soon be barred, as the statute of limitation runs out in two years. It is reported to-night that the Grand Jury have indicted King. The Sergeant-at-Arms is advised that King is in Canada.

SERIOUS ALLUSIONS.

Little Bill King, come blow your horn;
Tell all about it, as nowhere the corn.
Where was Little Bill King, who was wanted to talk?
Up in Canada, feeding his stock.

COL. KING AND THE ST. PAUL & PACIFIC EXTENSION BILL.

W. A. Croffut, editor of the Minneapolis Evening Mail, and former editor of W. S. King's Tribune, writes the following letter to the St. Paul Press, in vindication of King in the matter of the St. Vincent Extension bill. A careful reading of this letter, in addition to what we have said about it, really throws a flood of light upon the action of Col. King and the North Pacific Railroad folks:

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug, 25, 1874.

Editor St. Paul Press:

* * * After the bill extending the St. Paul and Pacific grant passed the United States Senate, last Spring, *most of the friends of the measure in this State were surprised to learn that the grant was extended directly to the road instead of to the State*, as custodian and mediator, *in defiance of the explicit instructions of the Legislature to our Senators* and members; and, further, that it failed to define the line of the road, as it was laid out in the legislative memorial. *It was feared by many* that this complete ignoring of the State would cause trouble; that it would make the road too independent of the people, and that it was very likely that, under the provisions of the bill, parts of the road most directly tributary to Minneapolis *might be abandoned*. In this condition of things, the bill not yet having passed the lower house of Congress, I prepared an editorial article for The Tribune, setting forth some of these *apparent perils* copying from the Legislative memorial and instructions, and appealing to Messrs. Averill, Strait and Dunnell, *to oppose the passage of the bill in that shape and to insist on its amendment so that the grant would be extended directly to the State.*

Just at this time Col. King returned from Washington, and I inquired of him concerning the status of the matter. *He said he had been working for the bill as it stood*; that it was, he understood, a compromise measure, acceptable to all parties—the road, the creditors and the settlers—and that, on returning to Washington, he should do all he could to secure its passage through the House. In this view of the case, *I suppressed the article I had prepared and advocated the bill.* Col. King returned to Washington, and I received letters from him, saying that he was working for the bill and hoped it would be got through.

Yours truly,
W. A. CROFFUT.

The above probably shows what Bill's position was at the time. His opposition to the bill which the Press claims to have positive knowledge of, was probably opposition to the *original* bill—the bill which gave the grant to the State and which imposed guaranties for the completion of the road which the people of the state demanded—the bill which at the moment of passage in the Senate, was knocked on the head by Senator Ramsey and another one substituted which gave the grant directly to the Railroad company and did not impose conditions—a bill which would allow the company to build to Pembina and get their land and then drop the building of the balance of the line through Fergus and Alexandria—a bill in short which would be satisfactory to a railroad monopolist like Bill King who would like to give full swing to the railroads and impose *no* conditions—a *bill* indeed which the other *Bill* would graciously support.

And there is another good reason why he would naturally oppose the original bill and favor the substitute of Senator Ramsey. If he anticipated that the Northern Pacific Company would probably sell the St. Vincent line to Mr. Litchfield, and no doubt the project was even then under consideration, then there was the strongest possible reason for opposing the original bill, which would have required the Company to build from Melrose to Fergus before it could get any land, and he would undoubtedly work for a bill which would allow the building of the Pembina section, without building the Fergus Falls section of the road. And that was the bill which Croffut refers to when he says King told him he was "working for the bill as it stood," i. e. the bill that had passed the Senate and was thrust upon the House at a late day and the alternative given Gen. Averill to pass that bill or none at all, for any other bill going back to the Senate was sure of defeat there.

The milk in the cocoanut of William seems tolerably apparent; and now for him to come forward as the friend and champion of Fergus Falls and Otter Tail County and to denounce as infamous liars and enemies of the St. Vincent line, those who stuck for a bill which gave positive guaranties that the south end of the road should be built, and who foresaw danger in case those guaranties were not put in, is to say the least, cool even in this high latitude, and cheeky even in these days of Jim Fisks and Gordon Gordons.

THE Duluth Minnesotian says that because Bill King is opposed to the St. Croix and Bayfield Railroad, and killed it in Congress, we argue that he will do the same to the St. Vincent Extension. That may be good logic to the Minnesotian, but it isn't what we said. The point we urge is that Bill cannot help doing just what the North Pacific Company tells him to. That if he goes to Congress he will represent, not the people who sent him, but the railroad that owns him; and that just as he killed the St. Croix Road when it was for the interest of that company and against the interests of the people of Minnesota to do it, so he will now that the N. P. is interested against the completion of the St. Vincent extension through Fergus, work against that, and as before against the interests of the people. And by the way, since the Minnesotian has opened the matter, it occurs to us to ask some questions which we consider *pertinent* but which the bull ring organs may consider *im* ditto. Did it ever occur to the Minnesotian to ask what Bill's relations to Duluth are now, since the N. P. Company gave up the lease of the L. S. & M. road? So long as the N. P. Company was vitally interested in keeping control of every pound of freight from Minneapolis and St. Paul to the Lakes was it not reasonable to suppose that its lobbyist should use its money liberally to defeat a rival route? And now that it has been compelled to relinquish that trade and give up its lease of the L. S. & M., is it reasonable to suppose that it will still spend money to defeat a line which Minnesota demands and which does *it* no further injury? Will it not be more likely to devote its remaining shekels to hold the British northwestern trade by defeating the building of a road which if completed would cut off every dollar of that business from the N. P. line? Will not the N. P. Company and Bill as its agent, do pretty much the same as the average of selfish humanity would under the same circumstances? Do you expect it to work against its interests instead of for them? We, running an independent journal, and with no bull ring in our editorial nose, are not compelled to take the unreasonable side of the proposition. How is it with the Minnesotian?

GEORGE B. WRIGHT will bear close watching.—*Advocate.*

He will. Few men will bear it better.—*Minneapolis Evening Mail.*

And we regret to be compelled to observe that that is more than can be said of the Advocate and Ring.

THE Tribune begins to comprehend the situation. This morning it indulges in the following irreverent and profane remark:

It is said that when the messenger of the Sergeant-at-Arms handed Col. King the subpœna of the Ways and Means Committee to appear and testify, the Colonel immediately offered to give his note for ninety days.

Saint Paul Dispatch

Supplement.

AN ADDRESS,

To the Free and Independent Electors of the Third Congressional District of the State of Minnesota.

A Convention of Democratic and Liberal Republican citizens of this District, held in the city of St. Paul, on the twenty-fourth day of September, 1874, nominated, by unanimous vote, the Hon. Eugene M. Wilson, the present mayor of Minneapolis, as their candidate for Congress at the ensuing election. That gentleman had not sought the nomination. He was the chosen candidate of the Convention because of his fitness for the office.

By that Convention the undersigned were appointed a commttee to draft an address to the voters of this District, setting forth the reasons why the honor and interests of its voters, and of the whole State, will be best promoted and protected by the election of Mr. Wilson in preference to the candidate of a previous Convention. which was notoriously packed, bought, and controlled by its nominee, Wm. S. King.

With the character, qualifications, and public services of Eugene M. Wilson, the voters of this District are too well acquainted to require from us either introduction or commendation.

It is universally conceded that as a member of the 42d Congress, he was a most able, diligent, influential, conscientious and honored Representative, and that he successfully devoted his talents and energies to the materinl interests of the District, regardless of selfish or political considerations. He has been tested and approved, as honest, capable and faithful to the Constitution and laws of his country; and has thereby filled the measure of fitness exacted of candidates for Congress, as well as other official trusts, by all parties and by every respectable and patriotic citizen, in the best days of the Republic, when candidates were required not only to be free from all taint of corruption, but entirely above suspicion.

The wide spread corruption of banded politicians, who have bought their way to the top of successful parties, and who during recent times, have polluted the whole atmosphere of party politics, and well nigh driven the most worthy citizens of all parties from participation in public affairs, has culminated in a popular reaction, which is arousing all conscientious and enlightened citizens to a keen and mortifying sense of duty, and to an intelligent recognition of the dangers which menace, not only the integrity and perpetuity of our free institutions, but which also threaten the maintenance of social order, and the preservation of private rights of person and of property.

The signs of the times proclaim that the popular conscience revolts against all such political and official corruption, and the voices of the people of all parties, require as candidates for office, honest and capable men. The universal demand of all conscientious and patriotic citizens is to cease electing to Congress or other official trusts, the men who seek office, not for its duties and obligations, not for its legitimate emoluments, but for the money they can make out of their official chances, and by the sale of their opportunities and influence to the highest bidders.

In this Congressional District as in some others, there is a determined effort, as we are informed and believe, organized by the candidate himself, Wm. S. King, to secure his election to Congress by an extraordinary expenditure of money, and if successful he would soon be enabled to re-imburse the cost and make the adventure a profitable investmert.

The chief argument in favor of his election to Congress is his experience and reputation as a wonderfully shrewd and successful lobbyist and Congressional vote-broker, in which capacity his former position as Postmaster of the House of Representatives, afforded unequalled facilities. The well known means by which it is proposed to secure his election, is the purchase of mercenary votes. With confidence we predict his failure in this attempt to corrupt the voters of this District.

We have too much confidence in the integrity and patriotism of the people of this whole country to believe, for a moment, that they can be bought and sold like cattle in the market. If we are in error in this opinion, our free institutions cannot long survive. A few needy politicians and editors may be subsidized, but the great popular heart is honest, and the voters of this district who will sell their sacred right of citizenship for a mess of Mr. King's pottage, are, we must believe, few in number, as we doubt not the result of this canvass will demonstrate.

From the argument of corruption we appeal with confidence to the integrity of the people.

If there be any voters who imagine that corruption is king in this district and in Congress, and that because a man has been successful as a lobbyist and vote-broker, that he is therefore an available candidate and a fit person to elect to Congress, we appeal from their pliant consciences to their better common sense.

How could such a man, if elected, help them? He might serve them among corrupt members of Congress as a lobbyist and vote-broker, but as a member of Congress he will be in public view, and the taint of sinister reputation will, wherever he appears, pollute the atmosphere all around himself and his associates. A profuse expenditure of money will not then serve his purpose. High toned and conscientious members of Congress will avoid him, if jor no other reason than to save themselves from suspicion. He would be powerless to serve his constituents.

What could Oakes Ames have done for the Union Pacific Rail Road, after his exposure as a lobbyist and vote broker? Mr. King is exposed as such already. His reputation as a lobbyist is notorious. His potitical character is so bad that but for a lavish expenditure of money, he could not have been nominated as the candidate of his own party. To elect such a man is to offer a reward for political mendacity. It is an offense to all the able and worthy men of his own party. It is an insult to the intelligence and virtue of the people. His success would be the demoralization of any political party. The triumph of such men not only destroys the decency, integrity and usefulness of political parties, but inflicts disaster and ruin upon the people. No voter owes party allegiance to such candidates, and never until they are repelled by the popular voice, will the best men of contending parties be invited to the front. If there were no other reason, the people of this district cannot afford to jeopardize their great public interests by the election of such a man as Mr. King. The completion of the Northern Pacific Rail Road is a work of vast importance, to advance which, by friendly legislation, we need in Congress the influence of a Representative, who is not like Mr. King, in its inside rings; in its town-site and construction combinations. We need a representative, who can ask favorable legislation with clean hands and honest voice: Such a man is Eugene M. Wilson. This District needs his services for the promotion and protection of our great railroad interests of which the Northern Pacific Rail Road is the most important; and for our river and harbor improvements; for the improvement of navigation, on the Minnesota and St. Croix rivers, and the Mississippi river below and above the Falls. And for the preservation of the water power at the Falls of St. Anthony and for the improvement of our Lake harbor at Duluth. With these and other public interests depending, it would be madness to send to such a Congress as the next one will be, a notorious lobbyist.

There has not been a Congress of the United States for many years past in which unspotted public and private reputation have been more essential to the success and usefulness of a member, than these qualifications will be in the next Congress; nor one in which a reputed Congressional lobbyist would be so powerless and fatal to our interests. The great parties of the country, with rare exceptions, are purging their conventions of corrupt Congressional aspirants, and compelling those of tainted reputation, to fall back into the rear ranks. The recent Republican convention of this District was a notable exception, and none more regret this than the intelligent and conscientious voters of that party. Their only redress is his defeat.

We appeal to the voters of this District, not as political partisans, but as citizens, and we say to them in all earnestness, that whenever a candidate for office undertakes to work his way by corrupt means to political success, slaughter him with the ballot, the most formidable weapon and only safe-guard of American citizenship. Let this be the popular law of all parties and it will then be of very little consequence which party may triumph in the elections.

We present to the voters of this District, in the person of Eugene M. Wilson, a candidate which no honest citizen need be ashamed to support. There has never been in Congress from this State a more respectable or more useful member. For this office he possesses every qualification, intellectual and moral, ripened and invigorated by education and experience. In the discharge of public duties he is diligent, patient, kind, and ambitious only to deserve the good opinions and honors which follow meritorious and patriotic conduct. He is not a political office seeker. He is not a plotting politician. He is not an organizer of cliques. He is not a packer of caucuses and conventions. He is not a corrupter of public officers or of voters. His character is modeled on the old school of American statesmen, when the purchase of caucuses, conventions, or voters was condemned as the degradation of a candidate and as a disgrace to those who supported him.

For the reasons assigned we invite all good citizens, regardless of old party distinctions, to unite for the election of Eugene M. Wilson to Congress. The triumph will not be that of any party, but a signal and decisive victory of the people over organized corruption, and it will gladden the hearts of honest citizens of all parties interested in the progress of party and political reform.

D. A. Robertson,
Aaron Goodrich,
of Ramsey County.
John Swainson,
of Stevens Co.
J. N. Castle,
Washington County.
A. C Smith,
Meeker County.
Committee.

HOW THEY WINCE.

"Little Villain" Fletcher Rushes to Bill King's Rescue.

Minneapolis, Oct. 12.

Col. D. A. Robertson, Hon. Aaron Goodrich, and others, Committee on Address of the Democratic and Liberal Convention, Third District:

Gentlemen: In your recent published address to the voters of this Congressional District, you have seen fit to present your candidate, the Hon. Eugene M. Wilson, not as the representative of the real political sentiments of the voters of the Third Congressional District, or as in any manner sympathizing with their views of public policy, or willing, if elected to carry them out in good faith in his Congressional action, but on the sole ground of his personal purity and integrity of character, and that his election would be the "triumph not of any party, but a signal and decisive victory of the people over organized corruption."

The character of Col. King, the candidate of the Republicans of this District, is attacked in unmeasured terms as that of a "corruptionist," "Congressional vote broker," and "shrewd and successful lobbyist," in the most offensive sense.

That Col. King, during his official residence in Washington, was always ready to respond to the wishes of the whole State of Minnesota by his earnest and active influence and efforts in behalf of every measure designed to promote her material interests, is conceded. That he has ever been personally interested pecuniarily in any such legislation whatever, or asked or received in any manner compensation for his influence and aid, is confidently denied. While it is to be regretted that your committee have seen fit, in the absence of any specific facts, to indulge in such general and gross charges of corruption against Col. King, yet in view of the indorsement given them by your committee, with the presumed sanction of Mr. Wilson, it is now due to the voters of this District, as well as Col. King, that the fullest opportunity be given, in the most public manner, for you or your candidate to substantiate them if true, and for Col. King to expose their falsity if unfounded. To this end it is suggested that a series of public discussions between the two Congressional candidates of the District, upon the subject matter embraced in your address, be arranged at an early day, to take place at such time and places as may be agreed upon by your committee, or, if you prefer, your Congressional District committee and the Republican District committee. Should this accord with your wishes, you will please favor the undersigned with an early reply.

Respectfully, &c.,

L. Fletcher,
Chairman Republican Committee Third Congressional District.

REPLY TO FLETCHER.

by Colonel D. A. Robertson,

More Hot Shot for Bill King,

L. W. Fletcher, Esq., Chairman of the Republican Third Congressional District.

Sir: I have just read your letter published in the St. Paul *Pioneer*, the pretended Democratic organ, subsidized by W. S. King and his ring, and have also received from you a copy of the same by to-day's mail. Present engagements prevent my giving to your communication the full answer it deserves in time for to-day's St. Paul Dispatch, the only daily paper in this city or Minneapolis that is not controlled in the interest of Mr. King, or that has permitted the publication in its columns of a word that will damage the chances of his election.

I have not time to consult with any member of the committee, but like yourself, will act on my own responsibility as chairman of the Democratic and Liberal Republican committee on address, and I hold myself personally and legally responsible for my utterances.

Allow me to say that I am rejoiced, as are all other just men, to see that our address has hit the corrupt and vulnerable spot in Mr. King's public reputation, and I repeat the fact, and challenge you and Mr. King to disprove it, that his reputation here and in Washington, among all men who have had an opportunity to be informed on the subject in this State and everywhere, is that of a Congressional lobbyist and vote broker. He is, as all the circumstantial and positive evidence surrounding him demonstrates, the keystone of the arch of corruption in this State, which spans its whole territory. This is his reputation, not made by our address, but among the people, and to which that document only gives expression, and in the mildest terms appropriate to the occasion. There is not a word of assault in the address upon the private character of Mr. King. We defy you to show that there is. Upon his public and notoriously bad, reputation, we declare him unfit to be sent to Congress, and should he reach that elevation, that he will on account of his bad reputation, grievously damage the paramount interests, material and moral, of the State. For when there, he will be only the inside lobbyist and vote-broker of a corrupt ring—of men calling themselves Democrats, as well as Republicans, whose pretense is political convictions, whose object is, and this only, the money they can make out of their opportunities.

We *attack Mr. King on his public reputation*, and that is enough to secure his rejection by enlightened and conscientious voters, not swayed by interest or fear.

A bad reputation for truth and veracity impeaches a witness and sends him from a court of justice disgraced. It *is a bad reputation*, that on the mandate of your police court alone, expels thieves and vagabonds from your city. It is bad reputation that imposes fines, penalties and all the harrassments of your police upon harlots, and it is the bad political reputation of Mr. King, that those interested in his success, have most to fear. Men who have lived for many years in a community do not get such a reputation without deserving it.

It is too true that when such a man has made money enough and acquired sufficient power by his practices to elect Senators, purchase caucuses and conventions and politicians, and to supply meetings with claquers and to bestow and promise office, and to subsidize the newspapers not only of his own party, but those also of the party opposed to his pretended political sentiments, he becomes a mighty power in the land. His temptations are a grievous and terrible strain upon the virtue of poor human nature. Well may all men, rich or poor, whenever such a man as Mr. King approaches them, repeat the prayer of our Lord and Master, "Lead us not into temptation but deeliver us from evil." When the machinations of such men rule this country, State or District, well may every patriot exclaim, in the deep anguish of his heart, God save the Republic!

Mr. King, knows himself and his own reputation. No man man knows him better. Conscious of his own weakness and badness of character and reputation as a public man, he has undertaken, with his money to stifle every voice, that can be uttered against him. He was convinced that with a large majority of his party in this District, he could not be elected, if there remained a single opposition newspaper of large circulation to oppose him, so he and his ring subsidized the St. Paul *Pioneer*, and he controls its utterances. To blind the eyes of the people, that paper is hired to advocate extreme democratic politics, while giving a mere nominal support to Mr. Wilson, and to publish not a word that will hurt or expose Mr. King in his true character. This fact alone is enough to convict Mr. King and his ring of the foulest corruption and mendacity.

On Friday last I called at the office of the St. Paul *Pioneer*, and meeting the gentleman in charge of that journal in the convenient absence of Mr. Blakely at this time, told him I had the address of the Congressional committee opposing the election of Mr. King, and advocating that of Mr. Wilson, and asked him if he would publish it in that paper. He said the committee would have to wait for an answer until the return of Mr. Blakely. This was precisely what I expected. I have left the Address in his possession. Neither that "Democratic" organ of Mr. King, nor the Minneapolis *Tribune* dare publish the address. He controls both papers, and has doubtless spiked with his money nearly the whole press of this District, and having done so, calls upon his opponents to discuss the political questions of the day, and present witnesses to prove his notorious reputation as a corrupt politician and lobbyist. This is equal to the challenge of Jefferson Davis, to prove that he was a rebel, which was his notorious reputation among all loyal men.

Can Mr. King tell what he has done with the hundreds of thousands of dollars obtained from the Northern Pacific Railrond Company? Will he deny that he and his associates have received hundreds of thousands of dollars from the construction company in the bowels of that company? Will he deny that during the session of the Congress when the frauds of the "Credit Mobilier" were exposed, and just before that event, he went to the Pacific coast to sell out his construction contract in the Northern Pacific Railroad Company and seize upon the eligible town sites on the road with half-breed scrip? Will he deny that the proceeds of one-half, or nearly so, of the money from the bonds have gone into the pocket of the ring in the bowels of that company, whose grasping and unscrupulous avarice have bankrupted it. Can he explain how it is that having gone to Washington a very poor man, on a salary of three thousand dollars a year, he soon became one of the money kings of the State, and able to expend fortunes in a stock business he neither understood or attended to, at the same time living like a prince in Washington. These circumstantial facts are sufficient to justify his notorious reputation and convict him before any jury of honest, intelligent citizens.

After having spiked the *Pioneer*, he calls upon his opponent to debate party questions.

The issue before the people of this Congressional District is paramount to all party questions. It is an issue of public virtue against political and official turpitude. As for myself I care nothing for mere party success. My rule is to vote against corrupt men of whatever party, and this, I doubt not, is the conviction of duty among all patriotic citizens.

Mr. Wilson may make what issues he pleases. This is the issue of myself and the committee. We have not consulted Mr. Wilson in regard to the address. We are a committee on the address only, and have no authority to make arrangements for him or any one else; but if you honestly desire "discussion" publish our address and answer it as you think best in the columns of the newspapers in this district, nearly all of which are controlled by Mr. King. That is all we ask, and then let the people decide.

Respectfully yours,
D. A. Robertson,
Chairman of Democratic and Liberal Republican Committee on address.

THIRD DISTRICT CAMPAIGN.

COL. KING TO COL. ROBERTSON.

Col. Robertson's Incisive Reply.

HE LIFTS THE LOBBYIST'S SCALP.

Bill King's Challenge to Col. Robertson.

Minneapolis, Oct. 13th, 1874.

Col. D. A. Robertson, St. Paul:

Sir: You are the author of a public address to the people of this Congressional District, which is nothing less than a most wanton and wicked assault upon my personal and political character. Challenged by the Republican Committee of this district to place your candidate for Congress by my side, before the people, to discuss the charges you have brought against me, your party organ, seemingly "by authority," declines the challenge, taking good care to vindicate its own self-respect and character, by practically repudiating the unworthy and indecent document of which you are the known author.

Thus refused an opportunity not only to defend myself as proposed, but to expose to the people the atrocious slanders of which you are personally guilty, I now call upon you, as a man of professional, personal honor, to come forward and meet me in joint discussion before the public, touching the charges and issues you now raise agrinst me. While I might by every rule of propriety known among gentlemen, refuse to recognize you as entitled to respectful consideration, I waive all such objections, and demand that you appear with me before the people of your own and other towns in this District, and make good, if you can, those charges.

For the unselfish zeal with which I have, for the fourteen years past, sought to serve the people of Minnesota and my own district while in Washington, you reward me by attemting to blacken and destroy my good name. Upon an issue of this kind I propose to act at once and decisively. There shall, on my part, be no delay, no hesitancy. If you are not as prudent as your address is base and indecent, you will accept this opportunity of at least attempting to relieve yourself of the imputation of having undertaken an act, so vile and atrocious in its character as already to have been repudiated by your party associates as well as your party organ.

Yours for the proofs,
Wm. S. King.

Col. Wm. S. King, Minneapolis:

Sir: I have received by mail, from yourself evidently, as I recognize the handwriting on the envelope, the foregoing letter, which appeared in your *Evening Mail*, before the Dispatch of this city, containing my reply to the letter of Hon. L. Fletcher, the chairman of your committe, had appeared in your city. Had that reply been seen by you in time, I am sure that you would not have ventured to refer to the *Pioneer* as my "party organ" or the "organ" of any man opposed to yourself. You dare not deny, Colonel King, the charge made in my letter to Mr. Fletcher, that you and your ring own the *Pioneer*, which you bought to spike its guns against yourself and your associates. If you deny this I will produce witnesses concerned in the sale, transfer, and covering up of the transaction, who, if they will answer upon oath the questions I will put to them, in writing, will convict you of this charge, of this act of infamously base, mean, sordid deception and subornation—enough to ruin you among all men not utterly debauched and degraded by the appalling corruptions of the times. If I do not prove this to be true, if you will allow me the proposed opportunity, then proclaim to all men, that I have made "a most wanton and wicked assault" upon your "personal and private character."

I also charge you with having notoriously purchased your nomination to Congress. I was not in your councils or caucuses, but have information from sources entitled to the highest credit,—that you used a large amount of money, those familiar with the subject, say not less than $50,000, and that you paid as high as $1,000, per head for mere local, neighborhood politicians, who were opposed to you, to change their position and influence them as you desired. This too, which is however a notorious staple of conversation in every county of the District, I am satisfied I can prove against you if some of the recipients of your money, will answer questions under oath.

The editor of the St. Paul *Press* in one of his occasional periods of lucid political and manly independence, or "blundering" indiscretion, as such men as you may say, uttered the following incisive expose of your conduct in the nominating canvass:

"The present Congressional contest is likely to pass into history as the *most rotten and disgraceful one which ever stirred the slimy depths of political corruption.* No such unblushing and systematic effort was ever made to debauch the primaries, and *purchase votes and delegates with open bribery* as has been witnessed in various parts of this district during the last few weeks. It is [illegible] *that all honest men turn away from it in disgust.* If not an entirely new feature to our politics, it has heretofore been veiled in a prudent secrecy. But now *the strumpet of corruption strides in naked horror over the district, and opens her shameful market at every caucus and convention, and buys men by the herd like cattle and sheep.*"

Under the pressure of dire and humiliating necessity, that gentleman is now compelled to become your defender, your apologist, your eulogist! This alone is reason enough why all honest men of your party should defeat you, to save your ablest editor in the State from occasion for another such exhibition of political cowardice and base subserviency.

Neither the committee or myself made any charge or intimation against your private character. I do not consider private character, unless a man has been convicted of crime, in a Court of Justice, as a proper subject for political debate, but if the foregoing charges made against you are true, you are not a fit man to be sent to Congress as a member. You are then in fact, a public corruptionist of the worst and most dangerous stamp. Can any sane man believe that sending you to Congress will reform you? Will any sane man believe that should you reach that goal of your ambition, that you will not at least try to find a way to get your money back with large increase? Will any sane man with your home record before him, believe that you spend all this money for the public good? Will any sane man believe that you corrupt with bribes, the voters of your own party, and secretly debauch and suborn the newspapers, opposed to your party,—all in the interest of public and political virtue.

In your letter you say:

"I now call upon you, as a man of professional honor, to come forward and meet me in joint discussion before the public, touching the charges and issues you raise against me."

This is the very thing I am doing, and I challenge you in return to meet me in the only forum of public discussion which commands the attention of the great body of intelligent voters in this District; in that forum, where evasion, prevarication, misrepresentation or false reports on either side, will not avail; in that forum where bullies and hired claquers, or either side, can not distnrb calm and dignified debate; in that forum where truth can be enforced and falsehood routed; in that forum which will reach more minds in one day, than all we could reach on the stump in the whole campaign. In the forum of the public press of the District I challenge you to meet me. Here is your chance. If you desire *proofs*, accept this challenge and open the columns of the papers you control, if only the Minneapolis *Tribune*, St. Paul *Press*, and St. Paul *Pioneer*, to a fair and even-handed discussion of our charges against you. And first of all, publish our Address, that the readers of the first two named papers may see what it is that so offends you and Mr. Fletcher.

The charge in my letter of yesterday to Mr. Fletcher, that you are one of the owners of the *Pioneer*, compelled you to open the columns of that paper of this morning to the publication of our Address, which had been refused since Friday last, and refused before its contents were known. You did this to cover your tracks in that establishment. This is obvious. You are an old and able editor, Colonel King, but your papers failed to connect nicely yesterday. Your tracks are too deep and visible.

But I must close. You are too big a subject to be dashed off in one epistle. I must attend to the lobby and vote-broker issue in another. This much, sir, I can say to you, in all sincerity, I have no desire to damage you personally, or do you the slightest injustice, but my well informed convictions of your political and public practices compel me to regard you as a very dangerous public man, as a political corruptionist of the most demoralizing stamp, and for this alone I have accepted the position of your invasive opponent, the necessity and obligations of which I deeply regret. I am, also,

Yours for the proofs,
D. A. Robertson,
Chairman Democratic and Liberal Republican Committee on Address.
St. Paul, October 14, 1874.

Bill King's *Tribune* calls it "personal abuse" when you tell the truth about a man. Come to think about it we believe the *Tribune* is right in this case.

THE TRUTH STRIKES HOME.

Col. Wm. S. King, through his personal organ, denounces the Address of the Congressional Committee as "an infamous document" and indulges in personal abuse of the gentlemen whose namesare signed thereto. These gentlemen need no defense at our hands, nor is it possible for Mr. King to evade the terrible issues with which he is confronted. The Address of the Committee does not deal with William S. King as a private person. There is no allusion to his private or social standing. His character and reputation as a public man are the subjects of inquiry. He himself has presented that issue before the people and it has been accepted by the Liberal-Democratic party.

Dare William S. King deny that he has the reputation of a lobbyist and vote broker? Dare he deny his connection with the Washington lobby for the last ten years? Dare he deny that he was connected in the capacity of lobbyist with the Pacific Steamship swindle? Dare he deny that he was and is now in the town-site, construction and ring combinations of the Northern Pacific Rail Road? Dare he deny that he went from Minnesota to the Pacific coast loaded with half-breed and other scrip to gobble up the town-site and public lands along the line of the Northern Pacific company? Dare he deny that he is known from one end of the country to the other as a Congressional lobbyist?

It is not at all surprising that Mr. King wishes to evade these issues? It is not at all surprising that Mr. King would prefer to discuss the question of the Tariff, of the Rebellion, of the Civil Rights bill and the Dred Scott decision. He howls hands off of my public record. It is personal and inflamous. We submit in all candor that it is to the interest of the people to know the character and reputation of men who ask their votes for Congress. The Address of the Committee was a centre shot, it struck home, it rung the bell the first time. Mr. King does not attempt to clear his skirts. It is notorious that he abundantly provided himself with money before announcing himself for Congress, that he boldly declared his resolution to be nominated, that he secured the control of one of the leading newspapers at St. Paul, that he subsidized the press elsewhere, that he bought and packed the nominating convention and the means by which he hopes to win is money. Here is the infamy. Herein lies the deep disgrace. It is just and right to expose it and this the Committee have done and brought Mr. King to the bar of public opinion where he stands trembling covered all over with guilt.

He has added, now, the crowning act to his career. He insultingly threatens the voters of this Congressional District with a war of ruffianism; he threatens to bring forth blunderbusses and bludgeons, and attempts to browbeat and cower an honest Opposition. He has gone mad. Threats and intimidation to the free voters of Minnesota! They are as impotent as the dart of Priam amid the ruins of Troy. Wm. S. King must stand face to face with his record. A mere allusion to it has raised a howl in the ranks of corruption. The play must go on. Mr. King can not and shall not frighten any voter by his threats.

Why let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play,
For some must watch while some must sleep,
Thus runs the world away.

RAILROAD POLITICS--BILL KING vs. THE ST. VINCENT R. R.

We think we have heard somebody express the opinion that Otter Tail County needs the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad completed. We are free to say that we take stock in that view of the situation.

The gentle brother of the Illustrious Short Horn, has, if we mistake not, expressed (in the Fergus Falls Advocate, owned and controlled by Hon. W. S. King,) in mild and gentlemanly terms his disapprobation of the "Monopoly Thief," who for his own vile and base purposes would throw obstacles in the way of the completion of that glorious enterprise.

The Advocate should have used more energetic language. It is safe to say that the building of the St. P. & P. road would add a million of dollars to the value of Otter Tail county property in a single year. Between building it or not building it, is to the citizens of Fergus and the farmers of the county, only the difference between wealth and poverty, between happiness and misery, so far as material conditions can effect. The beginning and ending of all their plans and purposes of business is the railroad. With it all things seem possible. Without it everything dark. We ask them, therefore, to consider a moment what bearing the present Congressional campaign has on the question of our railroad.

The Northern Pacific company has sold the stock of this road, and transferred its management to Wm. B. Litchfield, who is also deeply interested in the St. Paul & Sauk Rapids line, and the Northern Pacific is no longer interested in the Saint Vincent extension from Glyndon via Fergus, and looks upon it only as a competitor and rival. Indeed for more than a year past our best informed citizens have felt that the North Pacific company has been hostile to our railroad enterprise. Its Puget Sound company, *of which Wm. S. King was one of the organizers, and is to this day a shining light and leading Director*, are negotiating the sale of their Fergus property, and preparing to join the Northern Pacific in its fight against Fergus, Otter Tail county and the St. Vincent extension. It is clearly the interest and undoubtedly the policy of the Northern Pacific to prevent at all hazards the completion of the St. Vincent connection via Fergus Falls, for the line northwards from Glyndon to Pembina is now, and so long as the Fergus connection is uncompleted will remain, a feeder to their road, but the day the Fergus line is built, the business of all Manitoba, Northern Dakota and Northwestern Minnesota will go via Fergus to St. Paul and Minneapolis. They would be willing to compromise by permitting the building of the Brainerd branch, and thus secure the transportation of all the immense northwestern business between that point and Glyndon; but to the project of building the southward connection from Glyndon via Fergus they are naturally in deadly hostility. *There are just two things that the North Pacific Co, desires in the election of King. It wants its own government subsidy bought through Congress, and it wants to kill the St. Paul & Pacific, as it killed the St. Croix & Bayfield.* It has dirty work in the next Congress to do, and knows right where to apply for a hand.

Mr. King is an amiable man. He is truly generous—of other people's money, and of his own—whenever he has any. Five dollars to every boy who directs him at the cross-roads, and the promise of a 160 acre farm to the stage driver who puts him through on time, are striking and characteristic examples of his style. But some of our people remember Lord Gordon, and noting the striking similarity between his mode and that of the later Duke, would prefer to stand at the cross-roads and take the generous V, cash in hand, rather than the 160 acre Ducal estate in expectancy.

And Mr. King is also moral and virtuous. For the past six or eight months he has modestly advertised on all available occasions that he is one of the "truly good." His spasms of virtue at the mere mention of the immoral Woodhull were painful to contemplate, and yet quite natural. The attack of virtue which like measles should come on in childhood, if delayed till late in life usually goes hard with a man, and William has "had it bad." And yet with all his graces and virtues the stubborn fact remains that he as a Congressman would be owned body and breeches by the Northern Pacific Company, as he in turn owns half the newspapers in the District.

When the North Pacific folks were compelled to buy him and take him into the company in order to turn his opposition into support in the lobby, they took the precaution to get a good title. And the sealing of that compact was the begetting of the herd of Lyndale and of the swarm of short

---

King is undoubtedly hiding somewhere until the Senatorial question is decided. He can't help Ramsey by being present, and he don't want to implicate him by answering the questions of an investigating committee.

Does anybody recall to mind the famous Donnelly bolt from the Republican nomination, and can anybody recall the name of a post-master who was one of the bolters, who is now fiercely denouncing Langdon and Camp for declining to support Ramsey?

The chap who sleeps with the Minneapolis post-master says: "There are interests of more importance to the people than the advancement of any particular individual." This must not be understood to be a stab at Ramsey.

Schumaker, Stockwell and King will never expose each other. They are bound together by mutual hooking—in fact, by hooks of triple steal.

Whiting has telegraphed to Washington that he will appear and testify in the Pacific Mail case. How manly this would have appeared in Col. King, if he had done so a month ago!

As long as Col. King chooses to stay in Canada he cannot be molested; as even perjury, with which he is charged, is not under our treaty with Canada, an extraditable offense. But he will probably march forth—after March 4th.

horn political bull calves that paw the earth of the Third District. From a business view alone we could not blame our friends along the N. P. R. R. line for supporting Bill; but for Otter Tail county to give up all it has been fighting for and vote for its natural enemy would be to exhibit a surprising degree of folly.

We want the railroad. Bill don't know anything about *that*, but he is ready to pledge his blood and bones that we shall have the sweetest little sugar plum of a Land Office that was ever seen. A Land Office is an immense thing to a people struggling for a railroad outlet and market for their wheat! Land Offices build up a country so,—and what cities it makes! Forest City has had one, and Greenleaf has had one, and so has Oak Lake; and just see how Alexandria thrives without a railroad—and all because it has a Land Office! For true genuine financial relief give us Bill King and the Land Office and five dollar greenbacks at the X roads.

We have no ill will toward the N. P. road. We wish it abundant success. We would hail the day which gives us railroad connection with it, either eastward, which would be one of mutual benefit, or northward, which would help us at its expense. But the fact still remains that the N. P. Company is and of necessity must continue to be hostile to the completion of the St. Vincent line southward from Glyndon, and that Bill King, claiming to be our friend, is a most dangerous enemy to our business prosperity.

We have never held up Gen. Averill as the model man or the Saviour of America. We think his vote on the salary bill unwise, but in his case the increase of pay was little more than the cut-off of mileage, and was a very small sum in comparison with the twelve or fifteen thousand that a Congressional committee found this same virtuous Bill King pocketing on a single item of abuse connected with his position as Postmaster, and which when exposed was promptly cut off by Congress. But all know General Averill to be a straight forward, honest business man, whose word is a bond, and whose business and political faithfulness and integrity are unquestioned:—qualities in rare contrast to those of his opponent, as all old residents of St. Paul and Minneapolis well know. And if there is one thing which, more than another, General Averill has demonstrated that his heart is in, it is the building of the St. Vincent road—the whole line—and through Fergus Falls. We believe he will do as much to accomplish that end as is possible for Congressman to do. Indeed his past record on this point is sufficient guaranty of the future. We hear much of the wonderful ability of Bill King—and his transcendent power in Washington. That there *are* ways in which he is expert or rather we might say unblushing, of carrying measures through Congress, probably few will deny, but the prevailing conviction among those best posted, is that those ways are not the ones that win the confidence or respect of honest men, or that lay the foundations for enduring influence and power.

Voters of Otter Tail—will you choose a straight haired, honest, tried friend, or whoop for this political Jim Fisk of Minnesota, your deadliest enemy, this modern Prince of Humbug—who bulges through the country promising farms and land offices to every man, and the Presidency to every mother's baby in all the land?

THE JOURNAL.

Some of the small fry of the county ring have developed a deep interest in us, and because we think it would be an improvement to fill their places with better men, make haste to read us out of the Republican party. Now, without stopping to discuss the question as to whether *they* are the party—for it is evident they *assume* to be, (a very natural error that several persons have fallen into before now)—we will suggest that the fact of whether the JOURNAL is or is not a Republican paper, is very little influenced by what they say about it. It so happens that the editor of the JOURNAL has been a Republican, and we think a tolerably consistent one, from the organization of the party to this day. The Republican has been the party of Progress, of Justice and of Human Rights for nearly twenty years. A broad field of usefulness is still spread out before it, and if true to the principles which have governed it through the greater part of its existence, its future may be glorious as its past.

But we recognize a fact which the parasites and barnacles clinging to the party never see, or seeing never care for, so long as they can suck its life-blood. We recognize the fact that the Republican party is on trial to-day as never before. A trial as to whether it is equal to the demands of the times—whether it is true to the spirit which gave it birth and carried it triumphantly through its heroic age; or whether the dead-weights and carrion-feeders that have attached themselves to it as they do to anything promising success, are stronger than the party, and will drag it down to their own base level. The political parasite, like the courtier, always flatters its victim. It perpetually shouts "Long live the King," and keeps its eye on the heir apparent. But the true friend hesitates not to apply the rod of correction. Good partizanship is not inconsistent with good citizenship and must be subordinate to it.

And that is just our position with reference to the Republican party. In all things where it remains true to its principles and traditions,—in all things where it is right, we shall gladly uphold it. In so far as false to its principles we shall not hesitate to censure and condemn it, and if necessary to act against it. In acting for the best good of the country and the whole people, we believe we are doing the best possible service for the Republican party, and whenever Republican success is endangered by such action then the Republican party *ought* to fail.

This is, to be sure, a terribly destructive theory for the scamps and scalawags who jump on a successful party and ask it to carry them. It is high crime to them to see the party get restive and weak in the back under their dead-weight.

And that's what's the matter here in Otter Tail county. A little ring of unworthy politicians have entrenched themselves here at the county seat. They have conducted affairs to the discredit and disgrace of the county. The people of the county demand their retirement. If the Republican organization is not equal to the situation and is unable to throw them off, the people of the county at large will kindly assist,—the air will be purified and better government will result. Any party that is not bettered by an occasional rap over the knuckles calling it to its duty, deserves to die.

We have no sympathy with the agrarian madness which is driving capital out of the country, closing mills, factories and workshops, and starving laborers and operatives by thousands. We do not join in the war upon railroads, nor favor the policy advocated by Donnelly. We have here a rich but undeveloped country, which is suffering for the facilities of transportation and travel, and this fact shall be kept in mind in our political action.

Meantime as the JOURNAL is doing pretty well, it suggests to the gentlemen of the county ring that their valuable exertions in its behalf can be dispensed with, and they can devote their whole time to the contemplation of their own precarious standing among the people of Otter Tail county.

The following stanzas from the pen of A. M. Thomson, read at the late editorial reunion at Milwaukee, so well express our views of the duty and true mission of a newspaper, that we append them:

Ye stand upon life's picket-line,
And guard the camp while others sleep;
The mission is indeed divine,
If faithful to the truth ye keep.

Serve ye the state through bad report,
When all the rabble jeer and lie;
And walk erect with manly port,
Bearing the stings that crucify.

The immortal allies of the Right,
Shirk not abashed at error's glance;
But send a challenge for the fight,
And wave their ensigns in advance.

All parties need a higher tone—
To loftier heights the bugles call;
The nations reap what they have sown,
God's certain laws are over all.

If ye who guide the public press
Cease to rebuke the country's wrong;
In days of trial and distress
Her scourge will be a scorpion thong.

Let no man crack about your ears
The party lash—that hateful thing;
Defy those haughty overseers,
And scorn the dictum of the ring.

Orlando a Brother and a Thoroughbred.

From the St. Paul Press.

Bill King's brother at Fergus Falls, is on his ear in regrad to "the shameful and flagrant attempt of the arrogant and selfish clique of St. Paul politicians," &c., &c. His blood is up, is Brother King's, and with the congenital impetuosity of the family he just goes for Averill "whom he denounces as a Donnelly renegade, a traitor to his principles and his party," etc., etc. There is to be an election of delegates in a short time in Otter Tail county, consequently the fraternal King is frantic with virtuous indignation at the "rebelion" of Ramsey county. "Voters of Northern Minnesota," exclaims King Frater, "will you sit tamely under this insult to your intelligence and your manhood and kiss the hand that smites you. No! a thousand times no. Arise in your might and sweep from their places the men who finding they cannot rule would basely betray and ruin you." That chap needs no Family Bible to prove his relationship to Bill. If he doesn't make the Otter Tail boys believe that the St. Paul Republicans have commited some diabolical outrage against decency and justice by the simple exercise, in the ordinary and regular way, of a right of protest against what they deem an act of flagrant injustice, and of a right of appeal to the District Convention, which were never before questioned in any other case, then we shall begin to think that he is not a blood relation of his brother, and we shall call upon William to disown him as an unworthy offshoot of that noble stock.

THE PACIFIC MAIL AND EVENING MAIL.

"The Minneapolis Mail also joins the noble army which defends Bill King and abuses The Dispatch. THE MAIL is published on the bankrupt stock of the old Times, an evening paper which Bill King also started in 1872, for the purpose of running out The News. Bill was the secret backer of The Times from the start, but, as it was a Greeley paper, he kept shady, as he has endeavored to in The Pioneer transaction. After absorbing The News, Bill let The Times die, and then openly took possession of the material. Notice, that The Times was one of those 1872 ventures which followed the Pacific Mail grab. Last summer Bill turned over the old Times material (bought with Pacific Mail funds) to some young men, and they have valiantly sustained him ever since. Why shouldn't they? We think more of them for their devotion to the man who gave them their type, and if the Pacific Mail money bought their type, they ought to use the material to defend the steal.—[Dispatch, Christmas Eve.

Comments by The Mail.

First—The editor of The Dispatch knows that THE MAIL has not defended Col. King, and the readers of THE MAIL know that this paper has advocated from the beginning the prosecution of the Pacific Mail investigation, and that we are thoroughly indifferent to the fate of Col. King if it shall be proven that he was the recipient of this huge steal, or any portion of it. One of the editors of this paper, having heard that Col. King had handled Pacific Mail money, questioned him in relation to it, and he denied it explicitly. To this denial THE MAIL lent only the sanction of giving it to the public; which we will willingly do for the statement of any man.

This fact stands out, however, against Col. King, and that is, that the whole country suspects him. Irwin for some reason or other, has specifically excepted him from among those to whom he gave Pacific Mail money. There is but one way that Col. King can clear his record, and that way is for him to sue The Dispatch and the other papers whom he claims are maligning him, for libel. As The Dispatch remarks, "There is one little difficulty in the way. The Minnesota law of libel allows a publisher to *prove the truth of his publication in justification.*" This being the issue, we say, go on with the libel suit. But if Col. King, in behalf of his constituents does *not* take legal steps to vindicate his record, and if he dodges, evades, or endeavors to thwart the continuance of the investigation, he is a guilty man.

Col. King has been before the Committee of Ways and Means and has testified, generally, that he "knew nothing about" the use of the corruption fund; but his examination does not seem to have been very thorough. There came no detailed report of questions and answers. It does not appear that he was compelled to tell what he knew *by hearsay*, and such a demand is competent and common to investigating committees. There is so much doubt expressed about the relevance and technical value of the testimony that he did give, that he must be recalled, and compelled to tell the whole story. He was in "the thick of the contest," and it is not probable that a great deal happened that he did not know all about. Let the truth come out!

Second.—The Times material was first sold to THE MAIL PRINTING COMPANY, to whom the succeeding proprietors of THE MAIL paid the full value IN MONEY, including all the expenses, salaries, and debts of THE MAIL COMPANY, and a bonus of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS BESIDES for THE MAIL property and franchises. Col. King has never abated one cent of the purchase money by reason of political services, or any other reason, and he strenuously objected to the purchase of this paper by the present proprietors. If the purchase had not been concluded and a payment made during his absence on that famous trip along the Northern Pacific, we never could have secured it at all. He was by no means our first choice for Congress, and we advocated his election simply because in our judgment he was not so black as he had been painted, and we believed he could accomplish much for Minneapolis. We owe him nothing financially or politically, and the transfer papers of THE MAIL show the facts, which The Dispatch may examine at any time.

The Springfield Republican:

"There is no moral doubt in the Washington mind that at least two officers of Congress, Mr. King, then postmaster, and now member-elect of the next Congress from Minnesota, and Mr. Painter, of Philadelphia, clerk of the Post-Office committee, were sharers in the distribution of this largess. Mr. King, indeed, has recently confessed that he had some of the money, though we believe he testified before the committee, last year, that he did not

UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME.

Dawes Takes Measures to Have Our Citizen Indicted for Perjury.

Special to The Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Dawes said King has had full knowledge of the fact that he was desired by the Committee. He left Washington for the express purpose of avoiding the summons, and fled to Canada. He subsequently crossed over into New York and spent some time at the town of Malone, in that State. As the officer approached the place of his concealment he fled again to Canada, and registered at a hotel in Montreal under an assumed name. Thence he went to Compton, 115 miles from Montreal. His place of concealment became known, and the officer succeded in placing a copy of the summons in his hands. King remarked that the service would do no good, as he was not in the jurisdiction of the United States.

Mr. Dawes directly afterwarks offered a bill relative to the drawing of juries in this District. He said it had a direct bearing on the case that had just been discussed. There was no authority now to summon juries here, and unless the cases against King were acted upon the Grand Jury this month they would be barred by the statute of limitations. The bill passed. It provides for the appointment of commissioners, who are to select 600 names and place them in a box. The qualifications of the jurors are to be taxpayers and householders; they are to be 21 years of age, and able to read and write the English language. At each drawing forty-nine names are to be drawn, the first twenty-three of which will be Grand Jurors.

An excellent sub-committee has been appointed by the Committee on Ways and Means to sit in New York during the recess and continue the Pacific Mail investigation. Among other matters, the story recently published in THE TRIBUNE touching the connection of the notorious "BILL" KING with the swindle, will be thoroughly examined. Mr. KING has already testified before a Committee of a previous House that he knew nothing of the affair. If it should appear, after all, that he received the famous $500,000 check and disbursed it, there will be a dreadful breach in his reputation. The situation is really becoming awkward for WILLIAM.

Chicago Tribune

YU GIN WAS HIS NAME.

A Local Tale, Founded on Fact.

Written for The Minneapolis Evening Mail.

Yu Gin was his name;
And he said "Oh, by jing!
You remember that game,—
It's the bullfest thing,—
It's called 'swash' and is played with a board;
let us go and play that on Bilk Ing."

This he said to his pal,
About twelve years of age,
Rob Ah Sin, who said "Wal
In that same I'll ingage—
I will flourish the paddle, and run; and you stay
there and soften his rage."

So they scooted from school
And ran on through the fog
Till they came to a pool;
At its edge, on a log,
Stood Bilk Ing, with a pin that was bent, and he
fished in the mud for a frog.

"Hello! any fish?"
Asked Yu Gin. "Nary eels!"
Replied Bilk, "How I wish
I could hook up some seals!"
Then Rob crept behind Bilk and splashed him
with mud from his head to his heels.

I am told that Rob flew
As if shot from a gun;
And Yu Gin he said "whew!
I am sorry, I swun!"
But Bilk Ing he took off his coat and said "Now
my boy *we'll* have some fun!"

Yu Gin blubbered out
"I'm your friend to the core!
Who was that galute
As come down on the shore?
He's a ruffin! So help me Gaud, Bilky, I never
seen that chap afore!

"I will help you lick Rob
I will give you my kite—
It wan't no put up job—
Oh! I don't want to fight!"
Too late! For the issue was made and they had
the discussion that night!

Three buttons, a ball,
And some rags where he'd been,
And two shoe-strings, were all
That was left of Yu Gin—
While some one remarked that the frogs were
more jolly and not quite so thin.

—PELEG WALES.

Witness said that with the qualification, as above, he would very willingly state what he had heard. A. W. Bradbury, brother of the ex-President of the Pacific Mail company, had informed witness of a letter written by

EX-POSTMASTER W. S. KING

to Bradbury, applying for $25,000, in which letter King urged compliance with this demand, for the reason, among others, that he was writing with prison bars behind him. Bradbury replied that if he (King) did not stop writing such letters he would soon have the prison bars before him.

Witness was informed by A. Carter that Judge Pierpont had advised compliance with this demand of King, and therefore suggested that the committee might advantageously call Pierpont.

THE ROOSTER-PECKED WIFE.

SCENE FIRST.

Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer scratches for her breakfast. O. Chanticleer, Esq., from the top rail of the barn fence, becomes cognizant of the fact, and struts with dignity toward his little spouse.

Biddy—"Good morning, my dear."

O. C. Esq.—"Morning, madam; quite enjoying yourself, madam. Of course you are not aware of the fact that I have been up for more than an hour, and have not yet eaten a mouthful? Is that what I married you for, madam? [Gives her a pointed salute on the ankle.] Where are your domestic qualities, madam? [Imprints a mark of affection on the top of her head.] Where was your smile of welcome when you saw me getting off the fence? I watched you, madam? Where was your tender female solicitude when you beheld me looking weakly for want of a little nourishment? *Where, I repeat, is my breakfast?* Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Biddy (meekly)—"Have a worm, dear?"

O. C., Esq.—(solemly)—"I will."

SECOND SCENE.

Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer lays her first egg, and has invited two or three female friends to help cackle. (O. C., Esq., being absent.)

Mrs. Biddy—"Cut, cut, cut, cut, cut-a-a-a! cut, cut-a-a-a-a-cut!"

Mrs. Partlett—"Qua, qua, qua, cut-a-a-cut!"

Mrs. Penfeather—"Cluck, cluck, qua, qua, qua, cut, cut-a-a-a-a a-cut!" [Is interrupted by the sudden appearance of O. C., Esq., who has just returned from a stag party.]

O. C.—"Cock-a-doodle do! Now, may patience be vouchsafed me to ask of you, madam, what does all this mean! Here am I returning, careworn and exhausted, from the excitements and temptations of a delusive world, expecting to find repose and peace in the quiet of the domestic nest, instead of which I discover you in the midst of riot and dissipation. Madam, insult not my penetration by denying it—I affirm that you are having a party!"

Mrs. Biddy (apprehensively)—"Not at all, my dear; that is, my friends were just going by, and stopped in quite accidentally, and so—for you see, my dear, I've laid an egg! cut, cut, cut, cut-a-a-a-a-a—that is, at least—yes, sir, we've laid an egg!"

Three female neighbors simultaneously—"Cut, cut, cut, cut-a-a-a-a-a-cut!"

O. C., Esq. (majestically)—"Peace, hens! Madam, what *does* all this cackling folly mean? [Exeunt hens in indignation.] "Mrs. B. C., it has become necessary, at this stage of our matrimonial career, that I should state in mild but unmistakable terms my opinions regarding the appropriate sphere and duties of Henhood:

"First—Self-devotion. It has been the decision of all Roosterkind for ages, and therefore it cannot be denied, that the crowning virtue of the Hen character is disinterestedness. A true Hen should be patient, self-forgetful, obedient, tenderly solicitous for her husband's little wants, delighting wholly and solely in the graceful and pleasant duties that cluster round the domestic nest. On the contrary, I find *you thinking only* how to gratify your own selfish *tastes and desires;* instead of displaying—as might naturally be expected—some little sense of loneliness and melancholy at your husband's absence, I return from a visit of nearly twelve hours, and I find you literally rejoicing! Madam, I ask of you, is this true Henhood?

"Second—A retiring disposition, a delicate shrinking from contact with the coarse and unsympathizing world, an exclusive indifference to all without the sacred circle of the domestic nest. On the contrary, I find *you* gadding among the other hens of the yard, making appointments and sending invitations. Again I ask you, madam, is this true Henhood?

"Third—Freedom from curiosity. A true hen never evinces the slightest interest in the affairs of her neighbors, scarcely in her own; she never inquires concerning the whereabouts of her husband, being perfectly assured that, wherever he be and however appearances at the time may seem to tell against him, he is ever acting with a view to the welfare of the domestic nest. On the contrary, what do I find to be the truth in regard to yourself? Not a rooster raises his voice within a half mile of your yard but you are able to name him; not a hen lays an egg but you begin to cackle."

Mrs. Biddy (meekly)—"*I've* laid an egg! cut, cut, cut, cut-a-a! No, I mean—yes, sir, we've laid an egg."

O. C., Esq. (with solemn animation)—"*You've* laid an egg! And, pray, where is the thing?" [Walks briskly to the nest, and takes a microscopic view of the object.]

Biddy—"Cut, cut, cut—I mean will it do, sir?"

O. C., Esq.—"Humph—well, yes; very fair, considering; though, now I look more closely, I perceive that it is not precisely shaped; too short, madam, quite too short; not well finished off, by any means. And what do you mean, madam, by having the thing so much larger at one end than the other? Where, I ask, is your idea of symmetry? Zounds! madam, if this is the best you can do in this department, I shall lay the next myself!"

Mrs. Biddy (With her claw in her eye)—"Please, I couldn't help it. I didn't mean to."

O. C., Esq. (mollified)—"Well, well, don't fret your gizzard. You're no chicken, madam, to be so sensitive about a trifle. Only remember my advice in future, and above all, recollect that the crowning virtue of Henhood is disinterestedness."

Mrs. Biddy (meekly)—"Have a worm, dear?"

O. C. Esq. (solemnly)—"I will."

SCENE THIRD.

Mrs. Biddy C. has been setting for three weeks. O. C. Esq. appears in the distance, parting with one of his numerous female friends. The tones of his voice fall faintly on Mrs. Biddy's ear.

O. C., Esq.—"And now, sweetest of Hens, farewell; and may all the stars of heaven and all the saints of the barnyard meet to register the day when your smile first dawned upon my dreary life, and made me the happiest of roosters! Farewell!"

O. C., Esq., wends his homeward way.—"Good evening, Jack; monstrous fine Hen, that. Just been parting from her. Or may be you did not notice her points. Quite fond of me, too, I assure you. Still in tears, you observe—ahem! Cock-a-doodle-do!"

O. C., Esq., reaches the domestic nest.

Mrs. Biddy (feebly)—"Oh! I'm so glad to have somebody to speak to; I haven't stepped off the nest, nor seen a creature, since sunrise. How do you do, my dear? Anything new going on in the yard?"

A long pause. O. C., Esq., appears to be suddenly overwhelmed with depression and silent gloom.

Mrs. Biddy—What's the matter, sir?"

O. C., Esq. (in a terrible voice and walking like Othello)—"Matter! madam, behold! [Inserts his bill under his wing, and produces a rooster's feather.] Do you recognize that, madam? Do you acknowledge an acquaintance with the chicken-hearted caitiff who dropped it? Are you aware that I found it within three feet of the domestic nest?"

Mrs. Biddy (languidly)--"Did you? I didn't notice it."

O. C. Esq.—"Peace, Hen! and listen while in calm but decisive terms I strive to impress upon your mind the enormity of your conduct! Has it not been decided—I ask you calmly, madam—has it not been the opinion of Roosterkind for ages, and is it not therefore undeniable that (after disinterestedness) the one thing needful to the female character is excessive modesty? A true hen is so strictly and severely virtuous that the slightest attempt at intimacy from one of an opposite sex, though disguised beneath the specious mask of friendship, will excite in her breast the extremest aversion and horror! On the contrary, what do I find to be the case in regard to yourself? Only yesterday, on returning unexpectedly from a little party, I beheld you in animated conversation with my brother. Heavens! madam, am I to be longer the victim of such duplicity? No! sooner would I sacrifice at once the domestic nest, and fling thy lifeless body—oh! oh! misery! violence! revenge! 'Frailty, thy name is Hen!'"

Mrs. Biddy gets fidgety on her nest. "Oh! dear me, I'm so tired!"

Silence for half an hour.

"Mrs. Biddy (in gentle desperation)—"My dear, do you think you would mind looking to the nest a minute, while I run and pick a little bit of something? I haven't taken a mouthful to-day."

O. C., Esq. (starting up in doubt)—"Madam, have I heard aright? Do I understand that you have offered to shift upon your husband the little duties of the domestic nest? Are you going to step from your sphere madam? Do you mean to be a Hen's Rights hen, madam? Have I not again and again impressed upon your mind that female selfishness alone is at the bottom of these impious doctrines? And what, on the contrary, according to the decision of all Roosterkind, should be the real pride and ambition of Henhood? Disinterestedness! A true Hen glories in little crosses and trials; for without temptations she perceives that there can be no virtue; without trials, no patience; without affliction, no resignation, which is always so lovely in the female character. A true Hen, situated as you are, would not only rejoice that Providence has seen fit to afflict her with trials, but, with that beautiful self-abnegation which can never be too strenuously inculcated by the rooster-kind, would set herself to planning new sacrifices. I say a true Hen, in your situation, instead of sneaking from her little duties, would contrive some plan—if only by reaching out her head and pecking the earth around her—for supplying her husband's little wants."

Mrs. Biddy (meekly)—"Have a worm, dear?"

O. C., Esq. (solemnly)—"I will."

Making a Fortune.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Samuel McFadden was a watch man in a bank. He was poor, but honest, and his life was without reproach. The trouble with him was he felt that he was not appreciated. His salary was only four dollars a week, and, when he asked to have it raised, the President, Cashier and Board of Directors glared at him through their spectacles, and frowned on him, and told him to go out and stop his insolence, when he knew business was dull, and the bank could not meet the expenses now, let alone lavishing one dollar on such a miserable worm as Samuel McFadden. And then Samuel McFadden felt depressed, sad, and the haughty scorn of the President and Cashier cut him to the soul. He would often go into the side-yard, and bow his venerable twenty-four inch head, and weep gallons and gallons of tears over his insignificance, and pray that he might be made worthy of the Cashier's and President's polite attention.

One night a happy thought struck him; a gleam of light burst upon him; and gazing down the dim vista of years, with his eyes all blinded with joyous tears, he saw himself rich and respected. So Samuel McFadden fooled around and got a jimmy, a monkey wrench, a cross-cut saw, a cold chisel, a drill, and about a ton of gunpowder and nitro-glycerine, and those things. Then, in the dead of night he went to the fire-proof safe, and after working at it for a while burst the door and brick into an immortal smash with such a perfect success that there was not enough of that safe left to make a carpet tack. Mr. McFadden then proceeded to load up with coupons, greenbacks, currency and specie, and to nail all the odd change that was lying anywhere, so that he pranced out of the bank with over a million dollars on him. He then retired to an unassuming residence out of town, and then sent word to the detectives where he was.

A detective called on him the next day, with a soothing note from the Cashier. McFadden treated it with lofty scorn. Detectives called on him every day with humble notes from the President, Cashier, and Board of Directors. At last the bank officers got up a magnificent private supper, to which Mr. McFadden was invited. He came, and as the bank officers bowed down in the dust before him he pondered well over the bitter past, and his soul was filled with exultation.

Before he drove away in his carriage that night, it was all fixed that Mr. McFadden was to keep half a million of that money, and to be unmolested if he returned the other half. He fulfilled his contract like an honest man, but refused with haughty disdain the offer of the Cashier to marry his daughter.

Mac is now honored and respected. He moves in the best society; he browses around in purple and fine linen and other good clothes, and enjoys himself first rate. And often now he takes his infant son on his knee, and tells him of early life, and instills holy principles into the child's mind, telling him how, by industry and perseverance, and frugality, and nitro glycerine and monkey-wrenches, and familiarity with the detective system, even the poor may rise to affluence and respectability.

THE "HEATHEN CHINEE."

[Bret Harte's inimitable verses regarding the "coming man" have probably been seen by many of our readers, but viewed in the light of the illustrations just brought out by the Chicago *Republican*, their comicality appears with a fresh zest. We reproduce the illustrations herewith for the benefit of all who are dyspeptically inclined. It will be understood from the text that John Chinaman is not such a fool as he looks to be]:

[*Table Mountain*, 1870.]

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply.
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise;

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve;
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And he said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor"—
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that An Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

Hear the mellow hash-house bells,
Bully bells!
What a gustatory bliss their clamoring foretells
Through the balmy air of morn
As another day is born,
From the brazen-throated bell
All so brash,
What mellifluous ditties float
To Ta-*ver*-ner as he lists and listening gloats
On the (prospective) hash!
Oh from out the kitchen doors,
What a gush of frying grub voluminously pours
How it swells!
How it smells!
Of rare beefsteak how it tells,
Of the rapture that impells
May son John to go for—breakfast,
To the swinging and the ringing
Of D. Bell's, bells, bells,
Of D. Bell's hash-house bells,
Dawson Bell's.
To the whanging and the clanging of the bells.

THE GRASSHOPPER AS A "LIGHTNING CALCULATOR."

[NOTE.—The following intercepted letter from our scientific contributor was addressed to his aunt in the country. It will be noticed that the correspondent is a person of an observing turn of mind.]

Venerable Authority informs us that before the era of slates and blackboards, men developed the mathematical instinct by multiplying—upon the face of the earth. The mode is popular to this day. But the grasshopper as a champion multiplyist has no equal. He lays (speaking generically and not to put too fine a point upon it) an egg, which is about the size and shape of a long primer 0. In fact he lays several of them. From August 1st until winter, he is actuated by a restless ambition to bore holes in the ground, of the size of a pipe stem, and then to fill those holes with cream-colored 00. And though he is small he attends to his biz and is a triumphant success. In stature he is about a match for a sixpenny stub nail, in form he is like unto a linchpin, and he wears a green-sealing-wax head on him and a pair of glass eyes, so that with his long tailed duster on, he looks like an unsophisticated and near-sighted school master. But unsophisticated isn't what's the matter with *him*. And numeration is his best mathematical hold. He will stand himself bolt upright like a peg in one of those holes aforesaid, and view the heavens with an air of sublime serenity and wooden-headed unconsciousness.

Don't you fool yourself—he knows just what he is about. He prefixes himself like a figure 1 in the business, and adopting the decimal system of notation calmly places a 0 where it will do the most good. That stands for 10, and before you can dot and carry one he has added another cypher to that, and he now reads 100. About this time you begin to discover what sort of a rooster he is, and you entertain a degree of awe for him not inspired by a front view of his green goggles. Reasoning *a posteriori* you discover that he is a dangerous neighbor. But while you stand amazed he rapidly suffixes fifteen or twenty more 000, carrying his problem into the million millions, and has sealed and cemented it up ready to be fired off at you next spring. In two minutes and a quarter he has given you a problem that with all your manly powers of multiplication cannot be solved or equated. He compounds his interest at a hundred per cent every five seconds, puts a snap judgment on your cornfield, and forecloses before you can say Jack Robinson.

And when you observe that every square inch of your ground is occupied by one of those upright impassive figure 1's, each industriously putting down a row of cyphers, you will admit with me that the hoppergrass is the lightning calculator of the west, and that for multiplying—on the earth—he has no known equal.

P. GREEN.

How The Dutchman Was "Mistooked."

A day or two since, several Comstockers, who were seated in one of our breweries sipping their lager, began in a boastful way to tell of the great men for whom they had been mistaken. One stated that while traveling on one occasion through the State of New York, a gentleman came into the cars and walking up to him slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, exclaiming, 'Why, Mr. Astor, how do you do?' Another stated that upon getting off a steamer at Aspinwall, when on his way to California, a few years ago, a gentleman had rushed up to him, seized him by the hand and cried, 'Commodore Vanderbilt, it gives me great pleasure to see you here, sir!' While those stories were being told, it was observed that a Dutchman seated near the party was growing quite uneasy. He listened very attentively to the conversation, hitching his chair gradually nearer the group of men of remarkable appearances and showing evident signs of anxiety to contribute his experience to that which had already been related. At last he saw an opening and thus told his story: "Well, yendlemen, dot reminden me of dot times ven I first gone to Cincinnaddi dare. I vos coome to Cincinnaddi dare on von dem schteampoats. Vell, I cooms dare to Cincinnaddi, and ven der poats stop I valks down der blank to der leve mit mine garpet sacks in mine hand ond mine big meerschaum pipes in mine mout, ven yoost den von yendleman—he vas a fine lookin' feller—he rush up to me, and mid astonishmendt tooked me by der hand ond cry out, 'Yesus Christ, how you vas?'"—[Virginia City (Nevada) Enterprise.

THE PEACE COMMISSION.

A PI UTE PASTORAL.

It was a Peace Commissioner,
And his garb was sober drab;
His hair was long and white, and he
Economized his gab
In short he was a reticent
And inoffensive flab

His style was philanthropic,
And he bore a carpet bag,
In which he stored his tracts and soap,
And other peaceful swag
Which Indians patronize when war
And cattle stealing lag.

Long they sat in solemn council,
The Agent and the red.
Muddy talking filthy virtue,
Till the sachem shook his head,
As with doubt and grim suspicion;
Then he grunted low and said—

Not with eloquence of nature,
Not in metaphoric style,
But in simpler frontier lingo,
Mingled slang and grammar vile—
"Na re trow-zis; want some whisky:
Injun empty; drink a pile."

Then that meek and lowly Quaker
Remonstrated with a tear;
Spoke of fire-water and ruin
With eloquence severe—
Said quite feelingly, that whisky
Was a foe most insincere.

Spake once more the Child of Nature,
Keeping down his growing bile:
"Has my brother brought tobacco?
Is there powder in his pile?"
But the honest Agent answered
With an unsuspecting smile:

Had my variegated brother
Ever studied Mr Trask,
He would never, I am certain,
Such a foolish question ask
Read these pamphlets; they will teach you
In the light of truth to bask.

"Powder I have none, nor whisky,
Nor the brain-destroying leak;
But of moral tracts and stories
I have many for the Chief."
Then the Injun, weeping sadly,
Said it caused him bitter grief.

That his moral sense compelled him
To extract his brother's hair;
Which he did with nice precision
And a sad and stricken air;
And that hopeful Peace Commission
Terminated then and there.

The Minneapolis Tribune

From the Fergus Falls Journal.

IDYLS OF THE SURVEYOR.

"How sweet the smell of beans upon the air!"
Young Ronald murmured, hurrying toward the camp.
Adown the west the sun was sinking low,
The nor' by nor' east wind blew cold and damp,
And as he through a windfall tried to mizzle,
Far down his back the snow and rain did drizzle.

But visions of the camp fire flashed before,
And little recked he of the slush and sleet,
The unctious bill of fare his bosom cheered,
And put fresh spirit in his lagging feet.
For ere he left that morn, the cook with glee
Informed him what he might expect for tea.

Darker and darker grew the sullen night,
Wetter and wetter came the slush and snow;
Faster and faster yet with eager feet,
Did Ronald through the tamarack marshes go,
Through prickly ash and deadfalls straight he bore,
Nor cared a darn how much his breeches tore.

And as he skinned along, to cheer his lot,
Regaled his mind with dishes rich and rare,
And in his intellectual *pabulum*,
He showed himself a true born epicure.
If epicure were written *care*, my rhyme
Were perfect. But just now I'm pressed for time.

"Ah, yes; how sweet the smell of baking beans
When cooking with sowbelly in the pot.
And what with generous doughgods can compare,
Unless it be slumgullion, piping hot?
While juice of cow and fruit of hen combine,
To make a lickdob that is really fine."

"Loblolly, too, when steaming in the cup,
And oxslides towering in the baking pan,
And yellow dobawls, covered o'er with dope,
Do elevate and cheer the inward man."
But even as he spoke, in wild dismay
He stopped and cried "the d——l is to pay!"

Before him were the embers of the camp
Fast dying. But the tents, oh, where were they?
"Ask of the winds—. But no I won't. If I
Must quote, why, then, the cook shall have his say.
As soon as he has left we'll put for town,
And come a derned good cod on Mister Brown."

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

A Patriotic Ode--Dedicated to Ferguson.

Sons of Fergus, wake to glory,
Seize the double-barrelled gun,
Death to traitors, swift and gory,
Blaze away my Fergus-son.

Wake and swell the chorus louder,
See the glorious morning skies,
Ram the old fusee with powder,
Let her rip, and mind your eyes!

Raise the discord—louder, higher,
Furious swell th'insensate fun.
Torpedoes pop and crackers fire,
Every mother's (Fergus) son.

Boom the anvil patriotic,
Bang your nose off, crack the sky,
Smoke and carnage idiotic,
Tophet's own, this Fourth July.

Clash the brass, the sheepskin batter,
Squealing fife and tooting horn,
Deafening, dire, infernal clatter,
Why was fair Columbia born?

Scream the Eagle, wave the banner,
British lions cowering stand,
Orator with fearful manner
Belches thunder o'er the land.

Now the rocket upward streaming
Cleaves the sky and fires the town,
Landscape blazing, women screaming,
Thunderous applause brings down.

Then awake and rush to glory,
All ye patriot sons of guns,
Keep this day in song and story
Ever green, Oh! Fergusons.

DULUTH.

SPEECH OF HON. J. PROCTOR KNOTT, OF KENTUCKY,

Delivered in the House of Representatives February 1871.

The Bill for the renewal of the St. Croix Land Grant being under consideration, Mr. Knott addressed the House as follows:

MR. SPEAKER: If I could be actuated by any conceivable inducement to betray the sacred trust reposed in me by those to whose generous confidence I am indebted for the honor of a seat on this floor; if I could be influenced by any possible consideration to become instrumental in giving away in violation of their known wishes, any portion of their interests in the public domain for the mere promotion of any railroad enterprise whatever, I should certainly feel a strong inclination to give this measure my most earnest and hearty support; for I am assured that its success would materially enhance the pecuniary prosperity of some of the

MOST VALUED FRIENDS I HAVE ON EARTH;

friends for whose accommodation I would be willing to make any sacrifice not involving my personal honor or my fidelity as the trustee of an express trust. And that fact of itself would be sufficient to countervail almost any objection I might entertain to the passage of this bill, not inspired by an imperative and inexorable sense of public duty.

But, independent of the seductive influences of private friendship, to which I admit I am, perhaps, as susceptible as any of the gentlemen I see around me, the intrinsic merits of the measure itself are of such an extraordinary character as to commend it most strongly to the favorable consideration of every member of the House, myself not excepted, notwithstanding my constituents, in whose behalf alone I am acting here, would not be benefited by its passage one particle more than they would be by a project to cultivate an orange grove on the bleakest summit of Greenland's icy mountains. [Laughter.]

Now, sir, as to those great trunk lines of railway spanning the continent from ocean to ocean, I confess my mind has never been fully made up. It is true they may afford some trifling advantages to local traffic, and they may even in time become the channels of a more extended commerce. Yet I have never been thoroughly satisfied either of the necessity or expediency of projects promising such meager results to the great body of the people. But with regard to

THE TRANSCENDENT MERITS

of the gigantic enterprise contemplated in this bill I never entertained a shadow of doubt. [Laughter.]

Years ago, when I first heard that there was somewhere in the vast *terra incognita*, somewhere in the bleak regions of the Northwest, a stream of water known to the nomadic inhabitants of the neighborhood as the river St. Croix, I became satisfied that the construction of a railroad from that raging torrent to some point in the civilized world was essential to the happiness and prosperity of the American people, if not absolutely indespensable to the perpetuity of republican institutions on this continent. [Great laughter.] I felt instinctively that the boundless resources of that

PROLIFIC REGION OF SAND AND PINE SHRUBBERY

would never be fully developed without a railroad constructed and equipped at the expense of the Government, and perhaps not then. [Laughter.] I had an abiding presentiment that, some day or other, the people of the whole country, irrespective of party affiliations, regardless of sectional prejudices, and "without distinction of race, color, or previous condition of servitude," would rise in their majesty and demand an outlet for the enormous agricultural products of those vast and fertile pine barrens, drained in the rainy season by the surging waters of the turbid St. Croix. [Great laughter.]

These impressions, derived simply and solely from the "eternal fitness of things," were not only strengthened by the interesting and eloquent debate on this bill, to which I listened with so much pleasure the other day, but intensified, if possible, as I read over, this morning, the lively colloquy which took place on that occasion.

The honorable gentleman from Minnesota [Mr. Wilson,] who I believe is managing this bill, in speeking of the character of the country through which this railroad is to pass, says this:

"We want to have the timber brought to us as cheaply as possible. Now, if you tie up the lands in this way, so that no title can be obtained to them—for no settler will go on these lands, for he cannot make a living—you deprive us of the benefit of that timber."

Now, sir, I would not have it by any means inferred from this that the gentleman from Minnesota would insinuate that the people in this section desire this timber merely for the purpose of fencing up their farms so that their stock may not wander off and die of starvation among the bleak hills of the St. Croix, [Laughter.] I read it for no such purpose, sir, and make no such comment on it myself. In corroboration of this statement of the gentleman from Minnesota, I find this testimony given by the honorable gentleman from Wisconsin [Mr. Washburn]. Speaking of the same lands, he said:

"They are generally sandy, barren lands. My friend from the Green Bay district [Mr. Sawyer,] is himself perfectly familiar with this question, and he will bear me out in what I say, that these pine timber lands are not adapted to settlement."

Now, sir, who after listening to this emphatic and unequivocal testimony of these intelligent, competent, and able-bodied witnesses [Laughter.] who that is not as incredulous as St. Thomas himself, will doubt for a moment, that the Goshen of America will be found in the valleys and upon the pine clad hills of the St. Croix?

WHO WILL HAVE THE HARDIHOOD

to arise in his seat on this floor and assert that, excepting the pine bushes, the entire region would not produce vegetation enough in ten years to fatten a grasshopper? [Great laughter.] Where is the patriot who is willing that his country shall incur the peril of remaining another day without the amplest railroad communication with such an inexhaustible mine of agricultural wealth? [Laughter.] Who will answer for the consequences of abandoning a great and warlike people, in possession of a country like that, to brood over the indifference and neglect of their Government? [Laughter.] How long would it be before they would take to studying the Declaration of Independence and hatching out

THE DAMNABLE HERESY OF SECESSION?

How long before the grim demon of civil discord would rear again his horrid head in our midst, "gnash loud his iron fangs and shake his crest of bristling bayonets?" [Laughter.]

Then, sir, think of the long and painful process of reconstruction that must follow, with its

CONCOMITANT AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION:

the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth articles. The sixteenth, it is of course understood, is to be appropriated to those blushing damsels who are, day after day, beseeching us to let them vote, hold office, drink cocktails, ride astraddle, and do everything else that the men do. [Roars of laughter.] But, above all, sir, let me implore you to reflect for a moment on the deplorable condition of our country in case of a foreign war, with all our ports blockaded, all our cities in a state of siege; the gaunt specter of famine brooding like a hungry vulture over our starving land; our commissary stores all exhausted, and our

FAMISHING ARMIES WITHERING AWAY

in the field, a helpless prey to the insatiate demon of hunger; our navy rotting in the docks for want of provisions for our gallant seamen, and we without any railroad communication whatever with the prolific pine thickets of the St. Croix. [Great laughter,]

Ah, sir, I could very well understand why my amiable friends from Pennsylvania [Mr. Myers, Mr. Kelley and Mr. O'Neil] should be so earnest in their support of this bill the other day, and if their honorable colleague, my friend, Mr. Randall, will pardon the remark, I will say I considered his criticism of their action on that occasion as not only unjust, but ungenerous I knew they were looking forward with the far reaching ken of enlightened statesmanship to the

THE PITIABLE CONDITION IN WHICH PHILADELPHIA

will be left unless speedily supplied with railroad connection in some way with this garden spot of the universe. [Laughter.] And besides, sir, this discussion has relieved my mind of a mystery that has weighed upon it like an incubus for years. I could never understand before why there was so much excitement during the last Congress over the acquisition of Alta Vela. I could never understand why it was that some of our ablest statesmen and most disinterested patriots should entertain such

DARK FOREBODINGS OF THE UNTOLD CALAMITIES

that were to befall our beloved country unless we should take immediate possession of that desirable island But I see now that they were laboring under the impression that the Government would need the guano to manure the public lands on the St. Croix. [Great laughter.]

Now, sir, I repeat I have been satisfied for years that if there was any portion of the habitable globe

ABSOLUTELY IN A SUFFERING CONDITION

for want of a railroad, it was these teeming pine barrens of the St. Croix. [Laughter.] At what particular point on that noble stream such a road should be commenced I knew was immaterial, and so it seems to have been consdered by the draughtsman of this bill. It might be up at the spring, or down at the foot-log, or the water-gate, or the fish-dam, or anywhere along the bank, no matter where. [Laughter.] But in what direction it should run, or where it should terminate, were always in my mind questions of the most painful perplexity. I could conceive of no place on "God's green earth" in such straightened circumstances for railroad facilities as to be likely to desire or willing to accept such a condition. [Laughter.] I knew that

NEITHER BAYFIELD NOR SUPERIOR CITY

would have it, for they both indignantly spurned the munificence of the Government when coupled with such ignominious conditions, and let this very same land grant die on their hands years and years ago, rather than submit to the degradation of direct communication by railroad with the piney woods of the St. Croix; and I know that what the enterprising inhabitants of these giant young cities would refuse to take would have few charms for others, whatever their necessities or cupidity might be, [Laughter.]

Hence, as I have said, sir, I was utterly at a loss to determine where the terminus of

THIS GREAT AND INDISPENSABLE ROAD

should be, until I accidentally overheard some gentleman the other day mention the name of "Duluth." [Great laughter.] Duluth. The word fell upon my ear with peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence.

DULUTH!

'Twas the name for which my soul had panted for years, as the heart panteth for the water-brooks! [Renewed laughter.] But where was Duluth? Never, in my limited reading, had my vision been gladdened by seeing the celestial word in print. [Laughter.] And I felt a profounder humiliation in my ignorance that its dulucet syllables had never before ravished my delighted ear. [Roars of laughter.] I was certain the draughtsman of this bill had never heard of it, or it would have been dessgnated as one of the termini of this road. I asked my friends about it, but they knew nothing of it. I rushed to the library and examined all the maps I could find. [Laughter.] I discovered in one of them a delicate, hair-like line, diverging from the Mississippi called Prescott, which I supposed was intended to represent the river St. Croix, but I could nowhere find

DULUTH!

Nevertheless, I was confident that it existed somewhere, and that its discovery would constitute the crowning glory of the present century, if not of all modern times. [Laughter.] I knew it was bound to exist in the very nature of things; that the symmetry and perfection of our planetary system would be incomplete without it [renewed laughter]; that the elements of material nature would long since have resolved themselves back into original chaos if there had been such a hiatus in creation as would have resulted from leaving out

DULUTH.

(Roars of laughter.] In fact, sir, I was overwhelmed with the conviction that

DULUTH

not only existed somewhere, but that wherever it was, it was a great and glorious place. I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having passed away without a knowledge of the actual existence of

DULUTH;

that their fabled Atlantis, never seen save by the hallowed vision of inspired poesy, was, in fact, but another name for

DULUTH;

that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was a but a poetical synonym for the beer gardens in the vicinity of

DULUTH.

[Great laughter.] I was certain that Herodotus had died a miserable death, because in all his travels, and with all his geographical research, he had never heard of

DULUTH.

[Laughter.] I knew that if the immortal spirit of Homer could look down from another heaven than that created by his own celestial genius, upon the long lines of pilgrims from every nation of the earth to the gushing fountain of poesy opened by the touch of his magic wand; if he could be permitted to behold the vast assemblage of grand and glorious productions of the lyric art called into being by his own inspired strain, he would weep tears of bitter anguish that, instead of lavishing all the stores of his mighty genius upon the fall of Ilion, it had not been his more blessed lot to crystalize in deathless song the rising glories of

DULUTH.

[Great and continued laughter.] Yet, sir, had it not been for this map, kindly furnished me by the Legislature of Minnesota, I might have gone down to my obscure and humble grave in an agony of despair, because I could nowhere find

DULUTH.

[Renewed laughter.] Had such been my melancholy fate, I have no doubt but that, with the last feeble pulsation of my breaking heart, with the last faint exhalation of my fleeting breath, I should have whispered, "Where is

DULUTH?"

[Roars of laughter.] But, thanks to the beneficence of that band of ministering angels who have their bright abodes in the far-off capital of Minnesota, just as the agony of my anxiety was about to culminate in the frenzy of despair, this blessed map was placed in my hands, and as I unfold it a resplendent scene of ineffable glory opened before me, such as I imagine burst upon the enraptured vision of the wandering peri through the opening gates of paradise. [Renewed laughter.] There, there for the first time, my enchanted eyes rested upon the ravishing word

"DULUTH."

This map, sir, is intended, as it appears from its title, to illustrate the position of

DULUTH

in the United States; but if gentlemen will examine it, I think they will concur with me in the opinion that it is far too modest in its pretentions. It not only illustrates the position of

DULUTH

in the United States, but exhibits its relations with all created things. It even goes further than this. It lifts the shadowy veil of futurity and affords us a view of the golden prospects of

DULUTH

far along the dim vista of ages yet to come.

If gentlemen will examine it they will find

DULUTH

not only in the center of a series of concentric circles one hundred miles apart, and some of them as much as four thousand miles in diameter, embracing alike in their tremendous sweep the fragrant savannas of the sunlit South and the eternal solitudes of snow that mantle the ice-bound North. [Laugher.] How these circles were produced is perhaps one of those primordial mysteries that the most skillful paleologists will never be able to explain. [Renewed laughter.] But the fact is, sir,

DULUTH

is pre-eminently a central place, for I have been told by gentlemen who have been so reckless of their personal safety as to venture away in those awful regions where

DULUTH

is supposed to be, that it is so exactly in the center of the visible universe that the sky comes down at precisely the same distance all around it. [Roars of laughter.] I find by reference to this map that

DULUTH

is situated somewhere near the western end of Lake Superior, but as there is no dot or other mark indicating its exact location, I am unable to say whether it is actually confined to any particular spot, or whether "it is just lying around there loose." [Renewed laughter.] I really can not tell whether it is one of those ethereal creations of intellectual frost-work, more intangible than the rose-tinted clouds of a summer sunset; one of those airy exhalations of the speculator's brain which I am

told are ever flitting in the form of towns and cities along the lines of railroad built with Government subsidies, luring the unwary settler as the mirage of the desert lures the famishing traveler on, and ever on, until it fades away in the darkening horizon, or whether it is a real, *bona fide*, substantial city, all "staked off," with the lots marked with their owners' names like that proud commercial metropolis recently discovered on the desirable shores of San Domingo. [Laugther.] But, however that may be, I am satisfied

DULUTH

is there, or there abouts, for I see it stated here on this map that it is exactly thirty-nine hundred and ninety miles from Liverpool [laughter], though I have no doubt for the sake of convenience, it may be moved back ten miles, so as to make the distance an even four thousand. [Renewed laughter.]

Then, sir, there is the climate of

DULUTH,

unquestionably the most salubrious and delightful to be found anywhere on the Lord's earth. Now, I have always been under the impression, as I presume other gentlemen have, that in the region around Lake Superior, it was cold enough for at least nine months in the year to freeze the smoke stacks off a locomotive. [Great laughter.] But I it see represented on this map that

DULUTH

is situated exactly half way between the latitudes of Paris and Venice, so that gentlemen who have inhaled the exhilarating airs of the one or basked in the golden sunlight of the other, may see at a glance that

DULUTH

must be a place of untold delights [laughter], a terrestrial paradise fanned by the balmy zephyrs of an eternal spring, clothed in the gorgeous sheen of ever-blooming flowers, and vocal with the silver melody of nature's choicest songsters. [Laughter.] In fact, sir, since I have seen this map I have no doubt that Byron was vainly endeavoring to convey some faint conceptions of the delicious charms of

DULUTH

when his poetic soul gushed forth in the rippling strains of that beautiful rhapsody—

Know ye the land of the cedar and pine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
In color, though varied, in beauty may vie?

[Laughter.]

As to the commercial resources of

DULUTH,

sir, they are simply illimitable, and inexhaustible, as is shown by this map. I see it stated here that there is a vast scope of territory, embracing an area of over 3,000,000 square miles, rich in every element of material wealth and commercial prosperity all tributary to

DULUTH.

Look at it, sir, (pointing to the map.) Here are idexhaustible mines of gold, immeasurable veins of silver, impenetrable depths of boundless forest, vast coal measures, wide extended plains of richest pasturage, all, all embraced in this vast territory, which must, in the very nature of things, empty the untold treasures of its commerce into the lap of

DULUTH.

[Laughter.]

Look at it, sir, (pointing to the map) do not you see, from these broad, brown lines drawn around this immense territory that the enterprising inhabitants of

DULUTH

intend some day to enclose it all in one vast corral, so that its commerce will be bound to go there whether it would or not? [Great laughter.] And here, sir, (still pointing to the map,) I find within a convenient distance the Piegan Indians; which, of all the many accessories to the glory of

DULUTH,

I consider by far the most estimable. For, sir, I have been told that when the small-pox breaks out among the women and children of that famous tribe, as it sometimes does, they afford the finest subject in the world for the stragetical experiments, of any enterprising military hero who desires to improve himself in the noble art of war,[laughter] especially for any lieutenant general, whose

"Trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting has grown rusty,
And eats into itself for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack."

[Great laughter.]

Sir, the great conflict now raging in the Old World, has presented a phenomenon in military operations unprecedented in the annals of mankind, a phenomenon that has reversed all the traditions of the past as it has disappointed all the expectations of the present. A great and warlike people, renowned alike for their skill and valor, have been swept away before the triumphant advance of an inferior foe, like autumn stubble before a hurricane of fire. For aught I know, the next flash of electric fire that shimmers along the ocean cable may tell us that Paris, with every fiber quivering with the agony of impotent despair, writhes beneath the conquering heel of her cursed invader. Ere another moon shall wax and wane the brightest star in the galaxy of nations may fall from the zenith of her glory, never to rise again. Ere the modest violet of early spring shall ope their beauteous eyes, the genius of civilization may chant the unavailing requiem of the proudest nationality the world has ever seen, as she scatters her withered and tear-moistened lillies o'er the bloody tomb of butchered France. But, sir, I wish to ask if you honestly and candidly believe that the Dutch would have ever overrun the Fren in that kind of style if General Sheridan had not gone over there and told King William and Von Moltke how he had managed to whip the Piegan Indians.

[Great laughter.]

[Here the hammer fell.]

[Many cries, "Go on!" "Go on!"]

The Speaker—Is there objection to the gentleman from Kentucky continuing his remarks? The chair hears none. The gentleman will proceed.

Mr. Knott—I was remarking, sir upon these vast "wheat fields," represented on this map in the immediate neighborhood of the Buffaloe and the Piegans, and was about to say that the idea of there being these immense wheat fields in the very heart of a wilderness, hundreds and hundreds of miles beyond the utmost verge of civilization, may appear to some gentlemen rather incongruous—as rather too great a strain on the "blankets" of veracity. But, to my mind, there is no difficulty in the matter whatever. The phenomenon is very easily accounted for. It is evident, sir, that the Piegans sowed that wheat there and plowed it in with buffalo bulls. [Great laughter.] Now, sir, this fortunate combination of buffaloes and Piegans, considering their relative positions to each other and to Duluth, as they are arranged on this map, satisfied me that Duluth is destined to be

THE BEEF MARKET OF THE WORLD.

Here, you will observe, (pointing to the map,) are the buffaloes, directly between the Piegans and Duluth, and here, right on the road to Duluth, are the Creeks. Now, sir, when the buffaloes are sufficiently fat, from grazing on these immense wheat fields, you see it will be the easiest thing in the world for the Piegans to drive them on down, stay all night with their friends, the Creeks, and go into Duluth in the morning. [Great laughter.] I think I see them now, sir, a vast herd of buffaloes, with their heads down, their eyes glaring, their nostrils dilated, their tongues out, and

THEIR TAILS CURLED OVER THEIR BACKS,

tearing along toward Duluth, with about a thousand Piegans on their grass-bellied ponies, yelling at their heels! [Great laughter.] On they come! And as they sweep past the Creeks they join in the chase, and the way they all go, yelling, bellowing, ripping and tearing along, amid clouds of dust, until the last buffalo is safely penned in the stock yards of Duluth. (Shouts of laughter.)

Sir, I might stand here for hours and hours, and expatiate with rapture upon the

GORGEOUS PROSPECTS OF DULUTH,

as depicted upon this map. But human life is too short, and the time of this House far too valuable to allow me to linger longer upon the delightful theme. (Laughter.) I think every gentleman on this floor is as well satisfied as I am that

DULUTH IS DESTINED

to become the commercial metropolis of the universe, and that this road should be built at once. I am fully persuaded that no patriotic representative of the American people, who has a proper appreciation of

THE ASSOCIATED GLORIES OF DULUTH

and the St. Croix, will hesitate a moment to say that every able-bodied female in the land between the ages of eighteen and forty-five who is in favor of women's rights should be drafted and set to work upon this great work without delay. (Roars of laughter.) Nevertheless, sir, it grieves my very soul to be compelled to say that I cannot vote for the grant of lands provided for in this bill.

Ah! sir, you can have no conception of the

POIGNANCY OF MY ANGUISH

that I am deprived of the blessed privilege. (Laughter.) There are two insuperable obstacles in the way. In the first place, my constituents, for whom I am acting here, have no more interest in this road than they have in the great question of culinary taste now, perhaps, agitating the public mind of Dominica, as to whether the illustrious commissioners who recently left this capital for that free and enlightened republic would be better fricasseed, boiled or roasted; (great laughter,) and, in the second place, these lands, which I am asked to give away, alas,

ARE NOT MINE TO BESTOW!

My relation to them is simply that of trustee to an express trust. And shall I ever betray that trust? Never, sir! Rather perish Duluth! (Shouts of laughter.) Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclones of the bleak northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the St. Croix! (Great laughter.)

THE KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

A DIRGE—BY W. A. CROFFUT.

And so our royal relative is dead;
And so he rests from gustatory labors;
The white man was his choice—but it is said
He sometimes would "run down" his colored neighbors.
He worshipped, as he growled his *fee fo-fum*,
The goddess of the Epigastrium.

And Missionaries graced his festive board,
Solemn and succulent, in twos and dozens,
And smoked before their hospitable lord,—
Welcome as if they'd been his second cousins;
When cold he warmed them, as he would his kin
They came as strangers, and he "took them in."

He had a hundred wives. To make things pleasant,
They found it quite judicious to adore him;
And when he dined, the nymphs were always present,
Sometimes beside him, and sometimes before him!
When he was tired of one, he called her "sweet,"
And told her she was "good enough to eat"

He had good taste. Although no wars were rife
He fatted many young men for his navy,
And when he cut them off in midst of life,
He furnished, not exactly grave—but gravy.
He had a bed, but camped out, on his shallot,
While other people occupied his palate!

But the deceased could never hold a candle
To those prim, pale-faced people of propriety
Who gloat o'er gossip, and get fat on scandal—
The canniba's of civilized society—
They drink the blood of sisters with their rations
And crunch the bones of living reputations!

They kill the soul; he only claimed the dwelling,
They take the sharpened scalpel of surmises,
And cleave the sinews where the heart is swelling,
And slaughter Fame and Honor for their prizes,
They make the spirit in the body quiver;
They quench the Light; he only took the Liver!

I've known some hardened customers, I wot
A few tough fellows—Pagans beyond question—
I wish had got into his dinner pot,
Although I'm certain they'd defy digestion,
And break his jaws and ruin his esophagus,
Were he the chief of beings anthropophagous!

How fond he was of children! to his breast
The tenderest nurslings gained a free admission;
Rank he despised—nor, if they came well dressed,
Cared he if they were plebeian or patrician.
Shade of Leigh Hunt! Oh, guide my laggard pen,
And write of one who loved his fellow-men!

Skitter's Trap.

John Henry Jones had arrived at tha age when, in the natural course of human events, young men are subject to attacks of puppy-love—when moonshine is the thing most congenial to their yearning souls, when freckled girls' kisses are their balm in Gilead, and when it is dollars to cents that they will manage to make consumate jackasses of themselves. That was what ailed John Henry.

Henrietta Jane Skitters was an incipient woman, and had scarcely dropped her infantile lisp and the length of her chin-curtains. She was of that plentiful female sort, you understand, who run to sentiment and spit-curls, and who had a blamed sight sooner have young men's heads on their hearts than common-sense ideas in them. She was a nice girl, you know, only she had ruined her appetite for beefsteak by devouring too many dime-novels. That was what ailed Henrietta Jane.

Rudolph Beethoven Skitters was a cynical, cross-grained, bald-headed second-fiddler in an orchestra, and was old enough to know better. He had thought the matter carefully over, you observe, and had concluded that all men are liars, swindlers, knaves, thieves, politicans, or some other species of infernal rascals. Therefore, he hated mankind with a double-concentrated intensity, only approached by his innate love for gin. That was what ailed Rudolph Beethoven.

John Henry and Henrietta Jane met. He closed his right eye, and winked with the one that was left. She closed her left eye, and winked with the one that was right. From that moment you comprehend, the etherial essence evolved by the comingling of ecstatic—well, you know as well as I do the effect of puppy-love upon the human race. They burst the arms of the old man's rocking-chair by sitting in it double, and slobbered over each other daily from seven to twelve o'clock P. M. He hugged her until her dress was threadbare under the arms, and she clawed around his collar until all the button-holes were stretched out. The cat and canary bird, unwilling spectators of these scenes, had died in unspeakable agony, and things were generally getting thick, when the old man dropped on the situation. Rudolph Beethoven Skitters didn't rant much. He only remarked that he didn't know as he wanted to waste a healthy young man, but that, if a certain nameless youth ever dared to cross his drawbridge again, a coroner, a sexton, an undertaker, and a minister would be entitled to the customary fees. Then he gave John Henry a piece of bread and butter, and told him to run right home to his doting mother. As for Henrietta Jane, she never sat down with any comfort for two weeks, during which time the recollection of a six-horse power spanking was vividly impressed upon her memory.

But John Henry, you notice, was no slouch of a lover. He meandered right back to the Skitters mansion and kissed Henrietta Jane until she thought she was in heaven, between two clouds, with angels flopping their wings and tossing peppermint drops into her mouth. She got spanked, and he got kicked out, at 12 o'clock every night as regularly as the sun rose; but somehow they got hardened to it, and didn't seem to mind it any worth mentioning.

At length the cynical old cuss, who couldn't bear to see the children have any fun playing at make-fools-of-themselves, swowed that he would break up the game or burst. So he hired a misguided mechanic to build an infernal machine, all for to spoil John Henry. It had a steel trap to it, that clashed together like the jaws of death, and a two-foot mortar that held eleven pounds of powder and a peck of old nails. He carried it home on the sly, you see, and made the front gate a sort of trigger to it. One blamed dark night he fixed the thing all up, and left it ready, you observe, to macerate John Henry the moment he touched the gate. Then the old villain wandered off to Hebbinger's, and absorbed gin until 12 o'clock. In the meantime, John Henry, for the first time in three months, failed to call on Henrietta Jane.

"I know it's pretty rough to kill a fellow," soliloquized old Skitters, as be neared his home, "but he's brought it on himself. I wonder if they'll hang me for it? I'll swear that I fixed it up for burglars, anyhow, and I guess it'll be all right. Wonder if there's much excitement about it? There don't seem to be any light in the house. Wonder what they've done with his mangled remains. Ha, ha, ha! it's mighty funny though, come to think of it. How surprised he must have—"

Just at this point old Skitters put his hand on the gate.

* * * * * * *

John Henry and Henrietta Jane have been married two years now. An inmate of their household is a banged up old man, who navigates by crutch power, and who is constantly picking bits of old nails out of himself. The hair has all been singed off his head, and he keeps one of his arms in a glass jar, preserved in alcohol. He says it is rheumatism that ails him.

TITUS A. BRICK.

A PUZZLED DUTCHMAN.

A WISCONSIN paper contains the following good story: One who does not believe in immersion for baptism was holding a protracted meeting, and one night preached on the subject of baptism. In the course of his remarks, he said that some believe it necessary to go down into the water, and come up out of it, to be baptized. But this he claimed to be fallacy, for the preposition "into" of the Scriptures should be rendered differently, as it does not mean into at all times. "Moses," he said, "we are told, went up into the mountain; and the Saviour was taken into a high mountain, etc. Now, we do not suppose either went into a mountain; but unto it. So with going down into the water; it means simply going down close by or near to the water, and being baptized in the ordinary way, by sprinkling or pouring. He carried this idea out fully, and in due season closed his discourse; when an invitation was given for any one so disposed to rise and express his thoughts. Quite a number of his brethren arose and said they were glad they had been present on this occasion; that they were well pleased with the sound sermon they had just heard, and felt their souls greatly blessed. Finally a corpulent gentleman, of Teutonic extraction, a stranger to all, arose and broke the silence, that was almost painful, as fo ows

"Mister Brea her, I is so glat I vash here to-night, for [illegible] has had exblained to my mint som ding da. I never could pelief pefore. Oh, I ish so glat dat into does not mean into [illegible] u shust close py or near to; for now I can pelieve many dings vot I could not pelieve pefore. We reat, Mr. Breacher, dat Taniel vos cast into de ten of lions, and came out alife. Now I neffer could pelief dat, for de wilt peasts would shust eat him right off; but now it is fery clear to my mint. He vash shust close py or near to, and tid not get into de ten at all. Oh, I ish so glat I vash here to-night. Again we reat dat de Heprew children vash cast into de firish furnace, and dat alwish look like a beeg story, too, for dey would have peen purnt up; but it ish all blain to my mint now, for dey vash shust cast py or close to de firish furnace. Oh, I vash so glat I vash here to-night. And den, Mister Breacher, it ish said dat Jonah vash cast into de sea, and taken into de whalesh pelly. Now, I neffer could pelieve dat. It alwish seemed to me to pe a peeg feesh story; but it ish all blain to mint now. He vash not into de whalesh pelly at all, but shust shumpt onto his pack and rode ashore. Oh, I vash so glat I vash here to-night.

"And now, Mister Breacher, if you will shust exblain two more bassages of Scribture, I shall be, oh, so happy dat I vash here to-night! One of dem ish vere it saish de vicked shall be cast into a lake dat burns mit fire and primstone alwish. Oh! Mister Breacher, shall I pe cast into dat lake if I am vicked, or shust close py or near to—shust near enough to be comfortable? Oh! I hope you tell me I shall pe cast only shust py a good vays off, and I vill pe so glat I vash here to-night. De other bassage is dat vich saisd blessed are they who do these commandments, dat dey may have right to de dree of life, and enter in troo de gates of de city, and not shust close py or near to—shust near enough to see vat I have lost—and I shall pe so glat I vash here to-night."

A WAR REMINISCENCE.

The Battered Veterans and the Good Old Woman of Tennessee.

Carl Brent in the St. Louis Democrat.

"Pore soldier!" exclaimed a lone old widow in East Tennessee, as a battered veteran in blue appeared at her door, and meekly asked for a sup of cold water. "Pore soldier! I know in reason that you are tired and thirsty, and that you will be powerful glad to get a drink of water, not to speak of a little suthin' to mix with it."

"Thank you, mum; but I belong to the Daughters of Temperance, and can't drink, unless it is a little in the way of medicince, and I do feel very weak, as I have marched more than 40 miles to-day."

"Forty mile! The laws have massey! How could you do it? Why, it would kill my mule."

"It is very hard; but we get used to it. I wouldn't have minded it, if I had anything to eat."

"Sakes alive! Do come in and sit down. Pore soldier!"

The good old lady brought out a black bottle, from which the battered veteran poured a tea spoonful into a glass of water, and took a vigorous pull at the bottle when her back was turned. Then she placed before him a substantial supper of ham and eggs and corn bread and coffee, upon which he advanced in gallant style.

"And you are mighty young to be a solderin'," she said, looking at him benignantly over her spectacles.

"Yes, mum; I am the only son of my widowed mother; but my country called me, and my duty to my country is only second to my duty to my Creator."

"Sho? Why, you talk as peert as a minister."

"I was studying for the ministry when the war broke out."

"I had a notion that the soldiers were all so wicked; but I am glad to find out that they ain't. You have seen a power of gettin', I reckon?"

"A great deal, mum. It is hard for a Christian to take life; but the enemies of our country must be punished."

"Jess so. Have you ever been wounded?"

"Very often. I was once shot through the heart."

"Through the heart! Lowful sakes! Didn't it kill you?"

"Not quite. The intercostal muscle was penetrated longitudinally and extravasated with varicose veins; but the bullet ranged across the left lobe of the arachnoid artery, producing a comminuted fracture of the anterior process of the cerebellum, and causing a lession of the spinal viscera and hypophosphates of the fibula, and that delayed my recovery."

"You don't mean to say that you lived through all that!"

"I was spared, mum, to be an humble monument of the mercy of Providence."

"Should think so. What was that noise? It sounded like somebody down the cellar."

"Nothing but rats. Don't be alarmed, madam. I am here and will protect you. I once defended the house of a widow when it was attacked by a dozen guerrillas, I was obliged to kill seven of them, and the rest ran away."

"Do tell! Should think you ought to be an officer."

"The President has tried to persuade me to accept a commission as General, but I have believed that I can serve my country better in my present sphere. Thank you, I don't care if I do take a spoonful of that. I must be going now, with many thanks for your kindness. It is nearly time for our evening prayer-meeting, and I must be there to open it. Have you such a thing as a pocket Bible to spare? Mine was destroyed in the last battle, by being struck by a bullet in my coat pocket. It was the last gift of my beloved mother, and it saved my life."

"Lawful sakes! Which pocket?"

"The behind pocket, mum."

"What a blessed thing it is to have a Bible! There is one that belonged to my Matilda Jane; but I know that you will make a good use of it. I will remember you in my prayers, pore soldier!"

As the last rays of the setting sun lighted up the face of that battered veteran, they shone upon two big tears, that slowly trickled down either cheek, making miniature canals through the dust that coated his epidermis. He walked up the road until he was joined by several more battered veterans, who came out from the corner of the fence. Two of them bore a keg, others carried tin buckets, others had their arms full of bottles.

"Have you got it, boys?" asked the veteran to whom the Bible had been presented.

"All right, my covey. Ten gallons of peach brandy, a keg of apple-jack, and ever so many bottles of blackberry wine. The old gal was well fixed."

"You made such a d—l of a noise that she would have smoked you if I hadn't been there to throw her off the track. Let's go and divide. I ought to have the biggest share, as I had the hardest part of the work."

It is thus that patriotism and virtue are rewarded.

Jim Bludso.

(OF THE PRAIRIE BELL.)

Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks,
The night of the Prarie Belle?

He weren't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row—
But he never flunked, and he never lied,
I reckon he never knowd how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Bell took fire—
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last—
The Movas er was a better boat,
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed,
And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety valve
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire burst out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was running and cursing, but Jim yelled out
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burning boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead sure thing—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ aint agoin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

—*John Hay.*

—A boy got to fooling with his father's horses until finally one of them put his foot in his face. He was carried in, and the doctor sewed up his lip, and bandaged his eyes, and poulticed his cheeks, but he puffed up and laid a bed a number of days; and when he began to get a little better called for a looking glass, and casting his eyes upon it his countenance fell. "Father," said he, "do you think I shall ever be as pretty again?" "No, my son," the old man replied, "you will never be so pretty again, but you'll know a d—d sight more."

—We have felt rather kindly towards French roofs since Friday night. Two cats got on Mr. Welland's that evening. They were cats that evidently never saw a French roof before, but they were not timid. They humped themselves without a moment's pause, sounded the battle cry and went to work. For two minutes there was a great deal of pulling around and howling, but it was a French roof, it was new ground, and before they were fairly aware of it they were off the roof and going toward the earth with lightning velocity, pawing out into the air for something to get hold of, spitting and crying, and swearing and beseeching, and sobbing with their hearts full of agony and their mouths full of fur all the way down to the ground, where they arrived in a condition to afford nourishment to Mr. Weller's grapevines —*Danbury News.*

Betsey and I are Out.

A FARM BALLAD.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out.
We who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you? I swan! it's hard to tell;
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman—she has no other man,
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me;
So we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a gatherin' this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had, for a start;
Although we ne'er suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings bred in the flesh and bone,
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was somethin' concerning Heaven—a difference in our creed.
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast; we arg'ed the thing at tea;
And the more we arg'ed the question the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket, for certain—tha question was only—how?
I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;
And when we were done a talkin' we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But for full a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a comin' up;
And so that Heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got;
But it give us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way;
Always somethin to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say.
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple dozen strong,
And lent their kindest service for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak.
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me;
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree.
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live stock, that she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can thrive and roam,
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home.
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsey never should want a home, if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol'rable pay—
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day—
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much.
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir; but I take no stock in such.
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young;
And Betsey was al'ays good to me, except with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer and several other chaps;
And all of 'em was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I, for a time, was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey, and crazy as a loon.
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen,
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts
Exceptin' when wev'e quarreled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer; and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if its all right.
And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a trading man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur:
That when I'm dead, at last, she bring me back to her.
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy—before we quarreled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me;
And, lying together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
And if we ever meet in Heaven I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we have quarreled here,

—*Will. M. Carleton, in Toledo Blade.*

For the Minneapolis Tribune.

What Betsey Thought.

BY KATE CRAYON.

After the talk we had, Caleb, saying we couldn't agree,
And that you'd take your part, Caleb, and leave the rest to me—
Sooner than show signs of feeling, sooner than shed a tear,
I'd have made my throbbing heart stand still: I'd have died before you here.

But when you had turned to go, Caleb, to harness and go to town,
The strength all left me then, Caleb, my face forgot to frown;
I dropped into the nearest chair, Caleb, like a woman made of lead,
And my heart cried out: "O Caleb! in spite of what youv'e said—

I love you more than I love myself; I'd die for you any day.
I *cannot* sign an agreement; you must not go away."
But after a bit I thought again of the bitter things we'd said,
And the hardness all came back, Caleb, and I wished that I were dead.

I prayed for a stroke of lightning, or a fever in my brain,
That would take away my senses and make me forget my pain;
But God did not send them to me—neither fever no lightning flash—
And in merciful kindness kept me from doing any thing rash.

Yet more than once in those dreadful hours (I sat there the whole day through)
I was strongly, wickedly tempted to do wrong to myself—not to you;
For though I resolved to be proud, Caleb, resolved to journey alone,
Rather than make a confession of any wrong I had done.

My *own words, my own bitterness*, hid yours; outnumbered, outweighed them, you see.
I thought of the first of our trouble—that talk about Heaven, you know;
How *I* was the *first* to say sharply, "*If this is your view you'll not go.*"

It was half in a joke that I said it, but you thought it in earnest, I knew;
And—who would have blamed you for it?—into a passion you flew.
After that the fire easily kindled, angry words and contentions were rife;
Cow-critters and bowls and such trifles were innocent causes of strife.

But to tell the whole truth, my dear Caleb, I've been weary this many a day
Of all our silly contention; I've known all the time *it don't pay.*
And I'm glad you have come to the point, Caleb, as glad as I was when you said,
"Betsey, my dear girl, I love you! just say the word, and we'll wed."

I know this will all end in peace, Caleb; I know the agreement will tell
That you are true-hearted and noble and that you still love me well.
I too will draw up an agreement, not signed by a lawyer's hand.
(I'd rather you, Caleb, would sign it than any man in the land.)
Here it is; and when you come home to-night, Caleb, and give me your paper to sign,
I'll kiss you, and we'll not decide, Caleb, till you have read over mine.

My whole stock of temper, a large one, I shall try hard to keep to myself;
My hasty words of impatience I'll quietly lay on the shelf;
My views of what Heaven will be, Caleb, I can't change, but agree to wait
Until we both are anchored there before my views I state.

The cow that died, died as she did; I won't say how I think,
And broken bowls, and such small things, I'll to oblivion sink.
But all my kindest words and acts I do to you bequeath,
Now, Caleb, if you agree to this, just put your name beneath. BETSEY.

BETSEY DESTROYS THE PAPER

Sequel to "Betsey and I are Out."

BY HELEN BARRON BOSTWICK.

I've brought back the paper, lawyer, and fetched the parson here.
To see that things are regular; settled up fair and clear.
For I've been talking with Caleb, and Caleb has talked to me.
And the 'mount of it is we're minded to try once more to agree.

So I came here on the business,—only a word to say,
(Caleb is staking his pea-vines, and couldn't come to-day.)
Just to tell you and the parson how that we've changed our mind,
So I'll tear up the paper, lawyer, you see it wasn't signed.

And now if the parson is ready, I'll walk with him toward home;
I want to thank him for some things; 'twas kind of him to come.
He's showed the Christian spirit, stood by us firm and true,
We might'n't have changed our mind, squire, if he'd been a lawyer too.

There!—How good the sun feels, and the grass and blowin trees,
Something about them lawyers makes me feel fit to freeze,
I wasn't bound to state particulars to that man,
But it's right *you* should know, parson, about our change of plan.

We'd been some days a waverin', a little, Caleb and me,
And wished the hateful paper at the bottom of the sea;
But I guess 'twas the prayer last evening, and the few words you said,
That thawed the ice between us, and brought things to a head.

You see when we came to a division, there was things that wouldn't divide.
There was our twelve-old-baby, she couldn't be satisfied
To go with one or the other, but just kept whimperin' low,
"I'll stay with papa and mamma, and where they go *I'll* go."

Then there was Grandsire's Bible, and he died on our wedding day,
We couldn't halve the old Bible, and should it go or stay?
The sheets that were Caleb's mother's, her sampler on the wall,
With the sweet old names worked in—Tryphena, and Eunice, and Paul.

It began to be hard then, parson, but it grew harder still,
Talkin' of Caleb established down at McHenrysville;
Three dollars a week 'twould cost him; no mendin' nor sort of care,
And board at the Widow Meacham's, a woman that wears false hair.

Still he went on talkin'; I agreed to knit some socks,
And make a dozen stripped shirts, and a pair of wa'mus frocks;
And he was to cut a door-way from the kitchen to the shed,
"Save you climbing steps much, in frosty weather," he said.

He brought me the pen at last—I felt a sinkin'—and he
Looked as he did with the sgur, in Spring of sixty-three;
'Twas then you dropped in, parson; 'twant much that was said,
"Little children love one another," but the thing was killed stone dead.

I should like to make confession; not that I'm going to say
The fault was *all* on my side, that never was my way,
But it may be true that women—tho' how 'tis I can't see—
Are a trifling more aggravatin' than men know how to be.

Then, parson, the neighbors' meddlin'—it wasn't pourin' oil,
And the church a laborin' with us; 'twas worse than wasted toil,
And I've thought and so has Caleb, though maybe we are wrong.
If they'd kept to their own business, we should have got along.

There was Deacon Amos Purdy, a good man as we know.
But hadn't a gift of laborin' except with the scythe and hoe;
Then a load came over in peach time, from the Wilbur neighborhood,
"Season of prayer," they called it; it didn't do an atom of good.

I'll tell you about the heifer—one of the kindest and best—
That brother Ephraim gave me the fall he moved out West.
I'm free to own it riled me, that Caleb should think and say
She died of convulsions—a cow that milked four gallons a day.

But I needn't have spoke of turnips, needn't have been so cross,
And said hard things and hinted as if 't was all *my* loss;
And I'll take it all back, parson; that fire shan't ever break out,
Though the cow was choked with a turnip I never had a doubt.

Then there are p'int's of doctrine, and views of a future state.
I'm willing to stop discussin'; we can both afford to wait;
'Twont bring the millenium sooner, disputin, about when its due,
Although I feel an assurance that mine's the Scriptural view.

But the blessedest truth of the Bible, I've learned to think don't lie
In the texts we hunt with a candle, to prove our doctrines by,
But them that come *to* us in sorrow, an' when we're on our knees,
So if Caleb won't argue on free-will, I'll leave alone the decrees.

One notion of Caleb's parson, seems rather misty and dim,
I wish if it comes convenient you'd change a word with him,
It don't stand quite to reason, and for gospel isn't clear,
That folks love better in Heaven for havin' quarreled here.

I've no such an expectation; why parson, if that is so,
You needn't have worked so faithful to reconcile folks below;
I hold another opinion, and hold it straight and square,
If we can't be peaceable here, we won't be peaceable there.

But there's the request he made, you know it, parson, about
Bein' laid under the maples that his own hand set out,
And me to be laid beside him when my time comes to go,
As if—as if—don't mind me; but it was that onstrung me so.

And now that some scales as we think, have fallen from our eyes,
And things brought so to a crisis have made us both more wise.
Why Caleb says, and so I say, till the Lord parts him and me,
We'll love each other better, and try our best to agree.

—*Toledo Blade.*

Less than a month will now elapse before Averill's term will expire, and King will begin to draw pay as a member of the Forty-Fourth Congress, whether that body convenes in March or not. If he thinks the question of his guilt or innocence is not an important one, he is wofully mistaken. We have a right to know what reply he has to make.

From the September Overland Monthly.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

BY F. BRET HARTE.

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat at the table,
With the smile that was child like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve;
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor"—
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In the sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870.

A White-Pine Ballad.

BY BERT HARTE.

Recently with Samuel Johnson this occasion I improved,
Whereby certain gents of affluence I hear were greatly moved;
But not all of Johnson's folly, although multiplied by nine,
Could compare with Milton Perkins, late an owner in White Pine.

Johnson's folly—to be candid—was a wild desire to treat
Every able male white citizen he met upon the street;
And there being several thousand—but this subject why pursue?
'Tis with Perkins, and not Johnson, that to-day we have to do.

No, not wild promiscuous treating, not the wine-cup's ruby flow,
But the female of his species brought the noble Perkins low.
'Twas a wild poetic fervor and excess of sentiment
That left the noble Perkins in a week without a cent.

"Milton Perkins," said the siren, not thy wealth do I admire,
But the intellect that flashes from those eyes of opal fire;
And methinks the name thou bearest surely cannot be misplaced,
And, embrace me, Mister Perkins!" Milton Perkins her embraced.

But I grieve to state, that even then, as she was wiping dry
The tear of sensibility in Milton Perkins eye,
She prigged his diamond bosom-pin, and that her wrap of lace
Did seem to have of chloroform a most suspicious trace.

Enough that Milton Perkins later in the night was found
With his head in an ash-barrel, and his feet upon the ground;
And he murmured "Seraphina," and he kissed his hand, and smiled
On a party who went through him, like an unresisting child.

MORAL.

Now one word to Pogonippers, ere this subject I resign,
In this tale of Milton Perkins—late an owner in White Pine—
You shall see that wealth and women are deceitful, just the same;
And the tear of sensibility has salted many a claim.

THE HAWK'S NEST.

BY BRET HARTE.

We checked our pace—the red road sharply rounding;
We heard the troubled flow
Of the dark olive depths of pines, resounding
A thousand feet below.

Above the tumult of the canyon, lifted,
The gray hawk breathless hung,
Or on the hill a winged shadow drifted
Where furze and thorn bush clung;

Or where, half way, the mountain side was furrowed
With many a seam and scar,
Or some abandoned tunnel dimly burrowed—
A mole hill seen so far;

We looked in silence down across the distant
Unfathomable reach,
A silence broken by the guide's consistent
And realistic speech:

"Walker of Murphy's blew a hole through Peters
For telling him he lied,
Then up and dusted out of South Hornitos
Across the long Divide.

"We ran him out of Strong's and up through Eden,
And 'cross the ford below,
And up this mountain ('eter's brother leadin'),
And me and Clark and Joe.

"He fou't us game; somehow, I disremember
Just how the thing kem round;
Some say 'twas wadding, some a scuttered ember
From fires on the ground.

"But in one minute all the hill below him
Was just one sheet of flame;
Guardin' the crest, Sam Clark and I called to him,
And—well the dog was game.

"He made no sign—the fires of hell were around him,
The pit of hell below,
We sat and waited, but we never found him,
And then we turned to go.

"And then—you see that rock that's grown so bristly
With chapparel and tan—
Suthin' crept out—it might have been a grizzly,
It might hev been a man.

"Suthin' that howled and gnashed its teeth and shouted
In smoke and dust and flame;
Suthin' that sprang into the depths about it,
Grizzly or man—but game!

"That's all. Well, yes, it does look rather risky,
And kinder makes one queer
And dizzy looking down. A drop of whisky
Ain't a bad thing right here!"

THE MINER'S LAMENT.

BY MARK TWAIN.

High on a rough and dismal crag,
Where Kean might spout, "Ay, there's the rub,"
Where oft, no doubt, some midnight hag
Had danced a jig with Belzebub,
There stood beneath the pale moonlight
A miner grim, with visage long,
Who vexed the drowsy ear of night
With dreadful rhyme and dismal song.

He sang: "I have no harp or lute
To sound the stern decrees of fate;
I once possessed a two-holed flute,
But that I sold to raise a stake.
Then wake thy strains, my wild tin-pan,
Affright the crickets from their lairs,
Make wood and mountain ring again,
And terrify the grizzly bears.

"My heart is on a distant shore,
My gentle love is far away,
She dreams not that my clothes are tore!
And all besmeared with dirty clay;
She little knows how much of late,
Amid these dark and dismal scenes,
I've struggled with an adverse fate,
And lived, ah me! on pork and beans.

"Oh! that a bean would never grow,
To fling its shadow o'er my heart;
My tears of grief are hard to flow,
But food like this must make them start.
The good old times have passed away,
And all things now are strange and new;
All save my shirts and trowsers gray,
Three stockings and one cowhide shoe!

"Oh, give me back the days of yore,
And all those bright though fading scenes
Connected with that happy shore
Where turkeys grow, and clams and greens—
Those days that sank long weeks ago
Deep in the solemn grave of time,
And left no trace that man may know,
Save trowsers all patched up behind!
And boots all worn, and shirts all torn,
Or botched with most outrageous stitches—
Oh, give me back those days of yore,
And take these weather-beaten breeches!"

Further Language from Truthful James.

(NYE'S FORD, STANISLAUS—1870.)

Do I sleep, do I dream?
Do I wonder and doubt?
Are things what they seem,
Or is visions about?
Is our civilization a failure?
Or is the Caucasian played out?

Which expressions are strong,
Yet would fitly imply
Some account of a wrong—
Not to call it a lie—
As was worked off on William, my pardner,
Which his name it was W. Nye.

He came down to the Ford
On the very same day
Of that Lottery, drawed
By those sharps at the Bay;
And he says to me, "Truthful, how goes it?"
I replied, "It is far, far from gay—

"For the camp has gone wild
On this Lottery game,
And has even beguiled
'Injin Dick' by the same."
Which said Nye to me, "Injins is pizen—
Do you know what his number is, James?"

I replied, "7, 2,
9, 8, 4 is his hand:"
Which he started—and drew
Out a list, which he scanned;
Then he softly went for his revolver,
With language I cannot command.

Then I said, "William Nye!"
But he turned upon me,
And the look in his eye
Was quite painful to see.
And he says, "You mistake: this poor Injin
I protects from such sharps as you be!"

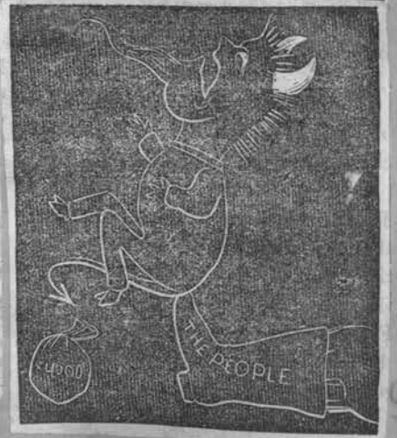
I was shocked and withdrew;
But I grieve to relate,
When he next met my view
Injin Dick was his mate,
And the two around town was a lying
In a frightfully dissolute state.

Which the war-dance they had
Round a tree at the Bend,
Was a sight that was sad;
And it seemed that the end
Would not justify the proceedings,
As I quiet remarked to a friend.

For that Injin he fled
The next day to his band;
And we found William spread
Very loose on the strand,
With a peaceful-like smile on his features,
And a dollar greenback in his hand.

Which the same, when rolled out,
We observed with surprise,
What that Injin, no doubt,
Had believed was the prize—
Them fingers of red in the corner,
Which the number of notes specifies.

Was it guile, or a dream?
Is it Nye that I doubt?
Are things what they seem,
Or is visions about?
Is our civilization a failure?
Or is the Caucasian played out?



THE PLEASURE WALK.

BY REV. CHARLES G. AMES.

Along the brown and dusty way,
We wandered—Kate and I;
The tameness of a common day
Was in the earth and sky;

The yellow light on everything—
A monotone of glare;
Nor cheery chirp nor buzz of wing
Relieved the empty air.

Brown stubble-fields on either side,
And dingy wayside weeds;
And prospects near, or prospects wide,
As dull as schoolmen's creeds.

The odors of the yards and styes
Enriched the dusty cloud
That filled our noses and our eyes
And veiled us like a shroud.

We felt the fences, right and left,
Like heated gridirons glow;
We felt our scorched and shrinking shoes
Make corns on every toe.

Baked in that oven through and through,
We turned more brown than red;
Was it, then, strange we crusty grew,
For people so well bred?

We talked small nothings for a while,
And then we nothing talked;
Though we set out with many a smile,
We scowled as on we walked.

The country-folk along the road
Gave back our stupid stare;
Their eyes were lead, their faces wood,
Each nose hung like a pear.

One over-shrewd and knowing soul,
With such a wicked grin,
Who thought us lovers on a stroll,
Was sadly taken in.

Young love—the tender, baby plant—
Best thrives in quiet shade;
In regions where the sun-flowers flaunt
'Tis sure to wilt and fade.

The pair who can enjoy a walk
Through dust, in sultry weather,
May safely think of jogging on
The longer path together.

We reached, at last, the friendly gate,
We parted, and were free;
For I was tired to death of Kate,
And she as tired of me.

Original.

Miss Brown and I.

ONE bright and lovely day in spring,
I left the busy town,
And wandered through a garden with
Sweet Araminta Brown;
And when I asked, "Art fond of flowers?"
In accents sweet, she said,—
"Oh, yes, I'm very fond of flour
In the shape of good wheat bread."

"Behold," said I, "the lovely plants,
That round us sweetly bloom,
Without their charming brightness
The world would all be gloom.
I love even the cowslip
That blooms in meadows green."
"I think," said she, "cowslips are nice,
When boiled with pork and beans."

"I love," said I, "the gladsome birds,
Singing their songs so sweet."
"I think," said she, "a nice fat bird
Is very good to eat."
And when we passed a lovely rose
With flowers just blossoming—
"Oh, dear," said she, "I've scratched my hand
Upon the ugly thing."

She pointed to a running vine
That just then caught her eye,—
"What is that lovely plant?" she asked.
"A squash," was my reply.
"Oh yes," said she, "squashes are good,
When nicely boiled and pressed,
But still, I think of all the nuts
I love the onion best."

I talked to her of poetry,
Of music, art, and nature
In hopes to find [illegible]
Would please [illegible]ure.
But when she mov[illegible]
As true as I'm [illegible]
She only said, "It's a[illegible]
For us to go to dinner."

W. L. H. PEARSON.

1858

DOGGEREL POETRY.

THE UNDER DOG IN THE FIGHT.

I know that the world, the great big world,
Will never a moment stop,
To see which dog may be in the fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for ME, I never shall pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right,
For my heart WILL BEAT, while it beat at all,
For the UNDER dog in the fight.

Perchance what 've said I had better not said,
Or 'twere better I had said it incog.,
But with heart and with glass filled chock to the brim,
Here's health to the BOTTOM dog.

THE UPPER DOG IN THE FIGHT.

But here's a hurrah! for the upper dog!
There's a grit in the wag of his tail;
He pitches in if the fight is free
With a vim that will never fail!
While a tooth is left he scorns to yield,
Though the tug be ever so tight.
And you'd swear, by his looks, he was made to be
The upper dog in the fight!

There's always something that stamps success
With a higher name than "luck."
And he who wins is made of stuff
Whose sign in this world is "pluck."
There's a curl in the tail, and a life in the hair,
And the eyes have a knowing light,
Which tells to all of the noble breed
Of the upper dog in the fight!

Away with your dog whose heart is set
On a dry and meatless bone,
That sneaks aside, with a thievish look,
And gnaws it and licks it alone;
A sigh for the pitiful pup that whines
At a threatening growl or bite;
But a cheer for the dog who was born to be
The upper dog in the fight.

THE DOG THAT NEVER FIGHTS.

This great big world of varied sights and tastes,
As it smoothly goes jogging along,
From the humble cot to the President's place,
To themselves, all sing a new song.

In the broad thoroughfares of our cities,
Where wrong leads in bondage all right,
A voice from the throng loud is cheering,
"For the *under* dog in the fight."

'Tis like the soft notes of the minstrel's song,
Lost in the wild tempest of night,
As there bursts a hurrah, from the maddened throng,
"For the *upper* dog in the fight."

I push my way through the excited throng,
That loves such sad, cruel sights,
And give a loud whistle as I'm passing along,
For the dog that *never* fights.

Here's to the dog that goes trotting along,
Looking *not* to the left nor right,
And picks up the BONE those dogs, in the wrong,
Have left in their eager to fight.

THE DOG THAT LOOKS OUT FOR HIMSELF.

You may talk about your upper dog,
And your under dog in the fight—
Your neutral dog, your outside dog,
And the dog that *goes* in for the right;

But, of all the dogs that ever were whelped,
No matter of what degree,
The dog that I find looks out for himself—
That dog is the *dog* for me.

He risks not his hide in the useless fight,
For, the fickle world he knoweth,
Cares not a groat for either dog's fate;
'Tis the self same world to both.

He loves not the battle that others may gain
Whatever of plaudits or pelf;
But he minds his own matters, obeys his own will
And picks his own bone—himself.

Let the upper and under dog fight it out,
Let all the other dogs yelp;
But the only dog that will come out "sound,"
Is the dog that looks out for himself.

THE PUP THAT WASN'T THAR.

You may brag of your under and upper dogs,
As long as they bark and bite,
And commend the caution of outside dogs,
That hover around the fight;
But the luckiest dog, I am bound to swear,
Was the little lame pup that *wasn't* there.

The noise of the yelling he hears from afar,
And wishes he might "go in,"
But sighs as he buries his nose in the straw,
Knowing he couldn't *win*;
For little lame pups are always outlawed,
And in such sort of fights get terribly "chawed."

His straw is clean and his kennel is warm,
And the sun is in front of the door;
He has gnawed on the nicest chicken bones,
Till naught can he gnaw any more;
Yet I haven't a doubt that the pup if he might
Would immediately mix in the murderous fight.

And lucky it is for that small dog
That perforce he cannot mix
In the melee of barks and yelps and bites,
And chokes and stones and kicks;
He saves his honor and saves his hide,
Which he wouldn't do, if he wasn't tied.

THE PUGN 'S PURP.

A man he owned a bein',
A bob-tailed, ornery cuss,
And that there purp all that there man
In many ne'rly mass.
For the man he was on his muscle,
And the dorg was on his bite;
So to kick that dorg-goned animile
Was sure to raise a fight.

A woman she owned a Thomas cat,
That fit at fifteen pound,
And the other cats got up and slid
When that there cat was 'round.
The man and his dorg came along one day
Where the woman she did dwell,
And the purp he growled ferociously,
Then went for the cat like h—ll.

He tried for to claw the neck of the cat,
But the cat he wouldn't be chawed,
So he lit on the back of that there dorg,
And bit, and chawed, and clawed.
Oh! the hair it flew, and the purp he howled,
As the claws went into his hide,
And the chunks of flesh were peeled from his back,
Then he flummixed, and kicked, and died.

The man he ripped, and cussed and swore—
As he gathered a big brick-bat—
That he would be durned essentially
If he didn't kill that cat.
But the woman allowed she'd be blest if he did,
And snatched up an old shot-gun,
When she fired, and peppered his diaphragm
With bird-shot number one.

They toted him home on a window-blind,
And the doctors cured him "up,"
But he was never known to fight again,
Or to own another pup.
Folks may turn up their snoots at this rhyme,
I don't care a cuss for that:
All I wanted to show is that fighting dorgs
May tackle the wrong Tom cat.

The Deck Hand and the Mule.

The mule stood on the steamboat deck,
The land he would not tread;
They pulled the halter round his neck,
And cracked him o'er the head.

But obstinate and braced he stood,
As born the scene to rule,
A creature of the hold-back brood,
A stubborn, steadfast mule.

They cursed and swore—he would not go
Until he felt inclined;
And though they thundered blow on blow,
He altered not his mind.

The deck hand to the shore complained,
"The varmint's bound to stay!"
And still upon the critter's hide
The sounding lash did play.

His master from the shore replied,
"The boat's about to sail;
As other means in vain you've tried,
Suppose you twist his tail—

"It's likely that will make him land."
The deck hand, brave, though pale,
The nearer drew, with outstretched hand,
To make the twist avail.

There came a kick of thunder sound!
The deck hand—where was he?
Ask of the waves that far around
Beheld him in the sea!

A moment not a voice was heard;
But winked the mule his eye,
As though to ask to him occurred—
"Now how was that for high?"

"Just cut his throat!" the captain roared,
"And end the cussed brute!"
But the noblest soul who perished there
Was he who tried to do't!

THE AGED STRANGER.

An Incident of the War.

BY BRET HARTE.

"I was with Grant,"—the stranger said;
Said the farmer: "Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant,"—the stranger said;
Said the farmer: "Nay, no more—
I prithee sit at my frugal board,
And eat of my humble store."

"How fares my boy—my soldier boy,
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?—
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar!"

"I know him not," said the aged man,
"And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant"—"Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the farmer, "Say no more."

"He fell in battle—I see, alas!
Thou didst smooth these tidings o'er—
Nay: speak the truth, whatever it be,
Though it rend my bosom's core."

"How fell he—with his face to the foe,
Upholding the flag he bore?
O! say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform he wore!"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,
"And should have remarked, before,
That I was with Grant—in Illinois—
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word,
But beat with his fist full sore
That aged man who had worked for Grant
Some three years before the war.

[*From "The New York Tribune."*]

THE BALLAD OF BOSS BILLEE.

It was four pirates of Gotham City,
They went a-sailing out to sea
In a long, low, black, brass-mounted schooner,
Which carried the name of Tammanee.
There was Rueful Richard and Cunning Peter,
And Joky Oakey and Boss Billee.

Now, when they had been some years a-sailing,
It blowed a regular jamboree;
And overboard fell Rueful Richard,
A-leaving his debts to his deputee.
"Push him under," says Joky Oakey,
"It takes all our craft to carry three."

Now, when they had sailed a little further
There came a big ship up on their lee,
And the skipper hollered through his trumpet:
"Whoever the devil may you be?"
Then Joky Oakey snapped his fingers:
"What will you do about it?" says he.

The skipper he called to Charles O'Conor:
"Just hand that big chap up to me."
So Charles he reached down into the schooner
And jerked Boss Bill out suddenlee:
And the last that was seen of Master William
The skipper had him over his knee.

When Joky Oakey saw this happen,
He fell a-weeping bitterlee:
"Ah! were I again but an honest peddler
Of second-hand puns and poetree!
Alas! there isn't in all Joe Miller
A joke for this catastrophe."

To Joky Oakey said Cunning Peter:
"With your expressions you are too free."
Said Joky Oakey to Cunning Peter:
"I guess you don't realize, Peter B.,
That we have lost, in William's pockets,
The grog and the grub for all we three?

And what is to hinder Charles O'Conor,
Whenever the skipper shall agree,
From reaching again down over the gunnel,
And catching hold of my green coatee,
To lock me up in a County Court House
Or uninhabited Armoree?"

"Do as I tell you," said Cunning Peter,
"We are both in one boat, you see;
Let us surrender to Richard O'Gorman,
And tell him to smite us tenderlee.
Better be smote by Richard O'Gorman,
Than swing at O'Conor's main-crosstree."

THE Empress of China, overcome with grief at the death of her husband, has committed suicide.

The almond-eyed beauty,
Alutie,
Is swift in performing her duty.

Bereavement undid her.
Consider
The fate of remaining a widder!

She, scorning to marry
Or tarry,
With a hair-pin commits hari-kari.

DONNELLY is worse off than King, who got good money to the amount of $115,000, and spent it, while Donnelly got stock and due bills to the amount $250,000, "not worth a cent on the dollar." They pass into history in disgrace together.

"O L D."

BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

By the way-side, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim, sadly musing,
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape, like a page, perusing,
Poor, unknown—
By the way-side, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad rimmed hat,
Coat as ancient as the form 'twas folding,
Silver buttons, cue and crimped cravat,
Oaken staff, his feeble hand upholding,
There he sat!
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat,

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathising, no one heeding,
E'en to love him for his thin grey hair,
And the furrows all so mutely pleading
Age and care!
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,
Dapper country lads and little maidens,
Then the motto of the "Dunce's stool"—
It is now import still my fancy ladens,
"Make a fool."
It was summer, and we went to school.

When the stranger seemed to mark our play,
Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted,
I remember well, too well, that day,
Oftentimes the tears unbidden started,
Would not stay!
When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell—
Ah! to me her name was always heaven!—
She besought him all his griefs to tell!
(I was then thirteen, and she eleven,)
ISABEL!
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old!
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Yet why sit I here thou shalt be told."
Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow—
Down it rolled!
"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old?"

"I have tottered here to look once more
On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the careless, happy days of yore.
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!
I have tottered here to look once more.

"All the picture now to me how dear!
E'en this grey old rock where I am seated
Is a jewel worth my journey here;
Ah! that such a scene must be completed
With a tear!
All the picture now to me how dear!

"Old stone school house! it is still the same!
There's the very step so oft I mounted;
There's the window, creaking in its frame,
And the notches that I cut and counted
For the game.
Old stone school-house! it is still the same!

"In the cottage yonder I was born;
Long my happy home, that humble dwelling;
There the fields of clover, wheat and corn,
There the spring with limpid nectar swelling,
Ah, forlorn!
In the cottage yonder I was born.

"Those two gateway sycamores you see,
They were planted just so far asunder
That long well pole from the path to free,
And the wagon to pass safely under;
Ninety-three!
Those two gateway sycamores you see.

"There's the orchard where we used to climb,
When my mates and I were boys together,
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
Fearing naught but work and rainy weather;
Past its prime!
There's the orchard where we used to climb;

"There the rude, three-cornered chesnut rails,
Round the pastures where the cows were grazing
Where so sly, I used to watch for quails,
In the crops of buckwheat we were raising;
Traps and trails!
There the rude, three-cornered chesnut rails.

"There's the mill that ground our yellow grain—
Pond, and river still serenely flowing;
Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,
Where the lily of my heart was blowing—
MARY JANE!
There's the mill that ground our yellow grain.

"There's the gate on which I used to swing,
Broad, and old red barn, and old red stable
But alas! no more the morn shall bring
That happy group around my father's table!
Take a wing!
There's the gate on which I used to swing.

"I am fleeting! All I loved are fled!
Yon green meadow was our place for playing;
That old tree can tell of sweet things said,
When around it Jane and I were straying;
She is dead!
I am fleeting! All I loved are fled!

"Yon white spire—a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful story—
So familiar to my dim, old eye,
Points me to seven that are now in glory,
There on high!
Yon white spire—a pencil on the sky!

"Off the side of that old church we trod,
Guided thither by an angel mother;
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod,
Sire and sisters, and my little brother—
Gone to rest!
Off the side of that old church we trod.

"There my Mary blessed me with her hand,
When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,
Ere we wandered to that distant land,
Now, alas! her gentle bosom pressing,
There I stand!
There my Mary blessed me with her hand!

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old!
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Now why sit I here thou has been told."
Then's eye another pearl of sorrow—
Down it rolled!
"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old!"

By the way-side, on a mossy stone,
Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing,
Still I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape, like a page perusing,
Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone?

Eternal Justice.

We are indebted to a "fanatical" friend for a manuscript copy, written from memory, of the following brave, beautiful, truthful verses by Humanity's chosen singer, Charles Mackay. We have copied from this poet too often and too much, to render it necessary for us to say that among modern writers, he is our favorite. And lives there anywhere a true Reformer whose heart does not respond to the pathos, the melody, the fruitfulness, and, above all the fervor of faith and the depth of soul that always inspire the lay of this hopeful lyrist and wed up in the beauties of his song? These verses on "Eternal Justice" are most encouraging to the thoughtful, but though of universal application, they will only be really appreciated by those who *are true to themselves:*

The man is call'd a knave or fool,
A bigot, plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the head-sch shall distil,
For him the axe be bared,
For him the gloomy dungeon built,
For him the stake prepared.
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim,
And hatred, envy, spite and lies
Shall desecrate his name.
But still the world moves round and round,
And the gradual change is true,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done!

Keep God like thy thought,
And move thy soul to bear;
They may gloat o'er some useless words they wring
From the agonies of thy despair.
They may veil their eyes, lest they cannot hide
The sun's meridian glow,
They may shun the light, but *the world does move*
In spite of their tyrant "no!"
And never a truth has been destroyed;
They may curse and call it crime,
Perfect in its infancy, shameful and slay
Its teachers for a time;
They may forge their chains; but the sons defend
The fetters their sires have won;
And ever the Right is first in the fight,
And ever is justice done!

Pace through thy cell, old Socrates
Cheerily to and fro,
Trust to the impulse of thy soul,
And let the poison flow;
They may shatter to earth the lamp of clay,
That holds a light divine,
But they cannot quench the fire of thought,
By any such deadly wine!
They cannot blot thy spoken words
From the memory of man,
By all the poison ever brewed,
Since Time his course began.
The blind can see!—the slave is Lord!
So round and round we run,
And ever the wrong is proved to be wrong
And ever is justice done!

Plod in thy cell, Grey Anchorite—
Be wiser than thy peers—
Abjure the range of human thought
And trust to coming years!
They may call thee wizzard and monk, accursed,
And load thee with disgrace;
Thou wert born a few hundred years too soon,
For the comfort of the race;
But not too soon for humankind—
Time hath reward in store,
And the seeds of our sires become
The Saints whom we adore!
To-day abhorr'd—to-morrow loved!
So round and round we run,
And ever the Truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done!

And live there now such men as these
With thoughts like the great of old?
Ah—many have died in their misery,
And left their truths untold;
And many now live and are cursed as mad,
And poor of mein the world's cold way,
For sounding their brave, far-seeing souls
These gentle few in the van!
They toil in misery and grief,
Unknown if not maligned;
Bearing the cross like the Son of man
Of the meanest of mankind.
But Truth shall conquer at the last,
As round and round we run,
For ever the Right comes uppermost
And ever is Justice done!

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber, all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial.
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendor brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian,
Like a vesture wrapped around him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house, or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshiping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk, in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in Heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the center
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then, amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent-bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor,
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour
When, alike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or Summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food,
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration.
Should he go, or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his Heavenly Guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear,
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty; that is best.
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And, with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who, amid their wants and woes,
Hear the sound of doors that close
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavor,
Grown familiar with the savor
Of the bread by which men die!
But, to-day, they know not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise.
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying:
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but, had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing?
Thus his conscience put the question
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As, at length, with hurried pace,
Toward his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door;
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent-bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said,
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

The Reveille.

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum—
Saying, "Come
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the
quick alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel;
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said
the solemn sounding drum.

"But when won the cunning battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?"
But the drum
Answered "Come!
You must do the sum to prove it," said
the Yankee answering drum.

"What if 'mid the cannons' thunder
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Sho'd my heart grow cold and numb?"
But the drum
Answered "Come!
Better there in death united than in life
a recreant—Come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith and doubting some,
Till a trumpet voice proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum,
Lo! was dumb,
For the great heart of the nation throb-
bing answered, "Lord, we come!"

BRET HARTE.

The Minneapolis Tribune

TO "CROFFUT ON THE BALLOON."

And if I were sold by a "Graphic galoot
Reclining on sofa, and puffing cheroot,
And talking so grandly, like *sacent* astoot
Of a gorgeous trip to the land of Canute,
The cane—or of stopping a moment *en route*
To chat and coquet with the girls of Beirout,
(Of their hearts no doubt, indiscriminate loot—
Would ensue)—the insufferable coot—
Presuming—the ass—on a question that's moot
To settle off-hand; and with baloon to scoot
Round the Earth, regardless of warning or hoot;
Inviting a thousand Pub. Funcs. to put
In the bubble, each one his own precious foot,
And puffing the dodge as a thing very cute,
But with no thought himself of following suit;
For that his neck was too precious—the brute.
Oh, if I had been sold by such a galoot
Thus blowing a gas bag his own horn to toot,
I'll be hanged if I wouldn't batter his snoot.
I'd fix his two eyes the color of soot,
And give him a lift with the toe of my boot,
Thus squaring the sphere of that "Graphic" galoot.

UNO HOOTIS.

1864

Shouting the Battle Cry of F

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom
We will rally from the hill-side,
We will rally from the plain,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom.

Chorus—The Union forever! Hurrah, boys,
Down with the traitors, up with the
While we rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom.

We are springing to the call
Of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the Battle-Cry of Freedom;
And we'll fill the vacant ranks
With a million freemen more,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freemen.
The Union forever, &c.

We will welcome to our number
The loyal, true, and brave,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom;
And although he may be poor,
He shall never be a slave,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom.
The Union forever, &c.

We are springing to the call
From the East and from the West,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom;
And we'll hurl the rebel crew
From the land we love the best,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom.
The Union forever, &c.

We are marching to the field, boys,
Going to the fight,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom;
And we'll bear the glorious stars
Of the Union and the Right,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom.
The Union forever, &c.

We'll meet the rebel host, boys,
With fearless hearts and true,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom;
And we'll show what Uncle Sam
Has for loyal men to do,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom.
The Union forever, &c.

If we fall amid the fray, boys,
We will face them to the last,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom;
And our comrades brave shall hear us,
As we are rushing past,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom.
The Union forever, &c.

Yes, for Liberty and Union,
We are springing to the fight,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom;
And the victory shall be ours,
Forever rising in our might,
Shouting the Battle-cry of Free dom.
The Union forever, &c.

1856

THE SOLDIER'S SONG.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

"Give us a song!" the soldier cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied,
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening, under:
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. The guardsman said
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow.

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon—
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory,
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
The battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dare not speak,
Yet as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang for "Annie Laurie."

Ah, soldiers! to your honored rest,
Your truth and valor bearing;
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving and the daring.

[*From "The Atlantic Monthly."*]

Oct. 1871

CHICAGO.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Men said at vespers, All is well!
In one wild night the city fell;
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none.
Men clasped each other's hands, and said:
The City of the West is dead!

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,
The fiends of fire from street to street,
Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire
That signaled round that sea of fire.
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs
came;
In tears of pity died the flame!

From East, from West, from South and
North,
The messages of hope shot forth;
And, underneath the severing wave,
The world, full-handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old; but fairer still
The new the dreary void shall fill
With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,
For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city!—from thee throw
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe;
And build, as Thebes to Amphion's strain,
To songs of cheer, thy walls again!

How shriveled in thy hot distress
The primal sin of selfishness!
How instant rose, to take thy part,
The angel in the human heart!

Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed
Above thy dreadful holocaust;
The Christ again has preached through thee
The Gospel of Humanity!

Then lift once more thy towers on high,
And fret with spires the Western sky,
To tell that God is yet with us,
And love is still miraculous!

1865

From the Independent.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O friends! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God,
And love of men I bear.

I trace your lines of argument—
Your logic linked and strong—
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.
But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds;
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise his justice; even such
His pitying love I deem.
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas, I know:
Too dark you cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings—
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look when cherubim,
And seraph may not see,
But nothing can be good in him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that palms my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of his hate—I know
His goodness and his love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments, too, are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts he gave,
And plead his love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronted palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on thee!

[From the London Punch.]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOULLY ASSASSINATED, APRIL 14, 1865.

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complaisant British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step, as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain.

Beside his corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he has lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen—
To make me own this kind of princes peer,
This rail splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work His will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train;
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'
Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers.

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven!

1858

MARRIED.

On Tuesday, the 19th inst., at the Universalist Church in this city, by Rev. S. Barrett, Mr. Geo. B. Carver, of Minneapolis, to Miss Susan E. Hawkins, of this city.

A loaf of wedding cake came with this announcement—a plump, good-looking loaf, that sits solemnly upon our desk as we write. The "heart" have taken a bite at it; a goodly segment is gone, and the ivy periphery of white sugar grows ragged by degrees and beautifully less, reminding us that all things earthly fade away. We have also tasted the cake, but it matters not much to the reader whether it is rich or poor, dry or moist, and provided the parties to the loaf of two friends who have turned their backs on single blessedness, and with the slightest wave of the hand to old companions, gone to the State of Matrimony and Vermont.

But we say "adieu" with as much grace as we can command, and with a tear in one eye and a smile in the other, bespeak for them a happy journey down the Mississippi and the stream of life, and

"The prayer which our mouth later full to express,
Swells our heart that their shadows may never be less."

And this calm—may their lives slope down to a sunshiny evening, as gently as does the sugary surface to a crystal edge, and may their days be as sweet and mapy and luscious as the plums which checker its "internal economy!" So mote it be!

THE FATE OF WILLIAM.

He is Not Lost But Gone Before.

The mystery in reference to that distinguished Christian statesman, Bill King, continues without abatement.

As our readers will perhaps remember, Bill King is the newly elected member of Congress from Minnesota. For many years he was Postmaster of the House of Representatives and a great admirer of the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, who was his model of political propriety and his example in statesmanship. During his services in the House he was a brisk, busy, eager, sharp-witted and exceeding thrifty man. In the course of a few years he saved enough out of a small salary to become one of the richest men in the Northwest. Unlike many Christian statesmen, Bill earned his money before he went into Congress, and during the last canvass he crowned his career by accepting from the hands of a grateful constituency the privilege of sitting with the Syphers, the Whittemores, the Roderick Butlers and their successors who now rule this blessed land.

When Congress assembled Bill King was in the active enjoyment of health and prosperity, having obtained several farms by prudence and thrift. Anxious, like President Grant, to improve his stock, he started for the Canada frontier to buy a ten thousand dollar bull. This bull was of a remarkable breed. Those who know the delicate points of Bill King's character know that his object was to become a member of the Senate. He had become a member of the House by his Christian character, and he wished to become a Senator by his agricultural knowledge. He reasoned that the capture of a ten thousand dollar bull, and the taking of it back to Minnesota, would be to establish such a claim upon the gratitude of the pastoral people of that noble community as to insure his triumphant choice as the successor of Senator Ramsey. As we have said, Bill King was last heard from traveling toward the Canada frontier, looking for his ten thousand dollar bull. Since then no one has seen him. The Sergeant-at-arms cannot find him. The Committee of Ways and Means cannot reach him. He is insensible to letters, to published cards and statements, to the gentle but peremptory influence of a subpœna. The Legislature of Mianesota have passed resolutions of the most interesting and suggestive character, but he makes no response. His fate is as much a mystery as that of Tom Fields, Harry Genet or Dick Connolly, or even poor little Charlie Ross. The fact that a statesman of so much eminence and purity, so many Christian virtues, such refined, pastoral tastes, so widely known and so universally beloved—the fact that such a man should so suddenly disappear from public sight is a disgrace to our civilization and to the administration of justice. Is there no way of finding Bill King? Even if we knew that he were dead it would be a sad consolation. Our anxieties would come to an end and the citizens of the District which now mourns a member could elect a successor.

BILL KING'S LETTER.

The Voice of Conscious Rectitude.

From the New York Tribune.

We felt sure of it from the start. Bill King has not disappeared. He is looking for something. Of course he feels for the committee of ways and means, and regrets being obliged to do anything to embarrass them; he would like above all things to appear before them and testify, and tell all about Pacific Mail and the checks, and all that sort of thing. But he is in Canada just at present, and the weather is unusually severe, and, as before stated, he is looking for something, and so he is obliged to disappoint the committee. But he has opened a correspondence with the Minnesota Legislature, which promises to be of a most lively and entertaining character. That distinguished body of law-givers and sages found time a few weeks ago, in one of the pauses between the ballotings for United States Senator, to pass resolutions calling upon Bill King either to explain his connection with the Pacific Mail business or resign his seat in Congress. How these resolutions reached the Minnesota statesman in his Canadian retirement we know not, but manifestly he has learned the fact of their passage, even though no copy has been served upon him. And so, from those frozen wilds where the patient statesman waits the coming of spring to thaw out his evidence, he sends back greeting to the Legislature.

It is the voice of a *mens conscia recti*. He resents the uncalled for interference of the Legislature with his private affairs, and goes to the pitch of saying that the resolutions of that body are "lying declarations." As to this "large sum of money" which he had "about the time of the passage of the Pacific Mail Subsidy," he says with great distinctness he does not propose to disclose to the world what he did with it except in his own good time, and not until evidence which he is unable to reach can be secured, which will bring him the fullest and most complete vindication. And that is what he is looking for—evidence which he is unable to reach. Doubtless frozen up. This has been, as is well known, and as the Minnesota Legislature must admit, one of the severest winters on record. We have, it must be remembered, even in this climate from four to five feet of frost in the ground, and the progress of civilization has been arrested for several weeks by the frequent and pervading Plumber. In such a case why should the Minnesota Legislature get up, in the language of the carnal-minded, "on its ear" and importune Bill King with impertinent questions and offensive requests? No wonder that Bill King, sitting up there in Canada on a snow bank, camly waiting for his evidence to thaw out, like a chromo cherub on a cloud, should be indignant at such uncalled for interference with his private affairs. He tells them distinctly that he will not gratify their curiosity about the money till he gets ready, and he does not propose to accept the other alternative of resigning his seat in the next Congress. He is waiting, he says, until "the exact facts in the case can be presented to the public."

And who shall blame him for waiting right there in Canada until the exact facts get thawed out. Everybody knows that this has been one of the worst seasons ever known for exact facts. This Congress has had the hardest possible luck trying to find exact facts. At one time it looked as though they had struck a perfect bonanza of them in this Pacific Mail investigation, but it ran into the doorkeepers and a member of Congress who couldn't remember, and "petered out." There weren't any exact facts to be had. The Committee came to New York after some, and were disappointed. They searched Washington with a lighted candle, and the Sergeant-at-Arms scoured the country with subpœnas. They locked up people for contempt who were supposed to have exact facts in them. They fairly dragged the canals for them, but all in vain. In their last desperate and frenzied endeavor they undertook to get them out of Rufus Hatch. Exact facts out of Rufus Hatch! Of course there was an end. Desperation could go no further. But now it seems that when Bill King left the committee so abruptly in the midst of the inquiry, like a man to whom it suddenly occurs that he has forgotten something, he went immediately to Canada and began to watch the thermometer and wait for the exact facts to thaw out. And there he waits. He hurls back with indignant scorn the resolution of the Minnesota Legislature requesting him to say something or resign; he resists the blandishments of a deputy sergeant-at-arms; he declines with thanks the insiduous suggestion of the subpena. He bides his time—to quote his words—his "own good time.' But when, in the genial springtime, he shall come down with the freshet and the thaw, we shall see such an array of exact facts as will startle the Minnesota Legislature, while they vindicate Bill King.

If the letter of Col. King to the Legislature which we print to-day, is in fact, what it purports to be, it proves that the one which appeared last week over Col. King's name must have been either a forgery, or a first-draft sent by mistake in place of the one which we now present. The first letter sounded somewhat like its reputed author, while the one we print to-day seems much more appropriate to the occasion. The reader will take his choice.

THE GENUINE.

A Revised Letter from Col. King to the Legislature.

Written in a Far Better Temper and Spirit

Than the Three Column Invective to The Tribune.

Perhaps the Other Document was a Forgery.

To the Legislature of the State of Minnesota:

GENTLEMEN:—I have received the joint resolution, which, as the only representative body capable of speaking for the people of Minnesota, you have passed, urging me to come forward and vindicate myself from the serious aspersions which have recently been cast upon my name. You truly say of the Congressman-elect from the Third District that "the people feel that his usefulness will be greatly impaired and dishonor cast upon the escutcheon of Minnesota, unless he at once rectify his position."

While feeling very sure that I shall ultimately vindicate myself to the satisfaction of all fair-minded men, I am still able to some extent to "put myself in your place," and to see that, from your point of view, you had abundant reason to issue your summons. It is hardly worth while for me to find fault with the man who introduced it, or to show up, as I am tempted to do, some of the men who advocated it, or to criticise the language in which you chose to clothe it—though I am pretty certain that, if I had been consulted, I could have improved the latter!

I am well aware that my sudden and unexplained vanishment, and my concealment for six weeks, must have caused great anxiety to friends in Minnesota of whose numbers and partiality I am proud; and it is the necessity of paining them and of perhaps exciting even in their generous minds a suspicion that I have betrayed my trust—it is this which causes me the keenest distress at the present time. I regret, gentlemen, more than they do or you can, that the temporary absence of indispensable witnesses makes it impossible, for some weeks yet, for me to prove the innocence of which I am conscious, and which I solemnly promise to demonstrate to the country before taking my seat in Congress—thus at once vindicating my own honor and the honor of the great State which has so generously trusted me to maintain its good name.

I cannot at this moment reveal to you the details and complications of this unfortunate affair. I must tax the patience of the people of Minnesota a little longer. I cannot, as you demand, "at once" release myself from the embarrassment. I declare, however, that I am not guilty of any perjury or even falsifying in connection with my advocacy of the interests of the Pacific Mail Company—and I will shortly prove it. I have received no bribe—and I will prove it. I have offered no bribe to any man—and I will prove it. I have received no money except that which was my own, honestly earned in a legitimate way—and I will prove it. But my chief witness is not, at present, accessible; I must wait for him to come or to send.

While you cannot, of course, claim any official right to call me to account, I cheerfully reply in the courteous spirit which I assume dictated your action, and I assure you that I am "all right;" my conscience approves my whole course in connection with the Pacific Mail Subsidy, and I shall of course set forth the proof of my integrity as soon as I can. It would have been better had I earlier sent to the people of Minnesota this tardy assurance, but I delayed from week to week and from day to day in the constant expectation of being able to speak more satisfactorily. I do not now ask for any suspension of judgment; because all the people whose good opinion I covet have intelligence enough to wish to be on the right side, and they will not hasten to condemn and traduce me at the risk of being obliged to retract their slanders and reconstruct their verdict within a month. I am gentlemen,

Very Respectfully Yours,

WILLIAM S. KING.

Compton, Canada, Feb. 14.

A CONFIDENTIAL FRIEND.

Col. King once had his "Mutual Friend" in George Alfred Townsend, a bright, gossipy, picturesque correspondent of The Chicago Tribune, who formerly wrote over the pseudonym of "Gath," and now calls himself "Doctor Syntax,"—probably on account of the ingenious methods by which he tortures grammar. This same gifted creature also duplicates himself in the columns of The Graphic, as "Laertes," and there he exposes the friendly confidences which King once blindly entrusted him with. Among other things which he reveals concerning his visit to Minneapolis in 1872 is that there was a young being editing The Tribune at that time who was "the bane of Bill King's existence." We quote from the letter of "Laertes:"

"That fellow," says Bill, "is an hereditary nimcompoop. He's antagonizing mankind on me, and you know my exposed frontier, Laertes?"

"What is it, Bill?"

"Why," said he, "I'm developing the West—at its own expense. I'm negotiating great enterprises—for a consideration. It's my interest not to offend, except in the way of desperation. That fellow thinks he's a poet and a thinker, and he'll bring my bald hairs in sorrow to the grave. But come! I want to show you my stock."

This is a very good story and probably a true one. It sounds natural. We allude to it now only for the purpose of deprecating Townsend's perfidy in going right off and reporting the confidential conversation of the man who entertained him and paid all his bills. The next thing that will happen he will be relating the private opinion which the editor of The Tribune at that time may thoughtlessly have expressed of King.

By the way, our brilliant and versatile friend doesn't tell the whole of it. He says he went to St. Paul, and that he went to Lake Calhoun, and that he went to Lyndale, but he doesn't say that he went to Minnehaha. He has perhaps forgotten it. Let us refresh his memory.

The next day Col. King said to this writer "You know Jaw Jalferd's failing?"

"Yes, I saw him in the Cincinnati Convention trying to cast the vote of Delaware for Greeley when he couldn't remember what State he was from till a fellow-reporter jogged his memory."

"Well," said King, "he got the same way yesterday. We went to Minnehaha. He called for his favorite cooling beverage. We drank. He doubled it. We told stories and laughed at each other for an hour, he meantime taking too much, I thought. I hinted to him that he had better taper off, but he asked me what kind of a fellow I took him to be, and what sort of hospitality I dealt in, so I let him go on. Well—I carried him home in the bottom of the carriage, and he wouldn't have minded it a bit if I had put my feet on his head. He didn't seem to understand what to do when he got to the Hotel, and the next day, when he recovered, he talked of bringing a suit against George Lincoln for 'putting something in the whisky'."

—But we *will not* yield to the temptation to tell any more. Oh Laertes, let bye-gones be bye-gones!

THE POPULATION OF MINNESOTA.

Official Compilation of Returns made by the Secretary of State.

COUNTIES.	Total population.	Male.	Female.	Families.	Soldiers in actual service June 1 '65.	Colored.	Deaf.	Dumb.	Blind.	Insane.
Anoka	2260	1201	1059	451	95	6				
Benton	506	278	227	104	16					3
Blue Earth	9201	4964	4237	1711	341	23	10	9		
Brown	2211	1144	1067	476	56				1	
Carlton	28	16	12	5						
Carver	8704	4558	4146	1706	349		19	4	5	6
Cass	37	23	14	13		1				
Chisago	2175	1155	1020	416	144			1	1	2
Chisago	178	89	89	50						
Crow Wing	12476	6562	5914	2326	487	28	2	1		5
Dakota	6222	3259	2963	1194	196		2	2	3	4
Dodge	4736	2517	2218	926	186		1	1		1
Faribault	17324	9267	8257	3284	572	1	2	7	3	2
Fillmore	5088	2996	2692	1111	168	3	3	4	4	2
Freeborn	14830	7779	7051	2839	484	18	2	2	3	7
Goodhue	17076	8837	8239	3155	571	24	7	4		1
Hennepin	9788	5109	4679	1779	332	2				2
Houston	453	239	214	93	39					
Isanti	234	123	111	47	4					
Jackson	31	18	13	6						
Kanabec	154	76	78	36						
Lake	7834	4061	3773	1462	286	24	3	1		
Le Sueur	2457	1331	1126	499	80		1	1		1
McLeod	117	67	50	20						
Manomin	1430	764	666	288	70					
Martin	1229	653	576	242	24					1
Meeker	331	177	154	69	16					
Mille Lac	796	430	366	148	54	1			1	2
Morrison	5150	2719	2431	1026	110	4	2			1
Mower	5019	2606	2413	937	111	3	3	3	1	1
Nicollect	15176	8006	7170	2709	476	1	3	4	2	3
Olmsted	64	43	21	19	9					
Pine	15107	7697	7419	2725	591	111	5	5	5	7
Ramsey	95	63	32	18	3					
Redwood	10977	5859	5118	2113	448	19	18	17		2
Rice	294	168	126	61	12	10				
St. Louis	8621	4483	4138	1552	273	9	2	4	4	8
Scott	819	438	381	158	29			1		
Sherburne	4786	2518	2268	981	182	1				1
Sibley	7367	3881	3486	1421	146		3		1	1
Stearns	4932	2598	2334	984	161	3	1	1	1	2
Steele	117	69	48	26	6					
Tod	11363	5929	5434	2019	360	1			1	2
Wabashaw	4174	2139	2035	782	99	1	2	2		6
Waseca	6780	3590	3190	1274	173		2	2		1
Washington	249	130	119	46						
Watonwan	15277	7987	7290	2772	405	39	3	2	3	4
Winona	5028	2707	2321	964	263	8	3	3		
Wright										
Totals	230099	131323	118776	46939	8393	411	96	83	39	78

THE NATION has an article on "old Bill King" as it irreverently calls our citizen and Congressman, and advises him to "stay where he is." It continues "When King's own escutcheon is in such a bad condition, a little impairing will not do it any harm. He will, if counselled by us, let the proceedings at Washington 'point' at him as long as they please, and remain in retirement until they blow over. Several statesmen have been in as bad a flight as he during the last few years, and have come out all right by taking no notice of their enemies."

THE GREAT FARM at Compton, Canada, where Col. King has been found, is owned by the celebrated short-horn breeder, Thomas Cochran, who last fall bought King's $14,000 bull, the Duke of Hillhurst. It is not, of course, to be supposed that Col. King has gone to Compton to conceal himself, or to incommode his Washington friends, but probably, merely to gaze once more into the face of his beloved bull and to take out the price of him in board. Cochran also purchased several other of King's pets of the abbreviated cornute species, and the Colonel must feel quite at home.

WE are not suffering from drouth—the gentle showers come down as though the bottom had dropped out, and the melodious thunder rips things generally. The hill sides are green as June or the opinions of a ring attorney, and the dews of heaven gently insinuate themselves among the shocks of wheat or upon the stubble fields. And next year, as our weather prophet predicts, is to be our octennial year of flood. It never fails, he says.

In 1851 steamboats travelled at pleasure over the meadows of the Minnesota valley. In 1859 high flood came again, and on the 3d day of June the bridges and logs at Minneapolis were carried out, and St. Anthony Falls moved ten rods up stream. Again in 1867 the dams, mills and bridges on the Cannon, Sauk and other rivers were swept off, and Minneapolis lost fifty million feet of logs. And in 1875 we may look for like results. But *our* mills are safe. The Red River never goes "on the Ram-page." And where, oh where will be our grasshopper then? He never takes water in his. We are resigned at the prospect.

Ages of Living Authors.

The Boston *Transcript* corrects from *Once a Week* a list of the ages of English authors, and adds a similar list of the ages of American authors. The following is the complete list as prepared by the *Transcript*:

James Hannay, 33; Julia Kavanagh, 36; Matthew Arnold, 37; Florence Nightingale, 37; Rev. C. Kingsley, 46; Captain Mayne Reid, 42; G. H. Lewes, 43; Tom Taylor, 43; Shirley Brooks, 44; Albert Smith, 44; William Howard Russell, 44; Prof. Aytoun, 47; R. Browning, 48; C. Mackay, 48; C. Dickens, 48; W. M. Thackeray, 49; A. Tennyson, 50; Fanny Kemble, 49; Mark Lemon, 51; Edward Miall, 51; R. M. Milnes, 51; W. E. Gladstone, 51; Hon. Mrs. Norton, 52; Charles Lever, 54; Professor Maurice, 55; Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, 55; Benjamin Disraeli, 55; Harrison Ainsworth, 55; Mary Howitt, 56; Harriet Martineau, 58; Mrs. Gore, 60; S. C. Hall, 60; Mrs. Marsh, 61; Barry Cornwall, 61; Samuel Lover, 62; Albany Fonblanque, 63; Rev. G. R. Gleig, 64; T. Carlyle, 65; W. Howitt, 65; Sir John Bowring, 68; Sir Archibald Alison, 68; Rev. H. H. Milman, 69; J. P. Collier, 71; Frances Trollope, 73; W. J. Fox, 74; Sir W. Napier, 75; Rev. Dr. Croly, 80; Lord Brougham, 82; Walter Savage Landor, 85; Gerald Massey, 33; Miss Muloch, 34; William Wilkie Collins, 36; Sidney Dobell, 36; James Grant, 38; Wm. Hepworth Dixon, 39; Eliza Cook, 42; Francis Brown, 44; Philip J. Bailey, 44; Alfred Domett, 45; George Gilfillan, 47; John Forster, 48; Elizabeth B. Browning, 50; Mary Cowden Clarke, 51; Richard C. Trench, 53; Charles Swain, 57; Thomas Baird, 58; Robert Chambers, 59; G. P. R. James, 60; Henry G. Bohn, 60; John Kemble, 60; John Moultrie, 61; Charles Lyell, 63; Alexander Dyce, 63; T. C. Grattan, 64; George Grote, 66; Michael Faraday, 66; John Clare, 67; Francis B. Head, 67; Lord Mahon, 78; David Brewster, 78.

Paul H. Hayne and William Croswell Doane, 28; Mary A. Denison, 33; Frank B. Goodrich, 34; Richard H. Stoddard, William Allen Butler, Bayard Taylor, T. S. King, Charles G. Leland and Winthrop Sargent, 35; William W. Caldwell, Francis Parkman, George William Curtis, 36; Alice Carey, William R. Alger, Donald G. Mitchell and A. J. H. Duganne, 37; Samuel Eliot, Edward Everett Hale and T. B. Read, 38; Charles H. Brigham, Julia Ward Howe, Thomas W. Parsons, C. A. Bristed and Herman Melville, 40; William E. Channing, Jr., Henry Giles, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Elizabeth F. Ellet, Frederic D. Huntington, Frederic S. Cozzens, William W. Story, James Russell Lowell and E. P. Whipple, 41; A. Cleveland Coxe and James T. Fields, 42; E. A. Duyckinck and Parke Godwin, 43; John G. Saxe and Epes Sargent, 44; George E. Ellis and R. H. Dana, Jr., 45; J. T. Headley, C. A. Bartol, W. H. C. Hosmer, Henry T. Tuckerman, Henry N. Hudson, Henry Ward Beecher, Henry W. Bellows and E. H. Chapin, 48; Charles T. Brooks, Caroline M. Sawyer, Christopher R. Cranch and John S. Dwight, 47; Ralph Hoyt, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Richard Frothingham, Jr., Theodore Parker, Jones Very, William H. Burleigh, Samuel Osgood, 48; George W. Greene, Charles Sumner, Horace Greeley, Andrew P. Peabody, Elihu Burritt, Henry Barnard and Alfred B. Street, 49; James Freeman Clarke, Isaac McLellan, Asa Grey and Oliver Wendell Holmes, 50; George S. Hillard, Park Benjamin, T. S. Arthur, Albert Pike, Robert C. Winthrop and B. R. Curtis, 51; Theodore S. Fay, Nathaniel P. Willis, John G. Whittier, Louis Agassiz, C. G. Felton and H. W. Longfellow, 52; A. D. Bache, Richard Hildreth and George B. Cheever, 53; Wm. G. Simms, Geo. Lunt, M. F. Maury and Frederick H. Hedge, 54; George W. Bethune, Nathaniel Hawthorne, John L. Stevens, J. S. C. Abbott, Charles T. Jackson, and John R. Bartlett, 55; Horace Bushnell and George D. Prentice, 56; Geo. H. Calvert, Jacob Abbott, O. A. Brownson, Wm. H. Furness and Ralph Waldo Emerson, 57; Geo. Folsom, Geo. P. Morris, Chas. D. Cleveland, Louisa J. Hall, Mark Hopkins, Louisa C. Tuthill, Albert G. Greene, E. S. Gannett, Lydia Maria Child and Leonard Bacon, 58; Wm. H. Seward, Francis Bowen, Catharine E. Beecher and Geo. P. Marsh, 59; Stephen H. Tyng, Francis Lieber, George Bancroft and Caleb Cushing 60; Albert Barnes, L. P. Hickock, S. G. Drake, and Francis L. Hawks, 62; Charles Anthon, Geo. B. Emerson, 63; S. G. Goodrich, Sarah J. Hale and John G. Palfrey, 64; John P. Kennedy, Fitz Greene Halleck, Wm. B. Sprague, Wm. Cullen Bryant, Orville Dewey, Edward Everett and James Walker, 65; John Neal, Caroline Gilman, Edward Robinson and Jared Sparks, 66; Henry C. Carey, Henry R. Schoolcraft, Edward Hitchcock and N. L. Frothingham, 67; John Henry Hopkins, George Ticknor and Charles Sprague, 68; Chauncey A. Goodrich and Mrs. Sigourney, 69; Joel Hawes, Joseph B. Felt and John W. Francis, 71; Jacob Bigelow, L. M. Sargent and R. H. Dana, 75; John Pierpont, 75; Gulian C. Verplanck and Lewis Cass, 77; Joseph T. Buckingham, 80; Lyman Beecher, 84; Eliphalet Nott, 87; Josiah Quincy, 88.

The *Transcript* also gives the ages of several French and other writers of continental Europe, whose works are translated into English and enjoy a popularity on this side of the Atlantic:

Louis Blanc, 47; Kossuth, 54; George Sand, 55; Alexander Dumas, 57; Victor Hugo, 58; Emile De Girardin, 58; M. A. Thiers, 63; A. de Lamartine, 68; Victor Cousin, 69; Francois P. G. Guizot, 73.