THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

H. G. SMITH & CO.

H. G. SMITH. A. J. STEINMAN.

TERMS—Two Dollars per annum payable in all cases in advance.

THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER is published every evening, Sunday excepted, at $5 per annum in advance.

OFFICE—SOUTHWEST CORNER OF CENTER SQUARE.

# The Lancaster Intelligencer.

VOLUME 71 LANCASTER, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING JUNE 15, 1870. NUMBER 24.

RATE OF ADVERTISING.

BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENTS, $12 a year per squre of ten lines; $8 per year for each additional square.

REAL ESTATE ADVERTISING, 10 cents a line for the first, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

GENERAL ADVERTISING, 7 cents a line for the first, and 4 cents for each subsequent insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES inserted in Local Columns 15 cents per line.

SPECIAL NOTICES preceding marriages and deaths, 10 cents per line for first insertion, and 5 cents for every subsequent insertion.

LEGAL AND OTHER NOTICES—
Executors' notices ..... 2 50
Administrators' notice ..... 2 50
Assignees' notices ..... 2 50
Auditors' notices ..... 2 00
Other "Notices," ten lines, or less, three times ..... 1 50

## Poetry.

### JIM.

Mr. F. Bret Harte undertakes, in the *Overland Monthly*, a companion-piece to celebrated "Flynn of Virginia," or "In the Tunnel." That truly dramatic poem had an advantage of priority, the intrinsic merit of the two seeming to us so nearly balanced that whichever appeared first would appear to be the best. At any rate, the following *rencontre* of the mines,—friend meeting friend, with a tear and an oath, in a bar, after years of separation,—is a bit of character-painting we cannot afford to spare from our columns:

JIM.

Say there! Praps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild?
Well—no offence;
That ain't in sense
In gettin' riled!

Jim was my chum
Up on the bar;
That's why I come
Down from up yar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir! You
You ain't of that crew—
Blest if you are!

Money? Not much:
That ain't my kind:
I ain't no such.
Rum? I don't mind,
Seein' its you.

Well, this yer Jim,
Did you know him?—
Jess 'bout your size;
Same kind of eyes;
Well, that is strange;
Why, its two year
Since he came here.
Seek, for a change.

Well, here's to us!
Eh?
The health you say!
Dead?
That little cuss!

*What make you so—*
*You are there?*
Can't a man drop
A glass in yer shop
But you must pry?
It won't take
It—much to break
You and your bar.

Dead!
Poor—little—Jim!
Why, thar was me,
Jones and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben—
No account men:
Then to take *him!*

Well, that good by
No more, sir!—
Eh?
What's this you say?
Why, dem it!—sho!—
No?—Yes? By Jo!
Sold!
Sold! Why you Hub,
You ornery
Horrid old
Long-legged Jim!

[For the Intelligencer.]

### MY SISTER.

Have you ever seen my sister,
Little, charming sister A——;
Whom 'tis said, a band of angels
Left upon this lower one day.

She's a little and airy creature,
Bringing sunshine ever near;
And a brother, loves to linger
In her balmy atmosphere.

Arms are her's so full of dimples
That they look like a bracelet's part;
Feet that with a sweet pit-patter,
Softly trip upon my heart.

Hair that lies in golden ringlets
On a bosom of purest snow;
Cheeks on which the tell-tale blushes
Redder than the dawn-light glow.

Lips that seem to drip their honey,
Cupids' mouth, and pouting red;
Eyes that peer thro' silken lashes,
And the softer laster shed.

All that Heaven in its kindness,
Or a mortal can bestow;
Finds and blesses my sister,
In my darling sister grow.

You may smile upon my picture
As its gorgeous hues you scan;
But it's not half so handsome
As my charming sister Ann.

B. S. S.

## Miscellaneous.

### An Old Time Mystery.

"I will not tell you sir!"

The young heed was thrown back haughtily, and the blue eyes flushed with passionate excitement.

She was a beautiful creature this fair golden-haired girl. She was very young and her petitite figure looked almost childish. But for the rounded, Hebe-like form and perfect outline, one would have thought her a child—a little girl indeed, with the sunny hopes and dreaming fancies of childhood—but these disclosed a womanhood full of nameless grace, rich and rare in beauty. Few knew the world as well as she, this brilliant little meteor, that had flashed upon society, turning men's heads, and making a fair lady mad with jealousy.

But a few months before she came to New Orleans, the protege of a wealthy English lady, who had for many years spent her winters here. Her history none knew, until the events which procured me an introduction to her, none cared to inquire. It was evident to all she was loved by the lady as a daughter, but she was presented to the world as her niece.

There were just the faintest discernible accent, in the rich melodious voice and liquid speech. The fair Canadian queen of it royalty over the haughtiest belles. Men said that accent charmed as none other could; rival beauties tried to imitate it. But her fascination lay in her winsome face and eyes that seemed so true; in the passionate regret that fevered their gaze at a sense of wee; in the hand open as day to charity.

As she stood before me in her fierce anger, I thought I had never seen a being so lovely. The golden curls shaded face and brow, and the chiseled lips had assumed their haughtiest curve. Proud as a queen she looked, the indignant blood-staining neck and brow, while the cheek flushed and paled alternately; but the blue eyes never lost their passionate flush nor the lips the curl of scorn.

The night before, the house had been robbed and a casket containing diamonds stolen. Myself and Mr. I——, had been sent for by Mrs. M——s, to investigate the case. It was evidently the work of an experienced burglar, and as he must have passed through the room of Miss M——s to reach the apartment of the lady from whom the jewels had been stolen, I asked Miss M——s if she had heard nothing in the night to excite her alarm. At my question, which was somewhat abruptly spoken, she hesitated and appeared unduly excited. I felt surprised at this and repeated the question.

"Did you hear see anything during the night?"

"I did, sir."

"May I inquire what it was?"

"I decline to tell."

"But why, Miss M——s?"

"I cannot inform you."

"At all events you will tell me if you saw or heard the person who committed the robbery?"

"I both saw and heard him. Sir, you will excuse me; but that I may end an interview extremely painful to me, I will say to you that I saw the person who came into the house, saw the robbery committed, but am withheld by reasons I cannot disclose from giving you his or her description."

The avowal was made in a low, choking utterance that showed how profoundly the young creature felt the shame of the disclosure. Shocked and surprised, I scarcely knew what I said, but I remember appealing to Mrs. M——s to unite her entreaties with mine to induce Miss M——s to change her determination, or at least give a reason for it. But she did not hear me. Her eyes were fastened on the young girl's face with a wild entreaty that thrilled me to the heart. She seemed to understand why the girl refused to tell; and, gazing for an instant, threw up her hand with a wail like one broken-hearted, and sank sobbing to the floor.

"Miss M——s, this is very strange. You do not wish me to think you a confederate, and, unless, you tell me, what, else am I to think?"

It was then that her expression changed, and her face lit up with indignant excitement.

"I will not tell you, sir!"

She paused for an instant, and I read her innocence in the look. Whatever the mystery, she was not criminal.

"Think what you please. I will not tell you." Before I had time to reply, Mrs M——s rose to her feet, and, taking the young girl by the hand, turned to me.

"You are mistaken sir, in your suspicions. This is a family mystery—the child is not to blame. Had I known it sooner I should have dispensed with your services; but you oblige me by retiring now, and pursuing your investigations no further."

It was impossible to resist the grave dignity of this grand old lady.—We took our leave in a perfect whirl of amazement. I confess to my share of curiosity, but all the events of that morning bewildered me. I thought of nothing all that day save the mysterious burgulary. I did not speak of it to others, for it was evident that Mrs. M——s did not wish it canvassed, and my own powers of reflection were unable to solve it.

The next day I received a note, inclosing a fee for my trouble, and enjoining the strictest silence in regard to the events which occurred. Of course I obeyed; it was nothing to me, and I tried to forget it, but I could not. No matter what business engaged my attention, I found myself thinking of that, and so a year passed away.

One night a man was shot in a drunken brawl. He was a noted character a burglar. I was near him when he fell. He called me and I bent above the stricken man, from whom the life-blood was oozing fast.

"Will you do me a favor?"

"If I can—yes."

"You know Mrs. ——, the English lady?"

"Yes."

"Tell her I am dead!"

Unutterably surprised, I would have asked him more—would have questioned him as to how the life or death of a burglar could interest her? but he waived me off.

I did his mission carefully as I could, I imparted my intelligence. I was received in silence—a silence like death.

The next day a single close carriage attended the remains to the tomb. It was not long before a marble shaft rose above it, and the single inscription—

"He died by violence."

tells to the observer all that is known of the burglar's grave. Long years afterward I know he was the English lady's son, and that her mission here was to see and redeem him.

She failed utterly, and both she and the fair young girl are seen no more in the brilliant society, in which the young beauty was once so admired.

### Farm Life Among the Chippewas.

The best sample of Indian farming around Lake Superior is found on the Bad River reservation, near the farther shore. The point is reached by canoe navigation, twenty miles south of Bayfield, the only beautiful village on the whole lake-borders. There are two thousand Chippewas on the reservation under eleven chiefs. The chiefs are all stalwart men, of the ancient, Indian-esque type—strong-limbed, open-faced, and high-headed. They are evidently the pick and best men of the tribe.—Their great orator, Na-gau-nup, is well known at Washington. His three daughters would be noticed any where for their beauty, intelligence, and fine manners. Four-fifths of the tribe wear citizen's dress, and at a distance have the air of the Canadian gentleman.

A stranger visiting the reservation will need the aid of a pilot and oarsman. The best to be had are two Chippewa women, who will make the twenty miles distance from Bayfield, with neat strokes in six hours. Should the wind favor, they will hoist sail, and go down in four hours, passing the largest of the Apostle Islands, where a Catholic mission has been planted for two hundred years.

Bad River reservation takes in five or six townships, each six miles square, along the river. It is rich bottom land, heavily timbered, and bearing striking resemblance to the famous Miami Valley in Ohio. The river is deep, clear and winding. Wide hay meadows and wild-rice marshes border the mouth.—Farther up, we open into a thick forest of elm, ash, cedar, birch, balsam, maple, and aspen, with occasional clumps of pine. The air hereaway is dazzlingly clear, and on a still day the river shines like polished glass. The reflection of the green jackets of the cedars and the red caps of the maples, on an autumn day puts all Mr. Prang's chromos to shame. As we approach the village, five miles up the river, our fair oarswomen, using the river surface for a mirror, slick up their hair and face, and then send forward our canoe with the swiftness of a steamer.

The village proper takes in three hundred acres of level clearing, including six acres of grave-yard, populous with small frame coops and crosses.—There are two little churches, Protestant and Catholic; two school-house, pay-house, Government farm-house, store, shops, and forty or fifty bark and log cabins stretching for a mile along the grassy river-bank. Here dwells the ancient Ojibway. The scene presented of a pleasant Sunday afternoon, when half the tribe have assembled; the groups in motion and at rest; the variegated costumes of pagan and Christian; old chiefs with pipes and paper collars; old women of seventy in the dress of seventeen; stylish young bucks; modest maidens, half-naked children, and wolfish dogs, form a picture and study rarely equalled on city boulevards.

ONE ACRE ENOUGH.

The averaged-sized Chippewa farmer is satisfied with an acre of clearing near the stream. There are two hundred, perhaps, of these farmers scattered along the reservation. They are assisted in making clearings with Government oxen. The trees are felled, trimmed, and the logs pulled aside in the edge of the timber. Their cabins of logs or cedar-bark usually occupy the north side of the clearing. The bark is double roofed, set upright, and sloping roofs. The sides are supported and bound fast with poles, crossways and perpendicular, inside and out. They have a little square window at one end, and a door at the side. The walls are mostly lined with rush-mats. A little raised platform, a foot or so high, at one side, answers for bed, table, and chairs. A little hammock swung from the corners takes the place of the cradle. In most cases, a cracked stove of some sort is seen in the centre, with a retinue of pots and dishes, kept clean and shining by the dogs.

The philosophy of the Indian is to have enough for the present, to drudge little, trust fate, and follow his nature. The Chippewa farmer dont care to add to his acre of clearing. He has no yards, no fences. Indian dogs are guardians of the cabin lot. A few have ponies, a few oxen, many own a bull calf, and a few own a pig, but never a hog. Their stock is driven down to the lake-shore in summer, where they find good pasture and relief from flies. The cow is sometimes kept about the cabin, watched by children, and tied at night. They work their bulls and oxen singly, using a bend for a bow, with long thills attached to each end with ring and bolt. They use them to plough, and to draw up hay and wood in winter. They have seldom a wagon-road; their canoe is coach and carryall during the reign of summer.

SUGAR-MAKING.

Every family has a separate sugar-bush, of one or two hundred trees, which has come down to them from a former generation. Sugar-making begins in April, and is followed up with unlimited frolic and feasting. The trees are tapped with a sanken-colored bark, folded at the end. Flat spiles with creases are driven into chisel-cuts made in the trees. The women do all the work, gathering wood and sap on snow-shoes. The sap is boiled in long iron kettles, hung in the centre of the camps. Sugar is king, children kick about on their bellies, daubing their faces with candy, and rolling on the snow. Young bucks gorge themselves by day, and carouse about with rattles and drums at night. Old men start out for ducks and musk-rats with a big cake of sugar in their sacks, and live on it for days. When dry, the sugar is put in bark mococks holding from two to sixty pounds. Many of the smaller are ornamented with dyed porcupine-quills, worked into stars, flowers, and various figures. Families make from three to five hundred pounds each season. They sell more than half to the traders, and then buy it back by the pound at double price.

PLANTING.

Planting comes early in June, lasting two days. It is a family affair, the women and children turning out *en masse*. They plough from half to three quarters of an acre. They plant potatoes mostly dropping the smallest. They plant about an eight of an acre of small Red River corn. The hills are close, crooked, and crowded with stalks. Small patches of rutabagas, pumpkins, squashes, melons, beans and cabbages rejoice by themselves. A few plant peas, and four or five among them last year raised oats and peas together. Wheat is not thought of, as there are no flourmills on all Lake Superior. They hoe but once and hill largely.

HAYING.

Haying begins the last of July. Each family has a little strip of meadow, which was set off by their fathers before them, and is marked as their own. They cut from fifteen to twenty hundred of hay each. Indian men handle the scythe well. They cut a few hours in the morning, and then lay by. The women throw off their blankets, and take the rake after dinner. When the hay is heaped, two poles are run under each cock, and the hay carried off and stacked on dry ground. No teams are used. Those who have no stack sell their hay for thirty dollars a ton. There are forty acres of tame grass on the Government farm by the village, two hundred acres of pasture, and fifty of ploughing. Neighbor Indian does all the work.

RICE HARVEST.

Rice harvest begins in August.—Whole villages of travelling camps are set up beside the rice-swamps. The rice grows two feet or more above the water of the same depth. Each family stakes off its lot of half or three-quarters of an acre. The rice crop is first secured against the blackbirds by catching up large bundles of tops together, and tying them with basswood strings. They are tied in rows three feet apart, and extend for miles. When the grain can be loosened from the capsules, gathering commences. Two squaws to each canoe push out between the rows, one guiding with a paddle, while the other bends the tops over the edge of the canoe with a stick in one hand, and whips off the grain with a stick in the other. Rice harvests last three weeks, and is the gala season of the year. The girls gather spoils by day; the boys gather for frolic and dance at night. During the season, four to ten bushels of wild rice are gathered by each family. It is taken home in canoes, dried on cedar-bark, and laid upon poles over a fire. When dry, the grain is hulled by girls, who tread it out with bare feet on hard ground. It is then winnowed, put in bark sacks, and is worth six cents a pound.

FISHING.

Fishing is not counted among the virtues of farm life, but it is like light and shadow to the Chippewa farmer. His pot of fish is rarely empty; he fishes all the year round. He catches white-fish and trout with gill nets in the lake, and sturgeon, weighing forty to sixty pounds, in the river. He builds a rack of piles across the river near the mouth and as the sturgeons are stopped in their ascent, he jerks them up with a hook and pole. The sturgeons are dressed and smoked by the women, who have built their camp-fires near at hand. In winter, they take a little sled and mat out to theedge of the lake, cut a hole through the ice, draw their blankets over their heads, let down a decoy fish, and when they have attracted their prey near the top, they fasten them with a tear. They often go out five miles of ; ..orning to catch fish for breakfast. They rarely go out in winter till their fish-pot is empty.

HOSPITALITY AT HOME.

In his way and at home, the Chippewa farmer is hospitable, jovial, and contented. The more provident lay in a good stock of fish, rice, potatoes and corn for winter. The potatoes are buried in pit-holes four feet deep, and covered with birch bark and earth. Six bushels of corn, twenty of potatoes, a hundred pounds of rice, two sacks of flour, four half-barrels of fish, and fifty pounds of pig are considered a bountiful winter's store. Summer takes care of itself. They commence boiling corn, pumpkins and melons when green, and continue all the way up. They pick off the false squash and pumpkin flowers, and boil them with corn and pork. They boil potatoes with fish, or roast them in sand under the fire. They mix flour and water and bake it in iron pans, or boil it in dumplings. The Indians have great faith in dumplings, and in that faith we are all pretty much agreed.—*Hearth and Home.*

### A Murder Trial in Nevada.

"'I was sitting here,' said the Judge, 'in this old pulpit, holding court, and we were trying a big, wicked-looking Spanish desperado for killing the husband of a bright, pretty Mexican woman. It was a lazy summer day, and an awfully long one, and the witnesses were tedious. None of us took any interest in the trial except that nervous, uneasy devil of a woman—because you know how they love and how they hate, and this one had loved her husband with all her might, and now she had boiled it all down into hate, and stood here spitting at that Spaniard with her eyes; and I tell you she would stir me up, too, with a little of her summer lightning occasionally. Well, I had my coat off and heels up, talking and sweating, and smoking one of those cabbage-cigars the San Francisco people used to think were good enough for us in those times; and the lawyers they all had their coats off and were smoking and whittling, and the witnesses the same, and so was the prisoner. Well, the fact is, there wasn't any interest in the murder trial then, because the fellow was always brought in not guilty, the jury expecting him to do as much for them some time; and although the evidence was straight and square against this Spaniard, we knew we could get twelve men without seeming to be rather high-handed and sort of reflecting on every gentleman in the community; for there warn't any carriages and liveries there, and so the only style there was, was to keep your private grave-yard. But the woman seemed to have her heart set on hanging that spunk, and you'd ought to have seen how she would glare on him a minute, and then look up at me in her pleading way, and then turn and for the next five minutes search the jury's faces—and by and by drop her face in her hands for just a little while as if she was most really to give up, but not she'd come again directly and be as lively and anxious as ever. But when the jury announced the verdict—not guilty—and I told the prisoner he was acquitted and free to go, that woman rose up till she appeared to be as tall and grand as a seventy-four gun-ship, and says she:

"'Judge, do I understand you to say that this man is not guilty, that murdered my husband without any cause before my own eyes and my little children's, and that all has been done to him that ever justice and the law can do?'

"'The same,' says I.

"'And then what do you think she did? Why, she turned on that smirking Spanish fool like a wild-cat, and out with a navy and shot him dead in open court!!'

"'That was spirited, I am willing to admit.'

"'Wasn't it, though?' said the Judge, admiringly. 'I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I adjourned court right on the spot, and we put on our coats and went out and took up a collection for her and her cubs, and sent them over the mountains to their friends. Ah, she was a spirited wench!'—*Galaxy.*

### Discovery of a New and Remarkable Cave in Iowa.

A wonderful discovery has just been made about six miles west of Dubuque, Iowa, which consists of a cave of immense dimensions and magnificent grandeur. The entrance is 100 feet long, and for lead ore a Mr. Rice made the discovery in opening a narrow passage, which he followed about 700 feet, leading into a large room, connected by a narrow passage with many others, which he followed a distance of about 1000 feet, where the space seemed to terminate.

He afterwards sunk a shaft of thirty feet deep, intersecting the cave near its termination, and he and his party of five descended and entered another narrow passage of about one hundred feet, where it expands into a large hall of one hundred feet long, forty or fifty feet wide and from ten to fifteen feet high, and ornamented with stalactites of great beauty the roof, like a miniature sky, studded and spangled with orbs of most brilliant lustre, and presenting a crystaline surface of exquisite fineness and lustre, which dashes by the light of the torches with great brilliancy.

From this room the cave branches in two directions at an angle of about forty degrees, which being traversed for about half a mile, the explorers found several other chambers of even greater dimensions and greatly exceeding the first in beauty and interest, the entire sides and roofs being covered with snow-white stalactites and frost-like encrustations of carbonate of lime and gypsum. In many parts of the cave might also be seen arayonite, and at distances varying from ten to fifteen feet are deep recesses in the walls, so large and high in some cases as to enable them to walk about in them.

On the floors of these recesses many stalagmites had formed, one resembling a hugh polar bear, and other formations resembling clusters of grapes, etc. In another place a hand was distinctly traced. The water in the cave is so clear that in places where it is ten inches deep it does not appear to be more than two. The party remained in the cave about six hours, and traveled in it about two miles.

At Helena, Arkansas, on Monday, P. H. Rayner, while drunk, shot his wife in the head, and thinking he had killed her, blew out his own brains. His wife was only stunned, the bullet having imbedded itself in her waterfall.

### Synopsis of a Farewell Discourse, by Rev. J. V. Eckert, Preached at Quarryville, June 5th, 1870.

TEXT:—2 Cor. 13, 11: "Finally brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

We meet for the last time in the relation of pastor and people. It is 15 years and 10 months since I became your pastor. I cannot recall all that has transpired in that time, should I desire to.

The memory of the minister cannot retain many things which remain fresh in the memories of the people. The nature and character of his work will necessarily divert his attention from many little occurrences of life.

What made a lasting impression on you may have been but transient in my mind and life. But the more prominent events will remain fixed as our existence. Some things we soon forget, others we never forget, but become part of our thoughts forever.

I have moulded you, and you me, both for time and eternity.

I do not purpose sitting in judgment over you, nor do I desire you to sit in judgment over me, in this trying hour. We have mingled too often together in the sober and solemn events of life for such vain work now. Our tears and prayers have too often flowed together to now dream even of casting stones at each other. Soon we will all stand before the Judge of all the earth, to account for our stewardship here.

The text is a general exhortation made up of four particulars:

1. *Be Perfect.*—In another verse Paul says: "And this also we wish even your perfection." And on this passage Beza says: "That whereas the members of the Corinthian church were all, as it were dislocated and out of joint, they should be joined together in love; and they should endeavor to make perfect what was amiss among them, either in faith or morals."

It is a metaphor also taken from a building; the several stones and timbers being all put in their proper places and situations, so that the whole building might be complete, and be a proper habitation for the owner.

The same figure, though not in the same terms the Apostle uses in Eph. 2, 19–22.

This particular exhortation is, be knit together in love, that you may grow up into Him in all things, which is the head even Christ. There must be mutual love and unity, together with the proper fruits of these among you in order to your spiritual growth and usefulness.

2. *Be of Good Comfort.*—However much you may have been tossed to and fro, and disjointed, there still remains the possibility of order and peace.

Our Saviour said, it must needs be that offences come; and woe to the world because of offences; and wo to that *man* by whom the offence cometh, but still he also says, I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you.

The proclamation of old was, return thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord; and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you; for I am merciful, saith the Lord, and I will not keep anger forever; only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God; and I will heal your backslidings.

Your comfort you will find in leaving the evil and holding to the good, and claiming the promises of God, which are sure and steadfast. For, I know, says Paul, in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.

Receive therefore admonition always as from the Lord, and you shall have consolation. Take His dealings as from a merciful father, and it shall be well with you. Be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love, and for a helmet, the hope of salvation, and you shall obtain eternal life through Jesus Christ.

3. *Be of One Mind.*—Let the same mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus, who gave himself for our sins, that he might, and now she had boiled it all down into hate, and stood here spitting at that Spaniard with her eyes; and I tell you she would stir me up, too, with a little of her summer lightning occasionally. Well, I had my coat off and heels up, talking and sweating, and smoking one of those cabbage-cigars the San Francisco people used to think were good enough for us in those times; and the lawyers they all had their coats off and were smoking and whittling, and the witnesses the same, and so was the prisoner. Well, the fact is, there wasn't any interest in the murder trial then, because the fellow was always brought in not guilty, the jury expecting him to do as much for them some time; and although the evidence was straight and square against this Spaniard, we knew we could get twelve men without seeming to be rather high-handed and sort of reflecting on every gentleman in the community; for there warn't any carriages and liveries there, and so the only style there was, was to keep your private grave-yard. But the woman seemed to have her heart set on hanging that spunk, and you'd ought to have seen how she would glare on him a minute, and then look up at me in her pleading way, and then turn and for the next five minutes search the jury's faces—and by and by drop her face in her hands for just a little while as if she was most really to give up, but not she'd come again directly and be as lively and anxious as ever. But when the jury announced the verdict—not guilty—and I told the prisoner he was acquitted and free to go, that woman rose up till she appeared to be as tall and grand as a seventy-four gun-ship, and says she:

"'Judge, do I understand you to say that this man is not guilty, that murdered my husband without any cause before my own eyes and my little children's, and that all has been done to him that ever justice and the law can do?'

"'The same,' says I.

"'And then what do you think she did? Why, she turned on that smirking Spanish fool like a wild-cat, and out with a navy and shot him dead in open court!!'

"'That was spirited, I am willing to admit.'

"'Wasn't it, though?' said the Judge, admiringly. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I adjourned court right on the spot, and we put on our coats and went out and took up a collection for her and her cubs, and sent them over the mountains to their friends. Ah, she was a spirited wench!"—*Galaxy.*

### Chinese Emigration.

Foreign Correspondence of N. Y. *Tribune.*

CANTON, China, April 6—Mandarin, priest, coolie, and beggar seem to be getting a fair understanding of American laws. Their constant theme of discussion is the probable action of the United States on the "Chinese Question."—Before the American war wild tales of gold mountains, of wealth to be had for the asking, of a Chinese-loving race that owned the land, were circulated. Then, however, the higher classes discredited these statements, and published books warning the people, and declaring those rumors to be "wily snares for the avaricious, leading to toil and death.' But now a new interest has sprung up among the Chinese as to the United States, owing to several new causes.

Within two years more than 5,000 Chinese have returned from California, either to make a visit or to remain at home. They have wonderful tales to tell of wealth, present or prospective, and of the great liberty they enjoy. A few hundred or a few thousand dollars is a great fortune for a laboring Chinaman. Like Marco Polo, the relators have the diamonds to show. The coolie in the rice-field hears of a land where lighter and more wholesome labor receives twenty-five times his present recompense. The treadmill operator in the rice-mill thinks of the 100 cents a day in California, and compares them with the five or perhaps six which he receives here. The farmer or gardener is told of crops that bring fifteen hundred per cent. more profit in market than any in China. Thinking only of "thirty dollars a month," never of the cost of living, they are ready to embark at a moment's notice.

They suffer also from the increasing tyranny of the Tartar Government. Forced to obey their conquerors, to pay exorbitant taxes, and to sacrifice their wives, if called upon, under a system devised by foreigners in which Chinese have no interest, they contrast the prison, the starvation, the insults, and the toil of China with the liberty, the luxury and the comparative kindness of which their returned neighbors tell.

Another cause for confidence in the people of America, and one which will yet outweigh all others, is the act of the Emperor defying Ward, the American filibuster. They accept all the gods their ruler gives them without the slightest question. Ward was of great service to the Emperor in putting down the rebellion. His success was something wonderful to the Chinese, and at the time when he was accidently shot by his own men, they looked upon him as the greatest general that had existed for 2,000 years. At his own request, his body was left at Ning Pa, according to Chinese custom, above ground and uncovered. Nine months after (1863), the Emperor ordered the body to be removed to Sung-Kong, and deposited in the court-yard of the temple of Confucius. Within the temple was set up a tablet bearing his name as the "Captor of Sung Kong and many other cities." The Emperor has seen fit to go further, and in a recent edict has placed him among the major gods of China, commanding shrines to be built and worship to be paid to the memory of this American. The people are worshiping him along with the most ancient and powerful deities of their religion as a great deliverer from war and famine—as a powerful god in the form of a man. In every household, school, and temple, his name will be thus commemorated. The remembrance of millions of people secures his immortality. The deification of this American certainly will give ad-

### Conclusion of the Speech of Hon. S. S. Cox, of New York, on the Bill to Enforce the Fifteenth Amendment, in the House, May 27, 1870.

Mr. Speaker, in the time allotted me I have not the opportunity to go through this bill and dissect it, section by section, as I could wish. I can only marvel at the indifference with which gentlemen regard this attempt to tramp down with elephantine foot all private rights and legal codes. You cannot thus interfere by penalties with the ballot without destroying the virtue of the latter, by attempting rudely to uproot its abuses. You would grasp at political power by those undue statutory means; but you will grasp a shadow. You follow, like Macbeth, the dangerous vision and unhallowed hopes of a bewitched ambition! You will fail. You would enforce a centralization with bayonet and *posse*, with *quo warranto* and affidavit, but you will fail. Centralized power, like that seized and wielded by the present Napoleon, was won by bolder means and is being to-day gradually resigned, with a wisdom infinite compared with yours.

What is your conglomerate incongruity which you call a law? Let me enumerate some of its beauties:

1. It is so full of penal clauses as to be ridiculous and ineffectual.

2. It is so full of spite as to be promotive of litigations and persecutions.

3. It is so general in its terms that no information or indictment could be drawn upon its provisions, and therefore it is a fraud upon the public and the accused.

4. It destroys jury trial.

5. It is so partisan that it discriminates in favor of the black against the white.

6. It is so unmindful of the Constitution, that it compels State officers to enforce Federal laws.

7. It is so vengeful that it would fill jails and consumate fines beyond the capacity of the country to imprison the prisoners or the people to pay the sums.

8. It creates a class of paid government counsel, furnishes fees for them from the the pocket's of our constituents, and thus increases taxes, while it fills the nation with a horde of detestable spies and informers.

9. It begets a conflict between State and Federal authorities, and by throwing the seed into the Federal balance, seeks by military power to overawe and control the elections of the States, and while aggrandizing power in the Federal government destroys the form, structure and genius of the Federal government.

It will be impossible to elaborate all these points. I will endeavor to elucidate a few of them:

1. The penal causes. There are twelve sections of fines and penalties out of the twenty-three in this bill! Need I rehearse them? Imprisonments and fines, fines and imprisonments, relieved only by civil suits and counsel fees! This law is overrun with punitive clauses as to be a monstrosity. Most of these sections punish with imprisonment and fine for offenses already amply provided for in State laws and for offenses not so great as its execution would induce.

I pass from this abstract phraseology I speak plainly when I denounce the interminable, general, crushing and impossible penalties against the alleged registration and voting frauds, North or South, as an intolerable statutory nuisance. There is no compensation for its existence by any possibility. It will become a dead letter, a crescent letter on the statute. Courts, jurors and witnesses will laugh the law down. Public opinion will despise it. The penalties may now and then go to the spy and informer; but the bread they buy will choke those who eat it.

2. I pass lightly over the point as to litigations and persecutions. This bill begins where it is the letter of all there which is its end, to wit, with litigation. The bill is a provision for fees, counsel, spies, informers, suits, etc., to the end of this generation. Hence I am opposed to it because it is a bill of litigation, of strife, of persecution. It is reprehensible because it does nothing to heal wounds. It pours into them no balm. It is a fruitful source of litigation. At the end of civil war there should be no strife. Yet here are five years after its end beginning a system of proscription which will have retaliation, and again retaliation. There is no end of this incessant system of provocation but civil war against war.

3. If any lawyer will examine the clauses of the bill he will perceive how very general it is in its terms. It is so general that it might apply to the old Latin maxim, *Dolus latet in generalibus*—fraud lies in generalities. Read the bill through and you will find that there are penalties for omission and commission. The legal certainty is gone under the penal statutes. I do not appear against the bill from any fear of my personal safety. Some of the sections punish a man if he does not comply "with the bill." The accused has no exact definition of his offense. If an officer "refuse or knowingly omit to enforce this section"—such are the words, forsooth, on which to draw an indictment? How can the astute lawyer from Ohio, who was one of this conferenced committee, or the gentleman [Mr. Bingham] who distinguished himself so much in criminal practice the other day in New York and who is now looking me in the face, [laughter]—how could they or either of them with all their skill draw an indictment under such general clauses?

4. This bill destroys the right of trial by jury. This is another point to show the lawyer craft, or unlawyer-like craft of this bill. In the third section, where a person offers and fails to perform an act, he is allowed to vote; and the officer who fails to give effect to his vote, on presentation of an *ex parte* affidavit of the facts, is liable to $500 for the aggrieved party! This sum, or less, is to be recovered in the old common law action on the case. Costs and counsel fees also, and fine and imprisonment! Now, as to the civil action, one familiar with the Constitution might infer that "in suits at common law," like actions in case, "where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury" should be preserved according to the seventh article of the Constitution! But the pretentious wiseacres who framed this bill wish to preserve the Constitution by breaking it! They upset jury trial to punish voters—not of their party! By the third section they consider, first, an offer to do as the act done; second, give effect to the deed; and third, then provide a civil remedy, based on an *ex parte* affidavit of the plaintiff, and command judge and jury to find at least $500 damages. The jury can find no less. Was there ever such blindness and idiocy? Is this preserving jury trial? Is this preserving public liberty, or its great safeguard?

5. This bill discriminates in favor of the black and against the white.

The fifteenth amendment is understood by the House. The power to "enforce" it is also understood. What is "appropriate legislation" for its enforcement is not so well understood.

If you turn to section five of this bill you will see that it allows hindrance, control and intimidation of a white voter, but it makes it a crime to hinder, control or intimidate a black citizen. Aside from the general and loose words of this penal statute, is it not strange that again in the twenty-third section there is a similar provision? In spite of the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution against discrimination this bill does discriminate, and in favor of the black and against the white. This alone is enough to condemn this bill. But as this has been elaborated by my friend (Mr. Beck) I pass to the

Sixth point on the bill. I refer to the clause which compels State officers to enforce Federal laws.

6. In the second section these State officers are compelled to act as Federal agents, and a penalty fixed for their non-performance. This is a section coming from the old fugitive slave laws, and in defiance of the decisions of the courts.

7. I pass to the other points, as I cannot go over all of the enormities of this bill in the short time allotted to me. I would call attention to the fact referred to by the gentleman from Indiana [Mr. Kerr] that this bill provides all through for lawyers—shysters, he designated them—pettifoggers, who get counsel fees at pleasure out of the Treasury for hunting up these cases. It taxes our people for this despicable business, at the pleasure of the ruling powers. But this is not its worst feature. The crowning odium of the bill is that it provides for spies and informers; and this is the odium of history. Informers are the meanest class of men ever put under the microscope for rational dissection.

I have said that the informer is the odium of history. So he has been in all ages. This bill is to be vitalized with his leprous presence. The learned gentleman (Mr. Bingham) is familiar with the character; its portrait has been drawn by master hands. The informer appeared in many a piece before he was presented in this bill. He has assailed with his lucrative perjury many an innocent man in other lands; he is as old as the Archandrely scene in antique plots of the meal tub and the Rye House;" as old as Titus Oates, the "common voucher of base accusation." His detestable character was depicted by the great Irish orator. "I have heard," says Curran in Finney's case, "of assassination by sword, by pistol, and by dagger; but here is a wretch who would dip the evangelists in blood if he thinks he has not power to visit to death, without trial or witness, and without end;" and then bursting into an indignant flame of invective he makes this picture of the hateful *daemonis personae* of this bill; it is familiar to the school-boy in his declamations, but it is fit to be here reproduced!

"But the learned gentleman is further pleased to say that the traverser has charged the government with the encouragement of informers. This, gentlemen, is indeed a small fact that you are to deny at the hazard of your souls, and upon the solemnity of your oaths. You are upon your oaths to say to the sister country, that the Government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as informers. Let me ask you honestly, what do you feel, when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that you believe none of you know by the testimony of your own eyes to be utterly and absolutely false? I speak not now of the public proclamation of informers with a promise of secrecy and encouragement; and I speak not of the late exploits of the Clerkenwell informers; but I ask, not? That is the definition given by the courts; is it not? But the informers under the internal revenue law are despise it. The penalties may now and then go to the spy and informer; but the bread they buy will choke those who eat it.

2. I pass lightly over the point as to litigations and persecutions. This bill begins where it is the letter of all there which is its end, to wit, with litigation. The bill is a provision for fees, counsel, spies, informers, suits, etc., to the end of this generation. Hence I am opposed to it because it is a bill of litigation, of strife, of persecution. It is reprehensible because it does nothing to heal wounds. It pours into them no balm. It is a fruitful source of litigation. At the end of civil war there should be no strife. Yet here are five years after its end beginning a system of proscription which will have retaliation, and again retaliation. There is no end of this incessant system of provocation but civil war against war.

3. If any lawyer will examine the clauses of the bill he will perceive how very general it is in its terms. It is so general that it might apply to the old Latin maxim, *Dolus latet in generalibus*—fraud lies in generalities. Read the bill through and you will find that there are penalties for omission and commission. The legal certainty is gone under the penal statutes. I do not appear against the bill from any fear of my personal safety. Some of the sections punish a man if he does not comply "with the bill." The accused has no exact definition of his offense. If an officer "refuse or knowingly omit to enforce this section"—such are the words, forsooth, on which to draw an indictment? How can the astute lawyer from Ohio, who was one of this conferenced committee, or the gentleman [Mr. Bingham] who distinguished himself so much in criminal practice the other day in New York and who is now looking me in the face, [laughter]—how could they or either of them with all their skill draw an indictment under such general clauses?

4. This bill destroys the right