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W. G. PEACOCK, Editor.

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RASH STEPS.

(Of two gray-headed and blue-bloused citizens.)

“Rouen, we were talking together on the quay with all that frenzy that buys extravagance of gesture, that hot hemorrhage of passion abouts nothing which we always see in the wild granddaddies of the theatre, and never anywhere else—out of France; of this pantomime pair, with their faces of eighty, their actions of twenty, and their costumes of a hundred years old, I stopped to ask my way, not for information, as I needed none, but as the handiest way of opening conversation. “Can you indicate, my worthy anachronisms,” I said, “the best path to the brow of Mount St. Catharine?”—For the day was going, and I wanted to watch the reflection of the river. Stepping out with a world of courtesy, the more incognito of the two, insisting on seeing me safe, towed me anxiously along, giving me the benefit of his ideas and of his latest brandy in one breath, and with equal liberality. He was out of work at present, but hoped soon to find employment on the military roads projected in the imperial France since the 10th of October; he could then gain eighteen, or even twenty sous every sacred day of his life. It was the old road-meander of the Miesrable, with its aimless vivacity, his poor coming, his little play of thoughts and instincts skipping an inch or two around his hammer on every side and settling no further, his eyes bent, like the Old Cumberland Beggar, upon the endless length of his road, and filled with the pebbles and straws that moved continually past out of sight. A character that never is seen in America, and never will be till the resurrection: a being with no future, no past, no hope, no letters, no journal, no heart; no spectacles, no politics, no change; such a being as you might grow to be, my reader, supposing your father or fifth father had concluded to retain his tenancy instead of going off to try and better his fortune among the red Indians. In short, a mole—the worst animal in all Europe to take as a guide. I checked him presently, as he was airily bearing me along in a quite erroneous direction: put an unexpected tourniquet upon his flow of brandy-and-bubble; turned him back with the proxy for more alcohol in his hand; and climbed the hill alone.

I never find myself looking from one of these gentle eminences, over a sleepy French city, opposing with its two wings equally hung upon straight sides of a shining stream, but I think of Turin and the “Rivers of France.” Here on St. Catharine’s field, as I leaned against a great cross-shaped fragment of a wall, all that remained of an old fortress that Henry IV. caused to be leveled upon capturing it from the League, I thought of him for me by the twentieth time. The Seine was stealing absently along, not like an American tide of crystal, but dim and viscid with its muddy memories; strips and ribbons of Norman lengths and variegated colors; the slender poplars and ash trees on each were wandering off in straight lines all around the compass, as ruined aqueducts thread the Roman campagna; and the orange was fading behind the mossy gables and dark-wrought towers of patient Rouen, as it fades over many a fairy *chateau* in that enchanted itinerary of the British Channel. As I leaned like some moping raven on the ruin, with the old moat behind me softened with turf that had fed on Protestant blood, I never thought, as I ought to have done, about Henry and the League. I only thought of the ugly macabre who had seen it all before me, a fat, snuffy, dumb, unworldly, inexplicable Anglaise, who had a thousand, using his huge umbrellas for a desk and the top of his rude overcoat for paint-box, and scattering splendor and genius from his dirty hand on many a cliff like this.

Patience Rouen grew darker and darker beneath, as if his histories were oppressing it. There the Conqueror had been the conqueror, though it was behind us on the river in the flat little town of Mantes, that he got his death, by the fall which resulted fatally of Rouen. There, in his hermetic crystal box, repose the Lion *Hogst*—a plump, meek, harte and incoherence, horrible heart, and scid and detestable creature, and other evils without number which she hath done as against our Lordships and the loyal obedient people.” In the Monastery of the Ursulines of Rouen exists a witness of the imprisonment of Joan, a solitary tower of the old *chateau* of Bouvreuil, wherein she was confined and judged. The contemporary monument to the Maid, a graceful, triangular affair, set up in the square a few years after her death, to the immortal daughter of Vaucouleurs, was unfortunately given place to a heavy composition and statue, executed by Paul Slodts in the worst taste of Louis Quinze.

Other absorbing mementoes were fading from my sight, as a misty twilight slowly drew its obliterating sponge across the storied page beneath me. I was too far off to distinguish, close behind the statue of Joan d’Arc, the embossed tower of the splendid Hotel de Bourgtherolde, a mansion whose walls are worked inch by inch like some rich platter of Cellini’s. Here, on one of the panted window-sills, is carved the scene of the Field of Cloth of Gold—a crowd of splendid knights in armor, and a crowd of grand Masters of Ceremonies, so stiff in his puffed and slashed suit that he can hardly make the gesture of introduction, presenting Francis, who sits on a saddle-cloth, burly with embroidered lilies, to Henry, who is followed by his English women, mounted on spirited chargers and armed, like Robin Hood’s merry-men, all with simple bows as long as themselves; all this brilliant story told by some contemporary sculptor with the perseverance, the elaboration, the waste of art that marks the first years of the French Renaissance.

Now could I see, not far behind this splendid illuminated page of old romances the plain house, in which Peter Cornelle, in 1606, opened his eyes, almost to the tragic Place where the Pucelle was slain; but I could see, on one of the lovely islands floating at my feet, the poet’s stately head, carved by David of Angers, with the last undulations of daylight caressing its ribboned hair.

A faint chimble stole to me, melting among the evening rays. From the Tower of the Grand Clock an ancient bell rang the evening note, the peal that rang first in France, but vibrated soon to England, raying *opere-fusa* to the Normans and *carver* to the Saxons. “Put out your lights,” rang the great bell, “draw the ashes over the embers, and straight to bed! It is late, late, late! It is nine.”

And I fled guiltily down the hill, with the musical reverberations pursuing me to a fragrant and dreamy pillow.

ENFANT PERDU.

POLITICAL.

TENNESSEE.

Inauguration of Governor Brownlow His Address.

Governor Brownlow was inaugurated at the Tennessee State Capitol, in Nashville, yesterday morning. He appeared in the House of Representatives and took the oath of office. His inaugural address was read by his Private Secretary. Of this address a synopsis was published, yesterday, but the following *excerpts* are on interest.

“Your predecessors took the Government as an experiment, you can find it an establishment. They adopted measures to set it in motion, your measures will look to a wise and beneficent administration. It was theirs to build the machinery, it is yours to keep it in good running order. Our external relations are mainly for present inquiry entirely with the Federal Government, and I am happy to inform you that they continue most amicable and harmonious. From the beginning, we have been sustained by the generous and patriotic support of the people, keeping the peace and executing the laws in the localities where the war after subsiding, had left elements of disturbance. Your predecessors have used in aid of the civil law and as part of it, when the civil law, unaided, might prove incapable of dealing with its violators. Application was made to the courts, and the courts responded to the call. We are now looking forward to the future of Tennessee, with the utmost confidence. Our highest honor to have jealously guarded the name of our State, and to have prospered and developed her vast resources. Destiny and events, God and history, have assigned Tennessee an important position in the Department of restoring the Union. Let us well our part, and under Providence perform the great and agreeable work of fraternity, and love and loyalty toward the race of men.”

W. G. BROWNLOW.

Wendell Phillips on the October Election.

(From the Anti-Slavery Standard of this week.)

It seems probable that the elections in Pennsylvania and Ohio yesterday (Tuesday) were substantial triumphs for the negro-fighting democracy. It is especially of the amendment in Ohio we greatly deplore. It puts in still greater jeopardy our own, in this State, whenever it shall be submitted to a vote, and enters a similar jeopardy now pending in Kansas, and more than all, it will effect unfavorably the still unsettled problem of the colored man’s rights in the States of the South. With the large majority vote cast may call for a convention, it is likely, in the near future, to be held in New York, and therefore ineffectual. In this way Congressional reconstruction is to be again checked. What greater encouragement do negroes need than to see their rights in the States of Ohio, with such a President in the White House, to do all they possibly can to resist the establishment of government in the South which shall place the colored man in the same position as we do not doubt the ultimate completion of our cause. But we see in the timid and shrewd maneuvering of Republican managers who have taken the lead in this matter, only themselves in disappointment, we should not particularly regret. But in the two political divisions created by the circumstances of the revolution, the Republican party is the victor, and the nature of the situation that their criminal folly inflicts needless and most cruel suffering, even to death, or living tortures worse than death, of millions of victims, white and black, throughout the South, and greatly overbarrs the progress of our cause in the North. The Republicans of Massachusetts, in their late Convention, have shown a better spirit than they have shown in the past. Let us Wilson presided, paved the way for the Ohio election, and his non-committal attitude in regard to negro suffrage is a vitally important question. Such a result as that of the Wilson-Kessenden Republican Convention, the Republican party of this State resolved definitely and unqualifiedly in favor of negro suffrage, but the action of the representatives of the party at the Albany Convention, in their postscript to the Albany Convention, neutralizes the moral effect of the Syracuse resolution. The Republicans of Pennsylvania recently dodged the issue, the significance of which, as exemplified in national politics, they fully understood. Their action invited the defeat which they richly deserve. The Republicans of Ohio, in a greater degree than any other State, are responsible for the ignominious defeat of the national issue in the canvass just closed. In a most disreputable manner they refused first to submit the question of negro suffrage to the people, and then, when military rule, dictated for the South, they felt constrained to reconsider their previous action, and to change front in the face of the enemy. It is hardly necessary to say that they were in no condition to win victory.

In all this an absolute necessity is made apparent for continued hard work on the part of all abolitionists and radical Republicans everywhere. It is demonstrated that our cause cannot be safely entrusted to political adventurers, however loyal their professions of fidelity to the doctrine of the Radical Republic. If the present agitation must be continued. Under the operation of the war power we have made rapid strides. That power is not, and ought not to be, perpetual in the hands of Congress, and it is to be regretted that the State by the national forces, our people were treated as enemies, with but little discrimination between the loyal and the disloyal. Their lands and houses were seized, their persons oppressed or destroyed, and their provisions confiscated. In East Tennessee this was done from necessity, by an unopposed army, to an extent that restores the State to its former condition. Thus far the Federal Government, classing Tennessee with the rebel States, and unwilling to assume the losses incurred in the whole South, except in the States of Virginia and North Carolina for remuneration. I understand that similar losses by the citizens of Indiana, Pennsylvania and Ohio have been promptly assumed, and yet the national Government has refused to do so for the loyal people of Tennessee, through so long and terrible an ordeal, are not to be found in the United States. It is to be regretted that the confidence in the justice and magnanimity of the American people. I believe they will yet cheerfully repay the loyal sufferers among our people, and the property of the loyal people by the National Government, which were themselves absent fighting for their country. But you, gentlemen, can afford present pecuniary relief, and you can do so, without heretofore to assume and pay these just and meritorious claims. I recommend that proper officers be appointed to ascertain and audit these claims, and that the bonds of the State be pledged from \$50 to \$100 be issued in payment. I am aware that this proposition will meet with fierce opposition from those who would give preference to the usurper State Government, or by rebel quartermasters. I am also aware that the objection will come from a better class upon the ground of so considerable an increase of the State debt; but if the American people are just, they will assume the amount long after it falls due, and upon principle, treat the suffering loyalists of Tennessee as they have the loyalists of other States. Let such laws be well guarded in every respect, and if Congress does not at once assume the liability, and promptly meet the same, then we have elected eight able and loyal men to look after our interests to very little purpose.

INTERPRETATION.

Throughout the length and breadth of Tennessee, distilleries are everywhere multiplying with frightful rapidity, and the increasing evils arising therefrom call upon the friends of humanity and of religion to educate the public mind on this subject to this view, and if possible, to stay the tide that now leads to overwhelm and degrade society. Intemperance is blowing up steamboats, upsetting stage-coaches, and, through the carelessness of drunken engineers or switch-tenders, is bringing trains in collision or running them off the track. All this appalling loss of life and limb, resulting from the wickedness, carelessness and contempt for human life of the owners, directors, superintendents, agents and employes on the various lines of travel, is, in a great degree, to the vice of intemperance. A general reformation in this respect is necessary to the safety of the State, and it is believed to be necessary. The least that can be done by the Legislature—and this ought to be satisfied

OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

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