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THE BELKNAP BRIBERY.

Downfall of the Secretary of War.

Resignation of the President's Favorite.

It is Promptly Accepted.

Mr. Robeson Appointed War Secretary.

WASHINGTON, March 2.—The developments of the facts in the case of Secretary Belknap, charged with corruption in his high office of Minister of War, created the most profound sensation here to-day. Nothing like the intensity of feeling has been exhibited since President Johnson was impeached. Then there was partisan acerbity enough to make the trial exciting; but in the case of the Secretary of War nothing but the most profound sorrow is expressed in every quarter. Of all men in the Cabinet General Belknap was the last to be suspected of prostituting his high office for gain.

THE PRESIDENT.

President Grant was terribly shocked by the exposure of the crime of his favorite Cabinet Minister. In the kindness of his heart he accepted Belknap's resignation, and many members of Congress think he made a great mistake in this, as it may interfere with Belknap's impeachment.

IN THE SENATE.

The appearance of the President's private secretary in the Senate chamber was looked for with great interest to-day, in expectation that the name of Mr. Belknap's successor would be sent in. A little before two o'clock Ulysses Grant, Jr., made his appearance, and there was a rush to see the list of nominations, and a general disappointment when it was ascertained that the nomination for Secretary of War was not included.

PROCEEDINGS IN COMMITTEE.

The House Special Committee to Investigate the Expenditures of the War Department met twice this afternoon, when the Hon. Montgomery Blair and Mr. Marsh, of New York, were further examined. It was learned from them that Belknap was guilty of other misdemeanors than that charged at first, namely, that Marsh had given Mrs. Belknap about $20,000 for the right to trade at Fort Sill and other army stations. The committee at once resolved unanimously to impeach General Belknap.

ANOTHER AD INTERIM SECRETARY.

The President to-day appointed Secretary Robeson Acting Secretary of War, as the following letter will show:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, March 2, 1876—Sir:—The resignation of the Secretary of War having been tendered and accepted this day, you are hereby directed to assume and perform the duties pertaining to the office of Secretary of War, in addition to those of your own office, until otherwise directed.

Very truly yours, U. S. GRANT.
To the Secretary of the Navy.

THE EX-SECRETARY TO BE INDICTED.

It is the intention of the district attorney to send Mr. Marsh before the grand jury, now in session, and have an indictment found against ex-Secretary Belknap.

GENERAL BELKNAP'S WIVES.

The deceased wife of General Belknap, as well as his present wife, who is her sister, came from one of the first families of Kentucky, and for some years led fashionable society. When people wondered at the gorgeous display made by the present Mrs. Belknap in her dress and entertainments they were told that the Secretary's wife had a fortune in her own right. Mr. Belknap used to procure her elaborate toilets in Paris.

A CABINET OFFICER'S DOWNFALL.

Of late we have had many sickening scandals in high places that touched our national honor and brought the blush of shame to every sensitive man's face. We have heard of frauds that drove a Cabinet officer from his place "under fire;" we have had bribery, perjury and general corruption in the revenue service, overwhelming men who stood high before the country, and we have seen a minister at a foreign court consorting with swindlers, and selling the weight of his name to be used in their villainous enterprises. All this was bad enough and disgraceful enough, but the crowning horror was yet to come. It fell like a thunder clap yesterday, scattering dismay over the whole country.

General William W. Belknap, Secretary of War, a gallant soldier, a citizen of high standing, an official holding a position of great honor and responsibility, has been convicted, by uncontradicted testimony and by his own confession, of basely prostituting his office for personal aggrandizement. He has confessed that he accepted a bribe and entered into a dishonest compact as Secretary of War. His first step on the road to ruin was not the result of impulse, was not taken in an ungarded moment, but was the outcome of deliberate negotitation. He consented to debase himself and shame his country for a price paid down and an annual consideration in money, piling crime on crime, adding wrong to wrong. As Secretary of War he connived at an arrangement at Fort Sill, for which blackmailing seems to be the only appropriate term.

Strange as his crime itself, General Belknap, one of all who were interested, appears to have been indifferent as to the committee's inquiry. When the witness, Marsh, offered to do anything but commit perjury to save the Secretary, the man who stood on the verge of a moral precipice refused to be saved. He told Marsh to go before the committee and tell what he knew, well knowing that Marsh's testimony would cover him with disgrace. This was either the act of a madman or of a conscience stricken man who courted destruction. It was in his power to put the knowledge of his guilt where the committee could not reach it, and he chose to throw away the opportunity.

In all the history of our country we have suffered no such disgrace as this. The spectacle of a Chief Magistrate on trial before the Senate is not to be compared to that which will be presented in that body to-day. The charges against Andrew Johnson were virtues compared with the crimes for which General Belknap must answer to his country. There are people who still believe Andrew Johnson guilty of no intentional wrong. General Belknap has confessed every charge made against him. Pity can find no extenuation; charity can discover no outlet for him. He asks none. He accepts the penality of his misdeeds. This must be set down to his credit.

We are sure that no man of honest impulse will rejoice at the downfull of Secre- Belknap. When so high an official treads in forbidden paths, trades on his office and wrongs his country, it is right that the story of his shame should be told, painful and appalling as it may be. The disgrace which the Secretrry of War confesses he has brought upon himself and family is one which every American must share in the eyes of the world. General Belknap served his country faithfully during the rebellion, and has enjoyed the respect and confidence always accorded to an honest man His countrymen have held him above suspicion. When such a man falls it is not surprising that the country should be shocked to the last degree. His downfall points a moral of the times. It is the natural outgrowth of the unwholesome atmosphere in which he has lived. He went to Washington a poor man, was caught in the whirlpool of reckless extravagance and gaudy ostentation, was tempted and fell. He had not the moral stamina to withstand the temptation which besets men in high position. When such a man succumbs we can the better realize what honor is due to the men of force and character who steer clear of the rocks.

The unanimous and prompt action of the committee and the House is worthy of all praise. In these days, when every wave of air brings a breath of scandal to smirch some high official's name, it is encouraging to know that our representatives appreciate the necessity of cleansing the public service, no matter who may suffer in the process. Having made so good a beginning we have reason to hope that no guilty man will be spared; that every man who has been guilty of corrupt practices in the War Department will be tried and punished as he may deserve.—*Inquirer.*

THE DEVIL'S NEST.

From the Chicago Tribune.

In the winter of 1874 I was in the service of the Government, on the Piute Reservation, in Southeastern Nevada. My business was to look after the wants of the Indians, visit the different subdivisions of the tribe, and use my influence to bring them to the reservation, where they might be cared for and taught the principles of civilization. On one excursion, I was looking after the scattered bands, of Sebits; and on returning to the Agency, was attempting to cross from the lower crossing of the Little Colorado, on the east side of the main Colorado River, to the mouth of the Red Virgin, over a dry, barren plateau of 70 miles. It was a wearisome march, and both man and beast had reached a state of actual suffering for want of water. Serious thoughts and calculations occupied every moment; the fear of destruction seemed to be indelibly stamped upon all; yet I, who had the guardianship of the party, had many times, in my twenty-six years in the Far West, experienced very similar tests of men's souls, and bade them onward; and, with my assurance that they would reach water they trudged on. While traveling a very old Indian trail, I discovered an object in the distance which I supposed to be a deer or an antelope, which was regarded as a sign that water was near at hand. Spurs were applied to the faithful mules, and they were not long in approaching near the supposed animal; but, to the astonishment of the party, it proved to be an Indian laden with Zoona blankets, enroute to what he called the Diablo—the Devil's Nest. He was most fearfully frightened. He afterward stated that he expected to be murdered by the party; but, upon being assured of friendship and good-will, he gave information of water and also of his business. He proved to be a Moqua Indian trader, with a very large pack of blankets upon his back, as stated before was en route to the Devil's Nest. He invited us to follow him.

We had traveled but a short distance when we came upon a great descent in the level plain or mesa. It was evidently too steep to be descended by animals, so we dismounted, picketed our animals, and on foot followed our guide. A few rods' travel brought us to a perpendicular cliff of solid malpace, or cooled lava, from which we obtained a plain view of a most wonderful chamber lying at a great distance below us. At this point our guide threw over or down his pack, and it soon was out of sight. Immediately before us was a narrow, deep crater in the malpace, through which we went down at an angle of 80 degrees, still another perpendicular cliff was reached, which we descended by the aid of a Mexican ladder. It was made of rawhide, and was securely fasted in a large pile of stones on the top. It had small sticks twisted in the rawhide at right angles with the lariat which served as steps in the ladder. On them, one after another, a lower point was gained, except in a fewer cases where a long pole was used as a substitute. At last the bottom was gained, and after a journey of half a mile over a beautiful, smooth surface, we came to one of the most beautiful bubbling springs we had ever seen, of pure cold, and sweet water. At this point, to my astonishment and dismay, I found an abundance of Indian signs (tracks of Indians). I could look around me and realize the stubborn fact that I was in one of Nature's most secure prisons. The walls were perpendicular to the height of 3,500 to 4,000 feet with seemingly no possible means of escape, save by the way we entered. The first thought was horrifying in the extreme. The idea of having followed an Indian into a stone-bound cave or chamber, and into the midst of a band of wild Apaches, was terrible indeed. I suspiciously and trembling followed the Moqua a quarter of a mile further, when the stream of the spring had grown to quite a little creek, having been increased by many other springs, and the signs of Indians had changed to that of a real Indian village; yet not an Indian was to be seen, and this was but confirming my suspicions of danger, and adding more horror to my trembling nerves. Our guide mounted a large rock and yelled, at the top of his voice, a most horrifying howl. After a seemingly long suspense, a very old, decrepit Indian almost blind, crept out from the mass of detached cliff that had fallen from above, and with trembling fear exclaimed "Amigo, amigo!" The salute was returned, and two cowards—no, brave men—each fearing the other, rejoiced; and, as evidence of friendship, there was an exchange of tobacco, and the pipe of peace was smoked. It was followed by calling together the whole tribe,—a poor relic of some ancient tribe, numbering in all but sixteen. They had probably fled to this most secret and remarkable spot of earth for refuge in time of trouble, possibly previous to the invasion of Cortez. They were most marvelously struck by my appearance.

The Devil's Nest is situated in the northwest part of Arizona Territory, on the east side of the Colorado River, and opposite the lower end of the great Canon of the Colorado. That Canon is in some places 6,000 feet deep. The Devil's Nest is a sunken hole in a malpace or lava formation, to the depth of 3,500 to 4,000 feet, with perpendicular walls, excepting the hazardous entrance through or over which was passed. It is an oblong square some 2½ by 10 miles. I found these Indians in possession of a small flock of goats, which had been kept within bounds by means of lariats. They had also plenty of beans and corn; and, more astonishing still, they had the most thrifty peach-trees that I have ever seen, and quite a quantity of dried peaches, which I here connect with our guide, the Moqua trader, for he exchanged his blankets for dried fruit. It is supposable that the most uniform climate in America is to be found in this sink,—the Devil's Nest.

I have been for many years traveling as a pioneer in the Far West, and, upon reaching this hidden valley, I concluded that here was a spot upon which no white man had ever trod before myself, but, to my astonishment, just before taking my leave of the humble Chief and his tribe, I got to know, through the medium of a paper handed me by the Chief, that the notorious assassin and leader of the Mountain Meadow Massacre had been here. The paper—a piece or leaf of a blank book—had written upon it, in pencil, the following:

ARIZONA TERRITORY, July 3, 1873.—Capt. Slupe-Salie and tribe,—ignorant, innocent, and hnd harmless.

JOHN D. LEE.

SAVED BY A DRUMMER.

Winning a Bride from the Grasp of a Midnight Robber.

A representative of one of the business houses of Nashville, Tenn., had an unexpected and thrilling adventure at a residence within two hundred miles of Nashville, a few nights ago. Overtaken by darkness, and being alone in a locality which had been the scene of several deeds of horror in days gone by, he was naturally very anxious to reach some shelter from the fury of the storm. After riding rapidly for an hour, he detected a light glemaing from a farm house a few rods distant. His approach being heralded by a watchful dog, a man came to the door, and after our commercial friend had explained the cause of his visit, the servant conducted him to the door of the parlor, and knocking at it, returned and took the horse to the stable. The rap at the door was answered by a young lady, to whom the Nashville young man related his mission, and was invited in.

The lady explained the reason of her being alone by saying that her parents had been summoned to the bedside of a sick neighbor, and she was left to take care of the house. The hours swiftly glided by, and the young man was shown to a room by the servant who had cared for his weary steed.

Taking a seat beside the cheerful fire he sat until after "the witching time of night," thinking of home, but principally of his new female friend, and listening to the deep mutterings of the distant thunder, and the beating of the rain against the window. In the midst of his mediations he was startled by a scream, which seemingly proceeded from the parlor down stairs. Hastily grasping his revolver, he dashed down stairs and sprang into the parlor, just as a bullet whizzed past his head. By the reflection of the fire he observed the lady struggling with the man who had met him at the door upon his arival at the horse. With a well directed blow he hurled him across the room, and as the assailant sprang through the door, several leaden missiles followed him in quick succession.

Turning his attention to the young lady, he discovered that she had fainted. Water was applied to her lips, and he was soon very much gratified to see her open her eyes. In a few moments she had fully recovered, and after thanking him for his opportune aid, related her story. She had fallen asleep and slumbered until she suddenly awoke and saw the servant endeavoring to open her father's desk, in which a large sum of money was kept. Being of a timid nature, she had placed a pistol under her pillow when she retired, and grasping this she rose, and in doing so made a slight noise. The burglar turned around, and when she saw him draw a glittering knife from his belt, she screamed. He sprang toward her, but she eluded him and ran around the room, the man following. He finally caught her, and as the young man entered the door she fired at her assailant, but missed him.

It is perhaps needless to say that the young couple chatted away until the return of the parents in the morning. They had been compelled to remain to their neigbor's house all night on account of the storm, and when their daughter recounted her adventure, it was no wonder that the old folks were very grateful to her deliverer.

In compliance with the request of the trio, the young man remained much longer than he at first intended. But before he left he obtained the promise of the lady to devote the life he had saved to making him happy as long as he lives.

"REDUCE OR BUST."

A Detroit man had been telling his wife for weeks past that times were tight, money scarce, bankruptcy stalking abroad through the land, and so forth, and she had consented to the discharge of the nurse girl, and upstairs girl, and had wheedled the cook into doing the general housework. That wasn't enough. He came home one night and said he was going to discharge the hostler; that money had gone up thirty per cent.; that he couldn't afford to carry his life insurance any longer; that she musn't ask for any more new clothes for a year. She went over the house and pinched expenses down again, and things ran along until the other day, when he remarked:

"We've got to reduce still further or bust!"

She was pondering over his remarks late that evening when he came home. He was so long getting his overcoat off that she went into the hall. He gave the coat one awful jerk just then and fell over.

"What on earth ails you!" she exclaim- as she helped him up.

"Nozzing," he replied.

As he got up she peered into his face. The fact was as plain as if it had been written on a whitewashed fence with "colored" tar.

"You are drunk," she said, as she drew back.

He gazed at her without replying.

"Here you've been yelling 'reduce! reduce!' all winter, and while I am trying to reduce you go and get drunk! You'd better reduce your whisky!"

"Vi said anyzing 'bout rejuce?" he asked.

"Yes, you have!"

"Whaz want rejuce for?"

"Only to-day you said we'd either got to reduce or bust."

"Di say zat?"

"Yes you did."

"Well, ju rejuce?"

"No; how could I?"

"Zen didn't I bust?"

She laid him on the lunge and went off to bed, and yesterday she was advertising for an upstairs girl and a nurse.

A REGULARLY ORGANIZED CRIMINAL SOCIETY.

Gen. Chamberlain, Warden of the Massachusetts State Prison, in his evidence before the Prison Committee of the Legislature said; "I know from my own knowledge that there exists in the City of Boston a regularly organized society of criminals, with a President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer. This Society has a regular form of admitting members. The prison he has graduated from, his offense, with information in regard to the prison, are all duly recorded. The society discusses the most approved plans for burglary, tolls, equipments, etc.; they also keep a regular register of the best criminal lawyers in the country, and of the Judges of the courts, and they know at once what the prospects are for a brother criminal. If his case comes before what they call a hard Judge,' they raise the money to secure a postponement of the case. They also have a fund for mutual support and protection, and through this source they are often able to send delicacies to their brethern when sick in the prison hospital."

The late election in Hatboro, Montgomery county, was a family affair. John W. Yerkes and Harrison Yerkes were candidates for Town Council; Joseph B. Yerkes was elected Judge over Harrison Yerkes; S. D. Yerkes was elected Inspector, and Joseph B. Yerkes received one vote for Inspector.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

Sugar and Molasses from Indian Corn.

No American product is so universal in all parts of the Republic as Indian corn. It grows luxuriantly in every State and Territory, in almost every soil and section, and its yield is so vast that the whole of it cannot be marketed, and at times it has been burned for fuel. Immense quantities are shipped to Europe, and still there always remains a surplus, although every expedient is tried to utilize it by feeding it to live stock, and using it for the manufacture of spirits. Under such circumstances it is a matter of general interest to know that a disovery made by a German chemist, that molasses can be profitably made from corn, has been successfully applied in Iowa, and bids fair to lay the foundations of a great industry. The corn used was the common crop, such as is fed to live stock, and the product was excellent molasses. The information on the subject was first published as a communication in the *Christian Instructor*, where it was read by the managers of a Western sugar mill, and by them the process was tried and found to work to a charm. The farmers in the neighborhood of the mill took their corn thither and sold it. So that the operation was on the same basis as the cheese and butter factories and the canning establishments.

This crop is better for the manufacture of molasses than the sorghum or Chinese sugar-cane, and is understood and available everywhere. Small mills can of course be had for the use of farmers, who want to make their molasses themselves, but the preferable plan is to have the mills operated on a large scale as separate interests, like the canning works. That the syrup can be made to granulate for sugar would seem only to require skill and experience in the operator. Maple sugar, though of a dark brown color in store, derives that hue from the rude processes of boiling usually used in the open air, and we have reliable testimony from Western Pennsylvania that, by careful boiling in a kitchen, the syrup produces a light and very clear and beautiful sugar. Hence we infer that in the manufacture of molasses from beets, sorghum or Indian corn, it is not desirable that the rude processes of manufacture on a small scale be encouraged, as the article produced would be low priced and inferior.

We desire to call especial attention to this subject now, because of the boundless supply of corn in the United States. If any new and general use like this for it could be extensively domesticated, the crop would at once derive an additional value from it, as it would pay the former much better than at present. The cultivtion of corn is understood everywhere in America while that of the sugar beet is not. All that seems to be wanted is the general establishment of separate concerns to buy up the corn and make molasses from it; and if the business could once be firmly rooted, the results might be immensely valuable. In this connection we need only refer to the extent to which sugar is made in France, Germany, Holland, Austria and Russia from the sugar beet, and to the large amount of money thus saved to those countries that would otherwise have to be paid out for foreign sugar and molasses. The successful application of the separate factory system to the production of butter and cheese shows that the principle is capable of great results when perseveringly adhered to. And if it can be applied generally to the manufacture of sugar and molasses from Indian corn, the results may exceed anything at present dreamed of. It should have an immediate trial in every corn-growing district, and if rendered permanent it will develop a demand for capital and machinery, and give a great new element to American commerce.—*Philadelphia North American.*

A Texas Democrat who was under the impression that the Democratic year of jubilee had come, lately wrote to Postmaster-General Jewell that an "infernal black Republican, nigger-hugging scalawag" still held the best post office in his county, and wanted to know if the time had not come for decent white Democrats of Texas to get the offices. "I want that post office myself," writes the Texan, "it is worth nigh unto two thousand dollars, and if you will appoint me I'll divide the salary dollar and dollar with you." Mr. Jewell has declined the tempting offer.

The Philadelphia mint coined 3,623,100 pieces of gold, silver, nickle and copper, during the month of February, the money value of which was $740,582 50.