THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

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AN OLD MAN'S LOVE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Doctor Thorne," "Framly Parsonage," "Is he Popenjoy?" "Phineas Finn, the Irish Member," "The Warden," "Barchester Towers," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER IX.

REV. MONTAGUE BLAKE.

John Gordon, when he left the room, went out to look for Mr. Whittlestaff, but was told that he had gone into the town. Mr. Whittlestaff had had his own troubles in thinking of the unlucky coincidence of John Gordon's return, and had wandered forth determined to leave those two together, so that they might speak to each other as they pleased. And, during his walk, he did come to a certain resolution. Should a request of any kind be made to him by John Gordon, it should receive not the slightest attention. He was a man to whom he owed nothing, and for whose welfare he was not in the least solicitous. "Why should I be punished and he be made happy?" It was thus he spoke to himself. Should he encounter disappointment, in order that John Gordon should win the object on which he had set his heart? Certainly not. His own heart was much dearer to him than that of John Gordon.

But if a request should be made by Mary Lawrie? Alas! if it were so, then there must be sharp misery in store for him. In the first place, were she to tell him that this man was dear to her, how was it possible thas he should go to the altar with the girl, and there accept from her her troth? She had spoken of a fancy which had crossed her mind respecting a man who could have been no more than a dream to her, of whose whereabouts and condition—nay, of his very existence—she was unaware. And she had told him that no promise, no word of love had passed between them. "Yes, you may think of him," he had said, meaning not to debar her from the use of thought, which should be open to all the world, "but let him not be spoken of." Then she had promised; and when she had come again to withdraw her promise, she had done so with some cock-and-bull story about the old woman, which had had no weight with him. Then he had her presence during the interview between the three on which to form his judgment. As far as he could remember, she had spoken hardly above a word during that interview. She had sat silent, unhappy, but not explaining the cause of her unhappiness. It might well be that she should be unhappy in the presence of her affianced husband and her old lover. But now, if she would tell him that she wished to be relieved from him, and to give herself to this stranger, she should be allowed to go. But he told himself that he would carry his generosity no further. He was not called upon to offer to surrender himself. The man's coming had been a misfortune; but let him go, and in process of time he would be forgotten. It was thus that Mr. Whittlestaff resolved.

It was now nearly five o'clock, and Mr. Whittlestaff, as Gordon was told, dined at six. He felt that he would not find the man before dinner unless he remained at the house—and for doing so he had no excuse. He must return in the evening, or sleep at the inn and come back the next morning. He must manage to catch the man alone, because he was assuredly minded to use upon him all the power of eloquence which he had at his command. And, as he thought it improbable to find him in the evening, he determined to postpone his task. But, in doing so, he felt that he should be at a loss. The eager words were hot now within his memory, having been sharpened against the anvil of his thoughts by his colloquy with Mary Lawrie. To-morrow they might have cooled. His purpose might be as strong; but a man when he wishes to use burning words should use them while the words are on fire.

John Gordon had a friend at Arlesford, or rather an acquaintance, on whom he had determined to call, and he went forth to call on Rev. Mr. Blake. Of Mr. Blake he only knew that he was a curate of a neighboring parish, and that they two had been at Oxford together. So he walked down to the inn to order his dinner, not feeling his intimacy with Mr. Blake sufficient to justify him in looking for his dinner with him. A man always dines, let his sorrow be what it may. A woman contents herself with tea, and mitigates her sorrow by an extra cup. John Gordon ordered a roast fowl and asked his way to the curate's house.

Rev. Montagu Blake was curate of Little Alresford, a parish, lying about three miles from the town. The vicar was a feeble old gentleman who had gone away to die in the Riviera, and Mr. Blake had the care of the souls to himself. He was a man whose lines had fallen in pleasant places. There were about two hundred and fifty men, women and children in his parish, and not a Dissenter among them. For looking after these folk he had one hundred and twenty pounds per annum, and as pretty a little parsonage as could be found in England. There was a squire with whom he was growing in grace and friendship, who, being the patron of the living, might possibly bestow it upon him. It was worth only two hundred and fifty pounds, and was not, therefore, too valuable to be expected. He had a modest fortune of his own, three hundred pounds a year, perhaps, and—for the best of his luck shall be mentioned last—he was engaged to the daughter of one of the prebendaries of Winchester, a pretty, bright little girl, with a further sum of five thousand pounds belonging to herself. He was thirty years of age, in the possession of perfect health, and not so strict as to make it necessary for him to abandon any of the innocent pleasures of this world. He could dine out, and play cricket, and read a novel. And should he chance when riding about the parish, or visiting some neighboring parish, to come across the hounds, he would not scruple to see them over a field or two. So that Rev. Montagu Blake was, upon the whole, a happy fellow.

He and John Gordon had been thrown together at Oxford for a short time during the last months of their residence, and, though quite unlike each other in their pursuits, circumstances had made them intimate. It was well that Gordon should take a stroll for a couple of hours before dinner, and therefore he started off for Little Alresford. Going into the parsonage gate he was overtaken by Blake, and introduced himself. "Don't you remember Gordon at Exeter.

"John Gordon! Gracious me! Of course I do. What a good fellow you are to come and look a fellow up! Where have you come from, and where are you going to, and what brings you to Arlesford, beyond the charitable intention of dining with me? Oh, nonsense! not dine; but you will, and I can give you a bed, too, and breakfast, and shall be delighted to do it for a week. Ordered your dinner? Then we'll unorder it. I'll send the boy in and put that all right. Shall I make him bring your bag back?" Gordon, however, though he assented to dinner, made his friend understand that it was imperative that he should be at the inn that night.

"Yes," said Blake, when they had settled down to wait for dinner, "I am parson here—a sort of a one, at least. I am not only curate, but live in expectation of higher things. Our Squire here, who owns the living, talks of giving it to me. There isn't a better fellow living than Mr. Furnival, or his wife, or his four daughters."

"Will he be as generous with one of them as with the living?"

"There is no necessity, as far as I am concerned. I came here already provided in that respect. If you'll remain here till September, you'll see me a married man. One Kattie Forrester intends to condescend to become Mrs. Montague Blake. Though I say it as shouldn't, a sweeter human being doesn't live on earth. I met her soon after I had taken orders. But I had to wait till I had some sort of a house to put her into. Her father is a clergyman, like myself, so we are all in a boat together. She's got a little money, and I've got a little money, so that we sha'n't absolutely starve. Now you know all about me; and what have you been doing yourself?'

John Gordon thought that this friend of his had been most communicative. Had Mr. Blake written a biography of himself down to the present period, he could not have been more full or accurate in his details. But Gordon felt that as regarded himself he must be more reticent. "I intended to have joined my father's bank, but that came to grief."

"Yes; I did hear of some trouble in that respect."

"And then I went out to the diamond-fields."

"Dear me! that was a long way."

"Yes, it is a long way—and rather rough towards the end."

"Did you do any good at the diamond-fields? I don't fancy that men often bring much money home with them."

"I brought some."

"Enough to do a fellow any good in his after life?"

"Well, yes; enough to content me, only that a man is not easily contented who has been among diamonds."

"*Crescit amor diamonds!*" said the parson. "I can easily understand that. And then, when a fellow goes back again, he is so apt to lose it all. Don't you expect to see your diamonds turn into slate-stones?"

"Not except in the ordinary way of expenditure. My diamonds, for the most part, have been turned into ready money, and take the comfortable shape of a balance at my banker's."

"I'd leave it there, or buy land or railway shares. If I had realized in that venture enough to look at it, I'd never go out to the diamond-fields again."

"It's hard to bring an occupation of that kind to an end all at once," said John Gordon.

"*Crescit amor diamonds!*" repeated Rev. Montagu Blake, shaking his head. "If you gave me three I could easily imagine that I should toss up with another fellow who had three also, double or quits till I lost them all. But we'll make sure of dinner without any such hazardous proceeding." Then they went into the dining-room and enjoyed themselves, without any reference having been made to the business which had brought John Gordon into the neighborhood.

"You'll find that port wine rather good. I can't afford claret, because it takes such a lot to go far enough."

"Why do you make a ceremony with me?"

"Because it's so pleasant to have an excuse for such a ceremony. It wasn't you only I was thinking of. Think what it is to have a prudent mind. I had to get it myself out of the cellar, because girls can't understand that wine shouldn't be treated in the same way as physic. By-the-by, what brought you into this part of the world at all?"

"I came to see one Mr. Whittlestaff."

"What! old William Whittlestaff? Then, let me tell you, you have come to see as honest a fellow, and as good-hearted a Christian, as any that I know."

"You do know him?"

"Oh, yes, I know him. I'd like to see the man whose bond is better than old Whittlestaff's. Did you hear what he did about that young lady who is living with him? She was the daughter of a friend—simply of a friend—who died in pecuniary distress. Old Whittlestaff brought her into his house and made her his own daughter. It isn't every one who will do that, you know."

"Why do you call him old?" said John Gordon.

"Well, I don't know. He is old."

"Just turned fifty."

"Fifty is old. Perhaps, if he had been a married man, he'd looked younger. He has got a very nice young girl there with him; and if he isn't too old to think of such things, he may marry her. Do you know Miss Lawrie?"

"Yes; I know her."

"Don't you think she's nice? Only my goose is cooked, I'd go in for her sooner than any one I can see about."

"Sooner than your own squire's four daughters?"

"Well, yes. They're nice girls too. But I don't fancy one out of four. And they'd look higher than the curate."

"A prebendary is as high as a squire," said Gordon.

"There are prebendaries and there are squires. Our squire isn't a swell, though he's an uncommonly good fellow. If I get a wife from one and a living from the other, I shall think myself very lucky. Miss Lawrie is a handsome girl, and everything that she ought to be; but if you were to see Kattie Forrester, think you would say that she was A 1. I sometimes wonder whether old Whittlestaff will think of marrying."

Gordon sat silent. How supremely happy was this young parson with his Kattie Forrester and his promised living, and with his bottle of port wine and comfortable house! All the world seemed to have smiled with Montague Blake. But with him, though there had been much success, there had been none of the world's smiles. He was aware, or thought that he was aware, that the world would never smile on him—unless he should succeed in persuading Mr. Whittlestaff to give up the wife whom he had chosen. Then he felt tempted to tell his own story to this young parson. They were alone together, and it seemed as though Providence had provided him with a friend. And the subject of Mary Lawrie's intended marriage had been brought forward in a peculiar manner. But he was by nature altogether different from Mr. Blake, and could not blurt out his love-story with easy indifference. "Do you know Mr. Whittlestaff well?" he asked.

"Pretty well. I've been here four years; and he's a near neighbor. I think I do know him well."

"Is he a sort of man likely to fall in love with such a girl as Miss Lawrie, seeing that she is an inmate of his house?"

"Well," said the parson, after some consideration, "if you ask me, I don't think he is. He seems to have settled down to a certain manner of life, and will not, I should say, be stirred from it very quickly. If you have any views in that direction, I don't think he'll be your rival."

"Is he a man to care much for a girl's love?"

"I should say not."

"But if he had once brought himself to ask her?" said Gordon.

"And if she accepted him?" suggested the other.

"That's what I mean."

"I don't think he'd let her go very easily. He's a sort of dog whom you can not easily persuade to give up a bone. If he has set his heart upon matrimony he will not be turned from it. Do you know anything of his intentions?"

"I fancy that he is thinking of it."

"And you mean that you were thinking of it, too, with the same lady."

"No, I didn't mean that." Then he added, after a pause, "That is just what I did not mean to say. I did not mean to talk about myself. But since you ask me the question, I will answer it truly—I have thought of the same lady. And my thoughts were earlier in the field than his. I must say good-night now," he said, somewhat brusquely. "I have to walk back to Alresford, and must see Mr. Whittlestaff early in the morning. According to your view I sha'n't do much with him. And if it be so, I shall be off to the diamond-fields again by the first mail."

"You don't say so?"

"That is to be my lot in life. I am very glad to have come across you once again, and am delighted to find you so happy in your prospects. You have told me everything, and I have done pretty much the same to you. I shall disappear from Alresford, and never more be heard of. You needn't talk much about me and my love; for though I shall be out of the way at Kimberley, many thousand miles from here, a man does not care to have his name in every one's mouth."

"Oh no," said Blake. "I won't say a word about Miss Lawrie; unless, indeed, you should be successful."

"There is not the remotest possibility of that," said Gordon, as he took his leave.

"I wonder whether she is fond of him," said the curate to himself, when he resolved to go to bed instead of beginning his sermon that night. "I shouldn't wonder if she is, for he is just the sort of man to make a girl fond of him."

CHAPTER X.

JOHN GORDON AGAIN GOES TO CROKER'S HALL.

The next morning, when John Gordon reached the corner of the road at which stood Croker's Hall, he met on the roadway, close to the house, a most disreputable old man with a wooden leg and a red nose. This was Mr. Baggett, or Sergeant Baggett, as he was generally called, and was now known about all Alesford to be the husband of Mr. Whittlestaff's housekeeper. For news had got abroad that Mr. Baggett was about to claim his wife. Everybody knew it before the inhabitants of Croker's Hall. And since yesterday afternoon all Croker's Hall knew it. He was standing close to the house, which stood a little back from the road, between nine and ten in the morning, as drunk as a lord. Though he had only one leg of the flesh and one of wood, he did not tumble down, though he brandished in the air the stick with which he was accustomed to disport himself. The Sergeant had come out on the road from the yard into which the back-door of the house opened, and seemed to John Gordon as though having been so far expelled, he was determined to be driven no further, and he was accompanied, at a distance, by his wife. "Now, Timothy Baggett," began the unfortunate woman, "you may just take yourself away out of that, as fast as your legs can carry you, before the police comes to fetch you."

"My legs! Whoever heard a fellow told of his legs when there was one of them wooden. And as for the perlice, I shall want the perlice to fetch my wife along with me. I ain't a-going to stir out of this place without Mrs. B. I'm a hold man, and wants a woman to look arter me. Come along, Mrs. B." Then he made a motion as though to run after her, still brandishing the stick. But she retreated, and he came down, seated on the pathway by the roadside, as though he had only accomplished an intended maneuver. "Give me a drop o' summat, Mrs. B., and I don't mind if I stay here half an hour longer." Then he laughed loudly, nodding his his head merrily at the bystanders.

All this happened just as John Gordon came up to the corner of the road, from whence, by a pathway, turned the main entrance into Mr. Whittlestaff's garden. He could but see the drunken, red-nosed man, and the old woman, whom he recognized as Mrs. Whittlestaff's servant, and a crowd of idlers who followed Sergeant Baggett up to the scene of his present exploits. Croker's Hall was not above a mile from the town, just where the town was beginning to become country, and where the houses all had gardens belonging to them, and the larger houses a field or two. "Yes, sir; master is at home. If you please to ring the bell one of the girls will come out." This was said by Mrs. Baggett, advancing almost over the body of her prostrate husband. "Drunken brute!" she said, as she passed him. He only laughed, and looked around upon the bystanders with triumph.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—AN English paper says that the word doyley, now a familiar one with fashionable ladies, is derived from the name of Robert D'Oyley, one of the followers of William the Norman. He received a grant of valuable lands on the condition of the yearly tender of a tablecloth of three shillings value at the feast of St. Michael. Agreeably to the fashion of the time the ladies of the D'Oyley family were accustomed to embroider and ornament the quitrent tablecloths; hence these cloths, becoming curiosities and accumulating in the course of years, were at length brought into use as napkins at the royal table and called doyleys.

—The only place in America where a convicted murderer has choice of how he shall be put to death is in Utah. There he may select hanging or shooting; the latter is invariably the choice.—*Chicago Herald.*

THEY LAMPOONED LINCOLN; WHY NOT BLAINE?

A Very Sweet Thing in Cartoons Put Forth by "Harper's Weekly Journal of Civilization" in the Dark Days of the War—Once a Doughface, and Always a Doughface—Ready to Stab in the Back Every Man Who Has Achieved Eminence as a Statesman and Patriot—"The Tragedy of the Potomac" Withdrawn by Manager Lincoln and Three New and Elevating War Farces Substituted by Stanton and Welles.

In his speech before the Republican National Convention in Chicago, putting Mr. Edmunds in nomination, George William Curtis said: "The men to whom we commit the banner of the Republican party—the banner that Abraham Lincoln bore—must be like Abraham Lincoln, a knight indeed, and, like the old knight, a knight without fear or without reproach."

It may be that Mr. Blaine does not answer the description of Mr. Curtis in that gentleman's own judgment, but there is one respect in which the knightly candidate of the Republican party in 1884 resembles the Republican knight of 1860, and that is that both are honored by the editorial opposition and traduced in the pictorial department of the so-called "Journal of Civilization" known as *Harper's Weekly*.

We reproduce this morning one of a series of four shocking cartoons, exhibiting Abraham Lincoln in the most offensive light, which were printed by *Harper's weekly*, beginning immediately after the election of Mr. Lincoln and continued until the war was more than half over. Among the most cruel and infamous of these cartoons was one which *Harper's Weekly* printed after the battle of Fredericksburg, in which Columbia is represented as asking an account of Abraham Lincoln for her murdered sons.

In another cartoon Mr. Lincoln was represented in the midst of a company of bar-room loafers, himself reeling drunk.

The flight through Baltimore was pictorially illustrated in *Harper's* in a manner designed to cast discredit on the courage and veracity of Mr. Lincoln; indeed, there was nothing too vile for *Harper's Weekly* to say of the martyred President at the time when its suppport might have been of service to him, and its opposition was a constant hindrance and annoyance.

Harper's Weekly was the doughface of 1860 to 1864 as it is the doughface of 1884.

Mr. Blaine is honored by the opposition of a newspaper conducted on the principles which the elder Harpers laid down in war times and the younger Harpers have pursued in time of peace with a venom that they have justly acquired by inheritance.

We leave Mr. George William Curtis to make the most of his "Journal of Civilization," and we have only to add that it does not lie in the mouth of that paper to say that the candidate of the Republican party is not worthy of support because he is not like Abraham Lincoln, "a knight indeed without fear and without reproach." *Harper's Weekly* did not know a "knight" when it had one offered it in 1860. Possibly it does not know one now.

The cartoon of which an exact facsimile is given above was printed in *Harper's Weekly* January 31, 1863, during the darkest period of the war. It represents Abraham Lincoln as a seedy, scared and trembling theatrical manager, in the act of announcing the withdrawal of "The Tragedy of the Potomac" and the substitution of "three new and striking (war) farces or burlesques."—*Chicago Tribune.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY "KNIGHT OF OLD."

(See Speech by G. W. Curtis in Chicago Convention, June 5, 1884.)

Cartoon was printed in "Harper's Weekly Journal of Civilization," January 31, 1863.

Manager Lincoln—Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to say that the tragedy entitled "The Army of the Potomac," has been withdrawn on account of Quarrels among the leading Performers, and I have substituted three new and striking Farces or Burlesques, one entitled "The Repulse at Vicksburg," by the well-known, popular favorite, E. M. Stanton, Esq., and the others, "The Loss of the Harriet Lane" and "The Exploits of the Alabama"—a very sweet thing in Farces, I assure you—by the veteran Composer, Gideon Welles.

[Unbounded applause by the Copperheads.]

Eleven Reasons.

A young reader asks why he should be a Republican. There are many reasons, but the following are a few:

1. The past twenty years, under Republican rule, form the most glorious and the most prosperous period in the history of the country. The grand success of the party in the past is the strongest reason for trusting it to meet the future needs of the country.

2. Past success has been due to the right purposes and true wisdom of 4,000,000 Republican voters. These voters have not changed in character, intelligence or beliefs. No other body of citizens has shown itself entitled to such confidence.

3. The Republican party trusts the people absolutely as no other party ever has. It has had the courage to serve the best interests of the people, with faith that they have the intelligence and patriotism to appreciate such service. Thus it has represented and obeys, not the large land-owners at the South, nor the political tricksters or "bosses" of corrupt cities, nor the theorists, nor the millionaires, but the people.

4. It has always protected labor. The abolition of slavery removed competition of unpaid workers, and elevated all labor. The Homestead law gave every industrious man the power to support himself and family without dependence upon any employer, and so fixed a limit below which wages can not be depressed. At the desire of labor, the Eight-hour law has been passed and the importation of coolies has been prohibited. Above all, the party has defended labor by a protective tariff.

5. When goods made by pauper labor abroad can be sold here without paying for admission to this market, the danger is that our own will become pauper labor also. The Republican party makes foreign goods pay duty, and so builds up home industry and a home market for farmers. The Democratic party has constantly tried to break down that system.

6. The Republican party protects the civil and political rights of all citizens. In its youth it refused to deprive adopted citizens of rights. It gave civil and political rights to colored citizens. It is the only party that has always resisted attempts to control votes or elections by fraud, fear or force.

7. It has done more than any other party to protect citizens when abroad. Led by Mr. Blaine in Congress, it caused Great Britain to give up the claim that British-born citizens still owed allegiance to the British crown. It is pledged to make American citizenship a safeguard in all lands for every citizen who goes on a lawful errand.

8. It upholds the public faith. No other Nation in history has ever met a great debt as honorably and rapidly as this Nation under Republican rule, in spite of Democratic opposition. Hence no other has higher credit.

9. It has given the country, in spite of constant Democratic hostility, a better currency than any other Nation enjoys. Defeat of the party would open the door to the old Democratic currency—to thirty-eight kinds of paper issued at will by wild-cat banks.

10. It honors the soldiers who saved the Union by putting down a Democratic rebellion. It has granted large pensions, and has enacted that Union soldiers shall be preferred in the choice of civil officers. It names for Vice-President a soldier statesman against Hendricks, the copperhead and demagogue.

11. Its candidate for President has exalted ability and great experience, is one of the foremost statesmen of the age, and was selected as his chief adviser by President Garfield. Against him the Democrats have named a man of no experience or knowledge of men, who never had force enough to make people know or care what his opinions were, and who was nominated by corrupt rings of which he would be the tool.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

The Democratic Nominations.

Whatever advantage the Democrats may have expected to reap from the nomination of Cleveland as a sop to the "Independents" has been discounted. Whatever disadvantage attaches to the sharp quarrel in the Democratic party itself remains. We are perfectly satisfied with the nominations. The work of the convention is another triumph of unmitigated humbug, both as to ticket and platform. Neither specifically represents anything or anybody. We have seen one "Reform Governor" of New York tried, and even though he had only the canvass in which to display himself, the great body of "Republican Independents" who supported him have discovered and admitted that he was an "old humbug." Cleveland is not so old as Tilden, but he is quite as much of a humbug.

With great pretensions to supporting reform in the State administration of New York, he killed about all the really vital Reform bills passed by a Republican Legislature.

Prating of civil service reform he sent his cohorts of appointees to office to Chicago in a body to help secure his nomination.

Decrying "the machine" in politics he has used every political appliance known to modern times to further his personal political ambition.

Denouncing "corrupt rings," he has used every one of them except Tammany, traded with them, dickered with them, purchased them and sold them—all to get a nomination for President.

And so in every point where excellence is claimed for him he proves to be the antipodes of that ideal from which his friends have painted him. Our Massachusetts bolters magnilo quently set out with the postulate that "only men of high character shall be elected to high office;" and they fiercely condemn any man who is not "above suspicion." Grover Cleveland is far from being above suspicion, either politically or personally. His political record is short but it is full of vulnerable spots. His personal career has not been prominent, but very ugly stories are told about him at home. Statesmanship nobody claims for him. Even his personal views on public questions are not known. In this is supposed to lie his strength. But the days of Polk and Pierce are gone by, and either of them was a statesman of renown and record compared with Cleveland.

There are a few fatuous souls who pretend to believe that Cleveland and Hendricks will even carry Massachusetts. Election day will dissipate the delusion. Cleveland may get 5,000 votes that went for Garfield four year ago. But he will fail to get more than that who went for Hancock. Massachusetts will show what fidelity to Republicanism means in her most emphatic tones, when she casts her vote.—*Lowell (Mass.) Journal.*

An Open Letter to Mr. Blaine.

Mr. W. J. Gleason, Chairman of the Cleveland (O.) Democratic City Central Committee, a life-long Democrat, and a prominent Irishman, has tendered his resignation and addressed the following open letter to Mr. Blaine giving reasons for his change of sentiments. It is well worth reading:

CLEVELAND, O., July 21, 1884.

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE.—Dear Sir: As a life-long Democrat, and as an Irish-American, permit me to congratulate you on your nomination for President by the United States by the Republican National Convention. Your brilliant record as a statesman, your earnest and scholarly advocacy of the principles of the American party fully entitled you to the high and honorable recognition you have so enthusiastically received at the hands of your party. Your unflinching, patriotic and valiant record in defense of the rights of American citizens, of native or foreign birth, at home and abroad, is worthy of the gratitude, the respect and support of every man who loves his country better than his party. The Republican party in National Convention assembled acted righteously and wisely for the men of my race. That party is not under many obligations to the Irish race in this country, speaking from a political standpoint, and their action is the more commendable. It must be admitted that they did only the right thing. Yet it is generous to do the right thing at the request of those to whom a party owes nothing. Under all the existing circumstances, and taking your record and candidacy into consideration, the Irish-Americans can not consistently, and will not, any longer wear a Democratic party collar. It is a well-known fact that the Irish-Americans have marched in nearly solid column under the Democratic banner for the past twenty-four years, to local victories occasionally, but to National defeats regularly. In sunshine and shadow, when all other classes wavered, the Irish-Americans as a body have been loyal Democrats, and this, too, in the face of the fact that they have been repeatedly stabbed in the back by the bigoted members of the Democratic party. Your nomination, however, coming as it did from the people, your record as a liberal-minded American, your antecedents, the antecedents of John A. Logan, your gallant, brave and chivalrous copatriot on the ticket, have set my countrymen to thinking for themselves. Under your magnetic leadership, particularly with reference to your grand Americanism and the rights of foreign-born citizens, the hitherto solid Democratic Irish-American army will be badly shattered, if not entirely disbanded. Gratitude is one of the strongest characteristics of the Irish race. As an Irishman by birth, and proud of it; an American by choice, and glorying in it, and speaking for a large number of the leading and thinking men of my race in this country, we owe you a debt of gratitude for breaking and casting to the winds the old moss-covered British shibboleth: "Once a British subject, always a British subject." Of what earthly use is any Government that does not jealously protect the rights of its citizens at home and abroad? None! Your broad and comprehensive American statesmanship has struck a responsive chord in the hearts of every native and adopted citizen of this free and glorious country. A firm believer in America for the Americans and the perpetuation of its free institutions, I appreciate the freedom we here enjoy. In common with my countrymen the world over, I will write, speak, work and earnestly advocate at all suitable times and places, for the same blessing of freedom for the Green Isle beyond the sea, the beautiful land of my nativity. In conferences with a large number of my countrymen in this city and State, and in correspondence with scores of them from all parts of the Union, since your nomination, especially among the boys who wore the blue during the late unpleasantness (having personally had the honor as a volunteer private soldier from Ohio in the Union army at seventeen years of age), the aggregate of opinion I found is crystallizing in your favor—the gentlemen to whom I refer having been hitherto leading and working Democrats in their respective localities. The planks of the Republican platform, relative to the "duty of our Government to protect the rights and promote the interests of our own people; protection to American industry; the establishment of a National Bureau of Labor; the enforcement of the Eight-hour law; the public lands a heritage of the people of the United States for actual settlers in small holdings; opposition to the acquisition of large tracts of lands by corporations or individuals, especially where such holdings are in the hands of non-residents and aliens; liberal pensions to disabled Union soldiers and sailors, and the widows and orphans of those who died in the war; the restoration of the navy to its old time strength and efficiency; the people of the United States, in their organized capacity, constitute a Nation, and not a mere confederacy of States; a free ballot, an honest count and a correct return; the passage of such legislation as will secure to every citizen, of whatever race or color, the full and complete recognition, possession and exercise of all civil and political rights," appeals to the natural pride, the sound judgment, the wisdom and support of every thinking, patriotic, independent, fair-minded American citizen. The platform of principles of the Democratic party, where it speaks plainly, simply continues that organization, where it has been for the past twenty-four years as the opposition party. The main sections of the declaration of principles, however, are as usual made up of shuffling cowardice, Janus-faced professions, intentionally deceptive, the creation of non-producing theorists who are more interested in their pet hobbies than in the building up and continued growth of the industries of the country. On the substantial, living issues that interest the people of the United States, the platform of the Democracy is all things to all men, and bears no certain sound to any one. It is therefore undeserving of the support of all citizens who admire honesty and candor in public matters as well as in the every-day affairs of life. When a universally-recognized statesman and a leader of the old guard that has kept the Democratic flag nailed to the mast-head the past quarter of a century, like Allen G. Thurman, is set aside, through the machinations of the most corrupt and despicable gang of monopolistic conspirators and political pirates that ever purchased a Senatorship or scuttled the Democratic ship, because he was a fitting representative of all that had been pure in Democracy, and had a record on the side of the masses of the people, for an untried accident, a creature of circumstances, a willing tool of monopolists, like Cleveland, it is high time that the heretofore faithful old Democratic guard, who has had notices served upon them that their services are no longer required, should vigorously repudiate the cheap pigmy that had been forced upon them by the coal-oil Johnnies and Oilvers of the Standard Oil ring. All of the old guard, who prize square dealing above hypocrisy, brain more than matter, the interests of the whole people more than subject tool of the monopolists, should work and vote against a man who was placed in nomination to catch a half-dozen Independent Republican dudes, one two-hundred-dollar-a-night kicker, one preacher advocate of bread and water for workingmen, one imported English caricaturist, the English press and English free-trade sympathizers.

Very cheap raw material may be sometimes used for mayors of cities, and occasionally in tidal wave years for Governors of States, as can be safely inferred without going a thousand miles away from home, but the enlightened people of this grand Republic will not elevate to the highest office within their gift an enemy of the workingmen, a bigoted accident, a willing and subservient tool of grasping monopoly that has been put up as the figurehead of the party by the National Democratic Convention. When bigotry becomes patriotism, when deception is preferred to truth, when mediocrity overshadows ability, then, and not till then will the people of this country elect a nonentity like Cleveland, over a brainy, gifted statesman like Blaine. In 1776, 1812, and from 1861 to 1865 England demonstrated that she did not admire the growth, freedom and unity in the United States. Perfidious Albion, seven hundred years of unrelenting persecution and tyranny over Ireland shows her hatred for the unconquered and uncompromising people of the Green Isle. It is only necessary to add that every English Celt-hating journal favors the Democratic candidate, Cleveland. Every Celt-hating English journal opposes the Republican candidate, Blaine. It is a safe rule for every man of Irish descent or liberty-loving sympathies to favor whatever or whomever the mouthpieces of English tyranny oppose. That there was a steady, persistent, ill-concealed determination on the part of the Democratic Convention to ignore and treat with contempt every one and everything that had even a semblance of justice, favor or concession to the Irish-American element as a recognized fact. When the sons of November roll around the Irish-American element can, by the potency of their ballots, silently but emphatically resent the issue and assert the dignity of their manhood. The Democratic free trade doctrine, as advocated by a two-thirds majority of Democratic Congressmen, reasserted as a rallying cry in the Democratic platform, means the decadence of America, the building up of English manufactures, the reduction of the wages of American workingmen to the level of the pauper labor of Europe; the accumulation of wealth in the hands of the few to the detriment of the many; the creation of an aristocracy and the consequent degrading of American manhood; the turning of the wheels of American progress backward, never-ending labor, destruction of our industries for the momentary gratification of petty theorists and English sympathizers. Under the teachings of the Republican party, as contended for nearly unanimously by its Representatives in Congress, and as is squarely set forth in that party's National platform, protection to American industry, the splendid growth of our country will continue; America will have a prosperous, intelligent, self-reliant people, homes for the workingmen, competition in trade; the workman of to-day, with the ambition and opportunity to become the employer to-morrow; the more equal distribution of the results of labor, the continuance of the independent, defiant, manly spirit that characterizes every sovereign American citizen. In the light of recent events the Democratic party can only take pride in its ancient glories. If the spirits of the illustrious dead could return to this terrestrial sphere, what a feeling of indignation would be engendered by Jefferson and Jackson, the founders of the Democratic party, to see their mantle on the shoulders of a man who can only trace his distinction in the name of the Democratic party he bears. The Republican party, true to its patriotic history, has proven itself worthy to be trusted. The Republican party, true to its glorious present and hopeful future, is once again entrusted with the Government. For fifteen consecutive years, during the years that I have been chairman or secretary of the Cuyahoga County and City of Cleveland Democratic Committees, immediately after writing this letter and prior to its publication I called a meeting of the Democratic City Committee and tendered my resignation as chairman, in order that I might honorably support the principles and men that appeal to the best impulse of every independent, patriotic citizen. It will afford me special gratification in the ensuing election, as a matter of consistency, to cast my free Republican vote for Blaine and Logan, the true representatives of American supremacy. The Republican party, by its platform and candidates, has shown its ability to keep up with the march of progress of its generation, to understand fully account of the unparalleled growth and increasing intelligence of our country. The principles of the Republican party are crystallized in its platform, as well as its standard-bearers, place our immortal Stars and Stripes high above all other flags on the globe, and guarantee to every lover of liberty that America's charming banner, borne aloft by an intelligent, free, united people, will maintain its proud and well-earned position as the grandest emblem upon that representative of the most prosperous and powerful Nation that the glorious sunlight of heaven shines upon. Very respectfully,

WILLIAM J. GLEASON.

The Shallow Cry for a Change.

Judge Thurman said in his Columbus speech that it is "a bad thing for parties to remain in power so long," referring to the successive administrations of the Government by the Republican party. As matter of principle an occasional change of the party in power is desirable, but no change can be advisable that will bring the rebel South into control of the Government which it sought to destroy. If the Democratic South and acquiesced in the election of Abraham Lincoln, and accepted the verdict of the majority of the American people, is altogether likely that the Republican party would not have retained its long hold upon the Government, notwithstanding the wisdom and splendor of its career. But the Democratic South, with the sympathy of the Northern doughfaces, rebelled against the fundamental principles of American liberty, by refusing to submit to the will of the majority of the people. It revolted against the very principles upon which it now pleads to be restored to power. More than this, to sustain itself in its rebellion against a free ballot, it plunged this Nation into one of the most wicked, bloody, and unjustifiable of wars, resulting in the killing and wounding of hundreds of thousands of brave men, the murdering by inches, by starvation, of thousands of Union prisoners, and in the destruction of thousands of millions of treasure. That war left sorrow and mourning in nearly every household in the North, and our cities, towns, and villages are still painfully reminded of the terrible struggle by the daily presence in our streets of crippled soldiers. That war was solely the work of the Democratic party, in the bosom of which treason was cradled, nursed, armed and sent forth upon its mission of devastation and death. Can the men of the North, who bore the burden of that struggle, with the bloody battle scenes still vividly before their eyes, be expected to place the authors of that war in power? Is a change of government so desirable that true, honest and loyal Union men must be thrust from positions of honor and trust to be superseded by disloyal traitors? Is a change of such paramount necessity that it must be purchased at the cost of degrading patriotism and rewarding treason? As well might a citizen be expected to give the control of his household over to the burglar who sought to rob and murder his family. The loyal people of the great North have not yet forgotten the Democratic rebellion. They will not forget it as long as there is a man living who marched with the boys in blue against the hordes of treason.

Another insuperable obstacle in the way of such a change as would bring the Democratic party into power consists in the fact that there is no freedom of elections in the South where the bulk of the Democratic electoral votes must come from. The situation in that section is not the outgrowth of the institutions of liberty, nor is it in conformity to the immortal principles set forth in the Declaration of Independence or according to the requirements of our Federal Constitution. The situation in the old Confederate States is, however, the legitimate and direct outgrowth of the accursed institution of human slavery and the war against the Union. The men who formerly owned human beings, who sold men, women and children publicly from the auction-block, who separated husband from wife, parent from child, brother from sister with the same lack of human sympathy that they would manifest in the sale of a dog or a horse, and who went to war to preserve their right to barter in human chattels, still form the controlling element in the South. The opinions concerning the inferiority of the negro and the right to enslave him were handed down to them by their ancestors; they were the growth of two centuries, and that which the course of time has so deeply implanted in the human mind, time only can extirpate. In the North the negro is regarded as a citizen endowed with rights equal to his white neighbor. In the South he is still treated as an inferior being, and his vote is not counted. The will of the minority there overrides the majority. Is this right? Our Government is based upon the right of the majority to rule. If the Southern methods of conducting elections are just, then our Constitution and the Declaration of Independence are wrong. If the Southern methods are unjust, illegal, and contrary to the spirit of our institutions, then the party which has its greatest strength in the South should not accede to the control of our Government. Such is the opinion of the great masses of the intelligent people throughout the North. There is no such necessity for a change as to require the restoration to power of the old party of slavery, treason, lawlessness and Southern election frauds. No amount of talking can convince the intelligent liberty-loving masses of the North that they are any the less fit to govern this country than the old slave-holders and ex-rebels. In the natural course of events there will some time be a change of the party in power, but it will not be this year, nor four, nor eight, nor twelve years hence. The war of the rebellion dealt a shock to the Nation from which it will not recover for many years to come. The treason of the South destroyed the confidence of the Nation in the political trustworthiness of that section. That confidence can not be restored until the States which were made solid for the destruction of the Union, and have been kept solid by oppression, murder and fraud, shall throw off the mantle of treasonable sectionalism, wipe out the cruel light of race prejudice, purify the ballot box, and allow the will of the majority to assert its sway.—*Cleveland Leader.*

☞ You can yet see the bubbles blowing up where the New York *Tribune* and *Harper's Weekly* went under, but there is no hale.