

seven months, admits of no more delay. It demands an immediate solution. We consequently charge you at once to propose suitable measures in order that justice may be administered without consideration of personal station; that legitimate interests created by these laws may rest secure; correcting the excesses and injustices committed in their name; to provide for the maintenance of public worship and protection of other sacred matters placed under the safeguard of religion; and, finally, that the sacraments may be administered and other functions of the sacred ministry be exercised throughout the empire without cost or charge to the people.

To this end you will, before anything else, propose to us the revision of the operations of the mortmain and nationalization of ecclesiastical property, shaping it on the basis that legitimate transactions, executed without fraud and according to the laws which decreed such amortization, shall be ratified. Labor, in fine, according to the principle of free and ample toleration, keeping in view that the religion of the State is the Roman Catholic and Apostolic.

MAXIMILIAN.

A MONETARY CRASH IMMINENT.—The tendency of the public mind is towards extravagance in expenditure. This feeling is pervading all classes of society. Money is cheap and abundant. A paper dollar is depreciated to forty-four cents, gold value. Currency is plenty, and growing plentier. Come easy, go easy, is the prevailing feeling. But sooner or later the present abnormal condition of things will terminate—perhaps gradually, perhaps suddenly. The values of all commodities, including money, are fearfully "watered." But when the crash comes the water will be baled out, leaving only what is represented by the gold standard. Men are walking on high stilts, and making long but insecure strides. But all must dismount one of these days, and come down until their feet touch the earth. Many will be precipitated headlong who now tower aloft on their stilts. Wise and prudent men will prepare in time for the inevitable change. The class that will suffer most from the termination of the war are those in debt. A merchant with a stock of goods on hand, worth say, \$50,000, and half paid for, will not realize enough therefrom to pay what he owes. When the goods are all sold he will find himself still in debt for them five to ten thousand dollars, and this debt he must liquidate, principle and interest, with gold or its equivalent, or go into bankruptcy. The consequence of the end of the war on the debtor class will be to increase every man's debts about 125 per cent. An obligation of \$4,000, will become, in practical effect, \$10,000. That is, it will require property or labor now worth in currency \$10,000 to pay it. A note outstanding drawing ten per cent. interest will then draw what would now be equivalent to twenty-five per cent., or thereabouts, to say nothing of the principal of the note, the difficulty of whose payment will swell in a corresponding ratio.

Our advice is for every man to pay off his debts, and contract no new ones; to pay cash for whatever he buys, and if he cannot do that, to go without the article. Do not spread too much sail. Keep plenty of ballast in the hold, and see that the anchors are ready to let go when the hurricane comes, and thereby prevent your vessel from capsizing, foundering or dashing on the breakers of a lee shore.—[Chicago Tribune.

[From the Stockton Independent.]

CALIFORNIA AND THE CHINESE.

The policy pursued by the State of California toward the Chinese is false, if not infamous. Our Government for many years has had an Ambassador of the first class resident in that country, thereby recognizing China as one of the great Powers of the world. We have solicited their trade; and diplomats have been ordered to trail along after the British and French armies at Peking, where treaties between this and that country have been solemnized, regulating commercial interchanges, and providing on the one hand for the residence and protection of our merchants in China; on the other, for the residence and protection of the Chinese in the United States. This country has actually profited more by the wars that have opened Chinese ports than either of the nations who incurred the expense of forcing the Emperors into the arrangement. The English and French justly complain of this. They have similar treaties, but so far Yankee tact and enterprise have taken the wind out of their sails. Having obtained this advantage cheaply, it would appear from the character of the laws of this State

that we are bent on such a construction of our treaties as will soon forfeit all the good results from them. In England or France the law protects a Chinaman as it does any other person. In California a Chinaman has no more protection against a citizen than a dog or a horse. His property, liberty or life may be sworn away by the dirtiest rascal who disgraces a white skin and Caucasian blood. The Chinaman, no matter what his respectability or character for truth and honor, is barred out of our Courts, and cannot testify against the highwayman, thief or common vagrant who may have robbed or injured him. The law which thus discriminates is, in fact, a premium for robbery, theft and murder, and there are hundreds of vagrant scoundrels who live by it in the mountains as well as the cities. Our interior exchanges come to us freighted with accounts of the robbery and murder of Chinese in every part of the mines. The men who perpetrate these outrages are often well known. They belong to a class who have not done an honest day's work in ten years; who live by stealing, low, cheating gambling—and just such law-protected murders and robberies as the newspapers chronicle; yet no voice is raised in behalf of the Chinese or in execration of the white thieves and vagrants. The class thus protected by the law may number from one to two thousand. They are not any more serviceable to society than so many coyotes. They have nothing; they do nothing; they are too proud to beg; therefore they must steal. Yet they are protected. They even vote, sit on juries occasionally, and now and then, possibly, swear a Chinaman to the gallows or State Prison. We have 40,000 Chinamen, who pay \$100,000 a year in taxes, work constantly at low wages, help to enrich the State by their labor, and are about as quiet and orderly as any average 40,000 laborers in the United States. They neither vote, sit on juries, or ask any of the higher rights of citizens. This is very well. They are not fit for citizenship, though quite as fit either morally or intellectually, as the white villains who rob them. But this is not all; they are not even allowed the poor privilege of swearing in a Court of justice, though the common loafer is, and even the negro, who but a short time ago was regarded as a mere chattel.

There seems to be no better reason for this odious and barbarous rule of California law than that the Chinaman has a tawny skin and an almond eye, or that his faith is not like ours—as if Confucius, or Zoroaster, or Plato were not as capable of comprehending the virtue of truth as the Christian philosophers. We pronounce the rule infamous, and a clear invitation to two thousand white thieves, robbers and assassins to expel forty thousand industrious, profitable laborers from the State. What would France, or England or America say to it if the Chinese were to practice the same rule toward their residents in China—to exclude them from the privileges of an oath, while native robbers enjoyed it, simply because our religion differs from theirs? We imagine there would be the d—l to pay, and all Christendom would soon be deafened with our complaints. "Fair play is a jewel." If we desire to maintain trade with China and Japan, to encourage their labor here and to cultivate such friendly relations as will admit of the settlement of our merchants and traders in those countries, let us show them that we are capable of the least of the cardinal virtues—justice. At present the standing of a Chinaman in California is scarcely better than that of a slave in Texas.

THE Swedes in Minnesota manufacture their own dry goods, raising wool and flax in sufficient quantities to supply them for their present wants, and also to lay away for the future. [Why not do so in Utah?]

A movement to colonize Delaware with Northern emigrants, has received the sanction and assistance of Gov. Cannon, and is already in successful operation.

[CONCLUDED.]

[From Dollar Weekly Star.]

THE WOMAN IN BROWN.

He ran briskly up the long flight of stairs, two steps at a time, while the shabby woman, who had just been sounding outside the threshold during this colloquy, as if waiting for somebody came into the vestibule to escape the driving rain.

"Give us a box of your nicest cigars—tip-top!" bawled Jemmy Stokes, the office boy, diving into the tobacco store. "Quick! our boss is in a hurry. Ten

dollars? that ain't much for a good article. I say, you might give me one for myself; I always get Mr. Wilde's cigars here."

"Take it, then, and get along with yourself," said the man of smoke. "What can I do for you, mem?"

"A pennyworth of Scotch snuff;" that was all the shabby woman in the faded brown cloak wanted. But even through the dingy veil her eyes sparkled—she must have been very fond of Scotch snuff!

The big bell of the City Hall was booming the first stroke of twelve as Mr. Wilde stood once more in the vestibule preparing to open his umbrella.

"Going to dinner, Martin?" he asked, as another legal luminary rattled down the stairs.

"Well, I suppose it's about time to think of such a thing," returned Mr. Martin.

"They have some capital turtle soup round the corner," said Wilde. "Come round with me and try it, will you?"

Mr. Martin would certainly; he was not in the habit of declining such an invitation, and the two set forth in high spirits. While close behind them glided the woman in brown?

The waiter looked a little surprised as the shabby apparition crept in and took her seat at one end of the long table where Eustace Wilde and his friend, Mr. Martin, had snugly established themselves; but waiters in a down-town restaurant soon cease to be surprised at any thing, and he came briskly forward to take her order.

"Cup o' tea, m'm—yes, m'm. Dry toast and sandwich—right off, m'm!"

Rather an abstemious meal compared with the dainty fare in which her neighbors were indulging—turtle soup, with flakes of unctuous green fat floating on the surface, roasted woodcocks, garnished with rich amber jelly, a bottle of rose-red claret to finish off with, and a basket of Hamburg grapes, arranged with superb late peaches.

"Beg your pardon, m'm—you've got the wrong check—this 'ere's yours!" ejaculated the waiter, as the woman in brown took up the check stamped "\$6."

She laid it quietly down again; she had discovered all she wanted, and moved out of the restaurant as noiselessly as she entered.

"It's very strange!" said Eustace Wilde, thoughtfully.

"What's strange?" inquired his friend detaching a black purple berry from the bunch of grapes on his plate.

"That woman who has just gone out in the faded cloak—did you observe what a delicate, white hand she had?"

"She didn't look like one of the white-handed kind," observed Martin, carelessly.

"No; and that's what struck me as being so singular."

And with that Mr. Wilde dismissed the subject from his mind.

Meanwhile the little brown phantom sped swiftly down the next street, fluttered up the long flight of marble stairs, and tapped softly at the door of Eustace Wilde's snug office. "Come in."

Jemmy Stokes was sitting on the corner of the table cutting his initials neatly on the green morocco cover—an operation which he called "keeping office." He looked up rather disdainfully.

"Is—is Mr. Wilde in?"

"Gone to 'dinner," said Jemmy, laconically. "Be back in twenty minutes. Take care, ma'am—your wet dress'll spoil Mr. Wilde's new office chair. Take the old 'un, if you please!"

"The old one" was a handsome arm-chair whose green leather cushions were scarcely defaced; the "new one" was a superb affair of black walnut and crimson reps, with a moveable desk attached to the arm.

"Is that style of chair very expensive?" asked Maggie, meekly, motioning her head toward it.

"Guess it is!" returned Mr. Stokes, with laudable pride. "Let me see; 'the bill's here somewhere; it only came this morning. Oh! here it is! Forty-five dollars that 'ere chair cost."

"As the visiter made no comment Jemmy applied himself once more to the curl of the S on the morocco table-cover, secretly wondering what business that rusty female could have with the fashionable lawyer his master, while the penetrating eyes under the veil took in all the elegant little accessories of the luxurions office.

"Click! click! came a pair knuckles against the door. She started like a guilty thing, but it was only a half-grown boy, the very counterpart of Mr. James Stokes.

"Here's the books your boss ordered, and the bill."

"Just you leave 'em" said Jemmy; Mr. Wilde'll send the money round this afternoon. How much?"

"Twelve dollars and fifty cents."

It was a handsome illustrated edition of a popular author, but the visiter dared not linger to look at it. Murmuring something about "calling again," she withdrew, much to Jemmy Stokes' relief. Nor was she too precipitate in her movements; for as she turned into Broadway her cloak brushed against Eustace Wilde's broadcloth garments.

She hailed a passing stage with one finger of the little white hand that was so incongruous to her rusty dress and misshapen bonnet.

"Quite enough for one day," said the brown phantom to herself, as she stood on tip-toe to pay her fare. "I'll have a little settlement with my lord to-night that shall astonish him—rather?"

And she laughed until the dimples danced over her cheeks all alone by herself in the stage, and careless of drenched skirts and driving rain.

She was sitting at her work-table, the brown hair shining like bands of satin, and the neat figure in a black silk dress trimmed with glistening bugles, when Eustace came in that night. The table was set in the middle of the room, forming a pretty picture with its pearly damask and gilded china, and the urn steamed merrily on the tray.

"This looks comfortable," said Eustace Wilde, throwing himself into an easy chair; "it's a dreary night outside."

"Is it?" said Maggie, innocently.

"My dear, you haven't any idea how dreary," said Mr. Wilde. "That's one of your feminine advantages; we men are forced to battle with the world in all weathers!"

Mrs. Wilde took her seat at the tea-table without remark, but her lips twitched a little at the corners.

"Eustace," she said, when her husband had lighted his evening cigar, and was just taking up a magazine, "I am ready for you to look over my day's housekeeping accounts."

"Ah, very right," said he approvingly, glancing his eye down the column of petty items. "Bread—vegetables—starch—steaks total, one dollar, sixty cents. Don't you think, my dear, that we might economize by Bridget's making our bread, instead of buying it?"

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Wilde, smiling. "And now, Eustace, suppose we make a little estimate of your day's expenses."

Mr. Wilde stared at his wife, as if he thought her slightly demented.

"What for?"

"Oh, just to compare our ideas of economy."

"Nonsense!"

"No nonsense at all."

"But I don't remember—I couldn't tell!"

"Perhaps I can assist your memory a little, sir. For your share of the supper at the D—'s and the ride afterward, you paid eight dollars—a package of cigars, ten—a dinner of turtle soup, claret, etc., six. Your new office-chair—very splendid certainly—was forty-five—your illustrated edition—'s works, twelve dollars and a half. That amounts I believe, to eighty-one dollars and fifty cents. Don't you think, my dear, you might economize a little?"

Eustace Wilde turned scarlet from his shirt collar to the roots of his hair. Had there been such a thing as a convenient chasm in the floor he certainly must have sunk into it.

"Maggie! are you a witch?"

"No, dear, I am only a woman."

"How the deuce did you know?"

"I found it out," said Maggie quietly; "I must confess that I had no idea how very expensive business was."

Eustace moved uneasily in his seat.

"I give it up, Maggie," he said; "I'll own you have me there. Be merciful little woman, and don't abuse your victory. But I do wish I knew how you heard of it."

Maggie smiled. "If that is a specimen of every day's expenses, it's no wonder you can not spare any money for the Soldier's Fund, or—"

"Don't Maggie!" he pleaded, hurriedly drawing out his purse, and placing it in her hands, "take what you wish my dear."

"I'll be moderate," said Mrs. Maggie, "I suppose you would like to subscribe at least fifty dollars for the sick soldiers."

"Just what ever you please, my dear" said Eustace, with a grimace.

And from that day to this, whenever Maggie Wilde wants any extra funds, she has but to hint at "daily expenses" and Eustace's pocket-book flies open as if by magic, although he has never yet discovered how she found it out.

The committee was agreeably surprised at Mr. Wilde's liberality in the matter of the Soldier's Fund; but then the committee was ignorant of the marvelous victory achieved by the Woman in Brown.