

The Rev. A. L. Hay is our authorized agent for the Northern and Western Parishes of the State.

Our price for announcing candidates for office is TWENTY DOLLARS, PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

ANNOUNCEMENTS. For Recorder.

We are authorized to announce W. L. RICHARDSON as a candidate for Recorder at the ensuing election.

We are authorized to announce Dr. John J. Myers, as a candidate for RECORDER at the ensuing Election.

We are authorized to announce J. A. Crawford, as a candidate for RECORDER of the Parish at the ensuing Election.

For Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce JAMES R. ANDREWS as a candidate for Sheriff of the Parish of Rapides at the ensuing election.

For Clerk of the Court.

We are authorized to announce JOHN W. HICKMAN as a candidate for Clerk of the District Court of the Parish of Rapides at the ensuing election.

For Assessor.

We are authorized to announce J. M. CAVANAUGH as a candidate for Assessor of the Parish of Rapides at the approaching election.

We have removed our office to our new building on Second Street, the third square above the Ice House.

Governor Wells has issued his proclamation for the election of Sheriffs, Clerks, Assessors, District Attorneys, Coroners, Justices of the Peace and Constables throughout the State. The day fixed is MONDAY THE 7TH DAY OF MAY NEXT.

All those desirous of securing the services of Dr. G. W. Laney will please note that he is yet at Mrs. Carnal's, on Second Street, and will only remain a few days longer unless professionally occupied.

The River in the early part of last week rose fully twelve feet. It commenced falling Saturday evening and has gone down four feet already.

The attentive officers of the Steamers Doubloon, Frolic, Homeyer, Texas and Saratoga will accept our best thanks for supplying us with late papers.

The particular attention of the sovereigns is called to the list of candidates in our columns.

The election in New Orleans for Municipal officers passed off quietly. The following is a summary of the result: The Democrats have elected their Mayor, John T. Monroe, by a majority of three hundred and eleven votes over J. H. Moore, the nominee of the Union men. The Democrats have elected two Recorders, the Controller, the Street Commissioner, seven Aldermen and nine Assistant Aldermen. The Union men have elected two Recorders, two Aldermen and six Assistant Aldermen. The vote of the city was a small one, not reaching seven thousand.

J. E. Gibson, at his Family grocery Store, continues to receive and keep a full and desirable stock of groceries, wines, etc., etc.

Drop in at Levin's and you can purchase, at fair prices, beautiful Spring and Summer goods.

Planters are particularly desired to notice the advertisement of the Stafford Cultivator. J. F. Utz is the agent at this place and will give all necessary information to those desiring to purchase.

At a meeting of the Board of Councilmen, on last Saturday, the letting out of the building of the Town wharf was postponed until this day at 3 o'clock P. M. This action was had on account of the absence of a member of the Board. We are authorized to state that bidders will be allowed to hand in new bids or modify in any manner those already handed in. This must be done by 3 o'clock this afternoon.

The Year 1866 and the Fulfillment of Prophecy.

It has been for years a hobby among certain Paritan theologians on each side of the Atlantic, to set down the year 1866 as the certain witness of some great supernatural occurrence in the fulfillment of prophecies which, they say, are unmistakably foretold in the sacred writings. That some such occurrence will most assuredly happen, and that the year 1866 is the period denoted by the Scripture, they all agree, but as to the particular nature of the supernatural occurrence these fanatics hold to opinions widely differing among themselves.

For a long time it was their opinion that the millennium was at hand; and that the present year would certainly witness the commencement of the thousand year's reign of Christ and the elect upon this Earth of ours. They found their millenary idea, doubtless, on the pretended tradition which Papias claimed to have derived from the Apostles themselves, that there was to be an actual reign of Christ on Earth for a thousand years, preparatory to the end of the world and the culmination of the happiness of the elect in the world above; a tradition which, though it deceived for a while Origen, Irenaeus, Justin Martyr and others among the wisest of the early Fathers, has long since been exploded as either a mistake or a wilful misrepresentation. The millenary bubble has but recently burst, it being agreed on all hands that, preparatory to the millennium, the savage passions and instincts of both man and beast are to be so softened that the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and the sword be turned into the plough-share and pruning-hook. Since the great Yankee nation has but just emerged from one of the grandest throat-cutting spectacles the world has ever seen, the Yankee theologians, with whom the millenary theory is a special favorite, have about given up the idea that Yankeeism will be prepared for a millennium as early as the year of grace 1866.

Unwilling, however, to abandon the idea that the spirit of prophecy points to some grand consummation this year, and unwilling to admit that a Yankee could possibly be mistaken in anything, from a knowledge of the secret thoughts and intentions of the Almighty, down to the setting of a Connecticut clock, our Puritanic theologians have racked their brains for some other probable event, which shall fit their predictions, and be consonant with their peculiar desires. It is not surprising that, in their adventures in search of the fulfillment of a prophecy, they should hit upon the Catholic Church, their "Gog and Magog," against which they have ever warred, whose priests they have outraged and whose Convents they have plundered, and point her out as the peculiar object on which the Almighty is to pour out the vials of his wrath in the year 1866, amid the enlightenment of the nineteenth century, and the universal march of "New England ideas." They say now, that this year is to witness the downfall of Papacy, and the extinguishment of the Catholic religion.

For years it has been the boast of all kinds of fanatics that the Catholic religion is on its decline, and that the world will soon witness the agonies of its dying throes. The particular reason for this opinion we have never seen stated, and are therefore unable to account for it. It cannot be derived from actual statistics; for any one at all conversant with the facts must know that the Catholic Church has ever steadily increased the numbers of those included within her communion, both among civilized and heathen nations, while Protestantism, which our theologians say must speedily overtake her, has not extended its influence over any country which it did not embrace fifty years after the "Reformation." (We are writing as statisticians, not as theologians, without regard to any preference between the two sects.) Even Know-Nothingism, which our Yankee neighbors fondly hoped would prove a death blow to Catholicity on the American continent, tended only to its spread; persecution having in that case, as in all others, the effect of making proselytes for the persecuted party.

But the grand coup d'etat against the Catholic Church which has been looked forward to with so much interest by the Puritan prophets, is the withdrawal of the French troops from the States of the Church, fixed for this year by the Convention between Louis Napoleon and the Italian authorities. They say that the withdrawal of these troops would be to leave the Holy Father at the mercy of Victor Emanuel, the excommunicated King of Italy; that it would operate an extinguishment of his temporal power, and would necessitate his evacuation of the Roman territory and his abandonment of the chair of St. Peter. Admitting for a moment that such should be the result, and that the Pope should have to change his residence to some other locality—to Boston, for instance, among his Yankee admirers—it does not necessarily follow that his power would come to an end, or that the magnificent ecclesiastical fabric which, for more than eighteen hundred years has been building "on this rock," would instantly fall to the ground. The Popes resided for seven

ty years at Avignon, and from their new chair issued many a bull, which made the sovereigns of the Earth tremble on their thrones.

But if the recent accounts from the French Capital are correct, Louis Napoleon is about to take the wind out of the sails of our Latter-day prophets on this question of the removal of his troops from the Roman territory. The hero of Solferino, whose efforts in behalf of the established Religion, if successful, would entitle him to be called the "youngest son of the Church," as the hero of Tours was called its eldest, as the time set by the Convention for the removal of his troops approaches, indicates in unmistakable terms that he did not intend to be understood as handing over the Pope and the Holy See to the tender mercies of Victor Emanuel, or to any other heretic or schismatic; and exactly, as a condition of such withdrawal, that the King of Italy shall guarantee the safety of the Patrimony of St. Peter, shall defend it if attacked, and shall maintain the temporal power of the Pope, which the Emperor says is indispensable to the welfare of the Church. This imperial declaration has taken the Latter-day Saints all aback—a declaration which they well know is equivalent to a determination on the part of the Emperor to carry out his views on the subject, backed as he will be by all the Catholic powers in Europe.

The "Gog and Magog" card having failed them, our prophets will be somewhat at a loss, within the short time now left them, to divine some other occurrence to fit their bill. Perhaps they will eventually settle down on the destruction of American slavery, the other "relic of barbarism," as the event revealed to them by the sacred scriptures, whose accomplishment is fixed for the year 1866 or "thereabouts." Slavery having already ceased to exist, they can prophesy its downfall without running any risk of forfeiting their valedictory pretensions. With them prophecy is not necessarily, what Bishop Butler calls it, "the history of coming events."

A Yankee Swindle.

The enclosed letter was handed to us by one of our citizens, who received it with an envelope enclosed with a printed direction to A. F. Leach & Co., to whom the answer was expected to be directed. As the letter was lithographed, a copy has doubtless been sent to many thousand, each one of whom is supposed to be "just the person to aid" these swindlers in their business. The letter is a publication of their own baseness, and a cunningly devised argument to show that, notwithstanding their own dishonesty, the recipient must benefit by it. We write this with the hope that none of our readers may be duped by Messrs. A. F. Leach & Co., and that the grand jury of the city of New York may some day get hold of their precious persons:

Office of A. F. LEACH & CO. U. S. LICENSED LOTTERY AGENTS. New York City.

Dear Sir:—As we are determined to send a good prize to your neighborhood, we have been looking for some discreet and reliable person to send a prize of a few hundred dollars to, who would have no objection to use their influence to increase the number of our customers. We accidentally met with your name, and the idea occurred to us that you were just the person to aid us. We therefore make to you a proposition, and that you may not suppose that there is any deception in it, we inform you that the prize money does not come out of our pocket, but we shall not lose by sending you a few hundred dollars in prize money, but shall gain by it in the increased amount of business we shall expect from your neighborhood, when you show the money and make it generally known that it is the proceeds of prize drawn at our office. We make this offer to you in strict confidence. The proposal is plain. We are to send a certificate to draw a prize of a few hundred dollars. You are to show the money. The result will be that hundreds of dollars will be sent to us for tickets, you will be the gainer of a few hundred dollars. We shall be the gainers by our increased sales. Every one sending will of course expect to draw a prize, not knowing the offer we made privately to you, which is as follows: Send us \$10 to pay the Managers, and we will send to you, securely sealed, a certificate of a package of tickets in the enclosed scheme, and to set at rest any doubt you may have of our sincerity, we hereby bind ourselves to send to you another certificate for nothing, if the first we send does not draw you Two Thousand (\$2000) dollars, and mark this fact, to send you two thousand dollars out of the Manager's pocket will cost us nothing, but to send you an extra certificate will take money out of our pocket. We merely mention this to show it is our interest to send you a prize. Use the enclosed envelope with our address, and enclose to us \$10 and state whether we shall send the money by draft, or by mail or express.

The official drawings are published in the New York Herald. We will also send you a copy as soon as over. Very truly yours, A. F. LEACH & CO.

CHANGE OF WORDS.—Archbishop French, in a very interesting work on the subject, shows how the meaning of a great many words in the English language has changed in the course of time. The New York Commercial Advertiser adds to the number of those he cites—changes in the meaning of some of which it took centuries to effect—ones in modern use, which has entirely changed front in less than six months—a remarkable illustration of the rapid "progress" of the present day. Here it is: Half a year ago the definition of "copperhead" was "one who disagreed with the President." Now it means "one who agrees with the President." So, a year ago, to differ with the Administration, meant "hostility to the Government, treason, rebellion." Now, it is held to mean "steadiness of purpose, fidelity to principle, love of country, elevated patriotism."

NEW ORLEANS CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW ORLEANS, March 17th, 1866.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT.—The chief topic of interest in the city at this moment is with regard to the candidates just elected to municipal offices. Governor Wells, Mayor Kennedy and the Police will make every effort to retain their hold upon the spoils, and the poor old city is likely to grow under the existing dynasty until some dilatory Court shall give a decision upon the eligibility of the newly elected.

The City and State authorities have enacted laws which were presumed to fill every loop-hole through which a police abuse could creep; policemen were sworn to exercise no influence in elections; they were forbidden to vote, to electioneer, to have any voice in preliminary conventions; but in the very teeth of the most stringent municipal regulations, the police, on the day of the last election, were even more prominent in the canvass than the candidates themselves.

The Friday night preceding the election one of the best and truest men in the State was wantonly murdered for his open opposition to the men in power, and the culprit upon whom a coroner's jury charged the guilt of the assassination are policemen. It was a most cruel and dastardly murder. Fred. Gruber must have been well known in Alexandria, as he was the Quartermaster, for a year preceding the break-up, of General Harry Hays in Western Louisiana, with his office in your city. Knowing the man intimately, I can venture to say that all who came in contact with him in Alexandria esteemed and admired him. A more charitable, generous, chivalrous spirit never inhabited a human frame; genial, witty and humane, he would forgive his worst enemy on the slightest advance towards a reconciliation. But poor Fred. was singled out because he was fearless in his denunciations of the cabal which controls the city, and the coffee house he kept at the corner of Common street and Theatre alley was the acknowledged headquarters of the Democratic party of New Orleans—the clubs and conventions sitting in the rooms overhead. He went around to Sam's Saloon on St. Charles street, the night he was stabbed, to see some individual about a private matter; at the moment he entered the Saloon an act at the Theatre opposite and the thrifty crowd poured in to get a drink. Talking advantage of the crowd, a man rushed over to Gruber, saying "you called me a d— Irish son of a—," a term which probably never escaped Gruber's lips. Notwithstanding his emphatic denial, the man and his confederates knocked him down and kicked and stamped him, whilst another, thinking this brutality insufficient, stabbed him in the abdomen, causing his untimely death. This act was introductory to the programme which had been marked out for Monday, the election day; but the demonstration at the funeral, and the howling evening, struck terror into the hearts of the blood-thirsty devils, and they were awed into quiet, because they knew another outrage would be the signal for their indelicate destruction. Never since the funeral of the lamented Charley Drexler has there been a funeral in New Orleans so respectable, so solemn or so numerous. The procession was over a mile long; General Hays, Colonel Penn and the other officers and privates surviving from the old Brigade were in the line.

What do you honest people in the country think of the election of a man for Recorder of the 4th District of this city, who not more than eight months ago was forced to resign his place of Recorder for the 1st District, under well proven, undeniable charges of gross corruption and malfeasance? I speak of Recorder H. T. Yennard. The charges against him were preferred by the chief of police and other officials; the charges were that cotton which had been taken from cotton thieves, sugar and other goods, all stolen property, which were put into the receptacle for such articles, and the offenders sent before the Criminal Court, had been abstracted clandestinely, and sent to Mr. Yennard's store on Poydras Street, and there sold for his own personal profit. I speak no anonymous or hearsay proof. The papers were full of this affair at the time it was exposed, and the sworn documents are of record in the City Hall. It is proper for me to state that Mr. Yennard was a candidate on the National Union ticket. Why he was not arrested and tried like any other felon is not for me to say—suffice it that he was requested to resign, which he did, and the matter rested there.

Mr. Yennard will be allowed to assume his functions without molestation—he affilates with the Wells party. But Mr. Monroe, a man of excellent character, because he was elected by the democrats, will find every obstacle, which it is possible for the most ingenious and unscrupulous mind to suggest, thrown in his way.

I suppose your readers have learned that the distinguished jurist and gentleman, the Hon. Ezra Hiestand, has been called to Washington, in order to testify before the "Reconstruction Committee." This "honorable" man lived posterior to the celebrated Vicar of Bray, also he had the credit of being the prototype of that Freckle-faced individual, Judge Hiestand, who lectured to testify; Judge Hiestand's jurisdiction, in a case involving a small matter of dollars and cents, was received by those who know him—*cum grano salis*. The Reconstruction Committee of fifteen, from the Congress of the United States, listened with breathless attention to the unbiassed revelations of Hiestand upon the state of feeling in Louisiana at the very time that Randall Hunt was present in Washington. There's honor for ye.

Have you remarked with what patience and resignation General Butler endures the taunts and insults of men in high position? This terrible man, who played the tyrant in New Orleans, was sent for to intimidate and did intimidate the mighty city of New York, who browbeat and bullied and imprisoned men, women and children for the shadow of a disloyal expression, who is the vaunted hero of New England, her choice for the Lieutenant Generalship, and the Presidency, now that he has doffed his military uniform and no longer has federal bayonets to guard him from reprisals, coos you as gentle as any sucking dove! There is New England chivalry!

The weather is very delightful, but the dust beats anything ever seen in the crescent city. The theatres are not so well patronized as they were during the holidays. I went to three, night before last, Mrs. Watkins' Olympic, the Academy and the St. Charles; but not one offered sufficient attractions to detain me more than ten minutes. Not that Mrs. Watkins and her husband and the beautiful danseuse Miss. Davis are wanting in merit—far from it—but the selections are bad and tiresome; they are "like a twice told tale, vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man." The same may be said of the Academy, for the negro minstrels, the young rope dancer and the coryphees are exceedingly amusing and attractive, there are two or three (scab) upon the entertainments in the shape of

singing ladies, who will give you six or seven verses of a sentimental ballad, and will consider the half dozen braves from their personal admirers sufficient encouragement for an encore. But to show you the value of newspaper criticism upon the actresses and actors, I was induced from the highflouting economies of the New Orleans press upon Madame Celeste, to visit the St. Charles. I expected to find something ethereal and charming, something artistic and elegant; instead, I found an old woman with the coarse form, the vulgar voice and unpalatable actions of a fish woman. Her accent was horribly foreign, her appreciation of the character she played ridiculous, and the *tout ensemble* altogether disgusting.

A balloon ascension is also advertised—the ascension to be as high as a thousand feet—the balloon being restricted to that limit by rope of that length. People who wish to see the panoramas of New Orleans and its environs are allowed a seat at so much a head. Day before yesterday I took advantage of a complimentary ticket and entered the enclosure—the balloon with the few Guys who made the ascension went up in a slanting direction about as high as St. Patrick's church steeple. In rambling about town you will find huge paintings in certain localities representing enormous serpents, and savage lions, tigers and elephants. You enter, and see before you a snake by no means equal in size to the rattlesnakes and chicken snakes we have all come across in travelling through the Texas swamp, and a South American wild cat or so, and a black bear, which would no more attack a man, if at liberty, than one would think of jumping after the moon.

NEGRO ABUSE OF THE PRESIDENT.—Fred. Douglass, the negro, says the Crescent, is now preambulating the country denouncing the President as a traitor, and predicting another civil war if "his people" are denied their rights. Since Chief Justice Chase went down to this negro's level, and introduced him to a public audience, and afterwards dined with him, Douglass has put on an air of pompous importance, and has permitted his tongue to indulge in the greatest liberty of very insolent speech. At Chicago, last week, he addressed a large meeting of Republicans, who applauded him to the echo. In the course of his lecture he said: "The Government has been tried by treason, rebellion and assassination, and yet remains to be tried by a traitor blacker than Jefferson Davis. (Sensation.) Yet, despite the hell-black treason yonder at Washington, the government stood and would stand. His faith was in the omnipotence of truth, the enlightened judgment of the loyal people, and the Congress of the United States. (Applause.)

He saw with sorrow the eagerness with which some so-called Republicans were clasping the red hands of traitors, and the eagerness with which others were asking the country to forget the deeds of traitors, and to forget the services of their friends. He did it because they were in a terrible crisis, where a bloody baptism might come. He was certain they were on the edge of a chasm, deeper and more terrible than the one they had escaped. They were being wantonly betrayed into the hands of their enemies. There were two walls yet between them and the catastrophe—one Congress, and the other the people.

A Strange Specimen of Humanity.

Twelve years ago a family named Sawyer, living in the town of Westbrook, were surprised to find that a very superior new milk cow, carefully kept in their stables, was "drying up." This continued until Mrs. Sawyer discovered, some time after, the prints of human fingers in the soap grease barrel in the stable. Communicating this discovery to her husband, he procured help from the neighbors and a thorough search of the stable followed. An examination of the hay-mow disclosed a small hole, which, being followed up by pitching away the hay, led to a sort of den-like place in the interior of the mow. Here was found a strange being, a man apparently of about 24 years, half clothed in rags, shockingly filthy, and having no feet. One foot was missing just above the ankle; the other was gone a little higher up, and the stump terminating in an oblong way, and in a manner showing that it was not the work of a surgeon nor had it received the attention of a surgeon when lost. His face and head were of average intelligence, but not a word could be got from him. He had lived there a number of weeks, subsisting on the milk of the cow and the grease. He was turned over to the town authorities and placed in the poor-house, where he now is and has been for the past twelve years.

All attempts to solve the mystery concerning this strange being have proved futile. He has been found yet who ever saw or heard of him, and during the whole twelve years he has never uttered a word. Various expedients have been tried to loose his tongue. On one occasion he was given a bottle containing a pint of whiskey. He seemed to understand exactly what it was, for he placed it to his lips and drank the whole at a draught, but it had no perceptible effect upon him. In manner, habits, etc., he is like a wild beast. In the summer he is kept in a sort of a wooden, cage-like structure in the yard. He is very shy of strangers, and will hide his head in his blankets when they approach. His quarters are comfortable, and it is impossible to give him better, for sanitary reasons.

Where the creature came from is certainly a mysterious matter. He could not have walked from a distance, as he crawls upon his knees very slowly. The only theory attempted is this: A few weeks before the man was discovered, the steamer Sarah Sands arrived at this port from Liverpool with a large number of emigrants. It is conjectured that this being might have been a burden to some one over the water. Mr. Sawyer (since deceased) hauled a load home from the steamer's wharf at that time, and it is reasoned that the man might have been clandestinely added to his load, and from thence have crept into his stable. —[Portland (Me.) Argus.

A young widow, on being asked why she was going to get married so soon after the death of her first husband, replied, "I do it to prevent fretting myself to death on account of dear Tom."

The Philadelphia Ledger says that the white paper they use in printing the Ledger costs them one hundred dollars a day more than the sales of the paper amount to. The profits are derived exclusively from its advertisements.

An Incident of Wilson's Raid.

[From the Memphis Avalanche.]

We like any thing noble, and especially when exhibited by an enemy, and therefore take pleasure in publishing the following incident which occurred during Wilson's raid.

On Wednesday after the fall of Selma, some young ladies of the Female College in Sumnerfield, informed the President that one of the Female teachers was running rapidly before a Federal soldier. He immediately went to the "front" and met Miss S. in great terror. The soldier had detained her watch, which was secreted in the college, and under a threat of violence to her person, she had promised to give it to him. The Doctor said to her "you must not let him have the watch, he is a scoundrel and shall not have it." She said, "Oh! Doctor, if you knew how much he had threatened me you would not blame me. I promised it to him and he must have it." So saying, and smiling the attendant Doctor to take it from her, she ran and delivered it to the soldier robber. Then such a volley of indignation abuse as ever fell from the lips of a minister was poured forth on the ruffian. He called him *asshole*, *thief*, *robber*, *brute*, *villain* and ordered him to begone. The villain pointed his gun and threatened to shoot. This did not intimidate the preacher, who was a cripple and unarmed, and in un governable rage he continued to use the only weapon he had—his tongue—until the robber beat a retreat, his ears tingling with the words of important wrath which indicated that the blood of the indignant Southerner had been raised to fever heat. All this occurred in the presence of the school; the minister's wife fainted and was removed insensible to her room.

The robbery, the threat of violating the person of a noble Southern woman; and the threat also, to kill the gentleman at the school, were all reported to headquarters. Captain McBarney of General Wilson's staff, took interest in the matter, had the same column passed before the school, and the man was identified and arrested, and the watch was returned. But this was not all. The Captain obtained from Gen. Wilson protection papers for the college, and kept it guarded whenever possible. He went still further, and called for Miss S. and said to her: "I have a present for you." He then handed her an elegant six shooter, and said: "Take this, and if any officer of our army steps his foot across the threshold of this college, with evil intent, shoot him. No one can conceive the effect of this noble conduct on the part of the gallant Captain. The feeling of insecurity which had taken hold of the inmates of the college, was dissipated, and many an earnest prayer went up from warm Southern hearts for the safety of Captain McBarney. Very different was the conduct of Colonel Noble, who, upon the case being represented to him, simply and carelessly said: "Your soldiers did as bad at Chambersburg."

Now, if Captain McBarney, of the 1st Ohio Volunteers, should ever see this, let him feel that gratitude warm and deep filled every heart in Cemetery College, and that his chivalrous gallantry made an impression upon free Southern hearts which will never efface.

The Richmond Republic beautifully says there never was a more gallant, more generous, a more high-minded person than the fallen young men of the Confederate armies. They were most of them the very flower of the sunny land. Bred in the lap of comfort and ease; educated in moral and, often, religious principles; trained from childhood to a high sense of personal honor; they were the idols of happy homes, and bade fair to be pillars and ornaments of society. Perhaps there was no army, which ever took the field, of the same numbers, in which could be found so many young men of intelligence, of moral worth and social position. To think that three hundred thousand young men are sleeping in bloody graves; that the multitude of homes, of which they were the light and life, are dark and desolate; that society and their country are despoiled forever of such a galaxy of worth and brightness; of all the losses which the South has suffered, there is none like the loss of these glorious dead. Other damages may be repaired; fields that have been devastated will grow green again; cities which have been burned down will rise from their ruins, more prosperously and stately than before; trade and commerce will recover from their temporary paralysis, and pour their vivifying tides over the land; but the dead come back no more. No more will their bright, ingenious faces gladden the eyes of kindred and friends, or animate the hearts of the old with the assurance that those who are about to take their places in society—and the world will be worthy inheritors of the traditional virtues and renown of their ancestry.

The children of to-day, who will be the men of to-morrow, are, in all the peculiar virtues of the Southern character, the counterparts of those who have fallen on the battlefield. If they are permitted to grow up to manhood in peace, and to take the places in active life of those who have fallen on the field, the loss of valuable lives which the State has suffered in the present generation may be repaired. We propose to politicians to show their appreciation of the dead by mercy to the living. We advocate them to pursue a course that will spare the youths now approaching manhood to their homes and their country. Instead of distilling the poison of discontent into their young minds, and preparing the way for a future war, let them assist in burying the past in the waves of oblivion, in cultivating conciliatory and friendly dispositions, and in inspiring the young with the sentiments of nationality and patriotism.

A woman was walking, and a man looked at her, and followed her. The woman said, "Why do you follow me?" He answered, "Because I have fallen in love with you." The woman said, "Why are you in love with me?" He said, "I am in love with me; she is coming after me; go and make love to her." The man turned back, and saw a woman with an ugly face. Being greatly displeased, he went again to the other woman, and said, "Why did you tell a story?" The woman answered, "Neither did you speak truth; for if you are in love with me, why did you go after another woman?" The man was confounded. We should rather think he was.

Let your hair turn gray if it will, but never say dye.

No matter how well the gambler throws the dice, at the point of death he dies with awful throes.