Louisiana Democrat.

E. R. BIOSSAT,.....EDITOR

OFFICE—CORNER OF
SECOND AND ELLIOT STS.

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ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Wednesday,.....May 13, 1874.

THINGS ABOUT HOME.

Quite a change has come o'er the spirit dream of the weather, since our last, rains have passed away from us, and now we have dry, clear, but awfully high winds, accompanied with plenty of dust—the fact is, we have gone back to what we should have been in March and are yet sixty days behind seasonable time.

The crops, we are glad to report, have improved wonderfully under this new dispensation, and much lost time has been regained and put in to the best advantage. Rain is needed just now for corn, whilst the cane and cotton can afford to wait and prosper at that.

The river has risen some four inches since our last report, and as we write has commenced its fall, being within eighteen inches of the high water of 1866, and is just as high now as we can comfortably afford to gaze at, and we think will be falling fast by the time our carrier will be handing around his Town papers. Lucky at last!

The District Court has been moving along after a fashion—delivered a graphic charge to her Grand Jury, all the time looking at her Foreman "plumb in the eye," and ignoring all the rest of the panel. The Grand Inquest only sit four days and brought in eleven true bills, which is the least ever found by any previous Jury. These bills consist of one for Rape, one for Burglary, one fot Murder and eight for Larceny. The bill of Burglary is against Jacob Alexander, Kellogg's recent pardoned pet.

The side scene of the Court this session received accesssions *a la mode* Mechanics' Institute, and has been graced by the smiling visits of the cake and coffee damsels, much to the surprise of the old fogies, who remember the dignified Courts of the olden days of Rapides, and knew they were halls of justice and legal attainments.

Business and trade still getting duller and duller and reaching its lowest depths—mails reaching here now by boats twice a week, and would come oftener if we had more boats in the trade—such times, such dullness, such gloom, never hung over any community before, and so saddening is the prospect ahead, that we break our pencil point in being forced to acknowledge such a fate for all of us.!

☞ HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR OLD GOLD AND SILVERWARE.
FERGUSON & SCHNACK.

☞ Our Caucasian friends, are always true to their friends, alive or dead, and never miss an occasion to do the nice thing in their behalf. But for once we are glad they have been awfully misinformed, and had to regretfully pen that fine mortuary tribute to our friend Thomas J. H. Bowles, who has not yet shuffled off his mortal coil, and from reliable news has no such foolish notion just now in contemplation. The Democrat learned the same sad report from a good source, and had also written Tom's obituary, which we will not publish, but will send him and let him see that the Democrat also dropped a morning glory on his supposed new grave.

☞ The Democrat since its renaissance in its big suit, has received several cheering and friendly epistles, from old friends, which we feel too modest to publish. We only allude to them to acknowledge their reception and return thanks for such good wishes and tokens of esteem; we shall certainly strike big licks to retain the good will of our old clientelle, and make new friends in all quarters.

☞ The Post Office is once more in full working harness, under the guidance of the new Post Master, assisted by the two former deputies of the "new thing under the sun." We hope for our own good and benefit and that of the public it may cantinue to improve, and serve all alike.

☞ Our neighbor and enterprising fellow-townsman, J. J. Peterman, is again hard at work rebuilding his fine family residence, in the Second Ward, which was destroyed by fire some time since.

☞ Archbishop Manning proceeds to Rome in June, on the occasion of his being raised to the dignity of Cardinal.

TOO CARELESS.

In the New Orleans Picayune of the 5th inst. we find, to our great surprise and mortification, the following, under the head of Louisiana:

Alexandria Democrat, April 22: One of the witnesses in the late trial of the Grant Parish prisoners, has been beaten almost to death in the streets of Alexandria. Lieut. Vernon, of the U. S. army, saw the outrage as he stood on the portico of a hotel with his wife.—He has reported the facts to Washington. Nash, the pretended sheriff who led the mob at Colfax last April, has been caught at last.

To all here who know the facts about the above clipping, it is useless to say one word, but we must assure the Picayune that their news editor never found such an article in the Democrat, and that none such ever appeared in our columns, simply because no such scene ever occurred, and the whole is a fabricated, willful and malicious lie of some miserable wretch here, who invents, manufactures and writes such falsehoods against our people specially for the New Orleans Republican, and for the special use and benefit of the foreign market of radicalism. The gist of this extract originally appeared in the Republican, and was at the time properly handled by the Democrat as a canard of the foulest water. This is what we would have liked the Picayune and the New Orleans papers to have copied in sheer justice to our people, and not the clipping, which never appeared in our journal. The managers of the Picayune should be more careful hereafter and not attribute the lies and infamies of Radical journals to the Democrat. We are touchy on all such subjects, and want credit for our honest efforts in behalf of truth and the rightful acts of our persecuted and defamed people, and wish justice sometimes meted out to them. This we expect from the Picayune and all true Conservative journals, for all the Radical ones follow suit with the Republican and echo the hatched up lies of that official monstrosity.

The Bart Able.

This fine and elegant Packet reached here early Monday morning, with Captains John Hienn and Dick Sinnot, in command, and G. C. Hamilton and T. J. Dowty, as Clerks.—She comes in place of the Lessie Taylor, as a regular weekly Packet, and we are authorized to state, she comes to stay, and just right here, the Democrot wants to put in its word. We perceive that there is a growing disposition amongst our merchants and planters to extend their patronage to boats making deductions from the regular price. True it is, that self-interest, a good friend, is the first instinct of nature, yet they lose sight of the all important fact, that a regular packet, giving quick communication to and from the City is of great importance and without which their business and interests would suffer materially. Under the Packet system they are enabled to order steadily, with a full and positive knowledge of when their orders will be received; thereby requiring a less capital on which to operate, besides having the full advantage of changes of the market. In the absence of telegraphs and railroads, we sincerely think and believe that it is of the first importance that a Packet should enjoy the full benefits of all the freights, and if the people will sustain the new line, now established and in full operation, we guarantee they shall have at all times a first class boat, and at no stage of water will the charges be excessive or exorbitant. As we state in the beginning of this article, the present line comes here to stay, and it is their intention to merit, by their intercourse with our people, the reward that energy and strict attention to business, should always receive.—Will our merchants and planters ponder well on what we have said, and face the music like good and true ones?

☞ The Texas passed down Friday night without stopping here. She had on board over one hundred Colfax negroes, summoned as witnesses for the Government in the trial of the Colfax prisoners, hence her hurry to deliver her precious cargo consigned to Packard and Co. What fine times these wards of the nation have, when the Government has on trial white men for any pretended offence; really it is bread and butter to them and pay for their loyalty to Radicalism.

☞ Burglaries, robberies and all kinds of sneak stealing now run riot and wild through New Orleans, and are every hour occurrences. So glaring are these crimes, and no protection being at hand for the people, that they have commenced forming committees for self-protection. Such are the fruits of radical rule in our State.

☞ The Bart Able, on Monday morning, put out a large lot of corn and meal for our merchants and planters—the same old tune played again, which will always cause the cry of hard times.

SLANDER.

A suit for slander and defamation of good name, claiming damages of two thousand dollars, is now pending and under trial before the District Court, and no doubt will have been decided by the time our paper goes to press. The plaintiff in the case is the Rev. Christopher Hunt, colored Methodist Minister of our Town, and John Mayo, colored Member of the Legislature, usurping from this Parish, is the defendant. The case presents many novel features of the beauties of Radicalism, creates a decidedly big stir among the big ones, and in the main strikes at decided reform on the part of one of the parties. Eminent counsel are retained in the case, Judge Ryan, R. J. Bowman and W. F. Blackman appearing for the plaintiff, and R. A. Hunter being for the defendant.

As the case will certainly be over before the Democrat's issue, and not desiring to write anything bearing on its merits, which might tend to prejudge it, we take this occasion to make a few remarks concerning the status of one of the parties to this suit. It should have been done before, but there is no more proper time for it than now. The Rev. Christopher Hunt, the resident Methodist Minister of our Town, in charge of the colored congregation here, is a colored man of education, culture and a gentleman of good deportment and refined manners, and has always demeaned himself in the proper spirit since here, and has strictly attended to his proper duties, without meddling, like all his predecessors, in the dirty pool of politics. Since his advent here and from the start, he put his face against the manner in which the Church had been conducted, and at once led his flock to the true path of his religion, and forever closed his Church against all political meetings and caucusses. In a word he has been acting preacher truly and according to the teachings of the Holy Book, and this is what has offended the leading negro politicians here and touched them on the raw, and hence he has been persecuted for it, and even accused of being a d—n rebel. We are glad to be able to add our little mite in behalf of this good preacher, and as a good citizen we pay him this just tribute, and do it of our own accord, and hope our people will countenance with their good favors all such carpet-baggers. We need more such in our midst, and will always welcome them here, regardless of the negro Radical politicians here.

☞ The Legislature of Texas, some time ago passed an act to annex the Parishes of Caddo and De Soto, to the State of Texas. The bill was passed with due deliberation and with almost unanimous consent, but now comes Governor Coke who vetoes it and sends it back to the Senate, where it originated, with his objections. We wish we had space for his message in full, but being cramped for room we hurriedly state one startling fact to which he alludes. One section of the bill pledges the State of Texas to make said Parishes pay their pro rata share of the debt of Louisiana, and as that pro rata would be over one million and a half of dollars, its magnitude for the size and population of the territory to be acquired, is in the Governor's opinion sufficient ground for hesitation and deliberation. We rather think Governor Coke is half way right, and he has not much notion to undertake to force the collection of such a debt.

☞ A discussion, charges, and countercharges, concerning the Public Schools in our Parish, have brought out the facts from Treasurer De Lacy, and we are pleased to know that their condition and the situation generally are far more sound, safe and fair than the exigent public gave them credit for. From this exhibit we glean that since September 1st 1873 to May 1st 1874, there have been nineteen schools in the Parish, of which seven are exclusively white, and that the sum of eighteen hundred and sixty dollars has been paid to the teachers in that time. In the Alexandria Ward there is an exclusively white school, of which R. M. Kilpatrick is Principal. This gentleman is in all and every particular suitable and competent to teach any school, and parents should be glad to avail themselves of the chance to send their children to so good a public school, and we for one render due praise to the Board for so just and wise a selection.

☞ Senator West has sent us his speech, on the Louisiana Question, and though we had read much on the same question, we shall certainly peruse his, out of respect for him and as thanks for the many documentary favors he has sent the Democrat.

☞ Many of the defence witnesses in the Colfax prisoners' case, go down on the Bart Able to-day at noon.

THE REGATTA.

According to previous announcement, the second Regatta of the season came off on Saturday, and like the first was a pleasing, excited and interesting trial of nautical skill on a modest and unpretending scale.—For the Purse and Caucasian Horns there were five entries, which we give in the order of their reaching the winning post: Aetna, Pat. Molloy, Unknown, Cosmopolitan and Pattie Ransdell. The day was a beautiful one, as far as the weather was concerned, but the river track was rather rough and swelled too much for easy and plain rowing, but still the sight was truly a pleasing one to see Old Red's flashing waters dotted by the gay flotilla, and the picture still more animated by the presence of nearly the whole of Alexandria and Pineville. Three of the entries hailed from our Town, whilst our *vis-a-vis* was represented by the Pattie Ransdell and the Unknown. The contest was short and decisive, and a few lines only are required to record it, though manfully contested to the last by the Pat. Molloy, the prize was won rather easy by the French craft, the Aetna, in good time and in remarkable good mood, the best and kindest feelings all around prevailing. The positions of the crafts we have already given, and now close in announcing the distance run one mile and time five minutes. After the race the Horns were handed over to the Aetna, but how long she will wear them remains to be seen, for the nautical boys are hot after her for another race.

THE ORANGE.—This valuable and highly profitable fruit has already received considerable attention in the shape of a series of articles prepared by one of the largest Orange Cultivators in Louisiana, and published in "Our Home Journal and Rural Southland" of New Orleans during last year. The present issue of that paper dated May 2nd, 1874, contains the Preface and Introduction of another and the most thorough work on this subject ever put in print. It is by M. George Gallesio, of France, and translated expressly for "Our Home Journal and Rural Southland." The Author has after a careful examination and thorough study of all the different authors upon the subject in the French, Italian and Spanish languages, gives due credit to all the information obtained from them, and thus, after years of labor devoted to his work of love, with the aid of science and by thorough research, system and care, demonstrated scientific and practical facts, which he has left to the world in this complete and thorough work, which has been translated into English by Mrs. Sarah A. Dorsey, expressly for "Our Home Journal and Rural Southland," where it will appear from week to week until complete. The work promises many new and useful hints to fruit growers and which every one interested in Orange Culture should read.

☞ HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR OLD GOLD AND SILVERWARE.
FERGUSON & SCHNACK.

GRANT AND ARKANSAS.—The only positively clear thing in the Arkansas muddle is that the State practically has no Governor at the present momsnt. In the social experience of most men a very pleasant company of two has often been transformed into a very stale, flat, and unprofitable crowd of three by the accession of a third person. And although in the political experience of many of the reconstructed States at the South one Governor is very far from conferring prosperity and good government, two actual or pretended Governors claiming the office in any State are pretty sure to confer upon the State nothing but anarchy. Who is Governor of Arkansas or who ought to be Governor of Arkansas is a question which logical minds will shrink from dogmatizing upon. The Secretary of State, for Arkansas, to whom the election returns were sent in 1872, declared that Baxter, the Grant republican candidate for the Governorship, was duly elected. Judge Whytlock, of the State Circuit Court, now declares that Brooks. the Greeley Liberal-Republican candidate for the same office, was duly elected. A full history of the dispute is given in another page.—[Ex.

☞ Dewberries are still fresh and plentiful, and what is of more importance, dirt cheap. The Dewberry gals should be patronized for thus furnishing our half famished population with such good and cheap desert eating.

☞ We have been supplied with New Orleans papers by the obliging clerks of the Maria Louise, Bart Able and Lessie Taylor; and as a good helper for these hard times, our friend G. C. Hamilton, of the Bart Able threw in for luck, "The Galaxy" for May.

☞ Miss Wells, aged 12 years, has received a school teacher's certificate in Wapello, Iowa.

DASHES HERE AND THERE.

—Sad and dismal Saturday morning dawned on the broken hopes of the newsmongers and sensationalists, as the backbone of their hissing wants had faded and vanished in the air. Our two journalistic *confreres* had changed base, taken the good advice of the peace Democrat, buried that tomahawk, washed off that sulphurious paint, and with the immortal Bard exclaimed:

"Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make Ambition Virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality—
Pride, pomp and circumstance of Glorious War."

—And our Caucasian friends treated their patrons to a good reading and entertaining sheet, which proves to us when in proper harness and on the right track, they cannot fail to reach their best and highest aims—

—Whilst the Official Journal, with here and there a few parting and harmless last licks at their magnanimous foe, trotted out its usual amount of good radical hash and such like, with usual vim and *en bon point*, and behold what pranks it plays:

"Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damding those they have no mind to."

—The old one of the Gazette pays a left-handed compliment to the Democrat, in regard to an article of ours and graciously sticks in "we did not expect to see touched in that quarter." Ah, indeed! you don't say so? The Democrat editor will be excused in this instance if he begs to state to the old man eloquent, that these complaints and rubs have always been a speciality with him, but unfortunately they have fallen still-born in our midst and he always has been minus for a second for his motion. One or two base outrages hereabouts lately have been skipped, except in our columns, and alone have we dashed them on record, but

"Different men have different opinions,
Some like apples, and some like ing'ons."

—From the middle of the old dilapidated ladder there are but few steps to the Court "where all hell holds a festival," and to which Caucasia paid his pious regards, with the hope of piercing the thickest hide on record, but all to no avail; pearls, these hard times, to swine would be more profitable, for you can't catch the conscience of the Court. There *she* sits, wrapped in the plenitude of her bayonet might and the robes of usurpation, fraud and perjury, disgracing a bench to which she has no claims or shadow of title, and lording ignorantly over a people and community, whose ballots at the last election were fairly cast against her by a majority of over fifteen hundred votes. Such she is, such is our fix, and Caucasia how can we help ourselves?

—Kellogg's body guard has been re-inforced the past few days, and old Vidocq, were he alive, would be the first to compliment him! De Capville and Bertin, the right and left bowers of all burglardom, have escaped from the penitentiary at Baton Rouge and have swelled the ranks of the faithful and bold, and tired waiting for pardon. The fat shoat has been killed and all Kelloggism rejoices thereat.

—Donald McMickle, our gushing Insurance Agent, with the ambrosial locks and ruddy countenance, like Monsieur Tonson, has come again.—He touched here on the Maria Louise and Ferry boat on Thursday, and dropped a few subpœnas for the witnesses for the defence in the case of the Colfax prisoners. The trial will come off on the 18th inst., and it is to be hoped all witnesses for the defence will attend; we understand that this time they will be paid the same as those for the prosecution.

—Judge Ryan goes to the City and again volunteers his valuable and able services in behalf of our persecuted citizens, who are falsely accused by the Government in the Colfax affair, We have not learned as yet who are the other counsel engaged in the case.

☞ We are pleased to give publicity to the fact that another Regatta has been arranged for Saturday. Entrance two dollars and fifty cents and the Aetna's horns given up to the winner. We'll bet a bushel of meal that the French craft will keep the horns.

☞ Little girl—"Mama, I don't think the people make dolls ary very pious people." Mama—"Why not, my child?" Little girl—"Because you can never make them kneel. I always have to lay my doll down on her stomach to say her prayers."

☞ The Lessie Taylor has gone into the Jefferson trade—Chas. Truslow on deck and Charlie Drown in the office.

☞ The Grangers have organized a new Grange on the North side of Red River, in our Parish.

OUR COLFAX CORRESPONDENCE.

COLFAX, LA., May 10, 1874.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT—

The times are exceedingly dull and hard, but notwithstanding the scarcity of Uncle Sam's stamps and the monotonous life we lead, something sensational appears upon the surface to enliven our thoughts and feelings and drive dull care away; and as we have no desire to withhold from the public the wonders of this far famed country, will submit to your consideration, and publication, if you wish, the latest news in our possession.

A few days ago, as the tale goes, a certain Dr. C., who resides not over a day's journey from here, had occasion to cross the Bayou Darro, in the rear of Colfax, on his way to Montgomery. It appears the Doctor rode a fine grey horse, and hitched him near the residence once occupied by a freedman, who departed this vain world of trouble during the excitement that existed a few days previous to the memorable event of Easter Sunday, which house has been unoccupied ever since, so great has been the superstition regarding it.—The Doctor followed the continuation of an old road towards the Bayou to examine the facilities for getting across, and while thus engaged he fell in company with one of Africa's sable sons, who assisted him over the water. During the interim news had reached the ears of one black, whom I shall call Brown, who lived in that vicinity, that a mysterious looking person had arrived at the "haunted house;" and further inquiry led to the report that the white horse had mysteriously disappeared. Now, Mr. Brown, not being a public disturber and having a thought for number one, concluded to make himself safe in person and effects; so suiting the action to the thought, he immediately mustered all his available force and proceeded to bury "beyond the gaze of mortal eye" all his valuables in the shape of pork, flour, molasses, etc., of which he had a fair supply wherewith to sustain "this mortal coil." The next idea was to convey himself away amid the approaching darkness, to some safe retreat, beyond the reach of the suspected and much to be avoided Ku-Klux. The report of an attempted invasion by the "White Horse Cavalry" gained some credence in certain quarters, and a little stir and uneasiness was manifested thereat. But as time wore on and the three hundred and fifty "Terribles," (as reported by a useless appendage to this community,) failed to put in their appearance, the fears of the terrified were gradually dispelled, and imaginary visions of horrible outrages disappeared under the benign influence of "Old Sol," whose smiling face put a quietus upon the fearful conjectures of the past night. With these fears relieved, our hero, obedient to the cravings of an empty stomach, consequent to the over-exertions and excitement of the previous night, betook himself instanter to that much cherished spot where his possessions lie. But lo and behold! language fails to describe the sad picture of inexorable misery that settled upon his "woe-begone" countenance, when a close inspection revealed the distressing intelligence that "another feller" had "unearthed his hidden treasure," and his necessaries of life were non est. But who the "tother feller" was remains a secret. Suffice it to say he felt, as well he might, the keen demands of appetite "when looking eagerly around," descried the place where in the ground lay snugly packed all safe and sound, this precious grab of Mr. Brown, and regardless of his neighbors' fears or favors, or the dreaded Ku-Klux, quietly appropriated the same to his own use and benefit.—Brown hangs his head in solemn silence over the grave question, and despondingly vacates the premises. An allusion to the affair drives him into a fit of desperation, during which his nostrils distend like a sun fish, his eyes protrude like a mustang pony's, gesticulates like an angry bull, scratches his head in a furious style, and utters in tones of wild and awful import, the mystic words,

KU KLUX.

☞ An orange tree in vigorous growth yields from 500 to 2000 oranges every year. In the Mediterranean countries, where orange culture has become within a few years an important business, the oranges are gathered in baskets lined with canvass. They are carefully examined by women, and all thot are wanting in stems are thrown out.—The picker gets from nine to fifteen cents a day.

☞ We publish, this week, the conclusion of the able and interesting article on the "Ninth Census of the United States," which we commenced in our last from the Edinburgh Review. Again we ask our readers to give the article their attentive perusal.

The Gentleman in the White House.

Of course such exhibitions as Grant made the other day to Colonel Lathers and the South Carolina taxpayers, and again on Friday to Messrs. Low, Field and Johnston, and the committee of New York's best merchants, bankers, and citizens, are deplorable and humiliating in the extreme, but as for expecting anything better—there our contemporaries have the advantage of us. We have outgrown the memories which some of our Republican friends still entertain, and which our Southern friends, more generous if not so just, are still inclined to build hopes upon—the magnanimous conqueror of Appomattox, great figure as he is, cannot any longer loom before us in proportions so gigantic as to screen the protege of Butler and Morton, the patron of poor boy Simmons and Richardson, the insulter of William Gray, the defiler of Sumner, and the assassin of Louisiana. We have a truer measure of President Grant in 1874 than we had of General Grant in 1866, and there is no use in hemming and hawing about it.

"An honest man may like a glass,
An honest man may like a lass,
But mean revenge and malice false
He'll still disdain."

We did not support General Grant for Presidency, and we are not inclined to ask or expect miracles of him now, as some of our contemporaries do. "Provision has been made that the trees grow not into the sky," said the wise author of "Wilhelm Leister," but that does not prevent the oak and the ash, the elm and the pine, from having their peculiar beauties and uses. We neither looked for statesmanship in General Grant in the first instance, nor, having tried him and found him lacking, did we put him forward again, claiming for him virtues which we knew he did not possess. We never claimed that he was the model gentleman or the type of refined Christianaity. But then, we do not let our knowledge concerning him affect us towards him as the disappointments of others have done. We never thought Napoleon less a general because he snubbed his guests and kicked his servants. We never thought Massena less brave a warrior because he plundered the commissariat and robbed the paymasters.

Some of our contemporaries deal with the case differently, and we are bound to believe not so consistently. Here is the Nation, which, after gulping Leet and Stocking and Tom Murphy, and finding Grant the sole hope of the country and a very passable candidate in 1872, is now in 1874, in view of the little Sanborn trifle, strongly inclined to believe him the nucleus of all our villianies, the root of half our evils, and a corrupt trickster and a double dealer to boot. After exalting him to the level of our best Presidents, our contemporary is now trying with equal unsuccess to debase him below the level of Butler.

Equally unjust is the chagrin of the President's friends on account of this South Carolina loveliness and this fine politeness to the New York Committee. Why should these hopeful persons have expected anything else than what happened? Certainly they had no title to do so in view of circumstances whereof they were advised, as, for example, the question of veracity with Mr. Johnson and his Cabinet, the treatment of General Hancock, of Mr. Sumner, and the language af the last inaugural. Is it not asking rather too much of a person of such antecedents to expect him to have a reserved force of comity and savoir faire for all circumstances, no matter how unexpected? We think so, certainly. Did not that fine soul, Thackery, tell us, "Perhaps gentlemen are rarer personages than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle—men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple; who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal, manly sympathy for the great and the small? We all know a hundred whose coats are very well made, and a score who have excellent manners, and one or two happy beings who are what they call in the inner circles, and have shot into the very centre and bull's-eye of the fashion; but of gentlemen how many?"

And while all must admit that nothing can be more desirable than that we should have a gentleman, as above defined, for President of the United States, all will equally admit that unless he has the qualities in himself it is absurd to expect a man to become a gentleman simply because he has received a popular vote of 3,579,793 ballots of partisan followers.—[N. Y. World.

☞ So then the year is repeating its old story again. We are come once more, thank God, to its most charming chapter. The violets and the May-flowers are as its inscriptions or vignettes. It always makes a pleasant impression on us, when we open again at these pages of the book of life.—[Goethe.