

The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

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UNCLE SILE'S FOURTH.

[Original.]
I mind back in Maine if ye said a man lied
He was for settin' right down an' arguin' it
out.
But here if ye happen to let that word slide
He's for knockin' ye down an' kickin' ye
about.
Of this snap jes a drop
Was born in my Saracet's spirit no doubt.
A bachelor I was an' a widder was she,
A widder of uncommon peartness of pice.
With a high-strung nose that was lovely to see,
An' eyes that burnt stiddy as stars in 'er face,
Thought in time they'd jes shine
As melior as moons when I'd pass by 'er
place.

Then, whether by chance or by plan I'll not say,
She presently rented the house next to me.
A cot 'n' a big chair where her offspring could
play,
Two twins full of war-whoops, chained-lightnin'
an' glee;
That I'd ache for love's sake
Was a raw 'n' excelling plain thing to see.
For honey an' love are alike in one thing,
They grip if conditions ain't jes about square,
Still we gather the roses an' let the thorns
sting—
In fac' the more stingers the more we get
there.
As with me when I see
She was so round with thorns she seemed
doubtly fair.
I dreamed of her nights, an' sick dreams as was
sof—
A kind of mixed haze, meller twilight, an'
hair.
An' I'd waken plum crazy, a settin' up ott
Jes huggin' 'er. All like a homed bear,
An' I'd thrill an' get chill,
An' my bes', pantaloon was all I could wear.

I keep bees, so I give the widder a hive,
An' presented the twins game chickens an'
toys.
An' they burnt down my barn an' dug up my
drive.
All for fun, underd an' kee' sich a noise
Neighbors moved, 'n' behaved;
Still I courted the widder an' them air two
boys.
But politics split us at last like a wedge.
Like wedges, also, we was cold—save at heart.
Least I was warm there an' ready to heat.
But it takes a smart doctor to heal sich a
sneer.
An' we cooled an' jes fooled.
'Till at last we seemed splintered ontirely
apart.
My doctrine was somewhat at fault I expect,
For I was a bit coarser to ole Uncle Sam.
For things I'd not done to my mind jes correct,
An' sometimes, fac' of en, I couldn't keep
cam.
Then she'd rile and jes bite
An' so our tongues we'd thrash an' ker-
lam.
Then she got 'er a flag an' raised it on high
An' kep it afloat above her coal-bin.
As if to betoken her body might die
But to doctrine like mine she'd never give in,
An' the twins raised wild din
On drums made of half-logs head-ended with
tin.

'Twas nothing that tares one so all into strings
As bein' at outs with the one ye adore;
W'y I walked in my sleep an' said awful things,
An' slept in my boots an' got yellin' an' pore,
An' my head got like lead
An' each hair in it pulled an' my liver got sore.
Then I made up my mind I surely must die
If soon with the widder I didn't get straight;
But time to my help brought the Fourth of July,
An' focussed us in from our scattered state,
Though I thought it had brought
The last straw to lay on my camel-backed
late.

Well, it come awful hot, as Fourth's mostly do,
With 'er lemo' an' sweat, white dresses, an'
dun.
To the aged a vast an' uncomfortable stew,
The world to the young on its annual bust.
As for me, I am free
To declare I'd thought it a thing to be kussed!
The twins turned out early, an' land of the
brave!
Before half an hour I seemed goin' insane,
An' plunged up my hearing my reason to save;
But things kep afloat inside of my brain,
An' my hair pulled like care
An' earth seemed a stippin' an' twistin' in pain.
Jes then a big swarm of my bees they took flight,
An' I snatched up a pan an' rushed through
the door.
An' yelled like a Mohawk to make 'em alight
An' run lookin' upwards, an' made the pan
rattle.
An' though I didn't know,
The widder's swarmed, too, an' outside she
jes tore.

She'd a biter 'pon which she smote with a club
An' each twin flung gravel an' yelled like a
crow.
An', though I didn't see, she fell over a tub
An' then in a bucket of soapuds slid down,
While I caught all unthought
My chin on a clothes-line an' hung like a
boun.

But I dropped in a tree an' got up an' run
An' yelled an' sling dirt like a plum tomaten,
When all of a sudden things generally spun
As I banged into somethin' that splintered
my specks.
For to see her an' me
Run into one another jes lit to break necks!
My arms went around her, my nose in 'er ear,
An' down in the biter I suddenly sat,
With her in my lap jes as if in a cheer.
With my pan jammed onto her head like a
hat.
It was rich, an' all sich,
But rather cramped quarters to lovin'ly chat.
But still we sat there an' forgot 'bout the bees.
An' she gazed in my eyes an' yeasted a great
peace.

An' though I was cramped like I give her a
squeeze,
An' she squeezed right back an' I felt I was
born.
But I was jammed an' jes crammed
So far in that biter I couldn't nigh turn.
Then I kinder got up-like an' she an' the twins
With boards piled that biter from of en my
back.
The skin that went with it want of en my shins,
An' I felt for a minute this life was a fac',
Still for her I'd incur—
At least I would then—the worst pangs of the
rack.
Then we looked for the bees, an' there on a fold
Of the flag of the coal-bia afforta' so brave
They sat in the sun like a tubel of gold.
'The flag of our union!' I sighed, sort of
grave.
'Yes,' she said, with cheeks red,
'It's a flag that means business, long may it
wave!'
A. M. KERR.

A MEMORABLE FOURTH.

[Original.]
Some Interesting Reminiscences of
War Times.
The Fourth of July is the birthday
of a Nation, and we always celebrate
birthdays at our house. There is the
paternal and the maternal, and ten
lively children, every one of whom had
birthdays, and it is a good idea to
show their consequence and increase
their self-respect, and so we generally
invite some friends or kindred, and
have something extra good for dinner.

It is a good long time since the Nation
was born, and it has had some
right sick spells, and a few years ago
it liked to have died, and it had an
awful hemorrhage; but it is all right
now, and so we are going to celebrate
it as usual.

But I remember that about twenty-
three years ago we didn't celebrate it
with much hilarity. In fact we were
not at home for company, and not very
much at home at all, and didn't have
time to celebrate anything, for the
four invader was after us, and we were
making tracks, and the tracks were
wide apart. Me and my numerous
and lovely wife and offspring were
flying in haste over a dirt road in a
one-horse rockaway and a two-mule
wagon, and it looked like we were
tryin' to get round the foul invaders
to head 'em off and drive 'em back,
but we wasn't. An old-fashioned dirt
road is the best sort for a runaway, for
it forks every few miles, and you can
take any fork you please and dodge
around and hide out, but when you
are on a railroad you can't. We never
stopped for the Fourth of July or
any thing else, but kept driving before
and looking behind until we got
distance between us, and distance is a
good thing on such occasions. We
traveled by day and right smart at

night, and finally felt safe enough and
tired enough to take the cars for At-
lanta and send our teams to a place of
safety. The train was crowded with
runagans, and I found but one vacant
place after I had located my numerous
and interesting family. A luxurious
lady, with some aggravating curls, was
occupying nearly all of a seat, spread-
ing herself like a setting hen all over
the velvet cushion.

"Madam," said I, "can I share this
seat with you?" She saw that I was
pretty good looking and said: "Certain-
ly, sir," and she closed in her skirts
some several inches.

In a short space of time she became
affected with drowsiness and her al-
baster neck became as limber as a
greasy rag. Leaning on my shoulder
she seemed wonderfully affectionate as
her head kept bobbing around, and I
felt very peculiar at such times as the
curving road would cause her to sub-
side onto my palpitating bosom. Her
aggravating curls were getting tangled
up with my whiskers when about this
critical juncture I ventured to turn my
astonished gaze towards Mrs. Arp,
and seeing that she was waiting for
some remark I whispered: "Hadn't I
better remove my seat—do you think
that I can endure the life of this?"

"I do not, William," said she. "You
had better stand up awhile and when
you get tired some of the children will
relieve you."

The glance of her eye and the tone of
her voice caused me to assume a
perpendicular attitude and the curly
head was left without a prop. A man's
wife is the best judge of such peculiar
things, and as for me I am always gov-
erned by it.

About the time we arrived in At-
lanta the foul invader had crossed the
river on his pontoons and the next day
began his attack. We thought that
we had come to a city of refuge, a
citadel of hope, but there is nothing
certain in the subinary world, nothing
except death and taxes. So I
shipped my family further on and
pulled off my coat and rolled up my
sleeves and swore that this thing had
gone far enough. In the language of
Patrick Henry I exclaimed: "Sir, we
must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must
fight! How dare old Tecumseh to

power and dare to be brave. General
Blick Taylor, who never faltered, says
of himself that he never went into bat-
tle but what his cowardly frame trem-
bled and quaked from head to foot.
Just before a battle he would look at
his shaking knees with contempt and
say: "You cowardly scamps, what are
you shaking now for, why don't you
wait until you are in danger?" He
says that, if he had given them the
slightest encouragement, his legs
would have run away with his body
every time.

But panics are worse than a battle;
more demoralizing. I have seen the
shaking Quakers going through their
pious motions and peculiar attitudes.
I have curiously watched and waited
for the first shake of the spiritual leg.
Then another and another would catch
the delicious tremblings until the en-
tire assembly were shuffling their ex-
tremities in hysteric beauty. Just so
the leg panics seemed to inspire the
good people of Atlanta. The first
good shake that occurred on Peach Tree
was a foul contagion that soon spread
its awful trembles from the barracks
to the Fair grounds, sweeping in its
gathering course the excited popula-
tion who peopled its busy streets. All
day and all night long the iron horses
were snorting to the echoing breeze.
Train after train of goods and chattels
moved down the roads, there was no
method in their madness. All kinds
of plunder were tumbled in promiscu-
ously. A huge parlor mirror was set
up at the end of a car and reflected an
assortment of pots and kettles and bar-
rels and baskets and bacon and bed-
steads, all piled up together. Govern-
ment officials all have friends, and of
course they had the preference. Any
clever man, with a charming wife or
pretty sister, could secure a corner in
more cars than one, and I will men-
tion that I have found a good deal of
civility on this account myself. In-
deed, I have always thought that no
man is excusable, who has not got
either the one or the other.

Everywhere was hurrying to and
fro at a lively tune. "What's to-day,
nigger?" said a female darkey with a
hoopstick on her arm. "Taint no day
honey dat eber I seed; yistiddy was
Sunday and I reckon to-day is Runday
from the way de white folks is movin'
about. Yah! Yah! Ain't neferd of
dem Yankee, I ain't, but dem sizin
bumshells kill a nigger fore you can
lick your tongue out; gwine to git
away from here, I is."

I went into a doctor's shop and found
my friend packing up his vials and
medicine. An old skeleton with but
one leg was swinging from the top of
a long box in the corner, looking like
a mournful emblem of the troubled
city.

"Are you going to leave him to
stand guard?" said I. "I suppose I
will," said he, "for I've got no trans-
portation for him."

"Take that screw out his skull,"
said I, "and give him a crutch and he'll
travel. All flesh is moving, and I think
the bones will catch the contagion
soon."

A few doors further a venerable an-
tioneer was surveying the rushing,
running crowd, and every now and then
would raise his arm and exclaim: "Go-
ing, going, going, gone—who's the
bidder?" "Old Father Time," said I.
"He'll get them all before long."

The door of an old friend's residence
swung open to my gaze, and I walked
in. Various gentlemen were discuss-
ing the foul invader over a jug of de-
parting spirits. "I believe I'll un-
pack," said one; "ding'd if I'm afraid
of a blue-tailed fly. I'm going to sit
down and be easy." "In a horn," said
I. Just then a sizzin, singing, crazy
shell sung a short meter hymn right
over the house. "Jake, has that dray
come?" he shouted, as he bounded to
his feet. "Confound that dray, blame
my skin if I'll ever get a dray to move
these things. Boys let's take another
drink!"

After the drink another hero re-
marked: "Boys, lets stay and see it
out—durned if it don't look cowardly
to run." He poured another spirit
from the jug and said: "Boys, you
shall we drink to?" "Cassabianca,"
said I. "Good—good!" they shouted.
"Lets drink to Cassabianca. I've spoke
it a thousand times." He mounted on a
broken sofa and declaimed:
'The boy stood burning on the deck
Whence all had fled but him."
'That's me," said one. "It's me
exactly," said another. "I am Cas-
sianker myself—dog my cat if I don't
be the last one to leave this ship." An-

other shell sizzed and bursted a few
yards off. "Boys, lets take one more
drink and leave the doggone town—
daburn to the Yankees." Here's to—
here's to. "The last of the Mohicans,"
said I. "That's it, said he, here's to
the—most of the Lohicans."

By and by the shells fell thick and
fast and caused a more speedy locomo-
tion in the excited throng that hurried
by the door, but my friends inside had
passed the Rubicon and one by one re-
tired to dream of Bozaris and his
Sulotte band. Vacant rooms and long
corridors echoed with their snores and
they appeared like sleeping heroes in
the halls of the Montezumas.

Panics are catching—there is no mis-
take about it. It is not one man in a
thousand who can resist them and re-
tain his philosophy and be calm and
serene. Napoleon said that all men
were cowards by night. Some are
cowards by day, both in mind and
body. And some who are cowards in
body are sustained in mind and will-

power and dare to be brave. General
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TUTTLE'S QUEER RECORD.

Something About the Man Who Proposed
to Insult President Cleveland.
Who is "General" J. M. Tuttle, of
Iowa? The circumstances that excite
public interest in this question are
briefly as follows: There is soon to be
a large gathering of Union veterans at
St. Louis. Prominent citizens, think-
ing the occasion a favorable one to
carry out a resolution which they had
formed last year, appointed a delega-
tion to wait on the President and in-
vite him to be present. The commit-
tee went to Washington, extended the
invitation and were informed by Mr.
Cleveland that if nothing untoward
happened it would give him great
pleasure to accept. When the news
of the President's favorable reply was
received it made every body feel hap-
py, with the exception of a small band
of incorrigibles, of whom "General"
J. M. Tuttle seems to be the self-ap-
pointed mouth-piece. It threw them
into a state of ulceration and the Gen-
eral on his own and their behalf im-
mediately declared that if Mr. Cleveland
attended the St. Louis encampment he
and his fellows would "snub and in-
sult" him; for the reason that they
couldn't abide a "copperhead Presi-
dent." Furthermore he denounced
and assailed with great energy of jaw
both General Cox, of Ohio, and Gen-
eral Chamberlain, of Maine.

Who, then, is this "General" J. M.
Tuttle, of Iowa, whose over-boiling
loyalty takes such umbrage at the
courtesy extended to Mr. Cleveland by
the citizens of St. Louis? To-day he is
an obstreperous member of the legion
of Iowa veterans, but twenty-four years
ago, when the country was at the white
heat of war, he was the Democratic
nominee for Governor of Iowa. Against
him the Republicans had placed in
nomination William M. Stone. The
Iowa soldiers in the field were called
upon to say which of these two candi-
dates they preferred. Five regiments
voted in obedience to the call. It must
have been a trying crisis for the super-
sensitive Tuttle. These men were his
neighbors. They had watched his
course, studied his character and knew
him thoroughly. Their decision would
stamp the quality of that loyalty
which, after nearly a quarter
of a century, he ventures to
set above the loyalty of soldiers like
Generals Cox and Chamberlain. When
the ballots were counted it appeared
that Tuttle had received just 49 votes,
while his opponent obtained 1,608.

Later on, during the piping days of
reconstruction, when the strength of
every public man's devotion to the
Union cause was tested in the alembic
of a fierce public opinion, Tuttle chal-
lenged a second ordeal. Then the
gallant Maitre soldier whom he
now denounces had just been
elected Governor of his native
State by an unprecedented majority,
and of the enthusiastic convention
of soldiers and sailors assembled at
Pittsburgh on the 25th of September,
1866, General Cox was chairman.
That convention passed resolutions ex-
pressing joy that the great mass of
those who had worn the uniform op-
posed the policy of Andrew John-
son. Perhaps it is the memory of this
convention that gives edge to the bit-
terness of Tuttle's attack on General
Cox, for the former was at this very
time a delegate to the Philadelphia
gathering of so-called Andrew John-
son "Copperheads," and also the
"Copperhead" candidate for Congress
from the Fifth District of Iowa.

In the face of such a record, Tuttle's
threat to "snub and insult" Mr. Cleve-
land, and his audacity in accusing him
of being a "copperhead President,"
are the very absurdity of malevolence.
He is an example of a class of men
who seek to atone for their doubtful
loyalty in the days when the Nation's
life was at stake by exhibiting an ex-
aggerated spirit of devotion after the
danger and conflict are over. The
fraud betrays itself by the excesses to
which it goes. The distrust of Tuttle
which the Iowa soldiers showed by
their votes in the field is doubly just-
ified by his post bellum impudence and
heart. It is a fair assumption that his
fury was not in the cause and that the
recklessness with which he now
assails veterans of unimpeachable loy-
alty is a proof of the dislike which a
pretender always feels for sincere and
honest men.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A DESPICABLE RINGSTER.
Character of the Recently Elected Sen-
ator from New Hampshire.
Probably no reasonable person will
deny that the people of the United States
turned the Republican party out of
power because of its corrupt affiliation
with corporate jobbers, and because
of the fact that many of its most con-
spicuous leaders were men of known
bad character. The transition from
Chase, Seward, Sumner, Stevens,
Wade, Wilson, Fenton and others to
Dorsey, Clayton, Chandler, Elkins,
Blaine and Mahone was gradual but
marked. Under the first-named men
the party was not beaten. It was the
latter who led it to disaster. With
them at its head it will be easier to
beat it the next time than it was in
1854, and that they will be at its head,
re-aforded, perhaps, by some spoils-
men and disreputables who have not
hitherto come conspicuously to the front
in present appearances, a cer-
tainty. Wherever the party has un-
disputed sway it clings to its discred-
ited and disgraced leaders. The
resurrection of the notorious Bill
Chandler in New Hampshire and his
election to the United States Senate
by the Republicans show that in that
section, as in many others, the immor-

ality of the party is its most conspicu-
ous feature.
William E. Chandler is reprobated
not by Democrats alone, but by all
honest men who can see a rasal bene-
ath the guise of party. The body to
which he was elected rejected him six
years ago when he was appointed
Solicitor-General, and more than one
honest man in that assembly publicly
stigmatized his nomination as the most
shocking that a President ever made.
The William E. Chandler who was for
years a go-between in Washington for
the rings and the corrupt officials of
the Navy Department is the same William
E. Chandler now chosen for high
honor by the Republicans of New
Hampshire. The Bill Chandler who
lobbed for Robeson and Roach
is the Bill Chandler who is now
to become Senator of the United
States. The Bill Chandler whom Sen-
ator Edmunds denounced as charac-
terless and dangerous is the coming
Republican Senator from New England
State. Not a job was engineered in
Washington from the beginning to the
end of the period of profligacy follow-
ing the war in which this same Chan-
dler did not figure. He was Roach's
private agent and Robeson's most trust-
ed friend, as familiar a figure in the
lobby as that of any man who ever
served in that capacity.

A party morally so callous as not to
perceive the degradation which the ele-
vation of such a man as Chandler in-
volves can not appeal successfully to
the American people in their present
temper. Character counts for more
now than it did at one time. The
mere assumption by a party of superior
morality, patriotism and intelligence
can not weigh long as against undub-
itable evidence of brazen immorality and
certain unfitness. While the Chandlers
are at the front of Republicanism the
supremacy of the Democracy should be
and doubtless will be as great as the
most ardent partisan of that faith could
wish.—Chicago Herald.

DASHES HERE AND THERE.
What the Press of the Country Thinks
About Sherman's Springfield Talk.
Richmond (Va.) State: Sherman is
the arch South-hater of his time.
St. Louis Republican: John Sher-
man's Springfield speech advertises
him as a proponent of paleozoic politics.
Chicago News: For President in 1888:
John Sherman of Ohio. Platform: "I
and my mouth against any two."
Alexandria (Va.) Gazette: His hope
of support from the South having been
dissipated, his sole reliance is now
upon the North.
Chicago Tribune: John Sherman is a
great man, but his Presidential boom
appears to be frozen hard enough to
skate on already.
Petersburg (Va.) Index-Appal: The
further John Sherman gets away from
the South the more his speeches seem
to be dominated by the spirit of Miss
Liza Finkston.
Indianapolis News: There is much
that is old and little that is new in his
speech. His aim is to convince his
party that he is the man who should be
his next National nominee.
Chicago Herald: John Sherman ought
to be ashamed to make a speech like
that at Springfield to people who are in
the habit of thinking with their heads.
He is two far West, evidently.
Fort Worth (Tex.) Gazette: While
it must be conceded that Mr. Sherman
is an able man, and that his speech is
skillfully constructed, even his own
party will realize that it is antiquated.
Nashville (Tenn.) Banner: With
all his acknowledged ability as a
statesman, he is weak and small
enough as a politician to pander to the
lowest prejudice to boost himself into
the Presidency.
New York Herald: Senator Sher-
man's great speech in Springfield, Ill.,
will probably prove to be the banana
peel of his political career. The
future will be accomplished in three
movements—a slip up, a slip down
and a slip out.
Savannah (Ga.) News: When Sen-
ator Sherman was in the South, a
short time ago, he softly cooed: "The
war is over." In Illinois he loudly
roared: "The Confederate idea is
still alive, and is about to destroy
our institutions."
Washington Capital: The John
Sherman boom has evidently received
a terrible set-back from that speech of
his at Springfield, Ill. Republicans
who had never talked that way before
are beginning to say they would as
soon nominate Brother Blaine.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch: The at-
tempt to elect Hancock in 1880 on the
cry that Tilden was counted out by
fraud in 1876 did win. Mr. Sherman's
attempt to elect himself on the cry
that Blaine was robbed of the Presi-
dency in 1884 is similarly illogical.
That low-line does not reach him.
Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader: John
Sherman has quite badly broken up
his Presidential boom by such comical
efforts to hit upon the right way to
turn his sails. In the South he was so
glad that a perpetual feeling of unity
existed between the North and South,
and all went for harmony until he
carried his boom over into Illinois,
when he found his friends there had
determined that the only issue they
could make to warm up the people
would be to unfold the old disunion
flag, so he floated the bloody shirt
under a vengeance, and the heebers
cheered to the echo, but he finds the
press of the North as well as the South
criticising his double position, and de-
precating the revival of war issues.
Sherman is therefore sad and his boom
is already withering up. Poor John.

—Miss Shawsgarden (of St. Louis)—
"Your size is No. 5, is it not, Miss
Breezy?" Miss Breezy (of Chicago)—
"Ye-es, I may find a No. 5 desirable at
this season of the year; but when I
have occasion to refer to the melo-
drama I don't say 'dearmy.'"—N. Y.
Sun.

—The Turks, who have ever shown
much enterprise in providing them-
selves with the latest novelties in
arms and munitions of war, have for
some time past been experiment-
ing with the new Nordenfiet subma-
rine torpedo-boat, two of which were
ordered from the inventor last year,
and being sent to Constantinople in
sections, have been now reassembled
in the Imperial dock-yard.—Public
Opinion.

power and dare to be brave. General
Blick Taylor, who never faltered, says
of himself that he never went into bat-
tle but what his cowardly frame trem-
bled and quaked from head to foot.
Just before a battle he would look at
his shaking knees with contempt and
say: "You cowardly scamps, what are
you shaking now for, why don't you
wait until you are in danger?" He
says that, if he had given them the
slightest encouragement, his legs
would have run away with his body
every time.

But panics are worse than a battle;
more demoralizing. I have seen the
shaking Quakers going through their
pious motions and peculiar attitudes.
I have curiously watched and waited
for the first shake of the spiritual leg.
Then another and another would catch
the delicious tremblings until the en-
tire assembly were shuffling their ex-
tremities in hysteric beauty. Just so
the leg panics seemed to inspire the
good people of Atlanta. The first
good shake that occurred on Peach Tree
was a foul contagion that soon spread
its awful trembles from the barracks
to the Fair grounds, sweeping in its
gathering course the excited popula-
tion who peopled its busy streets. All
day and all night long the iron horses
were snorting to the echoing breeze.
Train after train of goods and chattels
moved down the roads, there was no
method in their madness. All kinds
of plunder were tumbled in promiscu-
ously. A huge parlor mirror was set
up at the end of a car and reflected an
assortment of pots and kettles and bar-
rels and baskets and bacon and bed-
steads, all piled up together. Govern-
ment officials all have friends, and of
course they had the preference. Any
clever man, with a charming wife or
pretty sister, could secure a corner in
more cars than one, and I will men-
tion that I have found a good deal of
civility on this account myself. In-
deed, I have always thought that no
man is excusable, who has not got
either the one or the other.

Everywhere was hurrying to and
fro at a lively tune. "What's to-day,
nigger?" said a female darkey with a
hoopstick on her arm. "Taint no day
honey dat eber I seed; yistiddy was
Sunday and I reckon to-day is Runday
from the way de white folks is movin'
about. Yah! Yah! Ain't neferd of
dem Yankee, I ain't, but dem sizin
bumshells kill a nigger fore you can
lick your tongue out; gwine to git
away from here, I is."

I went into a doctor's shop and found
my friend packing up his vials and
medicine. An old skeleton with but
one leg was swinging from the top of
a long box in the corner, looking like
a mournful emblem of the troubled
city.

"Are you going to leave him to
stand guard?" said I. "I suppose I
will," said he, "for I've got no trans-
portation for him."

"Take that screw out his skull,"
said I, "and give him a crutch and he'll
travel. All flesh is moving, and I think
the bones will catch the contagion
soon."

A few doors further a venerable an-
tioneer was surveying the rushing,
running crowd, and every now and then
would raise his arm and exclaim: "Go-
ing, going, going, gone—who's the
bidder?" "Old Father Time," said I.
"He'll get them all before long."

The door of an old friend's residence
swung open to my gaze, and I walked
in. Various gentlemen were discuss-
ing the foul invader over a jug of de-
parting spirits. "I believe I'll un-
pack," said one; "ding'd if I'm afraid
of a blue-tailed fly. I'm going to sit
down and be easy." "In a horn," said
I. Just then a sizzin, singing, crazy
shell sung a short meter hymn right
over the house. "Jake, has that dray
come?" he shouted, as he bounded to
his feet. "Confound that dray, blame
my skin if I'll ever get a dray to move
these things. Boys let's take another
drink!"