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THURSDAY NOVEMBER 23, 1871.

OUR CHOICE FOR PRESIDENT, 1872

U. S. GRANT.

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☞ We copy elsewhere the speech delivered recently at Baton Rouge by Adjutant General George A. Sheridan.

☞ It is asserted that the City Council have agreed to renew the contract with the Firemen's Charitable Association for a term of five years.

☞ The exhibitions at the State Fair are continuing but we understand that things have not generally come up to the mark this year.

☞ Our "phunny" contemporary of the *Abbeville Flay* put in a "fly on a stove" appearance at our headquarters yesterday, and we regret that we hadn't the time to elicit some of those outspoken utterances for which friend Leet is proverbial.

☞ And so the Grand Duke Alexis has safely arrived and been received at the chief city of this great nation, by the men who represent the "best Government the world ever saw." The reception tendered the distinguished visitor is said to exceed in splendor, magnitude and extravagance, any that has ever been given before, not excepting the enthusiastic and magnificent entertainment of the Prince of Wales a few years ago. Our limits prevent us from giving the reception speech and reply.

POSTPONEMENT.—In consequence of the death of Lieutenant Governor O. J. Dunn, the Concert announced by the LOUISIANA PROGRESSIVE CLUB, to take place in the Mechanics' Institute to-morrow evening, is POSTPONED TO TUESDAY DECEMBER 5. All tickets good.

DEATH OF LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR DUNN.

The community was, on Tuesday morning, thrown into a state of great excitement and concern by the intelligence that Lieutenant Governor Dunn was dangerously ill. Inquiry at his residence revealed the truth of the reports. The house was filled with anxious and sympathizing friends of both sexes, and of all ages and conditions. Among whom were his Excellency Governor H. C. Warmoth, Collector Casey, U. S. Marshal S. B. Packard, State Senators P. B. S. Pinchback, J. H. Ingraham, A. E. Barber, Ed. Butler, O. F. Hansaker, A. J. Sypher; Congressman J. Hale Sypher, Gen. G. A. Sheridan; Representatives F. C. Antoine, B. Geddes, J. Henri Burch, R. M. J. Kenner, W. G. Johnson, J. W. Quinn, W. B. Barrett; Messrs. G. E. Paris, A. B. Jackson, A. Kenner, L. Kenner, F. McK. Dunn, R. B. Baquie, Dr. R. I. Cromwell, Hon. G. W. Carter, Speaker, and Wm. Vigers, Chief Clerk House of Representatives, Police Commissioners Baldy, Robinson, Ray, Raynall, Baker and Isabelle, and a host of others who continued throughout the entire day and night of Tuesday to hasten to the home of the sufferer to ascertain his condition and watch the progress of the grave events. A host of anxious lady friends were also in Mr. Dunn's room and the one in which Mrs. and Miss Fanny Dunn were, in a disconsolate and inconsolable condition.

Drs. Scott, Hard, Beach and Stone were in consultation in a room adjoining the one in which the sufferer lay. Entering this apartment was to be seen the distinguished sufferer his eyes closed, mouth shut and jaws locked with tetanic fastness, evidently in a state of utter unconsciousness. His breathing was heavy and short, accompanied with symptoms of the fearful death rattle. Hurried enquiry into the nature of the disease and the length of time he had been suffering, we ascertained that the Lieutenant Governor was taken on Sunday afternoon with a slight cold, and towards evening the indisposition was of such a character as to necessitate his going to bed. During the night his condition did not improve and early on Tuesday morning the family physician Dr. Beach was summoned, who found his patient in a critical condition symptoms of pneumonia and congestion of the brain exhibiting themselves. The remedies applied failed to afford any relief and the patient's condition grew worse. The apprehension of friends was aroused and a consultation of physicians resolved on, the result of which was that they considered Mr. Dunn in a very dangerous condition, indeed one from which there was scarcely any hope of recovery. The news of this state of things spread like "wild fire" and the residence of Mr. Dunn became the scene of a continued stream of men women and children anxiously enquiring into the condition of the distinguished sufferer.

No signs of improvement exhibiting themselves, in the afternoon another consultation was held and Drs. Bruns, Roudanez and Ferris added to the Board. The result of which was that his case was declared hopeless and the near approach of death announced. From that time the leaden hand of despair might be recognized as it pressed its cold and heavy hand on the multitude of personal friends who each evidently felt, the utter helplessness of man, and even while prepared to almost lay down his life for his friend."

Affectionate hands soothing the temples, and moistening a linen rag that lay across the forehead of the dying patient, and wiping the slow and occasional oozing of blood from the mouth and nostrils were all that could be done. All during the evening and night it was manifest that only the robust constitution of the sufferer enabled him so long to ward off the approaches of the "grim monster," whose embrace the watchers had been told to expect at any moment.

The Lieutenant Governor nevertheless lingered throughout Tuesday night and only yielded up the conflict at about 6 o'clock yesterday morning. The funeral of the distinguished deceased will take place this afternoon at 2 o'clock, when his memory will without doubt receive those exalted and universal tributes of respect and admiration which are due.

And thus, suddenly and unexpectedly has passed away in the prime of life, in the forty-sixth year of his life, the Honorable Oscar J. Dunn, the first colored Lieutenant Governor of Louisiana, leaving a host of friends and a disconsolate widow to lament his untimely removal.

In token of respect the flags at the State House and Customhouse are flying at half-mast. Several galleries are draped in mourning and in many places are to be seen the insignia of death.

☞ The Shreveport *Southwestern* complacently discourses "thusly" on the next Congressman for the district in which Caddo is:

"The Governor, we presume, will in due time act upon the suggestion of the death of General McCleery, and order an election to fill the vacancy. Meanwhile it would be well for our influential citizens to consult together as to the fittest man for the succession. It should be borne in mind, that the member elect can only fill an unexpired term, and so far as our interests are concerned, that he can, in all probability, only act upon the business already on the calendar, and left over from the last session. This renders it more important that we should send a well informed, practical representative to Congress, who will give his undivided attention to our local interests. In consequence of General McCleery's ill-health, last session, he did not reach Washington until a late period of the session, indeed just before the adjournment. His predecessor was never in this section and knows nothing about its wants. It has therefore resulted, that this Congressional District has practically been without a representative since the war. Our interests would have been entirely overlooked but for Senator Kellogg, to whom our people owe many obligations.

We need a first class man now, and we hope such a one can be found."

AN UNFOUNDED SUSPICION.

A rumor springing out of the suspicion attaching to ignorance and superstition, gained some currency on Tuesday last, to the effect that the Lieutenant Governor had been poisoned. Apart from the unlikeliness of the story, and independent of those considerations which could easily be suggested in opposition to so visionary a hallucination, we are glad that the well-known ability and integrity of the staff of medical men who attended Mr. Dunn in his illness give an emphatic and indignant denial to any such accusation. They have unanimously decided after an autopsy that it was a case of Congestion OF THE BRAIN.

Nevertheless there was a lingering disposition on the part of a few to stubbornly resist the reception of this only competent testimony and maintain their chimerical notion at all hazards.

It is as unfortunate, as it is true that there are certain classes of people, whose minds suspicion is always haunting; and whose superstitious natures, and lack of knowledge induce them to attribute every disaster, every catastrophe that overtakes themselves or the rest of mankind, to some second hand agency, and are ever ready to interpret events by the measure of their effect on their own designs. And thus if serious interference occurs, or disaster of any kind overtakes a community, a class, a family, or an individual there are always at hand some "so withered and so wild" to attribute it to the machinations of some special adversary, and forth with the afflicted and their sympathizing friends are indoctrinated into the belief of the most monstrous absurdities. Refusing to recognize the interference with their plans, as one of the ordinary vicissitudes of life, or of that large class of important events which orthodox christianity assigns to the special Providence of an inscrutable power, who for the furtherance of plans and purposes not dreamt of in our finite and erring philosophy frequently disappoints our most cherished schemes and overthrows our best laid plans they suspect "foul play."

Mr. Dunn's death at this juncture is naturally looked on as a disaster to that wing of the Republican party with which he was so closely allied. But, with not a particle of disrespect or under estimation of a man over whose remains the stillness and seclusion of the tomb are about to close, we must say that there was no danger apprehended from the tremendous power which the deceased would have brought into the field when he should have made his appearance "before the people" in '72. Again. The party's arms are sufficiently Briarean and its heart pulsates affectionately enough to all its true and worthy sons to have provided in the future as in the past for Mr. Dunn, and his republicanism would doubtless have dictated to him in the prospect of party peril to subordinate his dearest wishes, his loftiest ambitions to the success of his party. Repudiating the absurd notion of his being foully dealt with, let all sensible persons take a rational view of matters and as men who are passing from "change to change" continually, resignedly drink our share of the cup of that misfortune and those "ills which flesh is heir to."

GREAT REPUBLICAN MEETING AT BATON ROUGE.

Speech of General George A. Sheridan, of New Orleans.

THE MIRROR HELD UP TO THE BOLTERS

Casey's Measure Taken, Carter's Sinuosities Traced, and Pitkin Impaled.

PRESIDENT GRANT RECEIVES A GENTLE HINT.

Shall Ballots or Bayonets Decide Elections?

FELLOW CITIZENS—I am very happy this evening to meet so many of the good citizens of this parish. I have ever regarded this parish and those surrounding it as among the most charming and productive sections of Louisiana, and their people as industrious, thriving and law-abiding. I do not wonder that the people who live here love the parish and wish to see it prosperous and happy. You have every reason to be proud of this beautiful country. Nature has been very kind and used her hand unsparingly for your benefit.

Hundreds who are listening to me now were born here, have seen their children grow up around them, or perhaps have followed them with stricken hearts to the quiet of the churchyard and laid them away to sleep forever.

Many who are here to-day listened with hushed breath and anxious hearts through years that seemed unending to catch the sound of the bells that rang solemnly the death of human bondage, and felt their souls grow strong when the knell was over and the same bells filled the heavens and earth with glorious music as they rang in the days of freedom for the patient bondsmen. All things combine, my friends, to make you love Louisiana, for here you have passed through the shadows, and here you have seen the cause of truth and justice prevail against the strong and mighty. I have come here to-day to rejoice with you that your night is over, and that your "lines have fallen unto you in pleasant places." I have come to take counsel with you as to the best measures to be taken to preserve not only your liberties, but the liberties of the whole people. I was not born in Louisiana, but I love her, and will raise my voice or arm in her defense when her rights are invaded or her people oppressed. I raise my voice to-day because her rights have been invaded and the voice of her people silenced by the intrusion of armed forces in to their council's.

I believe I should be false to myself, false to all that is right and just, if I kept silence when I see bad men attempting to crush out free speech and control the delegates of the people by armed troops. You have heard the story of the recent convention; I will not detail it at length; let me simply group the facts concerning it. The picture stands as follows:

A State restored to the Union, peace and quiet reigning within all her borders. A great political party calls a convention; delegates are elected; they repair to the city of New Orleans; they seek the place designated for their meeting; they find the building where they are to meet filled with soldiers, guarded with cannon, closed against themselves and the people. The Governor of the State demands admittance for himself and near a hundred of the people's delegates. Admission is refused. He asks the reason for such refusal; for answer he is pointed to armed glittering bayonets. When the voice is lifted up in manly protest against such insult to the people, the tragic sounds, the soldiers stand to their guns, and his words are drowned by the rattle of muskets; bayonets win the day, the delegates of the people withdrew. The issue is made between bayonets and the people's rights. Throughout the land the news is flashed that in Louisiana a political convention has been insulted by the presence of United States troops before its doors; without exception, the Republican papers of the country denounce the outrage and demand the instant punishment of the instigators of the shameful wrong. Such, briefly told, is the history of the outrage we have suffered. Two conventions, each claiming to be Republican, ask your support. The first held in the United States Customhouse, behind a line of bayonets, that excluded the people or their representatives from a voice in its deliberations. The other held quietly and peacefully in a building where the people were free to come and go, as pleased them best. The first denounced from one end of the land to the other as a promoter of discord, as an advocate of a return to bayonet rule, as an assembly of sycophants crawling in the dust to pay homage to the hand that feeds or smites them. The other, hailed throughout the country as the legal representative of its party, the bold defender of the people's liberties.

The leaders of the military convention, quailing before the storm they have raised, seek to divert the attention of the people from themselves and their high handed outrage by assailing Governor Warmoth personally and politically. Their charges are of all kinds and characters. I propose to look at some of the charges made by the foiled and beaten enemies of the Governor. They are boldly made up, and shall be as boldly met.

The enemies of the Governor charge him with receiving bribes; but when put to the proof, as they have been time after time, the charge falls to the ground.

They charge the Governor with stealing the public moneys, and he answers by producing vouchers for every dollar of public funds that has ever passed through his hands.

The charge that the Governor was dismissed from the army, and the Governor answers by producing the order restoring him to his position, and declaring that "his dismissal was uncalled for and unjust."

They charge the Governor with having embezzled the funds of the government in Texas, and he answers by producing the proofs that he honestly accounted for all moneys he had belonging to the United States.

They charge the Governor with falsifying the public records, and he answers by suspending from office one of his defamers for publishing as law that which had no legal existence.

They charge Governor Warmoth with plundering the people by means of infamous bills passed by his influence through the Legislature, and for answer he points to his hundred vetoes of bills he believed would work injustice to the people of Louisiana.

They charge the Governor with being in league with the Ku-Klux, and for answer the Governor points to the north, the south, to the east and the west of this great commonwealth, and his defamers behold industry, peace and plenty.

They charge the Governor has not at heart the education of colored children, and for answer he points to the school houses that are rising in every parish of this State, and sowing broadcast among the people their elevating and ennobling influences.

The enemies of the Governor charge him with having appointed Democrats to office, and he replies by producing the written indorsement of unquestioned Republicans upon the application of nearly every Democrat he ever appointed. He even produces the indorsement of that eminent Republican, S. B. Packard, president of the military convention, to the application of a Democrat for appointment to office.

The Governor is charged with endeavoring to insult and degrade the people of this State by fostering hostility between its people, and keeping alive the bitter memories of the war. For answer he points to the repeal of the disfranchising clause of our State constitution, a measure proposed by himself, and advocated in every speech he made during our last political campaign.

Strange to say, following close upon the heels of this charge comes one that the Governor is betraying his trust by organizing "ex-rebels" into the militia of the State. The Governor acknowledges the truth of the charge, and points to the militia law, which left him no alternative, if he organized the militia at all. For vindication of his course, the Governor points proudly to the battalions styled "ex-rebels," and asks his defamers to point out wherein they have proved themselves unfit for soldiers, or unworthy of the trust and confidence placed in them. The Governor recalls to the minds of his traducers a day not long since passed when New Orleans was filled with rumors of riot and bloodshed, and its streets were crowded with an angry and excited populace, and he asks who, of all the militia organizations of the State, displayed a cooler and more nifty courage than the men his enemies call "ex-rebels," when they held in check the mob that roared and surged around them. He asks who of all the good citizens of that city did not breathe freer and easier to know that "Mason" and "Owen" (both ex-rebels), backed by stalwart men, stood ready to pour out their blood if called upon to crush riot and protect the helpless. Governor Warmoth, my friends, does not wish to keep alive memories that to all of us (no matter which side of the great conflict we have taken) are fraught with sadness; he approved of organizing ex-confederates into the militia for many reasons; he believed that confidence on his part would beget confidence in return; he believed that soldiers who had been faithful to one flag would not prove untrue to another. Governor Warmoth perhaps remembered that long ago one of England's best kings set a noble example to future rulers by giving place and power to the chief instigators of a rebellion that had threatened his throne with destruction.

He might have rembered too, that one of the first acts of England's great earl of Chatham, when raised to power, was to place weapons in the hands of some clans of Scotland that had been disarmed for participation in rebellion, an act that was hailed as one of wise statesmanship throughout the British empire, and found its reward in the splendid courage the reinstated Highlanders displayed as to the wild, shrill music of Scotland's bagpipes they charged through the foes of England in every quarter of the globe. Aside from law or precedent, the Governor's course in relation to the militia has been splendidly vindicated by the conduct of the men so insultingly styled "ex-rebels" by his slanderers. Unless the enemies of the Governor can find some better excuse for assailing him than his militia experiment, they will fail sadly in their attempt to weaken the confidence of the people in his administration.

Governor Warmoth is charged with being a "carpet-bagger." To this grave charge he bows down his head and pleads guilty, and simply says he has a right to be one; that America is open to all the world, that her streams flow alike for rich and poor, that her forests bend as quickly in homage to the stranger's strength as to the strength of native born, that her mountains yield up their buried treasures alike to blue-eyed Saxon, and dusky Ethiopian. The Governor believes as I do, that in this land of freedom every man has a right to go where he pleases and win for himself the best he can. Carpet-bagging, my friends, is almost as old as the world; it commenced in the infancy of the creation and has been zealously followed by all peoples and tribes from the hour of its birth until to-day. "Carpet-bagism," though a term of reproach, is to the world what the blood is to the body, what the air is to the lungs, what the rains and dews of heaven are to the parched and thirsty earth—it is the life of the world. Empires and kingdoms rise in its track; it waves its magic wand, and on the sites of desolation stately temples rear their heads, and mighty marts of trade spring into life and action. Superstitions flee from before its face, and ignorance combs out its matted locks and sits obedient at its feet, learning lessons of truth and wisdom. Its disciples shrink from no danger, pause at no defeat; no mountains are too high for them to climb, no sea too broad to cross, too deep to sound. Its enemies are those who kneel before an altar where the lights are dim and all the worship soulless; they are the foes of truth and right, the enemies of human progress. Wrapped up in memories of the past, they do not see the onward pace at which the world goes whirling onward. They fail to catch the spirit of the age in which they live, and mourn until their worthless lives are spent, and other and more useful men step in and take their places.

Governor Warmoth has faults, for he is human. He has and will make mistakes. He has sworn to support the constitution and see the laws faithfully executed. We believe that when called upon to do his duty he does it honestly and without fear. We believe so, because we know his conscience stands ever pointing with solemn finger to the oath that he has registered on high to support the constitution—not as you understand it, not as I understand it, but as he, according to the best judgment God has given him, understands it. We say that Governor Warmoth's administration has been characterized by a sincere desire to be a just and wise ruler. We say to the Republicans that his voice was among the first to sound the battle cry of "franchise for all without regard to race, color or previous condition," that, under his leadership, and mainly by his genius, the Republican party in Louisiana assumed shape and form, and marched onward to triumphant success. We say that his administration has restored the public credit, because, under it, the obligations of the State have been promptly met. We say that under his administration quiet and peace reign throughout the State; that political ostracism has been modified and free speech vindicated; that internal improvements have been fostered by judicious and wise assistance. We say that under his administration society has been protected by the prompt punishment of those who warred against it; that respect for human life has been increased by the execution of men whose hands have been dyed in the blood of their fellow men. We say that the Governor is not responsible for the large increase of the public debt, for his hand has been swift to hold in check hasty legislation, and his vetoes of bad acts stand upon record to his credit. We say that the bitter and vindictive assaults of his enemies are a tribute to the honesty of his purpose, wrung from men who found him posted squarely in their way when they sought to plunder the people of the State. We say that Governor Warmoth has been, and will continue to be the leader of his party in this State, and that in the future, as in the past, success will crown the banner he unfurls.

I wish now to say a few words in relation to some of the men who are so bitterly assailing the Governor. I shall try and be just to each of whom I may speak. I shall not state anything I do not believe to be true, or anything I shall fear to have thoroughly sifted.

And first, for Mr. Casey. Who is Mr. Casey? Is he a Republican? If so, how long has he been one? Was he a Republican in the organization of the party in Louisiana? If so, why has Mr. Packard so often and so bitterly denounced him as a Democrat? Why, if Mr. Casey is and has always been a good Republican, did Mr. Packard oppose his nomination for collector of the port of New Orleans? Why did he oppose his confirmation by the Senate? Why did he, as chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, backed by almost the entire committee, make a peremptory demand upon the President for Mr. Casey's removal? If Mr. Casey has always been a good Republican, why did Mr. Packard seek to combine the entire Republican press of Louisiana against him? Why did he seek to secure the signatures of the members of both branches of the Legislature to a petition for his removal? Why did he denounce any man who sustained Mr. Casey in his course as an enemy of the Republican party? Mr. Packard says he did all these things because Casey was a Democrat. So much for Mr. Packard's course toward and opinion of Mr. Casey in the past. Mr. Casey is collector of the port of New Orleans—that is, he holds the position. He has many friends, all of them Customhouse employes; but never a one yet has asserted that Casey had any ability. His enemies have been uncharitable enough to say that he was as near a fool as a man could be and miss being an absolute idiot. My own opinion of Mr. Casey is, that he only needs some commanding position to justify alike the opinions of his friends and his enemies.

I do not think Mr. Casey ever had a friend he has not or would not betray for a less sum than swerved Judas Iscariot. I do not think Mr. Casey has a particle of self-respect, for he is now licking dust from boots that a brief while since were lifted to kick him from his position. Mr. Casey is peculiar; he is like the mathematical definition of a point—he has "position but not magnitude;" he is a perfect surface, he has length and breadth but no depth; in politics he is like a curved line, he "changes his direction at every point." Mr. Casey is of no earthly importance, save from the fact that he is the brother-in law of President Grant. Of the manifold annoyances with which the President is beset we know of none greater than that of the relation existing between himself and Mr. Casey. We believe the President will, before long, see the absurdity of relying upon Mr. Casey for political support in Louisiana. We believe the President would to-day remove Mr. Casey were it not for the belief he has that he could not make a living in any community if he were out of office. We regard Mr. Casey as of no benefit to the party with which he is now associated, because we know he will desert them should the President frown even for a moment upon the usurpers of whom Mr. Casey has the audacity to imagine he is a leading spirit. Mr. Casey's motto in politics is: "Just whistle and I'll come to you, my lad." In conclusion, let me say of Mr. Casey: "God made him, therefore let him pass for a man."

GEORGE W. CARTER.

Unlike Mr. Casey, George W. Carter has never been accused of lacking brains. Unquestionably the ablest and most dangerous man in the military convention, he is to be respected for his talent, and feared for his ability to do evil. Cool, wary and treacherous, the evil he does is measured only by the opportunity he has for doing it. I know Colonel Carter well, and have often paid willing tribute to his genius. Roll Casey, Packard, Pitkin, Lowell, and a dozen more like them together, and the combination would not possess a tithe of the talent Colonel Carter is master of. His hand is seen in every move the military convention made—in every line they have ever written. Read the letters of Governor Dunn to Horace Greeley and Governor Warmoth; the sharp thrusts, the skillful parry, the well turned sentences of Colonel Carter are the shining gold dust in these deposits of mud and sand. Take the letters as the miner no dirt; pan them out and in the bottom of the pan you will find a face like a benediction looking into yours, and that face is Carter's.

I shall say nothing of Mr. Carter's private history. Every man has his heart griefs, that should be safe from the thrusts of his most vindictive enemy. Mr. Carter's private life is his own; if he has erred, the error does not hurt you and me; his life is yours and mine so far as that life has been a public one, no farther. Mr. Carter has, according to his own statement, been a minister of the gospel; he has preached Christ and Him crucified, and broken the bread of the Lord to hungry and wasting souls. According to Mr. Carter's own admission, he has made a fearful backslide; he has been one of those preachers who—

"Points the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst like a puffed and reckless libertine
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede."

Gifted with great powers, George W. Carter had, as a minister of the gospel, a noble field before him; a field wherein all his eloquence, all his genius could be exerted to lift humanity up to higher and better planes of thought; but he failed to realize the majesty of the position he assumed; he stripped from his shoulders the mantle he wore, and driving from his heart all Christian virtues, clasped hands with sin, and in the open light of day, hastened, without a blush of shame upon his face, to throw himself into the arms of vice and drink deep draughts from fountains whose waters have never yet been shadowed by the faces of approving angels. I do not believe, my friends, that a man whose conduct has brought disgrace upon himself and shame and sorrow to the hearts of those who listened to his counsels, ought to be taken as a leader of any party that claims or hopes to gain the people's confidence. Let us examine Mr. Carter in another role which he assumed, and see if his conduct will bear the test of honest scrutiny. When the election of Mr. Lincoln determined the people of the South to wage war against the the United States, every man in the South was compelled to define his position; how did Mr. Carter stand upon the great question of the hour?

Mr. Carter says he advocated the war because he believed secession was right. His opinion had not been formed in passion, but was the result of long and earnest study of the questions that had for thirty years shaken the nation, and at last brought the North and South to the very verge of armed conflict. When peaceable secession could not be accomplished, what did Mr. Carter do? Why, he sought to cause the people of his State to array themselves against the United States. I have been told that in the early days of the rebellion his voice rang out clear and strong for war. I have been told that his fiery and impassioned eloquence in behalf of Southern rights stirred to new life the sluggish blood of the old, and roused into livid heat the blood of the young. I have been told that, moved by his fervor, mothers gave up their song and wives their husbands to his keeping, in the full faith that if he brought them not back he would at least lead them where they could die nobly.

The war is over, the battle flags are furled, and only such memories as haunt empty chairs and vacant firesides remain to tell of the great conflict. How stands Mr. Carter now? Does he still believe he was right? Does he speak kindly and softly of the brave who have fallen? Does he bow down his head in common with the people of this land, and mourn with them because of the desolation and woe that keeps watch and guard over once fruitful fields and teeming cities? No, he does nothing of the kind. Mr Carter now says he "is glad the South was defeated;" glad that his people were defeated; so glad that he makes unseemly haste and goes stumbling over the graves of his buried comrades—graves that he helped to ridge up over all this land—to strike hands with his conquerors and receive from them the price of treachery. Do you believe Mr. Carter is glad that this land is desolate, glad that the flag his comrades fought under has gone forever down? God! if he is glad I should think the faces of the man he led to death would startle him at noonday and their lips hiss curses in his ears at twilight; I should think sleep would never visit his pillow; I should think the air of night about him would be filled with the rustle of avenging angels' wings. It is hard enough, my friends, for the people of this land to hear men of Northern birth and principles say they are glad the South was defeated, but it is still harder for them to listen to reproaches from the lips of one whose voice was potent in bringing about a conflict where all they staked was lost. Was Mr. Carter sincere in arging on the war? If so, is he now sincere in saying what he does? I do not believe he was sincere in 1860, I do not believe he is sincere now. Mr. Carter claims now to be a Republican, and yet says he was not elected upon a Republican platform, but upon his "confederate record." What was that record? Was it a record full of generous deeds and noble courage? Was it a record such as a man, even though his cause was lost, might be proud to leave for his children and his children's children to read over, certain that their eyes would moisten and their hearts throb quicker, as they read the story of duty nobly done? Was it such a record as set his name and fame forever in the hearts of men who rode by his side into the smoke and cloud that were filled with the deadly tempest of battle? Was it such a record as will cause the student of history to linger over the pages whereon it is written? He may have such a record as I have painted, but if he has he has failed to show either his friends or his enemies the pages whereon it is recorded. When Mr. Carter is confronted with charges of insincerity he says his opinions have changed. I know men change. I can understand how a man may accept an office from a government he has battled against—accept office as a means of saving, not plundering, his people—accept office to stay the tide of oppression that is too apt to follow in the wake of civil conflicts. I look in vain over Mr. Carter's record for evidence that he accepted office for his people's good. I do not find that he has originated any great public measure of reform. I do not find Mr. Carter in recorded opposition to any scheme of plunder that came before the Legislature, over which he last year presided, and which under his administration cost the State near a million dollars. In brief, I find nothing that inclines me to believe that his republicanism to-day is any more sincere than his religion was ten years ago, or than his advocacy of secession was in 1860. Mr. Carter is the sworn enemy of Governor Warmoth, and in this, as in every other act of his life, he shows treachery, cruel ingratitude. When George W. Carter came to New Orleans, three years ago, he came sick and needy—why, my friends, Lazarus was a capitalist compared to Carter when he first came to Louisiana; he appealed to Governor Warmoth for aid and, like the Samaritan of old, the Governor stooped by his side and ministered to his wants, put clothes upon his back, shoes upon his feet; gave him food and shelter; gave him money to buy the medicines he needed to restore a system weakened and shattered by disease; lifted him up with kindly hands; gave him place and power, both of which he now uses to stab the friend who has favored him so greatly. Governor Warmoth is assailed by Mr. Carter for the same reason that he is assailed by others of his enemies—simply because he stood in his way in matters of legislation. Run over the entire list of Governor Warmoth's enemies and you can not find one whose enmity does not date from the hour when the Governor vetoed some pet measure of theirs. First comes Carter; his enmity began when Warmoth vetoed the new Slaughterhouse bill—a bill begotten by Carter, and urged by him with all his ability. Lowell, another of the Governor's enemies, dates his opposition to him from the hour he vetoed the Ship Island Canal swindle, and refused to sign one or two other *honest measures* of the great light of the Red river country. Dunn's opposition to the Governor was fanned into open hostility when the Governor refused to sign a bill increasing his salary some thousands of dollars. Casey's heart was fired when Warmoth declined to sign a certain "shed" bill in which Mr. Casey was an incorporator, and which little bill would have been of great pecuniary interest to our "brother-in law." Herwig was also interested in the same little job, and hates the Governor for interfering with his arrangements. Packard had his modest "Nicolson pavement" bill, and upon Warmoth's refusal to sign it, discovered that the Governor was not a good Republican, and ought to be repudiated. George W. Carter, who has been the recipient of so many favors from Governor Warmoth's hand, instead of defending his friend, joins in the cry against him, and so we see he will destroy him. Mark this one thing, my friends, when you hear Mr. Carter and his disappointed band of honest legislators denouncing the Governor. Not one of them dare say it can prove you guilty of this or that specific charge." I have no confidence in Mr. Carter's political integrity, for his opinions are like the sands of the seashore, shifting with every ebb or flow of the ocean tides. He has been false in every footstep of his public life, and stands before this community without a shadow of claim to the confidence he asks. I believe good men of all parties should unite to frown into obscurity a man like George W. Carter, whose only claim to advancement is that he has been upon all sides of all questions, and a pledge that in the future he will be ready to desert one friend for another or one cause for another.

I come now to speak of a party by the name of Pitkin—J. R. G. Pitkin—a name of sounding syllables and ponderous dignity—orator, poet, statesman and appraiser in the Customhouse.

"His humor is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue fired, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behavior vain, ridiculous and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, * * * * He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."

There, you have him described by the master genius of Shakespeare. When you add to this description that Pitkin is one of those "rackers of orthography" who make fools stare and wise men hold their sides for fear of bursting, you have him well portrayed. Mr. Pitkin assails Governor Warmoth in long letters published in various sheets, that take them as country papers do advertisements of quack medicine to "fill up" with.

Governor Warmoth, a while since, charged Mr. Pitkin with having been in both federal and confederate armies; charged that he deserted from the latter, and took extraordinary means to secure his discharge from the former. Mr. Pitkin replies in a four-column letter, acknowledging that he was first in the confederate army, but denying that he deserted. He also acknowledges that he was in the federal army, but denies that he used any but fair means to secure his discharge. The admissions he makes are enough to condemn him in any community. A man who in a twelvemonth can be upon both sides of a question of such magnitude as that involved in our great war, can not expect people to have great confidence in either his judgment, sincerity or patriotism. He stands before the community in the character of a mental and moral gymnast whose evolutions are so rapid and varied as to give people no time to decide exactly the position he assumes.

Mr. Pitkin confesses to have been in both armies, the reasons that induced him to act as he did are too profound for common people to understand. How Mr. Pitkin got out of the respective services is unknown to me, but I have heard it intimated by those familiar with the gentleman that all parties, federal and confederate, were glad to see him go, and made no inquiries as to the method by which they were relieved of his presence. Mr. Pitkin says Governor Warmoth was a coward in battle. I suppose Mr. Pitkin was brave in battle. Will he be kind enough to show us some scars he received? Will he favor us with the name of the field or fields whereon he distinguished himself? The truth is, Mr. Pitkin was one of those men who doffed the gray uniform he wore, and forgot the oath he had taken, at the first murmur in the air that foretold the coming on of battle, and left the men he now abuses as rebels to stand the fiery storm before which his unsteady heart beat down in quaking terror. Notwithstanding rumor speaks unkindly of Mr. Pitkin's warlike achievements, he would have us believe him a valiant warrior. When he tries this we exclaim, as did of old,

"Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it, for shame,
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs."

Mr. Pitkin is unstable, a busy meddler in affairs, his opinions valueless, his attacks harmless. He is a mere bag of wind that like the toy balloons we see upon the streets, needs only to be unstopped to emit strange but unmeaning sounds. Mr. Pitkin can not rescue himself from insignificance by attacking Governor Warmoth, as he is now doing. He must make his charges clearer and convince the people that the Governor is corrupt. If he can do this, he will accomplish something worthy of record, but if he fails, as he certainly will, the people will simply say he has added one more reason to the many already existing for the contempt they hold him in.

Of Packard, I have only this to say: He is the mere reflection of Carter, who uses him as he pleases. Herwig is not of enough importance to demand even a rebuke; he has his own little ends to accomplish, and will, doubtless, succeed.

* * * *

My friends, I love the Republican party. I love the Republican party because its battle cry of no more slave territory, in 1860, thrilled my heart. I love it because it loved the Union and declared it "one and indivisible." I love it because at its behest a million men ranged themselves in line of battle and marched grandly down upon the foes of freedom. I love it because it never faltered when the heavens were dark and the struggle seemed all but hopeless. I love it because it crushed rebellion and proclaimed that under its banners all men were free. I love it because it gave the ballot to black and white alike. I love it because I believe it will stand forever by principles and rights, and seek to lead the nation forward in the path of truth and progress. While the party is not faultless, its deeds of goodness so much outbalance those of wrong, that, in my heart of hearts, I yield it willing homage, and shall never fail to stand with it in every measure of return. I have not attacked the friends, but rather the enemies of my party. I have done this because I believe their conduct is anti-republican and dangerous to freedom. I have attacked them because they have attacked a Republican Governor by hurling charges to his face they know are groundless, thereby bringing not only him, but through him the Republican party into disrepute, and opening wide a door through which our enemies may rush upon us and destroy whatever of good we may have achieved. We tell the gentlemen who manipulated the military convention that Louisiana is not now, nor has she been these many years, in rebellion; her people, as a rule, are law abiding; they long since laid down their arms and commenced the hard and bitter task of building up again their shattered fortunes. Good men of the Republican party bade them God speed in their efforts, and have listened to their complaints and promised them such aid as lay in their power. One by one the remnants of the army have been withdrawn. One by one the restrictions of military rule have been swept away, until at last the people began to hope the era of civil government had dawned; began to think the Republican party would keep its word, and leave the people free to choose such form of government as they desired. Just at this moment—just when hope revived, and better days seemed dawning—the tramp of soldiers, the flash of bayonets and the roll of cannon dispelled their hopes." We say to the President of the United States that the conduct of his officials has shattered the faith of the people in Republicanism. We tell the President that soldiers are not needed at either Republican or Democratic conventions in Louisiana. We call upon him to rebuke the men who openly declare he sustains them in their measures, and give, as a reason for his support, that he wishes to crush the Governor because he believes he is opposed to his renomination. We tell the President this is not a question of nominations or elections;" it is one of principles.

It is not a question of who shall receive the vote of Louisiana for President, but it is a question as to whether a President shall instruct the army under his control to throw the State conventions, and thus silence supposed opposition to his future advancement