CALCASIEU DEMOCRATS.

ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING OF CITIZENS AT LAKE CHARLES.

Addresses by Gov. McEnery and Messrs. Eustis, Goldthwaite, Lafargue, Burke, Jonas, Kruttschnitt and Gutheim--Grand Torchlight Procession at Night.

LAKE CHARLES, Nov. 19.—The citizens of Calcasieu were out en masse to-day to do honor to the Chief Executive of the State and other visitors. The mammoth mass meeting which the occasion brought forth was not alone confined, so far as attendance was concerned, to the people of the parish, but was materially supplemented from neighboring parishes and from the State generally. Indeed, so great were the additions to the population of beautiful Lake Charles that the hotels and other public places of entertainment were not only tested to their fullest capacity, but private residences had likewise to be brought into requisition to accommodate the gathering crowds.

Conspicuous among those who were present to participate in the meeting were many of the prominent men of the State, and these were not all. Fair women were there also, costumed in all those charming colors which art and fashion contribute to the still further adornment of that beauty which woman inherited from her of Eden. Incoming trains, buggies, wagons and every conceivable vehicle lined the various roads entering the city, and all were laden with Democrats, eager and anxious to participate in the great Democratic mass meeting.

Many of the principal streets of the thriving and prosperous little city were appropriately decorated with flags and a profuse display of bunting. The grand rallying place was gay with bright colors, and the grand stand, located in a beautiful park of tall and luxuriant oaks, immediately in rear of the town, was elaborately ornamented with flowers, evergreens, moss, grasses, flags, etc., all woven into lovely and attractive combinations.

The sound of music and the occasional boom of the deep-mouthed cannon imparted additional zest and interest to the occasion. Throughout the

GREATEST ENTHUSIASM PREVAILED,

and the reception accorded the Governor by all classes served as an emphatic and unqualified indorsement of his administration as the Chief Executive of the State, as well as of the important and imperishable work accomplished through him.

Since his arrival in the city he has received and shaken hands with hundreds of people. The day did not open as auspiciously as one would like to have had it. The sky looked murky, and for a time it was thought that it would fall, but by and by the sun gained the supremacy, and from that on until the close of the meeting the weather was sufficient for all reasonable purposes.

The signal for falling into ranks was given by the firing of a gun. At 10:30 a. m. the procession, headed by the Lake City Cornet Band, proceeded to the grove where the meeting was to take place. Gov. McEnery, Major E. A. Burke, United States Senator Eustis, ex-Senator B. F. Jonas, Messrs. E. B. Krutschnitt, Alfred Goldthwaite and Meyer Gutheim, of New Orleans, and L. Lafargue, of Avoyelles, were the orators of the occasion, and members of the press occupied seats in carriages, the remainder of the immense throng making the trip on foot. The following comprised the

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

Messrs. J. P. Geary, W. L. Hutchins, D. J. Reid, L. Kaufman, H. C. Drew, Jacob Ryan, J. W. Bryan, Robert Swift, D. S. A. Harmon, A. J. Perkins, Dr. E. J. Lyons and J. G. Powell, chairman.

Following was the committee on provisions: Robert Swift, J. C. Golden, W. L. Hutchins, William Meyer, A. J. Reid, George Edwards, Adolph Meyer, D. J. Reid, J. W. Bryan, Jacob Ryan, James P. Geary.

Reception Committee--Adolph Meyer, J. W. Bryan, Jacob Ryan, Joseph Eckert and J. P. Geary.

Committee on Decorations--Mrs. A. J. Perkins, Mrs. George Lock, Mrs. Thomas Kleinpeter, Mrs. Thos. Hanson, Mrs. Thos. R. Reynolds, Mrs. Alex. Reid and Mrs. C. T. Perkins.

The above committees are deserving of the greatest possible credit for the manner in which they performed their respective duties.

The meeting was called to order at 12:15 p. m. by Mr. William Vincent. Mr. Vincent suggested that Mr. S. D. Read be selected to serve as chairman of the meeting, which was unanimously adopted. Messrs. R. H. Ogden and J. C. Gibbs were made secretaries.

The secretaries then called the roll of vice presidents as follows: Messrs. Abel West, J. J. W. Miller, Geo. Hurd, J. B. Watkins, J. M. Dear, George Lock, A. J. Perkins, J. M. Taylor, C. S. Wright, and others.

The chairman, in a brief address, said that while the meeting was by and under the auspices of the Democrats of Calcasieu parish, yet he hoped that Democrats throughout the State would feel that they were a part of the meeting without discrimination of sentiment or selection of gubernatorial candidate. He referred in emphatic terms to the unreasonableness of the personal canvass as now carried on and expressed his earnest regrets thereat. Whatever might have inaugurated this unfortunate spirit, which was just now threatening the Democratic party of Louisiana, he would always reserve the right, as he had ever been accustomed to do, to select between issues and persons. While the people were somewhat divided in sentiment, he was, nevertheless, sure that both Gov. McEnery and Gen. Nicholls enjoyed the highest regard and esteem of their constituents throughout the State.

Upon the conclusion of his remarks Mr. Read introduced

GOV. M'ENERY,

who was greeted with long and prolonged applause. When order was somewhat restored the Governor said:

"I regret very much that I am in no condition to respond to your generous welcome, and that I have to make an excuse on this occasion that I am totally unable to make any address to the Democratic party of Calcasieu parish, and the few remarks which I will make will be to the ladies for their attendance here to-day. Everywhere we have been we have always found their generous sympathy and their encouragement at these meetings, and everywhere we find that their influence is the light and the majesty of the world. Take away their light and what would be left? But a barren waste, with meaningless gray and stunted monuments, without a chaplet or a green leaf to relieve the monotony.

"Your energy is breathed into every enterprise, and your patience and your endurance are the surest guarantee of success in the future. You elevate us in character, stimulate us to thought and bid us to do great and noble deeds, and in all of our exertions, whether in success or in failure, in joy or in sorrow, you invigorate, encourage and support us by a faith that is almost divine. In our trials, in our distresses and in our anxieties it is the cheer of your love which dispels the gloom which surrounds us. When we are disappointed, when we are subjected to reproaches, when we even ourselves feel some consciousness of our own unworthiness, it is your unselfishness and love which conceals our faults even from your own gaze.

"You are the life and the light and the happiness of the world. It is your hand that soothes and comforts, and the nearest glimpse that we can have of heaven here below is the domestic circle, which you have trained with your intelligence and elevated by your virtue. Our chivalry proves that we honor and that we respect woman, regarding her as a heritage from Paradise. The great creative hand has not placed upon earth fairer, nobler women than those of our beloved Louisiana, and if any son of our State should ever so far forget himself as not to avenge a woman's wrongs may a pyramid of curses as high as heaven crush him until he dies."

At the conclusion of Gov. McEnery's eloquent address, which was applauded to the echo,

UNITED STATES SENATOR JAS. B. EUSTIS

was introduced to the audience, and he delivered an address of about an hour's duration. The Senator entertained those present with a most able, eloquent and forcible address, touching in a masterly manner the various issues involved in the campaign. Mr. Eustis stated that he had been engaged in an arduous campaign, but accepted the hospitable invitation of beautiful Calcasieu, remembering the generous reception tendered him hitherto by the people of that parish. The speaker then entered into an exhaustive review of the difference between the present Democratic and the "Reform" party, and objected to the campaign as at present being conducted in advance of any nominating convention.

There were other aspirants for the Governorship, but they had been told to bury their aspirations, as Gen. Nicholls was the only man who could save the State, and from what? The "reformers" could not say. Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Moncure and Mr. Jeffries have not entered the field prematurely and conducted personal campaigns, although their actions in this respect would be as consistent as that of Gen. Nicholls.

He referred to the Hunt bolt and the dangers incurred thereby to the Democratic party of the country, and of the desperate attempts of the "reformers" to achieve their end by endeavoring to have stricken from the registration lists of Orleans parish the names of 7000 Democratic voters, when the possible result of such action, if heeded by the Republican Federal judge to whom the application was made, would have been to have caused the electoral vote of the State of Louisiana to be cast for Blaine and Logan. He next took up

THE TENSAS MATTER

and censured the position taken by Gen. Nicholls in that connection, in deference to possible sentimentality in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. He did not question the gentleman's motives, and did not for a moment suggest that they were anything but pure and honorable, but honesty of motive and purity of intentions cannot be pleaded by one who poses as a political leader and a political Moses, in defense of serious errors of judgment. Gen. Nicholls' position with regard to the obliteration of the color line in politics was scanned and disposed of in a fair, impartial manner, and the speaker closed with an appeal to the Calcasieu Democrats to stand shoulder to shoulder, close their ranks and adopt as their motto the prosperity of the State, success of the Democratic party and the supremacy of white man's government in the State of Louisiana.

MR. GOLDTHWAITE, OF NEW ORLEANS,

was next introduced. He delivered an eloquent address, in which he reviewed the progress of the State under Gov. McEnery's administration, and showed the falseness of the pretenses set up by the "reformers." He deprecated the factional contest now going on and urged harmony in the party. He held the attention of the audience throughout his address, and received frequent and hearty tokens of appreciation from the crowd.

MR. A. J. LAFARGUE

was next introduced. He said: The people of Louisiana are witnessing to-day a contest for political supremacy that perhaps has no equal in the annals of party politics. There is in progress a campaign within the Democratic party which bodes it no good. Divided and split up into fragments, the Democrats of Louisiana seem to have but one end in view for the present, and that is to tear themselves to pieces. Patriotic men, those who are not directly interested, are every day asking themselves the question whether there is not a disposition to break up the Democratic party, and whether this factional fight will not cause Louisiana to be the sufferer.

"Every day we notice," said the speaker, "that a bar is being let down, and, fellow-citizens, if we are not careful and vigilant before we know it there will be a stampede. I recognize the fact that two parties are bound to exist, but we must not permit the real enemy, the Republicans, to organize a party out of our ranks. We must not tear asunder the ties that bound us and go to fighting each other. Yet is it not a fact that the result of factional differences point ultimately to that end? There are many who have their principles so fixed that nothing will move them, but there are some who welcome such events as are now transpiring in our State to cause a break.

"The politics of this State received its first shock when the letter of Col. Hollinsworth, of Caddo, brought out Gen. Nicholls as a candidate for Governor. Not that Gen. Nicholls had not a perfect right to aspire to the place, but the manner and means by which he and his friends intend to achieve their end created all the trouble. Like a hurricane the anti-administrationists who centered upon Gen. Nicholls began to hurl at Gov. McEnery's head such a volley of invectives and denunciations that for a moment he was in great danger.

"We are told, however, that the present administration has stayed in power long enough, and it must give way to another one; that corruption, intrigue, dishonesty and centralization of power are fomented in all governments that are kept too long in power. Yet the Nicholsites have been unable to prove anything of the kind existing in the present State government.

THEIR CHARGES ARE SWEEPING,

and cover the whole Democratic State administration. But the crime of crimes that Gov. McEnery has committed is to aspire to another term. Rotation in office is demanded by the reformers, and "third-termers" held up as the terror of terrors. Gov. McEnery has a record as Governor, and his acts are there for comparison. Comparing their respective administrations, considering everything connected with each one, giving unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, can any one be found who will gainsay the assertion that Gov. McEnery's administration has been superior in every sense of the word to that of Gov. Nicholls? I do not say it with reproach, yet not a single measure of any importance was ever formulated by Gen. Nicholls, but he simply went through the routine work of Governor as any ordinary man would have done. He has, however, done his work well and honestly, and I give him credit for it.

"Now what has been done by Gov. McEnery? He has improved the educational system of Louisiana; developed the agricultural interests as no other Governor had ever done and erected all the important levees of the State and reclaimed thousands of acres of the [illegible] lands, heretofore untilled and classed as swamp—lands which hardly paid any taxes, but which now pay as much as the finest lands. In my parish lands could be bought for $4 or $5 per acre before they were protected by levees. To-day, after

GOOD SUBSTANTIAL LEVEES

have been built in front of them, they cannot be bought for five or six times that amount. Under Gov. McEnery's administration the industrial and commercial interests of the State have received an impetus that is simply marvelous, and nowhere more so than here in your City of Lake Charles and your parish of Calcasieu.

Confidence has been re-established in all branches of business, and the capitalist no longer fears to make investments in our State, nor does the immigrant shun our borders. Capital and labor have been induced to seek Louisiana for fields to operate in, and the tide which has set in since the last few years is daily increasing in volume. Consult the figures and you find an increase of over $58,000,000 in the assessment of the State since the inauguration of the present Executive, showing that industries are multiplying and flourishing, and real estate going up in price and value. Taxation is steadily decreasing—a decrease of 15 mills since Radicalism and 2 mills since 1880. Low taxation, security to person and property, laws strictly enforced and obeyed, justice equally and impartially meted out, are some of the blessings enjoyed under the present administration—blessings which fill the measure of a people's wants.

EDUCATION

is another subject of vital importance to us. The education of the people is the very safety of the republic. Immigration is rapidly coming to Louisiana. Already the North and the East and the West have furnished a large number of their noblest and studious sons—men who have come to engage in the grand march of development and progress; men who have come to join the honest and industrious yeomanry of our commonwealth; to develop its wonderful resources, test the fertility of its soil and build up its waste places.

There has been a good deal of bad feeling engendered in the campaign and I deprecate anything that tends to create it. Mud slinging is not an enviable occupation. It is bound to react against those who use such methods to obtain their ends. Why call a man names to-day, when on the morrow a nomination will force words of praise?

In regard to the charge that Gov. McEnery had

APPOINTED A COLORED MAN

in Avoyelles parish as a member of the School Board, a charge which of late I see published, I will say that he did, but I dare say that Gov. McEnery does not know whether he is a Caucasian or a negro. He was appointed as such by Gen. Nicholls in 1877 and was reappointed by Gov. Wiltz in 1880 and by Gov. McEnery in 1884. He is a most worthy colored man. He is the only one holding office in Avoyelles under the present administration. Myself and friends recommended to Gov. McEnery a number of gentlemen for school directors. The Governor ignored our recommendations (so much for personalism), and the slate furnished by our opponents was appointed, among them Judge Hall, who is the editor of the Nicholls paper in Avoyelles, and this colored man. Under Gen. Nicholls' administration we had three negroes on the School Board, and two of them could not sign their names. The one that holds over by re-appointment signs his name. I mention this only to refute what has been said against Gov. McEnery on the subject.

"The people of our parish asked, and they are perfectly willing, that the colored race should have a representation on the School Board, especially the people of the lowlands. Those who saw all they owned in this world at the mercy of the mad waters and who, with their wives and children, occupied houses where the floods covered the floor two or three feet deep, necessitating improvised tables and beds to eat and sleep above the water, and always surrounded by snakes, alligators and other monsters of the deep—to those people the name of Samuel Douglas McEnery has something sacred about it, which inspires confidence and thrills the heart with more joy and contentment than did that of Napoleon to the battle-scarred legions who in 100 battles followed him to to the death or victory. To those people S. D. McEnery is the friend and benefactor of the lowlands."

At the conclusion of Mr. Larfargue's speech the meeting adjourned for the purpose of allowing those present to partake of a bountiful lunch, which was spread on the grounds. At 7 p. m. a

GRAND TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION

took place, in which hundreds participated. The line of march was formed at J. C. Golden's, on Pujo street. The procession then moved west to the lake front, thence north to Division street, east on Division street to Ryan street, north on Ryan street to Lawrence, east on Lawrence to Hodges, south on Hodges to Pujo, west on Pujo to Bilbo, north on Bilbo to Division, thence west on Division to Ryan, and south on Ryan to the courthouse square.

The procession was conducted by the following marshals: Wm. Murray, Dr. W. J. Brown, H. J. Ortmeyer, A. L. Reid, G. W. Ryan, J. J. Reid, A. M. Mayo, Hon. S. O. Shattuck, Hon. Adolph Meyer, H. W. Johnson.

At 8 p. m. the ceremonies in front of the courthouse square commenced.

The meeting was called to order by Judge S. D. Reid, Messrs. R. H. Odom and J. C. Gibbs acting as secretaries.

Eloquent speeches were made by Mr. Kruttschnitt, Major E. A. Burke, Collector Jonas and Meyer Gutheim.

It was after 11 o'clock when the speaking came to a close.

THE HERO OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Shreveport Journal.

We have no quarrel to make with the Nicholls orators because of the fulsome flattery and almost slavish adulation they plaster their candidate with on all occasions, in and out of his presence; nor with Gen. Nicholls for his too evident relish for these indelicate plaudits, so long as they do not offend the sanctity of immortal names and immortal deeds, which have long been, and will remain, enshrined in the Southern heart.

Such an offense they do commit when these orators attribute to Gen. Nicholls the glorious distinction of being "THE HERO OF CHANCELLORSVILLE," and when he sits by, in wooden silence, and not only fails to rebuke the impiety, but, with the unction of a child, accepts the honor he knows is not his.

If there was a battle of the war which had a hero, and with which one name is associated with effulgent and solitary splendor, that battle was Chancellorsville and that hero was Stonewall Jackson.

Does not the stern and majestic shade of that immortal soldier, the true hero of Chancellorsville, come to Gen. Nicholls in his dreams and rebuke his subaltern for this sacreligious fingering with the laurels and emblems consecrated to his deathless memory?

In common with every Confederate soldier who keeps hid away in his heart of hearts, like precious jewels in a sanctuary, the holy memories of the war, and keeps zealous ward and watch over every precious name of its dead, that no attribute of theirs may be soiled or taken from them, we protest against this wrong.

This is one wreath he shall not wear. Robert E. Lee himself refused to accept it, as was so eloquently related by Col. Charley Marshall in his speech on Confederate memorial day at Baltimore several years ago. Said he: "But at the moment when the transports of his victorious troops were drowning the roar of battle with acclamations, a note was brought to him from Gen. Jackson. It was brought to Gen. Lee as he sat on his horse near the Chancellorsville house, and, unable to open it with his gauntleted hand, he passed it to me with directions to read it to him. The note made no mention of the wound which Gen. Jackson had received, but congratulated Gen. Lee upon the great victory.

"I shall never forget the look of pain and anguish that passed over his face as he listened. With a voice broken with emotion he bade me say to Gen. Jackson that victory was his, and that the congratulations were due to him."

A DEMOCRATIC MEETING IN ST. BERNARD PARISH.

A rousing meeting of the citizens of the first ward of St. Bernard parish was held on Thursday. Hon. E. E. Nunez called the meeting to order and stated its object. On motion, duly seconded and adopted, the following resolution was passed, viz:

Be it resolved, That the undersigned Democratic voters of the first ward of the parish of St. Bernard do hereby organize themselves into a club to be known as the Democratic Club of the First Ward of the Parish of St. Bernard, for the purpose of advancing the interest and the success of the Democratic party at the coming election.

The following officers were duly elected: A. Nunez, president; J. M. Poines, John Kittering, J. M. Courtiarde, Fred. Appe, Ben Dubarry, Thos. Kiern, Pierre Courtade, J. B. Dauterive, Fred. Ernst, Josh Guerra, Thos. Patton, Pierre Duclos, Alfred J. Rhodes, vice presidents; John Hager, Jr., secretary; Sylvian Bloussan, treasurer; J. M. Momus, grand marshal.

A motion was made that all who had not signed their names as members could do so, which was carried and promptly responded to.

The following resolution was then adopted, viz:

Be it further resolved, That each and every member of this club and meeting do pledge himself to support a McEnery delegation and to use all honorable means for his nomination for Governor.

The next in order was the motion made, and carried, to adjourn to the platform erected for the meeting, where fully 300 citizens, as well as quite a number of ladies, were assembled, when the chairman, Hon. A. Nunez, introduced Major R. T. Beauregard, who spoke in French, and was loudly applauded.

H. W. Armstrong, the next speaker introduced, spoke efficiently for the McEnery cause and advocated his renomination, and was loudly applauded.

He was followed by Hon. L. P. Bouby, who spoke in French and kept the audience in excellent humor, and was very loudly applauded. He was several times interrupted in his speech by cheers from the crowd.

Mr. Ferd. Armand also spoke in French, and very nobly spoke for the straightout Democracy. His speech was a very lengthy one. He was loudly applauded.

The next and last speaker was the Hon. James Wilkinson. He was several times so loudly cheered and interrupted in his speech that it took some moments before the audience could be quieted. At the conclusion of his speech the air was rent with applause.

The secretary then read the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, viz:

Be it hereby resolved, That we, members of the First Ward Club of the parish of St. Bernard, do hereby indorse the candidacy of that true and tried son of Louisiana, the Hon. S. D. McEnery, for Governor.

Be it further resolved, That we the members of the said club shall give our influence to secure the election of the officers selected by the Parish Democratic Convention, and those selected by the District Convention, and we specially recommend and indorse for the district judgeship Hon. R. T. Beauregard, and for the district attorneyship Hon. James Wilkinson, our present district attorney; and we recognize the merits and indorse for the position of sheriff our efficient officer Hon. E. E. Nunez, and the Hon. A. Nunez for justice of the peace, first ward.

The meeting then adjourned, subject to call by order of the president.

A. NUNEZ, President.
JOHN HAGER, Jr., Secretary.

Three Men Killed and a Boat Destroyed.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18. — A Provincetown (Mass.) special says: The Whaling steamer Lizzie N., Capt. West, which has been engaged in the finback whale fishery on the eastern coast this season, on Oct. 6, when about fifteen miles east-southeast from Seguin Island, off the coast of Maine, saw a large lone whale of that species and attempted its capture. A boat was lowered and manned by Capt. West, his mate and four seamen. Capt. West, with a large, heavy whalegun, in which was an explosive bomb lance, took the breach of the boat, while the mate steered.

Upon approaching the whale, it was seen that he would be an ugly customer to deal with, as he showed no inclination to run, but kept slowly swimming around, evidently waiting to be attacked.

When the boat was near enough to warrant a shot, Capt. West fired the gun, but as the sea was rough, the motion of the boat destroyed the accuracy of his aim. The whale was badly wounded, but not in any vital part. The whale then made for the boat, and in passing under it struck it with his flukes, throwing it some thirty feet into the air with its crew. As the boat descended the whale again struck it with his tail and completely demolished the boat and killed one of the crew, Jacob Klock, cutting him completely in two.

The whale then commenced to bite and strike with his tail at the pieces of the boat, killing two more men, Neal Olsen and Chris. Johnson, who were supporting themselves on pieces of the wreck.

Capt. West, the mate, and the other man, were safely taken aboard the steamer, and another boat was lowered to capture the monster.

Then the whale attacked the steamer; by a quick turn of the rudder the steamer cleared him by a few feet. This occurred a second time, and the swell which was created by the whale's fall back into the water knocked all on board off their feet. By throwing over an immense cask, at which the whale, thinking it was the ship, kept hacking away, the captain was enabled to get a shot with the bomb-lance, and finally the whale was killed.

Required His Assistance.

Texas Siftings.

School Teacher—"Your little boy Hans wasn't at school yesterday, Mr. Johanisberg."

Mr. Johanisberg (of the Bowery)—"No, I vas makin' der parrel of sauer-kraut, and I vanted Hans to joomp it down mit his feet."

The Object of His Search.

Texas Siftings.

Elderly Member of the Church (to young man lingering on the outside)—Are you seeking the Lord, my young friend?

Young Man (bashfully)—No, sir, I'm seeking Miss Polly Jones, but I can wait until meeting lets out.

The *Locomotive* recently published cuts made from photographs of sections of boilers which had been very badly corroded by water contaminated by sewage, such as the leakage of privy vaults, etc. The corrosion is of a bad and dangerous character, and shows that it is necessary to see that such impure water is not allowed to enter boilers.

MEMORY'S PICTURE.

I see her now—the fairest thing
That ever mocked man's picturing;
I picture her as one that drew
Aside life's curtain and looked through
The mists of all life's mystery
As from a wood to open sea.

The soft, wide eyes of wonderment
That, trusting, looked you through and through;
The sweet, arched mouth—a bow not bent,
That sent love's arrow swift and true.

That sweet, arched mouth! The Orient
Hath not such pearls in all her stores;
Not all her storied, spice-set shores
Hath fragrance such as it hath spent.

I picture her as one who knew
How rare is truth to be untrue—
As one who knew the awful sign
Of death, of life, of the divine,
Sweet pity of all loves, all hates,
Beneath the iron-footed fates.

I picture her as seeking peace,
And olive leaves and vine-set land;
While strife stood by on either hand,
And wrung the tears like rosaries.
I pictured her in passing rhyme,
As of yet not a part of these—
A woman born above her time,
A woman waiting in her place,
With patient pity on her face.

Her face, her earnest baby face;
Her young face so uncommon wise—
The tender love-light in her eyes—
Two stars of heaven out of place.

Two stars that sang as stars of gold,
Their silence eloquence of song,
In skies of glory and of gold,
Where God in purple passed along—
That patient, baby face of hers
That won a thousand worshipers!

That silent, pleading face, among
Ten thousand faces just the one
I still shall love when all is done,
And life lies by a harp unstrung.
—*Joaquin Miller.*

A MYSTERY INDEED.

A great sorrow had come into my life. There is nothing remarkable in that. What heart can be found without its bitterness? But wherein my sorrow differed from most was this, that it was all concentrated in one blow, as if in compensation for the unbroken happiness which had preceded it. For me there had been one day—one long cloudless day—followed by night which I know can never give place to day again, until the eternal day dawns.

But I am not about to write my own story—it will never be written. Yet but for my own story I should not have the other to tell. I came across some lines the other day that exactly express my case, and its relation to that of another.

"Once I sat on a crimson throne,
And I held the world in fee.
Below me I heard my brothers moan,
And I bent me down to see;
Lovingly bent and looked at them,
But I had no inward pain.
I sat in the heart of my ruby gem,
Like the rainbow without the rain.
* * * * * * * *
My throne is vanished; helpless I lie
At the foot of its broken stair;
And the sorrows of all humanity
Through my heart make a thoroughfare."

It was this sympathy, born in the darkness of my own despair, which brought me into close relations with Elsa Coningham, and thus gave me the weird experience I am about to narrate.

It was at Zermatt that I first met her. She was staying with her husband and little son at the same hotel as myself. I had come there to chaperon my niece, Rhoda Thompson, who was an enthusiastic climber, and had with her made most of the ascents at all possible to women. Mr. Coningham was a member of the Alpine Club, and chose to express admiration of our exploits. We were thrown a good deal together, for we not only made the same party in several expeditions, but, when we were confined to our hotel by weather, Mr. Coningham would read aloud to us all together, or with his boy between his knees tell one story after another of lively adventure.

At these times Elsa (as I learned to call her) would appear fully at peace, if not absolutely happy; but coming upon her alone I always noticed a look of troubled anxiety on her face. She was a pretty woman—about thirty, I think, but I never was told her age—and she had the most sensitive face in the world. She was French, though her husband was English, and she spoke the prettiest broken English imaginable. Her husband adored her; her child was beautiful and strong. She was evidently a favorite of Fortune.

Yet I certainly detected in her dark restless eyes a something very like fear. I think that from the first she knew that I saw in her what others did not, and she was grateful for my unspoken sympathy, for sometimes she would slip her fluttering little hand into mine, where it would rest for minutes together, and then she would gaze out at the mountain peaks with unutterable sadness. She never made any of the ascents, being too timid, but remained with her boy.

One evening Mrs. Coningham and I were watching for the return of her husband and his party. My niece and two other ladies were with them. I had remained behind at Mrs. Coningham's request—the first request she had made me. "Mamma is afraid of going to sleep, I think," whispered little Carl. "It makes her so ill to go to sleep sometimes."

I smiled for answer to this odd speech, but even as I smiled an alarm I could not account for seized me, and I looked toward the child's mother. She had swooned!

I hastily took up a glass of water, which happened to be upon the table, and was about to sprinkle her face when Carl put back my hand with his small fingers, saying, with the strangest look I ever saw on a child's face: "No, Miss Thompson; it is of no use to try to wake mamma when she goes to sleep so. Papa holds her hand till she wakes—she is afraid when she first wakes."

I did make an effort to rouse her, however, which was of no avail.

"I told you so," said little Carl in triumph. "You sit and hold mamma's hand, and when she wakes say 'Elsa' very softly."

I sat down as directed, and took the little delicate hand in mine. How cold it was!

"Carl," I said in alarm, "are you quite sure your mother is often like this, and that she wakes all right?"

"I have told thee so," replied the child with quiet dignity, (He sometimes spoke like his mother). "And when papa comes you will not say that mamma has been asleep. She will say this to him herself—and he knows it now!"

The little fellow nodded at me impressively as if he could tell more did he so choose. But I did not think it right to question him, much as the mystery excited my curiosity. Moreover, I scarcely think the child would have told me more even had I done so.

I sat still, pondering and continuing to keep the small hand within mine.

In about half an hour I felt the hand vibrate strangely. Carl, who had been watching his mother, whispered "Say 'Elsa.'"

"Elsa," I said in a voice that I know had grown very tender since my trouble.

The white eyelids trembled; the sweet eyes were revealed in all their strange mysterious beauty. Then a smile flickered over her face, and she said: "Let it be always 'Elsa.' How I feel myself well with you!"

"You shall be 'Elsa,' dear, and I—must be 'Joan,'" I made answer. And then I stooped and kissed her.

"You will be near me when they shall return, isn't it?" she next said. "They are already late—but they will not yet be here."

They were late; I knew it, and I had grown anxious, but had avoided saying anything about it from fear of alarming her.

"But they will all return safely," she added, as if reading my thoughts.

I was completely mystified, but forbore to question her.

I took out from my pocket a little volume of Heine's poems—my constant companion—and asked if I should read something.

"Do, please," she answered promptly, "Read 'Nacht liegt auf den fremden Wegen,' and afterward 'Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht.'"

I read these, and afterward others.

"How comfortable is your voice, Joan!" she said at last, lingering on my name as if it were a pleasure to her to speak it. "If I were going to die I should like you to be near me as now."

I looked at the fair, youthful face, to which the color had returned, glowing and very pleasant to see, and could not imagine her as dying, though I had seen her sleep that strange sleep so like to death. She appeared to be in perfect health; the perplexing sadness was, I felt convinced, of the mind. I wished she would confide in me; why didn't she, since she seemed to care for me so much?

Then I remembered my own inability to confide my own sorrow to any ear, and I said: "You must not speak of dying, Elsa; you are altogether too young, too well—"

A glance which passed between her and the child interrupted my sentence. It was a glance of contradiction—of—I cannot say what besides. But little Carl moved toward me noiselessly—he was the quietest child I ever knew—and looking gravely into my face with his steady gaze, his eyes so like his mother's, said: "But we shall soon die. Mamma and I shall die together."

I was spared the pain of trying to dispel this fancy by the return of the anxiously watched-for party. Mr. Coningham was the first to enter the *salon*. I could not but remark his paleness, even through the glow mountaineering always produces. He went at once to his wife, who met him with a glad smile. He then took little Carl in his arms in silence. He was usually chatty, and even humorous, so that this silence struck me as very odd.

"We are so thankful you have returned," I said. "We have been so anxious."

"And with reason, I'll promise you," broke in Mrs. Gen. Bruce, who entered close on Mr. Coningham's heels, accompanied by my niece and others.

"We have had such an escape; nothing shall tempt me on a mountain again, rest assured." And then, suddenly addressing Elsa, she said: "However did you get back, Mrs. Coningham? We were all nearly as frozen as the glacier at the fright you gave us—you see, we understood you never went in for climbing. And what ever guide did you get? We had to put up with the veriest impostors for guides. I do believe it was their first expedition. But, however, you saved all our lives, for by changing our course to reach you we discovered that what we were standing on was one of those awful cornices, and it gave way and fell crashing down the precipice the very instant the last of us had left it. We all stood speechless, staring at the gulf that had so nearly swallowed us up—and then you had disappeared. Mr. Coningham declared you were safe, though how he could know it I can't imagine." Mrs. Gen. Bruce here stopped for breath and looked around on us all. Elsa had become very pale.

"I can assure you," I began, "that Mrs. Coningham has never left the hotel."

"That is impossible!" cried my niece. "We all saw her—every one of us!" and she looked for the others to confirm her words, which they did—in a dogmatic manner bordering on violence.

"There couldn't possibly be another just like Mrs. Coningham," broke in Mrs. Bruce once more; "and presently she will own all about it. In the meantime we ought, every one of us, to thank her on our knees. To think," she cried with a shudder, "where we should all be now but for her!"

"Every one has a double, so it is said," Coningham remarked in a hollow voice, and with the weakest attempt at a smile I ever saw.

The party dispersed, puzzled and a little piqued, despite their reason for gratitude. They were asked then to disbelieve their own eyes—their collective eyes. It was too much. This was what was plainly visible on every face as they withdrew. As Mrs. Gen. Bruce was departing, last of all, and a trifle more "huffily" than the others, I said: "You should allow Mr. Coningham to have an opinion, even if you think my word unworthy of belief—he should know his own wife."

"And he did seem to know her—at the time," she made answer as she went.

I was about to follow and leave them alone, but Elsa called me to her. "Have you any wish, dear?" I began, as I bent over her chair. "Is there anything you would like me to do?"

"*Oh, mon Dieu!* but yes, I have a wish; but no, you cannot give me my wish. I wish to be just like other women. Oh, it is so hard to want to be only a woman—like the others, and to be different. *Oh, que je suis malheureuse!*" and she cast herself weeping into her husband's arms.

"You will leave us now, Miss Thompson," he said to me hoarsely. "And," extending one hand to me, "believe me, I am very grateful to you. I know how you have tended Elsa. I am glad she has so taken to you. Be all you can to her." He spoke brokenly and as if with difficulty.

I bowed my head. I could not trust my voice, I was so strangely moved.

As I went out I heard Carl's childish treble saying these words:

"My father, is she to know the secret, too?"

I made my way to the apartment I shared with my niece. I found her at the door of the room in conversation with Mrs. Bruce.

"What should you conclude if you saw a living person in a place where she was not, where she could not be?" Rhoda was asking.

"I should conclude that that person was going to die," Mrs. Gen. Bruce answered promptly.

The words fell like a knell upon my heart. Carl's words, "But we shall soon die—mamma and I shall die together." Elsa's strange sleep, her husband's unusual emotion, all filled my mind with a tumult of conflicting conjecture.

The following evening, *table d'hôte* being over, several of us, including the Cunninghams, were outside the hotel watching the sun in his royal descent behind the mountain range. I never remembered a more beautiful sunset—except one, and it may be that the clasp of a hard now cold made the difference. How boldly the Matterhorn stood out against the rosy gold of the sky! How lovingly the soft flush of light lingered about the summits, as if loath to leave it!

"The mountain will loom the more darkly from this memory when the sun is gone," I think to myself. "Alas that suns should rise in this life only to set!"

I had unconsciously spoken my thought aloud, and Mr. Coningham, who was next to me, replied to it.

"Still, Miss Thompson, one would not banish the sun. It will surely make the night seem less long to remember the day that has been. In it is the germ of hope that what has been can be again."

Elsa pressed her head. "Joan and I are not like others," she said.

A group of guides were also watching the sunset and discussing the weather in relation to climbing.

Suddenly one of them exclaimed in German: "Herrgott, but that is the lady we saw yesterday all alone upon the mountain!" and he plainly indicated Elsa.

Mrs. Gen. Bruce exchanged a meaning glance with the gentleman next her.

The Coninghams re-entered the hotel. I went in, too, and sat alone in the deserted dining-room. Presently Mr. Coningham joined me. I saw from his manner that he had something important to communicate. I motioned him to a seat near me.

"Miss Thompson," he began, hesitatingly, "I have a favor to ask of you, and if it should not be in your power to grant it, at least I can rely upon you to pardon the liberty I take, seeing it is for Elsa's sake."

I hastened to assure him that nothing could give me more pleasure than to be of use to Elsa.

"But my proposal will strike you as so odd," he went on. "We have known each other so short a time."

I begged him to consider me an old friend, and at once tell me in what way I could serve him.

"Am I right in supposing that you have no ties—that is, no ties to keep you in one place more than another?" he asked.

"Quite right," I answered, with a sigh I could not suppress. "My niece will be returning home; then I shall probably go to Paris—at least, I shall continue my wanderings. I have made no plans."

"Then, Miss Thompson, it becomes easier to make my request. Will you return to England and remain with us our guest at Coningham Hall for as long as you do not find it too dull for you?"

I did not answer at first, being filled with surprise; so he went on:

"Elsa has become so much attached to you she cannot bear the thought of a separation."

At this point Elsa herself appeared and added her own entreaties to those of her husband in her pretty broken English. What could I do but consent?

First I must deliver my niece up to the hands of her friends, then they might look for me at Coningham Hall. Elsa imprinted a grateful kiss upon my brow, as if to seal our compact.

Two days later we all bade farewell to the Alps and made our way to England—the Coninghams to their country house in Somerset, I with Rhoda to London.

Coningham Hall was situated in a hollow. The small park which surrounded it was wild and romantic. Directly in front of the hall lay a large sheet of water, beautiful enough to look at with its island and overhanging willows.

It was on an August evening that I first saw this lake. I stood still a moment to admire, and to think with pleasure of the surprise I was about to give Elsa, for I was not expected till the next day. As I looked my mood changed. A feeling of fear—almost of horror—took hold upon me. So beautiful a scene should be productive only of peace, and I had heard no sound; yet—I affirm it—I could have cried aloud in my nameless terror. I felt as if under a powerful control outside myself—that I was helpless in its invisible grasp.

I moved with rapid steps to the very border of the lake. I knew not but what I might be compelled to enter the water—I had no power to resist—I was being driven onward. At the brink of the lake I was allowed to stop, and, looking down into the clear water, I saw—merciful heavens! I can scarcely now bear to think of it—the dead face of a child!—the dead face of little Carl!

I should have fallen face downward into the lake in my terror and grief had I not been compelled to turn from the ghastly sight by the same mysterious influence that had compelled my steps thither. As I turned my eyes fell upon Elsa. She was standing at a little distance, looking at me mournfully. I tried to run to her to take her away—whither I hardly knew, but she must not, should not see what I had seen. But I could not move a step. The air seemed full of the soft hum of insects, and I was descending slowly from a height. I struggled not to lose my senses, and then gave in.

The next thing I knew was that an old servant was bathing my head, and that Mr. Coningham was standing over me with a wineglass in his hand. I was in a low-ceilinged drawing-room, hung with faded amber silk.

"Elsa!" I gasped; "she must not leave the house. Go to her—do not let her go near the—lake." I trembled so that my words came in jerks and were scarcely distinguishable.

"Drink some wine," said Mr. Coningham, and then he made a remark to the old servant about the wickedness of breaking bad news to people abruptly.

The wine revived me, and I sat up on the couch.

"Mr. Coningham," I cried, "as you love Elsa, go and find her; keep her from going to the lake!"

"Calm yourself, Miss Thompson," he answered sadly. "I look to you to break this to her. Good God, I can't!"

"Then you know!" I broke out. "Oh, send at once and have him brought in. How can you leave him in the cold water; if you know——? Oh, my little Carl! Oh, poor Elsa!"

For answer he raised me from the couch and quietly led me from the room, up the ancient staircase, then along a gallery. Presently we stopped at a door. "You had best look at him," he said; "then you will see how calmly he sleeps."

He opened the door and led me into a small bedroom, all white and blue. We stood together beside the snowy little bed. With a hand that visibly trembled he raised the white coverlet that hid something. The action revealed the dead but still beautiful child. There he lay, calm and still, his natural curls falling upon the pillow.

"Elsa knows nothing yet," said the father, in a tone full of despair—despair which had an awful calm about it. "Will you go to her now?"

I assented in a bewildered way. Had I been unconscious a whole night and day? I thought, for the sky had the rosy flush which the setting sun leaves behind, and it was not possible to imagine that the peaceful little form I had just seen had been recently in the water.

"I am dazed, Mr. Coningham," I faltered, as he led me through one gallery after another toward the west wing. "Tell me, when did I see little Carl—in the lake, and where did Elsa go when I fainted?"

He stood still for a moment, regarding me sadly.

"You could not have seen Carl there," he answered, with a tremor in his voice. "He was found and brought in at 10 this morning, when you were still in London. You must have imagined you saw him, after the shock of being told of the accident."

"I saw no one to tell me," I protested, for I was absolutely certain about what had happened; it was the time that puzzled me. "I saw no one till after, when I turned round; then I saw Elsa looking at me. Did this really all happen to-night?"

A servant approached us. "I think Mrs. Coningham is about to wake," she said. We went at once to her room. As we were entering, Mr. Coningham told me that she had been in one of her strange sleeps, and this time it had lasted through the night and day. As this was told to me I knew that my vision of the child and his mother was what people call supernatural. I could not help recalling little Carl's words at Zermatt, "Mamma and I shall die together."

Elsa was lying upon her white pillows when we entered, her dusky hair sweeping them like a shadow. Her eyes were open, her mouth smiling. She extended a hand to each of us. Never had I seen her with that radiantly happy expression—if she only knew of that white-robed little figure I had just seen, what agony she would suffer! But then I remembered she was not as other women—it might be that she knew. A moment more and I was sure she did.

"Jesus called a little child to Him," she said, still with that joyous smile illumining her beautiful face. "My husband," she then said, bending a loving look upon him, "I shall not be different from others there; I shall be only spirit then, and two worlds will not contest for my soul. Good-by, my husband. Good-by, Joan."

It was all over then; little Carl's words had come true. The local paper styled Carl's death from drowning an instance of the carelessness of superior servants. It spoke of the death of the child's mother as one from shock. The world of print knew nothing of the strange reality of the tragedy. I, myself, did not obtain much more information than I have already given, for Mr. Coningham shut up the hall and went to the East as soon as the last sad duties were performed. I could not question him at such a time. This much he volunteered. Elsa had from childhood been subject to strange sleeps, during which she was seen by friends in other places. She was much pained by this, as she thought it singled her out and separated her from the rest of the world. Then her child had been born, and after that the uncanny part of her nature grew apace. She would describe to her husband scenes which were being enacted a hundred miles away. The child shared it, and seemed to read his mother's every thought.

Now that Elsa Coningham was really seen where her body was not I had proof enough in Zermatt to have satisfied most people. It was so widely confirmed. But by what power could she—for I cannot but attribute the weird influence to her—by what power could she show me that vision in the lake? I had come to believe that she could see and know what others did not; but that she should be able to compel my steps to the lake and show me the wraith of a past event, and all this as she lay in her bed tended by an old servant—this is, and ever must be, inexplicable.

I have never had any other supernatural experience; I don't think I ever shall. And even this may be natural in the light of science. Be it as it may, it has left no terrors behind to haunt me. Elsa's face was so divinely happy as she passed from us, and the little one in his white crib looked so much at peace.

I look forward to meeting the gentle mother and her beautiful child some day—in that day when my own divided life shall find its "other half."—*Belgravia.*

THE GUBERNATORIAL CANVASS.

Much Ado as to an Imagined Third Term—The So-called Reformers Deluding Themselves.

I.

First and foremost, Gov. McEnery has been elected but for one single term of four years—the end not yet. Wiltz inaugurated in January, 1881. After his demise, Oct. 18, 1881, the Lieutenant Governor fulfilled the duties of the unexpired term. Gov. McEnery will be elected for the coming term of four years, ending in 1892—only two terms—then graciously retire. Imagining this three terms causes a smile.

The defunct Governor left little patronage of importance; still his successor, moved by proper respect, regardful of the popular will and the fitness of things, with discrimination carried out his views, especially as to nominations to office. His acts during the vacancy can be well termed the sequel.

Did he surround himself with his own partisans, discarding the bosom friends of Wiltz? Call you this ambition misplaced and organizing a so-called personal government regardless of the public weal?

Can Wiltz, it is asked, be considered as vicariously governing the State? We reply, nothing more common for an incoming officer to glorify himself in making a pledge, to follow in the footsteps of an illustrious predecessor—and more than that, keeping the promise.

But, say the alarmists, "the objection to a third term is the impropriety of too long an enjoyment of the Chief Executive by one person; not to the mode by which the power has been obtained, but to the fact of the power having been used."

Thus, to a gubernatorial term of four years you are computing a fraction of it as equal to the four years, the unit—unwittingly, you aver, that eight years are equal to twelve ones! Your imagined three terms are a myth!

Again, you liken rotation in office to change of soil culture—an absurd, far-fetched simile—the first coming within the domain of the science of government, while the latter regulated by the laws of nature.

Should voters ignore tried ability (experience being the parent of wisdom), overlook not the influence of talents, nor do not withhold incentives to valuable services, but hold fast to those who have not been found wanting. Secure permanency in State enterprises, such as leveeing, etc.

Imaginary evils are conjured up in visions of hordes of satellites to perpetuate his personal power, prophesied as all ending in the garroting of the liberties of the body politic. Well said of soothsayers that it was a wonder, when meeting one another on the street, how they could refrain from laughing. Besides, what is meant by this term personal government? Do you seriously refer to privileged classes, or aristocracy, or what not? Monopoly, or what coinage of the brain? A confusion of ideas!

II.

We repel the assertion "that usage and time-honored practice have settled that reelection of the same person are in violation of democratic institutions." This is a downright assumption of superiority of judgment by these alarmists, in opposition to the fiat of the people, who have deliberately excluded any such restriction in the fundamental law.

Why, suppose the corruption of the masses—oblivious of their material interests—callousness to the working of the government—subserviency of the press—impeachment—checks and balances in our national and State Constitutions, staying the hand of oppression.

How diminutive the power of a Governor of Louisiana compared to that of President. The former, doled out a small pittance of a salary, stripped of any pomp or circumstance of office, while the other, Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, distributing on a large scale honors and riches, working the huge machineries of the customs, revenues, postoffice and other departments—even he is not debarred re-elections.

Any danger proceeding from a Governor is made insignificant by reason of the transfer to the national government of the most important powers of rule. Every Executive of a State must take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States.

This disability, sought to be imposed on us, will never be made a plank of our State political platform. The people need no such electoral gratuitous guardianship, especially in what concerns the choice of their rulers.

We would advocate any safeguards, analogous to those, for instance, aiming at the protection of the minority against the majority. Nothing of the kind is pertinent here.

We are secured a republican form of government, and protected against violence by the national Constitution. Consider the immense progress made in the science of government, mainly in modern checks and balances, of which we have availed ourselves in our progressive State Constitution. There remains no sound reason why the people should be fettered in the selection of these servants. They should be also left untrammeled as to their respective terms of service.

Exercising the franchise, the people are sovereigns! Constitutional right, to vote by ballot—secrecy secured to them—cast their own ballot—no one dare foist on them any name—nay, not even to pry into any ticket.

The legislative and executive checks on one another, besides the former is supreme, except when restricted by the Constitution of the State and that of the United States.

There was a vague sentiment favoring a limit alone, as to the presidential terms, by what dropped from the pen of Jefferson, at the close of his administration, designed mainly by him as a tribute to the memory of Washington: "Believing that a representative government, at that period of election, is that which produces the greatest sum of happiness to mankind, I feel it a duty to do no act which essentially impairs that principle, and I should unwillingly be the person who, disregarding the sound principle set by our illustrious predecessor, should furnish the first example of prolongation beyond the second term of office—in truth, he added, obliged him to say that he was sensible of that decline which advancing years bring on, and feeling them he ought not to doubt their mental effect."

Our Constitution does ordain frequency of elections—the safety-valve commensurate with all contingencies—re-eligibility of secondary concern. This short period-elections is an acknowledged principle and essence of Democratic institutions, while re-eligibility is purely a question of expediency!

This restriction is being gradually dropped. Many States have, from the earliest times, re-elected, for a series of years, the same person as Governor. The prohibition suitable to times preceding the adoption of the National Constitution, the States then possessing the status of full sovereignty! a Governor was a colossal figure!

By blind routine of ideas (that clog on progress, not only on the science of government, but also in so many other departments of human pursuits of knowledge) we find that this interdiction is recopied by some States for no good reason, as it has none of the characteristics of popular institutions—on the contrary antagonistic to that freedom of thought and plenary action, which the people should never surrender, more especially in the free choice of their rulers—sentiments clouded, as shown by an overwhelming majority of the voters of the State in their ratification of the Constitution.

PERSONAL GOVERNMENT.

From time immemorial clamors raised by the Outs against the Ins, the former habitually exaggerating their own importance, imagine that talents and ability go for nothing.

A Governor necessarily consults his best friends; unsuccessful aspirants jealously accuse him of a system of farming out, arraigning both the Senate and the party at large! Criticism is your right, but do not, under the screen of preserving the unity of the party, and that solely, by the instrumentality of one single man, do the very reverse of what you profess to deprecate. Your departure from time-honored usages of canvassing cannot result in the advancement of the party. Such as Gov. Nicholls' canvass for the Governorship tends to endanger the integrity of the party.

Cease to libel the personnel of the party. If the accusations be true as to the persons entrusted with State affairs, we must hold our heads down.

But we say, condign punishment to malefactors. Drag them before the bar of public opinion: if election frauds, prosecute; if Governor clothed with inordinate powers, reform, altogether, Constitution and laws; converge the fire of your orators on the proper point; frighten not away immigration and capital; keep not the people intent on mere personalities; by all means foster an era of good feeling.

CHANGE OF STATE GOVERNMENT, 1880.

The Constitution of 1879 dispensed with the services of a large number of officeholders. Smarting under these disappointments too many lend a credulous ear to vituperation against the powers that be. The people made their selections. Do not pout against the action of those who had the right to ordain.

Bluster about political purity has too little influence with many who make a profession of it.

Novelty is not improvement! Change of faces in the public service do not always bring reform! Those called reformers are blossoming with promises as to the future administration of State affairs. Will we have the fruits? Are they not both deluding themselves and those who are listening to them? This class of persons, well known at all times, are too often very different persons before and after the elections.

EVENTS OF 1877.

There is an effort made to offer incense to one single person or to a set of individuals, by reason of the success of political movements during the several years of State contention.

Among the memorable movements of past times the Committee of Two Hundred Citizens of New Orleans, with the strong support of the masses, kept up a tremendous swell of agitation, flooded the country with addresses of marked ability and eloquence, sent a delegation to Washington and performed continuous herculean labors, to obtain home rule. The way was thus paved for the change that emerged thereafter.

The government at the capital during those years of tribulation exercised in the fullest manner the power of determining who constituted the Legislature and who was Governor, and whether domestic violence or insurrection existed against the State government. There was no redress, for the Supreme Court has decided this to be a political question, with which courts cannot interfere. Slowly the wars of an enlightened public sentiment covered the country, Louisiana outrageously administered, bad feelings engendered, trade and agriculture clogged, Republican party tremulous as to the result of future elections, complications as to the result of the presidential election, threatening an upheaval of the country.

President Grant, near the close of his administration, relaxed somewhat his military control.

Gen. Augur, under instructions from Washington, to prevent any disturbance of the peace by any one of the rival governments and to keep matters in *statu quo*, until the commissioners appointed by the President made a report. Nevertheless, cognizant of the objectionable personnel of a majority of the Radical rulers of Louisiana, imbued with the prevailing sentiment, sympathized with the oppressed—followed in the wake of progress, by holding aloof, on the 9th of January, 1877—thus making a march on the courthouse possible, otherwise all efforts of the most sanguine abortive, and hastening the advent of local self-government. The General was uninfluenced by any one or any set of men. He richly deserved the compliment tendered him by Margaret Haughery, the New Orleans philanthropist, in her presentation to him of a splendid sword.

Two rival Legislatures, neither with a quorum for some time! A hiatus followed. President Hayes discontinued the policy of military intervention, withdrawal of members from the Packard Legislature, United States troops withdrawn and taken to the Barracks—the sequel, events passed into history.

The work of the many during a gloomy and long series of years finally secured us the blessings of home rule. Any one man in the contest was a pigmy!

V.

GOV. SAMUEL D. M'ENERY.

Fortunate, fortunate many in his State administration, peace preserved throughout the parishes, appointments to office made with proper discrimination and due regard to the public interest.

His zealous and enlightened support of all departments—financial, educational, charitable, hygienic, agricultural, leveeing, etc., are matters thoroughly known. The laws have been faithfully executed.

Unjust criticism does not discourage him—such is the lot of all men in authority, from the most meritorious down.

The charges against him have been fully ventilated before the people and shown to be partisan and without foundation.

Fear not, his conservative course will not cease. Indorse his administration by re-electing him! J. AD. ROZIER.

New Orleans, Nov. 14, 1887.

Prof. Tyndall, in a letter on lightning conductors, points out that the abolition of resistance is absolutely necessary in connecting a lightning conductor with the earth, and this is done by closely imbedding in the earth a plate of good conducting material and of large area. The largeness of area makes atonement for the imperfect conductivity of earth. The plate, in fact, constitutes a wide door through which the electricity passes freely into the earth, its disruptive and damaging effects being thereby avoided. A common way of dealing with lightning conductors adopted by ignorant practitioners is, Dr. Tyndall remarks, to carry the wire rope which forms part of the conductor down the wall and into the earth below, where it ends without any terminal plate. Such a "protection" is a mockery, a delusion and a snare. Some years ago a rock lighthouse on the Irish coast was struck by lightning, when he found by the engineer's report that the lightning conductor had been carried down the lighthouse tower, its lower extremity carefully imbedded in a stone perforated to receive it. If the object had been to invite the lightning to strike the tower a better arrangement could hardly, he believes, have been adopted. He vetoed the proposal to employ a chain as a prolongation of the conductor, as the contact of link with link is never perfect.