

Republican Presidential Possibilities.

The Republican organs are so much occupied with the affairs of the Democracy that they have no time to treat their own party friends with courtesy. Here we are on the eve of a political contest which is admittedly the preliminary skirmish of the Presidential battle, and while Republican journals are full of calculations regarding Democratic candidates they have not a word to say concerning their own aspirants.

The Republican prospects, it is true, are not sufficiently encouraging to invite a severe struggle for the next Presidential nomination.

The field from which the Republicans have to make their choice is not a very wide one. The old issues of the party are dead and buried, and with them the best of its old leaders have passed away.

Yet Blaine is beyond question the most prominent and the strongest Republican mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination. He has a personal following of which no other Republican leader can boast. There is an atmosphere of chivalry about him. A "plumed knight" glamour surrounds him. He has enthusiastic followers and friends. But he has very bitter enemies.

It may safely be set down that Blaine is a candidate. He has long wanted the nomination. He wants it still. It is wisdom to hold back from the scramble. If now an avowed candidate, the wounds would be on his track and tear him to pieces before the Convention. He has great self-confidence. He believes he could win. But as a defeated candidate for the Presidency he would hold a higher position than as a repeatedly defeated candidate for the nomination. If the Republican party is to die, why should not Blaine retire with at least this much honor?

Blaine is a candidate for the nomination despite his literary pursuits, and his book may smooth away many old and violent antagonisms. An author can make friends out of enemies.

Senator George F. Edmunds waits for the nomination. But he is as old and as honest as Bayard, and like him comes from a State insignificant in population. What strength would he bring to the party?

Robert Lincoln would like to fill the office his father held. He is a possibility, but a sentimentality. Change his name and there is nothing left of him but an amiable gentleman of mild manners and limited capacity.

Senator John Logan will receive the support of his State. He can command Illinois. It is questionable whether his strength does not end there.

Ben Harrison, of Indiana, a very weak man and an indifferent politician, would suit a certain set of "liberal" Republicans. That fact kills him.

Foster is ambitious. He would be glad if somebody would steal the nomination for him as he stole it for Garfield.

John Sherman is still in the position of "Barkis." But Foster gave cunning John's ambition a death-blow in the nomination of Foraker.

General Sherman is a candidate. He would make a hot campaign. Hero worship would aid him. His military renown and his ability would make him an opponent not to be despised.

President Arthur is very much candidate. His friends flatter him. Office holders and office-seekers fawn on him. He holds the Southern delinquents in his pocket. His hopes are high. His disappointment will be great.

Blaine heads the list of Republican probabilities. He would be coupled on the ticket with Lincoln, Harrison, Gresham, Foraker or Foster.

If he should be beaten by a Western candidate his strength would command the nomination for Vice-President. In that case who could defeat A. B. Cornell as candidate for Vice-President?

Blaine and Cornell work together. First, for Blaine for President. Secondly, for Cornell for Vice-President.—N. Y. World.

The New York Democratic Platform.

At its recent State Convention, the New York Democracy adopted the following platform of principles:

The Democracy of New York reaffirms the platform adopted at its last State Convention, which has received the approval of the people, as shown by a majority of nearly 50,000 at the last election, and they especially denounce the proposition that the people should be taxed to raise a surplus fund for the Federal Government to distribute among the States. We claim with pride and satisfaction that every pledge therein made has been in good faith redeemed.

Valuable reforms have been wrought, useless offices have been abolished, civil service has been freed from the debasing and injurious influences of partisan manipulation, the freedom and purity of primaries have been secured, political assessments have been abolished, receivership abuses been corrected, the principle of local self-government has been adhered to, the efficiency of the National Guard has been increased, taxation for the support of the Government has been reduced, a State Bureau of Labor Statistics has been established, the rights of workmen have been further protected, the injurious competition of convict labor has been curtailed, and business methods have been the rule in the management of State affairs.

On the record thus made, and to which it will steadfastly adhere, the Democratic party asks the renewal of the award of the confidence of the people. We invite all reasonable friends of our improved State Administration, irrespective of party, to join with the Democracy in preserving and perfecting the reforms in progress, and in extending them to all branches of the State service.

We heartily endorse Governor Cleveland's Administration. It justifies the great vote which elected him. He has deservedly won the affection of the people by his industry, firmness, and intelligence and aggressive honesty. The results make his Administration one of the best the State has ever had.

—In 1853, the story is, Miss Mary Place, now Mrs. Nesmith, of Charleston, S. C., was a member of a Lockport church choir. One Sunday an electric bolt entered the church, and proceeding directly to the choir, annihilated one of the singers, Mr. Crocker, stunned several others, and knocked Miss Place senseless. When she recovered she was unable to explain the disappearance of a gold chain, three feet long, which she had worn to church that morning. A physician who had been examining a leg and narrow protuberance upon her left arm now declares that it is nothing more nor less than the chain, which the electricity must have driven into her person.—Buffalo Courier.

The four white camels presented by King Humbert to Mr. Garrett, President of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and which were brought to this country on the steamer Independence, have arrived at Baltimore safely and have been sent to Druid Hill Park.

African Rights and African Wrongs.

A year from now both parties will probably have made their Presidential nominations, and the hot political fight with which the country is afflicted every forty-eight months will have fairly begun. In that fight the Republicans will undoubtedly attempt to use the gun which has been in constant service since 1856 whenever the Presidency was the price of victory. We mean, of course, the antiquated piece of artillery composed in equal parts of African rights and African wrongs, as represented by the relations of the two races in the South. At present it happens to be in the shop for repairs, and perhaps alterations; and before it comes out again a brief inquiry in regard to its capacity for future mischief will not be inappropriate. In other words, as Republican organs and orators will certainly try to "fire the Northern heart" on the Southern question at the approaching National election, let us see how that question really stands to-day when partisan lies have as yet had no chance to operate upon it.

First and foremost, the South is as quiet and peaceful as the North. There are as few violations of law, in proportion to population, in the Southern States as in the Northern, probably fewer; and these are entirely non-political and character and purpose merely the usual manifestations of human depravity. The extensive assortment of crimes which existed, or was said to exist, when Southern Republicanism was in the full bloom of its power, has practically disappeared altogether since the Southern people were allowed to manage their own affairs in their own way—and chose the Democratic way. In 1876 Republican authorities declared that every year over a thousand persons belonging to that party were killed or grievously maltreated on account of their political opinions in Louisiana alone. Singularly enough, however, as soon as the Electoral vote of that State was stolen for Hayes, while at the same time the Republican candidate for Governor—who had more votes than Hayes—was told to consider himself defeated, political murders and maltreatment there came to an end; so that to-day a white or black Republican is as safe and serene in Louisiana as in Massachusetts. The occupation of Eliza Pinkston & Co. was some time the last Federal soldier left New Orleans, and that famous firm went into hopeless bankruptcy. Though the South, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and from the Ohio to the Gulf, is packed with Republican office-holders and agents, no Republican Munchausen is sufficiently impudent and shameless to manufacture a new supply of the old falsehoods. The "Southern outrage" mill has stopped grinding; bulldozers, bulldozing, Ku-Klux and rifle clubs have returned to the land of fable where they were born; and the most stupid and prejudiced Republican in the North knows that the South is quite as orderly and well-behaved in every respect as his own section, and there is no reason why she should not remain so. He knows, too, or may know, if he has eyes to read or ears to hear, that the "exodus" business has exploded, doing no damage to anybody, except the ignorant negroes who invested in it; and that the two races are living and working together as harmoniously and happily as the ordinary casualties, conflicts and chances of life will permit. In short, the Southern question, in all its political, social and industrial phases, is, if not actually settled, in process of final and satisfactory settlement. All it requires to reach that desirable consummation is to be let alone. The policy of interference was tried from 1865 to 1877, and its results make the darkest chapter in the Nation's history. The policy of non-interference has been tried from 1877 to 1883, and its results are before the world to speak for themselves.

Such being the plain and undeniable facts in relation to the present condition and prospects of the Southern question, it is difficult to see how this old Republican gun can be utilized in the coming campaign; but that an effort will be made to drag it into the field in support of the Republican ticket is sufficiently certain. The simple truth of the matter is that the Republicans can not get along without it. To take from them the Southern question would be another case of the play of "Hamlet" minus the melancholy Dane. They must have their "customary suit of solemn black;" they must have the always virtuous and oppressed negro, and the always wild and wicked Southern Democrat; they must have a Union eternally threatened with disunion, and "results of the war" eternally in danger of becoming no results at all; they must have a Southern Vesuvius always preparing to belch forth flame and blood, and crying for Republican water to put it out; they must play the same old tune on the same old fiddle, hoping the people will dance to it in the same old fashion. We think the people will decline to flourish "the light, fantastic toe" any more on any such provocation. We think that the people, seeing how peaceful and prosperous the South is in 1883, can not in 1884 be made to believe that it is a hell upon earth. The old Republican gun may, and doubtless will, be brought to the front as usual; but the unmistakable indications are that the poet's rhyme will receive brilliant and vigorous illustration thereby:

"But as some muskets so contrive it
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
And though we aimed at ducks and swan,
Bear wide and kick their owners over."
—Exchange.

—There are only six distilleries of rum in this country and all six are in Massachusetts. Of nearly half a million gallons of rum exported last year the greater part went to Africa. The Germans say of a man who has taken just enough alcohol to be mentally stimulated that he is "illuminated;" but rum is plainly not the kind of illumination which the Dark Continent needs.—Boston Herald.

—An unbroken line of rail now exists from Portland, Me., to its namesake in Oregon. A commission house arranged to dispatch ten freight cars filled with canned corn put up by Portland (Me.) firms direct to Portland, Ore., without change. Each car would be labeled from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore., so that they could not fail to be noticed all along the route.—Boston Post.

HYDROPHOBIA.

Terrible Suffering and Death of a Little Girl in Chicago from Hydrophobia Caused by the Bite of a Dog.

CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 9.
Pauline S. Hartman, aged nine years, of 4330 Arnold street, in the town of Lake, died Saturday night of hydrophobia. She was bitten by a little black and tan dog on August 2, but the animal was killed the next day. As they understood that the death of the dog removed all chances of hydrophobia attacking the person bitten, the parents let the matter drop from their minds, and with the healing of the wounds (two severe bites on the right leg above the ankle), all anger was supposed to be an end. Last Tuesday night, nine weeks after the child had been bitten, she was taken sick with all the symptoms of a bilious attack. These symptoms continued until Thursday, when she complained of a pain in the foot, and later the pain became general and appeared to pass all through the body. Friday she was well enough to eat breakfast, but at noon she became alarmingly ill, and Dr. J. F. Abel was called in. She then had symptoms of ordinary tetanus. She refused water, as the effort to swallow it caused violent convulsions, and a sense of suffocation. The sight of a fluid of any kind threw her into spasms. She felt uncomfortable, low-spirited and despondent, and had an undefined feeling of anxiety or dread, and complained of giddiness and of alternate chills and flashes of heat. Then followed slight morbid sensations, emanating from the cicatrized wound. The case was easily recognized as one of hydrophobia. The child would lie on her bed perfectly conscious, the froth coming from her mouth, and would talk rationally, even when the fever was burning her up and her mouth was parched. When it was necessary to give her medicine she would shrink to the further side of her bed, her eyes would bulge from her head, and throwing up her hands as though some terrible monster was about to attack her she would shiver and give vent to moans, followed by a species of barking, caused by the glottis not opening when she desired to speak, and the effort producing the short snapping sound. The pain was then apparently centered in the chest and the back of the head. She continued about the same during the night, being able to eat only apples. She slept about half an hour Friday night, and Saturday morning the spasms were less frequent. She could not say "a great deal" of a pain in the heart and would cry out that her heart was breaking. In the afternoon the spasms returned with great force and she would cry out so that she could be heard a great distance. She did not become vicious toward those around her, but would clutch the bed-clothes convulsively and sink her finger-nails into her flesh and tear great long strips from her body. At about four o'clock she revived and the fear of water left her. She drank freely of water and milk, but soon she was again afflicted with spasms. As night fell and a light was brought into the apartment where the little sufferer lay she rose in her bed with a violent scream, then tried to hide under the bed-clothes, and showed other manifestations of great fear, a look coming into her eyes that she could never forget. These were the symptoms of photophobia, and afterward the room was shrouded in almost total darkness. At nine o'clock she answered the query of how she felt, saying she was "a great deal" of a pain in the heart and would cry out that her heart was breaking. In the afternoon the spasms returned with great force and she would cry out so that she could be heard a great distance. 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