

LOUISIANA CAPITOLIAN.



W. A. LESUEUR,
Publisher and Proprietor.

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA, JULY 19, 1879.

VOL. 1--No. 24
Terms--\$2.00 a Year.

Select Miscellany.

For the Capitollan.
THE LAWYER'S PATRON.
BY NORAH M. JONES.

In days of old, ere print and telegraph
Had taken the place of herald and of page;
Ere modern author penned a paragraph,
And steam and progress had become the rage.
When men were bold in Faith and Virtue's cause,
And woman dared not for her rights to scold;
When kings and princes bowed to higher laws;
And lord and peasant knelt in one same fold.
Ages dark! ere yankee beacon lights had shed,
Their scorching beams on each devoted head,
When every art held up its tutelary saint,
Without a fear of superstitious taint.
Music, painting to their vocation true,
Sung and portray'd divine Cecilia's flame;
St. Luke received from Doctors praise well due,
St. George the soldier's courage still did tame.
And now in spite of precedent and deed,
The Lawyers yet had not preferred their claim;
When one, who though so far he was not feed,
Vowed that for them a Patron he would frame.
For Rome he starts inflamed with holy zeal,
Determined still to make all others feel,
That now, no matter what would be the price,
The Robe should have a Patron in a trice.

His Holiness, well pleased, the suit receives,
Yet, he still denounces a Saint to offer;
Fearing prior claim--so to chance he leaves,
And thus our gowned friend takes the proffer.
The Lawyer blindfold to the church is led,
To choose a fitting Patron on this day.
To great St. Michael's image fast he sped,
And cried, "This is our Patron now for aye!"
The bantage falls! he sees with dire dismay,
Which to this day admits of no ally,
That he has seized in manner most un-civil
That holy Saint's great enemy the Devil."

*St. Michael is always represented with the Devil lying prostrate at his feet.

THE FRIENDS; OR, A HOME IN LOUISIANA.

BY NORAH M. JONES.
CHAPTER VIII.
THE FRIENDS IN LOUISIANA.

"Bright rose the morning, every wave was still,
When the first perfume of a cedar kill,
Sweetly awaked us, and with smiling charms,
The fairy harbor rock'd us in its arms."

Again through the strange accidents of adverse fortune, and under the influence of inauspicious events, the friends were turned adrift to seek a home in stranger lands. When they landed in New Orleans they met with the warmest and most generous reception from the Spanish authorities, and from the inhabitants of Louisiana in general, for the hospitable Southern heart is in perfect harmony with the true hyperbole of Irish cordiality and the "Ceadmille falta," is felt and expressed in a thousand nameless acts of courtesy and kindness which are lavished upon the stranger, as soon as he plants his foot on our Southern soil.

Power and O'Brien were received in the household of the Bishop, Penalvert, where Father Everard was already domiciliated. The manners and habits of the people, the beauty of the country, the fertility of the soil, and above all the cordiality with which they were received, were inducements which could not be overlooked; and as by this time the death blow had been given to the Irish cause by the execution of Robert Emmett, they determined at once to select Louisiana as their future home.

O'Brien readily consented to these plans, as the society of New Orleans was highly congenial to every member of the Home.

It was determined that Mabel should leave the convent, as her marriage would take place in a short time; from her long residence in Spain she spoke the sweet Castilian in all its native purity, and as she was on terms of the most intimate friendship with Donna Rosalia de Guiso, niece to the governor, she would reside with them till O'Brien could procure a home.

As for Thomas Power, he labored with undeviating energy for the promotion of his friend's happiness;

but the task was hard, day after day, he repressed with almost superhuman energy, the wild and impulsive throbbings of his heart. He suffered deeply, for him the world was a solitude, society had no hold on his seared heart, all its allurements had vanished. Endowed by nature with great personal gifts, he turned with loathing from all things; the brilliant polish of fashion, the dazzling splendor of rank, even the bewitching blandishments of intercourse with educated society, all were powerless to heal the hidden wound.

Father Everard with true paternal instinct had watched the hidden conflict, and the temporary victory; his deep knowledge of human nature, combined with his great love for his nephew and pupil, had enabled him to see clearly the apparent convalescence of this wounded heart. Power felt that the good man knew all, few words were exchanged, but stimulated by the silent approbation of his uncle, he continued to tread with manly resignation the narrow path of self-sacrifice and abnegation. Upheld by kindred sensibility in the bosom of another he was better enabled to bear up through this burthened life; and frequently in his unguarded moments when about to sink under his daily occupations and pursuits, wearied and satiated with things around him, he would look up to find the mild eye of Father Everard fixed upon him with a look of encouragement, which to a delicate mind is more gratifying than the most eloquent verbal praise.

CHAPTER IX.
TWO OF THE GREATEST EVENTS OF LIFE IN QUICK SUCCESSION.

"Of Heaven's protection who can be so confident to utter this--? To-morrow I will spend in bliss."

The day fixed upon for the celebration of the nuptials of Bernard O'Brien and Mabel O'Neill had dawned under the most favorable auspices. It seemed as if the human eye could penetrate the dense azure of the Southern sky; the balmy breeze of the September morning imparted an almost intoxicating buoyancy. The physical powers so lately enervated by the excessive heats of August, revived under the soothing influence of the transparent atmosphere. Peace and quiet almost sad in its lifelessness brooded over the distant fields, and the slightly tinted foliage, and the soul dilated by this deep exterior beauty, instinctively turned heavenward to indulge in deeper imaginings.

The Governor's mansion was thrown open with lavish hospitality. The furniture of the apartments was of Eastern magnificence, the heavy Turkey carpets, the windows with their rich draperies of crimson silk, and the beautiful flowers of the Southern forest, blending their brilliant colors with rare exotics almost imbedded in their deep green foliage lavished their delicious fragrance through the long vista of gorgeously-furnished rooms. The house was already thronged with guests who were to accompany the bridal party to the church where the nuptial benediction would be given.

A murmur of unexpressed admiration floated through the spacious apartments, as the bridal party arranged themselves in order to proceed to the church.

Mabel stood pre-eminent in loveliness and grace, a simple robe of white enshrouded her slight form; a transparent veil of point lace was confined to her head by a delicate wreath of orange blossoms, and around the arm of alabaster whiteness was clasped a golden bracelet, studded with emeralds, O'Brien's gift; at her side stood Donna Rosalia de Guiso, the deep olive of her rich Spanish complexion enhanced by the costly gems that decked her lofty brow. Around them stood many of the Louisiana ladies, their tall and exquisite shapes, beautifully set off by their graceful dress, every curve of their lovely persons displaying the very poetry of motion, as they swayed to and fro, intent on the gentle courtesies of social life.

Bernard O'Brien's countenance was replete with happiness, which lent a new dignity to his fine manly form. Thomas Power stood near, he had nerved himself for the ordeal, and his fine features were scarcely dimmed by a tinge of sadness, the impassioned and exalted expression told its own tale, he had gathered strength from trial.

At the appointed time they proceeded to the church, and when the touching ceremony was concluded, Father Everard addressed a few words to the newly-wedded pair, which riveted the attention of their surrounding friends. With true paternal interest he spoke to them in glowing words, of their newly assumed duties, and their future destiny; by the sanctity of the ties which they had just contracted, he entreated them to let virtue and the holiness of their lives shine inaccessible and superior to the tainted gales of caprice, suspicion and doubt;

and he bid them remember that conjugal love is as lasting as virtue itself, and survives every personal change.

After the usual forms had been complied with, they returned to the Governor's mansion and the festivities proceeded with uninterrupted gaiety.

The guests had just risen from the well filled tables and the gentlemen in front of the house, where cigars and light wines filled the pauses of the brilliant conversation. In a few moments O'Brien complained of excessive languor and shooting pains through the head; he was rallied by several of the gayest of the company, and a cup of strong coffee, the universal panacea, in Louisiana, for every slight indisposition was prescribed.

The gentlemen then re-entered the parlors where the rich tones of Mabel's Irish harp were heard mingling with the lighter chords of the Spanish guitar.

Bernard lingered after the others, for the last few moments he had been struggling to converse freely and to throw off the feelings which were gradually overcoming him; but, as he entered the door he staggered, and would have fallen, had not Power turned to assist him and then he perceived the deadly pallor of his friend's face. O'Brien was immediately conveyed to his apartment, where medical aid was called in, and everything was done which could give comparative comfort and composure.

But, alas! the yellow fever had laid its ruthless and unrelenting hand on its victim, and nothing could retard or avert the impending blow.

Mabel stood near trembling with hope and fear; not a tear was shed; over the fair brow electric flashes of white and red passed alternately; it was a moment of feeling too highly wrought and too opposing a nature for words; it was a moment of deep grief--then hope--and then despair. Bernard submitted with patient and manly tranquillity, he received the last sacraments from the hands of Father Everard; but even at this last moment when life was ebbing fast he made every necessary arrangement with coolness and precision. His mother and wife were left to the protection of his friend, "be to them he said," what I would have been, but my heart tells me that I have nothing to fear, it has only pleased God, that they should exchange protectors."

He could say no more. A rapid and unfavorable change had already come on, a deep lethargy succeeded and in a few days all was over.

The office for the dead, the solemn "De Profundis," was chanted over the lifeless form of the one who had lately entered the same church in the pride of manly vigor and health, full of youth and hope. Such are the vicissitudes of human life. The young widowed wife retired to a convent till the days of mourning had expired.

Power endured a long season of mental anguish, which was succeeded by a softened remembrance of past pain and humbled sorrow.

About two years after the events related in the last chapter, Mabel gave her hand to Thomas Power. Bernard O'Brien's aged mother long held her place in the domestic circle, and it was the chief care of both to bestow every comfort upon her. Mabel was supremely happy as a wife and a mother; high in the estimation of the good and virtuous, and as she was surrounded by all the enjoyments which true affection can bestow, she daily acknowledged with gratitude the disinterestedness of the ties which had bound together the hearts of the friends.

Thomas Power loved his adopted country with all the ardor of his enthusiastic nature, and in her subsequent trials in the war of 1812, he had the satisfaction of standing firm in her defence.

Michael Cassidy always remained a faithful adherent to the family, and Patience Jackson, with true yankee enterprise, made her way to New Orleans; but Mick did not consent immediately. Patience, on her arrival, threw herself on the protection of Mabel, and in her service she remained for a length of time. In after years Mick frequently congratulated himself on his acquisition and declared that it was a mercy that Patience came to New Orleans; "and sure," continued he, "if she had not come, she would never have been Mistress Cassidy."

THE END.

President Lincoln once listened patiently while a friend read a long manuscript to him, and asked: "What do you think of it? How will it take?" The President reflected for a little while, and then answered: "Well, for people who like that kind of thing, I think that is just about the kind of thing they'd like."

A TERRIBLE COMBAT.

THAT TOOK PLACE IN BONANZA CITY.
[Virginia City Chronicle.]

The greatest event which has taken place in Bonanza City, Nevada, since the town was born was the fight lately between a scorpion and a tarantula. An eye-witness of the affair and an enthusiastic admirer of such important contests gave the following description of the great struggle to a Chronicle reporter:

"I've seen a good many fights since I struck this section of the country, but yesterday's layout was the boss. For fun and excitement it equaled, in my opinion, the big prize fight down the canyon that Tom Daily took a hand in years ago. The ring was broken up, and every fellow with a six-shooter pulled and turned loose on every thing in sight. We put the two varmints into a wash-bowl, and when they both slid down to the bottom they had to fight and no mistake. There was a little flat place in the bottom of the bowl where they could stand about four inches apart. Well, as soon as they were put in they stepped back a few paces and began to pipe each other off. The tarantula seeing the scorpion, just reared up on his hind legs and shook his fist at him with all his hair on end. Now, there is more of the solid quintessence of hell in a tarantula to the square eighth of an inch than in anything on earth, and when I saw the critter rear up and give the scorp the diff, I laid down five twenty dollar pieces on him and a tall fellow covered 'em in a minute. I knowed I had that money dead. The scorp didn't seem like he wanted any of the pie at first, but after a spell of thinkin' he sorter shook himself out and got ready for business. The first thing we knowed, biff! went the 'tula plum into the scorp, and then the fun began. The spider grabbed him by the back of the neck and we 'sposed for a moment he was goin' to claw his head right off. His teeth--teeth is what I said--come out of his mouth for a quarter of an inch, and grated like a buzz-saw, and I began to feel sorry for the other fellow that I had bet with. I wouldn't been in the linin' o' that scorp's boots for the Serra Nevada mine. All of a sudden, however, the scorp braced himself, and whack! went his tail into the 'tula. I tell you the spider 'let go too quick and went tumblin' across the bowl like a mule had kicked him. I thought he was gone, but you bet he was on deck quick enough, and he came to the scratch again with blood in his eye. Then came the big bout of the whole business. Both of 'em sparred around a spell for an opening. The spider was workin' his left nasty for a biff at the scorp's ear, but whenever he let loose the other threw up his claw and countered on his stomach, just like Halli-han and Lyua for all the world. The spider saw there were no more chromos for him in the stand-up-fight and so he jumped in rough and tumble. It would made your blood run cold to see the way them fellows clawed and clawed each other for five minutes, and the crowd around the bowl clean crazy with excitement. I threw up another hundred on the spider, for I could see he had grip on the scorp that ever was. Why, he had his head in chancery in nine places and about sixteen grape-vine locks on his legs. They wrestled all the styles ever heard of--Connish, Lancashire, Graeco-Roman and collar-and-elbow. It was a regular tournament rolled into one. The 'tula had the grip he had been huntin' for some time. All of a sudden, just as I was reachin' down in my pocket for another hundred dollars to plank up on the spider, the scorp switched his tail round and slammed it in the spider's belly about a quarter of an inch, held it there awhile and then began to turn it round, like he was boring a diamond drill into a quartz ledge. The spider got pale around the gills and looked like he wanted a doctor, and I quietly let that hundred dollars slide back where it belonged. Then the spider let go fourteen under-holds and laid down like he wanted to rest. He rested for about a minute or so, like a little piece of wood shriveled up, and the scorp strutted round and round, like a drum major on a dress parade. The bets were ten to one on the scorp and no takers. All of a sudden up jumps the spider and goes for him again. It appeared to me like the beast had only just made up his mind to fight, and the way he went for the scorp was like a thousand o' bricks tumblin' into a child. When I saw him get fairly down to work I bet the third hundred and felt somehow like when he heard me chink the coin it would give him a little moral bakin'. You could see the scorp's shell crack like a schoolboy chewing peanuts at a church fair. The spider had it his own way for a spell and was gittin' his work in fine when the pesky scorp hunched up the same hole his tail was

in before and got it there again. He'd been licked in another minute if he hadn't, but that saved his bacon, and the spider gritted his teeth a few times and keeled over and died. This don't shake my faith in tarantulas, however. I've got a two-ounce spider that I will match agin any scorpion in Storey county next Sunday for five hundred a side."

THE 'SEPARATED' MAN.

[Free Press.]

About eight o'clock yesterday forenoon a man whose form was full of wrinkles and kinks and twists came out of a coal shed on the wharf, and began yawning and rubbing his eyes like one who had put in a heavy night. A policeman lounged that way, gave the man a looking over and asked:

"Sleep in there last night?"

"Yaas, kinder," was the reply.

"Looking for work?"

"N-o-o, not exactly."

"You'll be run in if you hang around in this way," remarked the officer.

The man put his hands on a snubbing post, laid his chin on his hands, and, after a long look at Canada, he turned and said:

"I dunno exactly what I'm going to do. I live out here about eight miles, but I've separated from the old woman. Yes, separated last night."

"What's the trouble?"

"Waal she was my second, and I was her second, and we never got along any too sweet. We both of us think we know it all, and neither feels like giving in. We came in to see the circus."

"Ah! you did?"

"And there's where the separation took place, right in front of the sacred hyenas from Japan. You know they advertised an electric light there?"

"Yes."

"Well, we'd never seen one. When we got into the menagerie there stood the elephant. Then came the camels. Then we came to a darned old bear. Further on were the lions and tigers and monkeys, but no electric light. We walked three times around that old tent without coming to his cage, and I got very mad. Says I to one of the chaps over the rope: "Whar in the thunder is the cage with the electric light in? We want to see him or have our money back!" The fellow he grinned all over, and lots of folks laffed right out, and my wife she flew up and said I'd made a fool of myself.

"How," said I.

"Why, the electric light is not an animal at all," but it is something to do with the clown."

"We had a big jaw right there. She caved my hat in and I broke her parasol, and then I separated."

"And you won't make up?"

"Make up? Never! She can take the electric light and bake and eat him, but I'm a man who never crawls! I'm going down to Toledo, I am, and by this time to-morrer I'll be drunker'n a horse!"

"And you didn't see the electric light after all?"

"No. I don't believe they had any! Maybe they thought they could work that 'ere rhinoceros off of the public by another name, but I tumbled in a minute. I'm an old rhinos myself, and my wife is another, and when I think of how I stood there and let her call me a fool before all the people I'm mad 'nuff to walk clean home and pizen her half of the yoke of oxen."

INFLUENCE OF LITERARY TASTE.

To a young man away from home and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bedtime; for the moon and stars see more evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit. The poet's vision of evening is all a compact of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to his mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle-hearted youth, who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and stands "homeless among a thousand homes," the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation which comes down upon the spirit like a shadow upon the earth. In this mood his best impulses become a snare to him, so and he is led astray because he is social, kind, affectionate, sympathetic, and warm-hearted. If there be a young man so circumstanced within the circle of our city, let us say to him that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is a home to the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom and charm you by their wit; who will soothe you when fretted, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times. Evil spirits, in the middle ages, were exercised and driven away by bell, book and candle; and you want but two of these agents, the book and the candle.

FINE JOB WORK AT THE CAPITOLIAN.

7 Fine Job Work at the Capitollan.

A BULLY BROUGHT TO TAW.

FALSE AND PARTISAN REPORTS OF THE CONKLING-LAMAR AFFAIR.

[Washington Capital.]

A man's courage is very much like his digestion, in the fact that when good it is never thought of. A brave man is never aware of his courage until it is put to the test, and until tried he goes his way, a very quiet, inoffensive citizen. It is on this account that a braggart and a bully is instinctively regarded by the mass of people as a coward. He assumes the virtue he does not possess, and overdoes the assumption. This has been the popular belief in reference to Senator Conkling. And so no one was disappointed or even surprised, when, after Senator Lamar's deadly thrust, the overbearing bully of the Senate collapsed. The fall was so sudden and complete, the lately arrogant lecturer of better men presented such a pitiable spectacle, that people who never respected him felt sorry for him. We refer, of course, to what actually occurred; for between the two partisans of the press, who conceal all the unpleasant facts they may, and the sneak-thieves about Washington, who have made an honorable profession, a stench in the nostrils of the people, and who lie from force of total depravity, the account of the transaction, with a few exceptions, were wide of the truth. That Conkling's bearing was that of a bully suddenly brought to taw, no Senator present doubts or questions. In the dead silence that followed Lamar's subtle and fatal stab, Conkling was to the last extent unnerved and confused. His assumed nonchalance of repose and swagger of action both deserted him, and looking wildly about him, he stammered, hesitated and lost control of both thought and voice. This was evident, not only from his vulgar retort, after being pronounced a liar, of "you're another," but in committing himself to a line he has not since had the courage to carry out. He served notice on Lamar that on some other time, and at some other place, he would attend to the insult. We know what this means. It is either a duel under the code or an assault on the street; and there is no getting away from the cruel conclusion. Either Conkling did not know what he was saying, or he lacked the nerve to carry out what he had said.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

In Augustin Daly's great play of "Under the Gaslight" Laura Courtland utters these beautiful sentiments:

"Let the woman you look upon be wise or vain, beautiful or homely, rich or poor, she really has but one thing she can really give or refuse--her heart. Her beauty, her wit, her accomplishments, she may sell to you--but her love is the treasure without money and without price. She only asks in return that when you look upon her your eyes shall speak a mute devotion; that when you address her your voice shall be gentle, loving and kind; that you shall not despise her that she cannot understand, all at once, your vigorous thoughts and ambitious plans, for when misfortune and evil have defeated your greatest purposes--her love remains to console you. You look upon the trees for strength and grandeur; do not despise the flowers because their fragrance is all they have to give. Remember, love is all a woman can give--but it is the only earthly thing which God permits us to carry beyond the grave."

FATAL DUEL AT PLEASANT HILL.

[Conshatta Citizen.]

We are without really reliable information concerning the shooting affray which occurred at Pleasant Hill on Sunday last, and decline to publish any of the rumors current. Mr. Foster's death is much regretted by his entire acquaintance, as he was a young gentleman of very great promise to both family and friends. Dr. Armstrong, too, stands high in the estimation of those who knew him. The difficulty originated, we learn, from an insult to Mr. Foster's sister by Dr. A. in a ball room, and the matter was resented with all the gallantry and chivalry becoming a true Southern gentleman. He died protecting his sister's fair name, and who does not admire his courage! Dr. Armstrong is known to be wounded by two pistol shots, but he has evaded arrest so far by the authorities of De Soto parish. More than this we have no authentic information, and cannot mould public feeling by giving currency to all the rumors afloat.

An intellectual member of the Arkansas Legislature has introduced a bill abbreviating the season of Lent from forty to twenty days. He explains that everything else has come down 50 per cent. since the war, and there should be no discrimination in favor of Lent.

TABLES TURNED.

The most remarkable love story of the summer is told by the Port Jervis Union.

Four years ago, a gentleman of twenty-three won the heart of a lady of nineteen. She was the daughter of pious parents, and although she was not connected with any church, looked with a feeling akin to horror on anything approaching skepticism. But the time came when she learned that her lover was a deist; that he had no veneration for the Bible, and took no interest in churches. She was deeply pained by the revelation. She sent for her lover and endeavored to convince him of his error, but he was not satisfied with her arguments. She finally wrote to him a tear-stained letter bidding him good-bye forever. The lady mourned, but tried to satisfy herself that she had acted correctly. Two years made her more liberal than she had been. The more she read the more she distrusted her former decision, and she finally became quite as liberal as the lover she had discarded. The lover, too, had undergone a change. Last winter a revival of religion took place in the city in which he was engaged in business. Suffice it to say that he was united with the church, and in a short time became a zealous member. He thought over the action of his former sweetheart in discarding him for his infidelity, and wrote her a brief note asking the privilege of once more calling on her. When she timidly apologized for her previous dismissal of him, he, to her surprise, defended her conduct; said she had been in the right, and in her place, he would do the same. Her heart sank at these words. She confessed the great change in her sentiments; from being a firm believer in the Bible, she had discarded it, and with it her belief in any revealed religion. He pleaded with her, urged everything he could think of to induce her to change her mind. She could not and told him so. He felt that he must not be yoked with an unbeliever, and gave her up.

A remarkable cave has been discovered on the farm of David Samuels about ten miles from La Crosse. The cave is thirty feet long, thirteen wide, and eight feet above the sand which has drifted in and covers the floor to the depth of about six feet. On the walls of the cave are rude carvings, representing men, animals, arms, and various Indian implements, also what appears to be hieroglyphics. One picture represents a man with a bow and arrow shooting at an animal. There are three buffaloes and one rabbit represented, three animals which must have been hippopotami and one that appears to represent a mastodon. There are also three representations of canoes, also one of a man wearing a kind of chaplet or crown, probably the chief of his tribe or clan. There are also many fragments of pictures where the rock has decomposed.

Show me the girl who has the hardihood to whistle in these days, when everything natural, even to the hair of your head, is at a discount, and I'll show you a girl who can be depended upon--one who will not fall you in time of need, and will give you the true, hearty grasp, the cordial handshake, the warm, genial welcome; no tip of the kid glove, and a cold "how do you do?" who can brave danger, look toil in the face without shrinking, "laugh with those that laugh and weep with those that weep," as well as whistle with those that whistle; who can, in short, take the world as she finds it, rough and rugged, and not go through life as though she were walking on eggs and afraid of cracking a shell; who deals in substance, not shadow.

A preacher, after standing the freezing temperature of the church as long as he could, broke out with, "Brother Griggs, do see that this house is better warmed this afternoon; it's no kind of use for me to warn sinners of the dangers of hell, when the very idea of hell is a comfort to them."

"I don't think much of newspaper men, and I never take any stock in what the papers say," he said. And then everybody knew that he done something that he was ashamed of, and the papers had published an account of it.

Better a strong will than a wavering; better a steadfast enemy than an uncertain friend; better a false belief than no belief at all.

A friend that makes the least noise is very often the most needful, for which reason all should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.

There is no fault so small that it will disappear of itself. You must make a business of pulling it up by the roots and throwing it away.

Beast Butler is trimming his sails to catch the "democratic breeze" in Massachusetts.