The President's Policy in Two Lights.

A WARNING TO ALL TURBULENT PERSONS.

IN MAY.

By the President of the U. States—A Proclamation.—Whereas, certain turbulent and disorderly persons, pretending that Elisha Baxter, the present Executive of Arkansas, was not elected, have combined together with force and arms to resist his authority as such Executive, and other authorities of said State; and

Whereas said Elisha Baxter has been declared duly elected by the General Assembly of said State, as provided in the Constitut'n thereof, and has for a long period been exercistng the functions of said office, into which he was inducted according to the Constitution and laws of said State, and ought by its citizens to be considered the lawful Executive thereof; and

Whereas, the said Elisha Baxter, under section 4 of article IV of the Constitut'on of the United States, and the laws passed in pursuance thereof, has heretofore made application to me to protect said State and the citizens thereof against domestic violence; now, therefore,

I, U S. Grant, President of the United States, do hereby make proclamation and command all turbulent and disorderly persons to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes within ten days from this date, and hereafter submit themselves to the lawful authority of the said Executive and other constituted lawful authorities of said State, and I invoke the aid and co-operation of all good citizens to uphold law and preserve the public peace.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this 15th day of May, in the year of our Lord 1874, and of the Independence of the United States the ninety-fifth.

(Signed) U. S. Grant.

By the President.
Hamilton Fish,
Sec. of State.

IN FEBRUARY.

To the Senate of the United States: Herewith I have the honor to send, in accordance with the resolution of the 3d instant, all the information in my possession not heretofore furnished relative to affairs in the State of Arkansas. I will venture to express the opinion that all the testimony shows that in the election of 1872, Jos. Brooks was lawfully elected Governor of that State; that he has been unlawfully deprived of the possession of his office since that time; that in 1874 the Constitution of the State was by violence, intimidation, and revolutionary proceedings overthrown, and a new Constitution adopted, and a new State Government established. These proceedings if permitted to stand practically ignore all the rights of minorities in all the States. Also, what is there to prevent each of the States recently re-admitted to Federal relations on certain conditions from changing their constitutions and violating their pledges, if this action in Arkansas is acquiesced in? I respectfully submit whether a precedent so dangerous to the stability of State government, if not of the National Government also, should be recognized by Congress. I earnestly ask that Congress will take definite action in the matter to relieve the Executive from acting upon the questions which should be decided by the legislative branch of the government.

U. S. Grant.

Exec. Mansion. Feb. 8, 1875.

The Boston Advertiser, the leading Republican newspaper of New England, says: "That it is the deliberate purpose of General Butler and those who train in his company to taunt and insult the South to the pitch of exasperation and overt acts of retaliation, observant men can hardly doubt. The danger is that the large body of Republicans who sincerely desire peace and justice will too long neglect to rebuke and repudiate the infernal policy of provocation upon which a few of their unscrupulous leaders are bent. If their conduct should sting some of the more hot-headed communities to madness, the future historian, calmly reviewing these times, would rightly blame us and not them." Among those who train in Butler's company is President Grant, and that means the entire administration.

A drunken Chinaman feeling rich and elated at his progress in the American arts, went through the streets of San Francisco crying, "Hoopla! hoopla! Me all same like Melican man. Hair cut short and drunk like hell!"

A little peppermint is better than brandy when there is any trouble with your "true inwardness."

A Beautiful Love Story.

My Own Dear Pheas—Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churn dasher. Sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like young goats over a stable roof, and thrill through it like Spanish needles through tow linen trowsers. As a gosling swimmeth with delight in a mud-puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture, thicker than the hair of a blacking brush, and brighter than the hues on a humming bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers, and borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it, like an old pointer snapping at a blue-bottle fly. When I first beheld your saintly perfections I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a bumble-bee under a glass tumbler; my eyes stood open like cellar-doors in the country towns; and I lifted my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refused to wag, and in silent admiration I drank in the sweet infection of love, as a thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of hot whisky punch. Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself by my shoe straps to the top of a church steeple. Day and night you are my thoughts. When Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from her saffron couch; when the jay-bird pipes his tuneful lay in the apple tree by the spring-house; when the chanticleer's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awakened pig ariseth from his bed, and goeth forth for his morning refreshments; when the drowsy beetle wheels his droning flight at sulky noontide, and when the lowing cows come home at milking time, I think of thee. And like a piece of gumelastic, my heart seems to stretch clear across my bossom. Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse painted with gold, and the brass slide to your immaculate neck-tie fills me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is smoother than an old coat, and whiter than seventeen hundred linen. Your eyes are glorious to behold. In their liquid depths I see legions of little cupids battling and fighting like cohorts of ants in an old army cracker. When their fire hit me in the womanly breast, it perforated my entire anatomy like a load of bird-shot would go through a rotten apple. Your nose is from a chunck of parian marble, and your mouth puckers with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your lips like honey on a bear's paw, and myriads of undeged kisses are there ready to fly out of the parent nest and light somewhere like blue-birds out of their parent nest. Your laugh rings on my ears like the wind harp's strain, or the bleat of a stray lamp on the bleak hillside. The dimples in your cheeks are like bowers in beds of roses, or like hollows in cakes of home-made sugar. I am dying to fly to your presence, and to pour out the burning eloquence of my love as a thrifty housewife pours out the hot coffee. Away from you I am as melancholy as a sick rat. Sometimes I can hear the June-bug of despondency buzzing in my ears, and feel the cold lizzards of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears like a thousand minners nibbling at my spirits, and my soul is pierced through with doubts as an old cheese is bored by skippers. My love is stronger for you than the smell of the old butter, sweitzer kase, or the kick of a mule. It is purer than the breath of a young crow and more unselfish than a kitten's first catterwaul. As the son-bird hungers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the trap, as a lean pup hankers after new milk, so I long for thee. You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a Yankee doughnut fixed in sorghum molasses; brighter than the top-knot plumage on the head of a Muscovia duck. You are candy kisses, raisens, pound-cake, and sweetened toddy, altogether. If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker in a cherry tree, or a stags-horse in a green pasture. If you can not reciprocate my thrilling passion, I will feel terrible bad, and I will pine away like a poisoned bed-bug, and fall away from the flourishing vine of life, an untimely branch. And in coming years when the shadows grow long from the hills, and the philosophic frog sings his evening hymn, you happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear and toss a cloud upon the last resting place of _____ Ecila.

A poor relation—a carb-uncle.

Scissorisms.

To ascertain the number of children in a street—beat a drum. To ascertain the number of loafers—start a dog fight.

"Mike, if you meet Pat, tell him to make haste." "Shure an' I will," said Mike, "but what must I tell him if I don't mate him?"

An Illinois postmaster gives notice as follows: "After this date everybody must lick their own postage stamps, for my tongue's give out."

There are trees so tall in Missouri that it takes two men and a boy to look to the top of them. One looks till he gets tired, and another commences where he left off.

Willie P., a little five-year old, was playing with a honey-bee, when the angry bee stung him. "Oh, Grandma," cried Willie, "I didn't know bees had splinters in their feet!"

"Bridget, what have you done with the cream? Those children can not eat skim-milk for breakfast." "Sure, ma'am and it isn't myself that would be after givin' the scum to yez, I tuk that off and gave it to the cats."

Mark Twain thinks that soda-water is not reliable for a steady drink. It is too gassy. The next morning, after drinking thirty-eight bottles, he found himself full of gas and as tight as a balloon. He hadn't an article of clothing he could wear, except his umbrella.

A Dutch woman kept a toll-gate. One foggy day a traveler asked, "Madame, how far is it to B—?" "Shoost a leetle ways," was the reply. "Yes, but how far? again asked the traveler. "Shoost a leetle ways," more emphatically. "Madame, is it one, two, three, four, or five miles?" The good woman ingeniously replied, "I dinks it is."

"How do I look, Pompey?" said a young dandy to his servant, as he had finished dressing. "Elegant, massa; you look bold as a lion." "Bold as a hen, Pompey! How do you know? You never saw a lion." "Oh, yes, massa, I seed one down to Jenks', in his stable." Down to Jenks', Pompey? Why, you great fool, Jenks has not got a lion; that's a jackass." "Can't help it, massa; you look just like him."

NOTICE.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Louisiana, January 6, 1875.

COMPLAINT HAVING BEEN ENtered at this office by Henry Griffith against G. B. N. Hanch, for abandoning his Homestead Entry, No. 2346, dated July, 1871, upon the Fractional Section 22, Township 15 south, Range 13 west, in Cameron Parish, Louisiana, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 16th day of February, 1875, at 1 o'clock P. M., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

E. W. HOLBROOK, Register.
jan16 JULIAN NEVILLE, Receiver.

LAKE CHARLES LODGE, NO. 165,

OF F.·. A.·. M.·. HOLDS ITS REGULAR communications at the Masonic Hall, on SATURDAY before the full moon of each month, at 3 o'clock P. M., from the 1st of October to the 1st of April, and at 4 P. M., from the 1st of April to the 1st of October. All transient brothers in good standing are invited to attend.

LOUIS LEVEQUE, W. M.

J. W. Bryan, Secretary.

Lake Charles, April 13, 1874.