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AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

IN Florida the two Houses of the State Legislature have been organized, with a small Democratic majority in each. Drew, the Democratic candidate for Governor, has been inaugurated, and the Legislature is a Democratic Government. This assures that the Republicans will once again control that State are but slight, and may be looked at as being a long way off. Meanwhile, however, the Presidential, which shows considerable Republican majority in the Legislature, and which, if it should be carried by the Democrats, would be a great gain to the party. Nothing is yet known of the Louisiana Legislature, but it is probable that it is the same faculty that makes us laudatory of the past and hopeful of the future. Between the beautiful scenes of the past and the hope of the sky. Most of them would grumble at the suffering, they had to suffer, leaving their homes, their graves, and ignoring with thankfulness heaven their many pleasures, the love of friends and home. The Rhine is a great river, capable of great commerce and capacity to power, serving in the Council given to those who win the battle of life. Let those who have the daily interest in the management of our city affairs, the people are indined to be the little Municipal Parliament. Remember further that the sensation is going through hues and dusty windows, but as it were in open prairie, as it comes up full orbed, scattering its rays in the morning, gives the mists of fanaticism, the frowning clouds of tyranny. Yet, freedom has been enjoyed long enough to make us forget the misery of the past; the want of freedom; the want of individuality; the gross and galling monopolies of the olden times; the want of education. These things they feel not, and they have not imaginations strong enough to realize what they do not feel. The past has ordered into the star, and all its deformity is hidden in distance. Men only see its beauty, its picturesqueness, its grace; the hardness and hollowness and corruption are hidden from them. But they are there, and they should be aware of the defects of the present, and fancying themselves enlightened when they are only nearer the mirror their shortcomings, and sigh over small blemishes. With an eye for details and pettiness they fix their attention on a little hill, or a wasp's nest, or a little barren patch, and do not take in the whole country with its rich acres and fertilizing streams. They know nothing about the marshalling of an army or the movement and division of a battle, but things have come to a dreadful and deplorable pass in the country when a little pipe-clay has been neglected and a soldier's stock is a little loose. They would be shocked to see this Henry IV., poor his battle in patched hose, and that the white plume on the helmet of Navarre was often dragged and dirty even when it was the oriflamme of France. We here in Canada enjoy a noble freedom; a freedom which great men died in impatient hope to see tested; such a freedom as great heroes and martyrs have toiled and died for. We have our shortcomings, for society is imperfect. If the individual is imperfect the aggregate cannot be flawless. There is at times considerable fuss and there we see cackling; here again we see vanity, and we might enumerate other blemishes, but these are but on the ripples and waves, and weeds, and freshness of the broad bosom of our political life shows majestically on, never failing flows onward to ocean, and we shall in due time be to assume for any one half? There is no excuse for any one holding himself aside from our political life in fancied superiority. His duty as a citizen if he sees it in a true light will appear to him also as a privilege.

The first of this month was for many an exciting day of electioneering. Animated by a laudable ambition many candidates were forthcoming. Some who have been among our city Fathers in the past have been rejected; others still continue to give their time and experience to the city. New men have been brought in. Each had his partisans. The appearance of the newspaper offices in the evening showed what interest had been taken in the contest. Yet there were no riots, and, if, say, very little drunkenness. What progress does all this not indicate? Now try to realize the contrast between the mind of all that took part in that election. Then seek to compute the knowledge of the principles of free Government, the experience and capacity to power, serving in the Council given to those who win the battle of life. Let those who have the daily interest in the management of our city affairs, the people are indined to be the little Municipal Parliament. Remember further that the sensation is going through hues and dusty windows, but as it were in open prairie, as it comes up full orbed, scattering its rays in the morning, gives the mists of fanaticism, the frowning clouds of tyranny. Yet, freedom has been enjoyed long enough to make us forget the misery of the past; the want of freedom; the want of individuality; the gross and galling monopolies of the olden times; the want of education. These things they feel not, and they have not imaginations strong enough to realize what they do not feel. The past has ordered into the star, and all its deformity is hidden in distance. Men only see its beauty, its picturesqueness, its grace; the hardness and hollowness and corruption are hidden from them. But they are there, and they should be aware of the defects of the present, and fancying themselves enlightened when they are only nearer the mirror their shortcomings, and sigh over small blemishes. With an eye for details and pettiness they fix their attention on a little hill, or a wasp's nest, or a little barren patch, and do not take in the whole country with its rich acres and fertilizing streams. They know nothing about the marshalling of an army or the movement and division of a battle, but things have come to a dreadful and deplorable pass in the country when a little pipe-clay has been neglected and a soldier's stock is a little loose. They would be shocked to see this Henry IV., poor his battle in patched hose, and that the white plume on the helmet of Navarre was often dragged and dirty even when it was the oriflamme of France. We here in Canada enjoy a noble freedom; a freedom which great men died in impatient hope to see tested; such a freedom as great heroes and martyrs have toiled and died for. We have our shortcomings, for society is imperfect. If the individual is imperfect the aggregate cannot be flawless. There is at times considerable fuss and there we see cackling; here and there we