

The Democratic managers put up an improper candidate, and thousands of Democrats, true to the principles of their party, have declined to vote for him.—[Covington Commonwealth.]

Now is the time for Mr. Hargis, as a member of the court of appeals, to come to the front and demand a public investigation of the charges made against him in the late canvass. The party, nor can the people of Kentucky afford to see one of their favorite sons live and hold an office of such elevated power, when the slightest reflections on his character are made, for the judicial ermine of the appellate bench should be like the virtue of Caesar's wife—above suspicion.—[Mt. Sterling Democrat.]

It is a matter of regret that Judge Hargis' escutcheon, to borrow the language of the coat-of-arms people, is tarnished by reports of ill-doing, which may or may not be true. Appearances are against him, and for this reason it is not a matter of congratulation that he was elected. Before that event the charges affected himself; to-day they reach all the people of all Kentucky. Only the men of the first appellate district voted for him, but it is over the entire State that his jurisdiction extends, hence all of us are interested in that other figure of speech which says his ermine should be unspotted. * * Will he prove himself a fit man to hold a place in that court before he offers himself to be sworn in, or will he await an impeachment before the State Senate?—[Louisville Post and News.]

Judge Hargis owes it to himself, and he owes it to the Democratic party, but especially does he owe it to the judges of the court of appeals, to clear himself of the charges that have been brought against him in so specific a form, of altering records of the Rowan court, before he attempts to take his seat upon the appellate bench. We regarded the charge, pending the election, as one of these fabrications so often resorted to by political opponents to defeat a rival, but since the election we understand that there was more in it than merely an electioneering trick, and we further hear it intimated from Frankfort that the judges of the court of appeals regard it as a very serious matter, and that the Democratic central committee do not view it with indifference. We presume that Judge Hargis can dispose of the charge in a manner satisfactory to his future associates and the committee, and it is imperative upon him to do so before he attempts to qualify for the position, or he may be confronted with an opposition that can not fail to mortify him beyond measure, and make his exculpation much more difficult than it can be done by an antecedent investigation. We write under the supposition that Judge Hargis will have no difficulty in disproving the grave charges that have been made against him, and this should be done promptly, fully, and with anxious candor, for no man will be permitted to occupy the exalted position to which Judge Hargis is elected, against whose honor the slightest breath of suspicion attaches. If this is not done, and even if his associate judges do not refuse to sit with him, the Legislature will be flooded with petitions for his impeachment and removal, and it is far better in every point of view that an antecedent acquittal should be had.—[Lexington Gazette.]

The murder of Judge Elliott, of the appellate court, by Thomas Buford, was not only a monstrous crime but a public calamity, for which neither the State nor the Democratic party was responsible, since neither possesses the power to divine the evil intentions and thus be enabled to prevent the criminal deeds of individuals; but the election of Thomas F. Hargis to fill the vacancy created by Buford's shotgun, is an act that almost lifts the assassination of Elliott to the rank of meritorious actions in the eyes of all citizens who believe that the judicial ermine should be kept pure and unstained as virgin snow—who believe that the public and private lives of those who wear it should be without reproach or blemish. And why should not public opinion be thus exacting? Our supreme judges occupy the most exalted and responsible position on earth. Their opinions are decrees which deprive citizens of life, liberty, or property. To exalt a man to such a position of grave responsibility against whom accusations are pending which, proved in a court of justice would degrade him from the roll of attorneys if it did not consign him to the State's-prison, is an act that finds no parallel in history since Valerianus the Voluptuary procured the consecration of Cloelia the Harlot as a priestess of Vesta.

The charge against Hargis is not a "they say" accusation, trumped up on the spur of the moment for use in the recent canvass, bearing upon its face the stamp of improbability, and, failing in its object, to be kicked to one side as a spent ball that missed its aim. It was preferred five years ago, and because he then dodged it and avoided meeting and refuting it, which would have been the first and only impulse of an innocent man, the Democrats of his judicial district—notwithstanding he was their nominee—scornfully rejected him for his Republican competitor. In his speeches he vehemently asserted his innocence, declared that Hon. A. E. Cole, of Flemingsburg, and a Mr. Tabor, of Rowan county, had conspired to ruin him, that they were the mutilators of the court records of which he was accused, and called upon God to register his vow that, as soon as the election was over, he intended to pursue those two miscreants until he landed them in the penitentiary. That was the manner in which he "refuted" the grave charge that had thundered down upon him from the mountains of Rowan.

Thomas M. Green, the accomplished editor of the Maysville Eagle, who was a staunch supporter of Hargis, crediting his declaration that he was the victim of a conspiracy, journeyed to Morehead, the county-seat of Rowan, for the purpose of probing the matter to the bottom, and holding up the guilty parties, whoever they might be, to public execration. His disgust can be better imagined than described, when, on every hand, evidence that defied refutation grew and multiplied, confirming the truth of the charge against his candidate. Mortified and indignant he crystallized this evidence in the shape of affidavits from the county judge, county and circuit clerk, lawyers, and prominent citizens, all men of irreproachable character and high standing in the community, who did not hesitate to swear to the matters they stated, returned home, published the result of his investigations, and from thence on to the election opposed Hargis as zealously as he had formerly supported him. While in Rowan, Mr. Green made the further and astounding discovery that Hargis, three years before, (in 1871), had committed the grave crime of perjury in order to occupy a seat in the State Senate. This exposure resulted, as stated above, in his rejection at the polls.

The election over, the time was arrived for Hargis to begin pursuit of the "conspirators," Cole and Tabor, through the courts into the penitentiary, in fulfillment of the God-registered vow of his speeches. Did he do it? Just the reverse. He did not even attempt it. On the contrary, immediately after his defeat he was practicing law in partnership with Cole, and when some of his angry, indiscreet relatives procured the indictment of Tabor by a Rowan

grand jury, he did not rest until he had the indictment quashed. All doubt of his guilt fled our mind from that day. We were then convinced that he dared not carry his cause into the courts, just as we are to-day convinced that he will not dare to pursue Mr. Green under the law of libel.

We unhesitatingly agree with our Democratic contemporaries quoted at the head of this article, that he must purge himself of this grave charge before he is permitted to occupy the august position to which he was elected. The case has passed out of the custody of the first appellate district, and he is now confronting the honor of Kentucky. That honor he must not be permitted to tarnish. If he is really innocent, he surely is lawyer enough to know the proper course to pursue to make that innocence manifest. It is now no longer a question at the sole disposal of Hargis' inclination and subject to his personal desire. It concerns and involves the honor of the Democratic party of the State. That honor must be preserved intact even though Hargis be ground to powder between the millstones of truth. Mr. Green's charges have been presented in such shape that they can not be whistled down the wind, nor will ungentlemanly and venomous abuse of the author dull their point, deaden their effect, or acquit the accused. Mr. Green has expressed his readiness to submit them to the crucial test of a civil suit, and, failing that, is not averse to braving a criminal prosecution with them. He is a gentleman of culture, worth, and unblemished reputation. As an honorable, high-minded gentleman, he is in family, intellect, education, courage and character the peer of any man in the commonwealth, and would scorn to resort to falsehood to injure any human being, even his bitterest enemy, as he would scorn to perpetrate an act of treachery against his dearest friend. A charge brought by such a man is not to be put down with a shrug of the shoulder—not to be overthrown by the declaration that it is "an electioneering lie." If Hargis lacks the courage to combat his accuser with civil proceedings, or unnecessarily delays resorting to legal measures for his proper vindication, then, in our opinion, it becomes the imperative duty of the Democratic State central committee, as the trusted guardians of the best interests and honor of the party, to take such steps as will bring out the whole truth before a judicial tribunal. Until such investigation is had Hargis should not be permitted to qualify. It is infamy enough that a portion of the party should elevate a man to this exalted station over whose head hung charges of perjury and felony. To permit him to take his seat on the appellate bench, with those charges still hanging over him, would be the crowning infamy.

Mr. HENRY WATTERSON paints Kentucky clad in a mixed costume of buckskin hunting shirt and tartan hose and breeks, holding a pioneer rifle in its hand. A true representation would be attired in store-clothes, with the butt of a revolver protruding from its hip-pocket, and a bottle of whisky in its hand—a red-eyed, red-nosed, red-handed, half-hoss-and-half-wildcat sort of cuss, that would pass anywhere for a full brother to Ohio.

We congratulate the Democracy of Grayson on their excellent nomination for the Legislature. We had hoped our old friend, Bob McBeath, would hold the winning card, but luck was against him. L. B. Beauchamp, the successful man, is a farmer, nearly fifty years of age, residing on Short Creek, with a skin full of honesty and a head full of brains. There is neither clap-trap nor nonsense about him, and he will make a representative of which any county would be proud.

The firm of Tomlinson & Bowman, merchants, Main street, Louisville, has been dissolved by force of circumstances. Mrs. Tomlinson was an excellent Potiphar's wife and Mr. Bowman a very indifferent sort of Joseph. Their intrigue was discovered. The wronged husband rushed for his revolver. The villainous partner rushed for Washington City. The guilty wife was rushed off to her parents in Mississippi. It was a rushing business all round. Mrs. Tomlinson is a remarkably beautiful young woman, and has been married three years. She was a Buckner, is own cousin to Senator Beck's wife, and comes of real old blue-blood stock. The men are first cousins and belong to the Bluegrass nobility, Tomlinson being a brother to Mrs. Gen. Belknap, (who so heroically shouldered her husband's sins during the reign of Nero II.) while Bowman is son of the famous Regent of Kentucky University. The woman claims that Bowman drugged her wine, but as she was in the habit of meeting him at assignation houses, it was probably the drug of persuasion administered in the wine of flattery.

The more we come to think of it, the more satisfied do we become that John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, is the man for the Democracy to nominate for the Presidency. He has more brains than Tilden, Thurman, and Hendricks combined. He is not an *intrigant* for the nomination—we doubt if he ever dreamed of such a thing befalling him—he has no doubtful or double-barreled record on any public question—he has abundant nerve, will and decision of character—on a question of right all the persuasion of leaders or power of party could not induce him to pursue the wrong—his private life is irreproachable and his public career wins commendations even from his opponents—honest as the day is long, clear-headed, clean-hearted and clean-handed, he is that manner of man upon whom the patriotic people can rely in any emergency. There is no redundancy in his language, his speeches are barren of sounding, glittering but meaningless rhetoric as the palm of his hand is of hair, and when he gives expression to his opinions his declarations are clear, incisive, to the point, and couched in terms perfectly intelligible to the unlettered multitude as they are confounding and unanswerable by the keenest and most adroit debaters among the opponents. He reminds us more of Jefferson in his cast of thought and straight-forward, unadorned, but convincing reasoning than any statesman we have had in the last thirty years. Is it too much to hope that the national convention will possess sufficient wisdom, will be sufficiently free from the toils and plots and intrigues of Tilden, Thurman, et al, as to take up such a man for our leader next year? Let us hope to.