The Weekly Kansas Chief.

SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. } THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION. { TERMS—$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XVI.—NUMBER 22. { TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1872. { WHOLE NUMBER, 802.

Choice Poetry.

SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

Beneath a dark November sky,
With the cold rain falling drearily,
And the bleak wind moaning and shrieking by,
The seed o'er the land is cast;
And in the grave-like furrows the grain doth lie,
Till the weary months are past.

In curling mist and frosty air,
And weeping skies, it lieth there;
Or buried in the snow, or bare
To every wind that blows;
And night's deep darkness, like despair,
Hangs o'er it while it grows.

It grows in spite of cloud and blast,
And sullen rain descending fast,
And snow wreaths thickly o'er it cast,
And thunderous, darkening skies;
The very tempests roaring past
Strengthen it as it lies.

Anon a kindlier season shines,
And warmth and light, the spring's soft signs,
With many a beauteous blossom twines
The breast of icy earth—
And the grain, delicate emerald lines,
Springs up a fairy birth.

Then sunny months, in swift career,
Bring up the lusty ripened ear;
And the golden harvest time drawn near,
And the reaper whets his scythe;
Till, on a day, the rich sheaves rear
Their shapes on the landscape blithe.

Sown in the cold, dark, desolate days;
Reaped in the sunshine's mellow blaze;
Thus in the din and wondrous way
Of fate are the deeds of men:
Sorrow and trial, defeats and delays,
Like storms that soften the grain,

Must test the heart's aspiring claim;
But every just and noble aim
Shall pass the ordeal clear of blame,
And in the appointed hour
Bring forth its fruit of wealth or fame,
Of knowledge, wisdom, power.

Sow, though in days of gloom, the seed
Of manful toil and generous deeds,
Of stern self sacrifice, that heeds
Little the world's behest;
Cast out the lying thought that pleads
"Enough, now take thy rest."

In the winds of scorn, the storms of hate,
In the darkness of hope deferred full late
Through days when the world shows desolate,
Must sheep the good deeds thou hast done;
Faithfully labor, patiently wait,
Thy work shall see the sun.

That which was sown in the wintry air
Shall blossom and ripen when skies are fair,
Though thine should be many an anxious care
Ere the harvest is gathered in—
Be stunt to toil and steady to bear—
The heart that is true shall win.

Select Story.

THE LIVE SOFA.

A MAN OF MANY VAGARIES.

Mr. Lundy was a peculiar looking man, with a thin face, and long, straight hair, that he fancied never needed cutting. He had, at one time, been very unfortunate in his business; but, though made rich since by a large legacy, he was not in a condition to enjoy it. The fact is Mr. Lundy was a confirmed hypochondriac.

For many years Mrs. L. had stayed at home and humored his whims, but one season her pretty daughter wanted to go to a watering place, not for any disease in particular, but to see the world and the young folks in it.

Behold them, then, comfortably established in a sea-side hotel. For two days Mr. Lundy had been all right; but one morning his poor wife knew what was coming by the peculiarity of his looks and motions. Her book fell from her hand; Minnie turned pale.

"He's been flighty all the morning," said Mrs. L. "Dear, dear, see him whirl. What is it, Lundy?"

"A feather, my dear—a feather; catch me; hold me. Don't you see the wind is blowing me everywhere? It will take me out to sea, and I shall get saturated—yes, wet through, Mrs. Lundy, I beg you to catch me; pin me to your bonnet, I shall be safe there. Just see how frightfully I am ruffled, the slightest puff of air agitates me thoroughout. I'd rather be anything than this; do put me in your bonnet, my dear!"

"I'll put you in a mad-house before long," muttered the exasperated wife, "if you cut up such capers. Come into the hotel, Mr. L."

"Come into the hotel, madam, you talk as if I had legs. Did you ever see a feather walk? Why, I'm lighter than a snow-drift. I wish I had a brick in my hat to keep me down. Ah! I envy everything stationary. Observe how I quiver, stick a pin in me, my dear, and fasten me to the floor. Is there enough of me for a pen? Am I a hen-feather, or a duck-feather, or what?"

"A goose-feather, if anything, you tiresome mortal!" cried his wife. "I'm sick of your vagaries. First you're a cat on the roof, mewing and keeping everybody awake; then you're a glass bottle full of water, freezing and snapping; you're anything and everything but a reasonable man. I'm tired of it."

"Mrs. Lundy, will you have the goodness to put me in your pocket? Squeeze me in your hand, anything, that I may feel safe in your protecting care. I'm floating—(singing.)

"'I am afloat, I'm afloat! ah! what's that?'"

"Nothing, Mr. Lundy, but Joe's whip. I called him from the coach-house; lay it on, Joe."

"But, my love, my legs."

"Nonsense, Mr. Lundy; lay it on, Joe. Feathers haven't got legs."

"True, Mrs. L., but they have marrow, and that's what feels. Pray beg Joe to stop."

Just then ran up little Tommy—the only male hope of the Lundy family—and, strange to say, in his hand he had a handsome hen's feather. A triumphant smile illuminated the face of Lundy the elder.

"Now, my dear," he said gravely, taking the feather in his hand, "I hope you'll believe me. My child, look on that feather, and be thankful; that was me."

And little Tom, chuckling at the idea, ran up and down the piazza, repeating, merrily—

"Pa was a hen-feather once; dear me, how funny."

Minnie Lundy was captivating; there is no doubt about that. In pink, blue, white, or green she looked equally charming. There were rich men there who would have been glad to charm her, and nice men, and silly men—silly to that extent that they were fools, and did not know it. But it happened that a young physician was luckier than them all, and poorer.

"I must have that girl," he said, to himself, a dozen times a day, and then heartily wished that she had a fever. He was very handsome. Probably he saw Minnie through the back of his head, for he was always looking out of the window when she came in, and always blushed violently.

One day Minnie followed her mother into the parlor. As usual, Dr. Stag was there.

"My dear," cried Mrs. Lundy, who had just come from the garden, "you look excited."

"Oh! mamma," and her voice was so sweetly low, so softly agitated, "we shall have to leave this place, indeed we shall. Father is taking on terribly; some of the boarders are laughing—others are shocked."

"And what is the freak now, my dear?"

"Oh! he's a rooster, and crows until he is black in the face!"

"A rooster! horrible! And here we are—not a doctor we know—"

Somebody wheeled round from the window.

"Madam—I heard you speak of—the—ahem—need of a doctor. Excuse my forwardness—but I am a physician."

Of course Minnie was more beautiful than ever, in her confusion.

"My poor husband has an unfortunate tendency that annoys everybody near him."

"Perhaps he is a hypochondriac. I think I have seen him. Where is he, madam?"

"On the north porch," said Minnie.

"And I am sure we are very much obliged," added the mother, "if you can only help him."

The first sound that struck their ears as they issued from the door, was a grand and sonorous, "cock-a-doo-dle-do!"

"John—Mr. Lundy," cried his wife, "what a sad spectacle you are making of yourself."

"I'm not a spectacle, good woman; I'm a rooster. Get out of my way, do you not notice the expanse of my wings? Cock-a-doo-dle-do!"

"What shall we do?" cried the poor wife, turning to the doctor. "Oh! sir, can't you stop this ridiculous exhibition?"

"Trust me, madam," said the young man, biting his lips, for the sight was almost too ridiculous for his gravity.

"Upon my word," he continued, addressing the deluded man, "what a magnificent creature! Why, his feathers are a yard long. Where did you get such a splendid specimen? Is he imported?"

"Cock-a-doo-dle-doo!" yelled the human bird, strutting more than ever. "That woman has nothing to do with me, sir—nothing at all. I'm a rooster on my own account—cock-a-doo dle-do!"

Here the doctor gave orders aside to one of the servants, who went away grinning. Then, turning to the rooster, who was by this time red in the face with exertion, he said—

"I declare it makes my mouth water to think what a capital dinner that bird would furnish. May I wring his neck, madam? It will take but a few seconds."

"No you don't," cried the other; "I'm tough—I'm very tough—I'm an old bird, sir—not to be caught with chaff."

"But you are a rooster! what else are you good for?"

"Good to crow, sir; good to crow," and forthwith ensued the loudest screech of all, succeeded by a sumersault, and a sensation of suffocation. Another moment, and the servant reappeared with a dead fowl in his arms.

"I assure you, sir, it had to be done," said the doctor gravely; and Mr. Lundy rubbed his face and pinched his throat.

"Did you really wring my neck, sir?" the hypochondriac asked gravely.

"When you were a rooster, certainly."

"Did I die game?" asked the other, with a manner of solemn importance.

"You did—particularly game," replied the doctor.

"Thank you sir. If I should happen to turn into a rooster again, I shall know where to go.

"I shall be most happy to—to wring your neck for you, sir, on any such interesting occasion."

"Very kind, I'm sure. If you should ever get into trouble, John Lundy will stand your friend."

"Do you promise me that, sir?"

"I do, and I never break my word."

After that, Minnie walked in the garden sometimes; and Minnie was not alone—not she.

"I love violets best," said the doctor to her, one day.

"And I roses."

So Minnie, being the least bit sentimental, quoted Pope on roses—something about dew. And the doctor went on Shakspeare, very bad, indeed, till somehow, in some way—he never could tell how nor in what way, (neither could she,) he said it.

See dictionary for "it."

"Indeed, I must not listen to this," murmured Minnie, dying to hear it again. "My father, if he knew—"

"Would disapprove, perhaps," cried the young doctor. "And why? Because I am poor. And you, too, perhaps—"

"No, no; I—I—you know I—love you—but—"

"Hark! Who calls?"

Enter Tommy.

"Oh! sis, pa's took again, and he is going it awful!"

"What is it now, dear?" asked Minnie, with the face of an angel; but perhaps she wasn't a little cross at the interruption.

"Oh! he's a sofa, and ma says, please somebody come and smash him all to bits."

"What shall we do?" sighed Minnie; "that is the most ridiculous freak of all."

"Don't be frightened, my love," said the doctor. "Tommy, run right to the house and tell your mother I will be there in a few minutes. Now, Minnie, there is but one way I know of to cure your father, at once and for all, and that is by giving him a shock."

"What! of electricity?"

"No, dear—far more powerful than that. You must go to the little brown house over there, and be married."

"Oh! never; my father would kill me!"

"Does he ever break his word?"

"I never knew him to."

"All right. He promised me that if I should ever get into trouble he would help he out."

"Did he, really? Then he will."

"But it is necessary that we give him the shock first. Delay not, my darling; you shall regret it."

Of course she went.

"All I ask is, that nobody will sit on me, for I'm cracked. Besides, I'm just varnished, and not quite dry yet. Do, my dear, stand at the door and tell people as they come in that I cannot be sat on, or in any way meddled with. I'm so flimsily fastened together."

This was the speech that greeted Dr. Stag, as he entered Mr. Lundy's parlor with Minnie. Mrs. L. was in tears.

"Doctor, as soon as ever I get home, I'll have that ridiculous man carried directly to the hospital—indeed I will," cried the poor woman. "I've borne it long enough, and I'm completely worn out."

"So am I my dear," piped up her husband, "I expect I'm second-handed; shouldn't wonder in the least, my legs feel so shaky. Pray, do not touch me. Isn't one roller gone, my dear?"

"Roller gone—your wits are gone. I wish I was a man. I'd varnish you in such a way that you'd never want to be a sofa again, or any piece of furniture."

The doctor stood near, gravely considering.

"My dear, you are better as you are, for I see in the last five minutes you have come out a beautiful washbowl and pitcher. But isn't your nose a little cracked, or do I see awry? I should not wonder, for my head is so full of brass tacks. I think I've snuffed them up my nose. I'm worse than influenza."

"Was ever poor creature so afflicted?" murmured Mrs. Sofa—I mean Mrs. Lundy.

"Never, my love. I protest that if I could be anything else I would—but a sofa I am, and a poor one at that."

At this moment the doctor sprang forward and planted himself upon the prostrate body of Mr. Lundy.

"Capital sofa this," he said, keeping his position in spite of his victim's struggles.

"Get up—I'm cracking in six places. Good heavens! you'll ruin me—you'll break my back! Get up till I'm properly mended, for pity's sake."

"Upon my word," said the doctor, calmly; "this piece of furniture acts as if it was alive. It kicks and wiggles and makes me laugh at its antics. What a ridiculous sofa!"

"I tell you I'm second-handed!" cried the hypochondriac more faintly than before, for one hundred and thirty pounds, dead weight, was no light infliction. "I'm brass tacked—very old—full of cracks—one roller gone. Oh! pray don't lean your weight on me."

The doctor lifted himself cautiously. The sofa gave one deep inspiration. The doctor looked serious.

"Are you sure you are a sofa?"

"Of course I am."

"Then you are no longer Mr. Lundy?"

"I am no longer Mr. Lundy."

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Certainly I can."

"Do you know old Lundy's daughter?"

"I guess I do."

"Won't you let on to the old fellow if I tell you something?"

"Not if you say so."

"Well, I have just married her. She's my wife." Off went the sofa, like a gun—

"You young rascal!"

"You old sofa!"

"You desperate young thief!"

"You rickety old sofa, with your head full of brass tacks! I tell you," cried the doctor, "if you had not been a feather, and a rooster, and a sofa, and the dear knows what, you'd looked after your daughter better than you have. But come, let's be friends, and thank me for curing you. You'll never be a hypocondriac again—I'll take good care of that—for you see it's a nice thing to have a medical adviser in the family. Besides, you promised me once that if I was in trouble you'd help me through. Come, come, let's be quits."

"I see that I can't help myself," said the old man, gravely; "but I tell you what, I shall consider you a thief until you are able to support your wife in the style she has been accustomed to live."

"And I, sir, shall consider you a sofa, until you revoke that decision."

It is needless to add that was the last of the trouble.

Miscellany.

WAITING.

Drop, falling fruits and crisped leaves!
Ye tone a note of joy to me;
Through the rough wind my soul sails free,
High over waves that autumn heaves.

Such quickening is in nature's death,
Such life in every dying day—
The glowing year hath lost her sway,
Since freedom wants her parting breath.

I watch the crimson maple boughs,
I know by heart each burning leaf,
Yet would that, like a barren reef,
Stripped to the breeze those arms uprose!

Under the flowers my soldier lies!
But come, thou chilling pall of snow,
Lest he should hear who sleeps below
The yet unended captive cries!

Fade swiftly, then thou lingering year!
Toss with the storm our eager powers;
For chains are broken with the hours,
And freedom walks upon thy bier.

THE PIONEER PREACHER.

Interesting Reminiscences of Peter Cartwright.

We shall not be likely to see in the church again another Cartwright. The railway has changed the conditions of the growth of society in the far West. In the former days the pioneer settlements of the wilderness were a people apart from the rest of the world. They had very few of the implements of civilization, and grew up with their own habits of thought and speech. Many of them spun their own wool, wove their own cloth, cut out and made their own garments, built their own houses with axe and saw, and were indebted to a far-off region for a very scant supply of materials. Such a race of men could not be otherwise than hardy and self-reliant. Both in their virtues and vices, they were without disguise.

Among such people, Cartwright was born and reared, and among them spent the earlier years of his ministry. He had the characteristic traits of the Western man of his period, but he had, besides these, a most intense desire to bring his fellows into subjection to the gospel of Christ. His brawn and courage were held in strict subservience to a zeal for human welfare that never flagged until the day of his death.

We first encountered Cartwright in 1840. He was trustee of a college in Illinois, then struggling for life, and sustained by the persistent efforts of the impoverished preachers, with such aid as they could draw from their people. The first meeting was characteristic of the old pioneer. Business was over and he was telling anecdotes of Axley, the eccentric Tennessee preacher, whom Cartwright had known well. The auditors were in convulsions of laughter, for the stories were full of humor, and told admirably well. The merry twinkle of Cartwright's eyes was irrisistibly contagious. It required no effort on his part to be humorous; the fun flowed out spontaneously; mingled with shrewd observations of human life. He had travelled so much, had seen so much, that he could always illustrate his point by some incident which had come under his notice. Men were the books he had most read; besides the Bible and Wesleyan standards, he had read very little else.

Our next meeting was at his own home, in Sangamon County. Here, on their way to Conference, a company of preachers had stopped to rest over Sabbath. It was a broad, brick house, unusually good for those days, with a spacious hall running through the center from front to rear. It was a most hospitable mansion; just then a Methodist Preacher's Hotel, where every one was at his ease and felt perfectly welcome. The hall was lined with boxes of Methodist books, enough to set up quite a store. "Uncle Peter," as he was familiarly called, believed in Mr. Wesley's injunction to "circulate the books." Unlettered he may in some respects have been, but he felt that Christian knowledge was the great need of men, and most energetically spread it everywhere. He was off at camp-meeting when we arrived, and did not make his appearance till late Sunday afternoon. He had not been at home ten minutes before he had the company all about him, listening to some fresh incidents of preacher life, in which the grave and humorous were so intermingled that even a sickly hermit could not have helped being a delighted listener. This man loved his work, exulted in it, carried all through such exhuberant spirit, that labor was a pleasure to him.

It was worth a long journey to see the cavalcade starting for the seat of the Conference at Springfield on Monday morning. The preachers filed down the road in long procession, some on horseback, some in carriages, and "Uncle Peter" in an old chaise that looked as if it had seen years and years of service. His face was radiant with content and high animal spirits. In the Conference he was a king, yet with an associate in sway over the body. There were two Peters who towered above the rest of their brethren—Peter Cartwright and Peter Akers. Both were from Kentucky. Akers was a man of much culture for that early day, for he had been bred to the law. Polished in manner, somewhat reticent during the progress of the Conference business, the influence of his commanding character was felt at every point. Before the people, especially in the great open-air meetings, he exhibited an oratorical power, the traditions of which still linger through the State. Cartwright was much in the business of the session, enlivened it often with his humor, and helped it often with his unfailing good sense. When asked by a bishop who wished to repress him, "Brother Cartwright, don't you think you are growing in grace?" he answered promptly, "Yes, Bishop, I think I am—in spots." It was Cartwright all over.

We have always thought that his autobiography failed to present a full representation of the man. Naturally he dwelt much on the odd incidents of his varied life; he could not speak himself of his fidelity to his trust, of his strong common sense, of his love for the work to which his life was dedicated. The world knows him through his eccentricities; but eccentricities alone could never have made a Peter Cartwright.

He lived in the same country with Lincoln, had been Lincoln's antagonist in politics—for while the one was a Whig (as the parties were classified thirty years ago) the other was a Democrat. We once heard Cartwright say that "Abe Lincoln always defended in the courts the rowdies who disturbed the camp-meetings." There had most likely been collisions between them. They both agreed, however, in the characteristic—an abhorrence of human slavery. They both had come from Kentucky that they might breathe a freer air, and both left a distinct impression upon the times in which they lived. Prodigal as Kentucky has been of great men, she never bestowed a richer gift upon a sister State than when she sent to Illinois, at the very beginning of its civilization, Peter Akers, Peter Cartwright, and Abraham Lincoln.—*N. Y. Methodist.*

EVERY now and then the mania for autograph takes a fresh start. Paris is badly attacked by it just now, and Figaro is actually publishing a weekly journal styled the autograph, entirely devoted to letters from famous hands, written during the war, or the reign of Commune. The letters are given in facsimile, being taken off on stone. Another Paris journal, the radical, does the same thing. Among the celebrities whose letters have lately been published in this way, are Vicar Hugo, John Stuart Mill, Louis Blanc, Mr. Bradlaugh, and M. Michelet. Euthusiasts are making collections of these treasures, and for some little time the rage will be at fever heat.

THERE is said to be a woman in the Indiana State prison, serving out a sentence for life, who offers $40,000 to any man who will marry her and release her from durance vile. One heroic individual with the name of Schwartzmiller has come forward to sacrifice himself for the sum of $80,000, but the Governor of Indiana has been forced to disappoint his aspirations, as the laws of the United States contain no provision whereby a person can be released by any such romantic process.

A HAPPY pair made a choice of the 29th of February as their marriage day, and were reminded by the officiating clergyman that their silver wedding could be celebrated in just 100 years.

A LONDON paper said of Wellington that, for a man of great ability, he was uncommonly near to being stupid.

THE PRESIDENTIAL RESULT OF 1872 AS COMPARED WITH OTHER REMARKABLE NATIONAL ELECTIONS.

The popular majorities by States and the electoral majority given to General Grant in the late national election are realy amazing. From the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean he carries not only all the Northern or free States, as contradistinguished from the late slave States, but, with few exceptions, by unparalleled majorities and, in some cases, by majorities surpassing the wildest dreams of the most sanguine republican prophets. And he carries the supposed impregnable little Democratic State of Delaware and more of the Southern States beyond the Susquehanna than was expected by the Republican Congressional Committee; and his gains in the popular vote, though not so marked, appear to have been as general throughout the South as in the North. He has from twenty-eight to thirty States of the thirty-seven of the Union, including the most powerful and the weakest, most of the old ones and all the youngest. He could share well on to a hundred of the electoral votes he has secured, and still have a majority of the whole number of three hundred and sixty-six. His majority on the popular vote of the Union will probably exceed half a million, a majority without a precedent in the history of the country.

And how are we to account for these extraordinary and astounding results? The causes may be briefly summed up as follows, General Grant is strong in the affections and confidence of the country, and Mr. Greeley is comparatively weak. The administration party was disciplined, united, compact, confident and harmonious in this great conflict, while the opposition alliance was discordant, distrustful, divided and demoralized. The administration of General Grant furnished a safe and substantial platform for his supporters, while that of the opposition was a budget of flickering abstractions. And, lastly, touching secession, reconstruction, the Southern Ku-Klux and the blacks, there was safety with Grant and danger apprehended with Greeley; and the same consideration was as forcibly impressed upon the conservative body of the people in regard to the financial and business interests of the country, "with all their fluctuations and their vast concerns." We have said that in many respects these Presidential results of 1872 are without a parallel in our political history; but as a universal political carnival of bands of music and minstrels, and log cabins and hard cider, and vast multitudes in grotesque processions, clearing the way for a sweeping political revolution in the election, we have had no parallel, and probably never shall have, for the Presidential contest of 1840. In that election against the financial blunders and disaster's and defalcations and embezzlements of Van Buren's administration, and with the hurrah of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," of the twenty-six States of the Union, General Harrison, ("Old Tip") carried all except Alabama, Arkansas, Illinois, Missouri, New Hampshire and Virginia, which adhered to Van Buren; and the popular majority of Harrison on less than a two and half millions aggregate vote was 146,000. And yet in the next Presidential campaign (1844) James K. Polk, nominated at a venture by the Democrats, beat on the annexation of Texas and through a chapter of lucky accidents—the most popular man in the Union of that time—that greatest of American statesmen, Henry Clay.

The Whig party, sorely distressed at this defeat of their idol and embodiment, resolved to fall back upon a popular soldier, and in 1848 they did so in the nomination of General Taylor—"Old Zack," "Old Rough and Ready," the "Hero of Buena Vista"—and he was elected, in consequence of a bolt of Van Buren against Cass, in which the "little Van" was run as the independent free soil candidate, thus carrying off half the Democracy of this State and giving it to Taylor by nearly a hundred thousand plurality. And in that contest, as in 1844, the vote of New York, and upon a side issue, settled the question.

We come next to that very remarkable contest of 1852, in which General Scott, "the Hero of Mexico," was the Whig candidate, and General Pierce, a volunteer under Scott in his Mexican campaign, was the Democratic candidate, both parties occupying the platform of Henry Clay's great compromise measures on the slavery question of 1850. The great body of the people, desiring peace on this question, were in favor of these compromises, while the abolition agitating elements of the Whig party were dreaded as disturbers of this peace. So Pierce, the militiaman, defeated our greatest and most distinguished soldier of that day; and the defeat of Scott was so overwhelming as to be positively startling. Pierce carried all the States except Vermont and Massachusetts in the North, and Kentucky and Tennessee in the South, and his popular majority over Scott was two hundred and fourteen thousand, in a total vote of two and a half millions. From this crushing defeat the Whig party never rallied again, but was rapidly broken up and dissolved, and its fragments were gathered up a year or two later, with many Democrats, in the new organizations of the Native American or Know Nothing party and the Republican party. But the election of 1852 which promised twenty years of, unbroken power to the Democrats, turned out a Ball Run victory to them full of disasters to come. Pierce and his party in power violated their pleges in the repeal of the Missouri compromise, one of Clay's measures of peace on slavery, when the Republican party then came to the front and from that day down it was a rapid run for the Southern Democracy into the rebellion on the slavery question.

Is the fate which overtook the old Whig party the destiny which now awaits the Greeley coalition, including as its only great element the Democratic party? From the feeling exhibited by the Democratic and Liberal organs, there is no doubt they consider their defeat a crushing one. It is shown strongly in the general appeal *ad misericordiam* which they make to the victors in the fight of Tuesday. We are gratified to observe that in the manliest of them this appeal ignores the puling fear which pretends to discover a danger to the Republic in General Grant's re-election. It has not misplaced its reliance on the people backed by a patriotic and independent press. Despite the high belief of others in the perpetuation of their oft-defeated party, it will now become a question for the near future whether the party to oppose the Republican in the next four years will stand under the olden Jacksonian banner, plucked out of the ashes of twelve years disaster, or the new one which flaunted its deceptive folds at Cincinnati this year, or whether it will not find its elements among the very victors of to-day in some such question as the tariff or the labor question, both of which are biding their time as National issues, to break down old party lines as the issue of the war broke them down at the North. It was by the merest evasion on both sides that the first of these was postponed in this canvass; the second may have to wait longer, but it is always in reserve. As Pierce and his party forgot their promises in the magnitude of their victory, so the Republicons, blinned by their success, may forget theirs with a like result. They are now doubly responsible for a magnanimous policy to the South as well as for a genuine civil service reform. A people fully alive to the work of their elected rulers will watch this with keenness, because if the lesson of New York last year means anything, it is that the broad honesty of the people, though often slow to act, feels its power, and will scatter at need the plans of the politician to the winds.

"THE MOST AMIABLE MAN in the world, and the politest, is the member of Congress," writes a visitor at Washington. "He dodges and runs a good deal, but when he is caught he smiles. He must. The pursuer is on his track, and the universal press is open to every grumbler. This is the case, to a greater or less extent, in all countries. The representative of the people must be polite. If he is not, he dies. The shifts of the British member of Parliment to escape the fangs of the hunters are innumerable. Nobody knows where John Bright lives in London. He keeps the place of his residence a dead secret. His only known address is the 'Reform Club.' He goes there, and is sometimes caught there. But when he is out, no mortal man knows where he is to be found. He says he should be hunted to death if his lodgings were known. Poor man!"

IT is with nations as with individuals, those who know the least of others, think the most of themselves; for the whole family of pride are incestuous, and mutually beget each other.

THE manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself.—*Lavater.*

ONE BY ONE.

BY GEORGE LOWELL AUSTIN.

Little raindrops hear them patter;
One by one:
On the house-tops hear them clatter,
One by one.
Streaming torrents forth descending,
Down from heaven in fury wending,
Like a broad and dashing river,—
—But they come and go forever!

From the rocks the sands are wearing
One by one;
Ocean waves around them tearing,
One by one.
Fast their ancient places changing,
O'er the watery billows ranging,
Resting here,—and gliding there,
Now, in motion everywhere.

See, the tiny sunbeams dancing,
One by one:
Round the sphere of earth advancing,
One by one.
Now they come and now they go,
Now they hasten to and fro,
Now together with the Light,
Sink they in the midst of night.

Seeds which little hands are sowing
One by one;
Bursting forth, and slowly growing,
One by one.
Tall, and mammoth trees will stand
Nourished well by Nature's hand,
Bearing fruit some future day,
—Then they'll fade, and pass away.

One by one, our loved ones fall,
—One by one:
Death envelopes with its pall,
One by one.
Earthly pleasures swiftly pass,
Human wishes die like grass,
And our hopes built up with years
Vanish, mingled with our tears.

Though we all must fade and die,
One by one:
And we mourners weep and sigh,
One by one.
There's a river, from whose bourne,
Ransomed travelers ne'er return—
Over that, our loved ones passed,—
—We *may* meet them home at last.

STONEWALL JACKSON.*

His Study of Astrology, and Prediction as to His Death—A Strange Story.

BY GENERAL J. W. REVERE.

[From "Keel and Saddle."]

Arriving in New Orleans, in 1852, I was soon on my way up the Mississippi and Ohio. Among my fellow-passengers on the steamer was Lieutenant Thomas J. Jackson, of the United States army, who seemed, at first, a remarkably quiet, reserved, although very intelligent officer, and with whom I soon became acquainted; for there is everywhere a sort of camaraderie among officers of the two services which attracts them to each other in a crowd of strangers. For several days the inland voyage continued; and our nights were partly spent upon the hurricane-deck of the steamer, engaged in conversation. One of these conversations was so peculiar it fixed itself on my memory; and subsequent events proved it worthy of record; although I confess I hesitate to put in writing anything which seems to border so nearly on the marvelous.

One clear starlight night, as we glided along the calm river, our conversation turned upon the firmament and its countless orbs that looked down upon us. Jackson asked me if I had ever been induced to take a flight from the study of nautical astronomy, practiced by all naval officers, into the realms of astrology. I replied that I had always been interested, more or less, in those mathematical studies required in nautical calculations; and that, from the exact rules demanded for working the various problems of the ephemeris, I had, sometimes, to amuse the idle hours of a sea-life, worked out the nativities of my shipmates. I had even taken Zadkiel's almanac, and used his rules, but without believing in the science of judicial astrology. Jackson, however, was not so incredulous; although it was evident that he had not decided fully within himself as to the truth or falsehood of this exploded science.

Before we parted at Pittsburg, a day or two after this conversation I had given Jackson the necessary data for calculating a horoscope; and in the course of a few months, I received from him a letter which I preserved, inclosing a scheme of my nativity. As any one who may have calculated these schemes by the rules must know, horoscope may be interpreted in various even contradictory terms, by different persons; and this was no exception to the rule. The only reason I had for remembering it at all was, that our destinies seemed to run in parallel lines; and, so far, it was remarkable. It was this peculiarity, that caused Jackson to communicate with me, and the reason why I laid it carefully aside for a re-examination.

The several planets were placed in their respective houses above and below the horizon; and Saturn being near the meridian, and approaching a square with the moon, great danger was to be apprehended by the native at the period when the aspect became complete. Mars also bore a threatening aspect; while Jupiter was below the horizon, and semi-sextile, which was not altogether unfavorable. There was no trine, and the sextile was weak. Altogether, from the evil aspect of the square of Saturn, which threatened an opposition—that most dreaded of all the evil aspects of the heavens—the scheme was quite dangerous and malign. The precise time and nature of the threatened danger, requiring a second calculation, accompanied the scheme, prognosticating culmination of the malign aspect within some ten years, or during the first days of May, 1863; at which time the native ran great risk of life and fortunes; but, in case he survived the peril, the ominous period would never again occur.

In his letter Jackson says: "I have gone over these calculations several times, as their result is almost an exact reproduction of my own. * * * It is clear to me that we shall both be exposed to a common danger at the time indicated." Having but little faith in the almost forgotten and altogether repudiated science of astrology, I took little heed of either his scheme of nativity or his letter, regarding the former as ingenious, but as merely a proof of an ardent and somewhat enthusiastic temperament; while I little imagined, at that time, that the rather unpolished and rugged exterior of Lieutenant Jackson concealed a character destined to become famous among his countrymen.

I served in the army in 1861-2-3 until after the battle of Chancellorsville, participating in all its important engagements, and, the greater part of the time, commanding a brigade. At the battle above named, I was an involuntary witness of an event which had an important bearing on the issue of the war, and which had been the subject of prolonged controversy. I refer to the death of Stonewall Jackson. The circumstances under which I acquired the right to give testimony in the matter were somewhat remarkable; and I here give a full statement of them. The left of my brigade line lay near the plank road at Chancellorsville; and, after night had fallen, I rode forward, according to my invariable habit, to inspect my picket line. The moon had risen, and partially illuminated the woods. I began my inspection on the right of the picket line, progressing gradually to the left where I stopped to rectify the post of a sentinel not far from the plank road. While thus engaged I heard the sound of hoofs from the direction of the enemy's line, and paused to listen. Soon a cavalcade appeared approaching us. The foremost horseman detached himself from the main body, which halted not far from us, and, riding cautiously nearer, seemed to try to pierce the gloom. He was so close to us that the soldier nearest me leveled his rifle for a shot at him: but I forbade him, as I did not wish to have our position revealed; and it would have been useless to kill the man, whom I judged to be a staff officer making a reconnoissance.

Having completed his observations, this person rejoined the group in its rear, and all returned at a gallop. The clatter of hoofs soon ceased to be audible; and the silence of the night was unbroken, save by the melancholy cries of the whip-poorwill, which were heard in one continued wail, like spirit voices; when the horizon was lighted up by a sudden flash in the direction of the enemy, succeeded by the well-known rattle of a volley of musketry from at least a battalion. A second volley quickly followed the first; and I heard cries in the same direction. Fearing that some of our troops might be in that locality, and that there was danger of our firing upon friends, I left my orderly, and rode toward the Confederate lines. A riderless horse dashed past me toward our lines; and I reined up in presence of a group of several persons gathered around a man lying on the ground, apparently badly wounded. I saw at once that these were Confederate officers, and visions of the Libby began to flit through my mind; but reflecting that I was well armed and mounted, and that I had on the great coat of a private soldier such as was worn by both parties, I sat still, regarding the group in silence, but prepared to use either my spurs or my sabre, as occasion might demand. The silence was broken by one of the Confederates, who appeared to regard me with astonishment; then, speaking in a tone of authority, he ordered me to "ride up there and see what troops those were," indicating the rebel position. I instantly made a gesture of assent, and rode slowly in the direction indicated, until out of sight of the group; then made a circuit round it, and returned within my own lines. Just as I had answered the challenge of our picket, the section of our artillery posted on the plank road began firing, and I could plainly hear the grape crashing through the trees near the spot occupied by the group of Confederate officers.

About a fortnight afterward I saw a Richmond newspaper at the camp at Falmouth, in which were detailed the circumstances of the death of Stonewall Jackson. These left no doubt in my mind that the person I had seen lying on the ground was that officer, and that his singular prediction—mentioned previously—had been verified. The following is an extract from the newspaper account:

"General Jackson, having gone some distance in front of his line on Saturday evening, was returning about 8 o'clock, attended by his staff. The cavalcade was, in darkness, mistaken for a body of the enemy's cavalry, and fired on by a regiment of his own corps." Then, after detailing what took place after the General fell from his horse, the account proceeds: "The turnpike was utterly deserted, with the exception of Captains Wilbourn and Wynn; but in the skirting of thicket on the left, some person was observed by the side of the wood, sitting on his horse motionless and silent. The unknown individual was clad in a dark dress, which strongly represented the federal uniform, but it seemed impossible that he could have penetrated to that spot without being discovered, and what followed seemed to prove that he belonged to the Confederates. Captain Wilbourn directed him to ride up there and see what troops these were—the men who fired on Jackson—and the stranger rode slowly in the direction pointed out, but never returned any answer. Who this silent personage was is left to posterity," etc.

Jackson's death happened in strange coincidence with his horoscopic prediction made years before; but the coincidence was, I believe, merely fortuitous, and I mention it here only to show what mysterious "givings out" we sometimes experience in life.

POINTS ON POLYGAMY.

Some of the Queer Things to be Seen in Mormondom.

You are struck by the great number of children everywhere here. Some houses absolutely overflowing with them; some tables are embowered in "olive branches." The different sets get along very well together generally, but that is little wonder, after the miracle of agreement between the mothers. Polygamy does not seem to spare women the cares of maternity. I know a Mormon household in which two middleaged wives count about two dozen children between them. I took two little fair-haired girls for twins, and they were a sort of polygamic twins, born almost at the same time, in the same house, of different mothers. It seems to me that the children here do not look as happy and bright as in our towns; I fancy that the little girls at least, have something of the subdued, repressed look of their mothers. But some few of them are pretty, and nearly all neatly and comfortably dressed. I hear that they have very good schools, and are under good discipline at home, answering to the roll-call at night, and duly honoring their father and their mothers.

Many Mormon wives are sisters, and it is said they get along quite harmoniously. The very nature of women seems to be changed here, and turned upside down and inside out. An intelligent "first wife" told a Gentile neighbor that the only wicked feeling she had about her husband taking a second wife was that he did not take her sister, who wanted him, or rather a share in him. She would have liked to have kept the property in the family. I saw, the other day, a pair of young wives, sisters, walking hand-in-hand, dressed alike in every particular, of the same height and complexion, and of the same apparent age—indeed, looking so exactly alike, that it was almost a case of mitigated bigamy. It must seem queer, even to them, to say "our husband," as they used to say "our piano" or our "pony."

The most singular and unnatural marriages here are those of men with their wives' mothers. These are not unfrequent. It strikes me this is a seditious plot against immemorial domestic authority, the most ancient court of feminine appeal—that it is an attempt to do away with mothers-in-law. When young wives are taken the three or four or five do not always become one flesh, there is sometimes rebellion and even hostility on the part of the old wife. Occasionally a husband objects to having even a second wife imposed on him. I heard of one the other day who, though he finally submitted to the command of the imperial Brigham that he should take and provide for a certain poor woman—"a lone, lorne cretur"—declared that he couldn't "bear her" and at once put her away on a ranch forty miles from town—pensioned and pastured her out.—*Grace Greenwood, in N. Y. Times.*

A Nimrod of the Mountains.

The patriach of the North Fork received us with a hospitality not perhaps so original and picturesque as that of the man of the mountains, but with equal frankness and cordiality, and in a home whose architecture and appliances indicated its propinquity to a good graded turnpike. He too was surrounded with stalwart sons and buxom daughters, and his household was crowned with a substantial, smiling wife, which gives things an air of comfort not otherwise attainable.

Adam Kaw has also seen something of the world. Having driven cattle in his youth, he had recollections and anecdotes of sundry visits to the lowland towns, and perhaps had been even as far as Baltimore. But these were among the vanities of his youth, and left little or no impress on his manners or character. With a fine, genial, honest nature as a foundation, he had grown up, the human product of his adjacent mountains and meadows. The lord proprietor of some two thousand acres of rocks and forest, lying at all angles between a perpendicular and a plain, he was a mighty hunter of deer, and could tell bear stories to compete with Meshach Browning