THE WEEKLY CLARION

Wednesday, - - - November 15, 1882

A CLEAN sweep in Alabama.

PATRONAGE and pelf carried Kellogg through.

THE democrats made a clean sweep in Missouri.

THE 7th of November will be long remembered.

INDIANA followed in the footsteps of Ohio to the tune of 10,000.

WALLER (Dem.) is elected Governor of Connecticut by a majority of 1500.

BATE (Dem.) is elected Governor of Tennessee by a plurality of 25000

BUTLER (Dem.) is elected Governor of Massachusetts by a majority of 20000.

IT WAS a victory gloriously won against the unscrupulous use of money.

CLEVELAND (Dem.) is elected Governor of New York by 100,000 majority.

LARGE gains in Wisconsin, the democrats claim 5 of the nine congressmen.

PATTISON (Dem.) is elected Governor of Pennsylvania by a plurality of 24,000.

THE Democrats probably elect 5 of the 11 congressmen from Virginia, a gain on the stalwarts.

THE people demand the overthrow of "King Pool," and the substitution of free competition.

MONTGOMERY BLAIR, Tilden's "big particular," has been defeated for Congress in Maryland.

TOM OCHILTREE, the famous prevaricator, to put it mild, is probably elected in the Galveston District.

WM. R. MORRISON an exceptionably able man and a tried democrat has been defeated for re-election to congress.

THE Democrats of Port Gibson fired 100 guns in honor of the signal victory in this District and the country-at-large.

THE Tennessee Legislature is Democratic and according to the Appeal, the election of Senator Harris is therefore assured.

GEN. SLOCUM defeated Howard Corrall, for many years the bloody shirt correspondent of the N. Y. Times from the South.

ROBESON, by merit raised to the bad eminence of being the most corrupt man in public life, has been defeated to the intense satisfaction of all good men. The news of his defeat was received with wild delight in New York city.

COLUMBUS (GA.) ENQUIRER: The best indication of what is being done for the colored people in the South is in the fact that in the sixteen Southern States the white school population is 3,899,961, and the colored 1,803,257. There are 16,669 colored public schools, forty-four normal schools, thirty-six colored institutions of secondary instruction, fifteen colored universities and colleges, twenty-two colored schools of theology, three colored law schools, two colored medical schools and two colored deaf and dumb and blind institutions.

APPEAL: Growing out of the unbridled license and bulldozing spirit manifested by Federal officers during the days of reconstruction, some United States marshals and supervisors occasionally assume airs and prerogatives not warranted by any power conferred upon them by the United States laws, and especially at elections push their way to a conspicuity that is, to say the least, offensive. A flagrant case of this sort is that of one Lyles, of Byhalia, Miss., who by his conduct prevented the polls being opened at that point on Tuesday, and without any cause arrested Mr. Watson, of Holly Springs, who had gone there to hold the election, and was of course the custodian of the box, the registry of votes and the poll books. These Lyles demanded to see, and on being refused threatened arrest. To avoid this and prevent any trouble, Mr. Watson finally agreed to show him the books, and went to his father's, where he procured them, but on his return to the town was arrested by Lyles. If there is any law by which this man can be made an example of it ought to be invoked. Watson should have him punished for criminal assault and intimidation in the performance of his duty, and the people of Byhalia should create a fund and employ the best lawyers in the State to make an example of Lyles.

The Reason Why.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll in answer to the question as to what caused the great political reaction of last week, said: "First—extravagant appropriations, and second, the refusal to reduce taxation. At least $75,000,000 should have been taken from the burden borne by the people; $20,000,000 should have been taken from sugar, and the entire tax from tobacco. *The Republican party should have taken such steps that all internal taxation could in one year from now be abolished.* The people are tired of paying war taxes in time of peace. They want collectors and treasury agents and gaugers and all sorts of detectives and spies discharged. *Third, the Republicans should not have postponed tariff reform.* The Tariff Commission was a mistake. *The people saw it was only an affidavit for continuance, a ruse for delay, and that the Republican party was not going to act.* Fourth, prominent Republicans have been trying to kill each other. The great struggle has been for office. We have too many politicians and not enough statesmen. The fight against Cornell was unfortunate. Pennsylvania was tired of Cameron rule, and everywhere there seems to have been hatred and disgust. "What will be the effect upon the presidential contest in 1884?" asked the reporter in the interview. "It looks to me, now, that Gen. Sherman will be the next President. The Republicans will be coompelled to take such a man as Gen. Sherman, and Sherman is the only such man I know. In the warts, Half-breeds, reformers, such a factory could not be formed. Gentlemen can all see that a soldier and

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Nubbins.

In the course of a recent eloquent sermon on "Corn-Husking Time," which we regret we cannot present in full, the Rev. Dr. Talmage said:

Of course the husking-time in the fields is a time of frost. Frost on the fences. Frost on the ground. Frost on the stubble. Frost on the fallen leaves. Frost on the hands of the reapers. We hid ourselves from the wind as well as we could between the stalks, but oh, how flushed the cheeks and how shivering the body, and how numb the hands. Cold, sharp, penetrating atmosphere! But after awhile the sun was up and the frosts were out of the air and the hilarities woke up the echoes. From one shock of corn the sound went up, Ha! ha! Ha! ha! and was answered from those busy at another shock of corn, Ha! ha! Ha! ha! So we may not hide the fact that death nips and chills, and freezes many hopes and many expectations. It is far from being a south wind. It comes out of the frozen North and we stand benumbed under its power. Our hearts break now over our dead children, our dead companions, our dead parents, and it seems as if we would never get over it. Oh, we will get over it, for the sun will beam and the joys and the shoutings of reunion will make us forget the past and we will look back to the temporary distress as only the frosts of husking-time. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy will come in the morning." "Light, and but for a moment." The chill of the frosts followed by the gladness which, "like as a shock of corn, cometh in in his season." Of course the work of the husker on the ear of corn seems rough. There must be a sharp thrust of the point. The hard thumb must be set on the covering of the ear. There must be a harsh blow and a ruthless tear and a complete snapping off before the grain is freed, and if the swathing of the ear of corn could speak it might say, "Why must I be lacerated and torn and wrenched?" Oh, that is the way

GOD HAS ARRANGED

that corn and husk must part, and that is the way He hath arranged that body and soul must separate. You can afford to bear your physical ailments patiently when you know that it is going to forward your soul's liberation. Each rheumatic pain is a thrust of the husking peg. Each neuralgic twinge is a twist of the husker. There is gold in you that must come out. You must get your shackle broken. You must get your ship launched for heavenly voyage. You must let the great husbandman husk your mortality off your immortality. You who have chronic ailments ought to take encouragement from this, that God is doing gradually and in milder shape the work of emancipation with you than with those who by one blow are hurled out of life. At the close of each illness or paroxysm you ought to say: "Thank God, so much of the work of liberation is completed; I shall have never to go through with that again." No one ever has to suffer the same pain twice. It may be a new pain in an old place, but each pain does its work and then dies. It takes so many plunges of the crowbar to loosen the quarry stone for the building. It takes just so many strokes of the chisel to complete the statue. It takes just so many pangs of the soul to get rid of the body. You are paying in installments all along that which some of us will have to render at once when we come to pay the debt of nature. Instead of being gloomy when you are sick, know that you have so much less wounding to bear from the husbandman when you are "like the shock of corn which cometh in in his season."

Perhaps, now, this is the answer to a question I asked last Sabbath, and left unanswered. Why is it that so many good people have so fearfully to suffer? They have enough aches and pains and distresses of body, one would think, to discipline a whole colony, while some useless man goes with easy digestion and steady nerves and shining health decade after decade, and his exit out of this life is comparatively painless. I remember that it took a deep thrust of the husking peg and a hard pull to dislodge a full, round ear, while there were ears of corn that hardly seemed worth husking, and they were thrown by themselves, and were called nubbins. Some of them were mildewed,

SOME OF THEM MICE-NIBBLED,

some of them were entirely undeveloped, some of them all cobs and no corn. Nubbins! After the valuable load of corn had been driven to the barn we went round and gathered up these miserable nubbins. Well, there are men all about us who amount to nothing. They develop no useful character. They are nibbled of the world on one side, and nibbled by the devil on the other side, and mildewed on all sides. They promise much and fulfill nothing. All cobs, no corn. They are not worth husking. Nubbins! They will be gathered up, however. Some of them may reach heaven, but they are of little value. They are not to be mentioned in the same day as those who through great tribulation enter the kingdom of God. Who would not rather be torn and lacerated and husked with the live ear, and go into the best part of the garner, than escape because you are not worth husking? Nubbins!

Common Quotation Errors.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" was long attributed to the Psalms of David, until oft-repeated corrections have convinced people that the sentiment belongs to Maria in Laurence Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." The epigram, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," is still often quoted as one of the Proverbs of Solomon, and is rarely attributed to its author, Butler (see "Hudibrat," Part II., canto 2, line 843). The nearest approach to any such phase to be found in the Bible is the text, "He who spareth the rod hateth his son" (Prov. xiii., 24). The reference to "pouring oil on troubled waters" is often supposed to be scriptural, though the Bible does not make any such allusion. "Man wants but little here below," is an expression no older than Goldsmith's "Hermit," though it is generally quoted either as Scripture or from a line of an ancient hymn. "Mansions of the blest" are mentioned in the revelations, not of St. John the Divine, but to the Monk of Evesham (A. D. 1496.)—All the Year Round.

Liberty of the Press.

Give me but the liberty of the press, and I will give to the minister a venal house of peers—I will give him a corrupt and servile house of commons—I will give him a full swing of the patronage of his office—I will give him the whole host of ministeral influence—I will give him all the power that place can confer upon him, to purchase up submission, and overawe resistance; and yet, armed with the liberty of the press, I will go forth to meet him undismayed; I will attack with that mightier engine the mighty fabric he has raised; I will shake down from its height corruption, and bury it beneath the ruins of the abuses it was meant to shelter.—Sheridan.

Studies in the South.

I rode out on horseback over the mountains from Huntsville, Ala., a dozen miles or more, to see a cotton mill. At one point I saw, near the road, a negro digging a post hole, while two tall white men directed his operations. I have been told that the negro required supervision, and had thought that something might be said in favor of the theory, but this seemed to be a somewhat extreme application of it. A little farther on a young negro, perhaps twenty years old, crossed the road just in advance of me, with books and slate under his arm, evidently on his way to school. I called to him, and asked him two or three questions designed to educe whatever knowledge he might possess on points of interest to me. He answered briefly and then added, "But I ain't got much time fer to stan'." I was astounded and could scarcely believe that I had heard aright. Everybody that I had seen in the South before had seemed to have unlimited time "fer to stan'," and this fellow's utterance had an explosive and revolutionary sound. If I should hear of anything noticeable being done in that region I should suspect this boy of having a hand in it. As I rode away and looked at his energetic movement across the fields it occurred to me that if I should ever write a book about the destiny of the colored race in this country I should like to dedicate it to the negro who "hain't got much time fer to stan'."

In various parts of the South I found a few negroes who own and cultivate large farms, employing many laborers of their own race. Men of this class are rarely hopeful about their people. They say they "know too much about them to expect any great things." They always employ an overseer, paying him more than the other hands receive. The negroes "will do no good," all such men say, without somebody to oversee them and keep them at work. The overseer is responsible for the amount and character of the work accomplished, and if there is any failure something is deducted from his pay. The employer either furnishes all the supplies for the maintenance of his hands during the season, keeping an account and charging them with whatever they obtain (or "take up," as the phrase is) or he authorizes a merchant in the town to supply them, becoming responsible to the extent of the wages of his men. Then, as I learned everywhere, the laborers try to obtain credit for "all that is coming to them," and a little more. I looked at many of the account books kept by these farmers, the records of their dealings with their workmen. Many of the charges were for things which were absurd and extravagant for the negroes to buy—costly articles of dress for the women and luxuries for the table. I often asked such employers why they did not give their hands some advice about economy, and the use of their best judgment regarding the selection of things most necessary and useful for them when expending their money, but they always said it would do no good. "Humph! Dey hain't got no judgments." I was in a country store one morning when a negro woman came in and asked for a dollar's worth of sugar. The merchant dipped out brown sugar, but the woman objected and wanted white. The man remonstrated with her for her extravagance, saying that he could not himself afford to use such things as she bought. She was greatly offended, and retorted that such things might "do fuh free niggahs an' low down white folks. I 'lows my money jus' as good's Cunnel Gahshom's money." The merchant remarked that she would probably never come to his store again.

The negro farmers said that their hands nearly always "tuck up" their wages faster than they earned them, and they often added such observations as these: "A nigger will buy anything. You could sell any man on my place a steamboat or an elephant, or a circus-band wagon—anything in the world, if he had the money." One man, who had a family and was working for $10 per month, took up $3 80 in a month for whiskey. Such extravagance and lack of judgment as to what a laborer's family needs or can afford to buy are very general among the negro laborers.—November Atlantic.

What the Physicians of the Future Must Study.

Physiology especially has developed during the past fifty years, so that it has almost become a science by itself, but it still remains a part of the wider science of biology. Here again we see a difference between the studies of the ancient and modern physician. To-day, and still more in the near future, the physician must extend his studies beyond man, and the reason is plain. Man, with whom alone the physician formerly supposed himself concerned, is but an isolated being disconnected from the rest of nature. Nature tolerates no such isolation. No living being, even the simplest, exists, or can exist, independently of other things. It affects them and is affected by them, and what is true of the simplest is yet more true of the more complex, and most of all of man. Nature is one, and all her creatures are parts of the whole. For this reason man cannot be fully known merely as man, he must also be known as a part of the animal kingdom. No one can well understand human anatomy or phsiology who knows nothing of that of the lower animals. Comparative anatomy and physiology have thrown much light upon many obscure problems to which the study of man gave rise. Therefore, I would most earnestly urge upon all medical men the study of biology. It may be replied that the courses are now crowded, but it is certain that the successful physician of the future *must* know something of nature as a whole. Already many of our most important theories as to disease—the structure of organs, cell-growth, cell-life, and many more—have come to medicine from biology. In an address before the International Medical Congress held in London in August, 1881, Professor Huxley remarks that "the search for the explanation of diseased states in modified cell-life, the discovery of the important part played by parasitic organisms in the etiology of disease, the elucidation of the action of medicaments by the methods of experimental physiology, appear to me to be the greatest steps which have ever been made toward the establishment of medicine on a scientific basis. I need hardly say, they could not have been made except for the advance of normal biology. There can be no doubt that the future of pathology, of therapeutics, and therefore of practical medicine, depends on the extent to which those who occupy themselves with these subjects are trained in the methods and impregnated with the fundamental truths of biology. And I venture to suggest that the collective sagacity of this congress could occupy itself with no more important question than this: "How is medical education to be arranged, so that, without entangling the student in these details of the systematist which are valueless to him, he may be enabled to obtain a first grasp of the great truths respecting animal and vegetable life without which, notwithstanding all the progress of scientific medicine, he will still find himself an empiric?"—Professor George H. Perkins, in Popular Science Monthly for September.

ACCORDING to Dr. Palmer, candidate is derived from the Latin *candidus*, signifying "spotless"—by which name those who sought office in Rome were designated, because, we suppose, they always wore, in obedience to the law, a pure white toga.

THE late Ben Hill defined the true orator to be "he who had the intellect to see the truth, the heart to feel it, and the courage to speak it."

MORNING ON THE IRISH COAST.

[The incident which prompted the writing of the following lines was related to the author by a friend on his return to America from a visit in Ireland. On the voyage over an old Irishman told him that he had been thirty years in the States, and that he was going home to spend the evening of his life amid the scenes of his boyhood. The old man's deep anxiety to see Ireland once more made the author's friend take a special interest in him. The night before the boat reached the Irish shore they both remained on deck, and as the dawning broke they were rewarded for their weary vigil by beholding the dim outlines of the Irish coast. The sight awakened the old man's slumbering enthusiasm, and his first empassioned exclamation was "The top o'the mornin' to you, Ireland, alanna."]

Than-a-ma-Dhul! but there it is!
The dawn on the hills of Ireland—
God's auge's lifting the night's black veil
From the fair, sweet face of my sireland;
O Ireland! isn't it grand you look,
Like a bride in her rich adornin',
And with all the pent-up love of my heart
I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

This one brief hour pays lavishly back
For many a year of mourning;
I'd almost venture another flight
There's so much joy in returning—
Watching out for the hallowed shore,
All other attractions scornin';
O Ireland don,t you hear me shout?
I bid you the top o' the morning'.

Ho, ho! Cleana's shelving strand
The surges are gradually beating;
Kerry is pushing her headlands out
To give us the kindly greeting;
Into the shore the sea-birds fly
On pinions that know no drooping,
And out from the cliffs with welcome charged,
A million of waves come trooping.

O kindly, generous Irish land,
So real and fair and loving,
No wonder the wandering Kelt should think
And dream of you in his rovings!
The alien home may have gems and gold,
Shadows may never have gloomed it,
But the heart will sigh for the absent land
Where the love-sights fresh illumined it.

And doesn't old Cove look charming there,
Watching the waves in motion,
Leaning her back up against the hills,
And the tips of her toes in the ocean?
I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells—
Oh, maybe their charming's over,
For it's many a year since I began
The life of a western rover.

For thirty summers, asthore machree,
Those hills I now feast my eyes on
Ne'er met my visions, save when thou rose
Over memory's dim horizon,
E'en so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed
In the landscape spread before me;
But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would open
To see Texas' sky still o'er me.

Oh, oft upon the Texan plains,
When the day and the chase were over,
My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave
And around this coast-line hover!
And the prayer would rise that some future day,
All danger and doubting scornin'
I may help to win my native land
The light of young Liberty's mornin'.

How fuller and truer the shore-like shows—
Was ever a scene so splendid?
I feel the breath of the Munster breeze—
Thank God that my exile's ended!
Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
The vale and the cot I was born in!
Oh Ireland! up from my heart of hearts
I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

[—The (Boston) Republic.

I Want Mother.

An old man lay on his sick-bed struggling with death. Disease had worn out his body, and so affected his mind that he was insensible to all things and persons around him. His family and one or two other friends, stood by his bedside, for it was evident that he had but a few minutes to live. He rolled his head, as if in great pain, and made several efforts to speak. At length we could distinguish the words, "Mother! I want Mother! Why don't mother come?" His mother had been dead nearly fifty years. He was probably unconscious that he had a wife and children and grand-children around him, or that he was himself anything but a child. When he was really a child he had his troubles, as all children have, and then he used to carry his little griefs to his mother, for he knew now that he was in trouble, and he thought if his dear mother would come she would comfort him.

Oh! that children could now understand what precious things their young affections are! It is sad to see how soon they sometimes part with them, and how easily they are made ashamed of them. Boys who love to lay their heads in a mother's lap, to kneel by her side and offer their prayers to God, and who feel as though they could not go to sleep without her coming to their bed and kissing them, and saying a parting "good night," are sometimes ashamed of this simple and sweet attachment. Bad children, as such are spoken of in Proverbs, xxx: 16, ridicule them for these expressions of artless love, and call them babyish. When they become old enough to go out into the world, evil companions teach them that it is childish, unmanly to follow the councils which they received in childhood, and laugh about "anxious mother;" and they are too often successful in their mean efforts to wean them from the purest and happiest affection which belongs to this world. Then they part with the best love of earth forever.

Would that our little readers knew with what earnest but vain longings, they may look back for these blessed young affections, should they live until youthful hopes have expired, and the cares of life have become oppressive. We could tell them of men of ripe age, strong minds, and who have reached high destinations in the world, who have had hours when crushed by troubles and worn down by suffering, they have been heard to exclaim, "Oh, that I were a little child again! Then I would carry my sorrows to my mother, sob upon her bosom, and she would take me in her arms and comfort me so sweetly."

Children, cherish your youthful affections. If you lose them, they can never return to you in their present freshness. Nourish them through life, and there will never be a month, perhaps never a day, but they will help you to understand the still more tender and confiding affection which brings to the redeemed child of God the love and watchful care of his father in Heaven.

Analysis of American Humor.

American humor is something of its own kind, as purely and peculiarly a part of the United States as pumpkin pie. We have among us the vivacity of the French, the fun of the Irish, the graver mirth of the English, and the epigrammatic expressiveness of the Scotch; this curious mixture has made our wit what it is, and every American humorist shows the traces of it. If we analyze the element of the distinctive kind and sort of writing which passes under the general head, we shall be surprised to see the resemblance among themselves and their difference from all other foreign species. We are born followers of Baron Munchausen, and exaggeration is at the bottom of the most of our humor. When John Phœnix said that he called out to the crowd on shore, 'Good-by, Colonel," and every able-bodied man in it raised his hat and cried "Good-by, Colonel," in response, he touched the great nerve of American humor; and when he stated that he held the belligerent editor down over the press "by means of our nose, which we had inserted betwehn his teeth for this purpose," he showed the second trait of the characteristic comic writer—namely, ludicrous juxtaposition and reversing of ordinary ideas. And so, when Artemus Ward says to the young man who disturbs him in the theatre: "I'd appint your funeral to-morow afternoon, and the corpse should be ready," he gives us the third feature, quaint phraseology and odd turns of dialect. In these three points, then—exaggeration, ludicrousness, and odd forms of speech—we find the distinctive peculiarities of our American wit.—Prof. S. W. Duffield, in N. Y. Independent.

Love is never lost. If no reciprocated, it will flow back and soften and purify the heart.—Irving.

GREAT MEN'S RELATIONS.

Incidents of and Reflections Upon the Relations of Noted People.

Partnerships between fathers and sons are too numerous to be noticed, but there are a few curious instances in which the father has seconded the son. A certain king of Media appointed his father to a satrapy, and the sire quietly served under the son. But since the hereditary principle first found favor among men no sovereign can have felt himself altogether a king while his father lived. Phillip II. was constantly receiving advice from the ex-emperor, and must have felt bound at least to excuse himself when he did not follow it. How much the paternal superintendence annoyed him he showed by delaying the payment of the paternal pension. There are fathers, again, and more of them, perhaps, than we suppose, who have been content to be the humble admirers of their son, and to bask in the rays of their good fortune. Old Richard Clive had never thought his son good for much till the news of the defence of Arcot arrived in England, but he gradually became immoderately proud and fond of his son, who joined filial piety to his other qualities. Robert cleared off the mortgages on the family estate; settled £800 a year on his parents, and insisted that they should keep a coach. Mr. Clive now began to mix in fashionable society, and was presented at court. The king graciously noticed him, and asked where Lord Clive was. "He will be in town very soon," said the honest squire quite aloud, "and then your majesty will have another vote," which was true enough, but not intended for publication. One can scarcely be surprised that it was never thought expedient to confer a peerage on Richard Clive. On St. Joan's being created a viscount his father obtained a similar title, though by some blunder his patent was dated after his son's, so that the latter had the precedence. Their descendant still sits in the house of lords as Viscount Bollingbroke and St. John. The above precedent, however, has by no means been invariably followed. It is pleasant to read how Rowland Hill, when he returned from the peninsula a peer and a general, quietly took his seat at his father's table in the old Shropshire manor house, not according to his rank, but simply according to his birth as a younger son. It is noteworthy that Lord Beaconsfield, with his usual good nature, turned Abney Hastings into Lord Honington to lessen the distance between him and his son, the earl of Loundoun.

"The Complete Patton; or a Guide to Ministers," has yet to be written; and very difficult it would be to lay down anything more than the vaguest rules for the distribution of loaves and fishes. But there are bright examples, and examples to be shunned. After Robert Grosseteste had been named bishop of Lincoln, his rustic brother called on him and solicited preferment. The bishop replied that if he wanted a new plow or a yoke of oxen he would cheerfully pay for them; "but,', he added, "a peasant I found you, and a peasant I shall leave you." The good bishop might have put the truth a little more politely; possibly he feared that anything less than the plainest speech would not be understood. Napoleon once found himself in exactly the opposite position to Grosseteste, with a poor relative who only begged to be left alone, and positively dreaded the idea of elevation out of his own homely sphere. It was quite a surprise to the emperor, in the hey-day of his glory, to learn that a mere parish priest in Tuscany bore the name of Bonaparte, and descended from a common ancestor, with him. Straightway an aide-de-camp was dispatched to Italy to ask the abbe what he would like. The emperor wanted him, if only for the sake of the family prestige, to accept a bishopric, and it was hinted that the purple would soon follow. The padre would have none of these honors at any price, and ended by convincing the officer of his sincerity. Napoleon shrugged his shoulders at his emissary's report, but did not insist.

To the question, what caused the fall of Napoleon? Talleyrand would have replied in two words, "his relatives." The prince of Benevent's answer is as correct as any that could be framed. Properly supported by Joseph in Spain, by Jerome in Westphalia, by Louis in Holland, by Murat in Naples, the emperar would have been invincible. Talleyrand tells us that he warned Napoleon of the inevitable consequences of intrusting important interests to men like Jerome and Joseph. "Make them," I said to his majesty, "arch-chancellors, arch-electors and so forth, as much as you please. Give them any number of honorary distinctions. Do not think of giving them real power."

The ablest opponent of Napoleon during the first half of his career committed the same mistake on a smaller scale. Pitt, whose name was considered synonymous with patriot, would not see that his brother Lord Chatham, was wholly unfit for high office. For more than six years, including two of the war, he kept at the head of the Admiralty, till something like an outcry compelled the incapable minister to resign. Pitt soon recalled him to the cabinet as lord president. The second Chatham was so dull a man that George III. hesitated to give him the Garter which he had offered to Pitt, and which the latter at once begged for his brother. Finally the king consented on the distinct understanding, as he wrote, that the honor should be considered as bestowed on the Pitt family in general.

Some men of genius, who might have been expected to start in life backed by the eager friendship of powerful kinsmen, have for all practical purposes, stood as much alone as the typical Scotch boy who comes to London with sixpence in his pocket. Read Byron's account of his first visit to the house of lords. He seems, one of his biographers remarks, to have had "a keen and painful sense of the loneliness of his position." He could not find a single peer to introduce him, and this from no lack of cousins in the upper house. After wandering about for a while he made his way into a room where the fees were to be paid—there is never any difficulty in finding such places. Next he entered the house itself. Only a few lords were present and Byron was afraid to look at them. Without turning his eyes to the right or left, he advanced straight to the woolsack to take the oaths. In the Chancellor's seat sat Eldon, who tried to put the bashful lad at his ease, spoke kindly to him and held out his hand. Byron replied to these advances with a stiff bow, and gave the chancellor the tips of his fingers. He subsequently offered a lame excuse for his pertness, as one must consider it, remembering Eldon's position and the fact that Byron was then only known as the author of "Hours of Idleness." "If," says Byron, "I had shaken hands heartily, he would have set me down for one of his party; but I will have nothing to do with any of them. I have taken my seat, and now I will go abroad." Where, all this time, was Lord Carlisle, whose "obliged ward and affectionate kinsman" had dedicated to him those very "Hours of Idleness?"

FASHIONS.

Rows of chenille fringe trim the foot of plush lower skirts of cloth costumes.

Children wear Jerseys, and red is a stylish color for their whole costume, from cap to slippers.

Pleated capes attached to a yoke-like collar complete some of the most tasteful cloaks worn by young girls.

Furrowed plush with the ridges across the breadths makes elegant skirts to wear under brocaded over-dresses.

Pompons of many colors are arranged in rows around the trains of brocaded dresses and are more effective than ruches.

A sash bow at the back is not as fashionable as when tied in front in long loops with the ends hanging to the foot of the skirt.

Cloth costumes and trained dresses of corded silk, combined with velvet form a part of the winter wardrobe of all fashionable young ladies.

Mother Hubbard cloaks are out of fashion for ladies, and the fancy runs toward close-fitted, shapely garments that follow the outlines of the figure.

New evening dresses of rich brocades and velvets have a square neck with an Elizabethan collar of beads, and the train falls from the shoulders instead of from the waist.

White gloves and white bonnets are once more in fashion and will be used together with a great deal of face to brighten dark dresses at the theatre and opera.

The long Newmarket cloak of cloth is the success of the season for outside garments for the streets. Braiding is its trimming at present, but fur will be added later.

Embroidery of floss on velvet, with both close and open work in the same design, is a fashionable trimming for winter dress.

Crocheted zephyr petticoats are now made three full flounces crocheted in shell pattern; they are made of white, turquoise blue or garnet wool.

Adjustable trains on new dresses are made of three staight breadths, trimmed all around and attached under the panier puff on the back of the short skirt of a street dress.

Mirabeau hats of felt have a high tapering crown with a band of velvet fastened by a clasp of brilliant stones, and a tuft of feather curls over the left side. Hussar blue, myrtle green and terra cotta colors and the trimmings are of the same shades.

A unique trimming for the pointed basques of velvet dresses is in soft, drooping and lapped puffs of corded silk along the edges. Wider puffs trim the skirt, sleeves and collar. The figured Persian silks of mixed red and green are used on dark rifle-green velvet dresses.

Bodices of evening dresses for young girls fasten obliquely, showing a gathered chemisette of silk or satin of light color that transforms the low waist into one high about the throat. Lace ruffles held up by threads of wire are around the neck of the chemisette.

Aphorisms from Shakspeare.

In all emergencies play the man.

See first that the design is wise and just;
That ascertained, pursue it resolutely.
Do not for one repulse forget the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

Rich honesty dwells often in a poor house, as a pearl in an oyster.

For thine own sake, never do others wrong.

The soul of a coxcomb is in his clothes.

There are those who will steal into our favor, and for a week will escape discovery; but once found out they are known for life.

Wrong is twice wrong against those who never wronged us.

Be they no more believed
That palter with us in a double sense;
Keeping the word of promise to our ear,
To break it to our hope.

Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

Marriages ill joined are like panels of timber—warp, warp.

Many gain experience at a price that makes them sadder.

Time is the old justice that examines all offenders.

It were better to be disdained of all, than to steal confidence and affection by deceit from any.

Every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Affliction may one day smile again.

Happy and worthiest of esteem are those
Whose words are bonds; whose oaths are oracles;
Whose love sincere; whose thoughts immaculate;
Whose tears, pure messengers, sent from the heart;
Whose heart as far from fraud as Heaven from Earth.

Learning with reason makes youth, by anticipate experience, old.

Cease to lament for that thou cans't not keep
And study help for that which thou lamentest.

It is prudent to make a virtue of necessity.

A beauteous wall doth oft close in pollution.

Some are born great; some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust on them.

The miserable have no other medicine, but only hope.

The law, and not the judge, condemns the criminal.

Hold On, Boys.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie or speak harshly, or use an improper word.

Hold on to your hand when your are about to punch, strike, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when your are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame, or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to you heart when evil associates seek your company and invite you to join in their mirth, games and revelry.

Hold on to your good name, for it is of more value than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good thoughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and will ever be your best wealth.

A woman preacher is like a dog walking on its hind legs; it is not well done, but you are surprised to find it done at all.—Johnson.

American Spelling.

From Longman's Magazine.]

If the schoolmaster is a deadly foe to language, English or any other, the printer is a foe no less deadly. Half the unhistorical spellings which disfigure our printed language come from the vagaries of half-learned printers, on which side of the ocean matters very little. As for Latin words, one is sometimes tempted to say, let them spell them as they please; but it is hard when Teutonic "rime," a word which so many Romance languages have borrowed, is turned into "rhyme" merely because some printer's mind was confused between English "rime" and Greek "rhythm.' So with special American spelling-fancies. If any one chooses to spell words like "traveller" with one *l*, it looks odd, but it is really not worth disputing about. Nor is it worth disputing about "color" or "colour," "honor" or "honour," and the like. But when it comes to "armor," still more when it comes to "neighbor," one's Latin back in the former case, one's Teutonic back in the other, is put up. Did he who first wrote "armor" fancy that "armor" was a Latin word like "honor" or "color"? By all means let *armatura*, if any one chooses, be cut short into *armure*; but let us be spared such a false analogy as *armor*. "Arbor" for "arbour" brings out more strongly the delusion of those who, having a Latin tree on the brain, doffed Teutonic "harbour" of its aspirate. But the most unkindest cut of all is when Old-English "neahgebur," which, according to the universal rule of the language becomes in modern English "neighbour," is also turned into "neighbor." Did anybody, even a printer or a dictionary-maker, really fancy that the last three letters of "neighbour" had anything in common with the last three letters of "honour?" It is surely hardly needful to say that Old-English *u* is in modern English consistently represented by *ou*; "hus" becomes "house;" "suo" becomes "south;" "ut" becomes "out"—and "neahgebur" becomes "neighbour." American printers, too, have some odd ways in other matters, especially as to their way of dividing words when part of a word has to be in one line and part in another. Thus "nothing" will be divided, not as "no-thing," but as "noth-ing," as if it were the patronymic of a name "Noth." Yet surely even a printer must have known that "nothing" is "no-thing" and nothing else. So again "knowledge," is divided into "knowl-edge," suggesting rather the side of a hill than the occupation or condition of one who knows. It is really quite possible that the *d* may have been thrust into "knowledge"—better writter "knowlege"—from some thought of a *ledge*. Anyhow, one suspects that very few people know that *ledge* in "knowledge" and "lock" in "wedlock" are one and the same ending. "Wedlock" at least is safe from being "wedl-ock," because everybody thinks it has something to do with a lock and key.

WHAT IS SMILING?

Dimpling, laughing on my knee
Sits a little maiden,
Pearly teeth her lips shine through,
Head with ringlets laden.
"Whence that dimple, dear?" I cry,
"Dimple so beguiling."
"Don't you know?" she pouts, "it ith
Just becauth I'm smiling."

"Smiling? What is that?" I ask,
"What is that, I wonder?"
Fades the dimple, while the child
Straight begins to ponder.
Then it comes again, as sweet
Speaks the little lisper,
"I know!" cries she, "It ith just
Laughing in a whisper."

[—Good Cheer.

Thoughts From Rochefoncalt.

The accent of a man's native country is as strongly impressed on his mind, as on his tongue.

We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have, as by those we affect to have.

Most women lament not the loss of their lovers so much out of real affection, as because they would appear to be the more worthy of having been beloved.

We pass often from love to ambition; but we seldom return from ambition to love.

In conversation confidence has a greater show than wit.

No disguise can long *conceal* love where it is, nor *feign* it when it is not.

To fall in love is much easier than to get rid of it.

Affected simplicity is refined imposture.

Prosperity is a stronger trial of virtue than adversity.

It is a common fault never to be satisfied with our fortunes, nor dissatisfied with our understanding.

Women often fancy themselves to be in love when they are not. The amusement of an intrigue, the emotion of mind produced by gallantry, their natural passion for being beloved, and their unwillingness to give a denial; all these make them imagine they are in love, when in fact they are only coquetting.

The Disappointed Candidate.

M. QUAD.

The candidate who got left at the county convention can be told by the way he grasps your hands, braces himself against his gurgling emotion and whisperingly inquires:

"Did you ever hear of a case like it?"

You never did. You tell him you never did, and he pulls you into a doorway and continues:

"I am done with politics forever."

"No?"

"Yes, I am, and with the party, too."

"You don't say."

"Oh, but I am. This thing has satisfied me that there is no such thing as honesty in politics, and that a politician has no more word than a dog. I was sold out."

"Possible?"

"Sold out and lied out. They used money to beat me. They played hypocrite and knave. Here I have served the party for nineteen long years, and never asked an office, and the minute I desire to accept the nomination for a little fifteen-cent position they go to work and beat me in convention with a wooden-head who doesn't know enough to mark a barrel of pork. Corruption, sir—cor-rup-shun—and the whole ticket will be defeated on account of it."

The best of it is, he takes you for a man who isn't posted. He doesn't believe you have the slightest idea that he packed three or four caucuses, bought a dozen delegates, told three lies to the other man's one, and was beaten because his delegates sold out. He takes you for an innocent, and grasps your hand again at parting, and chokingly says:

"Corruption—vile corruption! Most barefaced fraud in American politics! Can't train with a party upheld by the practice of such principles—can't possibly do it."

THE WEEKLY CLARION.

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SELECTED MISCELLANY.

A NAME.

—I wrote a name upon the shining sands,
But ere the word completed was, a wave
Crept up and washed it on for evermore.
Upon my frosted window pane I traced,
In a thoughtless mood, a name, and I lingered there
Watching the letters glitter in the sun,
Sparkling like many diamonds in the light;
But while I watched the letters faded quite,
Nor left a sign upon the window pane,
Again a name is written firm and clear,
This time my heart the impress bears forsooth!
But when or how 'twas traced I cannot say—
I only know I cannot blot it out,
For every heart-throb sets it deeper still.

Eloquence is the best speech of the best soul.

Genius and virtue, like diamonds, are best plain set.

The next dreadful thing to a battle lost is a battle won.—Wellington.

A hundred men make an encampment, and one woman makes a home.—From the Hindu.

The greater part of what women write about women is mere sycophancy to man.—Madame de Stael.

It is possible, thank heaven! to have very erroneous theories and very sublime feelings.—George Eliot.

Tie down a hero and he feels the puncture of a pin; throw him into battle, and he is almost insensible to pain.—J. C. Calhoun.

We cannot conquer fate and necessity, but we can yield to them in such a way as to be greater than if we could.—Hannah Moore.

What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first—respect for her as she is a woman; and next to that—to be respected by him above all other women.—Charles Lamb.

Try to repress thought, and it is like tr