Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

IN THE HAUNTS OF BREAM AND BASS.

I.

Dreams come true and everything
Is fresh and lusty in the spring.

In groves, that smell like ambergris,
Wind-songs, bird-songs never cease.

Go with me down by the stream,
Haunt of bass and purple bream;

Feel the pleasure, keen and sweet,
When the cool waves lap your feet;

Catch the breath of moth and mold,
Hear the grosbeak's whistle bold;

See the heron all alone
Mid-stream on a slippery stone,

Or, on some decaying log,
Spearing sunfish or water-frog,

Whilst the sprawling turtles swim
In the eddies cool and dim!

II.

The busy nuthatch climbs his tree,
Around the great bole spirally,

Peeping into wrinkles gray,
Under ruffled lichens gay,

Lazily piping one short note
From his silver-mailed throat,

And down the wind the catbird's song
A slender medley trails along.

Here a grackle chirping low,
There a crested vireo;

Every tongue of Nature sings,
The air is palpitant with wings!

Halcyon prophesies come to pass
In the land of bream and bass.

III.

Bubble, bubble flows the stream,
Like an old tune through a dream.

Now I cast my silken line;
See the gay lure spin and shine—

While, with delicate touch, I feel
The gentle pulses of the reel.

Halcyon laughs and cuckoo cries,
Through its leaves the plane-tree sighs.

Bubble, bubble flows the stream,
Here a glow and there a gleam,

Coolness all about me creeping,
Fragrance all my senses steeping,

Spicewood, sweetgum, sassafras,
Calamus and water-grass,

Giving up their pungent smells
Drawn from Nature's secret wells;

On the cool breath of the morn
Fragrance of the cockspur thorn.

IV.

I see the morning-glory's curl,
The curious star-flower's pointed whorl.

Hear the woodpecker, rap-a-tap!
See him with his cardinal cap!

And the querulous, leering jay,
How he clamors for a fray!

Patiently I draw and cast,
Keenly expectant, till, at last,

Comes a flash down in the stream,
Never made by perch or bream,

Then a mighty weight I feel,
Sings the line and whirs the reel!

V.

Out of a giant tulip-tree
A great gay blossom falls on me;

Old gold and fire its petals are,
It flashes like a falling star.

A big blue heron flying by
Looks at me with a greedy eye.

I see a striped squirrel shoot
Into a hollow maple-root;

A bumble-bee, with mail all rust,
His thighs puffed out with anther-dust,

Clasps a shrinking bloom about,
And draws her amber sweetness out.

Bubble, bubble flows the stream,
Like an old tune through a dream!

A white-faced hornet hurtles by,
Lags a turquoise butterfly.

One intent on prey and treasure,
One afloat on tides of pleasure!

Sunshine arrows, swift and keen,
Pierce the maple's helmet green.

VI.

I follow where my victim leads,
Through tangles of rank water-weeds,

O'er stone and root and knotty log,
And faithless bits of reedy bog.

I wonder will he ever stop?
The reel hums like a humming top!

A thin sandpiper, wild with fright,
Goes into ecstasies of flight,

Whilst I, all flushed and breathless, tear
Through lady-fern and maiden's-hair,

And in my straining fingers feel
The throbbing of the rod and reel!

Bubble, bubble flows the stream,
Like an old tune through a dream!

VII.

At last he tires, I reel him in;
I see the glint of scale and fin.

I lower rod—I shorten line
And safely land him; he is mine!

The belted halcyon laughs, the wren
Comes twittering from his brushy den,

The turtle sprawls upon his log,
I hear the booming of a frog.

Liquidamber's keen perfume,
Sweet-punk, calamus, tulip-bloom,

Glimpses of a cloudless sky
Soothe me as I resting lie.

Bubble, bubble flows the stream,
Like low music through a dream.

—*Maurice Thompson, in Century Magazine.*

A MIXED QUESTION.

"Charlie, can you give me some money this morning? Mary's shoes are worn out, and she needs a new slate; and Bridget's wages were due last week—besides, there is scarcely anything in the house for dinner."

There was a faint smile on Mrs. Barnard's lips, but her eyes looked anxious.

"Oh, Bother! Minnie. How long is it since I gave you ten dollars? Is that used up already? Seems to me women spend a lot of money!"

The quick tears sprang to Minnie's eyes, but she did not allow them to fall as she said:

"You know, Charlie, that expenses must go on, if we keep house at all; and if you could bring yourself to give me a regular allowance for them I should not have to pother you so often."

"Well, that's an old story. Here's ten dollars more, and I wish you to be careful how you spend it." And Mr. Barnard took his hat, and—yes—actually kissed his wife, after such an exhibition of rudeness as he would have been ashamed to show to the meanest acquaintance. Then he went to his office feeling very generous and very virtuous.

After he had gone, Minnie went to her room and burst into an agony of weeping. She felt crushed and humiliated, and bitterly angry that her husband could bring such accusations against her at all, but particularly that he could do it in such an airy manner, as though he were giving a light thump to a wooden doll! And after all her pinching economies, too, in order that the children might appear respectable, and that she might, at the same time, provide a generous and wholesome table, which she considered due to her husband! As for herself, she had not indulged in a new winter suit for five years; and yet she had made over, and touched up, and dyed and darned to such an extent that her obtuse better half was utterly oblivious of either her deficiencies or her sacrifices. "If I were to appear with a market-basket on my head and the American flag for a shawl Charlie would never know it," she thought bitterly. "What is the use—what *is* the use to live at all? And then to have to beg for every dollar to keep the house going, as if I were an uninterested outside factor! Can Charlie know how much trouble it is to get on with the housekeeping anyway, even when the money is all provided, if he thus puts this additional, humiliating burden upon me? Is this the Charlie who was so eager to win me, who paid me such delicate, watchful attentions when I was pretty, free Minnie Warfield? If married life is only a convenience to a man, in order that he may have an opportunity to throw aside, with his office coat and slippers, the ordinary courtesies of life, marriage must be a universal blunder! Marriage doesn't dull sensibilities—it only heightens them. Whose fault can it be? Charlie told me that we should not be rich, but that his income would comfortably support us. Then why all this wrong and sacrifice and pinching in order to appear 'like other people,' and other people with less income too?" Then she took the trouble, where she had been in the habit of taking her troubles for a long time, to the Lord.

Rising from her knees, the resolute little woman dried her eyes, and proceeded to think out the matter in a practical way. "Charlie has given me a great deal of money, 'tis true, and I have always been very careful in spending it, too. Let me see.. Could I get on without Bridget, I wonder, and so save her wages? But then there's the washing and ironing." Just then the baby woke and cried, and Mrs. Barnard thought she would have to keep Bridget. "Well, there's Mary and Phil; they must go to school, and they can't go shabby, either—that's certain, and they must have books, too. How I wish *I* could have books!"—with a sigh. "There's my home paper. I *could* spare that, I suppose, though it's like a little piece of home every week. Charlie brought home a new parlor clock the other day; we *could* have done without that, and it makes everything else in the room look so badly, too, in contrast. There's my silver card-casket Charlie gave me my last birthday. It's beautiful, and very good of him, too. I'm so thankful I didn't hurt his feelings by telling him I'd much rather have had the money for gloves and boots, mine are so dreadfully shabby. Charlie always looks nicely, but then I like to have him." The baby was quiet by this time, and Minnie took a pencil, in a handsome gold case, one of her husband's gifts, too. She thought again, as she took it, how good he was, after all, and went to her elegant little desk, —all mother of pearl and crimson velvet—for a sheet of paper. Then she made a long list of articles—wages, meat, butter, milk, flour, potatoes, sugar, oysters, tea, coffee, chocolate, pickles, cheese, sweets, wood, coal, lights; it was filling up the page fast. Should she scratch out anything? Pickles—they were unhealthy, anyway, but Charlie liked them. Oysters, too. He liked to have a little supper sometimes, and a few—a very few, four or five—friends. It was very pleasant, and on those occasions she noticed that butter and eggs and sugar went very fast. It must be the cake. Then she made a careful computation. She drew a line through oysters, meaning to bring that question up afterward. The smallest possible allowance for a family of six seemed to be ten dollars a week, and then she must leave out the wood and the wages; and where was the margin for incidentals—her own and the children's clothing, books, and wear and tear generally, to say nothing of charity?

Yes; it seemed as if they could not get on with less than fifty dollars a month for the running expenses; and she would ask her husband for that amount as the just due. She was convinced it would be right to do so. His income was eighteen hundred dollars a year, and he ought to afford a regular sum for the family, the amount not being nearly as important as the regularity of its appearance. For herself—well, she could not ask Charlie for a personal allowance, even if she had been married seven years, and might be supposed to have grown grasping and self-asserting, according to her discipline. But she would ask him for an allowance for the children; and at the rate they wore out shoes and tore up garments she thought five dollars a month little enough for the three. She would not err on the side of avarice, even if she did on that of pertinacity. So, calm in her new resolve, she bathed her eyes, smoothed her brow, brushed her still wavy brown hair away from a fair though somewhat worn face, and met her husband at dinner with a cheery smile. After dinner Mr. Barnard announced that he was obliged to go down town.

"Very well, I will sit up for you then," said Minnie.

"Don't! what's the use? You'll get tired and sleepy."

"Because I have something to say, Charlie, and there isn't any other time."

"Why not say it now?"

"Because I wish for more time than you feel able to give, with one hand on the door-knob and your hat in the other," she said pleasantly.

"What the mischief is to pay now, I wonder?" thought Mr. Barnard, but he said, "Well, I'll wait half an hour." So they adjourned to the little parlor, the furniture of which looked rather dingy after several years's service.

"It's about money, Charlie," she said, brightly, looking up into his face. "You think I spend a good deal, you know, and I suppose I do—more, I think, than I otherwise should if I only knew how much I had to spend. But you must remember that it is not for my own individual gratification."

"Oh, pshaw! Minnie," interrupted Mr. Barnard, impatiently. "Why are you everlastingly pestering me about money? I always give you all you ask for."

"I am not going to pester you any more, Charlie. I simply wanted to tell you so. I would much prefer never to ask you for money, and have concluded not to do so any more. I want you to please take the responsibility of the accounts and the orders yourself, if you cannot give me a fixed sum for expenses. I have been looking into the accounts, and find with the strictest economy that we can scarcely get on with less than this estimate," and she handed him the memorandum she had prepared that morning.

"But you know very well, Minnie, I can't bother with these things."

"Somebody must bother with them, Charlie, and if you wish me to continue to do so I must know exactly how much I am to spend, and not be obliged to come to you for every dollar as I want it. The expenses are not mine, they are for the family as a whole."

"Well, if that's all, good-night," and Charlie went out, wondering what under the sun "possessed" Minnie anyway.

But Minnie abided her time. She thought one cry was enough for one day, so she took her mending basket, and while the children were busy at their lessons, and her busy needle flew in and out, she carefully thought over her resources, by which she might be able to earn a little pocket money and be just a little independent, even though she had a husband who was not ungenerous but only thoughtless of her wants. She used to play the piano creditably in her girlhood, but was now long unused to practice. She might revive her old taste for painting, and apply it to purposes of decorative art; but that would take much time, more than she could spare from her family. Finally a question from Phil, yawning over his history lesson, gave her the dawning of an idea. Midnight found her at her desk, where for two hours, completely absorbed, she had been writing skeleton plans of simple historical articles for children, which from time to time she meant to enlarge and fill up in an entertaining style at her leisure. Heretofore her brain and nerve had been given entirely to her family. If she could make her pen pay for the long-needed "second girl," why not? And how much more gratifying to her taste than the endless sewing and darning!

Three days after, Bridget came waddling up stairs, her arms akimbo. "There's not a solitary crust for dinner, ma'am, barrin' the scraps of cold mate and peraties! Sure what'll I do, ma'am?"

"Put it on the table, Bridget; there's nothing else to do."

Charlie came home to dinner, easy, overflowing with good spirits, which, however, seemed to diminish perceptibly as the slim dishes one after another put in an appearance.

"Seems to me Bridget is getting rather to the end of her resources, or else it's wash-day all the week," observes Charlie.

"It is not Bridget's fault, Charlie. The butcher's bill is already so large that I dislike to add to it."

"Oh!" says Charlie, sententiously.

The meat for next day's dinner appeared promptly. After a week of misery, of ill-cooked meals and general lacks in all departments which had hitherto seemed to take care of themselves some way, Mr. Barnard came to the conclusion that there must have been a good deal of thinking done by somebody formerly; for things had never before reached this extreme chaotic stage. Then there began to dawn upon the vision of this wise man a possible vista of bad dinners, ill-dressed children, and general thriftlessness and shiftlessness which even money alone would not be able to eliminate. In this condition of mind he went one morning to the office, and in taking some letters from his pocket there fell out a scrap of paper in the hand-writing of his wife. It was the estimate of expenses she had given him, and which he had not even thought worth while to look at. He set himself about it now, and proceeded to give himself up to some thinking, the result of which came out that evening after he had taken his second cup of tea.

"The fact of it is, Min, I've been looking at your little estimate, and I think I can afford to give you sixty dollars a month if you'll just set the house going again. It's pretty hard on a fellow to have things at sixes and sevens; and when you want things yourself you"—he paused a moment—"must say so," he finally concluded.

Minnie colored and smiled as she thanked him, but nevertheless made a mental resolution.

"And you must not mind all the stupid things I say!"

This for a general acknowledgment of past delinquencies and an implied promise for future reformation, let us hope.

Then he set himself to wondering, after he went out, if she really did mind, after all. But on his return from the club he called into Smithson's and bought her a ruby pin and earrings. "That'll make her feel better," he said to himself.

She was in much greater need of tender, loving sympathy and some new winter flannels, but he really felt very generously towards her. As for Minnie, she felt that she had gained a point, and a very decided one, and she was willing to wait for the rest. She hoped yet to win her husband back to his old tender ways, the lack of which was the great want of her life.

Every day after this found her at her desk an hour or two, as she could snatch time from the baby and from the ever-pressing cares and duties; but day by day her step grew lighter and her face brighter. At last she finished her first story, and feared when she put it into the mail that she was consigning it to oblivion. But one day a thin letter was brought to her, which she opened with trembling fingers, fearing disappointment. She had prepared herself for that, however—and was spared it, for she found instead a note of acceptance. She felt richer than a millionaire. This one touch of encouragement made her strong for what she knew would be a life of toil and effort, yielding many disappointments, perhaps, but still holding out a rich reward in her own intellectual growth, if nothing more.

One morning she found with a little jewel box on her dressing table a tiny note in which was a folded bill. She had almost forgotten it was her birthday. "I am afraid I have been very careless, darling," the note ran. "I have trusted too much to your taking care of yourself. Henceforth you are to have a personal allowance, and I wish I could afford to make it one hundred dollars a month. I"— Here she turned to find herself in her husband's arms.

"It's too late," she said, laughingly, through her tears, and she gave him her letter.

"Why, Minnie, when did you do this?"

"Oh, at odd moments. I've concluded I'd rather write than darn stockings"

Then followed a long loving talk, not unlike the early days of love's glad springtime.

Everybody remarked after that how much younger and prettier and brighter Mrs. Barnard looked, and wondered how she always had such pretty things and yet was always giving away so much; and Minnie heard the echoes of the whispers and smiled, but held her peace. She found, indeed, the road to literature stormy and thorny, and often weary even unto despair. But the double motive of need for expression and the desire to be a little, even a very little, independent, were sufficient spur to her ambition. She found that she need not to be shut out from home shelter in order to enter upon a career of intellectual development; that, indeed, the two are so interwoven that each contributes to the real enjoyment and appreciation of the other; that soul and mind and heart are one and inextricable.—*Christian Union.*

A True Story About a Queer Fly.

It was on Little Snake River, near the Colorado line, that I saw my queer fly one bright, sunny day, in the early summer, when the vegetation was just blossoming in that high latitude, all though much further advanced in more favored regions. On a well-beaten path in the alkaline soil, which the sun had warmed and dried, the fly was hurrying along, dragging, with its slender legs, another insect, apparently dead, which seemed a heavy burden for it. The little creature would stop every few minutes to take a breathing-spell, and at these times it would spread its wings upon the ground and lie perfectly motionless; then, as if receiving increase of strength from contact with the earth, it would shake itself and return to its wearisome task. We soon discovered that its purpose was to find a perfectly dry and safe spot in which to bury its burden, until the occupant of the egg that she was about to lay in it should come to life, feed on the entombed insect, and at last rise from its grave, expand its iridescent wings, and fly away.

There were four of us, officers of the army, watching the performance, which was new to all, and, as the sequel proved, very interesting. After a few moments, the fly dropped her burden and went off to select a spot suitable for her purpose. But in a short time, apparently fearing that her treasure might be disturbed during her absence, she started to fly back. While she was gone, however, one of us moved her prey a short distance away from where it had been left, and when she returned and did not find it, she fell into a flutter of excitement. She flew swiftly about in circles, widening at every round, until she became wearied, when she spread herself prone on the ground until rested, and then retraced her path, lessening the circles and never becoming confused. Soon the insect was placed where she could find it, when she seized it with unmistakable pleasure and bore it away to the site of the grave, and, after resting a second or two, began to dig with might and main. Her manner of excavating was peculiar; she stood on her head and, spinning swiftly around like a top, bored into this ground like an auger, making a humming noise with her wings. When exhausted by this violent exercise, she was not satisfied with merely resting on the ground, but sought the shade cast by a blade of grass or a leaf of a tiny shrub, which afforded a cool retreat to her slender body.

The hole was soon bored out and smoothed to exactly the right width and depth to receive the seemingly dead insect, although no measurements had been made by this Liliputian engineer, who had worked with unerring skill, unheeding the giants watching her. Having completed her task, she took a good rest within the shadow of her favorite leaf, and then sought her burden. But, again, it was gone!

At this she acted precisely as if she were saying: "Oh, dear, dear! I laid the thing there, close by the grave, as sure as sure. And yet I must be mistaken; for I had paralyzed it with my sting so that it could neither fly nor walk; and those hulking giants standing around here would not be so mean as to steal it from me. Oh, no! there it is. I fear my brains are in a whirl from overwork in this hot sun. I could have sworn I laid it on *this* side, instead of *that*." (One of us had moved the insect again.) Then she laid an egg in the insect.

The burial did not take her long; deftly she patted down the dust, and butted at it, using her small head as a battering-ram; but before she had half finished she was forced from sheer weakness to seek again the shady covert of the leaf.

And during this interval—so eager were we to observe the little worker's queer ways—we took advantage of her absence to remove the insect from its hole and lay it on the ground alongside. When she returned, she looked at it intently for a moment, and then patiently went to work to put it back; and this was repeated twice, with the same result. Finally the patient fly, after resting a longer time than usual, returned to give the finishing touches to the grave, and, finding it again despoiled, seemed to become terribly enraged, as if convinced that the insect was trying to make a fool of her. She fell upon it and stung it again and again, and finally destroyed it by repeated blows.

At this unexpected *denouement*, we walked away to our tents, amazed that so small a head should contain such volume of wrath.—*St. Nicholas.*

A South Carolina View of the Election Contest.

The Republicans, as was expected, paid no heed to the facts and arguments presented by the minority. The conviction that this would be the case led the minority to interpose dilatory motions for the purpose of securing a full investigation of the evidence of Mackey's forgeries. The filibustering was unsuccessful, but to make it unsuccessful the Republicans were obliged to amend the rules by a revolutionary process. This process is based upon the assumption that the Speaker has the right to stop debate on any question which he considers privileged, whenever he thinks proper to do so. The Speaker and a bare majority of the House can, by virtue of this doctrine, adjust the rules of the House to the necessities of every hour and question, and the rules are so made an absolute nullity whenever the majority choose to disregard them. It is now contended, and with reason, that the doctrine formulated for Mackey's benefit will apply equally well to appropriation bills and other similar measures, and that the majority can amend these, at will, in violation of the rules which were framed for the protection of the public Treasury. Ex-Secretary Robeson and the rest of the Grant crew knew what was wanted.

Mackey holds a seat in Congress, but he is no more the representative of this Congressional District than he was before the Republicans violated law and precedent for his benefit. Might does not make right. Mackey is in Congress to-day by virtue of forgery, and not by virtue of the popular vote. To the honest voters of the District he is a political outcast, and such he must remain.

The duty of the Democrats in Congress is not yet done entirely. They allege and can prove Mackey has been guilty of conduct which unfits him for any office of trust, and which exposes him, if found guilty, to more severe punishment than simple expulsion. To stop now is to admit that a partisan vote has established Mackey's innocence. The Democrats should move at once for the appointment of a special committee to investigate the charges against Mackey. There can be no plea that the rights of "the constitutional majority" are invaded or that public business is obstructed. Mackey is in position to draw his pay and vote. The majority cannot oppose the motion for an investigation without exposing themselves to the suspicion that they know him to be guilty. Mackey cannot resist it without confessing a fear of the consequences to himself. If the Republicans refuse to consent to an investigation by a committee of the House of Representatives, there is nothing to prevent an investigation by a Grand Jury here in South Carolina. The law has been violated flagrantly. It is a more henious crime to rob the people of representation, by forgery, than to rob an individual of money. The State will not be respected, the law will not be feared, if a man who steals a whole Congressional District, by deliberate and systematic fraud, goes unchallenged, untried, unpunished.

Mr. Dibble has no reason to regret the immediate result of the struggle in which, against his own wish, he became engaged. Politically speaking he was a conscript, as he did not want a nomination for Congress and refused to take it, but he has fought with the ardor of a volunteer and his ability has won that recognition which is usually the reward of years of good service. In every respect he has been an admirable Representative of the District and in the management of the contested election he was everything that the State and the people could desire. His labors, his arguments, his investigations, put the Democrats on solid ground and enabled them to take a stand that will be of infinite benefit to the party wherever courage in the assertion of right and the denunciation of wrong are felt and appreciated. Some compensation there is in store for Mr. Dibble. Deserving well of the State and the people, he will be renominated for Congress and will again be elected. This is due to him and to those whom he has represented so faithfully and well.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

The Duty of Democrats.

When a new sect or party arises it is of course able to give reasons for its birth and existence satisfactory to those who join its organization. If it failed in this it could have no membership among intelligent and conscientious people. It follows, therefore, that the Independent Republican party which has sprung up in this State within the last year must have some reasonable excuse for existing or it could not muster the numbers that have flocked to its standard. The chief *raison d'etre* of the new organization, as announced by its founders and exponents, is the "purification" of the Republican party. This object can be effected only by Republicans avowing their purpose to remain Republicans and claiming in fact to be better Republicans than those who control the old and corrupt organization of the party. The inventors and promoters of the Independent Republican movement were wise enough to perceive and comprehend this fact and therefore nominated a ticket for State officers composed of the most ardent, uncompromising and aggressive Republicans in the State. The political character of that ticket is notice to all parties that the new movement looks for no assistance from the Democrats, but on the contrary declines and repels it. It is also declarative of a policy which is intended ultimately to defeat the Democracy after the Republican party shall have been relieved of the incubus of "bossism." Republican independentism means that the barnacles are to be scraped off the Republican ship so that in 1884 the old hulk may be the more seaworthy. Of course the present Stalwart crew dislike the process and the political bosses oppose it furiously, but it is nevertheless a plan to enable all on board to make a successful voyage two years hence. Hence it is apparent enough that the true policy of Democrats is not to meddle in any way, least of all by their votes, in the struggle that is now going on between the Independent Republicans and the adherents of Cameron for future mastery in the Republican party. Democrats have no interest in the quarrel except in hope that it will serve to place their own party in power.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.*

The Colored Man in Politics.

The attitude of the colored man in American politics is a subject of perpetual interest and remark. It is not a satisfactory attitude, either to him or the public; and yet almost nothing has been done to improve it. It is claimed that the colored people have made notable progress since their emancipation; that they are more intelligent, self-reliant, methodical and industrious—and the assertion is strongly supported by facts. Still they are not what they want to be, what they ought to be, and what they were promised they should be. They are voters only—and not independent and intelligent voters at that. If they were, they would be something else. They are not allowed to hold office. True, there is no statute which forbids them to hold office; but neither is there one that forbids them visiting the moon; and an essay of the lunar enterprise would promise about as successful results as the other. It is charged that in the Southern States the colored people are habitually proscribed and deprived of their political rights. And yet the Southern States are the only part of this country where they are permitted to hold office and figure conspicuously in juries. In the North, they are regaled sumptuously upon the fleshless and flavorless bones of nominal rights, but they know little of the sap and substance of that equality with their white brothers which their white brothers are never weary of sounding as the inevitable chorus of Northern politics. Northern laws allow the colored man to hold office if he can be elected to it; but Northern people take particular care that he shall not be elected, nor even nominated. In Missouri the Republicans sometimes nominate a colored man for an office, but they never carry their affection for him so far as to elect him, even when they carry the rest of their ticket. Pennsylvania has a colored population of 85,000, 30,000 of whom it is estimated are voters; and New York has a similar population of 65,000, 20,000 of whom are said to be voters; yet colored men are not allowed to hold office in either Pennsylvania or New York. They are not taken account of, at all, in politics, though both Pennsylvania and New York are claimed to be Republican States; and, their colored people are far superior to those of Mississippi and South Carolina. A colored man sat in the Massachusetts Legislature a few years ago, and the fact was pointed at as an illustration of the superiority of the cultured and liberal people of that commonwealth to the unreasonable prejudices that encrust the less fortunate inhabitants of other States. But there must have been a good deal of cant and clap-trap about the matter, for no colored member has sat in the Massachusetts Legislature since, and it is not probable that another will be seen there in the next three generations.

Perhaps it is the negro's misfortune, and it may be that he will overcome it in time. But he will never overcome it by holding meetings and demanding the rights that are withheld from him. He will never get office by demanding it. If he is ever to secure the recognition he covets, it will be by deserving it and becoming qualified first. Then it will follow as an inevitable consequence. The things that command respect and deference from persons and parties in this country are virtue, intelligence, public spirit and, last, but, not least, property. The colored people must accumulate property, even if they have to neglect politics to do it, if they would command the recognition which the possession of it almost inevitably involves. As long as they are content as a class to be hewers of wood and drawers of water in the social hive, so long will they be allotted these tasks exclusively in the apportionment of political favors. No party will or can lift the negro up. He must lift himself up, or remain where he is.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A Cheap Political Pretense.

The cheapest of all political pretenses is that of the so-called Independent Republicans of Pennsylvania, that their movement is in the interest of genuine Civil-service reform or general reform within the party. There are many who are acting and will act with the bolting faction, who honestly believe that it represents what it professes to represent, simply because in order to accomplish its purposes it has had to break away from the tyranny of Cameronian dictation; and after the yoke has galled one spot for a long time, it seems like liberty to have it shifted to another. Though Senator Mitchell probably lacks the peculiar talent for political management that has distinguished the Camerons, father and son, we cannot say that he will not be a more agreeable boss, at least at the outset, for it is necessary to win the confidence of his followers before he can command their services to that extent which may seem to him desirable. But in spite of the endorsements that he has received from Half-breed organs and the epicene press, and the flattery that has been so freely dispensed, the fact remains that in his purposes and ambition he is as much a boss as the Cameron, and has in his mind's eye the possession of a machine that shall surpass in splendor and effectiveness anything that his hated rival has been able to bring into the field. When we see the reform notions of a party or faction leader finding expression in a man, it is a good time to take a gauge of them. Those which inspire Senator Mitchell are their incarnation in James G. Blaine. Between the types of malign selfishness which animate Blaine and Don Cameron, there is little to choose. Either can wreck the political morality of a State with a despatch which must excite the grateful admiration of the father of evil; but if, there are extenuating circumstances to be taken into account, Cameron is more entitled to the benefit of them. He was carefully trained to unscrupulous political manipulation from his boyhood. Blaine had to acquire by his own perseverance and aptitude the skill in it which he now possesses. Their sins in this direction are about on a level. When we come to personal character Cameron is comparatively honest, while Blaine is blotched with the stain of dark transactions through the whole of his later record. Rebellion against Cameron is well enough as far as it goes, but when the people forsake him to glorify Blaine, it is renouncing Satan to embrace sin.—*Boston Post.*

—The present Chief Justice of Alabama used to stick type on a weekly paper for $5 per week.