Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI

MY MOTHER.

O for the olden days!
Those were the golden days—
[illegible]s that have fled.
O for a mother love!
Earth has no other love
[illegible]ts stead.

Still, as it seems to me,
Comes she in dreams to me,
And her soft hands
Comb my fair hair for me
With tender care for me,
Fashion its strands.

Is love a pain to me?
Friendship in vain to me?
Barren life's way?
Sorrow she shares with me,
Whispers at prayers with me,
"God bless my child!"

Sings like the birds to me,
Speaks loving words to me,
Covers my bed;
Oh, I have need for her!
My heart doth plead for her—
Mother is dead!

What are life's thorns to her?
Life's sunless morns to her?
Moons that must wane?
Spring has no breath for her,
Autumn no death for her,
Lights are in vain.

What are my prayers to her?
Cumbersome cares to her?
She is at rest;
Roses bloom over her,
Snow blossoms cover her,
Earth on her breast.

Down through the dreary years,
Sorrowful, weary years,
Hears she my cry?
Are her hands holding me?
And her arms folding me?
Is she still nigh?

Sees she my yearning tears,
Pitiful, burning tears?
From Heaven's height
Comes she to talk with me,
Stealthily walk with me,
Morning and night?

Ah! as it seems to me,
These are not dreams to me;
Still thou art here,
Walking beside me,
Whatever betide me,
Mother, most dear.

When life's "good night" to me
Heralds new light to me,
In the unknown,
Ending kiss for me
Will be thy kiss for me,
Mother, my own.

—*N. Y. Graphic.*

THE [illegible]CON AND HIS CHANGE.

Deac[illegible]ates was a thoroughly good man. [illegible]ybody said so, and "every-body" [illegible] right this time. He was a pillar of church and of society. Sam Hines sa[illegible] this 'ere world would be a mighty [illegible] world without that 'ere [illegible] a little sun all by himself." [illegible]as none of your tight-fisted skinflints [illegible] were pious at a mercantile spec[illegible]on. Righteousness rayed out of his [illegible] and he had a heavy bank account under, where the thieves do not break [illegible]gh and steal. It was a common [illegible]g that when the deacon appeared [illegible]evil stepped out, and that he trembl[illegible]hen the good man took to his knees. [illegible]e thing was certain, no one had a [illegible] to say against him, and it was littl[illegible]ggeration to say the Ten Command[illegible]s were written on his countenan[illegible]

Deacon [illegible] did not put down the largest am[illegible]on the subscription paper, or he[illegible]e missionary list. He was a mis[illegible]y society himself, and his left han[illegible] not know what his right hand did. [illegible]as prosperous in business, wise [illegible]gitimate trade, and the more he ga[illegible]e more he had. People who were "[illegible] up" often called on him, proud, unfortunate waifs, who, by a little kin[illegible] help were enabled to go on. One [illegible] was very marked in the conduct of [illegible] man; he never talked about anyone [illegible] was very likely to turn the conve[illegible]on in a new direction. People le[illegible]d not to talk scandal in his presence [illegible]r he could become exceedingly ste[illegible]en he heard a person's character [illegible]d to pieces. Altogether he was a[illegible]mirable man, for, mind you, there [illegible] deacons and deacons in the world [illegible]re's the pity.

Deacon Gates [illegible] accustomed to make monthly [illegible] to the "Hub." Down from his V[illegible]nt home he came. He was the active [illegible]ber in the largest firm of the State, [illegible] his mind intent on his business, fo[illegible]as of such a nature that it require[illegible]arp eye on the markets; yet he ne[illegible]rgot the Master he served, and that [illegible]as working together with One w[illegible] interests were above every other. [illegible]ont exports a good deal of butter, [illegible]uch of it at this time passed thr[illegible] the hands of the firm of which [illegible]eacon was a member. He alwa[illegible]cured good prices, and he refused [illegible]ndle a poor article. It was on one [illegible]se journeys that we find him, one [illegible] November day. The landscape w[illegible]ts dreariest. There is no more delig[illegible]ide in June or in October than dow[illegible]ugh these Vermont hills, when th[illegible]s hang in their doublets of eme[illegible] scarlet. But now the rain was [illegible]g against the car windows, and na[illegible]oked discouraged enough. Eve[illegible] seemed to have a dismal express[illegible] if it was a funeral cortege. The d[illegible]ad been busily reading, and had [illegible] little notice of his companions, [illegible] now he [illegible] around. Just opposite him was a yo[illegible] girl, almost [illegible] out of the window. Her fa[illegible]s very sad, as if some great sorro[illegible] overwhelmed her life before its [illegible]. It was a very attractive face, unus[illegible], and, notwithstanding its shadow, [illegible] sunshine. Her profile agains[illegible] dark background, constantly cha[illegible] with the swiftly moving train, was [illegible] out as one of the old saints, and [illegible]ood man thought of the sisters he [illegible]een moving about the great city, [illegible]heir pale faces and somber drapery.

The conductor came in to c[illegible]he fares. The dusk was comin[illegible]nd only dimly defined shadows w[illegible]en outside. He had his arm thr[illegible]is lantern, [illegible] was in a great hur[illegible]e seemed to be exceedingly curt i[illegible]plies. He touched the young la[illegible] had noticed his approach, and in reply to his "ticket, Miss," u[illegible] touched her again, and she start[illegible] in a dream. She searched for he[illegible]et, but it was gone. There w[illegible] pocket-book there. He waited [illegible]ment impatiently, and then passe[illegible] saying he would take it on his re[illegible]. She looked under the seat, among [illegible] wraps, all about her, but it could n[illegible] found. Her heart seemed to be in [illegible] throat. What could she do? No friends near, and all the money she had in the world, gone with her ticket. We are all quite aware how necessary money is to a traveler, and even the most courageous, set down in a strange city without a penny, would be considerably annoyed. But here was a young girl, unfamiliar with the ways of the world, confronting a cross conductor with no ticket and no money to pay her fare. "Find your ticket, pay your fare, or get off at the next station." How harsh it seemed to her in her distress. "But I have lost my pocket-book, sir, and my ticket was in it." "Can't help it, miss; our rules are inflexible. Sorry; must have the ticket or the money, or you must get off."

But our deacon had heard this conversation and came forward; he was well acquainted with the conductor. "I will make it all right. When she is calmer she will doubtless find it," he said, and learning her destination, he paid the fare. Deacon Gates was an excellent reader of human nature. He was as good a judge of men as of butter, and that was saying a good deal, for he was counted one of the best judges in the State. He began to talk about the weather and the day, told her how he had lost his pocket-book once, and then had it sent to him by express, omitting to state that it contained a note, saying: "I can not steal from Deacon Gates." Then he reminded her that we can not get beyond the great Father's care. It was not long before Alice Cleaveland felt very much at home with her new friend. He was a man to inspire confidence, and she needed a friend. He learned something about her past life, her present plans, and where she was going. The more he talked with her, the more clearly he saw she was no ordinary girl. But the journey at last came to an end, they were nearing the city. She did not find her pocket-book. It contained twenty-five dollars, and the deacon, as they came into the depot, said: "Allow me to lend you, my dear Miss Cleaveland, twenty-five dollars, and may your father's God be with you." The deacon handed her a fifty dollar bill, saying, "I will take the change another time," and was gone. It might seem a very unbusiness-like operation, but it was not the first time he had befriended a soul in trouble. He cast his bread on the waters; and it was sure to return after many days.

Alice Cleaveland was the only daughter of a country doctor; he had just died suddenly in the prime of life; he was a skillful physician, known the country round; his kindness of heart exceeded his shrewdness, and if a patient was careless about the payment, he never reminded him. The consequence was, large sums were his due, and a small fortune was given away. When he was gone, there was but little left but a good name, and the respect of all the country side. His widow found herself compelled to accept the charity of a brother, while Alice, the idol of a devoted father, penniless, but proud of spirit, determined to seek her fortune in the great city. She had been well educated; Dr. Cleaveland was a scholar, and she had had a protected and uneventful life; it was a sad necessity that forced her to leave her home and friends, and go among entire strangers. The shock of her father's death had been sharp and sudden. They had been comrades and students together for years; the doctor was an enthusiast in his profession, besides being exceedingly well read; they had not only become familiar with general literature, but Alice had become quite expert in the theory of medicine. She had even taken his patients for a week, a retired physician assisting her, when he was obliged to be absent from home, although she was but twenty-one years of age. She was also quite self-reliant, and would not give up the problem of her life unsolved without an earnest effort.

Her friends at Springdale had offered their sympathy, and wondered among themselves what she would do. But they had only words to offer, although her father had been a personal friend forty years. It was a sad journey, to feel that she was homeless, and that her mother was receiving the bounty of relatives, the old home to go into new hands, and her room, where she had dreamed and worked, hers no longer.

Her eyes would fill at times, and her heart grow heavy. And then that new grave, fresh with green sod, her father, could it be possible that he was there, shut in forever from her sight? The strange dilemma in which she was placed by losing her pocket-book, only brought her sense of loneliness more keenly to her mind. She began to feel, then, what a step she had taken, and how utterly she had cut herself off from her old life. Deacon Gates had reminded her somehow of her father, and his kind-hearted manner and fatherly interest alone reconciled her to receiving a loan from an entire stranger. A boarding place had been recommended to her. A relative of one of her townspeople was the proprietor.

And so, through the rush and roar of the busy streets, she rode, alone in the multitude, not having a friend in all that city. We all know what a desolate place is a second-rate boarding house in a large city, unkept and forlorn, without a hint of grace or homelikeness, a place to eat and sleep simply. What tragedies have been enacted because young men and women have found their only abiding place in such a home. There could be no diviner charity than providing cosy and habitable homes for the young working people of our cities at a reasonable rate. The day closed for Alice at last in her room, an attic up two flights of stairs. She could have had one lower down, but it must have been shared with another. The tears would come as she knelt to pray. Her future seemed as dark as the sky which loomed on her. From her single window, far out over the city the lights twinkled, each one in a home, she thought, and then she remembered that He who set the firmament in light, would keep His children.

Alice had a letter of introduction to a member of a prominent publishing firm with whom her father had done business. He had been engaged in some literary work years before. The next morning was bright and cheery. She found her window had a southeastern outlook, and her room would be quite warm. A chimney passed through it, and she thought perhaps a few flowers might be coaxed to grow upon the window ledge. The breakfast table was an unpleasant contrast to her father's well-appointed board. The soiled linen, the muddy coffee, the heavy cakes, only increased her homesickness. The boarders were shop girls, vapid and silly; a few gentlemen clerks in dry-goods houses. The talk around the table was about like the usual boarding-house gossip. She did not believe she could find a friend among them all, although they treated her with brusque politeness.

While she waited for office hours, she tried to tidy up her room, and placed a few familiar keepsakes about the walls—two or three pictures, a tiny bureau, a hanging work basket, and her father's picture in its velvet frame. On the table were her medical books, a Shakespeare, a dictionary, and two or three volumes of poems. It was with heavy heart that she found her way out of the house and took a car. When she reached the office her heart almost failed her. Clerks were busy writing, people passing in and out. She finally mustered courage to inquire for Mr. Hay, and was shown into a little office further on. A gray-haired man sat by his desk reading manuscript, now and then scowling and making a vigorous dash with his pencil. She presented her letter, and was told to be seated, in a quick, business tone. When the senior member of the great publishing firm had finished the letter, he swung round on his chair.

"Miss Cleaveland, I am happy to see you. How is your father?" "He is gone, sir; he died suddenly with heart disease." "Indeed! I am greatly shocked. I remember he told me, when I saw him last, that his heart had troubled him. Your father spoilt a fine literary career by becoming a country doctor." "He was called a good doctor, sir." "He was a good doctor, his reputation extended beyond his own immediate region." And then Mr. Hay remembered his manuscript, which all this time he had held in his hand, and scowled again. "How can I serve you, Miss Cleaveland?" And then Alice told him frankly her situation, and that she was dependent entirely upon herself. This Mr. Hay was called a very gruff man. Had Alice known him better, she would not have dared to intrude on him, since many a man and woman, well-known, shrank from meeting him. The audacity of the girl disarmed him, and then he had a great respect for her father. "What can you do?" he asked, suddenly. "Any thing to earn my bread," was the reply. "Can you write a plain hand? do you understand accounts?" "I can learn, sir." "Very well; I have got behind in my work. You shall be my private clerk," and then he swung back again to his manuscript, scowling and dabbing with his pencil. She waited five minutes, and then said: "Can I begin now?" "Oh! what? Yes. I had forgotten you. Sort these papers; enter them in the appropriate place," and he pushed a pile of papers toward her, pointed to a big book and a desk and chair near him.

If this girl had not been uncommon in her training and habits, she would have found herself unequal to this new life. She got terribly tired and heart-sick. Her attic room was dreary and lonely, but she kept on, her employer saying little save giving directions in the fewest words. But all the time Alfred Hay watched her narrowly, making up his opinion. She had been at work six months, when one day he asked her suddenly: "How do you like it; dull, eh?" "Very well, sir; I hope I am able to suit you?" He did not reply directly, but asked her if she ever tried her hand at literature. "Did you ever write any thing?" "Nothing of any consequence," she replied. "Try, then, and bring it to me." The house published a magazine, and it was this the publisher had in mind.

Alice went home that night, and for several weeks she was busy in the little attic. She had managed to get a small stove, and every night had been devoted to study. At last, one morning when she went to the office, she handed Mr. Hay her manuscript. He thrust it into a drawer and went on with his work. She thought little about it, but hardly a month had passed, when she happened to take up the magazine and found her article. It is a very pleasant sensation to people to see themselves in print for the first time, and her article seemed to have taken on new dignity with types. The publisher said nothing, save to tell her to try it again. After she had been there a year, and had written half a dozen articles, Mr. Hay had a long conference with her. He proposed she should take a position in connection with the magazine, superintending some department, write occasionally, and assist him in his review of manuscript. This largely increased her salary and varied her work. She found herself able to have a more congenial boarding place; her employer had not the slightest idea where she lived out of his office. She could send her mother a monthly allowance, and if good Deacon Gates had only told her where he lived, that fifty dollars should have been paid. She had it in the bank sacredly set apart for him. Often she had thought of his kindness, and wished she might tell him how much he had done for her.

For three years she worked on in this great publishing house, visiting her mother once in the time. She became quite necessary to the firm. Her salary had been repeatedly increased, and she now felt quite independent. It had been one of her desires to graduate at a medical college. She thought she might do it and continue in her position, so familiar was she with the text books. The opposition to women in the medical college in her city had made her shrink from attending it. This was before faculty and students had come to the present liberal opinion, and a woman must need have courage to face the sneers and polite contempt she was compelled to encounter in studying medicine. She mooted the question to Mr. Hay, one day. "Do you wish to spoil another literary career?" he growled. "Your book we are passing through the press. It may bring you a small fortune." "I have no such hopes," she replied. "I should like to go back to my native town and practice where my father did." The publisher seemed to be very much disturbed by this conversation. He scowled more than ever, dabbed his manuscript very viciously, and even spoke sharply to Alice.

The book came out, and, as the publisher predicted, although a first effort, by the skillful advertising and putting on the market by this great house, it was a grand success. Alice now had quite a bank account. She began to think of having her mother come to live with her, and hiring a place of her own. How little we know what the fates have in store for us. We walk to our destiny unwittingly. One morning she came down town to learn that a fourth edition of her book was called for. She was quite surprised at her success, and began to plan what she would do. She was now twenty-five years old. Mr. Hay, the senior member of the firm, was a bachelor of sixty years. He was a friend of her father, and she always thought of him in that connection. This morning he seemed nervous and uneasy. She had never seen him so disturbed. At last he came and stood by her desk. "Are you satisfied with your position, Miss Alice?" "Perfectly; I hope you are with me." "Well," replied Mr. Hay, "I am old enough to be your father. I have a home, but no wife. You are astonished to hear this. You thought, perhaps, while I could publish the romances of others, I had none of my own. I love you with an old man's love. I have money enough. I want some one to spend it for me." Alice was certainly astonished. "Don't give me an answer," he continued, "until next week."

All that week Alice did a great deal of thinking. Mr. Hay was young for his age, well preserved and active. He had been gray for twenty years. At first she said no to her heart, but afterward, ridiculous as it seemed, she found a tender feeling creeping into her heart, and blushed when she saw it. Mr. Hay was a gentleman, a scholar, an authority in the literary word. She awoke one morning to find she loved him. The week passed, and on that morning she was designedly late for the first time. Mr. Hay was at his desk, scowling as ever. She walked to his side without removing her wraps, her fresh, fair face with all the sweetness of eighteen. "Mr. Hay—Alfred," and she blushed until her face outvied the ribbon on her hat. "I love you," and as he turned toward her with a wonderfully tender smile on his face, she leaned forward and kissed him.

That was a holiday. They went out to the suburban residence of the great publisher, a beautiful home. There they had dinner, and Alice thought of the cramped garret, as they sat down to the elegant table, with sparkling silver and crystal, and its trained servants. The room was an artistic picture itself, from the tiling about the fireplace to the carved cornice along the wall. It was the home of great wealth. The library must be a delight to every scholar, and the great reception rooms had been enriched by the rare treasures of all lands. It was a day long to be remembered by the hard-worked clerk, who was just becoming a popular author. She went on with her work another year, but the engagement began to be noted about the office, and the attaches were even more deferential as she passed to and fro.

She was married at last, her mother coming to live with her. She told her husband of Deacon Gates and his kind act, and measures were taken to find him. Deacon Gates had gone on doing good as he had opportunity; he had almost forgotten the sad-faced girl. In an evil hour he had indorsed a note for a neighbor, who died suddenly, and it seemed as if the deacon must lose his home for the need of a little ready money. The times were hard, money was scarce, it would be a great sacrifice. His friends pitied him, but no one appeared to help. If he could have a loan he would weather the storm. One morning he prayed more earnestly than ever, and that night he received a letter in a strange hand:

DEACON JOSHUA GATES—*My Dear Sir:* I have been endeavoring for years to find you and give you back your "change." I lately learned by chance of your embarrassment; my present happiness is largely due to you. Please find inclosed your loan, with interest. Faithfully yours,

ALICE CLEAVELAND HAY.

The letter contained a check for one thousand dollars, and thus the bread came back and the deacon got his change.—*Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

Home News by Way of the Isthmus.

El Canal, a Spanish-American paper printed at Panama, tells the following story, the scene of which, it says, was in New York city:

"Sir, will you have the kindness to read me this paper?" said a man of very good appearance to an elegantly dressed gentleman.

"'I will,' responded the gentleman addressed, and directed himself to a street lamp near by, the light of which enabled him to read the following:

"'If you give one cry, if you pronounce a single word, a dagger will cleave your heart. Give me instantly your watch, chain and purse, and then pursue your way.'

"The gentleman, surprised and terrified, delivered to the unknown without uttering a word, the things that were asked of him, and then both persons walked off in different directions. But after going a few steps the gentleman encountered a policeman, to whom he related what had transpired and seeing still at a little distance the unknown who had despoiled him they approached him, detained him, and carried him off to prison.

"When the day for his examination in court arrived the accused listened tranquilly to the charge preferred against him, playing meanwhile with the chain of the stolen watch. When the accusation against him had been made the supposed criminal arose, and in well chosen phrases informed the court and his auditors that he had the misfortune to lack education; that he knew not how to read or write and that, having found in the street a paper that perhaps might be important, he had requested a gentleman who had passed to read what there was upon it; that the gentleman approached a street lamp, read the paper in a low voice, and without speaking a word, gave to him his watch, chain, and purse, immediately thereafter hastening away without giving him time to express his surprise or ask him what he meant. All this made him believe that that paper was valuable and that the chain, and purse had been given him as a reward for his finding it."

"The court listened attentively to these reasons, and the accused was discharged."

BAD FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS BARNACLES.

On Beacon street they went to sleep,
All thoughts of danger scorning,
And 'twas a strange awakening
They had on Wednesday morning.

The Barnacles and all their troops,
From General down to sutler,
Had been stampeded terribly
By horrid old Ben Butler.

'Twould even stir an oyster's soul,
And make a quahaug bustle,
To own the rule of such a man
Of brain and blood and muscle.

Then Beacon street held up its hands,
And on its head threw ashes,
And stuffed its ears to drown the noise
Of quick, successive smashes.

From every quarter news arrived
Of most exceeding sadness;
But that was not the thing that drove
The Barnacles to madness.

The ship among whose timbers they
Had cut so many a caper
They saw upon the ways, and there
Stood Butler with a scraper.

They saw him scrape the Barnacles
From off the vessel's bottom,
And when the ruck was cleared away
The crabs and lobsters got 'em.

A wail arose among them all,
From Beacon street to Brattle,
And all about the old Bay State
They heard the dry bones rattle.

Alas for lordly Beacon street,
Which now at last must lose its
High rank and rule; but grand good luck
To good old Massachusetts!

—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Republican Crisis.

That the result of the elections marks a crisis in the history of the Republican party there can be no doubt, and that this crisis is far more grave and decisive than the party has ever confronted before, is equally certain. There have been many Republican defeats during the last twenty-one years, but none of such sweeping and crushing character as this; none which indicated such a tremendous revolution in popular sentiment, such unmistakable and emphatic condemnation of the principles and practices that have so long controlled the National Administration. After making all due allowance for Republican dissensions, there still remains a wide margin of defeat, which cannot be attributed to these, and which must be charged to the sins and short-comings that a patient people have endured until patience ceased to be a virtue. The dissensions themselves are unimpeachable and unanswerable witnesses against the power they have helped to break. They were caused, not so much by the conflicting ambitions and unscrupulous intrigues of party leaders, as by the demoralization and rottenness of the party itself, which, disgusting the better portion of the rank and file, either drove them into open and active opposition or kept them away from the polls. The intelligence and honesty of the people as a whole, are, and we may hope will always be, the salvation of our system of government; and no political organization, however old and strong, however firmly cemented by drill and discipline and the cohesive force of patronage and plunder, can persistently insult that intelligence and honesty without provoking appropriate punishment. Circumstances may conspire to delay this punishment, but never to avert it altogether; and when it comes its weight and severity will more than atone for the postponement.

The Republican party began business on a single issue, and after one failure, in 1856, established itself in 1861, only through the suicidal blunder of the South. That section, had it cordially united with its Northern friends, could easily have elected a Democratic President; and if Southern Senators and Representatives had remained in Congress after the inauguration of a Republican Administration, a Democratic majority in the National Legislature would have been all-sufficient protection of Southern rights. But it was not so to be, and the one Republican issue reached its consummation by the terrible processes of civil war. No sooner was the war over than the party dropped the mask of patriotism and philanthropy it had so successfully worn. Instead of being content with the restoration of the Union and the destruction of slavery, and setting about the healing of the wounds the sword had made, it immediately proceeded to consolidate and perpetuate its political power by conferring citizenship upon those who hardly knew they were free, and certainly had no just conception of the duties and responsibilities of freedom—much less, citizenship. Military government in the South accompanied African enfranchisement, and enabled it to be utilized at the ballot-box; and following in the same train, as a natural and legitimate result, came so-called "Southern reconstruction," in which negroes, carpet-baggers and Federal bayonets were the dominating elements. Of the fruits of this desperate effort to Republicanize the South we do not care to speak. Enough to say that they fixed an indelible stain upon the American name and Nation, and culminated in the greatest political crime of the century—the theft of the Presidency. This crime, however, compelled the usurper who had profited by it to lift the yoke from Southern necks; and since then Republicanism in the South has maintained a precarious and comparatively harmless existence only through the influence of Federal patronage and the shameless treachery of such men as Mahone. If the Republican party had nothing to answer for except its action in the South from 1865 to 1877, it would still deserve even more than it has received from the people; but when we remember all that is meant by "Grantism," "Stalwartism" and "Bossism;" all that is included in the reign of abuse and corruption from 1877 to 1882, the wonder is that the "off year" did not bring an avalanche of popular rebuke to extinguish the guilty party at once and forever.

If there has not been such an avalanche, there has been most unquestionably a combination of earthquake and tidal wave that shakes and shatters the Republican party from turret to foundation. No explanation will explain the result in New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and elsewhere that does not recognize the great and essential fact that the party in its present shape is hopelessly rent asunder; and "a house divided against itself cannot stand." There must either be radical reconstruction from bottom to top, a complete turning over of an entirely new leaf, an unequivocal and absolute new departure, or Republicanism is dead and buried. If the "Stalwarts" and "Half-breeds"—who now hate each other much worse than they do their common enemy, the triumphant Democracy—cannot come together on a broader and better platform than the party has ever occupied before and convince the people of the sincerity of their repentance and reformation—the party must inevitably perish—has perished already. In other words, unless Republicanism can discard everything that has characterized it for the past seventeen years, and rebuild from bed-rock up, the country has seen the last of it. When the smoke clears away, and "Stalwarts" and "Half-breeds" have finished counting their killed, wounded and missing, they must either undertake the difficult, if not impossible, task indicated, or be content to remain hereafter in their present locality: that "outer darkness where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth."—*St. Louis Republican.*

Hic Jacet.

No President since Jackson, and not Jackson himself, has so openly and unhesitatingly prostituted the powers and duties of his office to the service of a party machine as Arthur has done. No President beneath an assumption of personal dignity, has betrayed a tone of political morals so degraded and vicious. No President, not even Grant, has seemed to form so degraded a conception of the proper character of his office. No President has carried his office so willingly into the very slums of partyism, or used it so readily as an appendage of a party machine. No President has so viciously overstepped the proper bounds of his official function to interfere with popular elections and supersede the electors in the free exercise of their office. No President has so liberally lent the appointing power to party bosses, or permitted them to employ it so freely for the corruption of electors and the destruction of the elective independence. No President has so openly permitted and encouraged the infamous practice of levying contributions on the public service to fasten upon the people the intolerable tyranny of the machine, the damnable despotism of party bossism. Putting all in a single proposition, no President has given the country so large and nauseating a dose of *party Presidentism* as the present incumbent. In a single year he has filled the land with the accumulated offensiveness of Grant's eight years, lost his majority in the Representatives, and carried his party back not only to the desperately sick state in which Hayes found it, but put it probably beyond the hope of resurrection.

This is, and will be, the general verdict. Mr. Grover Cleveland, not misinterpreting the significance of his election over the President's own candidate for Governor of New York by more than one hundred thousand votes to spare, has said, with as much truth as candor: "The immediate cause is the interference of the National Executive with the people's politics." It is, in other words, the spoils disease, a more specific name for which would be the Party-President disease, of which the President's party has virtually expired. Let the country bury it, and inscribe on its grave-stone, in plain words that even stupid keepers of the old election machine can read, this fitting epitaph:

HIC JACET DEFUNCTUS
THE REPUBLICAN PARTY,
BROUGHT TO ITS DEATH BY AN OVER-DOSE OF PARTY PRESIDENT.
REQUIESCAT IN PECTORE
JAY HUBBELL.

—*Chicago Times.*

Forewarned Is Forearmed.

It is curious to observe that those Republicans who refuse to admit that their party is hopelesssly crippled by the defeat of last week base their hope of a retrieval of its losses and a restoration to power in 1884 on the assumption that the victors will forfeit all their advantages by immeasurable blundering. One Republican paper which takes this view is pleased that the Democratic victory is so overwhelming and complete—so vast, it intimates, that the victors will not know what to do with it. It says: "Democratic control of Congress immediately preceding an election for President is apt to react in favor of the Republicans by demonstrating anew the Democratic incapacity for Legislative and National government. It is to be hoped that their majority will be large enough to render it impossible for them to shirk the responsibility they have assumed. They will be on probation, as they were previous to the election of Garfield in 1880, and if they shall make no better use of their power they may look forward to an even more overwhelming defeat in 1884 than they experienced two years ago."

Forewarned is forearmed. Nothing is more wholesome at times than the taunts of the enemy, since they direct attention to the weak spot, and make it possible to specially guard it. The Democrats have, it must be admitted, exhibited at most inopportune times, an unfortunate capacity for impolitic action; but as they do not come into the exercise of the National power which the recent victory transfers to their hands till nearly thirteen months from this date there is ample leisure to deliberate carefully and decide upon a wise and patriotic policy. The Democratic Congress-elect will meet in December, 1883, and sit at discretion. It will, therefore, legislate in the face of the next Presidential contest. If it legislate wisely, guarding particularly against the temptation to legislate too much, it will assure the election of a Democratic President and the complete restoration of the Democratic party to power. What might be the result of unwise legislation is a question we will not at present entertain. It is inconceivable from a Democratic point of view that a victorious party, intrusted by the country with half possession of the Government with the conditional promise of the other half, can forfeit the brilliant future by fatal misconduct. The country is calling the Democracy to take the Government in 1884—and we believe it will justify the popular confidence by performing wisely its preliminary tasks.—*Democratic Exchange.*

—Vegetarianism is rapidly making progress in England. The temperance people are aiding it, and vegetarian dining-rooms are being opened in the large towns. Mr. William Black, the novelist, is counted among the number of those who abstain from flesh food.—*N. Y. Herald.*