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Poetry.

Some Time.

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

I.

O strong and terrible ocean,
O grand and glorious ocean,
O restless, strong ocean, so many a fathom wide,
When never an eye was near thee to view thy turbulent glory,
When never an ear to hear thee relate thy ceaseless story,
What did it then, O ocean? didn't as thy spray in air,
With never a brake to fear thee and never a soul to care?
"Oh, I was the same, same ocean,
The same majestic ocean,
The grand and terrible ocean, with rock-embattled shore;
I threw my fleecy blanket up over my show-decked bare,
I raised my head in triumph and scattered my green-tinted hair;
You know that some times—some times—
While robed ships would venture from out of the plastic bay,
Forth to my heaving bosom, my lawful prize or prey,
I know that some time—some time—
Lovely men and maidens my servile goods would be,
And hearts of eternal courage would falter and bend to me."

II.

O deep and dream-lured,
Stealthy whispering forest,
O lonely murmuring forest, that monarch for evermore,
When never a footstep wandered across thy sheltered meadows,
When never a bird made music and thy rustlers chirped,
What did you then, O forest? did you ride thyself in green,
And crown thy self in beauty forever to be unseen?
"Oh, I was the same, same forest,
The same low whispering forest,
The softly murmuring forest, and all of my beauties were
Lavished myself in splendor all through the lonely hours;
I raised the same armed pines and covered my lap with flowers;
For I know that some times—some times—
Fairest of beautiful pastures would lift and nestle here,
Some of strapping yeomen would fill my patent ear;
I know that some times—some times—
Lovers would gaily wander 'neath my protecting boughs,
And into the ear of one claimed would whisper their vows."

III.

O fair and beautiful maiden,
O maiden with golden hair,
O proud and peerless maiden, created to adore,
Some more is lower man than that heart thy own heart's wealth build manors,
Which only of thee, O maiden? didst smile as they smiled now,
Will recall the kiss of a lover upon thy cheek—white brow?
"Oh, I was the same, same, same maiden,
The simple and trusting maiden,
The careless and happy maiden, with all my love to give;
I gaily replied my troubles, and scornfully went my way,
Of a thought of the morrow, my cure for the cares of the day;
For I know that some time—some time—
Some week and month and time, a love that was fresh and true—
Love that was pure and holy—a love that was made for me—
I know that some time—some time—
Through the portal of my lattice the joy to my life would come
And see by the gates of heaven would wander side by side."

—*Lippincott's Magazine for July.*

To Livingstone in Africa.

In Africa's wide how can thou be,
Where cannibals but and lions roam free?
Where death is the every day footmate,
One step grows fast and faster;

What thought, in the darkest, Guide to thine
That mortal eye set eyes on—
What thought, then fare on "wanderlust"
Will be thy guide to the end?

Guided through the mazed jungle, and
Through the pathless forest by darkness,
By all equal footfaces naught sounds
Is thy only companion.

Yet thou dost not shun the mercy in
Discovery's crowning hour—
Each wave thou dashest shall reach and not die
From every pilgrim's shore!

Dashed the wave of thy life on shoal,
Or on rock and storm and shrieks—
Better to fail by one respect
Than by a sole life respect!

—*Lippincott's for July.*

Fireside Tales.

A WOULD-BE BENEDICT.

Obadiah Fuller was courting the widow Blain in earnest; he was unknowingly courting some one else in earnest. The "sad estate of love had never come to him, because, ere he reached its flower and fruit, the untimely frost of rejection by its overscanning object nipped his hopes; but the selfish inexperience which in nearly every case provoked the disease, also prevented any great degree of disappointment and suffering.

"Bring me I see a basket out there in the kitchen, gone I'll wash my feet," said Obadiah to the widow, as they sat in her front-room, with all the doors and windows wide open, on a hot July evening.

Those who have lived in the foot-hills of the Sierras, breathed the dust, and endured the pill of existence will appreciate the feeling which induced the utterance of the above remark, though they might pity the poverty of sentiment which kept him down to the condition of ignoble physical discomfort rather than consent of a visit to a lady whose virtues as a housekeeper and economist had enchanted his fancy and excited his warmest admiration.

"What—what did you say?" excitedly asked the widow. But when she saw with the mind's eye, the actual preparation going on, she dropped her voice into a key of the coldest and grandest irony: "Certainly, make yourself comfortable, Mr. Fuller, by all means. A foot-bath is undoubtedly refreshing—make yourself at home, and wash your feet, by all means!" Whereupon she sat down very rigidly.

Obadiah, looking at her from the kitchen-door, where he had settled down to what he considered a very simple and natural performance, noticed, for the first time, a certain thinness in the widow's lips, and rather embarrassed and warmish air in the cords of her neck.

"Good evening," said she, with flashing eyes and offended air. "Take the bucket, Mr. Fuller; since you have come, I freely give you the one."

Obadiah, ambling toward his cabin stopped at a store. "What curious creatures women-folks be! The Widow Blain give me this bucket," said he.

The next evening he learned from the widow herself that no man could wash his feet in her house and live—at least in her affections; that no man could put her best water-pail humbly near, without trampling on the best feelings of her nature, which were those of an untiring housekeeper; that she was a firm believer in a place for everything and everything in its place, and the place for Obadiah's hot water neither in her bucket nor within her door-way more hence forth. He resolved for his part, and, with a mild, troubled and pensive look, departed for home. When he got there, he gave the bucket a kick, and to this day considers there was scarcely any ground for the sudden change in the widow's mind.

This was simply one of many such dismissals, which gave him an indifferent idea of the constancy of the sex. Still, the comforts of a home—that delusive rock upon which so many hearts have been wrecked—had charms for him, and lent perseverance to efforts which deserved better success.

Obadiah Fuller, in his infancy, was the wonder of the neighborhood for fatness; his eyes were round and twinkling; tears never came out of them on the most melancholy occasions. He grew amazingly in body; his mind sensibility, far in the rear, were almost lost sight of in the general scramble of the coarser appetites for development. His manhood had more than fulfilled the promise of his youth, he ate and slept, to repletion, and never ceased wondering why things are just as they are. To him it was astounding that a woman should refuse the hand of any man that could support her.

Obadiah—a fair representative of a small class of men existing in every community—was incapable of inspiring love in the heart of any woman; yet, so far as lay in his power, he loved the sex indiscriminately. He was now in middle life, subject to frequent depressions of spirits through the fickleness of love's fair daughters, and was correspondingly elated upon the happy occasions of their benignant condescension. He made money in the mines and kept it—enough to attract the notice of women of uncertain age. He had in its incipient state the fruending spirit which takes in its embrace the back of its victim's chair in public places—than which, says the modest girl, there is nothing more excruciating in the catalogue of social offences. In fact, he possessed in a high degree, the "makings" of a first class society nuisance; but the "unspiritual god Circumstance" had debarred him from the attrition of that refiner of mind and manners, and left him an untutored blunderer. He had many virtues; good habits, business integrity, and a kind heart; but his negative virtues and negative vices were so evenly distributed that he could arouse no active feeling in the human breast. Neither loved nor hated, he stood on that middle-ground so extensively occupied by that band of Nature's unhappy creations—good men and good women; a name unanimously agreed upon by the world as appropriate for beings with neither virtues nor vices.

The hopeful eye of the humanitarian sees in the dim future of a million years hence a new order of things, when courtship and marriage will be made easy and agreeable by the classification of men and women. Obadiah Fuller should have deferred his coming until that time. But could it have been possible for him, by the light of science or otherwise, to have found the woman to whom his attentions were acceptable and his courting not obnoxious, from what disastrous experiments he would have been saved! Doubtless there was such a one somewhere; and Jane Springer might be she, thought he, as upon a gala-day, he invited her to accompany him to the county seat.

They started in the early morning. Jane in her neat-fitting riding-habit, looked young er and fresher than was her wont. A housekeeper in the Larue House, this opening day held within its hours two possibilities for her; a pleasant ride and a proposal. Should the latter come she had resolved to accept it. It did come. Everything conspired to make it easy; and it was made far less awkardly than Jane had imagined possible from Obadiah. The hand and heart were accepted—not with unseemly haste, but with good feeling and womanly deliberation. The county-seat reached, they made various purchases, dined, and were about starting for home.

'Obadiah?'

'Well, Jane.'

'Have you got everything ready?' asked Jane.

'Everything I can think of,' said he.

'Think again, Obadiah'—with a little timidity.

'I can't think unless it's a cooking-stove.'

'No Obadiah; it's the license.'

'License?'

'Yes, the marriage license.'

With more alacrity than he usually exhibited, he dismounted, and procured that necessary document. It was late in the afternoon when they finally started. Everything had gone well. They were in delicious dalliance with the last half of a happy day, and on the return of a memorable trip. At the moment when Obadiah exhibited his lack of dispatch in business as to the license—when Jane was forced to stand forth in the unnatural light of an impatient fiancee—through her soul there crept the shadow of a doubt as to the eternal fitness of things. Later the doubt took the awful proportions of a dead certainty. Obadiah announced, just at dark that in his opinion they had taken the wrong trail, and were lost; but that likely they would soon strike the right one. He was the first man to whom Jane had ever pinned her faith, and she determined to enjoy to its fullest the womanly luxury of being rescued from the dangers of this night by him.

She gave herself up to his guidance, and, with a saint-like resignation, descended to the valleys and mounted to the hill-tops. Time went on—the trail was not found. Jane, whose patience was now perceptibly on the wane, discovered new distresses at every step.

'Oh, Obadiah! I hear robbers talking!'

'Do you?' said complacent Obadiah.

'Oh, Obadiah! I see their eyes glaring in the dark!'

'Where?' asked the sleepy Obadiah.

'Oh, Obadiah! the bears and lions are after us! I hear them growling and roaring!'

'Well, Jane, what of it? They always growl and roar when they are hungry. We must do the best we can,' said Obadiah.

Guatemala at that moment Jane despised him. Had he bristled up to her side, in a protecting-cavalier fashion, and said, 'Jane, there isn't a bear within ten thousand miles of us, and there is no such thing as a robber anywhere; and I'll protect you against thunder and lightning with my last drop of blood!'—the rigors of the situation would have melted away like the morning mist, and Obadiah would have lived and died a respected husband and father. To the last, he preserved the "even tenor of his way," though a delicious one. His tranquillity, transcendent and lofty, came not within the circle of earth's dampening influence. Jane indignant, hurried all patiently at least said:

'Good Lord! Obadiah, why don't you let the mules follow their noses?'

Being open to any suggestion, he let the mules follow their noses; and straight home they went, where they arrived in the morning, just as the little Jew who kept the dry-goods store was taking down his shutters. Two days afterward Jane was heard to say, in the dining-room of the Larue Hotel:

'No; I can't—I won't marry a man who knows less than a mule!'

This little affair did not abate Obadiah's ardor in pursuit of a wife, but simply parcled him for a day or two. He had a wandering, uncertain way with him when off the scent; but quickly anchored his affections upon another, who looked to him no less fair, no less desirable.

Kate Simmons was fair to look upon and an excellent girl, but of a deeply prosaic turn of mind, which to Obadiah was something of an objection; for, good as he was, he had never been to church in California; indeed, he had scarcely ever had an opportunity to go, since churches were few and ministerial visits far between in small mining-camps. However he overcame all scruples, and resigned as many a man before him, that party after all, is an essential thing in woman; it enables her to bear with much, forgive much, and be silent to the end. And here he hit a thought. 'If,' said he, 'there is any lack in me—any real cause for so many refusals—may be she, with Christian forbearance, will overlook it.' His first overture took the form of a careful peace; and, as he anticipated, so it came to pass that Katie did not forget her profession of Christianity, but accepted his gift—the precursor of many solid attentions, which, agreeable as they proved, lacked that airy grace, that aroma, dearly prized by the sex. In the town-hall, at this time, were held the religious meetings, to which he escorted Katie, not only to please her, but his own soul had become to him an object of some interest. The mild accent of Katie's voice, urging him to repentance and reform, had not been without influence. At first he found it difficult to get into the ways of kneeling, rising, and sitting in their proper times; but, with Katie at his side to prompt, he got on tolerably well. At last, the text was announced, and the minister began his discourse in that sing-song tone peculiar to those of the Methodist persuasion. Obadiah, realizing his respectable position in society, occupying a front seat by the side of Katie, fell into a train of thought on his own account—nothing very positive, but a sort of dreamy speculation in regard to his future. No one knows how long he would have gone on thus had not the minister, who had warmed up to his work, exclaimed, in stentorian voice, 'Come sinner—come to Jesus.' This earnest cry pierced the soul of Obadiah; he jumped to his feet, awakened, as it were, from deep sleep. The minister paused; the congregation looked at him; then, through his lethargic mind, there shot a gleam of inspiration. He seized his Peruvian hat, and awkwardly but resolutely passed it for contributions. Every one laughed and groaned freely of his substance. The minister waited till he had placed the hat on the platform, when he resumed his sermon. In order which might be called trying circumstances. And it is as yet unknown whether the generous contribution was given for the Lord, or a fair compensation for amusement afforded by his servant Obadiah.

Katie had a disturbed manner when Obadiah returned to his seat. She fancied she would share in the ridicule, and she steadily felt the staring eyes of the people; and, although his immortal soul was precious in her sight, the ill behavior of its temple—the body—had abated her enthusiasm for its salvation, and created within her a longing desire to shift the responsibility upon the shoulders of some other woman, more capable, more worthy, who was weaned from the vanities of the world and indifferent to its sights and sounds. Again was Obadiah adrift. Never did he feel so hopelessly discouraged. He had prospected every marriageable woman in town, and the indications were unfavorable. A tinge of bitterness began to show itself in his conversation. He even spoke slightingly of the sex, and said they had better stay at home, where they belonged.

The summer passed away, and just after the first rain, when all the miners were jubilant over the prospect of a wet season, there came to town a lady, dashy in appearance, at home in conversation, and so coaxing and caressing in manner that her twenty-eight summers, or thereabout, were entirely overlooked. She came ostensibly as a dress-maker; she hung her window full of bewildering pictures of ladies with ruffles, court-trains, and other accessories of fashion, after which she could model with ease and dispatch. Obadiah met her, and yielded up his heart without a struggle. She was a woman of tact, and these live longest in the heart of men. She flatters their weakness, and steers clear of the troubled waters of past indiscretions. She never allows a blunder to be made in her presence, and has the happy faculty of making a mishap appear rather an advantage. Not that Miss Hopkins was all this; but she might have been had she lived in a happier time, for she had the genuine intuitive power that insighted the special characteristics of all the people within the circle of her acquaintance. She made dresses badly enough, but more than atoned for it by well turned compliments. Each customer came in for her share; figure, hair, eyes, or any feature that needed bolstering got it from the deft tongue of Miss Hopkins. They could not give her up; she was as balm in Gilead. Besides, dress-make s were not common in those days, and she was much better than none. Obadiah offered himself, and was accepted. The marriage was to take place at the end of a month. His heart was overflowing with joy. He commenced immediately to renovate his house, and a wing must be added. He sent to San Francisco for carpet and furniture; he supplied wood and provisions in proportion to his happiness. There was no end to the beams, the beams, the lard. There was never a more devoted lover, and his delight was not broken in upon by the envious competition of rivals; others visited, but she went out with none but Obadiah. They rode on horseback, and had quiet little dinners together. He felt at these times that he had never loved before; no one had ever so redulously watched the different stages of his appetite. After the first rude crash of meat and vegetables, came the titillating insinuations of puddings and cakes from the hand he adored. Never since in his own mother's house had a pie been made on purpose for him. His last bachelor day had come; the sun rose in the heavens, and seemed resolved to hang forever there. At noon, he wandered into a ravine just at the edge of town, to pass the leaden-footed hours, and to muse upon his prospective happiness unmolested. With a feverish impatience, not unusual upon like occasions, he walked up and down and around, and finally halted at the sound of voices. He could see, but not be seen.

'Well, Cyath, how are the times?' asked the dashy-looking stranger who had been loafing around town for several days.

'Very much as they have always been in my life and time. My time has been divided pretty evenly between starvation on the bed-rock, and righteous living on the bread of fools.

'I hear you are once again about to enter upon one of those blessed periods of prodigality. How did you manage it?'

'Manage it?' said she. 'Bleeding fingers, throbbing eyes, and an aching back rather enlarge a woman's capacities for drudgery; at least they drive me semi-annually to marriage. A choice of evils is something, however, to a free born American citizen. When I married you I was crazy under the incessant growl of dissatisfied boarders.'

'Cynthia, you are about as active and energetic a woman as one sees in a life-time,' said he.

'Yes; this blind old fool urges me to marry him, and I desire more comfortable quarters than the legitimate profits of dress-making can give me; two good and sufficient for any marriage. Besides, he has money; and, if I don't rake his pile, I will at least, get some good harness to remember him by.'

'When does the event come off?' asked he.

'If by the event' you mean my marriage with Obadiah Fuller, allow me to state that it comes off this evening, at eight o'clock.'

Night's sable mantle had scarcely draped the Sierras, when, through the outskirts of the town, with stealthy tread, stole a muffled figure. Along the level and down the grade, passed a form, with a speed to which that of the bearer of the fiery cross, at the command of Roderick Dhu, was but a snail's pace. The wheezing of an immense pair of lungs heralded its approach; the retreating sound of ponderous footsteps announced its transit. The inmates of way-side houses, startled by the unwonted sounds, hastened to the doors only to hear the hot, fading echoes.

It was Obadiah Fuller, fleeing from the destruction of his bird.

DANGEROUS TO LOCOMOTIVES.—Longfellow is known here, five years old, nearly overtopping hands high, with one white eye and a blaze of white in his face. He has large, strong fetlock and pastern joints, filling the hoof finely, the ram on bones of each of the hind legs running up broad to the hock, the hock spread outside and as clear as a doe's, with full, large stifles. Longfellow is long from the hip to the whirlbone; the croupper, where it reaches the tail, sets out strong and high, like the Arabian stock. He is wide in the hips but round and smooth, well ribbed back, with a round chest; long, tapering shoulders, running obliquely toward the hips, making the back look strong and short, presenting much capacity for carrying weight. He has a strong, well turned neck, filling the shoulders wide from the crest down; the pole of the neck running into the partially formed head, with open nostrils and large thinnie, indicating easy breathing powers. In this connoisseur in the rare horse, Longfellow presents many beauties of pacing from than any horse we have ever seen. The arm at the elbow, where it leaves the body, is broad and strong, tapering well to the knee, with plenty of substance. His arm thigh, from the whirlbone to the stifle, is so long that it makes the gaskin, or second thigh, almost as long as the stifle itself. The horse appears in perfect order and fit to run for a man's life, and, barring accidents, it does not seem to us that he is beatable. His owner, Mr. John Harper of Kentucky, is so well pleased with him now that he declines selling him at all, and intends taking him back to Kentucky after his engagements in the North and West have done him. He will be a capital horse in the stud, as he is a Lexingtonian all over, with a little more horse. Longfellow was sired by Lexingtonian, dam Nantura, by Counterpiot (known as Brawner's Eclipse), grandsire Quiz, by Bertrand; g. g. d. by Bertrand; g. g. g. d. by Blue Bond; g. g. g. g. d. by imported Bonnard (known as the Tarleton mare), who was also the dam of Old Court, by West's Paragon; Honiross, by Cherokee; Woodpecker, by Bertrand; Lady Adams, by Whipster.—*Cincinnati Times.*

A SHREWD CHRISTIAN GIRL.—Is it not enough to make a man ashamed of his sex to think that the little girl with whom the Cincinnati *Times* held this interview in its counting-room will not be allowed to vote when she grows up to be a woman? "Please, sir, do you print the questions for the examination of pupils for the high school?" "No, miss; I think not," replied the clerk. "Somebody said that they were printed at the *Times* office," remarked the girl, evidently disappointed. "Don't you know where they are printed? Couldn't you get one for me? I would pay a good price for one." The questions and the last remark were uttered rapidly and with evident excitement. We stepped up to the relief of the clerk, and said to the ambitious little miss: "The printed questions you ask for are most likely at the office of the school board, and they are not given out until just as the pupils are about to be examined." "I know that," she archly replied, and added with a bewitching smile, "but I would like to have one before that; I would be willing to give as much as five dollars, sir," wailing again, "if you would get me one." We have been often before this tempted with bribery, but never so innocently; and if we could as readily have gratified her wish we have done with others having a less worthy object in view, we don't know but that shrewd aspirant for the high school would have gained her point. But we could not supply her want, and suggested that she apply to the accommodating clerk of the school board, Bob Bedeck, and see what luck she would have. "Oh, I can't get one there, I know," replied the dissatisfied miss, as she left our office.

At the Chace Mill last evening, on Saturday evening, the last blast threw out some 250 tons of granite, using two kegs of powder. Immediately after the blast a fine looking toad was observed sitting on the extreme top of the blasted rock, earnestly looking around to see what sort of a country he was in. Evidently he had been thoroughly disturbed in his nap in a crevice of the ledge, and should be thankful for the boost that brought him to the sunlight.—*Fall River News.*

DEATH AND THE SUN—WHO ARE PROSTRATED, AND WHY.—Now that the sun has sent in his quota of dead this week, it is worth while to see where any light could have been made against him. Epidemic or contagion we can ward off, but what street cleaning or vaccination will avail against the sun? From three days to ten in each summer the most blessed of God's gifts becomes a curse in the cities, where it is impossible for that class which is most susceptible to its attacks to escape from it to shelter. Several scientific statements were published last month, respecting the cause, prevention and cure of sunstroke, contradictory as to theories, it is true, but all containing an excellent basis of practical advice. In many cases of accidental exposure to the clear, inexorable heat which has scourged us during this week, or when previous exhaustion had resulted from intemperate habits, extreme old age, or feeble health, death was perhaps unavoidable. But in every other instance it resulted from culpable carelessness.

It is not the lazy or rank-blooded man who is so often struck down, as the workingman ignorant of ordinary precautions, or the student or excited business man, whose brain is already on fire and whose nervous system is prostrated by overwork. Our ordinary murderous high-pressure system shows its nature nowhere as in the records of last week's mortality. Directions for cure in exposure, dress and diet are well enough in their place; but why should we invite death at every moment of our adult lives to give him this cold shoulder at the last? The proportion of children among those stricken down by the heat this week was appalling. Yet the heat was not worse than our forefathers bore and lived to tell us of; and it is quite true that the children carried about with them neither exhausting cares in mind nor too hardly worked bodies; but they had nothing to oppose to the fiery test but the flexoid limbs and rasped nerves bequeathed to him by either liquor-drinking ancestors or those who make the stimulant of energy and overwork take the place of liquor. The more highly placed by blood or breeding is the child, the more likely is it as a man to run the same suicidal course—to throw all the vital energy which should have lasted and last a feeble glimmer to a well-preserved old age into the swift electric flash of the first years of childhood.

If any man chooses to count the cost and make his choice, the results of the sun are his receipts, not ours. It is his own account-book he is making up for final inspection. We only wish to show where the broken spot in his armor of health is; into which every disease goes in and finds welcome, and through which by even the sun's rays death gains admission as into a well's mouth. We see a friendly old Quaker go about between the burning plant overhead and the burning bricks below. Portly, lymphatic, easy going, moderate in his opinions as his manners, and the sun grows cool on his thick drab cloth, and barely warms him, while his lean black-coated neighbor, who has recklessly exhausted his vitality by the keen business contests of this maddening century, clothes his bodiless limbs in linen and fills his hat with wet handkerchiefs and falls dead before he reaches his own doorway. There is no sham hater like the sun, and no sham meets less mercy from it than sham cures.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Goes the Montreal Herald.

The Presidential Election

The Baltimore Convention—the great Conference of the Democratic party of the United States—has met at Baltimore, and has effected the party. For the first time, we believe, since its organization, which dates back almost to the term of the United States themselves, the Democrats have not put forward any distinctive party candidate for the Presidential office. Such is the present condition of a party which has, with a few exceptional periods, during which its influence was never wholly wanting in America for nearly half a century. Its decadence has been very rapid since the election of 1860. It had begun with the complete moral degradation which arose from its alliance with slavery. Its party that grown it had to make friends with every other species of unrighteousness, until the democratic name became synonymous with everything that was base and ruffianly. The elements which had long been its strength became its weakness, as soon as the conscience of the nation had been aroused on the one hand, and the minds of the slave States so exalted on the other, as to make them force the issue on acts of violence for which the times were unpropitious. Out of that came the Kansas difficulties, and the split, which gave the Presidentship to Mr. Lincoln, though the Democrats still had a majority of votes. From this time madness and imbecility ruled their councils. The Southern portion of the party went into rebellion, while the Northern party, as such, was sacrificed by the old alliance to take their stand frankly on patriotic grounds. Many of the best of them openly deserted the cause; the rest fell into constantly increasing discredit by their covert resistance to the war, which after all was open enough to show itself in the shape of a formidable riot in New York city. After the war they continued the same course by demanding the repudiation of the debt; and the political last minute have been signalized by the picture of gigantic fraude committed by the dregs of the leaders in New York, who, through the dregs, had in fact, come to represent the party, so far as that State was concerned. It was time that in some way the men who still call themselves democrats should break with their recent traditions. This they have done. By electing a new candidate, the person nominated by a section of their opponents, their own life long and consistent enemy, they have virtually disbanded, or have merged themselves into a portion of the more successful and less depraved Republican organization. Whether they will continue in this new combination will, we may suppose, depend partly on the measure of Mr. Greeley's success. Should he be elected, it will be claimed for every one who contributed to the results to claim a share in the triumph, and we may, in that case, look for a homogeneous ministerial party on a new basis, and probably with a name yet to be invented. In case of Mr. Greeley's defeat, on the other hand, we shall probably find the Democratic alliance with a portion of the Republicans only last during the election. In one way or another the Greeley Republicans will then get back again into communion with the Grant Republicans, and the Democrats will be left to themselves to seek a new basis of action, evoked from the political consciousness of their own party. The endorsement by the Democratic Convention of the nomination at Cincinnati of the most unmitigated scoundrel in the Republican ranks, no doubt give great confidence to the friends of this candidate. But so far as we can judge it is easy to over estimate the influence of this fact upon the election. We imagine that such a nomination is proof of the absence of party discipline—that it is in fact a signal of breaking up, and that the lody which has heretofore moved with unfaltering unanimity at the call of those whom it recognized as leaders, is very likely to dissolve; each member of it taking his own way in future. One element of importance in any forecast of the result of the coming election is the disposition of the lately revolted States. They are once more in a position to vote, and whether they will choose between Mr. Greeley and General Grant appears to us to be at present a question of much difficulty. Should they go nearly in a body, they would probably decide the election; but we know of no special reasons as between the two candidates, which should prompt them to such united action.

THE PALMETTO STATE SURE FOR GRANT.—Senator Robertson of South Carolina says the Democrats of his State are hopeless of the result of the approaching election, and that some of them are ready to vote for Republican candidates for the State offices if the right men are nominated. He considers the State sure to give Grant 25,000 majority, and that the only source of anxiety in the canvass is the recruiting of better men than some of the present incumbents to fill local offices. These, he says, can and will be found within the ranks of the party. The colored voters are for Grant en masse, and the entire Republican vote will be made larger than in 1868 and 1870. This increased strength is to come from the laboring classes, who have heretofore acted with the Democracy. The old Democratic element thinks if Greeley is elected that it will be restored to power, and the reconstruction measures checked, but if Grant is re-elected they will recognize reconstruction as a fixed fact, and peace and quiet will be restored. The Ku Klux Klan has been killed through Grant's suspension of the writ of habeas corpus.

We repeat that upon both sides this is the most corrupt and shameless action in our political history. Suppose the Whigs and the Democrats who came together to form the Republican party had always opposed each other, not merely for political differences but as morally corrupt and rotten—how monstrous would have been their union on pretence of devotion to moral principle! Yet that is the spectacle presented in Mr. Greeley's appearance as the Democratic candidate. This bargain, so disgraceful to both sides, can not deceive the people and will not be endorsed by them.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

The Rev. Granville Moody of Ohio, better known abroad as the "Fighting Chaplain," is a firm supporter of his old commander.

The Packed Greeley Convention.

The correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* at Baltimore thus epitomizes the proceedings of the Convention, which is making Mr. Greeley the regular Democratic nominee, announced the suicide of its party:

BALTIMORE, July 10.—The convention completed its early work this afternoon in perfect accordance with the pre-arranged programme, and now the surrender of the democratic party to its old and bitterest enemy is fairly accomplished. The session of to-day was hot, exciting, noisy and at times almost chaotic be sure of the stout and plucky but altogether useless fight of the lilliputian majority, and the tactics of the managers to put the business through as cut and dried, without admitting debate. The racket began at the opening, when the Cincinnati platform being reported from the committee on resolutions as that of the party, the chairman of that committee moved that it be adopted as a whole and called for the previous question. In the midst of fierce and derisive shouts Mr. Bayard of Delaware appealed to the mover to withdraw the call for the previous question and not apply the rule of gag-law in a democratic convention, and Pennsylvania, in behalf of free speech, seconded the appeal, but Mr. Barr saying that he was instructed in committee to take this course, resolutely adhered to it, and the roll of States being called two-thirds of the States sustained the call for the previous question. Mr. Bayard apparently made the best plea he could for an original democratic platform in the time conceded him by Mr. Barr out of the hour to which he was entitled to under the rule as chairman of the committee, but it had little effect, producing demonstrations of impatience and considerable hissing.

The nomination was hurried on the moment the platform was disposed of, and the call of the States was ordered before any one could get a chance to mention a single name, not even that of "the great and good," the manager probably fearing the announcement of some other names, such as Gratz Brown or Black, for whom it was known votes were to be thrown. Alabama being the first State called, throwing her twenty votes for Greeley, provoked the great Greeley shout of this day. It was long and violent, louder and more frantic than that of yesterday, but no heartier. Delaware, coming soon after and casting her entire vote against Greeley, was angrily hissed and ordered to be put out and squelched, and Florida, Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia with four, the majority did not recover its spirits until the chairman of the Missouri delegation, announcing her thirty votes for Greeley, promised that that State would throw the largest vote for Greeley in November of any State in the Union. When New York was called and Governor Hoffman rose to announce her vote there was a repetition of the scene at the declaration of the vote of Alabama. The Governor made quite a long speech, and promised a bigger vote from New York for Greeley than Missouri will give for all the candidates in the field in November, before he threw in the seventy votes of his State for his ancient opponent. Each of the other States as called, with the exception of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, was cheered, and when the announcement of the entire vote was made, that Greeley had received 686 votes out of 708, there was one more violent demonstration, and at the rear of the stage, following the custom introduced at Chicago, a scene was dropped typical of history. On this occasion it was simply a sober drab, simply representing the White House. When it comprehended this the crowd again cheered and one of the bands played "Dixie." The nomination was made unanimous, on motion of Pennsylvania, in a glow of enthusiasm. Delaware was appealed to to second this motion so that all opposition might appear to be withdrawn, but she shook her head, refusing to the last to be reconciled. Gratz Brown was nominated for Vice President in the same way as Greeley was nominated, but without cheers of the slightest show of enthusiasm.

The Press on the State Nominations.

From the Newport Express.

Though many were disappointed at the result, the nominations were made unanimous, and like true Vermonters, all will accept the will of the majority and give the ticket a united and hearty support. After the nominations were announced Mr. Billings appeared and addressed the Convention. It has never been our good fortune to hear remarks so eloquent, so appropriate, so convincing and so enthusiastically received as were those. They fully illustrated the character of the man, proving him to be one of the ablest in the State, most eminently fitted for the office of Governor, and one who would honor the position. If before the Convention he was, as it were, unknown to the people, such is no longer the fact. Had the vote not been taken until after his remarks, we apprehend the laurels of all other candidates would have departed. He took the entire audience by the magic of his words and manner, and carried them as he willed.

The action of the Convention fully demonstrated several things. It proved conclusively the popularity of our present Governor, and that he would have been unanimously renominated but for the change inaugurated by the biennial system. It proved the high appreciation of the people for Mr Billings, notwithstanding persistent efforts in some sections to prejudice them against him on account of his wealth, his foreign sympathies, claiming that though with us he was not one of us. These ideas were fully exploded, and it became apparent that the people would at no distant day delight to honor him.

The ticket nominated is a strong and good one, and said from the momentary unpleasant feeling consequent upon defeat, we think no one can speak ill of it. Mr. Converse is a veteran Vermonter; has filled many places of honor in the State, is a noble, temperance and Christian man, and will grace with dignity and honor the executive chair of this or any other State. Mr. Taft is a young man of prominence, and marked ability; has been often honored with offices of trust, and will make an excellent executive. Mr. Page, the treasurer, is not a stranger to the people. His administration of that office for the past five years or more is sufficient commendation for him. The ticket entire is a good one, and worthy the support of every Republican in the State. There is no liberal Greeley talk upon the garments of either nominee; but all are straight, firm and consistent Republicans.

From the Westchester Standard.

After Mr. Billings made his speech before the the State Convention, accepting in definite terms the result, we had hoped that the counsels would be satisfied to let the matter rest right there, or at least if it must be again necessary to dwell publicly upon his part in the canvass, that simple justice would be accorded him. He then and there stated that but for an unfortunate misunderstanding in the outset regarding the position of another candidate, his name would not have been used at all, and that whatever might have been done in the past it should be laid at his door. This he said with the utmost emphasis and with a sincerity and truthfulness that carried conviction to the minds of all who know him, as well as to every fair minded unprejudiced man in the convention. It was a noble vindication and ought to have been sufficient.

But Mr. Billings did more on that occasion—far more than he had any idea of. He vindicated his friends, who had urged his nomination on the ground of his eminent fitness for the position and his ravel ability, in a speech wholly unparalleled in recent times. And it is possible that the few scribblers and others who now misrepresent him and attempt his injury in the estimation of the public are really smarting under a sense of defeat. Here, they argued the point in defending him, but nevertheless with him remained the moral victory of the day. So says the *Free Press*, who opposed his nomination, and so felt the great mass of the convention, who were suddenly brought to a realization of what they had lost in this campaign, when the utmost effort and enthusiasm will be necessary if we would stem the inalthius tide of Greeleyism and sail out from Vermont an old time victory that shall send encouragement and hope to the party in other States.

Now let us state once more, and we hope we shall not be called upon again to refer to the subject, just what Mr. Billings' position was. At an early day in the canvass, after being selected as one of the candidates, he believed that Mr. Stewart would not seek a renomination, he yielded to the request of his friends and allowed the use of his name in connection with the governorship. Thus the matter rested for a few weeks when a neighbor sought an interview with him in behalf of Mr. Converse, who had also been named by some of the newspapers. At this interview he was assured that Mr. Converse did not wish to raise a contest with his neighbor and friend and among the citizens of our own section and that he would yield the field. Thus Mr. Converse authorized to be announced in the *Standard* of April 4th, as we have heretofore stated. Up to that time we had made no allusion in reference to the gubernatorial question in these columns, for the reason that we had from the first entertained a hope that we might be spared the unpleasant results of a contest between esteemed citizens. But the announcement from Mr. Converse having been made we felt a right to conclude that the field was substantially clear for Mr. Billings, and did so declare in the issue of our paper where referred to. We did, in the same issue, also state the truth, by stating that at that time every citizen of the State at all cognizant of such matters, regarded the campaign as practically ended and without effort in Mr. Billings' favor.

Soon after it was publicly proclaimed that Mr. Stewart would be a candidate before the convention for renomination, and we are well aware that it was only, and in the part of some of his friends that Mr. Billings would at once step out of the way. But the canvass had gone too far, and the friends of the latter refused to listen to such a proposition. They felt that even if Mr. Stewart's dilemma was an unpleasant one he had only himself to thank for it and that he should honorably take the consequence and not try to throw the onus upon other shoulders. And furthermore, the question whether the Governor should have two or four years was then first opened for settlement and it was urged that until it was settled Mr. Billings owed it to his supporters to remain a candidate. He did so, and supposed until the last moment before the convention that himself and Mr. Stewart were really the only candidates, and that the result would be left to them to be relegated to this question of one or two terms than to any supposed claims or popularity of individuals. But he found in the field a third candidate, who had been there secretly from the first, and ready to resort to "anything to beat Billings." The result has already been announced.

This is the way Mr. Billings came to be in the field against his will. The history of some of the leading incidents of the campaign. His position from first to last was honorable, straight-forward, manly, and he has not only a feeling that through all he has preserved his self-respect, but that his conduct has the approval of very many of the best and most honored citizens of Vermont. He has not sought the office nor pushed himself into it, but if he has been so pushed he may feel that he has every reason to be satisfied with his own record and with the high position he holds in the esteem of his fellow-citizens.

FORGETTER AND FORGIVING.—"Perley" of the Boston *Journal* thus tellingly writes concerning the political matrimonial alliance just consummated at Baltimore:

The Monumental City is the scene of the conventional marriage between that old political debauchee, Regular Democracy of Confederate Cross-Roads and elsewhere, and Dilly Varden of Cincinnati. The anti-slavery lamb and the secession lion are to lie down together, and Horace Greeley is to rule them both.

The very Baltimoreans, who were so angry because of hard words uttered by Mr. Greeley during the war, now coo lovingly over him as "the man to beat Grant." The representatives of the New York Tammany Ring, already here, with well spread tables in their rooms and huge diamond breastpins flashing before them like the head-lights of locomotives, "go for Old Man Greeley, ye know, bose he's de man to beat Grant." The Yankee copperheads, who have crawled forth from the holes where they lay hid during the war, are jubilant over the restoration of the Democracy, with only enough members in the States to fill the offices, and they "want Greeley, because with him Grant can be beaten." Then, there are the Southern politicians, sah! all gentlemen, sah! with their rusty ante-bellum dress coats, stove pipe hats and gold headed canes, sah! who want the niggers kept down in their places, sah! who want the confederate bonds paid, sah! who want to see the widows and orphans of the Confederate soldiers pensioned, sah! and who will consequently go for Greeley, sah! a bitter emetic to swallow, sah! for Southern gentlemen don't hanker after buzzard, sah! Gilding in and out among these new friends of the *Tribune* Philosopher are a few disreputable, sneaky fellows, who have neither characters, nor fame, nor fortunes to lose, and who are now "working their passage," as they hope, into some lucrative federal office.

PRIZE FIGHT.—Two young men, aged 18 and 19 respectively, got into