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At Sea --1880.

There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour. Rev. viii. 1. Old Ocean toils like time, each billow passing
Into another itself, and is no more,
While the indwelling spirit works on
massing
The great whole as before.

The sepia waves a swift to come and go,
But the deep smiles, as they die one by one,
In lazy pleasure lifting from below
His foam-flecked purple to the sun.

Even comes, the floods race past, we see
their white
Thrilled through by weird sea-dre's, a
burning shiver

Which for one moment lives in eager
light
And then is quenched forever.

Even so, alas! The bright chief of our
race,
Lost under the interminable years,
Homer or Shakespeare—each in his own
place—

Just flashes forth, and then disappears;
For what we call their immortality
Is a brief spark, born but to be destroyed,
As the long ruin of all things that be.
Moves down the godless void.

Such is the creed our wise ones of the
earth
Engrave now on the slowly-waning skies;
Ice, night and death—death with no second
birth—

Even now before their present eyes,
Pale in the lone abysses of existence,
World hangs on world, system on system
death,

While over all outworn life's resistance
Vast wings of blackness spread;
Till that proud voice: "Let there be light!"
whose breath

Came, we deemed, from Haven old
gleams to chase.
Hath past unfelt through a dim waste of
death.

To cease at length upon deaf space.
Darkness eternal darkness, darkness bare
Of warmth, of life, of thought, with orbs
that run,

Like sad ghosts of the shining years that
were,
Each round its frozen sun.

Sages may scoff: "What matters this to
you
Who will rest well whatever may befall?
Why care in what strange grab of horrors
new

Is clothed the doom that waits us all?
What if some fresh, unfading age of gold,
Should fill each radiant galaxy with
bloom?"

The man whose race is run, whose tale is
told,
Owns nothing but his tomb.

Thus, whether Nature still uphold her
powers,
Or all things die at last, as men have died
Stop not to ask if that sure grave of ours
Be coffin-narrow or world-wide."

We answer thus: The cloud before us
spread
Stains with its shadow all that nursed our
prime;
Hope is the world's best blood, which,
chilled or shed,
Palsies the heart of Time;

Your grim futurity we cannot bear,
It shakes us now, like earthquake tides
inrolling,
Imagination has her own despair,
And hears your distant deathbell tolling;

The drops even now beneath those evil
dreams,
That, like hearse plumes, wind-swept,
around her nod,
And shrieks from that lost universe, which
seems

To her the corpse of God.
Let her still, therefore, guard her lamp,
and die;
Away the terror under which she covers,
Trusting in trance to feel the touch of
spring
And the young struggle of the flowers.

Trusting that when the days are full, some
thought,
Some presence, may down round us by
and by,
So that, as prophets and as bards have
taught,
We men may live—not die.

Then, if that hope, which science oft has
thrown
Be but our nurse's lullaby and kiss,
If Nature round the edge her seeds have
sown,
Only to hide the near abyss;

If all her visioned flowers and fruits, that
smile
And fade not, where the living water
gleams,
Be but as desert phantoms which beguile,
Mirrored on phantom streams;

Through none the promised amaranth
may reap,
We yet accept the boon—believing still
That the great mother means us well—and
sleep

In faith, according to her will.
—Macmillan's Magazine.

Too Close to be Comfortable.

Supposing that New York has been carried for the Republicans by 20,000 majority, as reports at the present writing state, and that the 35 electoral votes of the Empire State elects the President, as is sure to be the case, let us examine the dangerous position in which the nation yesterday stood. Ten thousand of these twenty thousand votes changed from Garfield to Hancock would give the state to the Democratic nominee, and 138 votes from the South, 9 from New Jersey, 3 from Nevada, and 35 from New York would count 185 a majority of the electoral college, and that would be 1876 over again with the figures reversed—this time 184 Republican to 185 Democratic. No patriot would like to see the nation again placed in such dilemma. The position would be to exciting and too dangerous, and yet 10,000 votes changed in New York out of 1,100,000 would have placed us in that predicament! This is less than one per cent. Just think of it—less than one vote in 100 changed in the state of New York from Garfield to Hancock would have given the latter 185 votes to 184 for the former, and then what noise and confusion, and perhaps falsehood and treachery, would have been poured out upon the land? The reader will readily perceive the danger, and the careful man as well as the patriot will try to avoid it in the future. California should act in this matter, and promptly, too. Her incoming Legislature should memorialize Congress to propose an amendment to the Constitution, allowed the people to vote directly for President and Vice-President, and thus do away with the awkward, menacing and useless machinery of an electoral college. If the press of California will act in this matter with earnestness, this state may have the honor of setting in motion the ball that will correct this evil and avoid this great danger.

—Boe.

And Now What.

The Democratic party is again beaten, this is the sixth time it has been beaten in twenty years in these quadrennial contests. Its last president was Buchanan. Then came Lincoln, Lincoln, Grant, Grant, Hayes, and now Garfield—all Republicans. The Democrats, at the opening of this campaign, had a solid South to begin with, which, however, turned into a millstone around their necks as the canvas progressed; and their National Convention brought forth a candidate against whose character personally, practically or militarily no one could justly utter one word of censure, Gen. Hancock was as clean a man as ever was presented to his nation for its suffrages. In fact, it may be said, he was spotless. His party said, one and all, "If we cannot win with him as our leader and the solid South at his back, we might as well abandon the organization for ever. If we cannot win now we can never win." And after

Maize came they were sure of success until Indiana turned the tide of battle. That central and pivotal State was the Blucher of their Waterloo. And now that they are routed horse, foot and dragoons, now that all their hope have been thus summarily and severely blasted and their ambition of years crushed in a moment, what next? A solid South is their bane, for a solid South begets a solid North, just as love begets love, or hate begets hate. They cannot win with that in the future any more than they could in the present. What, then, can they win with? If there is any hope for that party it is in discarding sectionalism, timidity, its milk-and-water policy of good Lord and good devil, and standing forth like men upon a bold aggressive, popular platform. It must not antagonize a tariff for protection; it must be up in the public places as the friend and champion of labor; as the earnest advocate of the right of every man, black or white, who is a citizen of the Republic to cast a free ballot; it must, in fact, become the Tribune of the people; and be no longer simply the opponent of the policy proclaimed by the Republican party, it must make its own policy, and avow its own principles, regardless of what other parties may do, or it must wither and die. No party can long live in this day of active thought and close investigation that fails to keep abreast with the times. For twenty years the Democratic party has been the best friend and most effective supporter of the Republican party. The only object of its organized existence seemed to be to keep Republican party in power. In the fifth of a century just passed that is all the Democratic party has accomplished. If it had died when it was killed a new party would have arisen with new ideas, hopes and anticipations. It is necessary to good government that there should be two great parties in the nation, as nearly balanced as may be, one to watch the other and keep it in check, but the Democracy has not proved to be strong enough to accomplish this end, nor can it ever gain sufficient strength for this purpose until it shall be regenerated and born a new. What then can it do? what should it do? It should lie down and die in peace so that a new and more enlightened; more active and more popular party might rise upon its ruins, but the chances are that its blundering leaders will not consent to maintain its organization for the sole purpose in the future, as in the past, of keeping the Republican party in office. We shall see what we shall see.

—Sacramento Bee.

It is reported that an arrangement has been entered into by which \$250,000 are to be expended by the Atchison Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company between the present time and January 1st, next, in building a road eastward from San Diego. According to the same authority, the embryo metropolis is to be made

the western terminus of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe broad-gauge road. It will at first take a northeasterly direction, striking near Colton on the line of the Southern Pacific, but, unlike the last-named road, will not make its way into Arizona though the San Geronio Pass. The precise point of entrance into the Territory is not yet made public, but is said to be determined upon. At San Diego the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Company will have the use of about 1200 acres, donated for railroad purposes last year. In addition, the energetic citizens have raised \$30,000 for the purchases of necessary rights of way.—St. Louis Times.

An English Compliment to the United States Senate.

The American Senate was founded for a treble purpose to act as a check upon hasty action of the Representatives, to control the executive authority of the President, and to uphold the rights of individual States belonging to the Federation; in other words, to protect local interests against undue encroachments from the imperial power. The House of Representatives was to represent the Union, the Senate the States composing that Union. Senators hold their seats for six years; Representatives only for two. One-third of the Senate, however, is renewed every two years. Mr. Gladstone has described the American Constitution as a masterpiece of human wisdom. Its framers certainly achieved one signal success: They divided a second chamber, at once popular and efficient, for the purpose for which it was designed. The Senate has frequently thwarted the action of the House of Representatives; yet no cry has ever been raised against its privileges, and no American dreams of abolishing it. The same can hardly be said of any Senate in the Old World.

The United States Senate may be called the model upper House. France, with all the political genius of her sons, has never been able to create an Assembly possessed of the like prestige and popularity. The second Republic contented itself with a single National Assembly. Napoleon III. re-established a dual Legislature, his Senate being constructed on the simplest of all possible plans. It consisted of 150 members, named for life by the Emperor, at his own discretion. Cardinals, Marshals and Admirals were also ex-officio Senators. As the Pope confers the red hat, the curious spectacle was thus presented of members of the National Legislature appointed by a foreign Prince.—London Daily News.

The Colton Semi-Tropic has changed hands. The next issue will be under the editorial management of James Peacock, Jr. who has purchased the interest of Scipio Craig. The Semi-Tropic that we have known is now dead. It possessed too much of the individuality of the late editor to be spoken of in the same paper. We wish the present proprietor success.
[San Bernardino Weekly Times.]

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