

friends all over the country that things were going on very unsatisfactorily in Washington, that the government was being run by departments, that Mr. Lincoln simply required each cabinet officer to take care of his own department, and that he did a great many things himself without consulting his political family.

Looking back upon it, we are all disposed to join in one paragraph that Chase wrote to Senator Zac Chandler of Michigan, as follows: "Let us rejoice that Providence rules, and let us hope that He means to save, though as by fire."

As the years go by and we look over those events, it is a clear case that Providence did rule and that the purpose was to save at last when slavery should be so utterly destroyed, and north and south the strength of the nation should be so reduced that it would be possible to establish peace.

The question of whether Meade should have pursued Lee after he began his retreat from Gettysburg, has always been a vexed one. General Hancock, though sorely wounded, looked over the field after the repulse of Pickett and wrote a note to General Meade advising him that an advance be ordered along the whole line.

He saw that the strength of Lee was about exhausted, but the fact that neither he nor Meade nor anyone else on the Union side knew was, that Lee's ammunition was about spent, and had Meade put that tired army in motion, the chances are that there on the banks of the Potomac would have been done what was later done at Appomattox.

It will not do to say that the army was worn out by three days' fighting, because they had not fought any more than Lee's army had fought, they were no more weary than Lee's army was, and we suspect that had Grant been with Meade, the order would have been given, so that the troops would have been in motion, before day the next morning, on the trail of Lee's defeated army. Had Grant and Sherman and Sheridan all been there, it is almost certain that when Pickett's division was rolled back, Hancock's advise would have crystallized into an order and that every available man would have been hurried forward. Or had Meade been wounded and the command fallen to Hancock the order would have been given.

Another feature brought out by this story is that there were favorite generals in Washington. Chase believed implicitly in Hooker and clung to Rosecrans after his Chattanooga disaster.

Those were trying times and when we read the inside history of the dissensions in Washington, the conviction comes back again, that it was Providence, after all, that had set the stage and was calling the acts, until the tragedy finally closed with the death of President Lincoln.

The Work of Darwin

IT IS A hundred years since Charles Darwin was born, fifty years since he put out the work which awakened so much surprise, and which men are still studying with various conclusions. He was one of the men who would accept nothing on faith; his mind was absolutely logical, and he would endorse nothing that could not be actually demonstrated.

And many of his inexorable conclusions produced a painful shock to those whose faith was grounded in the forms which one or another of the various creeds of the earth had adopted, and the first thought was: "If we give up this, what is there for us to rest upon? What is there for our hope of immortality, like a weary dove to rest its feet upon?" But a deeper study shows that while Darwin shivered a thousand legends, mysteries, and even articles of faith, not by denying them, but by showing they could have had no foundation in fact, he stopped at that; he never denied a supreme ruling power which held the universe in its care, and ordered the harm

which keeps planets and suns in their spheres, and so adjusted nature's laws that the seasons, like the stars, march in their endless processions and being the annual harvests to men.

And out of his writings, our belief is, that men have more and more turned to the belief that their best service to the supreme one, is to serve his creatures here, and that the best work that mortals, who hope for a heaven hereafter, can perform, is to make this world as nearly like the heaven they dream of, as is possible. The world has immensely softened down in the past fifty years, and the old thought has come back to millions of souls that—

"Heaven's but the vision of fulfilled desire;
Hell but the shadow of a soul on fire."

POLITICAL BREEZES—HOW THEY BLOW

Poor Governor William! He never intended to do it, but it was done just the same. Among the members of the press, William has long been known as the only Federal Buncher who wouldn't lie. The others would say what they pleased when it pleased them, but William could be tied to when he spoke. It may be recalled that when his famous statement to the effect that for every Gentle Republican the then new American party took away he would bring in two Mormon Democrats, leaked into print he never denied it. Jimmy, Ed and Thomas did, of course, but not William.

And that has led to a question of how it came about that William told the reporters upon a certain recent occasion that he would do one thing, and then went right ahead doing another. The occasion doesn't matter half so much as the way it came about that William fibbed. However it was upon the day his message was supposed to be finished and wasn't. Outside of the door the reporters who sat and waited in strict pursuance of promises made and unkept, finally got to knocking on the sanctum sanctorum, and then it was not William who answered, but Jimmy once, Ed once, Thomas once, and these are they who passed out the official word that the message should not be had by any reporter save after the hour of its being read. All of which is history with the mould grown on. But the fact that William had told something more than a little white fib lingers on if for no other reason than that the press writers were not prepared for it. And this is to clear the matter up. William personally emerges unscathed with his reputation intact. The others turned the ungracious trick upon him, and bad company brought him an apparent reputation from which he is hereby absolutely absolved.

After three sessions with never so much as a whispering suggestion of oratory the state senate at last has an orator. Carl Badger is his name. Accustomed to quieter conversational tones the senate is hardly in shape for the thundering periods of the baby member from Salt Lake.

And speaking of Salt Lake the "fall down" of the whole delegation both in the house and in the senate is the most noticeable feature of the legislature. Wild country members have become known to tame down before the obvious superiority of Salt Lake's representatives, and seek counsel. Now, however, nothing impresses them so much as their own undisputable superiority. Miller of St. George is a much more likely leader than any on the quartet of Stookey, Marks, Badger, and Williams, while Benner X. Smith is conspicuous by his aloofness in the knowledge that the Smoot machine runs smoothly in the upper house and that he's not for being one of its cogs.

In the house conditions are just the same. Youthfulness and freshness,—two qualities that above all others the alfalfa club does not take to, predominate in the ten that were selected because

Reed could rely on them. With Robinson of Cache in the chair, and the floor leadership easily in the hands of the men from the south and north, Salt Lake makes a sorry filling for the legislative sandwich.

And what does Nephi Morris think? He who went about preaching in pulpit and on platform that the American party was composed of the earth's riff-raff and that to save the city from this the church should assemble as one man in harmony, voting for Reed? Now that the other end of the game is known and the story Jody and Reed together told the wet interests, is out, what does Nephi opine? Rather a crumpy feeling at least should come to the stake president's thought that he alone has saved his county to his brother?

"Except for medicinal, mechanical, and sacramental purposes" reads the prohibition petitions. And a naughty state senator who comes up from Sanpete now and then has been so bold as to ask if he couldn't be furnished a court decision declaring that the wetting of whistles, and the lubricating of joints are strictly "mechanical uses."

Will the Deseret News, now that it is so bold for voting-her-dry, please explain the long silence on booze between the date that a letter was written to Hon. Fred J. Kiesel assuring him that both Inter-Mountain Republican and Deseret News would be silenced forthwith, and the date when the votes were safely in the Smoot corral?

Insurance men do not like Stookey's insurance bills. Stookey brought his bills in this week, and the insurance men have another bill that really considers insurance problems, ready to present. Benner X. Smith will introduce it.

FRIEND DEATH.

By R. W. Gilbert.

"Friend Death," quoth he, "a moment stay,
Till I have finished my score with life,
Who has fooled and cheated me all the way,
With a witless strife.

"Friend Death," quoth he, "a moment stay,
I have a duty yet to do;
There is the devil still to pay,
A good stiff reckoning, too.

"Friend Death," quoth he, "a moment stay;
What of my wife and little one?
I must warn them well while yet it is day
Of the setting sun.

"Friend Death," quoth he, "a moment stay,
A drink and a kiss for luck at the last;
I was ever one for a daring play,
Staked all on a cast.

"Friend Death," quoth he, "a moment stay;
I must have time to think of God;
Surely you give one time to pray—
So soon a clod.

"Friend Death," quoth he, "a moment stay,
It will all be over so soon, so soon;
I hear the pipes of my boyhood play
An old, old tune.

"Friend Death," quoth he, "O, friendly Death,
The music is calling and I am fain;
Fain for the home where I first drew breath,
And my mother again."
In "Goldenrod and Lilies."

Mrs. Knicker—How did you know your husband was working down in the office? Mrs. Youngbride—I telephoned, and Central said "Busy."—New York Sun.