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But our Senator may have continued his reading further. When Aeschinus attempted to prevent the Golden Crown being conferred on Demosthenes, the latter made a speech, and we are inclined to think that our Senator has read that in the original Greek and that he paraphrased a couple of paragraphs, and had Senator Hopkins commit them to memory and deliver them. The original, rudely translated, is as follows:

When I came into the administration of public affairs, I determined upon such a course of conduct as frequently gained me the honor of a crown both from this and other states of Greece. Such has been the fortune of my life; a subject on which I might enlarge; but I must restrain myself, lest I should give offense by an affectation of importance."

"You took notes of speeches; I was a speaker. You were an underplayer; I was a spectator; you failed in your part; I hissed you. * * * My whole conduct was influenced by a spirit of rectitude, a spirit of justice and integrity, and, engaged as I was, in affairs of greater moment than any statesman of my time, I administered them all with a most exact and uncorrupted faith."

Possibly the Senator studied other great lives, and in his own person approves of what Cicero said of Pompey: "He was a lover of himself without a rival."

Bacon must greatly interest our Senator, but it would be a shame to charge him with appropriating for his own use the following: "Some help themselves with countenance and gesture, and are wise by signs; as Cicero saith of Piso, that, when he answered him, he fetched one of his brows up to his forehead and bent the other down to his chin."

And when our Senator finished his speech on the subject of German postal picture cards, he must have felt as old Thercydicles did, when, to his great work, he appended a note as follows: "It is composed so as to be regarded as a possession forever, rather than as a prize declamation intended only for the present."

All of which goes to show that no one should carelessly discount our senior Senator.

A Busy Week Ahead

FOR ten days to come it will be mostly Grand Army in Salt Lake. And it will be a good week, for it will cause many a man to refresh his memory of the events which made the Grand Army of the Republic necessary in the first place; it will bring a new realization of what that war cost the North and the South, and it ought to deepen the feeling that whatever wars this country may have to face in the future, there must be no more civil wars. The encampment ought to be of much interest to the children, and with their inquiring minds, they ought to receive new lessons in patriotism because of the coming of the veterans here. The visit ought to be a week of pleasure to the veterans themselves. The natural attractions at least ought to be new to them and filled with interest, and if the program, as marked out, is carried through, their recollections of Salt Lake should be pleasant.

FAREWELL TO NEW YORK.

Hoc erat in votis.—Horace.

By Michael Monahan.

Farewell, you City of fuss and fuke,
 Where men the dollar their idol make,
 Fit spawn of you, an Arachne fell,
 Weaving your web for the sons of Hell.
 Here's one, by God! that is glad to go
 And leave you here with your noisy show,
 Your foolish wealth and your flaring vice,
 Your honor that only bids for a price,
 Your myriad-handed iron gin
 That ever crushes the slaves of sin.

Farewell to your fruitless rush and roar,
 Where a life is a breath and nothing more;
 Where the swarming thousands of every race
 Insanely fight for an inch's space;
 Where the Devil has never a moment's ease,
 Nor can tell the half of his votaries;
 Where human pity dies in the heart,
 And men have forgot the better part;
 Where the only lesson that all learn well
 Is the quickest way from here to Hell!

Adieu to the monstrous sweat and stew,
 Adieu (ah God!) to the paramount Jew;
 Farewell to the Lesbians of the pave,
 The lure and the prey and the wiser knave,
 So-long to the dive and the gilded den,
 The image of God defaced in men,
 The Satyr's leer and the wordless shame
 That makes of mercy an idle name,
 And turns to a curse the thought of Him
 Who died for these on the gallows limb.

Farewell to your thieves of high degree,
 Fit nurselings they of your "liberty!"
 With none so bold as to say them nay,
 In the House of Fraud they plunder and prey,
 Tearing each other with beak and claw,
 And scorning aught save the harpies' law.
 Oh, Freedom, blush that here at thy gate
 Should rise a portent and shame so great;
 Here, where thou kindest thy holy flame
 And callest the exiles to bless thy name!

Adieu to your blare and boast and blague,
 To your scarlet crimes that never flag,
 To your evil press that crowns the sum
 Of lawless deeds with a premium.
 Farewell to your fake of a "better class,"
 Where the proudest name decks the perfect ass;
 Where the end of all is to imitate
 The fool and his folly degenerate;
 Where virtue has sunk to a thing absurd,
 And a woman's honor dies at a word.

The Devil's luck to you all!—I know
 A place where the things of God yet grow;
 Where children laugh in their innocence,
 And a maiden's blush is her sole defence;
 Where the buds are bursting and soon the green
 Shall spread over all the gentle scene;
 Where a man may live out his earthly lease,
 The country preaching its text of peace,
 And a faithful wife and a thriving brood
 Shall people the pleasant solitude.

Pipe on to your dance of sin and death!
 For me is the country's vital breath,
 The nights of rest and the days of calm,
 The heart's repose and the spirit's balm;
 Yea, the genial task of a mind content,
 Rising unforced to its native bent:—
 But the hollow prize that you call success,
 The idols you cherish and caress,
 The life that you live, a sham and a lie,
 My soul will no more of—good-bye, good-bye!
 —From "The Papyrus."

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