

When Dickens tells the story,
Majestic in its woe,
Of him who swept the Crossing,
The gentle-hearted Joe.

We shudder that such misery,
Such wild, unnatural strife,
Should crowd into the compass
Of our contracted life.

We see a nature, noble
With undeveloped good,
Barred out like some fierce monster,
From human brotherhood.

Begrudged by man, existence
Which higher powers constrain;
Denied all right but suffering,
All privilege but pain.

In utter isolation,
It drags its wretched course,
Then with a faint "Our Father,"
Reverts unto its source.

Oh! hapless London out-cast
You suffer not alone!
Your life is but the Index
That indicates our own!

We bear an untold anguish,
We suffer woes and wrong,
Slaves to the unseen influence
Which urges us along.

No stop for us, nor lingering;
No pause with bated breath;
Forward, forever forward!
Our destination death!

We struggle though despairing,
Till strength to strive is gone,
Then quit the unequal conflict,
And passively "move on."

Abandon aspirations
As levers to the soul;
Turn from the untasted triumph,
Pass by the just won goal.

Leave all that makes life living;
Heart-weary, faint, forlorn,
From all except existence,
Move on! move on! move on!

In vain we work the problem,
Too deep for finite brain,
Why life from its inception
Is but progressive pain.

Why with the highest natures
The greatest griefs abound,
Only in "OUR FATHER"
The solving may be found.

FANNY DOWNING.

Selected Story.

THE LIVELY JENNY.

When, after a long and proper probation, I was fairly set up and married to my Fanny—a fine bold girl that liked me, I believe, as much as I liked her—we sensibly agreed that, instead of setting up house-keeping—furniture and such inconveniences—we should suit ourselves with a house infinitely more to our taste.

Fanny had been born and bred on the north-west coast of Ireland, beside the breakers of the Atlantic. She was a clever creature, with a classical and reflective face—a born sailor, whom it was pleasant, when our dainty guests were growing green and uncomfortable, to see sitting on the deck, with rising color, welcoming the stiff breezes.

I had done a good deal in coast-sailing, and was to have been put in the navy (but wasn't, which is a long story,) so, instead of going through the anxieties of selecting a new and plastered house, with furniture that was to prove prematurely infirm and crippled, we read the one thought in each other's eyes—a yacht! It was Spring. Such a thing was soon "picked up." It was a nautical friend living near Leamington that "looked out" for the yacht for us—a man of large experience, and an eye for a "good out of a thing." After a time, he "picked up" our little craft—the very thing for us, and a dead bargain besides—a tight, handy little schooner, a good sea-boat that shook the waves from her like a spirited horse, easily handled, thirty tons, roomy, airy, large for that tonnage, and built of mahogany. She cost us only three hundred pounds, was reckoned a dead bargain, and was called *The Lively Jenny*. It was a joyful morning when we learned that she was lying in Kingstown harbor, having come in at midnight. The news was brought in by the new skipper himself, whom I and Fanny went down to the parlor to meet as if he were an ambassador, which he was from the *Lively Jenny*.

Now, if we were to have a treasure in our yacht, we were to have a far more important one in our skipper. He had been picked up also, by the shrewdest good luck. Our nautical friend had written in the most extravagant terms of his merits. He had known Clarke from a boy; a finer sailor never stepped a deck; as steady as a rock, sober as a judge, as moral as an apostle. "I have an interest in the man," he wrote, "as I know all about him and what he has gone through. I look on this as a much greater piece of luck than lighting on the *Lively Jenny*."

And this paragon was now in the parlor! We almost felt, Fanny and I, that we were scarcely virtuous company enough for him. There he was now, and we started. Clarke was a man of about thirty, good-looking and sailor-like—that is, would have been good-looking but for a very disagreeable, long, inflamed scar that ran slanting from his forehead over his eye to his ear. It was raw and unpleasant altogether. He had a cold, steady, measured way of talking, and, as he spoke, looked out cautiously at us with the eye that was under the scar. But there could be no mistake about his testimonials, and he was, on the best authority, a treasure. Fanny did not relish his look at all. She much preferred Dan, a young "salt" from her own coast, who was "off the estate," and who was to be our other sailor. It was about him that Clarke first spoke.

"I brought over a very steady man," he said, "that I have known myself for years, and can be depended on. A man with some religion in him, which," he added, smiling—a not very pleasant smile—"is not usual among us sailors. I could go on excellently with him."

"Oh, we have got Dan," said Fanny. "We could not do without Dan!"

"Of course it is with you ma'am; but it is right to tell you this Dan came off to us last night when we had moored, and I could see plainly he had been drinking."

Fanny colored up. "You must have been mistaken. We all know Dan from a child.

The Southern Home.

He never was drunk in his life. We can't have any one else."

Clarke bowed. Then we gave him all sorts of directions, and let him go.

"I don't like that man at all, for all his good character," said Fanny, wisely.—"And then to go and slander poor Dan!"—"I don't relish him extravagantly," I said, doubtfully; "but character, my dear, is everything aboard ship."

"Aboard ship," said she, laughing—"That sounds charming!"

We were to sail in two days, and certainly we almost at once found the merits of our skipper; for, by his quiet forethought and measured energy, he did wonders—got in stores, the yacht fitted, and what not.

"You see, my dear," I said, "those are the sterling qualities that pass show. Dan is a little too impulsive, and not half so practical."

A word now about Dan. Dan was a sort of foster-brother of Fanny's, that used to row her on the Atlantic, "no less," fit up daring little skiffs, with sails and all complete, to make a bold voyage across to a distant island. He was a handsome, strong, bold, dashing young fellow, only one-and-twenty, and could swim like a fish. He always called her "Miss Fanny," though corrected again and again. The only mystery was that of the "drink," which puzzled us, for we had never even heard a suspicion of such a thing. Fanny shook her head.

"I could explain it," she said.

"Ah!" said I, "you don't know, dear. These sea towns—young fellows fall into temptations."

We were to go on a coasting cruise. First to Falmouth, then Cowes, and finally on to Cherbourg; leave the yacht under shelter of the famous breakwater, ("she will be very snug there," we both said, speaking of her cozily as if she were a baby,) and we ourselves would run up to Paris. We could not have too much of the sea. Two sailors only and a boy, and myself, as good as another, and Fanny very nearly—the only wanted strength—as good as a fourth. Early at six o'clock in the morning we went down by that pleasant little strip of sea-coast railway that winds like a ribbon from Dublin to Kingstown, found a fresh breeze, a blue sea, and the *Lively Jenny* fluttering her sails impatiently, as if they were the laces and lappets of her cap. We took up our mooring in a moment, and flew out steadily to sea.

We were in great delight with our new "house." She sailed charmingly, lay over on her side in the true yacht attitude, and made the water hiss as she shot through it. We were as compact, as snug, and even elegant as could be conceived. Below, were two charming little rooms, perfect boudoirs, one a little saloon and pigeon-holes for keeping all sorts of things; and it was with particular delight that we discovered, as you went down-stairs, a sort of sliding panel on each side, which unclosed and discovered a large shelf, known to the men as the "sail room," only think! but which, on an emergency, could be turned into an elegant and commodious sleeping apartment. Dinner on the swing-table was the most charming of meals, and full of slippery excitement.

On the morning of the second day, when there was not much of a breeze, I noticed our skipper seated on the "after" portion of the bowsprit, reading. It was Fanny called my attention to this. Dan was walking up and down contemptuously. From curiosity, I went up to see what the book was, and found it to be "The Confessions of B. B. Rudge, Esq., with some of his Letters."

"Why, who on earth is Rudge?" I asked.

Clarke stood up respectfully.

"Rudge, sir," said he, "was a common fireman on an engine, who took to drinking and was reclaimed. He tells the whole story there; and afterwards he became not only an apostle of temperance, but a minister, preaching and winning souls to Christ."

"Oh, that's what he was," I said, I am afraid with marked disgust in my face; for that sort of thing is well enough ashore, but doesn't fit handy on a sailor. I came and told Fanny.

"Canting creature," said Fanny. "I observed, too, that Dan and he had very little conversation."

"That night, about eleven, was a lovely moonlight night. Fanny had just gone down. I went 'for'ard—not for'ard—towards the 'fo'castle,' not for'castle, as the vulgarities and land-lubbers say. I talked with Clarke about the course; and when he fell off to other things, and I saw what a good sailor he was. He told me more about B. B. Rudge and himself."

"He did a great deal for me, sir, that man," he said. "You wouldn't have taken me, sir, if you had seen me as Mr. Rudge first saw me." (I was amused at this notion; for as it was, after Mr. Rudge had seen him, I was very near not taking him.) "You can little conceive sir, what a wretch I was. Drunken, depraved, abandoned in every sense. It was in a vile drunken quarrel I got this, sir," and he pointed to his ugly scar. "It nearly killed me, and I lay for weeks between life and death; until that good and gracious man came and raised me up."

"Of course you mean in the spiritual sense," I said with a sort of sneer.

"Quite right, sir," he said, calmly. "And I owe to him more than to my father." Then he said, "This was his last voyage that he would make, thanks to his own exertions."

"And to B. B. Rudge?"

"Yes, sir. In fact, he wishes me to join his ministry; and after this voyage there is a young girl who has grace, at Falmouth, where we are now going, who would be content to take her lot with me."

"Is she a brand plucked, too?" I could not help asking. But he gave me a look

of reproach which the scar made savage. "I am only joking," I said hastily.

"I am sure she is a very good girl, and all that."

Fanny, when I reported this conversation, was in a little rage.

"What an old hypocrite! I am so sorry we shipped him."

"Canting, whining creature," I said; "poor Dan will have a fine time of it."

We got to Falmouth, and went ashore. But the wind suddenly fell, and it looked as if there was to be a change in the weather. We determined to run up to London, which we did. We there met pleasant friends, who insisted on doing us, &c., and so a very pleasant week went by in next to no time. Then we went to our craft, and found the drum up. It was only a stiff breeze, so we determined to put out to sea at once. But there was a great change in our skipper. Dan was on board, riotous with spirits, singing and whistling; Clarke was ashore. When he came, we both noticed a great alteration. His composed serenity was gone. He was doggedly moody, and his eyes glared. He did not speak to Dan, who told us that they had had a quarrel ashore. Both Fanny and I remarked this, and I noticed Clarke following Dan with lowering brow and dark suspicious eyes, as he walked past him on the deck. The evening was very fine, the drum was down, and we promised ourselves a charming voyage to Cherbourg, our destination, and then hey for Paris!

Before we started, Fanny had got it all out of Dan. There was a young woman in the case—in fact, the young woman at Falmouth, a nice, fresh, gay girl, not at all "serious," though our friend wished to make her so.

"I'd have been a pity, marm," said Dan, "to have handed the likes of her over to psalm singing for the rest of her life. And faith I just talked to her a little quietly, and she put the comb over on her, or she put it on herself, but at the end she gave the cowl shoulder to my friend Johnny Calvin there! Sorry a hand or part I had in it, wit'inly, marm, or knowinly."

"You did quite right, Dan," said my Fanny, with enthusiasm.

It was on deck Clarke came to me—"Don't go for a day or two yet, sir," he said, gloomily. "Take my advice; there is bad weather coming on."

"It don't look much like it," I said, pleasantly.

"I know these things, sir," he said. "There'll be a storm before morning."

"Ah, what ye talking of," said Dan, laughing. "Don't be humbuggin' the masher. There was a twinkle in his eye as he spoke. 'D'ye want another sight at little Susan?'"

The ferocious look the other gave him shocked me and Fanny. I saw the reason now. "We go to-night," I said, firmly; "get up the moorings."

We got out to sea. The night was very fine. It came to ten, eleven, and midnight. Then Fanny went down.

"Well, Clarke," I said, "what d'ye say now?—or have you forgotten Susan by this time?"

There was another black look of ferocity, and his eyes wandering to Dan, who was at the fore-castle—"fo'castle," I mean—looking out, dancing from one foot to the other, and whistling St. Patrick's Day.

"He will have to account to Heaven for what he has done. She was a good girl, and would have made a good wife, and worked to save souls with me. Now she will be lost and go after vanity. God forgive him."

"In short, not plucked from the burning. Now, look here, Clarke; I must speak to you seriously. In the first place, I must ask you to drop that jargon of yours, which is all very well in its way and on shore, but here you know—in short, it don't fit a British seaman."

"I should have thought, sir, with the dangers of the seas, and the heavens, and the tempests overhead, that a seaman had more need of it than any other. Why, who knows how much we shall want of prayer before the night is done, and this frail plank—"

"Oh, come," I said, "I don't pay my sailors to preach to me. Of course I don't object to prayer and piety. It depends on the sincerity, my friend. You see, I hate cant. Now, I have observed that your heart is full of animosity to that young man there. I see it in your ferocious looks."

"I dare say, sir," he said humbly; "and it is what I do feel at some moments when the Lord withdraws his strength. I have naturally a vile, wicked temper, full of the most frightful passions. But I wrestle with it, thank the Lord. I forgive him; that is, I try to forgive him. And I struggle with my own vile nature. In a day I shall have all subdued, and look on him as though a brother in sin, though he has done me cruel injury—ah yes, sir, a cruel injury. Do you see that cloud there, sir? There is something coming. We had better get all tight."

I walked away and went to tell Fanny, who was reading in the little cabin to a swinging lamp. "A regular Heep," I said. "A Uriah of the first water. He has been 'swaddling' on a tub there for the last quarter of an hour."

Fanny said, gravely, "I wish we were rid of him. I am sure he is a dangerous man, and may do some mischief."

"I tell you what, Fan," I said, seriously. "I think so, too; and when we get to Cherbourg, I shall speak quietly to him, and look out for another hand, and send him home, Fan."

But now, almost as we were speaking, a gale had arisen, and our little bark, without notice of any kind, had given a sort of vindictive "shy," as if she wanted to throw her riders. For a second the sea had become a mass of molten iron, and was rolling in huge waves. In another moment we were rushing through the

waters with a stiff hissing sound, and every spar and sail cracked and clattered. The sky had grown black also. It seemed as if a thunderbolt was to come on us.

Clarke came to me. "We can stand under but little canvass," he said. "The worst has not come as yet. We shall have the hand of the Almighty strong upon us to-night."

It grew darker and darker and the storm increased. Our boat was reeling and tumbling, lurching violently, as if she wanted to go down head-foremost, then rocking and rolling from side to side, as if she wished to dash our sides in. Fanny's face appeared above the companion ladder a little anxious; but still perhaps enjoying the gale. She recollected her own native coast.

"This is not the worst," said Clarke, coming to me again; "not for an hour yet. There will be sad work to-night on the ocean. All the better for men who have clear consciences, and have done no wrong to their fellows;" and by a flash of lightning I saw one of his vindictive glances flash also towards Dan. That young fellow had been doing wonders—climbing to set free the sail which had got fixed, hanging on like a cat, being here, there, and everywhere, making everything "tight."

"He gives us no jargon," I said to Fanny, who, like a brave girl, was up on deck, "but considers doing his duty the best way of praying."

But "Heep" was right. The worst had not come. Crack! There went a spar and sail, blown through as if had been so much paper. Great seas came pouring in upon deck; yet Fanny would not go below, though it was next to impossible to keep one's feet securely. At times our bows were half under water. It was an awful night. Suddenly we saw, through the darkness, a faint red light, and two other lights.

"A steamer," said Clarke. "We must only keep by her. It will be something; and, unless this is a strong boat—"

"I was very near getting out some of my Shakespeare in a very indignant burst, and saying to him, 'Out upon ye, ye owls! Nothing but songs of death!' but restrained myself. At that moment snap went our jib, with an explosion like that of a small cannon. The two men ran forward to 'clear away.' There was a great lurch, a half cry from Fanny, who was standing half down on the stairs. I ran to her.

"Oh!" she said, in an agony. "Did you see? Quick—quick! save him! That wretch! I saw him do it! Oh, poor, poor Dan!"

I knew at once what she meant, and rushed to the bows, where I met Clarke coming to me. I could not see his face.

"Oh!" he said, in a low, thick voice. "He is gone—gone overboard, poor wretch—and with all his sins on his head!"

I could not speak for a second.

"Put the vessel about—quick!" I said. "I shall save him."

"Save him!" said he, almost contemptuously. "That is beyond us. The Almighty may do something for him. Why, do you know how far behind the poor wretch is now? I suppose three miles."

"Put her about!" I said, furiously. "This is too infamous!"

"You will sink us!" the villain said. "If we turn a hair's breadth from this course we are lost!"

"Put her about!" I said, furiously. And the boy at the helm did so. But Clarke was right; for, as her head came round, a tremendous sea came tumbling over her with the force of a discharge of stones from a mountain. There was a sound like a smash. I thought we were gone at that moment; and for a moment more our little boat was quite stunned. She recovered slowly. We found our bulwarks a heap of laths. Uriah was right. We saw it would not do. Poor Dan!

"Go aft," I said to him sternly, but in a voice that trembled.

He did so calmly. Fanny and I held a hurried consultation. Of course, now, nothing could be done until the storm abated, if it was to abate for us. We could not do without such help as he could give us. So until we reached Cherbourg, if we ever did reach it, we should dissemble. This was the only thing to be done; though Fanny was for no such temporising.

"I cannot look or speak to the wretch. To think that we are shut up here with—"

She covered her face.

I went to him. "What do you think now? I said, forcing myself to speak calmly."

"Another hour," he said, "if we pull through that, there might be a change. That poor wretch," he went on, "what a judgment! I knew I might leave my case to the Lord. Yet poor Dan, my heart bleeds for him, and I do repent!"

He stopped. "We should leave our case in the hands of Him who rules the storm. There, I declare, there is a break yonder!"

That long and dreadful night at last came to an end. Morning broke at last. But though the storm broke at last, the wind had not gone down through the whole day, we had to go before it, and were blown on steadily. Clarke, it must be said, did admirably in regulating our vessel. Indeed, we owed our safety to his skill. But Fanny, in the daylight, now kept below. She could not bear to look upon him. We beat about the whole day, and towards evening, the wind began to fall, though the waves remained very high; and then we saw land, and a little port with arms stretching out, as if made of basket-work. Clarke came to me.

"Dieppe, sir," he said. "We shall be all safe ashore in half an hour. And let our first thing be to think of thanksgiving to the Almighty, who has literally and truly plucked us this night from the jaws of death!"

I was confounded at the ruffian's coolness. "And poor Dan," I said, with my eye on him, "what had he done that he should not share in this benefit?"

"Ah, sir!" he said, "those are the unseen mysteries. Poor Dan! though he injured me, from my soul, I forgive him. I do indeed." And he turned up the whites of his eyes to heaven, with a look of pity that was really appalling.

"As for going ashore," I said, "that shall be seen. You stay in the boat. You mustn't stir. These are my orders, and I shall be obeyed," and I touched a revolver that I had placed in my belt. "I am prepared you see, to enforce what I wish."

"With all my heart," he said, without the least surprise, and walked forwards very carelessly.

Here was the wicker-work pier, at last, with the great mariner's crucifix looking out to sea, and some women in caps and red petticoats. With what delight we saw land again! We got within the wicker-work pier, came round a corner, and saw the little town. There we dropped anchor. As I walked up the wet and battened decks (our poor little elegant craft was now all beaten, bruised, maimed, dragged), my eye fell on a black rag lying in a pool of water. I picked it up; it was a black silk handkerchief, now a mere ribbon. It was torn. I put it carefully by. Poor Dan! He had made a struggle; at any rate, it would be some evidence.

There was a boat coming out to us with the custom-house people aboard. "So Fanny, fresh and as brilliant as if she had not passed through such a night, called out to me. In another moment she gave a cry. 'Look! look!' she said. A deeper voice near said devoutly, 'God! God be praised!' I did look, and I declare if there was not our brave fellow Dan standing up in the boat, waving a new glazed French hat!"

He had leaped on board in a moment. "Where's Clarke?" he cried.

"I caught hold of him. 'Restrain yourself,' I said, 'Justice will—'"

He caught Clarke by both hands, which he shook again and again.

"You did your best for me, indeed you did; and if the stupid handkerchief had only held, you'd have got me aboard again. You've very high did it. Ah, sir! He was high killed himself. And do you know, Clarke, I was thinkin' all the time, when the wather was pouring in gallons into my mouth, that I had not done so well by you as to deserve it."

We listened, wondering. He then told us how he had struggled with the waves, and "had the life all but bate out of him."

When he was driven up against the steamer we had near us, he had just strength to give a cry, and they got him on board with infinite difficulty.

I must say Fanny and I were a little ashamed. However, we had not committed ourselves in any way, except so far as my proceedings with the revolver, which must have seemed a little curious. But we made it up to him in many ways, and Dan made it up to him in his own way, for he never went back to Falmouth again, and in a very short time Dan's residence there and its effects were quite forgotten, and matters came back to the old happy footing. In short, all ended well and happily, and for many years he and Dan sailed with us in that well known, tight, and excellent sea-boat, *The Lively Jenny*.—All the Year Round.

Royal Eccentricities.

GOV. HOLDEN CORNERED.—The New York *Tribune* says: "We have a word for Gov. Holden and Senator Abbott. Just before the North Carolina election we printed a letter from Judge Tourgee concerning the Ku-Klux outrages in that State. Certain very startling statements were made in it which, but for the respectable signature, would have been universally scouted. Judge Tourgee promptly wrote us, complaining that the figures he had given, in enumerating cases of outrage, had been increased tenfold by the addition of a cipher to each, converting ten into a hundred, etc. Now, we printed the letter precisely as Governor Holden in person delivered it to our correspondent, and as the correspondent understood that Gov. Holden had received it from Senator Abbott, to whom it was addressed. We submit to these gentlemen that they have allowed too long a time to elapse without explaining to us how the disgraceful garbling occurred. We should have expected them to be as indignant as we were ourselves at the fraud practiced upon us, and to be prompt in exposing the forger who abused their trust (in copying the letter) by putting into Judge Tourgee's mouth monstrous assertions which he never dreamed of uttering. Gov. Holden, who garbled the letter which you gave our correspondent?"

CHAPPEL HILL.—We make the following extract from a letter from Chapel Hill, which requires no comment:

"The University has ten or fifteen students from abroad, and as many day scholars. Most of them are boarding with negroes—for cheapness—and they are all beneficiaries. Neither the Presbyterian or Episcopal churches have been opened this year, and there is preaching in the village only twice a month."

The Chicago *Times* says: "Major General Hiram Walbridge, who is likely to succeed Fish, 'is the flabbiest wind-bag and most arrant old humbug to be found anywhere, and is altogether just the man for Grant's Secretary of State."

A mulatto girl of Chillicothe, poisoned herself to death because her parents wouldn't let her marry a negro two shades darker than she was.

BULLOCK'S LAST SWINDLING SCHEME.—His Gold-Bearing Bonds Bill.—A correspondent of the *True Georgian* writes that paper from New York, cautioning the people of Georgia against the vile swindling scheme which Bullock is endeavoring, in the interest of his corrupt ring of speculators, to put through the so-called Legislature. The writer, who is a Georgian and an experienced and influential financier, says:

"A more dangerous bill to the interests of the State could never have been conceived. Concealed in sin, it will be brought forth in iniquity. It gives Gov. Bullock a carte blanche with the credit of the State, and he will issue an unknown amount under the bill. I do hope the people in Georgia will hold public meetings, placing the capitalists in this country, as well as other countries, on notice that the bonds issued under this act will be repudiated. A large public meeting of the citizens of Atlanta to that effect would have a good effect. No man should have such power as that bill gives to the Governor. I trust you will use your pen and the columns of your paper to kill such an iniquitous bill, one so injurious to the people's interests. Confer with your leading men and do try and take some steps to prevent its passage."

A NOTICE TO SOUTHERN RADICALS.—The New York *Tribune* gives notice to all the world, and especially to the Southern radicals, that the Northern Republican party will not undertake to shoulder the corruptions and villainies of their brethren in the Southern States. The Northern Republicans are entering upon a great campaign, and cannot afford, says the *Tribune*, to "support men like Whittemore, or legislation like that in North Carolina, or Legislatures like that of Louisiana." The *Tribune* adds: "We hope for the success of Southern Republicanism, but it must be purged of Republican scoundrels." Pretty strong language this, and not very welcome to the carpet-bag gentry. But at last, who is to blame for the prevalence of political vice, corruption, and villainy at the South, but the Northern Radicals. They sowed the dragon's teeth, and are responsible for the crop of "Republican scoundrels" of which the *Tribune* speaks, and at which huris a stone. The mythological account of the turbulent men who sprang from the teeth sown by Cadmus is, that turning upon him to whom they owed their being, the latter threw a stone amid them and a fight ensued, which did not cease until all were slain, except five. Such is to be the fate of their modern counterparts.—*Richmond Whig*.

MANLY AND JUST.—The Cincinnati *Commercial*, being impeached by an ultra Radical newspaper with infidelity to the party, among other things in reply says:

"If the policy of governing the reconstructed States, as illustrated by Gov. Holden, of North Carolina, is endorsed by the Republican party, as it seems to have been by the President, then the *Commercial* is not Republican."

"It is unfortunate that the Governor, who has placed himself above the law, is nevertheless able to boast of the support of the Government of the United States. For what purpose are national troops sent into North Carolina? Infamous as Holden's orders are, infamous as the conduct of his minion Kirk has been, we have yet to hear of the first attempt at resistance to either. There is martial law without an insurrection—a great display of military force to crush insurgents who have no visible existence. There is no conceivable use for the United States troops now in the State, unless it be to keep guard at the polls on Thursday in the interest of Holden. But are bayonets proper adjuncts of the ballot-box, even in North Carolina? Can President Grant have properly studied the position in North Carolina when he allowed Holden to make United States soldiers the instruments of a cruel tyranny?"—*N. Y. Times*, (Radical.)

What takes Phil Sheridan over to Europe just now, we are apprised, is to see how civilized warfare—if there can be such an anomaly—is conducted. Such an exhibition will be a novelty to him, judging from his barbarities and vandalism during his campaigns in our lamentable civil war, and his more recent forays upon Indian villages along our frontier, sparing, as has been alleged, neither age, sex, nor condition. Of all the military frauds and upstarts in our country, save Beast Butler, "little Phil Sheridan" has the worst reputation. His ruthless warfare