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Selected Story.

Milly More's Letter.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

I'm Aunt Guntor. Job Guntor is my husband. We keep the Anchor Port post-office and a store, and sell groceries and garden sass, calves, shoes and medicine, like other folks in our line, when anybody asks for 'em.

When a ship comes in, and the sailors come home to their wives and mothers, trade grows brisk. The house-keepers do their best, and the raisins and dried currants and eggs and butter go off finely, and it's worth while to lay in ribbons for the girls, and smoking tobacco and long pipes for the men.

Jack and his wags make old Anchor Port brisk, for a while, but at last he sails away, and all the women seem to ask for will-be-letters--letters, letters--when they have a right to expect them, and when they haven't, all the same.

It's please Aunt Guntor, look over them, and see if there aren't one for me; and it's please Uncle Guntor, it might have got mixed up, and overlooked somehow; often and often--God help the poor souls!--after Jack lies at the bottom of the sea, and nothing will ever reach them but the news of his shipwreck. But plenty of letters come, after all, and sometimes we have to read them for the folks--Job and I, and so we get to know something of their lives.

Milly More could read and write herself, but still I always knew when she had a letter from Will Masset. I knew it by the hand-writing, and I knew it by her blushes, and by that happy look in her face. When he came home, she bought ribbons and bits of lace by the apronful; and I knew where the packages of candy that he bought were to go. And I used to keep Job from fishing down in Pullman's creek of afternoons, because I knew that was where Milly and Will liked to walk. Counting time comes but once in a lifetime, and I always like to see it prosper.

At last he sailed away, second mate of the Golden Dove; and when he came back from that voyage, they were to be married.

It was a sad day when that ship sailed. Mrs. Captain Rawdon and her girls were crying on the shore. Twenty women from the Port and five from the mill were there to see her sail.

It was a grim, gray day, and the voyage was to be a long one.

It was under our old sycamore that Will took Milly to his breast.

"Don't fret, darling," he said. "I'll come back safe and sound. I couldn't drown now; I've too much to live for."

Poor boy! In spite of that, the Golden Dove went down in mid-sea, and only three men reached Anchor Port.

I tell you Captain Rawdon and the rest were lost, at dead of night, in a most awful storm.

Captain Kincaid brought the news up to Mrs. Rawdon. He stopped at our store to tell about it. A nice old man. A bachelor still, at fifty-eight, and as handsome, with his white hair and red cheeks, as a picture.

That was twelve months ago, the night I went into the store to sort out things, as I always did Saturday nights. Through the week Job used to get everything mixed up--letters in the ten boxes, candles in the letter box, eggs where they oughtn't to be, and all the place askew, it was a warm autumn night, and Captain Kincaid's vessel was in port, and we had plenty of custom. Job served the people while I tidied up. I found half the last mail in the sugar box, and clothes pins in the ground coffee canister, and I just dumped them out.

"Gather up your letters, Job," said I. "What possesses you, old man?"

And he laughed, and piled 'em up. And I made a vow to myself that I'd keep the sugar box full after that, so that he shouldn't use it for the mail.

I had twenty-four pound of sugar known as 'coffee crustel,' because it was prepared especially to use in coffee. That was the finest sugar Anchor Hill folks often bought, though I had a little cut and powdered by me

in case Mrs. Rawdon, or Mrs. Dr. Spear, or the minister's lady should send in; and I took the paper up and filled it over the jammed box, pouring it in a nice smooth stream, when who should come running into the shop but Milly More. She was not dressed carefully, and her eyes were red with crying.

She rubbed for some tea, and while Job was weighing she whispered to me:

"Oh! Aunt Guntor, have you looked to-day? Isn't there a letter from Will? He said he couldn't die. I don't feel as if he could. Mightn't he write after all? Do look."

"My Pet," says I, "it's a year ago that the Golden Dove went down. It isn't likely. He don't let those live that want to always. It isn't likely, dear, but I'll look."

I took the letters in my hand, one by one. Many of them would make hearts glad before the shutters were up that night; but none for Milly! It couldn't be expected, of course.

"I told her so; but I took her into my little back parlor, and made her sit down there."

I talked as good as I could to her; but what good does talking do?

"Oh, Aunt," says she, "I know it seems as if I was a fool; but I waked up hoping this morning. I don't believe he is gone. I can't."

"When baby died--the only one we ever had--I thought I should never believe it," said I. "But I had Job; and you have your mother and sister, Milly."

At that she burst into tears, and put her head down on her knee.

"I must tell you," said she. "They want me to marry Captain Kincaid. He's courting me. He fell in love with me the night he brought the news to Mrs. Captain Rawdon; I was there sewing, and heard it all. Oh, how eternal to fall in love with a poor girl at such a time! And he asks me to be his wife. And mother and Fanny shall always have a home, he says; and you know how poor we are; and they are angry at me for saying no--and how can I, when my heart is in the sea with Will?"

"Captain Kincaid," I said, and I couldn't say any more. She took my breath away. She was a nice, pretty girl; but the Captain was rich, elegant and stylish. An old family he came of. It was an honor for Milly More.

"Not just yet," said I, after a while. "Perhaps you feel better. He's old I know, but he's a splendid man."

"You too," said she. "You too! Nobody understands. It isn't as if I had made up my mind, like all the rest. Will will always be a living man to my mind. I don't think any one ever loved but me. Nobody understands--nobody."

I kissed her, and coaxed her; and I said no word about her changing her mind; though for all that I kept thinking of it in a kind of stupor.

"Captain Kincaid! such a gentleman as that! Old as he was, could she fail to see the honor?"

But when I told Job, he says:

"Jerusalem! a young, pretty girl like Milly. Why don't he go after some widgee or an oldish gal? Milly is too young for him. Poor Will! What a pity! They jest suited each other."

I couldn't help it though. Mrs. Captain Kincaid would have things that Milly More could never dream of; silk dresses and velvet cloaks, jewelry, and stuffed chairs in her best rooms; a silver ice pitcher if she chose like Mrs. Captain Rawdon. She might have a carriage too, and a pair of ponies; I liked Milly, and wouldn't have envied her one bit; and I didn't wonder at Mrs. More and Fanny.

Once having given her confidence she didn't stop; and her mother came over to talk about it too, until at last I fairly up and sided with the old lady.

"Milly," says I, "Will is gone, and you aren't his widow, to wear weeds all your life--not that many do, if they can help it, seems to me--and Captain Kincaid is as good as man can be, and you'll be happy with him. You can't help loving him as much as there's any need to love."

After that she stopped talking much to me. She used to give me strange looks though. I knew all about it. I know that her heart was in the sea; but Will was gone, and why should she refuse what Providence had offered?

The Captain staid at the Port three months, and at last we worried her in to promising to be his wife--old Mrs. More, Fanny and I. She just gave it up at last.

"It don't matter much, after all," she said. "I must be going out of my mind, for I never can stop watching and hoping. I shall die soon, I suppose, whether I marry or not."

After that she never spoke of Will. Mrs. More told me she was engaged; and she wore a diamond ring upon

her finger. And the day before the ship sailed she was to marry Captain Kincaid so that she might go to Europe with him.

A year and three months since the Golden Dove went down. Well no one can tell what changes a little while will bring. I used to wish that I hadn't had any hand in it after all, when I thought it over, and remembered poor Will, and how he took her in his arms under the sycamore.

But then you see Mrs. More's sight had failed, so that she couldn't do fine sewing, and Fanny wasn't of much account except to look at. It was a hard life that lay before Milly. It was good for her to marry Captain Kincaid, and have rest and comfort; wasn't it?

"To-morrow is the wedding," said I to Job. "It's going to be in the church Miss Salisbury is finishing my silver-gray poplin. It sets splendid. We'll have Ben Barnes in to keep store and go, won't we? You'll like to see Milly, won't you?"

"I wish it was Will Masset," says Job.

"Poor Will," says I, and I went on tidying, though it was a Friday. I should be so busy next day. I got out my big paper of sugar, and I got down my jammed sugar box, never empty yet since that day I filled it up. And then Job, sorting the letters, looks up at me.

"Ever begrudged you anything so much as I do that box," says he--"Best thing I ever put the mail in into this yer wooden thing with a slide is a pesky bother."

"Law me," says I, "if I'd know'n you wanted it, you should have had it; just stick 'em anywhere, I thought you would. I'll empty the box; I've got one that'll do, and I'm glad you spoke before I filled it up."

So with that I spread a big paper on the counter and out all of the sugar.

It had packed a little, and came out in a sort of cake. There it laid white and shiny and on top of it, whiter and shinier, laid a letter--a ship mark upon it, and this super-stition:

"Miss Milly More, Anchor Port, Maine, United States of America. Three months ago--poor stupid!--I had emptied my best coffee crushed in upon it and there it was.

Three months ago she had come to me and asked for a letter, and I'd tho't her crazy; and I'd have given more money than was in the till, to have dared to read that letter open on the spot and read it, though I knew the hand was Will Masset's."

"This can't wait," says I.

"No," says Job, "it can't with that wedding coming off to-morrow."

Then I stopped and thought. Let it lie until it is called for, and she'll be Mrs. Captain Kincaid, with her silks and her velvets and her fine house and her carriage, all the same. This comes from a shipwrecked sailor, poorer now than when he last went away.

"Perhaps I'd better wait until the wedding is over, Job," said I.

My old man came across the room and put his arm about my waist.

"Nancy," says he, "you and I was young folks once. I used to think something was better than money and fine doings then. We old folks may get a little hard--though to be up in the world seems so much, and all that old sweetness so silly why, it will come back sometimes. You remember how he kissed her there under the sycamore; and--Nancy we couldn't wait until after the wedding, either of us."

I put my arms about Job's neck, and I kissed him; and then I got my sun bonnet and ran over to Mrs. Moore's.

Captain Kincaid was there I stood at the door with my letter behind my back.

"Won't you walk in?" says Mrs. Moore.

"I haven't time," says I, "It's only your errand. It's a little singular. Milly, there's a--"

"My letter! my letter!" cried Milly. "It has come at last!"

How she knew it Heaven knows. She hadn't had a glimpse of it.

It was the old sailor's story a ship wrecked, a deserted island, wretched months spent in hoping for succor and a sail at last. A vessel outward bound had picked him up. He would be home in three months.

"Three months!" said Milly. "Oh, how can I wait!"

And then says I:

"Milly, forgive a poor stupid goose. That letter has been lying under my best coffee crushed three months and a day. There's a vessel in the offing now."

Miscellaneous.

Bishop Payne.

This distinguished divine is now presiding over the N. C. Conference in Fayetteville. On his way, he spent a Sunday in Raleigh and preached the morning sermon. The congregation was very large, and expectation was high. The Bishop is a man of large frame, but not corpulent. He wears a clean face and short, iron gray hair. He must have been handsome when young; now his face is kind and benevolent--a personified benediction. His utterance is deliberate and thoughtful, though his diction is not elegant, nor even accurate.

Mary Mag-dalene, he pronounced Mary Mag-da-lone. Sa-lo-me, he pronounced Sa-lome. His mind was more on his theme, than the pronunciation of words. His subject was the resurrection, and it seemed to hang heavy on his heart. Hundreds of immortal beings were waiting on the word, and the preacher was concerned for their souls.

He took up Hume's famous fallacy and proved that men were obliged to believe human testimony and their own senses. Then he began with that sad and sorrowful Thursday night, and so with his words he painted the successive scenes, describing each particular event (except the crucifixion) just as if he had been present and had seen it all. His pictures were drawn from the material which the Bible supplies, and were very remote from Headleyism. At every step additional proof was accumulated, and long before he reached the ascension every doubt was driven away. He reached his climax when he showed how great and unreasonable would have been the folly of the disciples, if they had attempted to impose an unpopular, a false, and consequently a ruinous religion upon themselves, their families and their nation. He then very briefly unfolded the connection of the resurrection with the economy of christianity, and concluded by warning the ungodly that Jesus had died for their sins; and that he would come again to save those who believe on his name, and to banish forever from his presence those who reject his mercy and love.

The hour hane of the church clock was on its second circuit since the text had been taken, yet the word, "lastly," came an hour too soon. Bishop Payne is a great preacher. Wherein lies his strength? In deep piety, good sense, and great familiarity with the Bible.--Biblical Recorder.

From the Biblical Recorder. Baptist and Liquor.

The enemies of the Baptist have often attempted to stigmatize them with the epithet of "drunken Baptists." I am satisfied that facts will show that Missionary Baptists drink as little liquor in proportion to their number as any other denomination of christian. Baptists have among them as many true and earnest advocates of temperance as can be found among any other people. A large proportion of our churches are as strict, if not more strict, in dealing with their members for the sin of intemperance, than other bodies of christian.

But while I believe this much to be true, in regard to Baptists, and rejoice in the same I am grieved and ashamed at the remembrance of the fact, that there are not a few, bearing the name of Baptist, who are pouring a ceaseless and unmitigated stream of reproach on the sacred name they bear, by making, selling or drinking, without cause intoxicating liquors. It must be so, that every man who makes or sells intoxicating liquors, for the purpose of making money by the operation, stands guilty before the God of heaven and of earth, of a heinous sin. God never gave any man a right to injure his fellow-beings; but he has made it the duty of every man to do all the good he can to as many of his fellow-beings, as he possible can. Nothing, it seems to me, can be plainer to right thinking minds, than that he, who deals out intoxicating liquors, to others, as a beverage, for the sake of making money by the traffic, does injure them in time, in health and in morals. But if the injury inflicted by liquor-makers and sellers were confined to those alone who buy and drink it, the makers and seller's sin would be very great. But alas, the injury stops not here, but extends with sad and crushing power to the family, the church, if he is a church member--the neighborhood and the country of those who buy and drink.

While those who make and sell intoxicating liquors are doing more harm to society, than all drunkards combined; still, all those boys buy and drink liquor as a beverage, are guilty of a

great sin against God, against themselves, against their families and against society. And just God can never let such a sin go unpunished.

And yet to the dishonor of some Baptist churches it must be said, that they hold in fellowship men who make and drink excessively, ardent spirits.

I know a church, which holds in fellowship and without rebukes, so far as I know, a member who made last fall, over one hundred gallons of brandy. I know churches also, which are allowing some of their members, to sell liquor in connection with other articles of merchandise.

How a church that loves Jesus and his cause, ever with an ordinary love, can tolerate this sin in any of her members, is something hard to be understood.

May the Lord hasten the time when all Baptist churches may be enabled to present to the world, a family, unsubstantiated by intemperance.

As Christmas holidays are at hand I would beg all Baptist for the sake of the cause of Jesus which you profess to love, not to buy, or drink one drop of liquor during these days of mirth.

And let me beg you also not to be engaged in any so-called amusement that will injure your piety, or leave you with a guilty conscience, when these scenes of merriment are over. Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people, that he should show to the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light."

A Wholesome Medicine.

Are you in trouble? Work it off. Don't try to quench your sorrow in rum or narcotics. If you begin this, you must keep right on with it, till it leads you to ruin; or, if you try to pause, you must add physical pain and degradation to the sorrow you seek to escape. Of all wretched men, his condition is the most pitiful who, having sought to drown his grief in drink, awakes from his debauch with shattered nerves, aching head and depressed mind, to face the trouble again. That which was at first painful to contemplate, will, after drink, seem unbearable. Ten to one the fatal drink will be again and again sought, till its victim sinks a hopeless, pitiful wreck. Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, you hit something else hard. There's nothing like good solid, absorbing, exhausting work to cure trouble. There are some great troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that can never be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great panacea. Try it, you who are afflicted. It operates kindly and well, leaving no disagreeable consequences in its train, and large quantities of it may be taken with most beneficial effects.

France For A Century!

A Rapid Outline of Governmental Changes--Force the Ruling Power During Eighty-five Years.

The last eighty-five years of French history may thus be summarized: On the 22d of February, 1787, the French Revolution virtually began, with the meeting of the Assembly of Notables. Two years later came the opening of the States General--the tiers-etat, consisting of nobles, clergy, and deputies. In less than six weeks this mixed body called itself the National Assembly, and very soon after, on the 14th of July, 1789, the destruction of the Bastille occurred. Precisely one year after, France ceased to be an absolute and was changed into a limited monarchy. In September, 1792, royalty was abolished and a Republic established; and on January 21, 1793, Louis the Sixteenth, a King who was rather weak than wicked, was guillotined on the Place de Quinze, in Paris, now known as the Place de la Concorde, the scaffold standing on the spot now occupied by the Obelisk of Luxon.

On the last day of May, 1793, the legal was replaced by a revolutionary Republic, and the Reign of Terror began, which lasted until the end of July, 1793, when the arch-tyrant Maximilian Robespierre was beheaded, with seventy-one of his followers. After that France was governed by a Directory, until the 20th of November, 1799 (the 18th Brumaire), when Bonaparte, a successful and popular general, established a military government, of which he became head, with the title of First Consul, and, ruling with great ability and a steadfast will--the iron hand in the velvet glove--re-established peace, order, and prosperity. In 1802 he was elected Consul for life; in 1804 the Republic was changed into the Empire, with Napoleon Bonaparte at its head. For ten years his power in Continental Europe was very great, but his was a vaulting ambition which did "o'erleap itself, and fall on the other side; for, having so mismanaged that Europe united to oppose him, the Empire collapsed by his abdication in April 1814, when the hereditary monarchy was restored, and the Bourbons were reinstated. Exactly a year later, Na-

poleon returned from exile, and had that second Reign of a Hundred Days, ending with his defeat and downfall at Waterloo, in June, 1815, which forms such a remarkable incident in the history of France.

Restored by foreign bayonets, and having no hold on the affections of the French people, the Bourbons so entirely misgoverned that they were dethroned and exiled in July, 1830. What was intended to be a constitutional monarchy was established, with the Duke of Orleans at its head, and eighteen years of tranquility followed. The Revolution of 1848 abruptly ended the reign of Louis Philippe, and a Republic succeeded, of which Louis Napoleon, nephew of the dead Emperor, was elected President by a large popular vote. On the 2d of December, 1851, he secured his continuance in power by a bold coup d'etat, which, a year later, enabled the Empire to be re-established, with himself at its head. For several years the new Emperor governed with singular sagacity, and the internal prosperity of France became greater than ever. In an evil hour, in the summer of 1870, Napoleon III. commenced a war with Prussia, was resisted by united Germany, and finally, after a disastrous defeat at Sedan, became a prisoner of war, whereupon, as soon as this became known in Paris, a mob of politicians, most of whom had advised Napoleon to make war, voted down the Empire and proclaimed a third Republic, still existing--such as it is.

Here, then, in small compass, is the political history of France for a century, in which time there have been ten, or, if the two invasions of 1814 and 1815 are included, twelve successive changes of government. The average duration of each has been eight years. That is to say, France has had a new government, called into existence by force, once in every eight years, after expelling its predecessor by the same means. Within that time, also, there have been from fifteen to twenty additional attempts to form new governments by force. Since the present Republic began, there have been three--the insurrection of the 31st of October, 1870, of the 10th of January, 1871, and, most terrible of all, of the Commune on the 18th of March, 1871. During the last 85 years, Force has been the ruling power in France.

The Law.

The law is the 'ministration of condemnation and of death.' If a person could keep it perfectly it would entitle him to life. It was originally 'ordained to life,' but I found it said St. Paul, 'to be unto death.' The reason is, because we can not, through the weakness of our fallen nature, keep it properly. If we offend in one point, we are guilty of all. Therefore it is written, 'As many as are of the works of the law,' that is, who trust to the law for salvation, 'are under the curse.' For 'curse is in every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them.'

Now this is the sad condition of us all, till we believe in Christ for righteousness. It is no purpose for any one to plead, I have not sinned so and so. Hast thou sinned at all? Hast thou sinned once? Then thou art guilty. The law condemns thee to eternal death. The law makes no allowances, no abatements. It does not say a word about sincere obedience, or doing as well as you can. No. The law says, Do all things that are commanded. Do them perfectly. Continue all thy life to do them. Then thou mayest be justified by thy works. But if thou fail in one instance, thou comest under the curse. 'Whoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.'

A person may say, It is true I have sinned, but I am very sorry for my sins and will amend my life. Will not this relieve me from this curse? No. The law has made no provision for repentance or pardon. The style of the law is not Repent and live, or Reform and live. But keep the whole law perfectly and continually, and thou shalt live. Transgress it and thou shalt die. The gospel brings relief to the sinner, but the law knows nothing of mercy. It is not intended to give life, but to kill, and destroy all hopes of life by obedience, and thus force the sinner to fly to Christ. Hence St. Paul speaks, 'Now we know that whatsoever the law saith, it saith to them that are under the law, that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God.' This cuts off all hope of salvation by works. The Apostle adds, 'Therefore by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified.'

We should be very careful to distinguish between the law and the gospel. Luther says, 'He who can rightly distinguish between these is a good divine.'

There are but two ways proposed

by God or devised by man. The one according to the old covenant, Do and live, the other according to the new, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Whatever ways and means have been thought of by people of all religions, may be reduced to two--works and grace. These can not be mixed. If any merit be allowed to works, there is an end to grace, and if salvation be of grace, there is no plea for works. So St. Paul says, 'If by grace then there is no more of works, otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then is it no more grace, otherwise works is no more work.'

Salvation can not be by grace and works mixed. It must be by one or the other alone.--Burder.

A W and Clock.

A German of Cincinnati has invented a most wonderful clock. We will follow the description from a Cincinnati paper. It says:

"When it marks the first quarter, the door of the left piece of the second story opens, we see a child issue from the background, comes forward to a little bell, give it one blow and then disappear. At the second quarter a youth appears, strikes the bell twice and then disappears; at the third there comes a man in his prime; at the fourth we have a tottering old man, leaning on a staff, who strikes the bell four times. Each time the door closes of itself. When the hours are full, the door of the right piece of the second story opens, and death, as a skeleton, scythe in hand, appears, and marks the hour by striking a bell. But it is at the twelfth that we have the grand spectacle in the representation of the day of judgment. Then, when death has struck three blows on the little bell, the cock on the top of the tower suddenly flaps his wings, and crows in a shrill tone; and after death has marked the twelfth hour with his hammer, he crows again twice. Immediately three angels, who stand as guardians in a central position, raise their trumpets with their hands (in the left they hold swords), and blow a blast towards each of the four quarters of the earth. At the last blast the door of the tower opens, and the resurrected children of earth appear, while the destroying angel sinks out of sight.

The multitude stand for a moment full of awe and wonder, when suddenly, Christ, in all his majesty, descends, surrounded by angels. On the left there is an angel who holds the scales of justice, on his right another carries the book of life, which opens to show the alpha and omega--the beginning and the end. Christ waves his hand, and instantly the good among the resurrected are separated from the wicked, the former going to the right, the latter to the left. The archangel Michael salutes the good, while on the other side, stands the devil, radiant with fiendish delight--he can hardly wait for the final sentence of those who fall to him, but, in obedience to the command of the central figure, he withdraws. The figure of Christ raises his hand again, with a threatening men, and the accursed sink down to the realms of his satanic majesty. Then Christ blesses the chosen few, who draw near to him. Finally, we hear a cheerful chime of bells, during which Christ rises, surrounded by angels, until he disappears, and the portals close."

Won't Clasp Hands.

While Mr. Greeley was living it was expected that he would have political enemies; but when death had laid him in the coffin it was a fit time for those enemies to have laid down their weapons.

The following extract, from a Washington Telegram of the 3rd inst, referring to the action of the U. S. Senate on the morning of that day, exhibits a bitterness toward a dead one whose whole life had been given to his country that is unworthy of that body.

The extract says:

The intention of senator Fenton to offer his resolution to adjourn over until Thursday, in respect to the memorial of Mr. Greeley, being known through the Sun dispatches this morning, it was brought to the attention of the caucus, and at the instance of certain Senators personally hostile to Mr. Greeley, it was agreed not to allow Mr. Fenton to make his motion.

It was ascertained that the Vice-President intended to recognize Mr. Fenton as soon as reading of the journal was concluded. To prevent this Mr. Cameron interrupted the reading of the journal, moved that its further reading be suspended, and having thus obtained the floor, immediately moved to adjourn. Mr. Fenton over and over appealed to him for permission to make his motion, but he peremptorily refused, and the motion to adjourn was carried. It was the purpose of both Mr. Fenton and Mr. Sumner to make some remarks on the motion intended to be offered by the former.

The happy medium--a gentleman between two ladies.

Buried by a Bear.

The following is from the Omaha Tribune:

A gentleman who arrived a few days ago from the lower country, where grizzly bears held the herds to take care of the sheep, relates a curious bear adventure which occurred to an Indian hardman in his employ. He sent the man to a distant portion of a large ranch to look after a herd of sheep. The Indian at nightfall got under a shed with a roof of branches, but upon all sides, and lay down in his blankets. After a few hours' sleep he was awakened by feeling the hot breath of some animal on his face. He moved his arms and at once understood the situation--a huge bear was snuffing him. The man, with great presence of mind, determined to keep perfectly still, for he knew if he moved or cried out, one blow of those huge paws would break his skull like a walnut. Brain scratched on the blankets and seized the Indian by the legs.

Though suffering terribly, the brave fellow did not allow a groan or a cry to escape him. The bear dragged him from the hut for some distance, and encumbered to dig a hole to lap the Indian and cover him up from coyotes. After the grave had been dug deep enough, the bear, contenting himself with about a pound of flesh from the victim's thigh, moved the body to the hole and covered it up. The Indian managed to keep the earth over his face loose enough to allow him to breathe, and when the bear retired he crawled out towards the musing, which was picketed some fifty yards outside the 'hut.' With great difficulty he mounted, and then rode towards the ranch house. A doctor was sent for, and he pronounced the wounds, though severe and painful, not likely to prove fatal. The next day a hunt was organized, and the grizzly was killed in the neighborhood of the spot where he had stowed his intended meal.

Spoils And Offices.

"To the victor belong the spoils," said Gov. Marcy, in the Senate, when defending the propriety of giving the offices only to the man who had won the political victory. If Mr. Marcy had not said that, we believe he would have been President of the United States. But he put the sentiment into such a terse epigrammatic form that it shocked the public moral sense, and Mr. Marcy suffered wofully for his frank avowal of a doctrine which all politicians believe and teach.

Frederick Douglas has recently written a letter in which he says it is proper that they who have fought and won the battle should be appointed to places of trust and service, instead of those who opposed and sought to overthrow the administration. The Douglas idea is substantially the same put the Marcy. But Douglas in its arduousness, commends a paradoxical; Marcy laid down the principle as an axiom in political science. Douglas writes it out as a politician, Marcy declares it as a statesman.

There is a sense in which the sentiment is sound. We do not expect to see a President calling his political opponents around him as his advisers. Nor do we suppose the time will ever come when the opposition will have their choice of offices. No such Utopia will ever be seen in this world.

But Douglas is writing against the idea of competitive examination, and civil service reform. He sees in President Grant, determination to secure it, a prospect that the party men may have to take back seats, and that litter men will