

Christmas Politics.

Chauncey F. Black in Lancaster Intelligence.

The gospel of Christ was indeed the first proclamation of pure democracy on the earth. It was good will to men—all men of every grade and condition. Translated into politics that means that all men should be equal before the law as they are equal before God; equal not merely in their rights to life and limb, but in their right to labor as they see fit, and to enjoy the fruits of their own endeavors.

Thomas Jefferson was the great apostle of human liberty on this continent. He proposed to start all men in the race of life upon a footing of perfect equality; and to give no man any illegal advantage over another. In Virginia he broke down the established church; repealed the law of primogeniture and of entails; reduced the government to a pure democracy; and would, if he could, have abolished negro slavery, concerning the consequences of which to his own race he trembled, when he thought of the justice of God.

But Mr. Jefferson's great work of "good will to men," did not stop there. Virginia was free—free of the horrid abuses of monarchy and aristocracy—and his declaration of independence having been sustained by arms, the colonies were independent states. But now arose an enemy more dangerous than the British crown beyond seas had ever been. It was new and pressing, subtle and insidious. It came in the guise of patriotism and lured the people by promises of national power and glory.

Mr. Jefferson is now forty-five years old, and his friends apparently admire the statement when they say he has made for himself \$1,000,000 for every year he has lived in the world. They probably underrate him in this direction, and his solid individual wealth is, without doubt, greater than these figures would represent. But on earth there is probably no harder worker, no greater slave to a fortune, no more persistent follower of duty, than this same Jay Gould. In business affairs he is an abnormal development of humanity, and all his manipulations are strokes of genius.

The Law and the Mormons. The stringent bills of Mr. Willlets to reorganize the territory of Utah, and to secure honest trials for bigamy indicate a renewal of the attempt to suppress Mormon polygamy which has been so often foiled. The late President Garfield consulted with Mr. Willlets upon these bills, and approved

than another. The man rules and the man is protected in all his natural rights and dignity, and not the accident of birth or poverty. When democracy professes to be taught but this, which it was at the beginning, and must be forever, it is spurious—an impudent fraud and hypocritical sham, devised, in nine cases out of ten, by the devil and the federalist in some dark conjunction of their wicked powers.

JAY GOULD.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE RAILWAY MAGNATE AS HE APPEARED IN BOSTON.

Imagine a mite of a man, says a Boston writer, listless and shaken in appearance, weighing but little over one hundred pounds, with no particularly intelligent expression, and in fact with hardly a manifestation of any kind of power or force in his whole showing. Physically, indeed, he is weak, and it is said of himself and another distinguished New York capitalist that they have but one lung between them. Mr. Gould came into the New York and New England meeting and took his seat upon a front settee, near the platform. He slouched down upon the bench so that his head rested upon the rail of the settee back, and he entered into the proceedings very much as a stunted farmer's boy is wont to do in a country church, so far as position and apparent interest in the exercises are concerned.

Yet this was, indeed, the very man, this slight built apparent body of weakness, of forty-five years continuance. His reply to the calls of the assemblage was, so far as his words were concerned: "I will make you a speech, gentlemen, after our first dividend is declared." He will never keep his word, whatever turns; for he can no more make a speech than he can weigh a ton. The meeting over, the company sauntered and loitered about exchanging words before getting upon the street again. This was the golden opportunity improved upon by many to get a good look at Gould. He appeared nervous and watchful regarding the close approach to himself of a stranger, as though not entirely free from apprehension that, even in such a place and surrounded by friends, some enemy might attack him.

So much for the personal appearance of a man who made his first entry into New York city during the crystal palace exhibition, and who, until the year 1869, had never been reckoned other than poor. True, he was a mere boy at that first visit, and all his hopes and expectations for the future were centered in a contrivance which he carried in a mahogany box under his arm, and prized inordinately—a wonderful mousetrap, that was all. His mousetrap brought him nothing but trouble, and it turned, as it has turned one thousand times even in New York, that a mousetrap, even though it be a wonderful affair, is of no account unless it be in the right hands. These were not the traps which Gould was best fitted to manipulate.

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them, and there is an evident revival of interest in the subject, which gives peculiar timeliness to the views of Senator Edmunds in the January number of Harper's magazine. In the Senator's opinion there is an irrepressible conflict between this aspect of Mormonism and the social and political systems of the rest of the country. The object of the Mormons is to maintain their political supremacy in Utah and the neighboring territories, and to favor polygamy. The present population of Utah is 143,963, more than 73,000 of which number are persons under age. The actual number of plural marriages it is impossible to ascertain, but in 1866 it was estimated to be a third of the married males. Plural marriage is a crime under the United States law, and in the eye of that law the Mormons, who hold bigamy to be a divine institution, are a band of criminals associated to defy the authority of the United States. The government has endeavored to assert its authority. But to impanel a jury in Utah without a Mormon is almost impossible, and it is equally impossible to prove both marriages, as the "sealing" to "saints" is done with the utmost secrecy.

head, the finger ends and the feet. The distance from top to toe is precisely the same as that between the tips of the fingers when the arms are extended. The length of the body is just six times that of the foot, while the distance from the edge of the hair on the forehead to the edge of the chin is one tenth the length of the whole stature. Of the sixty-two primary elements known in nature, only eighteen are known in the human body, and of these seven are metallic. Iron is found in the blood, phosphorus in the brain, limestone in the bile, lime in bones and dust and ashes in all. Not only these eighteen human elements, but the whole sixty-two of which the universe is made, have their essential basis in the four substances of oxygen, nitrogen and carbon, representing the more familiar names of fire, water, saltpetre and charcoal. And such is man, the lord of earth!—a spark of fire, a drop of water, a grain of powder, an atom of charcoal.

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This is a different view from that of those who suppose that a vigorous attempt to suppress polygamy would be followed by a long and desperate war, requiring upon the side of the government an army of not less than 150,000 men, and ending doubtfully and in the desolation of the interior of the continent. If there were any reasons to suppose this to be true, nothing would be more evident than that the United States should repeal the statute against bigamy, or deal at any cost with criminals who defy its authority. The bills introduced by Mr. Willlets open the whole question, all the discussion should close only with the adoption of some positive policy to be rigorously enforced. The supreme court has held that the plea of religious institution in the case of bigamy is not valid, and it could hardly have held differently. The question is not one of those which decide themselves by delay. As it stands, it is simply a question of the power of the government to enforce obedience to the law.

Marvels of the Human Body.

While the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of dissolving the hardest food that can be swallowed. It has no influence whatever on the soft and delicate fibres of the living stomach, nor upon the living hand, but at the moment of death it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acids.

There is dust on sea, on land, in the valley and on the mountain top; there is dust always and everywhere; the atmosphere is full of it; it penetrates the noisome dungeon, and visits the deepest, darkest caves of the earth; no palace door can shut it out, no drawer so secret as to escape its presence; every breath of wind dashes it upon the open eye, yet that eye is not blinded, because under the eye-lid there is incessantly emptying itself a fountain of the blandest fluid in nature, which spreads itself over the surface of the eye at every winking and washes every atom away.—But this liquid, so mild and so well adapted to the eye, itself has some acidity, which, under certain circumstances, becomes so decided as to be scalding to the skin, and would rot away the eye-lids, were it not that along the edges of them are little oil manufactories, which spread over their surface a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eye-lids clean as the best varnish is impervious to water.

The breath which leaves the lungs has been so perfectly divested of its life-giving properties, that to rebreathe it unmixed with other air the moment it escapes from the mouth, would cause immediate death by suffocation while if it hovered above us, more or less destructive influence over health and life would be occasioned. But it is made of a nature so much lighter than the common air, that the instant it escapes the lips and nostrils it ascends to the higher regions above the breathing point, there to be rectified, renovated and sent back again, replete with purity and life. How rapidly it ascends is fully exhibited every frosty morning.

But, foul and deadly as the expired air is, Nature, wisely economical in all her works and ways, turns it to good account, its outward passage through the organs of the voice making of it the whispers of love, the soft words of affection, the tender tones of human sympathy, the sweet strains of ravishing music, the persuasive eloquence of the finished orator. If a well-made man be extended on the ground, his arms at right angles with the body, a circle making the navel the centre will just take in the

head, the finger ends and the feet. The distance from top to toe is precisely the same as that between the tips of the fingers when the arms are extended. The length of the body is just six times that of the foot, while the distance from the edge of the hair on the forehead to the edge of the chin is one tenth the length of the whole stature. Of the sixty-two primary elements known in nature, only eighteen are known in the human body, and of these seven are metallic. Iron is found in the blood, phosphorus in the brain, limestone in the bile, lime in bones and dust and ashes in all. Not only these eighteen human elements, but the whole sixty-two of which the universe is made, have their essential basis in the four substances of oxygen, nitrogen and carbon, representing the more familiar names of fire, water, saltpetre and charcoal. And such is man, the lord of earth!—a spark of fire, a drop of water, a grain of powder, an atom of charcoal.

FUTURE OF THE PACIFIC STATES.

The San Francisco Bulletin says: There is one railroad from the East to this coast now in operation—the Central and Union Pacific. There will be a second in operation this year, known as the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, also the Southern Pacific. A syndicate has taken hold of the Northern Pacific, and it is confidently predicted that that line will be completed in the near future. The government of Canada has another road on hand running on a line farther north than the Northern Pacific. It is in a large sense bound politically to carry out the project. The road across Mexico, known as the Tehuantepec route, is being rapidly pushed forward. De Lesseps, by the aid of foreign capital principally, is about to commence work on the Panama canal. There is a strong movement among our people, headed by General Grant, to construct another ship canal further north by way of Nicaragua. There is, finally, the old route round Cape Horn used by the clipper.

We have here four miles of railroad in addition to the one we have now in operation, in various stages of completion, running west, and one canal, with a chance of two. The outlook at this moment is that most, if not all of these projects will be completed within the next ten years. One, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe connection, will go into operation in a week or two. It is not possible at this moment to form anything but a very loose estimate as to what all these lines of communication will cost. In a rough way it may be said that \$1,000,000,000 will not cover the outlay on all of them. This vast sum of money is to be invested to enable passengers and freight from the Atlantic to reach the Pacific. One of these lines—the Southern Pacific, extending to the Gulf of Mexico—will give us a short route to Europe. All the railroad and steamboat projections of the epoch are east and west. There is no development of this kind north and south—that is probably finished for the present. East and west is the true world movement.

But what is going to be the result of all these railroads, canals and waterways heading this way? The great development of the next ten years will be in what may be called the north-west. The march of immigration is now obliquely in that direction, founding States as it advances. California, Oregon, Washington Territory and Alaska are about to receive immense accessions to their population. There is not, as a matter of fact, anywhere else to go. Texas is filling up too rapidly for emigrants who have little more capital than brawny arms. New Mexico will never be able to support a large population. To the great northwest they must come. There is to be the limit of the movement to the west. The railroads that are in operation and projected, the canals and waterways that are to be constructed are intended to transact the business of the coming millions. There are now more than one million people on the shores of the Pacific. There are men in the prime of life who will live to see ten millions in the same regions.

The Road to Fortune.

The elder Vanderbilt, shrewd old Commodore that he was, once put the questions, "How can the world know a man has a good article unless he advertises possession of it." There is a world of meaning in those words, which a live business man will not fail to appreciate. That veteran showman and manager, P. T. Barnum, has asserted that "the road to fortune is through printer's ink." Certain it is that when A. T. Stewart, the great dry goods king, said: "Frequent and constant advertising brought me all I own," that the truth and nothing but the truth was told. There are several now well known firms in Chicago that have come to the front in remarkably short order through persistent and judicious advertising. They maintained a steady hammering within sound of the public ear through the medium of the press until attention was directed to them, and an increase of business came. Although conservative man that he was, the millionaire Astor, of New York, was forced to admit that "success depends upon a liberal patronage of printing office."

AN ARCTIC STORY.

In the spring of 1840 a whaling vessel sailed from the port of London, upon a voyage to the Polar Seas. Nothing material occurred until their arrival in those solitary regions, when it became the duty of the crew to keep a perpetual look-out upon the horizon in search of fish. Whilst thus occupied it was fancied by one of the seamen that a sail was discernible, as far to the northward as the eye could reach. As the course of the whaler was toward the supposed vessel, a mast gradually became distinguishable amidst the mountains of ice, which appeared to abound in the sea. It was now mid-summer, and in the afternoon unusually calm, whilst the whaler gradually neared the object in view, the supposition being that it was a vessel engaged in operating upon the blubber in a bay, which would open to the view upon approaching nearer to the ice.

Upon arriving however it became clear that the vessel was a wreck embedded in the ice, and could only be approached by a boat. This having been lowered, the captain and several of the seamen landed upon the ice and proceeded to the vessel, which proved to be a brig. The sails were furled, very little appeared upon deck, and all the arrangements were those of a vessel laid up for a long time. Descending to the cabin, the first object that was seen was a large Newfoundland dog coiled upon a mat, apparently asleep. Upon touching the animal it was found to be dead and the body frozen to the hardness of a stone. Entering the cabin was next seen a young lady seated at a table; her eyes were open, and gazing with a mild and steadfast expression upon the newcomers to that solitary spot. She was dead and in that apparently resigned and religious attitude had frozen to death. Beside her was a young man, who it appeared was the brother of the lady and commander of the brig. He, too, was dead, but was sitting at the table, and before him lay a sheet of paper, upon which was written the following words: "Our cook has endeavored, since yesterday morning, to light a fire but in vain; all is now over."

At the other side of the cabin stood a cook, with a flint and steel in his hand, frozen to a statue, in the vain endeavor to procure that fire which alone could save him and his companions from the cold arms of death. The superstitious-terrors of the seaman now hurried the captain away from the wreck, the log-book alone being brought away; and from this it appeared that the ill-fated vessel belonged to the port of London, and had sailed for the Arctic regions more than fourteen years before.

A Sad Case.

HOW A BEAUTIFUL WASHINGTON GIRL SPENT HER CHRISTMAS.

In Washington on Monday evening a rather unusual arrest for drunkenness was made by the officers of the Fifth precinct. A young and attractive girl, about eighteen years of age, dressed in neat but elegant style, was found in the early hours of the evening in the Smithsonian grounds, surrounded by a gang of roughs. They had found her in the streets under the influence of liquor, and had decoyed her to a lonely spot to rob her of the jewelry which she wore in profusion, and perhaps with other designs. They were interrupted by the arrival of the officers, and took to their heels. The young lady was taken in charge and conveyed to the station. It was found that she was no common character, and her face, of more than ordinary beauty, showed no traces of a fast life. The handsome furlined circular which she wore was stained with the mud of the streets, where she had fallen in her staggering progress. A costly hat of the latest design was crushed and battered almost beyond recognition. Her dress, which was of a lovely shade of empress cloth, and her well-selected jewelry and the other details of her toilet, evinced a refined and well-bred taste. From what could be gathered from her incoherent and disjointed talk it was evident that she was a person of education and accustomed to good society. When she realized her situation she began to cry bitterly and call for her mother. It was ascertained that she had left her home in the upper part of the city (the West End) early in the day to make a call at the house of a friend. While there she lunched and partook rather freely of Christmas egg-nogg. The liquor did not begin to have its full effect until she started for her home early in the evening. She staggered along the streets, and while in this condition and almost unconscious she fell into the hands of the roughs, with the results above mentioned. Her parents in their elegant home were ignorant of the terrible fate which had befallen their loved daughter. This incident is a striking illustration of some phases of social life in the city.

Why the Winter Will be Open.

The following from the Allentown Chronicle settles the question as to the character of the approaching winter: "John B. Geehr, the veteran bank boss of the Lehigh Canal in this section, feels satisfied that we are to have an open winter. The reason which the Captain gives for this assertion is that the muskrats are building their winter quarters above water. In passing along at Chain Dam and Hope's Lock, the other day, the Captain observed a dozen or more muskrat huts built on stumps lying in the Lehigh river, the huts being above the water level. Last year not a muskrat hut was observed in the Lehigh river and the winter was a very severe one.

Two Lovers Who Laugh.

New Orleans Letter in the Louisville Courier Journal.

The talk of the town is an elopement that proved to be a "Comedy of Errors." A rich old creole opposed the marriage of his only daughter to a poor artist. One evening there was a carriage drawn cautiously up to the corner of the grand boulevard Esplanade. There was an air of mystery in its movements. The driver looked around and then apparently,

from some signal, fixed his eyes at the window of a mansion very little distant from his halting place. A female form cloaked and veiled, threw open the casement, at the same bidding the driver to advance. He did so, and when the carriage stood immediately at the door, beneath the lighted window, a tall and handsome man jumped out of the vehicle and entered the house. Shortly after this two cloaked figures passed hurriedly down the steps of the principal entrance and hastily entered the carriage, closed the door, and requested the driver to "speed like lightning." An old gentleman, the proprietor of the mansion and the father of the artist's innamorata, was a spectator of the whole affair, and gliding softly from a private door, mounted the rumble of the carriage and found himself whirled on the road to Milnburg, the lake port of the Mobile packet.

The old fellow had caught them. The lovers were in the carriage, but he was on the box. On rattled the carriage to the steamboat landing. Down jumped the father and opened the door. "What did he see? Could it be! Yes, it was his own hostler and his daughter's maid! The affrighted servants descended from the carriage, and in an agony which was so exquisitely comic that the disappointed pater familias could not refrain from smiling, fell on their knees and begged forgiveness. The prevailing mania for elopement had seized them. Seeing a carriage before the door, and being under orders from the millionaire to watch the artist's movements, they thought to thwart the elopement of their mistress by using the artist's carriage for their own. Meanwhile the artist and the lady were being married at the house of a friend.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."—In the spring of 1863 two great armies were encamped on either side of the Rappahannock river, one dressed in blue and the other in gray. As the twilight fell, the bands on the Union side began to play "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Rally Round the Flag," and that challenge of music was taken up on the other side, and they responded with "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Away Down in Dixie." It was borne in upon the soul of a single soldier in one of these bands of music to begin a sweeter and more tender air, and slowly as he played it they joined in a sort of chorus of all the instruments upon the Union side until finally a great and mighty chorus swelled up and down the army—"Home, Sweet Home." When they had finished there was no challenge yonder, for every hand upon that further shore had taken up the lovely air so attuned to all that is holiest and dearest, and one great chorus of the two great hosts went up to God; and when they had finished, from the boys in gray came a challenge, "Three cheers for home!" and as they went resounding through the skies from both sides of the river, "something upon the soldiers' cheeks washed off the stains of powder."—N. Y. Methodist.

OLD LOVERS.—Several years before the war a young man came to Little Rock and fell desperately in love with a young lady. The girl's parents were rich. The young man was poor. A union was impossible. The girl prayed and the young man implored, but the ruthless parents remained firm. The young man went away. The war came on. The parents of the girl died. Her uncle squandered the estate. The other day the lover came back and inquired for the young lady. Age and poverty had visited her, but she had remained true. They met and embraced. "You were away so very long," she said, leaning her tired head on his shoulder. "But you won't leave me again. Those who kept us apart are sleeping now." "I will never leave my brave darling. I have been trying for years to see you." But they didn't marry. The man got her to wash six shirts for him, and ran away without paying the bill.—Little Rock Gazette.

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