Heaven—Not Conquered.

As we write, the Democracy are jubilant over their so-called victory in Pennsylvania, and their joy finds expression in the booming of cannon, the rattle of drums, and the hoarse shouts of men and boys. Pennsylvania, by a small majority—less than 1,000—elects Sharswood to the Supreme Bench, while both branches of the Legislature are strongly Republican. This is the whole story. But the Democracy have been so accustomed to defeat and disaster during the last six years, that this temporary reverse to the Republican cause seems to have shed the same effect upon them, that the first battle of Bull Run had upon their Rebel friends in the South. And yet a close examination of the field shows conclusively that nation of the field shows conclusively that while the Democracy have carried the State, it is purely an accidental victory, with little or nothing in its aspects to justify despondency on the part of Republicans. The vote of Philadelphia alone, where confessedly local causes influenced the result, gives the State to Sharswood. There the fight was made on the Lager Beer and Sunday law legislation, for which the Republican party will be responsible, causing a heavy Republican vote to be thrown for the Democratic nominee. Outside of Philadelphia the gains and losses pretty nearly balance each other, Philadelphia gives Sharswood 2,417 majority; while last year it gave Geary 5,388. The same vote in Philadelphia this year would have given the State to the Republicans by over 7,000 majority. In addition to this the official returns show that the vote in the State has been unusually light—probably 80,000 less than last year. While the Democracy went into the canvass energetically, and with the aid of secret circulars, thorough organization, and plenty of money, succeeded in polling a comparatively full vote, the management of the Republican canvass was sluggish, the extreme—thousands of Republicans failing to vote, by reason of want of appreciation of the importance of the contest.

While, therefore, it is evident that the Republicans have lost the battle, by reason of mismanagement of the canvass, general apathy, and the introduction of side issues foreign to the legitimate issue, yet, as we have shown, there is no cause for despondency. The truth is—the Republican party has grown so rapidly in strength and so used to overwhelming victories, that many of our friends have deceived themselves into the conviction that as a party organization it was omnipotent, and could dare to do anything. The attempt to make legislation at Harrisburg and Washington, superseded by this minor issue, should have had better have been left alone. The mission of the Republican party is a grave one and concerns the highest political and future prosperity of the Republic, in the reconstruction of the Union in the interest of peace and freedom. The successful accomplishment of this mission must not be jeopardized by the unnecessary introduction of side issues, however meritorious in themselves, into the Republican creed. It will be well for the party in the coming Presidential struggle, if party in the coming Presidential struggle, if the teachings of this fall be heeded, and wise counsels prevail. Nor do we doubt that such will be the result.

In 1867, the Republican party, reposing in false security, met with defeat of a far more serious character. Now Pennsylvania is lost by a majority of some 800, while the Legislature is Republican in both branches. Such defeats the Republican Governor, but gives to the Democracy the Legislature by four or five majority. In 1862, on the other hand, our defeat was general and decided. We not only lost our State ticket, but with it the Legislature, enabling the Democracy to send Buckalew to the U. S. Senate. New York gave Seymour a 50,000 majority, with a Democratic majority in the Legislature. Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois went heavily Democratic—Illinois by 20,000, and Indiana by 10,000. Yet the next year (1863) the Republicans rallied and swept these States by heavy majorities—Pennsylvania by 15,000. In 1862, as now, bawled themselves hoarse with cries of "Re-action," "The Nigger," and the seemed "Death of the Republican Party." But the Republicans, so far from yielding to despondency, at once went to work to close up their ranks. "Every man to his post" —was the watchword, and glorious victory the result.

So it will be again. Although beaten in the contest, the Republican party has in no wise dishonored its flag. It has not abdicated its principles, nor will it. Honor and glory, the present and future, require that these principles become the recognized policy of the Republic, engraven in the national heart, and irrevocably written in its statute books. As in 1862, so now, the thousands of sluggish, stay-at-home Republicans will have learned that victory can only be achieved in a full vote—every man doing his duty. With the lessons of the present defeat before us, victory, full, thorough and overwhelming, becomes an assured fact in the coming Presidential struggle.—*Gettysburg Star.*

Sensation of a Yellow Fever Victim.

Those curious to know how a man feels with the yellow fever, can hear from persons this account, written, says the New Orleans *Bulletin*, by a patient in the fifth day after his attack:

The writer of this has had a glimpse of purgatory, and the way it comes to pass was this: Tuesday morning, "Yellow Jack," so called, introduced himself unceremoniously, and at once proceeded to break every bone in this poor subject's body. He was left helpless and prostrate. Now appeared an army of little devils, who commenced prodding, prodding and digging to assign themselves that not a bone was left unbroken. But in spite of all the devils, the skull remained unbroken. They made a detail to keep continually beating the subject on the top of the head and shoulders with the sledge. Then they had a kind of Greek fire, which, at regular intervals, they poured down the spine of the subject.

Having arranged all these preliminaries, they, of course, thought they had him dead. Now they commenced a curious game; all would stand around, then stop all of a sudden, and play with some strange devices they were not cards nor dice, yet something of the sort. The subject watched this game with intense interest, so much so that he almost forgot his broken bones and unhinged joints. Thus his mind and his spirit and the game went spinning along together till about dark, when a servant entered and shooed the subject was sick. He rather thought he was.

A delegation of neighbors now crowded around the bed to learn how the sick man felt. He endeavored briefly to convey some idea of the sensations of those frosses asked if he would take a preparation to check the fever. He answered he might, provided it was neither calomel nor quinine. No, it was a homœopathic remedy. Well, the subject had no objection. Soon after a physician made his appearance, looked rather serious, gave his instructions, and told the subject to quench his thirst with water, and to drink. Now, he happened to be always thirsty; their chunk of magnesia, but soon grew disgusted with it; then tried lemonade, but with no better success. The novel idea struck him to try pure, cold water, and it turned out to be exactly the thing.

The physician continued his visits, and would announce from day to day, with a curious air, that the patient was better. In the meantime, when not interrupted, the subject and his spirit, and the curious game played by the latter, went swimming along together as much so as on the first day. But gradually the best grew smaller, some of the spirits second to have urgent business elsewhere, others lagged, and all that ran around grew more and more "spiritual" weak. Thursday morning he was all-powerful weak; the spirits had all left but two—one rested on each eyelid. With a lick and a smart the subject flung back the bed-cover, landed on the floor, and said, "I ain't dead yet."

With the assistance of a nurse, of whose existence the subject now became aware, he found his way back to bed again. Friday morning he found himself so powerfully weak that he did not feel like taking a bath yet. The doctor came and looked rather more pleasant than usual—said that everybody had expected the subject to die, but continued he, "You are not going to die; you'll be out in a few days."

A brilliant idea struck the subject, and summoning all his strength, he raised himself on his elbow—launched out into a long oration, which subsequently became popular, to a degree we then little contemplated. Some of the best of these were exclusively Aytoun's, such as "The Massacre of the McPherson," "The Hymne of Sir Iancelot Bogle," "The Broken Fiddle," "The Ballad of Sir Eustace John," "The Lay of Mr. Colt," and that best of all imitations of the Scottish ballad, "The Queen of France." Some were taken from Aytoun and the rest were produced by us jointly.

"Fortunately for our purpose there were then living quite a few poets who, in the manner of thought were sufficiently marked to make human, sad, and melancholy, and for a parody of their characteristics to be readily recognized. Macaulay's "Lays of Rome and his two other fine ballads were still in the freshness of their fame. Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads" were as familiar in the drawing-room as in the study. Tennyson and Mrs. Browning were opening up new veins of poetry. Hence, with Wordsworth, Moore, Uhland and others of minor note, lay ready to our hands—as Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey had done to James and Horace Smith in 1812, when writing the "Rejected Addresses."

"Never, probably, were verses in chaff throw with a keener sense of enjoyment. In writing them we had no thought of the public; and it was a pleasant surprise to us when we found how rapidly they became popular, not only in England, but also in America, which had come in for no small share of severe though well-meant ridicule. It was pleasicely the poets whom we most admired that we selected the most frequently, and, we hope, not certainly from any want of reverence, but rather out of the fullness of our admiration, just as the excess of a lover's fondness often has over into raillery of the very qualities that are dearest to his heart. Let no one, says Heine, ridicule mankind unless he loves them. With no less truth it might be said, Let no one parody a poet unless him. He must be penetrated by his spirit, and have so assimilated the most frequent