A L Bancroft

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A DEMOCRATIC PAPER,
FOR THE
Business Man, the Farmer
And the FAMILY CIRCLE.

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NOW.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The venerable Past is past;
'Tis dark, and shines not in the way;
'Twas good, no doubt—'tis gone at last—
There dawns another day.
Why should we sit where ivies creep,
And shroud ourselves in charnels deep,
Or the world's yesterdays deplore
'Mid crumbling ruins' mossy hoar?
Why should we see with dead men's eyes,
Looking at Was from morn to night,
When the beautious Now, the divine To Be,
Woo with their charms our living sight?
Why should we hear but echoes dull
When the world of sound, so beautiful,
Will give us music of our own?
Why in the darkness should we grope,
When the sun, heaven's resplendent cope,
Shines as bright as ever it shone?

The Present needs us. Every age
Bequeaths the next for heritage
No lazy luxury or delight,
But strenuous labor for the right;
For Now, the child and sire of Time,
Demands the deeds of earnest men
To make it better than the past
And stretch the circle of its ken.
Now is a fact that men deplore,
Though it might bless them evermore;
Would they but fashion it aright.
'Tis ever new, 'tis ever bright.
Time nor Eternity hath seen
A repetition of delight
In all its phases; ne'er hath been
For men or angels that which *is*;
And that which *is* hath ceased to be
Ere we have breathed it, and its place
Is lost in the eternity.
But Now is ever good and fair,
Of the Infinitude the heir,
And we of it. So let us live
That from the Past we may receive
Light for the Now—from Now a joy
That Fate nor Time shall e'er destroy.

Paper Car Wheels.

The Springfield *Republican* says that the Connecticut River Railroad Company is about introducing for trial a set of paper car wheels under the forward truck of one of its engines. These wheels have been known to car builders for some time, but the demand for them has been moderate, on account of their cost, notwithstanding the universally admitted fact that they are safe and easy-going. The wheels are manufactured by bringing a pressure of 350 tons upon sheets of common straw paper, which forces them into a compact mass, which is then turned perfectly round, and the hub forced into a hole in the centre, this requiring a pressure of twenty-five tons weight. The tire is of steel, and has a one-quarter inch bevel upon its inner edge, thus allowing the paper filling to be forced in, 250 tons pressure being required in the process. Two iron plates, one upon each side of the paper, are bolted together, which prevents the possibility of the fillings coming out. The tire rests upon the paper only, and partakes of its elasticity in consequence. Although these wheels are much more expensive than those in common use, the patentee claims that they are cheaper in the end, as they wear longer, injure the track less, and run with less noise than wheels of any other material.

It is inelegant to ask your sweetheart if she is "hot." It is much prettier to say: "Euphonosia, darling, does the excessive closeness of the atmosphere cause a perspirative affection to overcome the angelic phisicalissimus?" Such being the case, the fair one must not say: "You bet old hoss!" but she may gasp a little gasp, and softly sibilate: "Alphonso, dearest, your solicitude for my comfort has led you to divine the exact nature of my present situation." After this the blammed fools may do as they please. We can't be giving advice all the time.

This is what a green clerk in a in a music store said to a lady the other day, on being asked if he had "The Sword of Bunker Hill?" "I don't know, really, there is and old sword of some sort up-stairs." The customer was carried to her carriage on a stretcher.

The Power of the Affirmative.

The power of positive ideas and the power of the positive affirmation and promulgation of them move the world. Breath is wasted in nothing more lavishly than in negations and denials. It is not necessary for truth to worry itself, even if a lie can run a league while it is putting on its boots. Let it run, and get out of breath, and get out of the way. A man who spends his days in arresting and knocking down lies and liars will have no time left for speaking the truth. There is nothing more damaging to a man's reputation than his admission that it needs defending when attacked. Great sensitiveness to assault, on the part of any cause, is an unmistakable sign of weakness. A strong man and a strong cause need only to live an affirmative life, devoting no attention whatever to enemies, to win their way, and to trample beneath their feet all the obstacles that malice, or jealousy, or selfishness throws before them. The man who can say strongly and earnestly "I believe," has not only a vital and valuable possession, but he has a permanent source of inspiration within himself, and a permaneat influence over others. The man who responds: "I do not believe what you believe," or "deny what you believe," has no possession, and no influence except a personal one.

In nothing is this principle better exemplified and illustrated than in the strifes of political parties. The party that adopts a group of positive ideas, and shapes a positive policy upon them, and boldly and consistently affirms and promulgates both ideas and policy, has an immense advantage over one which undertakes to operate upon a capital of negations. The history of American politics is full of confirmations of this truth. No party has ever had more than a temporary success that based its action simply on a denial of a set of positive ideas held by its opponent. The popular mind demands something positive—something that really possesses breath and being—to which it may yield its allegiance. There is no vitalizing and organic power in simple opposition and negation. Earnest, straightforward affirmation has a power in itself, independent of what it affirms, greater than negation when associated with all the influences it can engage.

The Author of Christianity understood this matter. His system of religion was to be preached, proclaimed, promulgated. Its friends were not to win their triumphs by denying the denials of infidelity, but by persistently affirming, explaining and applying the truth. With this system of truth in his hands—so pure, so beneficent, so far reaching in its results upon human character, happiness, and destiny—the Christian teacher commands the position. Infidelity and denial can make no permanent headway against faith, unless faith stop to bandy words with them. That is precisely what they would like, and what would give them importance and influence which they can win in no other way. Why should an impregnable fortress exchange shots with a passing schooner? Silence would be a better defense than a salvo, and deprive the schooner of the privilige of being reported in the newspapers. The world whirls toward the sun, and never stops to parley with the east wind. The great river, checked by a dam, quietly piles up its waters, buries the dam, and, rolling over it, grasps the occasion for a new exhibition of its positive power and beauty. The rip-rap shuts an ocean door, but the ocean has a million doors through which it pours its tides. Stopping to deny denials is profitless as is stopping to deny truths. It is consenting to leave an affirmative for a negative position, which is a removal to the weak side.

So a man who has really anything positive in him has nothing to do but persistently to work and live it out. If he is a politician or a statesman, or a reformer or a literary man, he can make himself felt most as a power in the world, and be securest of ultimate recognition, by living a bodily affirmative life, and doing thoroughly that which it is in him to do regardless of assault, detraction and misconstruction. The enemies or any man who suffers himself to be annoyed by them will be certain to keep him busy. The world has never discovered anything nutritious in a negation, and the men of faith and conviction will always find a multitude eager for the food they bear. Men will continue to drink from the brooks and refuse to eat stones that obstruct them. Even error itself in an affirmative form is a thousaud times more powerful than when it appears as a denial of a truth.—*Dr. F. G. Holland, in Scribner's for November.*

The Cost of Living Increasing.

Within the last twenty years the cost of living has practically doubled in England, and at the present time the prices of nearly all the necessaries of life are still advancing. With the increase in the cost of living the wages of labor have also advanced, so that the working population is not seriously affected by the general rise in prices; but the large class in that country whose incomes are produced from investments in the funds, as well as retired officers whose only support is their pensions, finds that the altered state of things has a most uncomfortable influence upon their fortunes. Widows and others with fixed incomes which in former days maintained them in comparative luxury now find that they are reduced to the greatest straits to keep up appearances, and in many cases are obliged to forego comforts to which they have been accustomed all their lives. And what makes the prospects more cheerless for these people is that there is no way in which they can help themselves. The workingmen, when they find that the proceeds are not sufficient to procure them a fair living, by combinations and strikes are able to extort higher wages from their employers; but it would be of no use for the small capitalists of England to strike for higher interest on their investments; they will continue to receive the same percentage for the use of their money that they received when the cost of living was only half what it is now. There is also a large class of hard-working men on small salaries, curates, clerks in public offices, and the like, whose pay, unlike that of laboring men, has not increased with the increase in the prices of nearly all commodities in general use. Such persons must suffer great inconvenience from the existing condition of affairs, though in the course of time their situation will necessarialy be improved. Those who depend upon small incomes resulting from fixed investments, however, can hope for little relief in the future.

Be Not Idle.

A wise and judicious writer truly says there is a fault we all condemn in the young and in others, and too often indulge in, without remorse, ourselves. That fault is *idleness*. There is a busy idleness which sometimes blinds us to its nature—we seem to ourselves, and perhaps others, to be occupied; but what is the result of it all? What Hannah Moore calls "a quiet and dull flitting away of time," whether it be in "unprofitable small talk, or in constant idle reading, or sauntering over some piece of idle work," is surely "not redeeming the time," and yet how many days and hours are thus unprofitably wasted and neither ourselves nor others benefitted. All women who have much liesure are liable to this fault; and besides its own sinfulness, for surely waste of time is a sin, it encourages a weak, unenergetic frame of mind, and is apt to produce either apathetic content in trifling occupation or a restless desire for excitement or amusement, to help on the weary time these trifles cannot kill; and those who have their time entirely at their own disposal, with perhaps no definite duty to occupy them, should guard resolutely against waste of time. Make duty for yourselves; fix hours for your different occupations; do with might whatever your hands find to do; and carefully, conscientiously ascertain which of your employments is not worthy of all this care; have a motive, a reason for all you do, and frequently examine yourselves as to what your are doing, and surely you will find time too precious to be squandered, or frittered, or idled away.—*Our Home Journal.*

A fashionable belle was promenading the streets of Dahlenga, when she attracted the attention of an old colored gentleman who was at work when she passed by him. The old darkey stopped his work and gazed intently at her, until she turned the corner, when more in pity than admiration, he soliloquized thusly; "Wonder what is dat she got on her back? I spec she's gwine to de springs to get cured. It's a pity she's deformed dat way. She's a purty gal!"

It is certain that, nine times out of ten, we are nearer the truth in thinking well of persons than ill. Human nature is a tree bearing good as well as evil, but our eyes are wide open to the latter and half closed to the former.

A Vermonter who sent for a $2 50 Sewing Machine advertised in the papers, received a shoemaker's awl, worth about ten cents.

Free Blow in an Omnibus.

In Nevada, there used to be current, the story of an adventure of two nabobs, which may or may not have occurred. I give it for what it is worth:

Col. Jim had seen somewhat of the world, and knew more or less of its ways; but Col. Jack was from the back settlements of the State, and had led a life of arduous toil, and had never seen a city. These two, blessed with sudden wealth, projected a visit to New York,—Col. Jack to see the sights, and Col. Jim to guard his unsophisticated from misfortune. They reached San Francisco in the night, and sailed in the morning. Arrived in New York, Col. Jack said:

"I've heard tell of carriages, all my life, and now I mean to have a ride in one; I don't care what it costs. Come along."

They stepped out on the side walk, and Col Jim called a stylish barouche. But Col. Jack said:

"*No* sir! None of your Cheap-John turnout's for me. I'm here to have a good time, and money ain't any object. I mean to have the nobbiest rig that's going. Now here comes the very trick. Stop that yaller one with the pictures on it—don't you fret—I'll stand all the expenses myself."

So Col. Jim stopped an empty omnibus, and they got in. Said Col. Jack:

"Ain't it gay, though? Oh, no, I reckon not! Cushions and windows and pictures, till you can't rest. What would the boys say if they could see us cutting a swell like this in New York? By George, I wish they *could* see us."

Then he put his head out of the window and shouted to the driver;

"Say, Jonny, this suits *me!*—suits yours truly, you bet, you! I want this shebang all day. I'm *on* it, old man! Let 'em out! Make 'em go! We will make it all right with *you*, sonny!"

The driver passed his hand through the strap-hole and tapped for his fair—it was before the gongs came into common use. Col. Jack took the hand and shook it cordially. He said:

"You twag me, old pard! All right between gents. Smell of *that*, and see how you like it!"

And he put a twenty dollar gold piece in the driver's hand. After a moment the driver said he could not make the change.

"Bother the change ride it out. Put it in your pocket."

Then to Col. Jim, with a sounding slap on his thigh:

"*Ain't* it style though? Hanged if I don't hire this thing every day for a week."

The omnibus stopped, and a young lady got in. Col. Jack stared for a moment; then nudged Col. Jim with his elbow:

"Don't say a word," he whispered. Let her ride if she wants to. Gracious, there's room enough."

The young lady got out her porte-monnaie, and handed her fare to Col. Jack.

"What's this for" said he.

"Give it to the driver, please."

"Take back your money madam. We can't allow it. You're welcome to ride here as long as you please, but this shebang's chartered, and we can't let you pay a cent."

The girl shrunk into a corner, bewildered. An old lady with a basket climbed in, and proffered her fare.

"Excuse me," said Col. Jack, "You're perfectly welcome here, madam, and don't you be the least uneasy. Make yourself just as free as if you was in your own turn-out."

Within two minutes, three gentlemen two fat women, and a couple of children entered.

"Come right along friends," said Col. Jack; "Don't mind *us*. This is a free blow-out." Then he whispered to Col. Jim. "New York ain't no sociable place, I don't reckon—it ain't no *name* for it?"

He resisted every effort to pass fares to the driver, and made everybody cordially welcome. The situation dawned upon the people, and they pocketed their money, and delivered themselves up to covert enjoyment of the episode. Half a dozen more passengers entered.

"Oh, there's *plenty* of room," said Col. Jack, "Walk right in, and make yourselves at home. A blow-out ain't worth anything *as* a blow-out, unless a body has company. Then in a whisper to Col. Jim, "But ain't these New Yorkers friendly? And ain't they cool about it too? Icebergs ain't anywhere. I reckon they'd tackle a hearse if it was going their way."

More passengers got in; more yet, and still more. Both seats were filled, and a file were standing up, holding on to the cleats overhead. Parties with baskets and bundles were climbing upon the roof. Half suppressed laughter rippled from all sides.

"Well, for clean, cool, out-and-out cheek, if this don't bang anything I ever saw, I'm an 'Injun," whispered Col. Jack.

A Chinaman crowded his way in.

"I weaken!" said Col. Jack. "Hold on driver! Keep your seats ladies and gents. Just make yourselves free—everything's paid for. Driver, rustle these folks around as long as they're a mind to go—friends of ours, you know. Take them everywheres—and if you want more money, come to the St. Nicholas, and we'll make it all right. Pleasant journey to you, ladies and gents—go it just as long as you please—it shan't cost you a cent."—*Mark Twain.*

A Thriving City.

The year following the destruction of Chicago by fire has been the one which has shown the largest transactions in trade of nearly every description ever known in that city. The population of Chicago is now greater than at any previous time, and the business activity of the city surpasses all former experience. The receipts of grain during the past year exceed those of the corresponding period of 1870 by more than 22,000,000 bushels; and the total of the wholesale commerce of the city in the various departments of business since the fire reaches the grand sum of $450,800,000, which is an increase of $48,000,000 over the year of 1870. The manufactures of Chicago also show an unexampled prosperity. In 1870 the manufactured products of the city amounted in value to a little more than $66,000,000; this year they will reach $103,000,000, not including building operations. It must remembered that the work of rebuilding the city has added immensely to the volume of general business transactions; but even after taking this fact into consideration the result of the year's operations is truly surprising.

VAGARIES OF THE INSANE.—A large number of the inmates of the State Insane Asylum fancy themselves to be some one else. There are any number of kings, queens, emperors, a Gen. Grant and other notabilities. Many a poor creature is happy in his or her delusion, and gravely insists on its truth. The delusion of patients that they are God or the Savior is very common. Not long ago Dr. Gray had all the three persons of the Trinity under his care, and then came another God. However, as the new comer was a very little man, and the other contestant for divine supremacy a very big man, the little one quickly discovered that he was not God, but the Attorney-General of the United States. One curious coincidence in the way of delusion has occurred since Dr. Gray has been superintendent. A female patient had just arrived, and was seated in the office, when a tall young man was brought in by his father. The poor lad had once objected to being confined in the asylum, saying, "he was Jesus Christ, and had the world to save." The woman sprang up excitedly, and throwing her arms open, exclaimed, "Come to my arms, my son; I am the Virgin Mary." The young man at once threw himself on the bosom of the woman, and they heartily and tenderly embraced one another, to the horror of the lad's father. Another woman was under the belief that she had been turned into a crow, and was much vexed because she was not allowed to be the means of supplying the asylum.—*New York Times.*

A CITY IN TWO STATES.—Bristol, in Tennessee and Virginia, is an anomaly among towns. It has a population of only 3,000, but is located in two States, the line passing near the centre of the main street. The rogues and lawless know where it is to an inch. The line used to be deeply venerated, and in former years it would have been considered a symtom of the decay of the republic for a Tennessee constable to cross the street on the sidewalk, on the sacred soil of Virginia, to arrest a criminal. But the line is not now regarded with tender veneration. When a man kills another and steps over the line for protection, the officers step after him and bring him back; killing is consequently not so popular as formerly. Each side of the line has a separate Mayor and Board of Aldermen, and regulates its own affairs in the sense contemplated in the Constitution. There are two papers published, one on each side of the line. Each side also has its own schools and churches.

Whenever we find a man in the enjoyment of a wide popularity, we may be assured, however bad his reputation may be, that he has some good qualities in an eminent degree.

The Difference between a Violin and A Fiddle.

Half a century ago, or less, the somewhat facetious Dr. Pond dwelt in the quiet and out-of-the-way village of A——. The Doctor's ideas were liberal—much more so than many of his congregation; nevertheless he kept on the even tenor of his people. He had a son named Enoch, who at an early age manifested a remarkable talent for music which the father cherished and cultivated with care. In the same village resided an antiquated maiden lady, who having no cares of her own to occupy her time and attention, magnanimously devoted herself to those of her neighbors. One morning she called at the doctor's and requested to see him. When he entered the room where she was seated he perceived at a glance that something was amiss, and before he had time to extend her the usual "How d'ye do?" she added:

"I think, Dr. Pond, that a man of your age and profession might have had something better to do, when you were in New-London last week, than to buy Enoch a fiddle; all the people are ashamed that our minister should buy his son a fiddle! Oh, dear, what is the world a coming to, when ministers will do such things?"

"Who told you I had a fiddle?" inquired the Doctor.

"Who told me? Why every body says so, and some people hearn him play on it as they passed the door. But ain't it true, Doctor?"

"I bought Enoch a violin when I went to New London."

"A violin? what's that?"

"Did you never see one?"

"Never."

"Enoch!" said the Doctor, stepping to the door, "bring your violin here."

Enoch obeyed the command, but no sooner had he entered with his instrument than the old lady exclaimed:

"La! now; there, it is a fiddle!"

"Do not Judge rashly," said the Doctor giving his son a wink; "wait till you hear it."

Taking the hint Enoch played Old Hundred. The lady was completely mystified; it looked like a fiddle, but who had ever heard Old Hundred played on a fiddle? It could not be. So, rising to depart, she exclaimed, "I am glad I came to satisfy myself. La me! just think how people will lie!"

DON'T BE AFRAID OF DIRT.—Old Dr. Cooper, of South Carolina, used to say to his students "Don't be afraid of dirt, young gentlemen. What is dirt? Why, nothing at all offensive, when chemically viewed. Rub a little alkali upon the dirty grease spot on your coat, and it undergoes a chemical change and becomes soap; now rub it with a little water and it disappears. It is neither grease, soap, water, nor dirt. That is not a very odorous pile of dirt you see yonder; well, scatter a litte gypsum over it, and it is no longer dirty. Everything like dirt is worthy your notice as students of chemistry. Analyze it; it will separate into very clean elements. Dirt makes corn, corn makes bread and meat, and that makes a very sweet young lady, that I saw one of you kissing last night. So, after all you were kissing dirt, particularly if she whitened her face with chalk or fuller's earth; though I may say that rubbing such stuff upon the beautiful skin of a young lady is a dirty practice. Pearl powder, I think, is made of bismuth, nothing but dirt. Lord Palmerston's fine definition of dirt is, "matter in the wrong place." Put it in the right place, and we immediately cease to think of it as dirt."

There is a good little boy in Logan town who was very axious to have some one to play with, and his mother suggested that if he would pray for a little brother or sister perhaps he might receive one. So that night this mere urchin kneeled down and prayed for fifty brothers and a hundred sisters; but before his devotions were concluded his mother lifted him suddenly off of the floor, spanked him generously and put him to bed.

The most extraordinary instance of patience on record is that of an eastern judge, who listened silently for two days while a couple of wordy lawyers contended about the construction of an act of the legislature, and then ended the controversy by quietly remarking: "Gentlemen, the law is repealed."

Knowledge cannot be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and like deep digging for pure water, but when once you come to the spring it will rise up and meet you.

One of Mark Twain's.

The following story was told me by a fellow passenger, who has never been scared since the time he loaded an old Queen Annie's musket for his father, said he:

"You see the old man was trying to teach me to shoot blackbirds and beasts that tore up the young corn and such things, so I could be of some use about the farm, because I wasn't big enough to do much. My gun was a single-barreled shot-gun, and the old man carried an old Queen Annie's musket that weighed about a ton, making a report like a thunder clap and kicking like a mule. The old man wanted me to shoot the musket sometimes, but I was afraid. One day, though I got her down, and taking her to the hired man, ask him how to load her, because the old man was out in the fields. Hiram said: "Do you see them marks on the stock—an X and a V? Well that means 10 balls and five slugs—that is her load."

"But how much powder?"

"Oh," says he, "it don't matter; put in four hand-fulls."

So I loaded up that way, and it was an awful charge—I had sense enough to see that—and I started out. I leveled her on a good many birds, but every time I pulled trigger I shut my eyes and winked. I was afraid of her kick.

Towards sundown I fetched up at the house, and there was the old man resting on the porch.

"Been out hunting have you?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"Didn't kill anything, sir—Didn't shoot her off I was afraid she'd kick." (I knew she would.) "Gimmus that gun!" the old man said," as mad as sin. Do you see that saplin?"

I saw it and began to drop back out of danger. The next moment I heard an earthquake, and the Queen Annie whirled end over end in the air, and old man spinning around on one heel, with one leg up and both hands on his jaw, and the bark flying from the tree. The old man's shoulder was set back four inches and his jaw turned black and blue, and he had to lay up for three days. I haven't been scared since."

DAUGHTER OF THE PEOPLE.—Mrs. Florida White, well-known in the fashionable word forty years ago, was one of the most beautiful, accomplished, elegant and attractive women of her day. She was the daughter of General Adair, of Kentucky, and her first husband was Joseph M. White, the second delegate sent to Congress from the Territory of Florida. Full of genius, highly educated, and with the manners and bearing of a queen, her society was courted by the most elevated circles in Washington, New York and Boston. She was a brilliant conversationalist, ready and effective at repartee, and a sincere warm-hearted gentlewoman of the most gracious and generous impulses. On one of her visits to Rome she was presented to the Pope.

"Kneel, my daughter," said he, as she stood erect in her imperial grace before him. "All kneel to me except the daughters of sovereigns."

"I am a princess in my own right, your Holiness," she replied.

"How can that be, when you are an American born?"

"In my country the people are sovereign, and I am a daughter of the people."

The Pope smiled a gracious assent, rejoining, "Then receive an old man's blessing."

A DISAPPOINTED BELLE.—A Saratoga correspondent reports about the departure of an antique belle from that place to Newport last Thursday, saying of her: "Since 1849 she has done all the watering places in the country, without changing her name. She is remarkably well preserved, is as playful as a kitten, as graceful as the wild gazelle, and as stylishly absurd in her rich toilets as paniers can make her. For the past month, Miss Jennie Wood the New York hairdresser, has been occupied one hour morning and evening, in erecting cupolas, domes, towers, and other works of art on the cranium of this fair girl of fifty-six summers and yet with all Jennie's wonderful achievments in hair built on the apex of this fair one's head, she departed without receiving a matrimonial proposition of any description. Cold, cruel, heartless world!

The following pathetic note was recently picked up by a printer in Danbury; the writer was evidently troubled in mind as well as body: "Dear Jane—I hope you ain't mad because I didn't laff at you when you laff't at me at the post offis. I ain't proud, dear Jane, but I have got a bile under my arm, and I can't laff as I used to as Heaven is my Judge. Yours truly, HENRY.

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