

THE NEXT HOUSE.

The Influence of the West and South.
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The influence of the West and the South in the next House of Representatives will undoubtedly attract a great deal of attention and excite very general comment. The following table shows the effects of the last apportionment of Representatives by giving the number of Congressmen from the various sections in the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Congresses:

	Forty-seventh.	Forty-eighth.
Eastern States	95	95
Western States	92	109
Southern States	106	121
Totals	292	325

So far as the sectional divisions are concerned, the thirty-two additional Representatives created by the new apportionment are divided between the West and the South, the former receiving seventeen and the latter fifteen.

The political divisions of the Representatives of the three sections in the Forty-seventh Congress were as follows:

	Democrats.	Republicans.
Eastern States	28	75
Western States	19	73
Southern States	83	23
Totals	130	168

This analysis gives the Democrats the two Greenbackers from Maine and the Republicans all the other Greenbackers and the Readjusters, and makes account of the Republicans seated in place of Democrats unseated during the Forty-seventh Congress.

The political divisions of the Representatives in the Forty-eighth Congress are as following:

	Democrats.	Republicans.
Eastern States	42	53
Western States	51	58
Southern States	102	101
Totals	194	181

This table gives to the Republicans all the Readjusters, Independents and Greenbackers.

By comparing the two tables it appears that the Democrats gain fourteen Representatives in the Eastern States, thirty-two in the Western States, and eighteen in the Southern States—a total of sixty-four. The Republicans lose fourteen in the Eastern States, fifteen in the Western States and three in the Southern States—a total of thirty-two.

The Republican loss represents just one-half of the Democratic gain, thus showing that practically the Democrats in the Forty-eighth Congress have the benefit of the entire increase in the representation resulting from the new apportionment. The number, thirty-two, is the increase of Representatives in the Forty-eighth Congress; it represents the Republican loss at the Congressional election, and it represents the Democratic gain by the apportionment.

With a full Democratic caucus, ninety-eight votes will be necessary to nominate a candidate for Speaker. The majority of these ninety-eight votes must come from the West and South, inasmuch as the total of the Democratic votes from the Eastern States is only forty-two. From what is known regarding the Eastern vote, it is safe to say that in order to obtain the nomination for Speaker Mr. Randall must receive between sixty and seventy votes from the West and South. That he cannot muster so many is the confident belief of his opponents.

THE MEASURE OF PATRIOTISM.

The Republican party has adopted a convenient test for the patriotism of the citizens of the Southern States.

If a white Southerner is a Democrat he is an unreconstructed rebel, still adhering to the lost cause and watching eagerly for the opportunity of paying the Confederate debt, pensioning Confederate soldiers and repealing the Fourteenth amendment.

If he is a Republican he is a patriot. Wade Hampton fought in the war. So did John T. Morgan and Matt. W. Ransom and M. C. Butler and a number of others now in political life as Democrats. They are unrepentant rebels, every man of them.

Mahone, Longstreet, Chalmers, Mosby, Riddlebiger, Wise and other Southern supporters of the national administration also fought in the war. But they are patriots. They have become converts to Republicanism and Federal appointments.

There is evidently only one road open for the re-establishment in the South of a patriotic regard for the Union as it is. That road leads into the Republican organization. Let all the ex-Confederates, from Jeff Davis down, declare in favor of retaining the Republicans in power and give that party the vote of the solid South, and they will at once become Union patriots. If they need help to carry the negroes over with them the Government will supply them with any amount of Federal bayonets and carpet-bag missionaries necessary to convince the colored voters in what direction their true interests lie.

Longstreet, Jeffers, Chalmers and the other ex-Confederates, who have attached themselves to the tail of Mahone's kite in Washington are in a comparatively small way of business. They simply want some Southern postoffices, custom-houses and Marshalships in return for the pledge of the Southern delegations to Arthur in the next Republican Presidential Convention. Still they are patriots, truly repentant of their Confederate sins, and are accepted with gracious condescension into the "loyal" ranks of the Republican party.

NEW YORK WORLD.

Just What It Means.
The cry the Republican party must go says concisely what thinking men feel.

It means more than at first appears. At the outset, observe. Not Republicans, but the Republican party, must go.

Not intolerance of men, but of methods; not hatred of principles, but of power abused; not prejudice against a party for what it has been, but contempt for what it is, is the meaning.

It is not vindictive; it is not narrow-minded. It expresses a truth.

Long continuance in power is fatal to any party. We do not attempt to trace the decay. We do not seek that the decay of a mere party shall by no

means corrupt the body politic. We find disease. We seek health.

There is no hope for the Republican party in itself. It must go. The salt has lost its savor. Is there a Summer, or a Greeley, or a Phillips, or a Lincoln, or a Garrison, or a Seward to-day giving the life of his great spirit to party councils? The "grand old party" has outlived its vigor. Old, but no longer grand, it must go. Dorsey and Brady, Belknap and Babcock, Howgates and Shephers, Kellogg and Mahones, Robeson and Chandlers are the men who, in spirit or in person, rule.

For what does it exist?

The great mass of its own nominal adherents have lost faith in it. Thousands whose lives have been spent in the service see that its usefulness is past.

Well for this party, if its story had closed since 1876. In the eight years past who will sum up the losses of the Republican party? Men of conscience, men of honesty have been compelled to leave it. Patience has ceased to be a virtue. Place-holders may call it presumption, vindictive, unmeaning prejudice. The war-horse style of orators may begin their charges as of old. But the times have changed and the people with them. Hypocrisy must go.

Whoever is deceived is deceived willingly.

The Republican party must go.—*Albany Argus.*

Political Notes.

The worst features of Mr. Randall's candidacy for the Speakership lies in the fact that the Republican press is supporting him with unexampled unanimity. That is a weight he cannot carry, and it should defeat him, even if there were no other reasons.

What the Democracy will do when they come into possession of the Federal Government we are willing shall be judged by what the Democracy have done for the people of New York by and through the administration of Grover Cleveland.—*Oswego Palladium.*

SENTENCE was passed on the Republican party in 1874, says the Albany (N. Y.) Argus. Execution has been stayed twice. Perhaps the next time they will let the prisoner escape, and then it will be so long that he will be trying to deny his identity and prove an alibi.

MR. AMES, the representative of Massachusetts culture, nominated for Lieutenant Governor by the Republicans, is the richest man in politics in the State, and it is expected that he will shovels \$25,000 into the canvass to "beat Butler" and save the honor of the Commonwealth. The Republican party is a party of high aims.

In a recent public address, John Bright, the well-known English statesman, although a total-abstinenace man himself, declared himself against the extreme grounds of prohibition. He favors the plan of curtailing the evils of intemperance by judicious legislation, but thinks prohibition will react upon the cause of temperance.

It is understood that Gen. Grant is very serious in advocating the claims of Mr. Conkling for the next Presidency. Well, Conkling stood by Grant until the last gun cracked at Chicago, but then Mr. Conkling will not get the nomination for the next Presidency. They say he is too honest to suit the various Republican gangs and cliques which control the nomination.

The Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette is of the opinion that if a Southern man were sought for the Democratic ticket, Senator Garland, of that State, would prove the strongest in the list, but it doubts if a man who in so short a period has won so high and durable a reputation as a statesman and occupies so exalted a sphere of usefulness would desire a transfer to the Vice Presidential obscurity.

MR. PIERCE, who was first selected by the Massachusetts Republicans to run against Butler as the best man in their party, was in Congress when Tilden was swindled out of his election. He opposed his party action, and said: "I am aware, Mr. Speaker, that in the action I now take I stand almost alone among my political associates here; but I should be recreant to my convictions if I neglected to place on the imperishable records of the House my dissent from the vote which it is proposed to establish."

THE organs are one and all insinuating that old Ben Butler represents the baser elements of Massachusetts politics and society. Old Wendell Phillips carries a level head on his shoulders. Let us have his opinion of the men opposing Butler. We have published it before. Here it is: "I distrust and despise the Republicans as hypocrites and time-servers, as double-dealers, as soulless carrión masquerading in the grave-clothes of their honored predecessors. They have no right to seek their candidate among high-minded and honorable men. Let them choose a fitting leader from among the Tewksbury marshes—those peddlers of poor men's bones!" Wendell, you hit that hard that time.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

Raising Horses.

The Germantown Telegraph very properly remarks that it does not appear to be as generally known to the farmers and planters of the United States as it should be, that there is always a permanent market and regular demand for good horses in all the great cities in this republic, as well as in the leading countries of the world. The great powers of the Old World maintain such enormous armies that the use of horses for cavalry and artillery, for transportation of baggage, ammunition and supplies, renders necessary large resources for the unfailing supply of these animals.

In this view of the case, it is rather surprising that it is only of late years that the shipping of horses from our leading ports to those of Europe has become a regular business although still far inferior to the enormous proportions assumed by the shipment of horned cattle.

The fact is, however, that by extraordinary stupidity, the business of raising horses has been in this country too much mistaken for a connection with horse-racing; when, in reality, the two things are entirely distinct.

THE BAD BOY.

"Well, I see you have got another black eye," said the grocery man to the boy, as he came in with a kerosene can and sat down by a peach basket while the grocer drew the kerosene. "How did you get it? Have a fight, or did your pa knock you down with a chair?"

"I got it trying to be an angel," said the boy, as he fumbled around the mosquito-bar over the basket of peaches, to see if there wasn't a place where a peach might fall out. "You know that blind woman that grinds the hand-organ down on the corner. Well, a person would think that poor, blind woman, who has to support herself and five children grinding out the awful music ever was, would be the last person in the world to have tricks played on her, but this morning I found a couple of dudges dropping lozenges in the cigar-box that is on the organ for pennies. The first time they dropped in one the old lady smiled and took it out and eat it, and I wasn't very mad, 'cause I thought the dudges would surprise her by dropping in a \$5 gold piece for a nickel, and make her feel good. But the next time they dropped in a cayenne-pepper lozenger, and they got behind a peanut stand to see how it worked. She bit it, and then she opened her mouth and blew cold wind on her parched tongue, and I almost laffed at first, she made such a face, but when I see the tears begin to pour out of her poor old blind eyes, and roll down her withered cheeks, and she took the corner of her apron and wiped the tears away, as she stopped right in the middle of "Annie Laurie" and the organ drew a long breath, and when I looked at those two dudges laffing at her, I got crazy. Somehow I felt as though the poor old woman was my ma, and before I knew it, I jumped right in amongst those dudges, and knocked one of them through the peanut stand on the hot chestnut roaster, and I kicked the other where it hurt, and he ran, and the other one said, "What you got to do about the old woman, don't you know?" and I said she was a friend of mine, 'cause she was blind, and then the Italian hit me in the eye with a hard peach, and a policeman came along and the dudges told him I was a terrier, and the policeman jerked my coat-collar off, but when I told him what it was all about, he gave me back my coat-collar and chased the dudges, and the old woman thanked me with her trembling lips, that were smarting from the lozenger, and I went home to get my collar sewed on, and pa was going to take it out of my hide. I guess if I hadn't told him about the blind woman, he would have been kicking me yet. Sometimes I think it don't pay to be too darned good. For instance, now in this row, all the friend I have got is this blind woman, and she will not know me when she sees me. The two dudges and the Italian will lay for me, and the policeman, will, very likely, be told by the dudges that it was me who fired the lozenger in there, and I have got to wear this black eye for two weeks, just for having a heart in me. Do you think it pays to be good, or didn't you ever try it?"

"You bet it pays," said the grocery man, as he stuck the nozzle of the kerosene can into a potato, and ripped off the mosquito-bar and told the boy to help himself to peaches. "You have got a friend in me, and you can call on me for a certificate of character at any time. A boy that protects the poor and unfortunate is a thoroughbred, if he does get a black eye occasionally. But I don't see how it is that the minister is down on you so. He was in here this morning to get trusted for a number three mackerel, and he said he would walk around a block any time rather than meet you, because you asked so many questions that he could not answer. What have you been asking him lately?"

"Oh, I only wanted to get a little light on yachting. He is paid a salary to enlighten his congregation, and he always wants us to ask questions, but lately he has turned me away with a soft answer. I asked him if he didn't think Mount Ararat would have been a good place to hunt, just after Capt. Noah had turned all the game loose, and the water was high so you could sneak right up to the elephants, and tigers, and chipmunks, and fox-squirrels, and the minister, who had been telling pa what a boss time he had last winter hunting deer up in Michigan, got offended and told pa he had better dismiss me with a boot. I don't know if it would be any more harm to him than to the minister is down on you so. He was in here this morning to get trusted for a number three mackerel, and he said he would walk around a block any time rather than meet you, because you asked so many questions that he could not answer. What have you been asking him lately?"

"Hold on now, boy, don't be bearing false witness against thy neighbor," said the grocery man, horrified at the remarks of the boy. "There is no record that Noah had anything to drink on the ark. Give Noah his due, whatever you do."

"Well, maybe you are right, but as I understand it he had a terrible appetite for intoxicating fluid on shore, and one would suppose if he didn't have a bar on the yacht he would have strapped a couple of jugs on the mules when they went aboard, and he must have known it was going to be a long and tedious cruise, and very lonesome, and if he had anything stimulating on board he took a nip occasionally. And you couldn't blame him. Everybody's appetite is better when sailing, and Noah had to run the boat night and day, and it wouldn't be strange if he spliced the main brace. By Jingo, I should think that Noah would have got sick of a menagerie, and been mighty glad when he struck the top of the mountain and turned them loose, and when the water went down, and the animals went sliding down hill, falling over each other to find a good place to nibble grass, it must have been a picnic to Noah. But what do you suppose the lions found to eat? They live on meat, and as there were only two animals of a kind, they had to wait until some more small

animals could be raised before they could eat, 'cause if they eat any animal, that settled it, and there wouldn't never be any of those animals on earth. Say, don't you think those lions had pretty good control over their appetites not to make mince meat of the other animals? How do you account for the fact that all those animals lived without anything to eat?"

"Oh, I don't know. You make me tired. I don't wonder the minister can't get along with you. May Noah took along fresh meat enough to last the lions a year, and baled hay for the elephants and giraffes and cattle. Fix it any way you want to. Darned if I know anything about it," said the grocery man as he took a piece of sandpaper and began rubbing the rust off the cheese knife.

"That's the way with all of you," said the boy, as he took the kerosene can and started for the door. "I think that flood was only a spring freshet, and that the world couldn't have been drowned. How did they know that America was overflowed when America was not discovered till 1492, 4,000 years afterward? I am going home and ask the hired girl about it. She is a Catholic, but she knows more about history than all of you, and she don't get mad when I ask her questions. By gosh! I would have liked to take a breech-loading shotgun and paddled along in a skiff up to Mount Ararat, just after Noah had run out the gang-plank and let the animals off. I could have got elephants and behemoths and rhinoceroses enough for a mess. I bet you," and the boy went out with his kerosene and a mind well stored with knowledge, as well as a pistol-pocket well stored with peaches.—*Peek's Sun.*

THE UPPER BERTH.

One of the most difficult things in the world, next to swimming the whirlpool of Niagara, is to get into the upper berth of a sleeping-car. It is a moving and effecting spectacle to see the fat and habitually-dignified head of a family laboriously acquire possession of an upper berth. The trouble usually begins by the old gentleman extorting with the conductor for putting him so high up, and he begs that gilt-edged official to try and make a trade with some small-sized man who can easily climb up the side of the car and crawl inside with little or no difficulty. The commanding officer of the quarter-deck says he will see what he can do about it, and wanders off into the blue regions of the smoking-car and shaked dice with the train-boy for a cigar. Meanwhile the fat man waits and perspires and curses all the officials of the road, from the President down to the section bosses.

When the conductor saunters leisurely back he tells the fat man that nothing can be done; no one, he says, will exchange a lower berth for an upper—not, no, even if the fat man will give something to boot. Then the dignified fat man glares at the other passengers, and waits until they have all retired before he tries to get into the upper berth.

There are several different ways of forcing an entrance into an upper berth. You can hire the porter for two bits to give you a leg up, but this method is liable to attract attention and excite ungenerous and sarcastic remarks. The dignified fat man has a regular circus. First swinging himself up by the curtain-bar he tries to go in first, but he can't let go the rail without tumbling back again into the aisle. The porter helps him out of this fix and the fat man tries a new deal. This time he steps on the ear of a sleeping beauty in the lower berth, and the sleeping beauty knocks the pins out under him and the fat man retires to the wash-room to bathe his nose and abuse monopolies.

Then he gets the porter to bring a camp-stool, he gets on it, catches hold of the brass rod above, and is about to spring for the berth, when the camp-stool doubles up, and, in his efforts to save himself from coming down with a "dead load" on the floor, he wildly grasps the bell-cord, and that stops the train, and the conductor comes in and uses language to him, and the passengers all wake up and use more language, and the dignified fat passenger even wishes he were dead or that he had more