

LITTLE JIMMIE.

In his little chamber cosy,
With his cheeks so round and rosy,
Thinking not of care or weeping,
Little Jimmie's soundly sleeping,
Listening only to the singing
Of the birds his dreams are bringing.

He's a cunning little fellow,
With his hair of glistening yellow,
And a mouth as sweet and rosy
As the rose, his favorite posy;
But no garden flower, the tallest,
Dares compare with him, our smallest.

When comes floating, merry laughter,
You may know he follows after.
If you hear a clear voice ringing,
You may know that he is singing;
But be sure if you hear a sighing
That he's not the child "a-crying."

He's a sunbeam all the daytime,
He's the life of every playtime.
When the stars their watch are keeping,
He's a cherub sweetly sleeping.
He makes all things bright about him—
Oh, we couldn't do without him!

—Rural New Yorker.

ROOM AT THE TOP.

To the young men annually making their entrance upon active life, with great ambitions, conscious capacities and high hopes, the prospect is, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, most perplexing. They see every avenue to prosperity thronged with their superiors in experience, in social advantages, and in possession of all the elements and conditions of success. Every post is occupied, every office filled, every path crowded. Where shall they find room? It is related of Webster that when a young lawyer suggested to him that the profession to which he had devoted himself was overcrowded, the great man replied: "Young man, there is always room enough at the top." Never was a wiser or more suggestive word said. There undoubtedly is always room enough where excellence lives. Webster was not troubled for lack of room. Clay and Calhoun were never crowded. Evarts, Cushing, and O'Connor have plenty of space around them. Beecher, Dr. Storrs, Dr. Hall, Phillips Brooks would never know, in their personal experience, that it was hard to obtain a desirable ministerial charge. The profession is not crowded where they are. Dr. Brown-Séquard, Dr. Willard Parker, Dr. Hammond, are not bothered for space for their elbows. When Nelaton died in Paris, he died like Moses on a mountain. When Von Graefe died in Berlin he had no neighbors at his altitude.

It is well, first, that all young men remember that nothing will do them so much injury as quick and easy success, and that nothing will do them so much good as a struggle which teaches them exactly what there is in them, educates them gradually to its use, instructs them in personal economy, drills them into a patient and persistent habit of work, and keeps them at the foot of the ladder until they become strong enough to hold every step they are enabled to gain. The first years of every man's business or professional life are years of education. They are intended to be, in the order of nature and Providence. Doors do not open to a man until he is prepared to enter them. The man without a wedding garment may get in surreptitiously, but he immediately goes out with a flea in his ear. We think it is the experience of most successful men who have watched the course of their lives in retrospect, that whenever they have arrived at a point where they were thoroughly prepared to go up higher the door to a higher place has swung back of itself, and they have heard the call to enter. The old die or voluntarily retire to rest. The best men who stand ready to take their places will succeed to their position and its honors and emoluments.

The young men will say that only a few can reach the top. That is true, but it is also true that the further from the bottom one goes, the more scattering the neighborhood. One can fancy, for illustration, that every profession and every calling is pyramidal in its living constituency, and that while only one man is at the top, there are several tiers below him who have plenty of elbow room, and that it is only at the base that men are so thick that they pick the meat out of one another's teeth to keep them from starving. If a man has no power to get out of the rabble at the bot-

tom, then he is self-convicted of having chosen a profession or calling to whose duties he has no adaptation.

The grand mistake that young men make during the first ten years of their business or professional life, is in idly waiting for their chance. They seem to forget, or they do not know, that during those ten years they enjoy the only leisure they will ever have. After ten years, in the natural course of things, they will be absorbingly busy. There will then be no time for reading, culture and study. If they do not become thoroughly grounded in the principles and practical details of their profession during those years; if they do not store their minds with useful knowledge; if they do not pursue habits of reading and observation, and social intercourse, which result in culture, the question whether they will ever rise to occupy a place where there is room enough for them will be decided in the negative. The young physicians and young lawyers who sit idly in their offices, and smoke and lounge away the time "waiting for something to turn up," are by that course fastening themselves for life to the lower stratum, where their struggle for a bare livelihood is to be perpetual. The first ten years are golden years, that should be filled with systematic reading and observation. Everything that tends to professional and personal excellence should be an object of daily pursuit. To such men the doors of success open of themselves at last. Work seeks the best hands, as naturally as water runs down hill; and it never seeks the hands of a trifter, or of one whose only recommendation for work is that he needs it. Young men do not know very much any way, and the time always comes to those who become worthy, when they look back with wonder upon their early good opinion of their acquirements and themselves.

There is another point that ought not to be overlooked in the treatment of this subject. Young men look about them and see a great measure of worldly success awarded to men without principle. They see the trickster crowned with public honors, they see the swindler rolling in wealth, they see the sharp man, the overreaching man, the unprincipled man, the liar, the demagogue, the time-server, the trimmer, the scoundrel who cunningly manages, though constantly disobeying moral law and trampling upon social courtesy, to keep himself out of the clutches of the legal police, carrying off the prizes of wealth and place. All this is a demoralizing puzzle and a fearful temptation; and multitudes of young men are not strong enough to stand it. They ought to understand that in this wicked world there is a great deal of room where there is integrity. Great trusts may be sought by scoundrels, but great trusts never seek them; and perfect integrity is at a premium even among scoundrels. There are some trusts that they will never confer on each other. There are occasions when they need the services of true men, and they do not find them in shoals and in the mud, but alone and in pure water.

In the realm of eminent acquirements and eminent integrity there is always room enough. Let no young man of industry and perfect honesty despair because his profession or calling is crowded. Let him always remember that there is room enough at the top, and that the question whether he is ever to reach the top, or rise above the crowd at the base of the pyramid, will be decided by the way in which he improves the first ten years of his active life in securing to himself a thorough knowledge of his profession, and a sound moral and intellectual culture.—Dr. J. G. Holland.

The Louisiana Affair.

Nothing that has happened in this country since the rebels fired upon Fort Sumter is better calculated to create consternation than the rash act of General De Trobriand in New Orleans on Monday. The New York papers that have the courage to speak out on the subject all denounce it as a great outrage, and not even the *Times*, which has for years been a close supporter of the administration, dares to approve it. The only authority conferred on the President for interference in matters of this sort is derived from the fourth section of the fourth article of the con-

stitution. It reads: "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion; and on the application of the legislature, or of the executive (when the legislature cannot be convened), against domestic violence." In this case the State of Louisiana has not been treated according to the requirements of this section. There can be no question that the form of government of Louisiana is republican, was such a minute before General De Trobriand broke up the legislature by an armed force. There can hardly be any question that it was not republican in form after this act. There could be no authority for the interference. It was the prerogative of the Legislature to call for interference when in session, and it was in session by a quorum of its members when it was broken into and driven out of doors—in all respects as Cromwell used the Parliament of England, and Napoleon the Council of Five Hundred. The body was orderly and progressing with its business. The organization may not have been and we shall assume was not perfectly regular, but many a State Legislature has been organized with greater irregularity and without suggesting a thought of military interference. If every such occasion were to introduce bayonets into the House or Senate, we should be a republic like that of Rome under Sulla, Marius or Caesar—a republic in name only; in fact a military despotism, everywhere inspiring hate and challenging popular resistance. The madness of the act is intensified by the fact that Congress is now in session and is conducting an investigation of the Louisiana government.

We are not disposed to put the responsibility of this act upon the General who executed it with bad grace, nor upon the Secretary of War, nor upon the President. We incline to the opinion that it will be traced to the man who heads the Department of Justice, only to the shame and disgrace of justice. He has been giving orders to the military of late with a liberal hand and indecent interference with the duties of the Secretary of War. He has of late given out the opinion that the Kellogg government should be maintained at all hazards. It was he who inspired the fraudulent interference of Judge Durell, which has been the source of all the political evils that have since ensued to Louisiana; and we think the ultimate responsibility for the order to General De Trobriand will be traced to the hand and brain of Attorney General Williams, head of the Department of Justice, and the supporter of some of the most infamous public plunderers who go unhung.

If this act is to receive recognition as public law, and a precedent for the future regulation of the relations between the Federal Government and the State governments, then we may anticipate with much confidence the nearness of the years when the sovereign States will be treated as utterly dependent provinces—dependent, too, not upon the will of Congress, but the whim of the man who may happen to be President, and at the time under the influence of some Sejanus at the head of a department. The country can only afford to submit to such a rule of law and such a precedent after it shall have concluded that liberty and the republic ought to make room for imperial despotism. We know this is grave language, but the subject is grave enough to justify it. The sufferings of the State of Louisiana never can weigh in the scales with the calamities such an action as this, if not resented by all the force of law and the Constitution, is certain to entail upon the whole people of the U. S. And if Congress fails to investigate and to severely punish the author of the order to De Trobriand, it will not escape the severest execrations of history. No matter how high the head is located—the higher the worse for the country—it should be made to fall politically. And this is as sure to be the popular verdict as the people of this country surely have the strongest attachment to the principle that the civil is superior to the military power—the law and the Constitution to the men charged with their administration. The conduct of Charles in seizing the persons of Eliot, Hampden, Pym and Sydney; the conduct of Cromwell in breaking up a Parliament; the conduct of Napoleon in dissolving the Council of Five Hundred by

military force, was less reprehensible than this latest act of military interference. For all these preceding usurpers there was at least the plausible excuse that what they did was not positively inhibited by law; that the law was involved in doubt; that the country had no established confidence in the system of government overthrown. But not one of these excuses can be summoned in palliation of the New Orleans outrage. The military interference in this case is without a shadow of justice, right, or popular approval on its side.—*Sacramento Union*, Jan. 6.

The New Orleans Matter Does Not Bear Scrutiny.

The interference of the military at the organization of the Legislature at New Orleans was a sad error, and General Sheridan's dispatch was an unfortunate impulse. * * So there is a heap of fuss made given to a dispatch to which a forced construction is given. But aside from all that, the dispatch was hasty, and inconsiderate, and not in the least called for. In a grave matter requiring the soldier's courage and the civilian's tact, as does such a complication as the present Southern question presents, it would have been wiser to have sent there a man no less a soldier but one more in sympathy with civilian ideas. * * The military interference was a mistake, inasmuch as the party which the military sustained as against a supposed usurping party, had not clearly law and right on its side. There is ground for belief that the Radical party had not a sufficient number answering to roll call to legally organize the Legislature and that a false count was announced, and thus the Legislature was organized. The military should have been used only to prevent a fight, or to stop a fight after one had commenced. It should have been used to prevent a breach of the peace, or to restore peace if a riot had assumed head. It should not have been called in to assist either party in illegally organizing the Legislative body. * * It is a confused muddle and the country may look to the report of the Congressional Investigating Committee for a knowledge of the truth. We hope the Committee will be able to reach the facts, though we doubt even that.—*Cleveland Herald*.

THE NEW PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

MILE STONES IN HIS JOURNEY FROM 1620 TO THE PRESENT YEAR.

1620—Lands on Plymouth Rock, and sets up for himself.
1621—Keeps Thanksgiving—in no danger of over-eating.
1622—Builds a meeting house.
1623—Proclaims a Fast Day.
1628—Cuts down a May pole at Merry Mount, as a rebuke to vain recreations.
1635—Is crowded for accommodations, and stakes out a new farm in Connecticut.
1637—Makes war on the Antinomians, and the Piquet Indians, and whips both.
1638—Starts a college, and
1640—Sets up a printing press.
1643—Goes into a Confederacy—the First Colonial Congress.
1648—Lays down the Cambridge platform—hangs a witch.
1649—Sets his face against the unchristian custom of wearing long hair, "a thing uncivil and uncomely."
1651—Is rebuked for "intolerable excess and bravery of apparel," and is forbidden to wear gold and silver lace, or any such gew-gaws.
1652—Coins Pine Tree shillings, and makes the business profitable.
1663—Prints a bible for the Indians.
1680—Buys a "hang-up" clock and occasionally carries a silver watch that helps him to guess the time of day. About this period learns to use forks at table, a new fashion.
1692—Is scared by Witches again at Salem, but gets the better of them.
1702—Founds another College, which, at last, settles down at New Haven.
1704—Prints his first Newspaper in Boston.
1705—Takes Coffee as a luxury at his own table.
1708—Constructs another Platform—this time at Saybrook.

1710—Begins to sip Tea—very sparingly. It does not come into family use until five and twenty years later.
1711—Puts a letter in his first Post-office.
1720—Eats a Potato and takes one home to plant in his garden as a curiosity.
1721—Is Inoculated for the Small-pox—not without grave remonstrances from his conservative neighbors.
Begins to Sing by Note on Sundays, thereby encountering much opposition and opening a ten years' quarrel.
1740—Manufactures tinned ware, and starts the first Tin Peddler on his travels.
1742—Sees Faneuil Hall built. The cradle of liberty is ready to be rocked.
1745—Builds an organ, but does not permit it to be played in the meeting-house.
1750—Buys a bushel of Potatoes for winter's use—all his friends wondering what he will do with so many.
1755—Puts up a Franklin Stove in the best room, and tries one of the newly invented Lightning Rods.
1760—About this time begins to wear a collar to his shirt. When he can afford it, takes his wife to meeting in a Chaise, instead of on a pillion, as heretofore.
1765—Shows his dislike to stamped Paper, and joins the "Sons of Liberty."
1768—Tries his hand at Type Founding—not yet successfully—in Connecticut.
1770—Buys a home-made Wooden Clock.
1773—Waters his Tea in Boston Harbor.
Plants Liberty Trees wherever he finds good soil.
1774—Lights Boston streets with oil Lamps—a novelty (though "New Lights" have been plenty for some years.)
1776—Brother Jonathan—as he begins to be called in the family—declares himself Free and Independent.
1780—Buys an "Umbrillo," for Sundays; and whenever he shows it is laughed at for his effeminacy.
1791—Starts a Cotton Spinning factory.
1792—Has been raising Silk Worms in Connecticut; and now gives his minister (not his wife) a home-made silk gown. Buys a Carpet for the middle of the parlor floor.
1793—Invents the Cotton Gin and thereby trebles the value of Southern plantations.
1795-1800—Wears Pantaloon occasionally, but not when in full dress. Begins to use Plates on the breakfast and tea-table.
1802—Has the boys and girls vaccinated.
1806—Tries to burn a piece of Hard Coal from Philadelphia. A Failure.
1807—Sees a boat go by Steam on the Hudson.
1815—Holds a little Convention at Hartford, but doesn't propose to dissolve the Union. Buys one of Terry's patent "Shelf Clocks," for \$33 00, and regulates his watch by it.
1817—Sets up a stove in the Meeting House, and builds a fire in it for Sunday, an innovation which is stoutly resisted by many.
1818—Begins to run a Steamboat on Long Island Sound, and after making his will—takes passage on it to New York.
1819—Grown bolder, he crosses the Atlantic in a steamship.
1822—Lights Gas in Boston. At last, learns how to make Hard Coal burn, and sets a grate in his parlor. Buys a Steel Pen (one of Gillott's, sold at \$33 per gross). Has his every-day shirts made without Ruffles.
1825—About this time puts a Percussion Lock on his old musket.
1826—Buys his wife a pair of queer-shaped India Rubber overshoes. Puts on his first False Collar.
1828—Tastes his first Tomato—doubtfully. Is told that it is unfashionable to feed himself with his knife, and buys silver forks for great occasions.
1832—Builds a Railroad, and rides on it.
1833—Rubs the first Friction Matches, then called "Lucifer" and afterwards "Loco-Foco." Throws away the old Tinder Box with its flint and steel.
1835—Invents the Revolver, and sets about supplying the world with it, as a peace-maker. Tries a Gold Pen, but cannot find a good one yet, not till 1844.