

closely the realm of intelligent beings that it partakes somewhat of the conditions approached and that it is really animate to some extent; many an old engineer refuses to have his mind disabused on that subject, claiming that his "machine" has its moods, humors and fancies just like "other people" and halfway treats it accordingly. Without discussing this absurdity, we will reverse the proposition and say that man is a perfected engine, operated and regulated on much the same principle as the other—the wheels, arms, rods, flues, elbows and pinions having their counterpart in our mechanism; the stroke of the piston rod is merely the striking out with an arm, every revolution of the driving wheel is a step forward or backward, the fire-box is the engine's stomach in which its food is macerated and the product conveyed to the entire system, the powerful respirations indicate laborious effort, and the steam—the motive power, without which nothing—is the engine's spiritual part; sometimes this is high, sometimes low, sometimes intensely active, again at rest, but while never seen even through the glass gauges, its work is visible in every part, and when it is gone the locomotive is dead. Is not this a parallel worth thinking over?

When an engine pulls out of a yard with a line of cars containing human and other freight, it almost seems to realize its responsibility and power; the escaping steam and the clanging bell blend in a diapason which calls out as nearly as mechanism will permit—"I am off, don't be afraid." Its speed increases as it feels more and more the power of the steam in its iron joints, great volumes of escaping vapor and smoke stream to the rear and darken the sky; it is flying at last and will soon reach its destination if not beset by an accident. Here occurs another significant parallel: The faster it goes the greater the percentage of wear and loss by friction and jostle and the sooner the race will be made. It is an agent of modern travel and commerce and must obey the mandate imparted to its dumb consciousness to make haste hastily; this means not only the present trip but those to come, in which the pace must be still further heightened. It used to take two hours and more to go to Ogden, and for a while this was satisfactory, being placed in immediate contact with journeying in vehicles over indifferent roads and taking the greater part of the day for it, camping out on the way; then, after adopting improved safeguards, the railroad managers yielded to the public pressure and dropped off twenty minutes; another year or so and twenty minutes more were clipped off the schedule, and now all or nearly all of the extra hour has disappeared, and the engine makes his course in one-half the time he did at first. If he could think, he would now be wondering when he was next to be called on to accelerate his pace and how much longer he will be able to endure it—would sometimes harbor a dread of the threatened collapse of himself and the danger to all in his wake when, with limbs battered, body racked, system strained and power curtailed, the last injection of power into the enfeebled mechanism has

proved more than it could contain and live.

We are living very fast in this age, faster than we have any immediate comprehension of. The circumnavigation of the globe is no longer the event of a lifetime for which preparation is made months ahead of the time of starting; it is a pleasure trip which is sometimes determined upon one day and the journey begun the next. We are in instantaneous communication with three-fourths of the earth, including what was once considered a land beyond it—the flowery kingdom, the celestial empire of China. Crossing the Atlantic is no longer a voyage; it is a little visit involving days now as against months in the last generation, and but very few days at that, which are rapidly being diminished. The speed of horses has been increased ninety per cent beyond what our grandfathers believed possible, and altogether things are flying to the fore at a dizzy rate.

Let us pause and consider. The greater the speed the greater the proportion of danger, and, as already shown, the sooner our journey is ended. If we would make it pleasurable and enjoy what we see as we go along, it would be better to proceed more leisurely, to take things moderately and to not permit our minds or bodies to be on a constant, wearing strain. An engine constructed for ten thousand miles of travel with a train of so much heft to draw, at a rate of twenty miles an hour, will fall short of that amount of journeying if the speed be increased, and the ratio of falling off will be greater than that of the additional speed; so with us. We come into the earth designed and equipped for a pilgrimage of seventy, eighty or ninety years; whether all reach the allotted time or not depends largely upon ourselves. If we are afflicted with the demon of unrest and want to be in constant motion, we are thus taking off days and finally years from the other end; if we permit a disposition to embark in hazardous enterprises to control us, we are always confronted by the danger of immediate collapse; and if, through vicious habits, excessive indulgence in proper things or indulgence at all in forbidden things, we seek to add to the mere fleeting pleasures of the times, we simply defeat ourselves doubly—by curtailing the capacity for real enjoyment and hastening the day when enjoyment will not find us.

It is as well to think of these things now and then, and to act upon them at all times. Don't abuse the machinery; don't strain the motive power; don't give drafts upon your later life for the hollow and enervating pastimes of today. Be moderate in mental and physical exertion, expending only so much as is needed to accomplish your allotted tasks in life, and refrain from worrying and fretting because it is today and you would like to have it tomorrow. In plain and homely but nevertheless useful phrase, go slow!

THE ATLANTA *Constitution*, good Democrat though it is, thinks President Cleveland will do well not to call a special session, for the reason that the victorious party may not yet have abandoned its old habit of "doing something foolish."

## GENIUS IN THE COLORED RACE.

The war in Dahomey is likely to result in the overthrow of the dusky monarch and the scattering of his dangerous but valiant Amazonian body guard. Behanzin is a graduate of a French institute; he speaks that language as well as an Ethiopian can, and reads it with the greatest ease. His case is but another illustrative of the aptitude of the negro for mental cultivation and receiving impressions from external sources, there being now a great many such. Complimentary mention is now made of General Dodde, who is leading the forces against Behanzin. Our dispatches recently contained the information that he had been promoted to his present rank from a colonelcy for meritorious service and dashing exploits. He is, says the *Springfield Republican*, what we would call in the United States of America, a negro—that is, he is of mixed blood. One account asserts that he is a quadroon, another that he is a mulatto, but it is agreed that he is African on the maternal side. He is a graduate of the great French military school of St. Cyr, and saw service in the Franco-Prussian war. His distinction and promotion will not seem in any way peculiar to French military men, nor will they startle French public opinion. The French do not understand the intensity of Anglo-Saxon color prejudice. A man of talent is to Frenchmen a man of talent, never mind what is the color of his skin. "If he can serve the state let him serve it, and reap the rewards of his service" is the French view. Frenchmen do not mind in the least that the elder Dumas was as much of a negro as Frederick Douglass, and that his father, who was a distinguished officer, was more African than European, being the son of a Frenchman and a colored woman.

Formerly the display of either genius, education or enterprise by a negro was looked upon as something approaching the wonderful, and the possession of such rare gifts made the possessor famous throughout the land if not the world. A most conspicuous instance was Toussaint L'Ouverture, the Haytian patriot, and finally dictator, whose fame during the last generation dwarfed that of all contemporaries for a time; he was treacherously seized by Napoleon and conveyed to an Alpine fortress, where the rigors of the climate speedily ended his career. The Frenchman doubtless considered that one dictator at a time was quite enough.

## NOT EXACTLY APPROPRIATE.

The New York *World* of the 13th has a picture representing Vice-President elect Stevenson grinding his headsmen's axe, the idea being thus conveyed that official heads will soon begin to fall. His record as a decapitator while assistant Postmaster General has rarely if ever been excelled; the minor postmasters throughout the country went in squads and droves at times; but we fail to see wherein that has anything to do with the case as it will be after the fourth of next March. It is generally understood that a Vice-President, consider-