

suit her better. But the party of the people, the party of poverty, the party of pluck, the party of patriotism, the party of philanthropy, the party of pensions, the party in which the peasant is the peer of the prince—delights in snubbing the pharisaic minority. When Mr. C. states pensively that New York wants time to make up her mind and count up her votes, a delegate calls out, 'Let her go home,' and nobody offers her any serious objection. She counts it up in due time; and, although with the solitary exception of a merely capricious vote for Fairchild, every other State and every Territory in the United States has cast its solid ballot for Black Jack, who will put into the campaign a terrific roar, New York has the impertinence to drop her courtesy in mock deference, draw her ample skirts aside and go out of the convention, leaving her compliments, to a slight extent, for Gresham and Lincoln. Then the nomination of Logan goes through with a whoop, and the work is done.

"Lord! What fools these mortals be.' Yet Puck was never at a political convention. Is there something in the atmosphere of such a place that robs reason of her faculty and transforms humans into some other species?

"Look at that man who has taken off his coat on the announcement of the ballot nominating Blaine. He is standing in the very blaze of the hot afternoon sun streaming through the windows. He has tied a red silk handkerchief around the top of his umbrella and secured his hand to the handle; and there he is, waving the ridiculous and meaningless combination with all the muscular power he possesses. He never exercised half as much energy in any useful cause. That woman has fastened her blue veil on the top of her husband's walking-stick, and, having mounted her chair, is bobbing it up in air and bringing it down spirally, and doing this for five or ten minutes without consciousness of its absurdity, although it may not be clear to her that she is thus promoting the election of James G. Blaine, for she evidently forgets that all women are in the condition of the Territories who were so enthusiastic for Blaine four years ago, and had their young zeal snubbed by the sarcastic Roscoe [Conkling], who reminded them that 'They have no votes.' The woman near by, who is old enough to know better, is singing the 'Sweet by and by,' and alternating it with 'Jerusalem's my happy home.' The boy is pounding the floor with a piece of scantling he has broken off a partition. The other boy has a bird whistle, and is running opposition to the steam tugs that seem to have heard Blaine is nominated, and seem to know that Logan is going to be, and, recognizing kindred accomplishments, have already begun the celebration.

"Those men are tearing down the state shields, and are going to fasten them on their swelling bosom and march up and down the aisles; there they go. These men are engaged on a wager to see how high they can throw their hats. That young lady is crying real tears because Blaine is nominated, and for her sweet life she does not know what interest she has in the nomination, anyhow. In fact, it seems to be the non-voters that constitute the muscle and sinew of the campaign racketry—a word made indispensable by political