

A VISION OF '89.

The calm that succeeds the storm; the soft winds from the Balmly Isles, bringing mingled bitter-sweet, have come, and as we

"Stretch our careless limbs amid the cool of Winter shades,"

we note the deadly struggle of the "ins" in the looting of the fallen citadel of Liberty; and as one goes down beneath the trampling feet of another, we wait and watch, to witness if we may, "the survival of the fittest."

The ravenous wolves that roam the vast prairies of the west possess a racial instinct. Inclined to solitude and isolation on a gorged stomach,—they become gregarious; run, hunt and fight together on an empty one;—but woe to the unlucky dog that gets a blood-scratch! The herd turn and devour him with as little remorse as these hungry office-seekers tread down and destroy their allies and friends of two brief months ago. Already the field is strewn with the bleaching bones of many a gallant Knight who, scathless, survived the ordeal of Nov. 6th, to fall from a scratch-wound in the struggle for spoil; and the caves and caverns that line the highway to political preferment are tenanted by others who have taken cover while a scab forms over the abraded cuticle, the fruit of the first left-hander.

Enseanced *perius* beneath the "Winter shade" aforesaid, we note the on-coming herd, the big wolves at the fore—Ransom, Fowle, Stedman, Jarvis, Alexander, Andrews, *et id omne genus*. Whitaker, the great *Machiaveli* of the late campaign, whose deft hand pulled Fowle out of the Slough of Despond in which he lay ten days before the election, tenants the first hole. He led the herd in the late race, through thicket, thorn and theft, and got a scratch that side-tracked him, luckily to leeward, before the tell-tale blood was scented. Ransom leads the van, with Andrews, the great Herring-bone-line-builder, stock-jobber and Trainer a neck behind, handicapped with a bundle of bait in his capacious jaws. He puffs and blows like a winded porpoise; his knees wobble dreadfully, and the R. R. tags on his mouth-piece flutter in the breeze, promiscuous. Stedman is warping up on his right flank, Jarvis on his left, Alexander sandwiched between,—while Fowle bowls along like a huge wind-bag, here, there and everywhere in the wake of Andrews' seductive lure. The question is, What is it? What will he do with it? Will he swallow it, turn it loose, or fall?

Ah! me! There it goes; one, two, three, four;—"Railroad Commission," "Salary," "Patronage," "Boodle," float out in graceful, parabolic curves upon the ambient air, while lightened of his load, the athlete and his trainer, with one herculean spurt, spring into the United States Senate and are at rest!

Some villainous gutter-snipe exploded a cannon-cracker in our ear on Washington's birth-day, and we awoke. Gov. Fowle was toasting his shins by a gum fire in the gilded halls of "Jarvis' Folly;" the North Carolina Legislature stuffed in his breeches pockets, was the embodiment of meekness, silence and subjection. Stedman was president of a great railroad commission, with Jarvis and Alexander in the capacity of Honorable Theorists on fat salaries. Andrews was Lord-High-Chief-Advisor-and-Director-General with the rank of R. & D. R. R. When he took snuff the Commission sneezed; when he shouted it cried "Amen;" when he presented the split stiek, it rolled over on its belly and handed up its tail with moon-eyed resignation. It was an educated Democratic menagerie with a clown, but the ring-master wasn't there. He had resumed his lego-clerical robes, and was chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies; meditating upon the vanity of all human ambition and

HOWHEGOTLEFT.

Shaffer for Whitaker.

OFFICE OF A. W. SHAFFER,
United States Commissioner and Chief Supervisor of Elections,
EASTERN DISTRICT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Raleigh, N. C., Feby 4th 1889.

My Dear Judge.

Your kind letter of 1st inst. I found with inclo-
sures, for which please accept thanks. How will
you lend it on just a little kick for a skin coat?

I fear it will crumble if it ever comes to exposure.

I am sorry you will sign no more. I every want
a letter for White, (E. A.) who is now across to a
Comp, provided we can get something at the West
or abroad, in which case I would be expected
to show any influence I might possess in his favor
and vice versa. In such event I shall ask, and
trust to fortune, for you know I am nowise overladen
with "influence." There are seven Barstises in
the field, viz. White, Massey, Jenkins (wv) Hardin,
Young, (Q) Hawkins, (Phil) & Shaffer, (C. B.)

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White's claims you know. Young's rests upon the family influence, white, copper-colonel and yellow, and Congressman elect. Cheatham, Hawkins, well, mainly upon his nephews and his club, which is expansive and illimitable. The rest are nowhere.

I cannot think "Mcloo" will reach the Cabinet, as for Blaine, you doubtless know him better than I, but I would like to see our Foreign relations brought up tank - even if it caused some friction. A touch of foreign belligerency would not hurt us.

Logan Harris thinks he has the Post office. Tom Stevens is for Fish Atty. Hill for Marshal, and Post is happy as a clam, or a boy with his first Barlow. Quay writes without a request to state

effects - that he will present my name for Collection
with his recommendations. at the proper time.

What on earth are you going to do first until
Fall? Going fishing? Gunning? Out of season
for "So," is it not? Well, "Johnny, get your hair cut,
short like mine, (on top) and you'll be safe.

All well here. Good to all, and success to all your
enterprises.

Yours truly,

A. W. Shaffer.

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