

VIRTUE VICTORIOUS.
 BY JAMES RUSSELL HOWELL.

I watch the circle of the eternal years
 And read forever in the storied page
 One lengthened roll of blood, and wrong, and
 tears.
 One onward step of truth from age to age.
 The poor are crucified; the tyrants link their
 chains;
 The poet's sigh through narrow dungeon
 grate;
 Man's hope lies quenched—bet, bet with steadfast
 feet and
 Freedom doth forge her mail of adverse
 fates.
 Men slay the prophets; fagot, rack, and cross
 Make up the gloaming trood of the past;
 But evil's triumphs are her endless loss,
 And sovereign beauty wins the soul at last.

A GENESEE CHRISTMAS EVE.
 B. S. A. in Arthur's Home Magazine.

A starlight night, a breezy rustling
 of leaves, soft perfume and rippling
 laughter, drowsy flowers bending low
 their tinted blossoms, and a fair city,
 her bosom kissed with fragrant roses, or
 the blue Geneeese Gulf; a fair and
 haughty city, truly, reposing upon a
 lovely throne of fearless freedom over
 the ocean, where her fleets ruled the
 commerce of the world, a city which,
 in her proud republicanism, dictated
 terms to kings and potentates.

The streets resound with merry songs,
 and the gay Geneeese dames, in their
 brilliant dresses, lean from balcony
 comes draped in floral wreaths, and
 gaze with laughing interest and competi-
 tive glances into the crowd below, the
 whole scene illuminated by flaring
 torches, and colored lanterns borne
 aloft on long poles.

Not much like our Christmas Eve,
 reader, is it? And yet, 'tis even so; for
 it is the "Eve of the Nativity," when,
 in more northern climes, the bright,
 cold moon shines down on fields of sparkling
 snow, and furred folk pass rapidly
 by toward the ruddy firelight;
 the night of nights in this broad world
 of God, when angels sing for joy, and
 the Christmas carols ring out "Peace
 on earth, good-will to men," the
 night when cautious whisperers
 come from small, white figures,
 wending their stealthy way to the desolat-
 ed chimney-corner, to hang the
 time-honored invitation to Santa Claus
 in full expectation of his royal bounty.

A sharp contrast, indeed, but more on
 the face of Nature than in the hearts of
 her children; for humanity, the bright,
 one great brotherhood the world over,
 and the Christ-child came to save all—
 yea, even the least and the poorest. Come
 with me, dear reader, and we will see
 how these Geneeese, in the twelfth centu-
 ry, passed their Christmas Eve.

On the banks of a peaceful river in the
 neighboring Val di Basagone the peasantry
 have assembled to elect their new
 "Abbot," or Governor, for the coming
 year is a volatile southern crowd, over-
 flowing with mirth and jests, and press-
 ing eagerly around two large stones
 placed side by side.

One of these stones stands the retiring
 Abbot clad in toga and beretta, and
 on the other his successor. The latter,
 divesting himself of the insignia of
 office, presents the new Abbot with the
 standard of St. George, accompanying
 the gift with good advice which is received
 with much deference; and then, amid
 the shouts of the concourse, they proceed
 to pay their respects to the Duke of
 Genoa, and present to him their annual
 present.

A cart, drawn by oxen decorated with rib-
 bons proceeds the noisily through, and in
 it is placed the Duke's Christmas gift—
 a young tree covered with branches and
 handsomely ornamented with flowers.

This offering is guarded by the Magis-
 trate, a Notary, and a Senator; and the
 procession, as it winds its way toward
 Genoa, attracts a great crowd of pleas-
 ure-seekers.

On marches the great throng in
 triumph under the shadow of the mag-
 nificent places of the Fieschi and the
 Doria, the head of the latter family
 having earned for himself the sobriquet
 of the "Royal Hawk-catcher," from the
 frequency of his magnificent hospitality
 to the crowned heads of Europe.

Onward still the immense crowd
 moves, winding through the narrow
 streets, gorgeous in their lines of marble
 dwellings, until it arrives opposite the
 Ducal Palace, where the gift is deposi-
 ted in the courtyard, while the newly-
 installed Abbot seeks the Duke, greet-
 ing him with, "Well found, Messer
 Duke."

The venerable man, bending beneath
 his short-lived splendor, replies, "Wel-
 come, Messer Abbot;" and exchanging
 mutual good wishes, the Abbot, after
 placing a bouquet in the hand of the
 Duke and receiving in return a well-
 filled purse, returns to his companions,
 who, with good wishes and merry songs,
 separate—some to their homes, others
 to remain behind to witness the formal
 acceptance of the Christmas present.

At the hour of midnight tolls in solemn
 tones from the tall church-towers and
 dies slowly on the air in varied cadences
 of silvery bells, the door of the palace is
 slowly opened and quietly comes forth a
 grave procession—the Duke and the
 members of his Council, each with a
 lighted torch in his hand, which he ap-
 plies to the Christmas tree, and, as it
 blazes up as though glowing in the light
 and heat it gags, into it is cast a vase of
 good wine, some comfits, and some sugar
 after which they again retire as they
 came. Strange indeed it is to see these
 venerable men, in the long flowing robe
 of Medieval Italy, with heads covered
 by the quaint beretta, their figures dimly
 seen through the fantastic, waving
 shadows made by the advancing flame
 and cloudy smoke.

Thus it appears that over five
 centuries ago the forests contributed
 their share toward the honoring of the

Christ-child, bringing to our minds the
 prophetic words of the "sweet singer of
 Israel": "The voice of the Lord breaketh
 the cedars: yea, the Lord breaketh
 the cedars of Lebanon: He maketh them
 also to skip like a young calf; Lebanon
 and Sirion like a young unicorn. The
 voice of the Lord divideth the flames of
 fire. The voice of the Lord shaketh the
 wilderness; the Lord shaketh the wild-
 ness of Kadesh: The voice of the Lord
 maketh the hind to calve, and discovereth
 the forests; and in His temple doth
 every one speak of His glory. The Lord
 sitteth upon the flood; yea, He sitteth
 King for ever. The Lord will give
 strength unto His people; the Lord will
 bless His people with peace."

The Mormon Failure.
 New York Tribune.

The Mormon problem seems to be
 taking prominence again, not in conse-
 quence of any change in the situation of
 affairs in Utah, but only because recent
 has drawn attention to a condition
 which we can never contemplate with-
 out irritation. The periodical outbreaks
 of feeling against Mormonism have no
 led to any immediate practical results,
 but perhaps they are not altogether
 futile, for the discussion at least teaches
 us how far we have gone astray in our
 previous theories of the difficulty. Fif-
 teen years ago it was a favorite belief
 at the east that Mormonism would in
 strength to its isolation, and that it
 would vanish as soon as the territory
 was thrown open to railroads and min-
 ing companies. We now know that the
 assumed incompatibility of railroads
 with superstition is a delusion. The
 stout engineer is not necessarily an agent
 of morality and intelligence; and even
 money, although it is often accepted as
 a test of respectability, is not a guaran-
 tee of a decent life. Hence the influx
 of immigrants and the growth of material
 civilization which we hoped would
 weaken the Latter Day Saints have on
 the contrary made them stronger than
 ever. Immigrants are pouring into
 Utah, but they are Mormon immigrants.
 Wealth increases, but it is the church
 that grows fat. The railroad as a mis-
 sionary has been a bad failure.

We used to flatter ourselves also that
 the Mormon impetuosity could not stand
 the light of American education and
 Christianity. But the territory has
 been open a good while, and yet neither
 Bible nor school books seem to make
 much impression upon those bright-eyed
 people. We forget that the Saints are
 converts from Christianity, and that
 to win neophytes back to the creed they
 have left is always a task of extreme
 difficulty. We speak of nineteenth cen-
 tury enlightenment as if it precipitated
 itself by spores, diffused through the
 atmosphere. But the fact is that the
 Mormons are interesting with great
 rapidity, and that the gospel does not
 overtake them even with the help of
 the telegraph and the fast mail. The
 missionary spirit is by no means active
 on our side, but it is strong with them,
 and it seems to grow stronger as they
 grow prosperous. They have passed
 the boundaries of Utah, and are getting
 a dangerous hold upon the neighboring
 territories.

As for putting down polygamy by
 law, we have not been able to do that
 yet in New York, and most people de-
 spair by this time of our ever doing it
 in Utah. Certainly we cannot do it if
 we allow the sovereignty of the United
 States to be defied by an inner organiza-
 tion of the Saints, which assumes all
 the civil power by virtue of an ecclesi-
 astical authority unknown to our laws
 and openly hostile to the legitimate
 Government. Congress exercises its
 rule over the territories as far as pos-
 sible through popular forms. That is
 what the spirit of our institutions de-
 mands. But if it happens that, owing to
 the exceptional character of the popu-
 lation, or any other cause, the National
 authority cannot be exercised in the
 usual way, some other means of gov-
 ernment must be devised. We cannot
 permit the sovereignty to be destroyed
 by a pedantic adherence to the custom-
 ary form of exerting it. We must re-
 member that the authority of Congress
 can govern Utah without legislatures,
 or even, if the worst comes, without
 elections, as well as it can Alaska.

NANCY.
 From the Century "Eric a-Brae."

In brown holland apron she stood in the kitchen.
 Her sleeves were rolled up, and her cheeks
 all a-glow.
 Her hair was coiled neatly, when I indistinctly
 stood watching while Nancy was kneading
 the dough.
 Now, who could be so water, or brighter or
 sweeter,
 Or who had a song so delightfully low,
 Or who had so slender, so graceful, a tender,
 As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading the
 "dough"
 How soft y she pressed it, and squeezed it, car-
 ressed it
 And twisted and turned it, now quick and
 now slow.
 Ah, me, but that madness I've paid for in sad-
 ness!
 'Twas my heart she was kneading a swell as
 the dough.
 At last, when she turned for her pan to the
 stove,
 She saw me and blushed, and said shyly,
 "Please go."
 Or my heart I'll be spoiling, in spite of my
 toiling.
 If you stand here and watch while I knead
 the dough,
 I begged for permission to stay, she'd not
 listen.
 The sweet little tyrant said, "No, sir; no;
 no."
 Yet when I had vanished on belze thus ban-
 ished,
 My heart staid with Nancy while kneading
 the dough,
 I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see you in
 fancy,
 Your heart, love, has softened and pitted my
 soul.
 And we, dear, are rich in a dainty wee kitchen
 Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands kneading
 the dough.

READ OUR REMARKS.

WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL, having made a little extra effort to supply the demands of their patrons for the Holi-
 days. Ask you to look over their stock of goods in all of their departments and see the many useful and ornamental
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 er you intend to purchase or not, as we do not intend to show our goods.

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Our stock never was so full and we take pleasure in saying that never before in the history of Birmingham has
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 cago, and are cheap as anybody's who care to take quality and durability into consideration. Our samples represent a
 stock of 5000, and no waste for remnant or anything of that sort. Our lines are Velvet Body Brussels, Velvet Tap-
 estry Brussels, Boy Brussels Tapestry Brussels, Moquette, Moresque Inlaid, Stair Carpeting, Borders, etc. etc. Come and
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Whitehead & Mitchell,
 Birmingham, Mich.