

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Editor:—As items of local news seem to be rather scarce, perhaps your readers would like to hear something about the temperance movement in Ridgway, where, unless appearances are very deceitful, some temperance movement is sorely needed. The Good Templars of our town begin to feel that they must act as well as talk, and are following advice to that effect. They are very modest, however, and I hope you will encourage them by judicious commendation. You will be pleased to know that they are trying to do something, and that their proposed action is so eminently "sensible." So long as they did nothing outside of their secret meetings, except to procure an occasional temperance lecture, there was reason at least—in the opinion of many—to question the depth and sincerity of their temperance professions. When people are sincere and in earnest about anything, they are apt to show it in their conduct as well as in their words. Therefore, for the sake of the Good Templars themselves, aside from the question of public advantage, I am glad to hear that they propose to do what their principals seem evidently to require of them, and what perhaps is the best as well as the least thing they can do, to show that they mean what they say. They are circulating for signatures a petition to the court against liquor license, which—starting as its language may appear—no doubt expresses the honest conviction of every member of their society and of many beside. It sets forth the opinion "that the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is destructive of the morals, peace and business interests of the community, fostering idleness, inciting crime, increasing taxation, a perpetual snare to the young, a standing temptation before which goes down every resolution of the inebriate for reform. To license this iniquity on the plea that it is necessary, is to do violence to common sense, and adds insult to injury. Surely those who hold this opinion can do no less than earnestly pray the Court that no such license be granted in this town." They would hardly deserve the respect of honest men if they allowed the Court to "license this iniquity" year after year, without a word of objection or remonstrance. And it must be allowed that if the natural tendency and effect of "the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage," is such as here described, then the petitioners are perfectly right in calling it "iniquity," and it would be as absurd to license such sale as it would be to grant indulgence to any and every kind of sin, in order to raise money for building churches and supporting ministers of the Gospel!

But a large majority of the citizens of Ridgway, so far as I can judge, will dissent from the opinion expressed in the petition; and of course they must be allowed to act according to their own convictions of duty. I do not propose to argue the question either way. But the matter is of sufficient importance to demand the careful consideration of every citizen; and I write merely to call attention to it, and to point out what seems to me the real question at issue.

All agree that intemperance is an evil, and only evil continually. If it be granted that "the sale of intoxicating liquors as beverage" tends to promote intemperance, then of course, such sale ought not to be licensed. For in that case the drunkard's crime would be shared not only by the seller, and those who endorsed his application for license; but by the Court which granted the license, and by all citizens who saw the iniquity and made no objection.

Therefore, all who advocate (and all who see no reason to object against) the granting of such license, must take the ground that liquor selling does not tend to promote intemperance. On this point I think it is not difficult for any honest man to form a correct opinion.

Ridgway Jan 8, 1870.

L. L.

TWO CASES OF HYDROPHOBIA.—Chas. Graeff, of Ellisburg, and Frank F. Harrison, of Haddonfield, N. J., who were each bitten by a dog, four weeks ago, are now suffering with hydrophobia. The symptoms first appeared on Christmas day.

When first bitten they hoped that the dog was not rabid, and they did not make any unusual exertions to save themselves from the probable effects.

They are now fully aware that their cases are hopeless. Great excitement prevails in Haddonfield. The dog was killed by a Mr. Stowe, who was also bitten.

Henry Ward Beecher says he would have every foreigner vote as soon as landed on these shores. The New York Democracy put in practice what Mr. Beecher preaches.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

Congress takes a recess until January 10th.

There is \$108,000,000 in coin in the United States Treasury.

During 1870, there will be six eclipses—four of the sun, and two of the moon.

Daniel McFarland has been indicted by the Grand Jury for the murder of A. D. Richardson.

The annual dinner of the New England Society was eaten at Delmonico's in New York, on the evening of December 22d.

The tax collections on tobacco and spirits in Virginia since March 1st show an increase of 800 per cent over those of last year.

Though special advices from Washington give us to understand that the Administration has experienced a sudden change of spirit in favor of Cuban beligerency, we are not surprised. Indeed, we are inclined to affirm that whatever step the Government resolves to take in the Cuban question will be found in accord with its pronounced sympathies for liberty and humanity, and no wise inconsistent with the strict fulfillment of its international duties of neutrality. The release of the Spanish gunboats never argued that the Administration was in any way opposed to Cuba. If, therefore, the statement that Gen. Grant favors recognition is all significant, it certainly means that no change has come over the man who denounced the French intervention in Mexico, and inspired the propositions made last Summer to Spain.—Y. F. T. News.

CUBA.

HAVANA, Jan. 3.—Rodriguez Delry, the insurgent Sub-prefect at Havana, has surrendered himself voluntarily, with 30 others to the Spanish authorities.

The captain and crew of the brig Moonlight, from St. John for Matanzas, which was lost on Salt Keys, have arrived at Cardenas.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

The colored men of Washington purpose establishing a newspaper in that city.

St. Louis is about to try to raise \$1,000,000 for a world's fair in that city in 1871.

Wealthy citizens of Cincinnati who have made false income returns are to be re-assessed and punished.

Kate Bateman has sued Frank Aiken, of the Chicago Museum, for the unauthorized use of "Mary Warner."

Many Missouri iron manufacturers are about to petition Congress not to reduce the tariff on iron.

Thirty-six criminal charges are pending against the Rev. Charles Reed, of Wadsworth, Mass., who has been missing some time.

President Grant has intimated that strict neutrality shall be observed by the Administration in regard to the Red River rebellion.

The Richmond Chamber of Commerce will petition Congress to exempt from taxation whiskey or tobacco destroyed by fire or wreck.

There has not been a detention of over three hours on the Pacific Railroad, at any time, so far, the snow sheds working ably.

The Mexican Commission have not decided any points affecting the rights of any claimants or any points involving any question of law.

The Pennsylvania Legislature, which opened on the 4th, promises to be an interesting session. The Republicans have a majority of four in the Senate and of twenty in the House, and having also the Governor, will be responsible for the legislation of the year. Among the measures that are expected to come up are the reduction of State expenses, especially in printing and petty officers, and a stringent law for the prevention of such fearful disasters among miners as that of Avondale. Other subjects will be a revision of the militia, and a recognition of the schools for soldiers' orphans. A State Treasurer is the most important officer to be chosen.

SCENE IN A MISSOURI BANK.

[From the St. Joseph Gazette.]

On Tuesday, between 12 and 1 o'clock P. M., two men rode up on horseback in front of the Davies County Savings Association Bank, in Gallatin. One of the men immediately dismounted and went into the bank, presented a \$100 bill to the cashier, Captain John W. Sheets, and requested small bills for it. Captain Sheets went to the safe, got the change, and was counting it, when the man who presented the bill drew a revolver and shot him through the heart and through the head. There was no other person in the bank except a young man named McDowell, who attempted to escape, but the murderer took him prisoner, while his confederate waited at the door of the bank and barred all egress.

As soon as the fiend had shot the cashier he commenced robbing the bank of all funds that could be found, from \$600 to

\$900. After accomplishing his object, he ran into the street and mounted his horse, but was immediately thrown and dragged thirty or forty feet. As soon as he could release himself from the stirrups he mounted the horse upon which his accomplice was riding, when they put spurs to the animal and dashed out of town. When they had ridden a short distance on the road they met Mr. Daniel Smoot, on horseback, when they halted, and placing revolver at his head, ordered him to dismount. Seeing that they were desperadoes, armed to the teeth, he concluded that his only safety was in complying with their demand.

Immediately one of the robbers jumped upon the horse which they had thus summarily captured, and the two rode in the direction of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad with all speed. Some time after dark they met a Mr. Helm north of Kidder, and compelled him, under penalty of death, to guide them to the railroad. They told Helm they had killed Captain Sheets, also that they had killed a Mr. Cox in revenge for the death of a brother of one of them; but this last statement is untrue.

As soon as it was ascertained that the bank had been robbed and a man killed, nearly all the citizens of Gallatin armed themselves and went in pursuit of the villains. They were traced to Honey Creek, in the direction of Hamilton, or Breckinridge. Here all track of them was lost. Messengers were sent to the different towns on the line of the railroad, and despatches were sent to all the principal points where railroad connections are made, but nothing has yet been heard from them.

Should the miscreants be overtaken it is not probable that a jury will be required to try them. They will be shot down in their tracks, so great is the excitement among the citizens of Davies and the adjoining counties.

Captain Sheets, the murdered man, is about 45 years old, and was highly respected by all who knew him. He leaves a wife and several children.

MARY MOORE.

All my life long I have known Mary Moore. All my life I have loved her. Our mothers were old playmates and first cousins.

My first recollections are of a boy in red frock and morocco shoes rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sunny-haired, blue-eyed baby not quite a year old. The boy was myself—Harry Church; that blessed baby was Mary Moore.

Later still, I see myself at the little schoolhouse, drawing my little chair up to the door that Mary might ride home. Many a beating have I gained on such occasions, for other boys beside me liked her, and she, I fear was something of a flirt, even in her pinafore.

How elegantly she came tripping down the steps when I called her name. How gaily rang out her merry laugh. No one but Mary could bring her heart as soon to her lips. I followed that laugh from the days of my childhood, till I grew an awkward, blushing boy; I followed it through the noon of manhood, and now, when the frosts of age are silvering my hair and children climb upon my knee and call me "father," I find that the memories of youth are strong, and that even in gray hair I am following that music still.

When I was fifteen, the first great sorrow of life came over my heart. I was sent to school and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for long years. This was like a sentence of death, for Mary was like itself to me. But hearts are tough things, after all!

I left college in the full blush and vigor of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward or embarrassed. I had grown into a tall slender stripling, with a very good opinion of myself, both in general and particular.

If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to imagine how I could dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks, and wonderful mental attainments, and never thought she might dazzle and bewilder me still more. I was a coxcomb, I know but as youth and good have fled, I trust I may be believed when I say that self conceit has left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made to me at that time, and accepting it, I gave up all idea of a profession, and prepared to go to India. In my hurried visit home of two days, I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding house some distance, and was not expected home until the following May.

I entered a sigh to the memory of my blue-eyed playmate, and called myself a man again. In two or three years, I thought, as the vehicle whirled away from our doors, I shall return and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be, why then, I may perhaps marry her. And thus, I settled the future of a young lady I had not seen for years. I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never dreamed that she would not condescend to accept my offer. But now I know that, had Mary Moore met me at that time she would have despised me. Perhaps, in the seceded student she might have found plenty of sport, but as for loving me, I should, perhaps have found myself mistaken.

India was my salvation, not merely because of my success, because my laborious industry corrected the evil in my nature, and made me a better man.

When, at the end of three years I prepared to return, I said nothing of the reformation of myself, thinking, they shall find out for themselves whether I am better worth loving than formerly.

I packed up many a token from the land of romance and gold, for the many friends I had hoped to meet. The gift

that I selected for Mary Moore was with a beating heart; it was a ring of rough virgin gold, with my name engraved inside—that was all; and yet the sight of the little toy strangely thrilled me as I balanced it upon the tip of my finger. To the eyes of others, it was but a small circle, suggesting thoughts perhaps, by its elegance, of the beautiful white hand that was to wear it. But not to me—how much was embodied there! All these delights were hidden within that ring of gold.

Tall, bearded, sun burned, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The light in the windows, and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter showed me that company were assembled there. I hoped that sister Lizzie might come to the door, and I might greet my family when no strange eye was looking earnestly on. But no, a servant answered my summons.

All too merry in the parlor to heed the long absent one who asked for admittance. A bitter thought like this ran through my mind as I heard the sounds from the parlor and saw the half suppressed smile on the servant's face. I hesitated a moment before making myself known or asking for any of the family, while I stood silent a strange apprehension grew up before me.

From behind the servant peered out a small head, a tiny, delicate form followed a sweet childish face, with bright blue eyes, so like those of one who had brightened my boyhood, that I started with a feeling of pain.

"What is your name my pretty?" I asked the child while the wondering servant held the door.

"Mary Moore."

"And what else" I said, quickly. She lifted her hand to shade her eyes; I had seen that very attitude in another, in my boyhood days, many and many a time, and answered, in a sweet, bird like voice, "Mary More Chester."

My heart sank like lead. Here was an end to all my dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood. Frank Chester my boyish rival, who had often tried in vain to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and won her away from me. This was the child—his child and Mary's.

I sank, body and soul, beneath the blow, and hiding my face in my hands, I leant against the door, while my heart wept tears of blood. The little one gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and put up her pretty lips as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor door and called out my sister to see who it was that conducted herself so strangely.

I heard a light step and a pleasant voice saying:

"Did you wish to see my father, sir?" I looked up. There stood a pretty sweet faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the little sister I loved so well. I looked at her a moment, and then stifling the tempest of my heart by a mighty effort, I opened my arms and said:

"Lizzie, don't you know me?"

"Harry! Oh! my brother Harry!" she cried, and threw herself upon my breast she wept as though her heart would break.

I could not weep. I drew her gently into the lighted parlor, and stood with her before them all. There was a rush and a cry of joy and then my father and mother sprang toward me and welcomed me with heartfelt tears.

Oh! strange and passing sweet in such a greeting to a wayward traveler. And as I held my dear old mother to my heart, while Lizzie clung beside me, I felt that all was not yet lost, and although another had secured life's choicest blessings, many a joy remained for me in the dear sanctuaries of home.

There were four other inmates of the room who rose upon my sudden appearance. One was the blue eyed child whom I had already seen, and who now stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's oldest sister, and in a distant corner, to which had hurried when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slender figure; half hidden by the heavy window curtains that fell to the floor.

When the first rapturous greeting was over Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand with a cordial pressure.

"Welcome home, my boy!" he said with the loud cheerful tone I remembered so well. "You have changed so that I never would have known you; but no matter about that—your heart is in the right place, I know."

"How can you say that he is changed said my mother, gently. "To be sure, he looks older and graver and more like a man than when he went away, but his smiles are the same as ever. It is a heavy heart which changes him. He is my boy still."

Heaven help me! At that moment I felt like a boy still, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom, as I had done in infancy, but I kept down the beating heart and the tremor of my lip, and answered, quietly, as I looked up into his full, handsome face:

"You have changed to, Frank but I hope for the better."

"Oh! yes. Thank you for the compliment," he answered with a hearty laugh. "My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day."

"And have you seen my little girl?" he added, lifting the little infant in his arms and kissing her crimsoned cheek.

"I tell you, Harry, there is not such another in the world. Don't you think she looks very much as her mother used to? Hallo?" he cried, with a suddenness that made me start violently. "I have forgotten to introduce you to my wife. I believe she and you used to be playmates in your younger days. Yes Harry," and he slapped me on the back, "for the sake of old times, and because you were not with us at the wedding I will give you leave to kiss her once but mind old fellow, you are never to repeat the ceremony. Come here she is, I for one, want to see how you will manage those ferocious mustaches of yours in the operation."

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing, toward me. A gleam of hope and light almost to dazzling, came over me, and I cried out before I thought:

"Not Mary?"

I must have betrayed my secret to every one in the room, but nothing was said.—Even my friend Frank, in general so observing, was this time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the young wife, and hurried so the silent figure looking out of the window.

"Mary—Mary Moore," I said in a low and eager tone, "Have you no welcome for me—no welcome to give the wanderer?"

She turned and laid her hand in mine, and said hurriedly:

"I am glad to see you here, Harry." Simple words, and yet how blest they made me! I would not have yielded her up for an emperor's crown at a moment. There was the happy family group, and the dear home fireside, with sweet Mary, Moore. The eyes I had dreamed of by day and night were fallen beneath the gaze of mine, and the sweet face I had so often prayed to see, was there beside me. I never knew the meaning of happiness until that moment.

Many years have passed since that happy night, and the hair that was dark and glossy then is fast turning gray. I am an old man, and can look back to a happy, and I hope a well spent life. And yet, sweet as it has been, I would not recall a day, for the love that made my manhood so bright, shines also upon my white hairs.

An old man! Can this be? At heart I am as young as ever. And Mary, with her bright hair parted smoothly from a brow that has a slight furrow upon it, is the same Mary of other days. To me she can never grow old or change. The heart that held her infancy, and sheltered her in the flush and beauty of womanhood, can never cast her till life shall cease to warm it. Not even then, for the love still lives above.

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