

The Democratic Watchman.

VOL. II.

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The Democratic Watchman,
THE ONLY ENGLISH WEEKLY, NEWS,
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PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,
BY
JOHN T. HOOVER.

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DEMOCRATIC CRED.
No. 1. Equal and exact justice to all men of
color, state or persuasion, religious or political.
No. 2. Public, domestic and honest friend-
ship with all nations; antagonizing alliances with
none.
No. 3. The right of States and Territories to
determine their own domestic affairs.
No. 4. Freedom and equality, the sovereignty
of the people, and the right of the majority to
rule, when their will constitutionally expressed.
No. 5. Economy in the public expenditures,
and a sacred preservation of public faith.
No. 6. Freedom of religion, freedom of the press
and general diffusion of information.
No. 7. Opposition to all secret political organiza-
tions, and all corrupt influences in politics.
No. 8. A sacred preservation of the National
Constitution, and no religious tests for office.
No. 9. No bigotry, or pride of caste, or dis-
tinction of birth among American citizens.
No. 10. Respect and protection for the rights
of all.
No. 11. The preservation of the national union
and the right of all to the public domain
and the protection of the American government.
No. 12. Opposition to all chartered monopolies.
No. 13. Careful protection of the rights of
the propertyless to those of the household of
Doom.

ROUGH IS THE ROAD.

BY ANNA BLISS.
Traveler's life's rugged road,
Help each other;
If one bear a lighter load,
Than his brother,
Oath greater strength than he,
By his kindly sympathy—
He should aid and cheer his way.
The task may be dreary day;
Many a path that leads to fate,
Hath, of thorns, a double share;
Ye who travel o'er life's road,
In each and four,
Know ye not your parents' trod
That road before,
Telling, awaiting, and with care,
Blissing off, the weary to share?
Hence, at pedestrian's cost,
Lest thy coach wheels should run off,
And men be brought, with fallen pride,
To toil and travel by their side.

The Tell-Tale Vision.

"MURDER WILL OUT."

"It is the kind of a night for a ghostly and
mysterious story, and if you will listen pa-
tiently, I will tell you one which took place
well nigh thirty years ago, away up yonder
on the bleak moors of Assynt, across the
Sutherland hills. Barren moorlands, and
gray sterile beaches, with flinty sands;
troops of forlorn pines along the hill sides,
where the red deer keeps his wards; rents
of blue sea sprinkled with green desolate
islands—a "God-forgotten land," as Sidney
Smith might say. Thirty years ago, how-
ever, the monotonous lives of the simple
inhabitants were rudely disturbed by one of
those startling crimes which seem to belong
more peculiarly to an advanced and compli-
cated civilization. The case still figures in
the criminal records as the Assynt murder,
and presents many features of curious and
picturesque interest.

John McDonald, a well known itinerant
peddler, had, on a dreary winter evening
about this time of the year, attended a rustic
wedding and merry making at the "farm
town" of Assynt, where, among the fair
dancers assembled, he had contrived consid-
erably to lighten his pack. No one had ob-
served him leave, and for a month after-
wards nothing was heard of his movements.

His absence excited no surprise among the
country people, as it was supposed that he
had gone to visit his relations, who lived in
Rogart. They, however, ignorant of his
movements, and seeing him only at distant
intervals, were, of course, not troubled at
his customary absence, and the peddler
might have been away much longer before
any suspicious could have been excited.
But exactly four weeks after the festivities
at Assynt, a farm servant, passing a deep
snow precipitous turn on the mountain road,
which lies between the farm town and the
Chauch of Assynt, observed, by the imper-
fect day-light, a bundle floating upon the
water, then unusually low and clear. A
suspicion was suggested, and with its aid
the neighbors dragged the corrupted body of
a human being to the shore. Though
much decomposed, all who were present,
immediately recognized the body of the
missing peddler. The clothes were the same
which he had worn when last seen, but the
pockets had been carefully turned out and
found nothing of any value was found
on the corpse.

Notwithstanding these suspicious appear-
ances, the simple people, among whom a
murder had never been committed, accident-
ally into the tarn. So confirmed were they
in this opinion, that they at once buried the
body; and John McDonald and the tragedy
associated with him was in a fair way of
being forgotten. The parish minister, how-
ever, had accidentally learned of the dis-
covery, and he forthwith forwarded infor-
mation to the proper authorities. The sheriff
of the county and the public prosecutor im-
mediately came down to the district, and
commenced a searching investigation.

Under the guidance of John Cameron, the

schoolmaster, who was recommended to
them by the minister as a skillful and trusty
person, on whom perfect reliance could be
placed, and accompanied by the medical men
of the island, the sheriff visited the spot
where McDonald's body had been buried.
It was disinterred in his presence, and on
examination, several deep wounds were dis-
covered on the back of the head, any one of
which the doctor reported, would have been
sufficient to cause his death. Coupled with
the fact that the clothes had been plundered
no reasonable doubt could remain that a
murder had been committed. It was well
known in the island that McDonald, who
had made considerable money, carried his
fortune on his back—banks and stock being
unknown institutions to those primitive peo-
ple. But for many days the ingenuity of
the law was baffled to obtain any trace of
the murderer. No one had been seen with
McDonald after he left Assynt; no article of
any kind could be identified as his prop-
erty. The search appeared fruitless. Several
murders, however, had been recently com-
mitted in the northern counties; they had
remained unpunished; it was, therefore, a
matter of much public importance that in
this case an example should be made. The
sheriff established himself en permanence at
a roadside hostel in the vicinity, and an-
nounced his determination to examine every
resident in the island.

During these investigations the sheriff
was invariably accompanied by Cameron,
who, through his acquaintance with the Gaelic
tongue, and his knowledge of the inhabi-
tants, proved of great assistance as an in-
terpreter. One morning, however, the sheriff
went down to the district Post Office
alone. Cameron being for the first time absent.
During a desultory conversation, the
post master incidentally stated that soon
after the date of the murder he had given
change for a £10 Bank of England note to
a person who he did not think should have
had so much money in his possession. Who
was this? John Cameron, the schoolmas-
ter. Cameron was sent for, was asked how
he had come to have the money in question,
and peremptorily denied any knowledge of
the transaction. His statement, though
made without apparent embarrassment, ex-
cited suspicion, and he was arrested, charged
with the murder.

For some time, however, no facts appear-
ed to confirm the suspicion. Cameron's
house, which stood on a hill side by itself,
was minutely searched, but none of the
peddler's property was found in it. His
sister, who lived with him, was evidently
perfectly ignorant and innocent. She was a
young and pretty girl, and for her station
in life, intelligent and cultivated. When
told of the charge, she indignantly refused
to believe that her brother was guilty, and
in deep distress followed him to prison—
One or two casual incidents, however,
to which she alluded, proved of unhappy im-
portance on the trial. Even then, however,
though well aware of the fatal effect of her
answers, she spoke fearlessly and truth-
fully—with Spartan like honesty meeting out
her brother's doom. A fearful dilemma,
indeed—one where even falsehood cannot
be rigorously judged, but where stern and
rigid truth cannot be too highly esteemed.
A noble Highland heroine, with her blood-
red lips and white, tearless face—all hon-
ors to the gentle womanhood that is yet too
noble in its maiden honesty for a lie!

Cameron, though unable to account satis-
factorily for the money, was on the point of
being liberated, when a singular incident
occurred. A workman, McLeod by name,
had on three successive occasions, dreamed
that he had seen Cameron follow McDonald
to the water-side, strike him a number of
heavy blows with a hammer, rifle his pack,
cut the body into the tarn, and conceal the
articles he had taken in a cairn near his
own house. The story was soon bruited
about, and the dreamer was brought before
the sheriff. So strong and vivid, he said,
was his recollection of the incidents of the
dream, that he could undertake to point out
to the criminal officer the exact stones under
which the property was concealed. They
went together, and ultimately discovered
the articles in question concealed under
several large stones, which McLeod declared
exactly resembled those impressed on his
memory. Here was an important fact to
begin with—the property of the murdered
man found in the immediate proximity of
Cameron's own house. Next day another
link was obtained. A week or two previous
to his apprehension, Cameron walked one
rainy morning to the other side of the island
got wet, and at a country inn obtained from
the landlady a pair of stockings, leaving his
own behind to be dried. These were now
produced, and after some hesitation, a cot-
ton's wife declared that, from a peculiarity
in the work, she could depose that they were
of her own making; and added, that the
day before his disappearance, the peddler
had bought two pairs from her for his own
use. That now produced was one of them;
the other was discovered in Cameron's
house. A variety of similar circumstances
gradually came out; and after considerable
delay, occasioned by the difficulties of the
case, Cameron was brought to trial.

The trial took place at Inverness. It
lasted from ten o'clock on the first morning
of the assize, till the same hour next day—
twenty-four consecutive hours, during which
time Judge, jury, and spectators, sat uninter-
ruptedly. The prime interest to the super-
stitious Highlanders lay in the mysteri-
ous fact of the vision, and the seer was an
object of special interest when he appeared

in the witness-box. He suffered a severe
cross examination from the prisoner's coun-
sel, without the substantial value of his evi-
dence being affected. No one who heard
his examination could doubt that he was
stating what was actually true; no one
could believe (and this, of course, was the
object of the cross examination) that he
himself was the criminal, or in any way
implicated. It was a protracted and diffi-
cult case of circumstantial evidence. The
candles (gas was not in those days) which
had lighted them in their vigil through the
long autumn night were extinguished, and
the sun was high in heaven when the jury
returned into court, finding the prisoner guilty,
as libelled. The verdict had been recorded,
and sentence of death pronounced, when
Cameron (who preserved throughout the
trial the most profound composure) rose,
and with the utmost solemnity and calmness
called God to witness that he was a mur-
dered man.

The sheriff—to whose exertions, the suc-
cess of the prosecution was mainly to be
attributed—was marking his way to his hotel
through the excited crowd, when a message
came to him from Cameron, requesting to
see him. When he reached the cell, Cam-
eron, who still manifested the same complete
composure, at once said, "I am now going
to tell you what I have never breathed to
mortal man: the verdict was quite right—I
did the deed!" He then made a full and
detailed confession, relating the whole story
with perfect frankness—a demeanor he pre-
served till his execution. The murder, he
said, was committed on the night of the
Assynt wedding. He had seen Mac Donald
leave; had followed him unobserved; had
made up to him, and walked along with him
to the turn; then, with a heavy hammer
which he was carrying home, he had struck
him several blows from behind, and, after
rifling the corpse, had thrown it into the
water. For some weeks it had remained at
the bottom—at least, he could see nothing
of it, and he had gone once or twice every
week to look for it. The evidence of McLeod
surprised and startled him. The property
had been hidden the same night—a dark,
wet, misty night—immediately on his return
home; and it was impossible, he thought,
that McLeod, with whom he was merely ac-
quainted, could have come by his informa-
tion in any natural way. The facts are curious,
and may furnish a problem for those who
are curious in psychological mysteries.

The murder had, of course, been the main
topic of interest in the island for many
weeks—it had no doubt, become strongly
impressed on McLeod's imagination; some
slight light of fact, a word or gesture, prob-
ably existed; and out of those indistinct ma-
terials the story might gradually shape itself
into a form not unlike the actual, because
a natural and logical arrangement of the whole
facts known or surmised at the time. And,
going on with the story to its close, the
dream would accompany the murderer after
the commission of the crime, depict his
horror and contrition, his frantic desire to
put away from him any evidence of the ac-
tised deed which lay heavy on his soul—
The place where he concealed the property
was one that he would naturally select—out
of his own house, indeed, but not so distant
from it but that the articles might be easily
recovered after the first dread had been sub-
dured. People who have disenchanted the
unseen, and who consider a man's muscle
the best part of him, will probably explain
the mystery in some such way. "The light
of common day" has become too strong for
the supernatural.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

BY S. A. ANTON.

O dear! sighed the young
mother, as she leaned her head
on the carriage window, and let the moist
atmosphere strike upon her face and neck.
"How refreshing! I thought several times
that I should faint in that suffocating
room."
The shawl was thrown from her neck
and shoulders, and for a quarter of an hour
she rode thus unprotected, until a slight
shudder creeping through her frame warned
her to replace the shawl, and even to draw
it tightly around her; but it did not, now,
impart the warmth she sought.
"Do you wonder that on the next
morning, Adele had fever, and pains in the
side and breast, or, that when the doctor came,
he discovered the existence of considerable
inflammation of the lungs?"
"A week of serious illness, and two weeks
of convalescence. Settling at night all the
gentle reminiscences of her mother, Adele
went out for a promenade with some young
companions wearing very thin shoes, al-
though from recent rains, the pavements were
damp. It was over three months ere she
was able to appear abroad again; and
months longer before the roses bloomed on
her cheeks as of old.

"At fourteen Adele became a wife; and
before her eighteenth summer a babe was
laid on her bosom.
"In this too young to marry, argued the
pale, anxious mother of this fragile girl—
Wait a year or two, until both mind and
body have gained a full maturity."
"But the ardent young lover could not
wait; and Adele was quite as impatient for
the wedding day. To the voice of reason
and prudence they were alike deaf.

"A gay round of parties followed the
marriage. Night after night the young
bride, too thinly clad for exposure to the
sharp air of a severe winter, went forth to
meet her friends. Late hours stimulating
food and drink, excessive fatigue and cold,
wrought upon her their sad effects; and ere
the honey-moon was fairly over, she was in
the hands of the physician.

"Where Adele appeared abroad, after the
birth of her first child, some of her friends
hardly knew her, so sadly she was changed.
Never again did the rose of health come
back to her cheeks, nor pale as lilies, ex-
cept when flushed by the fatal hectic. Nev-
er again did she enjoy an hour's freedom
from lassitude and pain. Yet, strange to tell,
she took scarcely any better care of her
health than before her marriage. You saw
her at balls, at concerts, at the opera, and
at fashionable assemblies, exposing herself
to colds, and accumulating fatigue that in-
variably brought on pains or prostration of
strength.

"A few years more, and the curtain falls
on this drama of life. That the acts and
scenes were so many, was the greatest cause
of her misery; nor that the curtain falls so soon.
Adele Melbourne cut the thread of her own
existence."
"Mrs. Melbourne!" exclaimed our atten-
tive listener, "surely it is not of her that you
have been speaking."
"Yes, of Mrs. Melbourne, whose wasted
form has just been carried forth." Call not
her death a dark dispensation! It would
have been a miracle had life been further ex-
tended."

"A long silence was followed by a deeply
drawn sigh.
"Yes, yes; I see it all; the mystery is
solved. There is no dark providence here.
Ah, how many like her are daily cut down
in the very flower of life; set-down ere half
their work is done!"
"It is a melancholy fact," we replied,
"that the whole sacrifice of life in this coun-
try is diminished by a suicidal disregard of
the plainest laws of health; and this sad
defect—we ought to say criminal, is charge-
able more upon your sex than our own. It
gives on the heartache to think of the
daily deaths of young mothers—the sharp
sundering of the tenderest ties that can
bind heart to heart. People clasp their
hands, look grave and mysterious, and say,
"What an afflictive providence!" But
there is no providence in the matter—only
provision of the divine mercy to lessen, as
far as may be, the evils that must flow from
the disruption, by death, of the most inti-
mate relations in life. Here is a solution of
the whole mystery that has so perplexed
you and hundreds of others."

"Will you have a *Daily Sun*?" said a
news-boy to Mrs. Partington.
"Will I have a *Daily Sun*? Why, your
little scapegrace! How dare you insinuate
against a honest woman from home! No, in-
deed, I guess I won't have a *Daily Sun*!—
My poor dead man used to complain most
awfully when I presented him a *yearly Sun*!
A *Daily Sun*, indeed! Begone, your little up-
start imp!" And the old woman called
for the turkey-tail fan to keep her from
swooning.

HON. JAMES HARLAN was re-elected U. S.
Senator from Iowa on Friday last, by 30
majority over Shallenburger, Democrat.
Mr. Harlan, it will be recollected, was ousted
from his seat a few days since.

A WHITE DEER.—The Cleveland *Ledger*
says, that a perfectly white deer was shot in
the northern part of that State, a few days
ago.

QUART.—What is that if you take the
whole away, there will be some left?
Wholesome.

"Draw your shawl close around you,"
said her lover, as he assisted her into the

A SCENE IN THE ILLINOIS HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Jan. 5, 1857.

This morning an outrageous and at the
same time an amusing scene occurred in the
House of Representatives. It took place in
this way: Newly all the members being
present, they proceeded to organize the House
in the usual way, by electing a Speaker,
Clerk, Assistant Clerk, and Sergeant-at-
Arms, *pro tempore*. The person chosen for
Speaker *pro tem* was Mr. Dougherty, of
Union; for Clerk J. C. McConnell; for Ser-
geant-at-Arms, Tevis Greathouse, of Fay-
ette. The Speaker and Clerk took their
seats. At this time Mr. Bridges, the Clerk
of the former House, made his appearance
and declared himself the presiding officer of
the House until it was regularly organized,
and protested against the proceedings of the
members in electing a Speaker and other
officers.

"The members paid very little attention to
him—namely, as they had an intimation
as to the course he intended pursuing—and
went on with the business. The Speaker
then directed the Clerk *pro tem* to call the
roll of the House and see how many mem-
bers were present. Mr. Bridges again pro-
tested, called the Speaker to order, declared
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INFLUENCE OF TEMPER ON HEALTH.

EXCESSIVE labor, exposure to wet and cold,
deprivation of sufficient quantities of neces-
sary and wholesome food, habits of idling,
sloth and intemperance, are all deadly
enemies to human life; but some so bad as
violent and uncontrolled passions. Men and
women have survived all these, and at last
safely doubted whether a single instance can
be found of a man of violent and irascible
temper, habitually subject to storms of un-
governable passion, who has arrived at a
very advanced period of life. It is, therefore
a matter of the highest importance to every
one desirous to preserve "a sound mind in
a healthy body," so that the brittle vessel of
life may glide down the stream of time smoothly
and securely, instead of being continually
tossed about amidst rocks and shoals which
endanger its existence, to have a special
care; amidst all the vicissitudes and trials
of life, to maintain a quiet possession of his
own spirit.

TRAPPED BY OLD BONAS.—Quite a number
of the Solons of the Legislature who left
on Saturday last in the Philadelphia after-
noon train were checked at an Old Bonas,
who, like the legislators themselves, took it
into his head to go upon a perfect bender,
which he kept up with such a lusty will,
that he kicked everything afloat on the rail-
road into his hands, and upon a perfect bender,
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who, like the legislators themselves, took it
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which he kept up with such a lusty will,
that he kicked everything afloat on the rail-
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HOW TO WASH FLANNEL.

SOME women possess quite a knack in washing
flannel, so as to prevent it falling. It is not
the soap, nor rinsing water that thins
out flannel in washing, but the rubbing of it.
Cloths filled by being "pounded and jolled"
in the stocks of the fulling mill with
soap-suds. The action of rubbing flannel on
the washboard is just the same as that of
the fulling mill: Flannel, therefore, should
always be washed in very strong soap-suds,
which will remove the dirt and grease, by
squeezing, better than hard rubbing will in
weak soap-suds. It should also be rinsed
out of the soap in warm water, and never
in cold, as the fibres of the wool do not
shrink up as much in warm water. The
coming out of the warm soap-suds, great
care should be taken to rinse the soap com-
pletely out of the flannel. This advice will
apply to the washing of blankets, the same
as it does to the washing of flannel.—
Scientific American.

PROFESSORS.—