

The Democratic Watchman.

VOL. 7.

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Select Poetry.

Kindness.

BY ERALD MASSY.

There's no death of kindness
In the world of ours.
Only love's kindness
We gather thorns for flowers!
Outward, we are sparing—
Trampling on another;
While we're truly yearning
At the name of "brother."

There's no death of kindness
Or love among mankind.
But in darkling loneliness
Hooded hearts grow blind!
Full of kindness tingling,
Soul is shut from soul,
When they might be mingling
In one kindred whole!

There's no death of kindness
Though it be unspoken,
From the heart it buildeth
Rainbow smiles in token—
That there be some so lowly,
But have some angel touch!
Yet, nursing loves unholly,
We live for self too much!

As the wild rose bloweth,
As runs the happy river,
Kindness freely floweth
In the heart forever.
But if man will hinder
Ever for golden dust,
Kindness hearts will wander,
Brightest spirits rust.

There's no death of kindness
In the world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers,
Oh, cherish God's best giving,
Falling from above!
Life, however worth living,
Were it not for love.

Miscellaneous.

Weary of Life.

Midnight was past, and the lights of the
woods lying at anchor in the stream were
beginning to be extinguished, when two
men hurried from different directions to
ward the shore. The elder of the two had
already reached the strand, and was pre-
paring to make a leap, the design of which
was not to be mistaken; but at that instant
the younger seized him by the arm, exclaim-
ing:

"Sir, I believe you want to drown your-
self."
"You have guessed it. What is that to
you?"

"This was the answer, spoken in the most
angry tone.

"Nothing, I know. I would simply re-
quest you to wait a couple of minutes—
when, if you like, we will make the great
journey together. Arm in arm—the best
way of dying."

"With these words the younger extended
his hand to the elder, whose was not with-
held. The former continued in a tone of
seeming enthusiasm—

"So be it! Arm in arm! Truly I did
not dream that a human heart would beat
with mine in this last hour. I will not seek
to know who you are—an honest man or a
villain—come, let us begin the journey to-
gether!"

"The elder held the younger man back and
dragging his dimmed, half extinguished eyes
searchingly upon the countenance of his
companion exclaimed:

"Hold, you seem to me too young to end
your life by suicide. A man of your years
has still a brilliant, alluring future in his
grasp—"

"Without exception?"
"Without exception."
"Well, then, you have now found a man
perhaps whom you will not, necessarily, de-
spise. I have, believe me, during my whole
life, lived an honorable man."

"Really? That is highly interesting!—
is it a pity I had not earlier made your ac-
quaintance?"

"Leave me to die alone, young man!—
Live on! Believe me, time heals all
wounds, and there are men of honor yet to
be found."

"Now if you take this view, why are you
hurrying so fast to say 'Vale' to this
world?"

"Oh, I am an old sickly man, unable to
make a livelihood; a man who cannot, will
not see his only child, his daughter, blight-
ing her youth, and laboring day and night
to support him. No, I would be an unfeel-
ing father, I would be barbarous, if I lived
on thus."

"How, sir, you have a daughter who
does this for you?" asked the young man,
surprised.

"And with what she does she sacrifice
herself for me, and has only the tenderest
words of love—a sweet smile for me al-
ways."

"And you want to commit suicide? Are
you mad?"

"Shall I murder my daughter! The life
which she is now leading is her certain
death," answered the old man in a despair-
ing tone.

"Good sir, come, go with me to the near-
est inn that is still open, and let us drink a
bottle of wine together. You will relate to
me your history, and if you like, I will let
you hear mine. So much, however, will
I say to you beforehand. Chase all thoughts
of self destruction away. I am rich, and, if
things be as you say, from henceforth you
and your daughter shall lead a pleasant
life."

The old man followed the younger without
opposition. A few minutes after, over full
glasses, the elder said:

"My history is soon told. I was a mer-
chant's clerk, but always unlucky. As I
had nothing by inheritance, and the young
girl I married was poor, I was never able
to commence business on my own account,
and remained in a subordinate position. Fi-
nally, I was discharged on account of my
years, and then began the struggle for a
subsistence. My wife died of trouble, and
now my poor child wearies to gain my sup-
port. I cannot bear to see her working
herself to death for me—therefore it is better
I go—you know all!"

"Friend," exclaimed the young man, "you
are the most fortunate man I have ever en-
countered in my life. It is insane to call
that misfortune. Nobody is easier to help
than you. To-morrow I will make my will,
and you shall be—no resistance—my heir.
This coming night is my last. Before this
however, I must see your daughter, out of
pure curiosity. I would for once see how
one looks who really deserves the name of
"woman."

"But young man, what can it be that has
so early made you so unhappy?" questioned
the elder, much moved.

"I believe it was the wealth which my fa-
ther left me. I was the only son of the rich-
est banker in the city. My father died five
years since, leaving me more than was good
for me. Since that time, I have been de-
ceived and rayed by every one without
exception, with whom I have had any con-
nection. Some have pretended friendship
for me on account of my money. Others
have pretended to love me—again for my
money; and so went on. Often mingled
in the garb of a simple workman, with the
masses and thus one day became acquaint-
ed with a charming being, a young girl to
whom my whole heart went out in
love. I disclosed to her neither my name
nor position. I longed to be loved for my-
self alone, and for a time appeared as if I
were going to be happy—at last, at last I—
The young girl and I, whom she still re-
garded as a simple workman, met every af-
ternoon in the Marcusplatz, where we passed
our many happy hours. One day my dear
girl appeared with red eyes—she had been
weeping—and told me that we must part;
confessing that her life belonged to another.
With these words she tore herself from me
and disappeared in the crowd. Her faith-
fulness decided my destiny. Vainly did I
rush into the pleasures which so called
"good society" has to offer, but found my
lost peace of soul never, never! I then de-
termined to bring my joyless existence to a
close."

"Unhappy young man," said the elder,
wiping his eyes, "from my whole heart I
pity you. I do not acknowledge that I was
more fortunate than you; for, I, at least, was,
by two women—my wife and daughter—
sincerely loved!"

"Will you give me your address, good sir,
that I may convince myself of the truth of
your story? It is not exactly mistrust, but
I must see to believe. To-morrow I will
arrange affairs as I have told you. You
will remain in this inn to-night and in the
morning early I will return. Give me your
word of honor, that you will not, in the
meantime, speak to any one of what has
taken place between us."

"You have my word. Go to my dwelling,
to my daughter, and you will find that I
have told you the simple truth. My name
is Wilhelm S—."

With these words he handed the young man
a paper, giving the locality of his
dwelling. It lay in a suburb inhabited by
the poorer classes, at some distance from the
city proper.

"And my name is Carl T—," hereupon
said the young man. "Take this bank note,
it will reach till my return."
The Carl rang for the waiter, had the prop-
er called, commended the old man to his
care in suitable terms, and then left the house.

Hardly had the morning broken, when
Carl found himself on the way to the sub-
urbs where lived the daughter of the old
man with whom he had become acquainted
under such peculiar circumstances. It was
not without trouble that he found the house.
It was a poor place. The young man
knocked, opened the door and involuntarily
stepped back. What did he see? The
young girl whose inconsistency had made
his life a burden unbearable, stood before
him. She had grown pale—very pale; but
he knew her at the first glance; it was
Bertha whom he had once hoped to call his
own. At this appearance the young girl
sprang towards him, overcame with joy,
holding out her little hand. The young
man waived her back, exclaiming:

"You did not expect to see me?"

The poor girl sank into a seat and covered
her pale, beautiful countenance with her
hands.

"Are you Wilhelm S—'s daughter?" he
asked coldly, after a pause.

"I am," answered the maiden timidly.

"And who and where is that other to
whom, as you told me at parting, your life
belonged?"

"The other is my father," said the young
girl, looking up to the young man with a
glance that spoke the tenderest love.

With lightning quickness the truth dawn-
ed upon him, the scales fell from his eyes—
suddenly all was clear. Speechlessly he
rushed to Bertha, took her in his arms and
pressed her to his breast.

"Come to your father?" he faltered to
the young girl.

"My father? O, God! I forgot; where
is he? He has been out all night. I have
watched for him in tears the long night
through."

"Your father is saved. He is with me,"
was Carl's answer, as he hurried the young
girl out through the streets to the arms of
her—his father.

A fortnight later, in the midst of the
greatest splendor, the marriage of the rich
banker Carl T—, to Bertha S—, took
place.—*Horn Journal.*

ONE WAY TO GET A "SMILE"

If half the cleverness exhibited in petty
swindling were only diverted to purposes
of honesty, our list of business men would
be largely increased. But the poverty that
sharpens the wit blunts the moral sense,
and roques glory in their trivial suc-
cesses.

Three ragged, wretched toppers stood
shivering upon a street corner. They had
not a penny between them, and neither had
drank a drop—within half an hour. They
debated the deeply interesting question—how
to obtain the next glass; after many imprac-
ticable suggestions, one of them said:

"I have an idea; we'll all go into the next
shop and drink."

"Drink?" replied his companions, "that
is easy said; but who's to pay?"

"Nobody. Do as I tell you. I'll take
the responsibility."

Following the speaker's directions, his
two companions entered an adjoining rum-
mery and called for whiskey skiffs. The
place was kept by a Dutchman. After he
had waited on his customers, and while
they were enjoying their orthodox
beverage at the counter, in walked toper
No. 1.

"How are ye?" to the Dutchman.

"How do ye?" said the Dutchman.

"Toper No. 1 glanced suspiciously at
pers Nos. 2 and 3, and beckoned the prop-
rietor aside.

"Do you know these men?" he asked
mysteriously.

"I know no more as that day call for de
whiskey skiff."

"Don't talk any money of them," whis-
pered No. 1.

"Sir! I take no money for the whiskey,"
said the astonished landlord.

"No! they are informers."
"I'll informers!"
"Yes; they buy liquor of you so as to
inform against you."

"You take something?"
"I know no more as that day call for de
whiskey skiff."

"Whose's to pay?" toper No. 2, putting
his hand into his empty pocket.

"Nothing," said the Dutchman. "Me no
sell liquor, me keep it for my friends."
And having smiled the supposed inform-
ers out of the door, he manifested his
gratitude by generously inviting the sup-
posed informant to take a second glass.
Of course No. 1 did not at all decline the
invitation.

SOME OF THE CURIOSITIES OF NEW YORK.—PROVOST MARSAL KENNEDY'S OFFICE.

The New York World is introducing its
readers to some of the institutions of New
York, which are under the patronage and
guardianship of the National Administration.
In reading its descriptions of living
scenes in the government dungeons, the
mind is carried back to the horrors of the
Inquisition and the French Revolution.—
One can hardly appreciate the damning fact,
that our Constitutional Government should
have become an engine of tyranny and des-
potism toward the people, or that the peo-
ple would tamely submit to the outrages
which have been inflicted upon them for the
past year. But we forbear comment and
proceed to give extracts from an account of
the surroundings of Provost Marshal Ken-
nedy's office, and his manner of doing busi-
ness.—*Phil. Evening Journal.*

Of the large number of arrests made by
the special Provost Marshal, a small propor-
tion only have been mentioned, in the
public prints. Such as he has seen proper
to give has been published, and these only
it is impossible therefore to describe many
of the scenes that transpired in the office
—one or two will suffice as a sample.

CASE OF THE ABOLITIONIST.

Upon the morning of the arrest of Mr.
D. Plumb, of the firm of Plumb & Co.,
Mercantile Agency in Broadway, the rep-
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He was taken down to the de-
fective office, again interrogated, and again
declined to give a name.

"Give him number four," said the officer
in charge, and he was once seized and hur-
ried off to the fatal locality.

SUMMER FOUR.

Horrors of horrors! Possibly no place
since the black hole of Calcutta of the pris-
on hulks of the revolution could compete
with cell number four, at police headquar-
ters.

Under the reign of the provost marshal
became part and parcel of the machinery
of the office, and was used as occasion re-
quired to hold fast the worst class of pris-
oners, for such as were considered the flag-
rant cases.

Passing down the outer room of the de-
fective office in the basement, you come into
the sitting room—a close badly ventilated
chamber—the larger hall of which is under-
ground. Midway in the room at the right
is a small half class door out in a partition,
through which you enter upon a narrow cor-
ridor facing four small cells. These are
numbered, beginning at the south end, one,
two, three, four, the latter being at the ex-
treme right as you enter the corridor, which
is scarcely wide enough to admit the passage
of a man.

The sides of cell number four are ceiled up
with boards on the top. It is about three
feet wide by six in depth. A stationary
board fifteen inches wide is put upon the
right hand for a sleeping pallet, and a three
cornered pine block, fastened at one end of
the board serves as pillow, their being nei-
ther bedclothes, mattress or straw. A water
tub, and dipper, in one corner, completes
the furniture of the cell. The sides of the
place are thickly coated with white wash
in vain efforts to purify it. The door is com-
posed of iron bars about one inch in width
and a quarter of an inch in thickness, ar-
ranged crosswise, so as to intersect each other
at every two and a half inches. At the top
is a small aperture eight inches square.

The entire place swarms with vermin. In
dogdays when the cell door was shut, and
the door and window leading to the other
apartment were closed, the atmosphere was
stifling in its character, while the vermin
ran riot over the unfortunate victims who
could neither lie down, nor sit down, from
very agony, sometimes imploring in hear-
ing name to be let out, if only for a few mo-
ments. In the hottest weather of the season
three persons have been confined in this
cell at once, two of them sitting on the
board and the third lying at full length on
his face, upon the floor, and all evincing
ill humor and misery.

HOW THE UNKNOWN PARED.

The individual above alluded to, who
did not give his name, was put in number
4. The door of the cell was shut and bolted
and the door was closed also all the
though it was one of the hottest days of the
season. In fifteen minutes his cries were
heard, the door was opened and he was
found in a profuse perspiration, with the
frenzy crawling over him and tormenting
him.

"For God's sake let me out of this," he
said, "and I'll do anything you want."

The man or beast that number four can't
leave is beyond the reach of the most in-
genious torture. Every delinquent who is al-
luded to as an atrocious villain is wished no
worse fate than incarceration within the
walls. Number 4, is a byword among the
officers and frequenters of headquarters,
and is pronounced as a sort of lugubrious
sobriquet of the detective office as be-
have themselves unwell.

One of the individuals who had been ar-
rested for some criminal offence upon read-
ing an account in a paper of a rebel victory,
had the paper down as if in disgust, and re-
marked, "That's the way with our boys,
just pick 'em and they run." The words
were reported up stairs, and the order came
down.

"Place him in number 4. He will be
pricked where he can't run.

The history of this awful receptacle for
prisoners can never probably be fully told
and we have only briefly sketched it, to
show some portion of the machinery used in
conducting the business of the provost war-
den's office.

In commenting editorially upon these hor-
rors, the World, with commendable indig-
nation, protests against this treatment of
American citizens.

We may talk as we please of the thumb-
screws, jack boots, whips, racks, pinches,
and all the other paraphernalia of medieval
persecution—they were all an infinitely
more respectable means of propagating the
true faith than this unattractive abomi-
nation which is used against political heres-
ies, or those suspected to be such; in this
so called land of freedom. Torque made
torture, but he did it in a clean gen-
tlemenly way. He was content with in-
genious applications of wood, and iron and
fire, and water. Frantic as he was, he
never degraded his cause by making loath-
some vermin the ministers of his vengeance.
It has been reserved for provost Marshal
Kennedy to bring into requisition this new
sort of *pernae fortis et dure*—the old anguish
made all the more intolerable by an over-
powering disgust.

In the name of African civilization we pro-
test against it. It calls for the execra-
tion of every loyal and every

decent man. It is bad enough that we
should be subjected to the arbitrary will of
an officer unknown to the laws, however
discreetly that will might be exercised; but
enough at that we, hourly exposed to
summary arrests and commitments without
trial and even without trial, and even with-
out offence; but when it comes to this,
that American manhood is made a prey to
the vilest of creeping things, deliberately
and expressly for inquisitorial purposes it
is adding to the lowest degree of ignominy a yet
lower deep which we are worse than slaves
if we endure. Consent to such treatment
is not only our claim as freemen, but
our titles as men.

FROM THE BOSTON HERALD, SEP. 30. A BOSTON NEGRO OPINION OF THE PROCLAMATION.

This morning while a conservative Re-<