# The Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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I leaned out of the window, I smelt the sweet clover,
Dark, dark as the night, I saw not the gate;
Now if there be footsteps, he comes, my own love!
Hush, nightingale hush! Oh, sweet nightingale, wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near
For my love he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
As a cluster of stars hangs like fruit on a tree,
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer;
Do what set there listening, and what dost thou see?
Let the star clusters grow,
Let the sweet waters flow,
And cross quickly to me.

"Yea night moths that hover where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms, or settle to sleep;
The glow-worms shine out and the pathway discover
To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
Ah, my sailor, make haste,
For the tiller runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep—

"Too deep for swift feeling; and yet my one lover,
I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-night.
By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover,
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;
But I'll love him more, more
Than e'er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright."

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

It was near the close of a sultry day in August that I drew up my tired horse before the door of the "Black Bear," where entertainment was to be obtained for man and beast, as the laboriously creaking sign voluntarily informed the passer by.

Having seen Pluto well cared for and in a clean stall, I sauntered into the barroom, and having nothing better to do, sat down to listen to the conversation of the half dozen loungers there congregated. I looked over the books on the table, but they were all dry essays on agriculture and cookery, and I let them pass. I was young then—just twenty-three, and was traveling solely to pass away the time of my summer vacation (I was then a member of the T—— law school) and from the love of adventure. As yet, however, very little in the way of adventure had befallen me. Life had gone on rather monotonously; and I had strayed away into the backwoods of Maine in the vain hope that I might find something strikingly out of the usual way.

Evidently, my entrance had interrupted the conversation of the gentlemen, for there followed a pause, broken at last by a tall military looking man in rough coat and top boots.

"There was a daughter, wasn't there, landlord," he asked.

"Yes," replied that individual, so shortly that I scrutinized him more closely than I had done before. The scrutiny threw little light on his character. His physiognomy was perfectly unreadable. He might or might not be a bad man. He was short, thick set, with a red face, bushy eyebrow, and a coldly glittering steel blue eye.

"Well, it was a startling affair for this one-horse place," continued he of the top boots, removing his cigar. "It happened four years ago, you say, and the daughter has not been heard of since? Strange!"

"Yes, it will be four years come next Christmas," said a white-haired old man who had not spoken before. "A terrible night, sir, freezing cold, and the snow falling so thick that it would have blinded you. And that night old Roger Hampton and his wife were murdered; and from that day to this no human eye, so far as we know, has ever looked on Margaret Hampton."

"What do you think became of her, Granger?" asked one of the men, addressing the old man.

"I? Think? I know not what to think. It was currently reported that she dealt the death wounds, and then fled to save herself from suspicion; but I believe nothing of the kind. I remember her as a lovely and affectionate girl, and of that murder she is as pure as the angels in heaven."

"Of what were you speaking, gentlemen, if I may inquire?" I asked, drawing up to the table where they were sitting. The circle courteously widened to admit me; people always like to tell what they know, if properly requested to do so.

"We were talking over a tragedy that occurred near here some four years ago, in an old mansion known as 'Hampton's Death,'" replied he of the top boots. Mr. Hampton and his wife were murdered, and their only daughter Margaret, a girl of eighteen or thereabouts, has never been seen since."

"Indeed," I said, "but that is very singular. Who resides at Hampton's Death now?"

"Bless you, young man," cried the landlord, "you couldn't hire anybody to enter the doors on a sunshiny day; and as for living there—why the place is haunted, and one foolhardy young man who went there to pass the night on a wager, lost his reason before morning. He's been wandering ever since, but no one knows what he saw there."

"Hump! And so the place is a ruin?"

"Getting to be, sir. You can just see it from the window there." He pointed out, and I saw, at the distance of half a mile, perhaps, the chimney of a large house clearly defined against the red sunset sky.

"Did Mr. Hampton possess any property?" I asked.

"It was generally supposed that he had a large sum of gold about him," said the landlord, "but nothing was proved after the murder. There were some thousands of dollars worth of real estate."

"And who was the heir of that?"

"My wife, sir," said the landlord. "She was the next kin after Margaret—the niece of Mr. Hampton. But the old house and its immediate grounds are a dead weight on our hands; we could not give them away."

I made a few more inquiries, and then the conversation turned on other topics, and soon afterwards supper was announced. At the supper table I saw the landlady—a tall, handsome woman, in the prime of life, and her acquaintance particularly insufferable from the duty imposed to be respectfully entertaining. I was shown to my room soon after supper—an airy apartment directly over the barroom. My curiosity was aroused. The story I had heard about Hampton's Death was romantic enough to excite the interest of almost any young man of three and twenty, and perhaps I had a full share of romance in my composition. I threw up the west window and looked out. The evening was beautiful. There was a slight breeze blowing, and the pale moon had just risen. The gray old front in Hampton Death was distinctly visible, looming ghostly from a mass of evergreens. It was a singular feature in that backwoods landscape, built in an old though not in elegant style of architecture. I felt to speculating about it. The man who had planned that building was superior to his neighbors. He had both taste and love of the beautiful. There was a pleasing harmony between the stone gables of the house and the dark pine forest stretching away for miles behind it. But this distant view did not satisfy me. I wanted to see the inside, to tread the long closed chambers, and stand perhaps in the very spot where on that boisterous Christmas night two souls had been so suddenly launched into eternity.

But I did not care to let those below know of my foolhardiness, as the landlord would probably term it. I would wait till they were all in bed. I sat there listening to the melancholy voice of the whip-poor-will, away off in the copse-wood, the stillness growing around me, and even the night breeze folding its wings and sinking to sleep in the leaves. All was quiet—the house was wrapped in slumber. I examined my pistols, put on fresh caps, and then softly let myself down to the ground by means of the strong tendrils of a grape vine that had climbed up to my window. It was only a little walk to the old ruin—not more than half a mile across the fields to the dilapidated stone fence that separated the grounds from the adjacent lots. I sprang over into the lonesome garden now choked with weeds and grass, and stood in the shadow of the pile of buildings.

Very massive and gloomy it looked, with its weather-stained walls and high, narrow windows gleaming in the cold moonlight. The quaint gables and carved dormer windows shed a black shade over the front; the path to the hall door was obstructed with wild vines and brambles, and a thorn bush had grown up upon the very threshold.

Everything about the place was dead and silent as the tomb. No wonder people said it was haunted, with that old tale of crime and death hanging around it.

I tried the door, but it was fast. So were the windows. I went around to the back part, but it was closely secured. I pried off a cornice with my knife, after some difficulty, and by that means removed a window sash, leaving the aperture free.

Looking in, I saw a large apartment, evidently the kitchen. Everything had been left just where it was before the curse had fallen; the tin pans still gleamed on the dresser, and the kettle still sat on the deserted hearth.

I sprang in and passed into the interior of the building by a dark corridor to what must have been a parlor. Part of the furniture still remained; the green carpet was gray with dust, and the chairs and sofas had put on the sackcloth of mould and moth.

A bat flapped against the window as I entered, escaping through a broken pane; and somewhere not far distant I heard the shrill scream of the night-hawk. A distant door slammed to in the draught of air I had admitted, all striking with startling distinctness on the dead air of that unhappy place. But I was not startled; it was all very novel and delightful to me. If I could only see the ghost, I thought, I should have something to tell my grandchildren.

From thence I passed through two smaller rooms to a large hall in the middle of which rose a broad staircase. This I ascended, the long unused stairs creaking weirdly beneath my tread, as if astonished at their burden. A door at the head of the landing stood slightly ajar. I pushed it open and entered a long narrow chamber, dimly lit up by the moonlight struggling through the dusky glass. One glance showed me that this was the ghostly chamber. There were dark stains on the counterpane of the bed, and near the centre of the floor the delicate carpet was discolored with what had once been a pool of blood.

Here then, the deed was committed. If these silent walls could speak, what a tale of violence they might reveal! While I stood there, thinking how once the death-shrieks of that old man and his wife had resounded through the room, wondering where the guilty murderer was hiding—wondering what tragic fate had overtaken the fair Margaret, I heard the faint sound of a human footstep. Convinced that I was not mistaken, I listened intently. It was repeated. No, there was no mistake.

I looked at my pistols once more, to make sure that all was right. If I were to meet flesh and blood, those trusty weapons might prove my best friend. If only ghosts, I might save myself the trouble of trusting to gunpowder.

There was a door on the opposite side of the chamber leading through several rooms to a second hall, smaller than the first, and from this hall another flight of stairs ascended, leading probably to the attic. I hurried through, and paused at the foot of these stairs. I could hear every step distinctly now; it seemed almost over my head—soft, light and hurried, pacing back and forth. I even thought I could distinguish the slight rustling of a dress. Nearer and nearer it came, a low moan stole to my ear—so thrillingly low that I felt the rosy blood around my heart shrink and grow cold.

"Clinton Early! are you a coward?" I said to myself, and the bare insinuation was enough to send me forward. I went up the stairs, two at a bound, but was stopped by a strong oaken door. I tried to break it down, but it resisted all my efforts. I went to one of the chambers below and wrenched off the great post of a mahogany bedstead, and returning, used this as a sort of battering ram. No mere wooden door could long withstand such an attack as I made on that one, and ere long I had the satisfaction of seeing it fall inwards. I leaped over the ruins into the apartment thus opened before me, but it was bare and unfurnished. Not a thing animate or inanimate, to disturb the ghostly devastation.

I glanced quickly over the walls in search of some secret passage, and in the further corner I perceived a slide, fastened with massive bolts on the outside. I drew back the bars, and paused for a moment before I sought to penetrate the mysteries that door concealed. My heart beat so loud that I could hear it, but I laid my hand thereon and found it beat calm and strong.

A vague, nameless something thrilled through my soul as I stood there. It seemed to me as if I were about to enter on a new and sweeter existence. The hand of Destiny itself was upon me.

I opened the door slowly and stood on the threshold. What did I see?

The moon was shining brightly into the chamber, flooding every remote corner with its silvery brilliance. I could distinguish everything with the greatest minuteness.

In the centre of the room stood a slight spectral form in its slenderness, with a face white as marble, masses of black hair flowing down over her sable garments. The shadowy hands were locked together; the great, mild, dark eyes were fixed upon my face with an expression of terror and wonder.

I advanced to the side of the phantom form. Whether it was a ghost or living woman I knew not, but I was resolved to take no step backwards.

The sweetest, saddest voice I ever heard, addressed me.

"Who are you? Why are you here?"

"Why I am here depends upon circumstances."

I paused, for I was uncertain whether I was speaking to the flesh or the spirit. "O!" she cried, springing towards me and taking my hand in both of hers so soft and warm, "only say that you have come to take me away from here. Only release me and I will be your slave forever! The suspicion that had all along been forming itself in my mind, broke out in the abrupt question:

"Are you Margaret Hampton?

"Years ago I was called so."

"Good God! and where have you been since that Christmas night?" "Here always—Oh, sir, if you knew the half that I have suffered, you would take me away."

I replied by lifting her in my arms and bearing her down over the stairs to life and freedom once more. It was the happiest moments of my existence when I stood with her on the green sward in front of Hampton's Death, with the silver rain of the obstructed moonlight falling over us. She shivered at the touch of the night air. How very long it had been since she had felt the free, fresh air. I took off my coat and buttoned it around her, placing her in the shadow of a tall fir tree, that she might have the support of its trunk. "You will not be afraid to stay here while I get my horse?" I asked.

"Where is it?"

"At Carl Jansen's hotel."

I though she shuddered at the name—my suspicions were fast taking a tangible form.

"Yes, I will try—but, oh! you will not desert me?"

"Desert you! May God smite me dead if I think of it," I exclaimed, and flew over the holstery. I was young and enthusiastic then. My plan was all formed. Pluto was strong and willing, he could carry us both easily, and I got on his back, feeling for the noble fellow an affection as strong as that of a man for his brother. He needed no urging, he seemed wild to get away from the vicinity of the Black Bear; and it was hardly five minutes before I had Margaret Hampton up before me. With one hand I guided my horse, and the other arm held the slight form to my side—I was afraid I would loose her if I did not hold fast.

Half an hour's brisk gallop brought us to the little village of Lowridge, and soon after I had the landlord of the Globe House out of bed and very much at my service.

I took Margaret into the parlor, and made her tell her story in as few words as possible. The landlord was a magistrate, and took down her statement. Two hours afterwards I was on my way to the Black Bear, with four constables and a warrant for the arrest of Carl Jansen on the charge of murder.

We entered the tavern without ceremony, and took the guilty wretch in bed, by the side of his equally guilty wife.

He was lodged in the county jail, and the next afternoon a judical examination took place. Margaret's testimony was amply sufficient to convict him, and he was taken to the place of his confinement to await his trial at a higher court.

Three days afterwards he was found dead in his cell. He had died from the effects of poison brought him by his wife, and the same day she too was seized with a fatal illness that in five hours ended her life. Justice was defrauded of its due.

Jansen left a written confession in full. He entered upon all the horrible details with fiendish minuteness; and long and eloquently on the skill with which he avoided detection.

It was as I had expected. Mrs. Jansen being the next heir after Margaret to the Hampton wealth the wretched couple had formed the plan of murdering the whole family, in order to secure the property. A night when all the servants were away at a Christmas festival was selected, and the deed was done; only Jansen could not find it in his heart to sacrifice Margaret. There was a tender spot in the villain's heart after all. Long ago, in his early manhood, he had loved a woman of whose face Margaret's was the counterpart. This woman had died in her innocence, in her lover's arms, and for the sake of that tender memory, the girl, who resembled her was spared. But she was kept a close prisoner, every one believed her dead, and so she was, to all intents and purposes. Jansen had carried her food at stated intervals, and encouraged the prevailing belief that the old house was haunted, to the best of his ability. The other young man who had gone there to pass the night had been frightened by some diabolical contrivance of Jansen's; I only escaped a similar fate by keeping my intentions of going there a secret. I took Margaret at once to my mother in Boston, and then, as the associations of her early home were so painful to her, I sold out the property and placed the proceeds to her credit. When I placed the certificate of stock in her hands, I said. "There Margaret, the old life is buried. Now you can begin the new." She did not reply, but sat there in the mellow sunshine, her beautiful face troubled, and her eyes cast down.

"You are an heiress, Miss Hampton; you will go into society and be a great belle."

"No," she said softly; "I do not wish to a belle, Clinton."

"What would you be, if you could, Margaret?"

She lifted her sweet face to mine. I caught her to my breast, and held her prisoned there.

"Would you be my wife Margaret?" And she answered, "Yes."

So she was—so she is now, and has been these many happy years; God bless her! And every day my heart is full of eloquent gratitude to an inscrutable Providence, for sending me, in a fit of romantic curiosity to spend a night at "Hampton Death."

## WHO MURDERED DOWNIE?

About the end of the eighteenth century, whenever any student of the Marischal College, Aberdeen, incurred the displeasure of the humbler citizens, he was assailed with the question—"Who murdered Downie?" Reply and rejoindor generally brought on a collision between "town and gown;" although the young gentlemen were accused of what was chronologically impossible. People have a right to be angry at being stigmatized as murderers when their accusers have probability on their side; but the "taking off" of Downie occurred when the gownsmen, so maligned, were in swaddling clothes.

But there was a time when to be branded as an accomplice in the slaughter of Richard Downie made the blood run to the cheek of many a youth, and sent him home to his books thoroughly subdued. Downie was sacrist or janitor at Marischal College. One of his duties consisted in securing the gate by a certain hour; previous to which all the students had to assemble in the common hall, where a Latin prayer was delivered by the principal. Whether in discharging this function Downie was more rigid than his predecessor in office, or whether he became stricter in the performance of it at one time than another cannot be ascertained, but there can be no doubt that he closed the gate with austere punctuality, and that those who were not in the common hall within a minute of the prescribed time were shut out, and were afterwards reprimanded and fined by the principal and professors. The students became irritated at this strictness, and took every petty means of annoying the sacrist; he, in his turn, applied the screw at other points of the academic routine, and a fierce war soon began to rage between the collegians and the humble functionary. Downie took care that in all his proceedings he kept within the strict letter of the law; but his opponents were not so careful, and the decisions of the rulers were uniformly against them and in favor of Downie. Reprimands and fines having failed in producing due subordination, rustication, suspension, and even the extreme sentence of expulsion had to be put in force; and in the end law and order prevailed. But a secret and deadly grudge continued to be entertained against Richard Downie. Various schemes of revenge were thought of.

Downie was in common with teachers and taught enjoying the leisure of the short New Years' vacation—the pleasure being no doubt greatly enhanced by the annoyance to which he had been subjected during the recent bickerings—when, as he was one evening seated with his family in his official residence at the gate, a messenger informed him that a gentleman at a neighboring hotel wished to speak with him. Downie obeyed the summons, and was ushered from one room into another till, at length, he found himself in a large room hung with black, and lighted with a solitary candle. After waiting for some time in this strange place, about fifty figures also dressed in black, and with black masks on their faces, presented themselves. They arranged themselves in the form of a court, and Downie, pale with terror, was given to understand that he was about to be put on his trial.

A judge took his seat on the bench, a clerk and public prosecutor sat below; a jury was empaneled in front; and witnesses and spectators stood around. Downie at first set down the whole affair as a joke, but the proceedings were conducted with such persistent gravity that in spite of himself he began to believe in the genuine nature of the awful tribunal. The clerk read an indictment charging him with conspiring against the liberties of the students; witnesses were examined in due form; the public prosecutor addressed the jury; and the judge summed up.

"Gentlemen," said Downie, "a joke has been carried far enough; it is getting late, and my wife and family will be getting anxious about me. If I have been too strict with you in time past, I am sorry for it, and I assure you that I will take more care in future."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, without paying the slightest attention to this appeal, "consider your verdict, and if you wish to retire do so."

The jury retired. During their absence, the most profound silence was observed; and except renewing the solitary candle that burned beside the judge, there was not the slightest movement.

The jury returned and recorded a verdict of "Guilty." The judge solemnly assumed a large black cap, and addressed the prisoner:

"Richard Downie! The jury have unanimously found you guilty of conspiring against the just liberty and immunities of the students of Marischal College. You have wantonly provoked and insulted those inoffensive liege for some months, and your punishment will assuredly be condign. You must prepare for death. In fifteen minutes the sentence of the court will be carried into effect."

The judge placed his watch on the bench. A block, an ax, and bag of sawdust were brought into the centre of the room. A figure more terrible than any that had yet appeared came forward and prepared to act the part of doomster.

It was now past midnight, there was no sound audible save the ominous ticking of the judge's watch. Downie became more and more alarmed.

"For heaven's sake, gentlemen," said the terrified man, "let me go home. I promise that you never again shall have cause for complaint."

"Richard Downie," remarked the judge, "you are vainly wasting the few moments that are left you on earth. You are in the hands of those who must have your life. No human power can save you. Attempt to utter one cry, and you are seized, and your doom completed before you can utter another. Every one here present has sworn a solemn oath never to reveal the proceedings of this night, they are known to none but ourselves, and when the object for which we have met is accomplished, we shall disperse unknown to any one. Prepare then for death; another five minutes will be allowed, but no more.

The unfortunate man in an agony of deadly terror, raved and shrieked for mercy, but the avengers paid no heed to his cries.—His fevered, trembling lips then moved as if in silent prayer; for he felt that the brief space between him and eternity was but a few more tickings of that ominous watch.

"Now!" exclaimed the Judge.

Four persons stepped forward and seized Downie, on whose features a cold clammy sweat had burst forth. They bared his neck and made him kneel before the block.

"Strike!" exclaimed the judge.

The executioner struck the ax on the floor an assistant on the opposite side lifted at the same moment a wet towel, and struck it across the neck of the recumbent criminal. A loud laugh announced that the joke had at last come to an end.

But Downie responded not to the uproarious merriment. They laughed again; but still he moved not; they lifted him, and Downie was dead!

Fright had killed him as effectually as if the ax of a real headsman had severed his head from his body.

It was tragedy to all. The medical students tried to open a vein, but all was over and the conspirators had now to bethink themselves of safety. They now in reality swore an oath among themselves, and the affrighted young men, carrying their disguise with them, left the body of Downie in the hotel. One of the number told the landlord that their entertainment was not yet quite over, and that they did not wish the individual that was left in the room, to be disturbed for some hours. This was to give them all time to make their escape.

Next morning the body was found. Judical inquiry was instituted, but no satisfactory result could be arrived at. The corpse of poor Downie exhibited no mark of violence, internal or external. The ill will between him and the students was known. It was also known that the students had hired apartments in the hotel for a theatrical representation; that Downie had been sent for by them; but beyond this, nothing was known. No noise had been heard, and no proof of murder could be adduced. Of two hundred students at the college who could point out the guilty or suspected fifty. Moreover, the students were scattered over the city, and the magistrates themselves had many of their own families amongst the number, and it was not desirable to go into the affair too minutely. Downie's widow and family were provided for, and his daughter remained, namely, until about fifteen years after its occurrence, when a man on his death bed, disclosed the whole particulars, and avowed himself to have belonged to the obnoxious class of students who murdered Downie.

## OVER THE WAY.

Come in her childish purity,
Out from the golden day;
Fading away in the light so sweet,
Where the silver stars and sunbeams meet,
Paving the path for her wayward feet,
Over the silent way.

Over her bosom tenderly
The pearly white hands are pressed;
The lashes lie on her cheeks so thin,
Where the softest blush of the rose has been,
Shutting the blue of her eye within,
The pure lids closed in rest.

Over the sweet brow lovingly
Twineth her sunny hair;
She trod so fragile that we sent down
From his heavenly gates that soft bright crown,
To shade her brow with its waves so brown—
Light as the dimpling air.

Come to sleep with a tender smile,
Prize on her tender lips,
By the farewell kiss of her dewy breath,
Cold in the clasp of the angel death,
Like the last fair bud of the fading wreath,
Whose bloom the white frost nips.

Robin—hushed in your downy bed
Over the swinging bough—
Do you miss her voice from your glad duet,
When the dew in the heart of the rose is set,
Till its velvet lips with the essence wet,
In orient crimson glow?

Rosebud—under your shady leaf,
Hid from the sunny day—
Do you miss the glance of the eyes so bright,
Whose blue was heaven in your timid sight?
It is beaming now in the world of light
Over the starry way.

Hearts, where the darling's head hath lain,
Held by love's shining ray—
Do you know that the touch of her gentle hand
Doth brighten the path in the unknown land?
Oh she waits for us with the angel band,
Over the starry way.

## THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

Good counsel is above all price.

Does a transport of joy ever get a ticket-of-leave?

The city of New York offers $1,000 bounty to volunteers.

Some husbands are driven to take a smile at a tavern because they get no smiles at home.

Preserving the health by too strict a regimen is the most wearisome and intolerable of maladies.

The Secretary of the Treasury has decided to issue another hundred millions of the ten-forty loan.

A witness said, in answer to a stranger who was observing how tall his trees grew that they had nothing else to do.

Three thousand dollars' worth of wines were bought at Lord Lyons' sale by a colored caterer for Washington dinner parties.

"She isn't all that fancy painted her," bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover, "and worse than that, she isn't all that she paints herself."

Hon. George M. Dallas, ex-Vice President of the United States, died suddenly at his residence in Philadelphia on Saturday last.

Dupont's powder mills, near Wilmington, Delaware, exploded on the fifteenth ult. Ten men were killed, and several others wounded.

A man comes to church and falls fast asleep, as though he had been brought in for a corpse, and the preacher had been preaching at his funeral.

"You are a nuisance—I'll commit you," said an offended judge to a noisy person in court. "You've no right to commit a nuisance," replied the offender.

It is said some babies are so small that they can creep into quart measures; but the way in which some adults can walk into such measures is astonishing.

In families well ordered there is always one firm and sweet temper which controls without seeming to dictate. The essence of all fine breeding is in the gift of conciliation.

Some one has taken the trouble to calculate what it costs to support all the dogs in the world, and has concluded that the expense amounts to about thirty million dollars annually.

A sleepy churchwarden, who often played at cards, hearing the minister use the words "shuffle off this mortal coil," started up, rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed, "Hold out! it's my deal."

A soldier's widow, by marrying again, forfeits all her pension from the date of her remarriage; and if again she becomes a widow she cannot resume them. This is according to the act of Congress July 1, 1864.

Governor Parker, of New Jersey, says: "After much reflection, I hope uninfluenced by passion or prejudice, I have come to the conclusion that the policy of the present Federal administration can never restore the Union."

Every state and condition of life, if attended with virtue, is undisturbed and delightful; but when vice is intermixed it renders even things that appear splendid, sumptuous, and magnificent distasteful and uneasy to the possessor.

A female servant in Newport, while shaking a carpet recently, fell out of a window twenty-eight feet high. She lay stunned for a while, but finally got up, picked up the carpet, and went about her business. She was an able bodied girl.

The highest legal tribunal of Scotland not long since decided that, according to the Scotch law of marriage, consent in the canons of this country, and in Scotland, constitute marriage without any ceremony or [illegible] without the parties living together; that if the parties [illegible] and actually consent to be man and wife from that time forth they are married in Scotland.

[illegible] for a crowd of [illegible] stoops in hotels, stores or saloons, or to stand in little knots on street corners gossiping, or remarking upon women who may pass, or discussing that which is none of their business about the actions, looks, motions and dress of those they know little or learned by hearsay concerning, should stop in [illegible] more respect than they receive.

It is a common practice for men to gather in familiar haunts, to sit around stoves adding with jack knives to the litter upon their feet—spitting the stove hearth full of their tobacco spit, or spoiling the door front with stumps of cigars and [illegible] the hour talk of ladies in a manner [illegible] tleman would permit a lady relative or friend to be spoken of in his presence. Boys imitate such places. They [illegible] and hear coarse and brutish remarks [illegible] the ladies. They hear their mothers, sisters or [illegible] speaking disrespectfully of those who are not present to take their own part, or suffer from shame at a case left of unfair remarks, and soon grow to feel contempt to be loafers.

Surely there is enough for men to talk about now besides women. All else where will there ever be? Themselves, it is true, as there is in all communities, a few women who by scattering golden and scandal place themselves outside the charmed circle of ladies, but for all that there is a feeling of respect due this sex never overpaid. There is something lovable about a woman. She is a creature of more heart than man, of finer feelings of a keener sense of delicacy—of more earnest intuition—of more confidence than man. The society of ladies is like the refining fire which takes the dross from gold. A man's roughness may be blunted by continual intercourse with ladies and those who speak lightly of women till he [illegible] the charming qualities which make life so pleasant in their society. Boys who are brought up with sisters, or in the care of a mother's love, are better men and better educated for happiness than those reared in manhood in clubs, barrooms, on the street, or in society where women is not respected and made the subject of coarse remark.

The society of women seldom injures a man. He who visits with his sisters, cousins, relatives or friends—who spends his spare time in social conversation or in reading to those who are gathered around the family hearth, is always more refined, more polished in manners—more open hearted, noble and simple, than he who has no such influence to soften down the hollow temper of him, or who surround his heart with gloomy influences, the better to fortify it against the ridicule and dangers of life.

Next to the duty of earnest respect we have for the memory of a departed mother to whom we have always held a [illegible] women. Next to that is the respect we have for a man who thinks enough of himself to be a man, and who speaks in generous, respectful terms of women. There is one man in this town with whom we differ widely in political matters, whom we often quarrel with, another matter, but who we earnestly respect, for the reason that we never yet heard him say a word to throw out an insinuation against any female in the world. Not but there are others, but there is one in particular; we like to see what is called a ladies' man. What man who reads this—what boy who looks it over, would listen a moment to insulting language concerning his sister, wife, or mother? And yet the woman made the subject of comment in store, bar-room or saloon is the wife, mother or sister of somebody. And you have no more right to insult the relation of some one else, than they have to speak ill of yours.

It would be a good thing for men to form a society, the object of which should be to cultivate respect for women, and to induce others to do likewise. A few hypocrites in a church does not militate against the Christian's belief. A few drunkards, thieves and swindlers in a community does not word necessity stamp all as such. A few [illegible] as there are in all places, who make it their study to pull the coats of their neighbors, does not belittle the beauty of character of the better ones, who are worth the living respect of all men, from the fact that there are ladies who take no interest in the gossip and scandal so common everywhere. Another thoughtless man or careless man, when next you are tempted to begin a conversation which detracts from a woman, or which shows a tendency, no matter how remote, to detract from her that mantle of beauty of character and better qualities which does not exist in man, we beg of you to think of this—to think of your own wife, sister, or mother, or daughter, and keep silent. If you are married be one at heart. And if you cannot keep company with those who are thoughtful, keep home.—Black Republican.

TERMS FOR PEACE.—[illegible] trade for a [illegible] party.

"Ours (War) is a [illegible] Duke of Wellington.

"Put together [illegible] and place, and the [illegible] the mischiefs of [illegible]

"The more I study the [illegible] am I convinced of the [illegible] force on [illegible] Lord Brougham.

"Remember that [illegible] over worth [illegible] single [illegible] O'Connell.

"Wellington [illegible] umpire [illegible] Jefferson.

"There never [illegible] will be good [illegible] Washington.

"[illegible] as a [illegible] 1864 [illegible] Lincoln.

"I [illegible] your mother.