

The Democratic Watchman.

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No. 5.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

A GRAND OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Poverty or wealth, or station,
Prizes fit for something less,
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beset the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Sain'ts could do no more.

There are springs of crystal water
Ever welling out of fountains;
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crowned, and overgrown;
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest,
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, unpraised above his fellows,
Of his fellow men, remember
That your nearest kin are men.
Man by labor, man by station,
Man by thought and man by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine,
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam embossed oceans,
There are little weed clad rills,
There are fields, inch high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills;
God, who counts by souls not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me;
For to Him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Tolling hands alone are builders
Of man's wealth and fame;
Tied waist is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of others' foreheads,
Living only to be fed,
When the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifted up his voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with love and light,
Scorn wrongs shall never prosper,
While there is a sunny right;
God, whose world heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

Trush and justice are eternal,
Born with love and light,
Scorn wrongs shall never prosper,
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She came up close to him as if to draw
him with her. He took her hand and drew
her to his knee; he looked long and gently
into her clear blue eyes, and then he asked
her:
"Do you love me, Marian?"
Playfully drawing his face against hers
she kissed him for an answer.
She drew him closer, and he shuddered as
she embraced him.
"If there were no skeleton there," thought
Marian.
John Elmer sighed as he put her from
his knee, and rose up and followed her into
the kitchen. No silver graced their table,
but the plain queenward dishes were spot-
lessly clean, the table linen like snow. A
freshly gathered bouquet stood by John's
plate, composed of honey suckles and late
roses, and a few leaves from Marian's own
houseplant, a rose geranium. The fare was
simple but savory. Marian poured John's
tea, and watched him drink it feverishly,
but he would not eat.
"What is the matter, dear, are you sick?"
questioned she.
"Only tired," said he, with a wearied
look.

After the table was cleared and the kitchen
once more in order, Marian went in
and sat down on her husband's knee, and
looked tenderly up in his face, saying:
"I know you work too hard, John. You
must be careful of yourself. Some of these
days you will be taken sick and die, and
then what will become of poor little Grace
and me? Oh, John, it would kill me to lose
you," and a tear fell willfully down against
her cheek.

Her husband did not answer, but he felt
truly that such a tender flower needed
tender and loving care, or it would be blighted.
He looked out of the window—that land-
scape looked dreary.
"I am sure you do not look well; what
can I do for you?"
John Elmer forced her anxious face down
upon his bosom that he might not see how
sweat it was, then he said:
"Marian, wife, I have unpleasant news for
you; can you listen to me now? It will
affect us materially." She
asked:
"Have your wages been reduced? I know
old Mr. Hugh is very stingy. Perhaps we
can get along though, if we are very sav-
ing; but the winter is to be very hard. I
could get along almost anyhow with you
and the baby."

The strong man bowed his head over hers,
and groined. The trial of their lives was
upon them. How should he tell her the
awful truth?
"Marian," he faltered, "Marian, I am
drafted."
She started—showed him a white, terri-
fied face, and then was very still. It was
over. He had told her, and that patient,
passionate, earnest heart had been senten-
ced to its torture. She lay very still in his
arms, moaning as one moans when hope has
been overcome by life. This was the skele-
ton she had tried to hide, and now, naked,
distinct and terrible, how ghastly it stood
up before her? What a woman's heart suf-
fers—what it breaks with, was coming to
this child woman.

Baby Grace woke up and stretched out
her arms and smiled. Marian rose slowly
and went and raised her to her bosom. She
had given up John's death, and she felt
she was all that was left her. The night
fell as it had fallen upon her heart.
John Elmer could have bought his life for
a paltry sum; but he had not the sum
which could buy it. Three hundred dollars
is a pitiful amount, but for want of it Mar-
ian's heart was beginning to petrify. Mar-
ian did what she could. It was but little,
but that which she could do was killing her.
He could make no provision for wife and
child—there was none in his power. He
would leave them in the care of Him who
would leave them in the care of Him who
John Elmer was to leave home, dark and
soft down by the shaded window. The soft
summer breeze stole gently in through the
green honey suckle without, and the white
curtain swung languidly up and down,
back and forth. The temple curl of John's
black hair, which Marian was proud of, was
lifted carelessly from his forehead, gently as
her dear hand was wont to touch it. It
was a tall, slender fellow, yet finely built,
with a full broad chest, and slender sinewy
arms that looked as if made for protecting
just such a thing as Marian all through the
days of her life. His hands did not look
much as if they had worn kid gloves, but
they were just such hands as a weary work-
man would cling to for assistance and up-
holding when trouble or wear or hope had
failed her. He sat very quiet, with the soft
scented air blowing over him, and looked
about the sitting room. It was very pleas-
ant—Marian's pretty little trifles were
scattered here and there—pictures of her
dearling hung in modest frames made of
pine cones and shells against the walls.
There was an oval mirror in its dark polished
frame that had often reflected her face—
there was her low rocking chair she sat in
every evening and rocked their baby to
sleep, her work basket, with an end of edging
hanging by the side. Then he looked at
the rattle and shook it. It sounded like a
funeral bell. The slipper he touched as a
reverently as a child puts out its hand to
touch the white face of its dead mother.
Marian came in smiling, with a pink flush
on her cheeks, as if she had been making tea.
"Why, John, you're here? You came in
so silently I never heard you. Tea is ready
for you."

Such sympathy had Marian.
Weeks and months passed on. It was
dreary with Marian; oh, so lonely. She
had nothing but Grace now. She heard
from John but seldom. It was very seldom
he sent her money, for the wages of a drafted
man are not wonderful, and it was hard to
make the ends meet. The winter was com-
ing on, and everything was going up; her
house rent had fallen due, and she was in
need of wood. Strange what changes are
wrought in so short a time. From modest
ease, Marian was coming to want—it might
be suffering or starvation—she could not
tell. She left her baby and went out to
hunt for work. She had her sewing machine
and she could sew. She had not counted
the difficulties. Her husband was a drafted
man—a "butcher," but they had nothing for
her to do. They gave their work to the
families of Union volunteers. Marian
looked in their faces and wondered what

they meant. Was her husband's belief
a reproach? Was it a disgrace to be drafted?
If so it fell upon him. She was proud, this
little woman. But when she went back and
found Grace crying for her and the room cold,
her pride began to give way to despair.
One day she wrote a letter to Marian. She
read it fearfully, but it was the wedge that,
driven sharply in, divided the already
broken heart. It was from a companion of
John's, telling how he had been unable to
bear the rough usages of a soldier's life,
how he had fallen ill, and after lying a long
time in the hospital, had died. He should
have written before, but having been sepa-
rated from John or detached service during
his sickness. The words of his gallan-
try, his close observance of his assumed
duties, &c. But what mattered all this to
Marian? He was dead, he was gone—she
could never, never see his dear face again.
She would never be held in his arms, never
feel the pressure of his kiss. He was dead
and Grace was fatherless. But Marian's
grief was silent. She rose up and took up
her burden, and thought she would live for
the sake of the little one. But it was hard
work to live. She got some little work to
do, but she could not earn one room now
and hardly keep them in food. Sometimes
they had no food for an entire day. Even
Marian's health suffered, and the child took
a severe cold that ended in the croup, and
terminated its life. Marian thought she
had suffered her full measure of loss, but
when this last only treasure was taken
away, the last tie that bound her to this life
was broken, what was country to her? In
all length and breadth she had none to love
her, no spot in its boundaries she could
call home. What was it to her that the
country should be saved? She was dying
of grief and starvation.

Work became scarce and hard to get.
Some one was always before her. One by
one she sold all her little articles of value,
disposed of all those little things which had
made her home so pleasant when she and
John and baby were all so happy together.
Then when there was nothing left, she sank
down in a slow, nervous fever. After it was
generally known that Mrs. Elmer was des-
titute and sick, a few neighbors began to
drop in and try to do something for the un-
happy woman, but tardy conscience had failed
to remind them of their duty until it was
entirely too late to aid her. She died, this
broken hearted wife of the conscript, with
John's name and that of her baby on her
lips. She said she was going to meet them
in a country where all was peace. And yet
what matters it? There are just such head-
aches and heart breaks all over the land. It
is not one woman alone who goes down to
the grave broken hearted; not merely one
orphan who suffers hunger and cold. One
among many is Marian Elmer, only one.

NEGROES AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The correspondent of the Missouri Repub-
lican gives a refreshing account of scenes
at the Presidential Mansion at the late re-
ception. He thus tells of the performance
of negroes who came to call on their great
father:
"Among the crowd assembled in front
of the portico, before the doors were thrown
open to the people, were several hundred
colored people of both sexes—the women
most numerous, who had come to pay their
respects to the President. As a general thing
they were well and neatly dressed, some
male and female, being with their white
companions. Both in richness and fashion-
ableness of attire, they indirectly represent
the best of negro society in Washington;
arrayed by a smart sprinkling of colored
stratagem on the part of the whites, aroused
to deep indignation, warned the special po-
lice that trouble was brewing. "They are
letting the negroes in," exclaimed a score of
voices, male and female. "Put 'em out,"
was roared by as many men, who looked
willing enough to perform the act themselves.
"Go to the kitchen, G—d—d—m you," yell-
ed a rough-browed soldier, who forgot her
ward in camp. Yet the negroes pressed
forward, and seemed determined to gain ad-
mittance in spite of these significant de-
clamations, who think they gain a victory over
the devil every time they succeed in out-
preaching themselves in white society on
pretext of equality, and a corporal's
guard of negro soldiers, who, no doubt,
thought themselves justly entitled to the
privilege of paying their New Year's com-
pliments to the chief magistrate of the
country they are fighting for.

The white people made no demonstration
whatever on account of their presence, no
doubt supposing they would confine them-
selves to the station assigned them by cus-
tom and bring up the rear of the President's
visitors; but, when, upon the doors being
opened, it was discovered they intended to
sneak ingress with the crowd by their pres-
sing forward shoulder to shoulder with the
whites, a scene of excitement followed which
did anything but honor to the occasion.
Many negroes had reached the portico and
some had passed the door when the demon-
stration, and of the interference of the
police, who told them they could not enter.
By this time the disturbance was noticed by
those inside the mansion, and its cause was
soon interpreted by the inmates, when they
became aware of the presence of a score or
more of negroes, among themselves. The
nature of the case was soon made known to
Marshal Lamson, who immediately instructed
his deputies (policemen) to eject the ne-
groes and prevent all further ingress of the
same. After some confusion, this was done,
and quiet was restored, but not before such
a hubbub had been created in the reception
room, Mrs. Lincoln thought it consistent
with her dignity to retire. After the reception
of the whites was over, such of the negroes
as remained were admitted and received by
Mrs. Lincoln. There were not many, as the
majority had gone off in high indignation."

THE OLD MONARCHIST PARTY.

The Democratic party to-day is confront-
ing the same principles that threatened to
overthrow the Constitution in 1798. These
principles were beaten back by the genius
of Jefferson. He told the conspirators that
if they advanced another step with their
despotic rule, the people should "arm from
the mountains to the sea."
Alas! we have no Jefferson now. We
have not a statesman, nor a man of pluck,
of any description. We have plenty of rail
road men, bankers, brokers, contractors,
candidates of all manner of offices, but we
have no man of pluck—no great man. If
we had, Abraham Lincoln would, before
this date, have been forced back within the
limits of the Constitution, or have expiated
his crimes upon a gallows. That body of
respectable old women called "The Demo-
cratic National Committee," has issued a
gentle paper address to Abraham Lincoln,
in which they charge upon him crimes that
forfeit his last right to life, and then heroi-
cally conclude that these deeds ought to
arouse the "public indignation." When
the "federalists," under old John Adams,
replied: "By God, if you do, the people
shall arm from the mountains to the sea."
We are almost afraid to quote "those rough
words of Jefferson, lest the respectable old
ladies of the "Democratic National Com-
mittee" be thrown into hysterics. What
a "National Committee" for such times as
these! What a pity that gentleman so emi-
nently capable of being useful as nurses to
children of a tender age, should be forced
from the nursery to the forum! To be an
official, or cowardly, or foolish "National
Committee." Alas that our Jeffersons
should all be dead in such times as these!
Alas that there is no great man to be found
to seize the Constitution in one hand, and
the history of the Revolutionary struggle
in the other, and say to the honest, dubi-
tant, and wronged people, follow me: "If
there is no alternative, our liberties must
be preserved as our fathers won them."
That will be the welcome word of patri-
otism, sounding above the din of the godless
machinery of "shoddy," penetrating the
hearts of millions with the inspiration of
hope. For more than twelve months now
the people have vainly listened to hear
some voice of manhood crying out in the
midst of the abominations of despotism,
"Give me liberty, or give me death!" But
they will not "always listen in vain. The
voice will come at last. It will come as the
waves of the sea, as the wind of heaven,
as the lightning from the clouds!"—Old
Guard.

The Japanese women in general are much
better looking than Chinese—the eyes being
less elongated, and the whole expression of
the face more open and free from cunning.
There are many, however, whose faces pro-
claim their Chinese origin and offspring,
probably of some of those intermarriages
which occasionally take place. Their head
dresses and hair, which are objects of espe-
cial attention, are generally arranged after
a very elaborate fashion, and when disposed
to their entire satisfaction are not disturbed
again for a day or two. The pillow of which
they make use is admirably adapted for
keeping the well greased and pasted tresses
in order. It is made of wood, and reminds
us at first sight of a good sized stereoscope.
The head rests on a small roll of linen or
paper, like a sausage in size, which they
place at the top, and one would imagine that
a stiff neck next morning must be the result
of such an unrefreshing pillow. As we are
all, however, creatures of habit, they most
probably prefer that to which they have al-
ways been accustomed. The men likewise
have their heads dressed only once in
twenty-four hours, and sometimes at longer
intervals. A regular hair-dresser arranges
their hair in the morning; invariably re-
specting the front part of the house, prob-
ably in order that the individual under his
hands may be able to amuse himself by gaz-
ing at the passers by during the operation so tedious
and elaborate. The entire top of the head,
from the forehead, is always kept shaved as
clean as the face of a beardless boy. The
rest of the hair, allowed to grow long, is
saturated with grease, to which is added a
kind of gum or paste, to make it stiff. The
locks thus bedaubed are then combed up all
around, and tied at the crown of the head,
the ends sticking together forming a tail
piece, which is again dumbled back and tied,
plenty of gum being applied all the time to
make it pliable. When it is finished it rests
on the centre of the head, in a short neck
little tail or knob. The women dress very
much like the men, with a loose, flowing
robe, confined at the waist by a scarf. At
the back they wear a bundle of cloth stik,
the most costly article of their attire. Every
woman, whether of low or high degree, poor
or wealthy, always turns round on her pas-
sing another woman, and fixes her eyes on
this singular appendage, a scrutiny which
enables her to judge of the wearer's station
and wealth. They redder their lips with a
preparation, the same of which is Blen-ten-
ba. By means of another mixture, which
many avail themselves of, they give golden
tinge, the appearance of which strikes one
at first as very singular.

A factory in New York turns out 40,000
pieces every week. And the man who runs it
occupies four buildings, and has two horses
and wagons engaged in delivering his pieces
about the city.

FOREORDINATION.

That distinguished modern philosopher,
Josh Billings, gets off the following:
"We commence here—we are somebody's
baby—we have been here—we go to dis-
trict school—we go to school—we go to
hokey—we have to smoke, and find our-
selves men grown all to one. Thus far nature
has piped, and we have danced, and there
hasn't been no dollar to pay, but now comes
in the special ordinance, time. I have
been through with awl this myself and stood
on the threshold, young man, a looking
round, red-dy to be ordained. I felt as
though I wud give \$75 at least if a buddy
wud cum along and ordain me, and let me
pitch in. I waited for six weeks, if I re-
flect right, and I never got the fuel smell
of any ordaining. Then I konkluded to or-
dain myself fit or miss. The first thing I
tried on was some land in the western kin-
try. I ordered the venison and wild turkey
and possums tow leave, for I was agoin' to
farm. I ordered a log house and much rafe
fence immediately, and put in a crop of
wheat, and procured twine and a yoke of
stags. I worked two years, had the ager
and little crops principally, and managed
to sink the farm and stags; I didn't seem
to be specially ordained for farming in the
western country.
Since that time, I have tried every kind
of business that I could hear of, and I
have been specially ordained yet in my knollege,
the fault all lays to the different kind of
business, I haint the least doubt. The busi-
ness that was designed for me probably
haint been ordained yet, but I intend to
keep boring, and when I do strike he-
there will be a good time generally in my
immediate neighborhood. I have got any
quantity of friends (they don't seem to cum
by ordination) I can't name, and manage
to keep them by asking them to say any-
thing but advise; you can't ask anything of
a man that he loves to give more, and that
costs him less, than advise."

A REMINISCENCE.

Years ago the office of the *Gazette* was in
Hanover square, near the corner of Pear
street. It was a place of resort for news
and conversation, especially in the evening
of February 15, 1816; it was cold, and a late
hour only Alderman Shuba and another gen-
tleman were left with Father Lang, the
genius of the place. The office was about
being closed, when a pilot rushed in, and
stood for a moment so entirely exhausted as
to be unable to speak.
"He has great news," exclaimed Mr.
Lang.
Presently the pilot, gasping for breath,
whispered intelligibly, "Peace! Peace!"
The gentlemen lost their breath as fast as
the pilot gained his. Directly the pilot was
able to say:
"An English sloop is below, with news of
a treaty of peace!"
They say that Mr. Lang exclaimed in
greater words than ever he used before—
and all hands rushed into Hanover square
exclaiming—"Peace! Peace!"
The windows flew up—for families lived
there then. No sooner were the inmates
aware of the sweet sound of peace, than the
windows began to glow with brilliant illu-
minations. The cry of "Peace! Peace!"
spread through the city at the top of all
voices. No one stopped to inquire about
"free-trade and sailor's rights." No one
enquired whether even the national hon-
or had been preserved. The matters by which
the politicians had irritated the nation into
the war, had lost all their importance. It
was enough that the ruinous war was over.
An old man on Broadway attracted by the
noise in his door, was seen to pull down a
placard. "To Let," which had been long
posted up. Never was there such joy in the
city. A few evenings after there was a
general illumination, and although the snow
was a foot deep and soaked with rain, yet
the street was crowded with men and
women, eager to see and partake of every-
thing which had in it the sight or taste of
peace.—Ex.

The following item should be
preserved, as showing to whom pensions
may be granted. Those entitled to pensions are:
First.—Invalids, disabled since March 4,
1801, in the military or naval service of
the United States, while in the line of duty.
Second.—Widows of officers, soldiers and
seamen, who have died of wounds received,
or disease contracted in service as above.
Third.—Children under sixteen years of
age, of either of the aforesaid deceased
persons, if there is no widow surviving,
or from the time of the widow's remar-
riage.
Fourth.—Mothers of officers, soldiers and
seamen, deceased, as aforesaid, and who
were dependent upon the son for sup-
port, in whole or in part.
Fifth.—Sisters under sixteen years of age
dependent on said deceased brother, wholly
or in part for support, provided there are
none of the last three classes above men-
tioned.

Invalids and friends of deceased soldiers
are reminded that, in order to have paid
pension commencing when the service termi-
nated, the application therefore must be made
within six years of the discharge of the in-
valid or the decease of the officer, soldier,
seaman, or as the case may be.
Rates of Pension.—Lieutenant colonel and
officers of higher rank, \$30 per month;
major, \$25 per month; captain, \$20 per
month; first lieutenant, \$17 per month;
second lieutenant, \$15 per month; all sol-
diers will be allowed the relative of a de-
ceased soldier, and in the order of prece-
dence, as above given.
Applications from Pennsylvania may be
sent to Col. Frank Jordan, Military State
Agent for Pennsylvania, Eleventh street,
Washington city—who will attend to them
without charge to the applicant.

WELL MEET AGAIN.

We'll meet again! how sweet the word—
How soothing to the sound
Like strains of love's sweet music heard
On some enchanted ground.
We'll meet again!—thus friendship speaks
When those that part depart,
And in the pleasing prospect seek
On some enchanted ground.
We'll meet again! the lover cries,
Secure, who thought but this
Can't be so long as the agonies
Of the last parting kiss.
We'll meet again! are accents heard
Beside the dying bed,
When all the soul by grief is stirred,
And bitter tears are shed.
We'll meet again! are words that cheer
While bending o'er the tomb;
For oh, that hope, so bright and dear,
Can pierce its deepest gloom.
For in the mansion of the blest,
Secure from care and pain,
In heaven's serene and blissful rest
We'll surely meet again.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

—Young men who wish to rise in the
world must rise early in the morning.
—A poor family in Cincinnati has fallen
heir to a fortune of seven million dollars.
—Two sisters, Maria and Marina Tuller,
were frozen to death near Utica last
week.
—Society, like shaded silk, must be
viewed in all situations, or its colors will
deceive you.
—Memory is not so brilliant as hope,
but it is almost as beautiful, and a thousand
times as true.
—The Georgia Legislature is to re-as-
semble as soon as the State House is
repaired.
—The Federal garrisons in Arkansas
have all been withdrawn as far South as
Fort Smith by order of General Canby.
—Be kind and obliging to all, but be
intimate only with the good. Thus you
will gain esteem and offend nobody.
—Manufactures are developing on the
Pacific slope. In Oregon City, the edifices
of an extensive woolen factory is going up.
—Hon. Edward Everett died in the
city of Boston, on the morning of the 15th
inst. His age was 70 years and 9 months.
—A monument to the joint memories of
Thackeray and John Leach, is to be erected
within the walls of the Charter-house, Lon-
don.
—Everybody in the James River com-
mand, according to the *Herald's* correspon-
dent, is surprised at the removal of General
Buler.
—A lady while eating oysters at a sea-
sion in Chicago, found a pearl in a shell
which the jewellers pronounce worth \$180.
"Fai oyster," that.
—Good nature, like the little busy bee,
collects sweetness from every herb; while
ill nature, like the spider, collects poison
from honeyed flowers.
—The man that forgets a great deal
that has happened, has a better memory
than he who remembers a great deal that
never happened.
—To make hens lay perpetually, hit
them on the head with a big club. Other
modes have been recommended, but this is
the only one found to prove effectual.
—It is predicted that Spain will be
compelled to abandon the conquest of the
island of San Domingo, and that the French
will give up the conquest of Mexico.
—Hon. James Guthrie has been elected
United States Senator, for six years, from
the 4th of March, in place of Gov. Powell.
He received 65 votes to Gen. Bauesen's 66.
—Wilmington papers think that
another attack is soon to be made on that
place but state that the defenses of the city
are so strong that there is no danger of its
capture.
—From a tree that measures about a
foot in diameter, belonging to Abraham
Huggins, of Sheffield, was gathered this
year, 22,750 apples, averaging nearly
1,200 apples per bushel.

No clearances to Savannah are to be
permitted, except by the Secretary of the
Treasury. It is reported that the citi-
zens of Savannah are in a destitute condi-
tion, and that the Federal officers feed from
15,000 to 20,000 persons.
—A Missouli postmaster thus expresses
his opinion that the postal returns are
correct: "I hereby certify that the star
gain A Counts is as near Rite as I now how
to make it, if there is any mistake it is not
Dun a purpers."
—The London Times says that the present
attitude of the United States toward
Canada invites a rupture and renders it
probable with England. The rupture would
lead to the immediate and irrevocable es-
tablishment of the Southern Confederacy.
—The *Harrisburg Patriot* and *Union*
says "the grassy aristocracy are said to be
well represented in the lobby of the Cap-
itol. The odor of petroleum is so distinct
around so many of the desks of both halls
that no doubt these gentry imagining it will
pay to bore. Somebody is bound to strike
it!"
—At a recent festive meeting a mar-
ried man, who ought to have known better,
proposed: "The ladies—the beings who
divide our sorrows, double our joys, and
trouble our expenses." Upon which, a lady
replied: "The gentleman—the candidate
individuals who divide our time, double our
cares, and trouble our troubles." The mar-
ried man didn't stop to hear any more.

IT ALIEN LOVE.
A Naples paper has a strange story of
Italian love, which recently occurred in that
city. The Princess de Torre, Mdle. d'
Avalos, and M. de Quarto, the betrothed
of that young lady, were walking in the
gardens of the Vasto Palace at Chiajo, when
they were met by M. d'Avalos, uncle of the
future bride. That gentleman, who is
greatly opposed to the intended union, giv-
ing way to a sudden fit of anger, set a bull
dog, by which he was followed, on M. de
Quarto. The animal, however, instead of
attacking M. de Quarto, approached the
princess, and frisked about her as if to en-
liven a caress. M. d'Avalos, rendered more
furious at this failure, struck M. de Quarto
in the face with a riding whip. The latter
then drew a pistol from his pocket, and
fired at M. d'Avalos, wounding him severely
in the side, while a lady, who was present,
a very intimate friend of M. d'Avalos, fired
a pistol at M. de Quarto. The Princess de
Torre and Mdle. d'Avalos, had in the mean-
time fled to the Duke, who was in the
house by the assistance of Mrs. Quarto, and
took refuge in the palace, leaving the gen-
tlemen, and underwent to Chiajo, the princess
begging his brother to marry her, and
that the latter, now more enraged than ever,
took up a double-barrelled gun, and fired
at the Duke, who was in the house, and
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