The Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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LOVED TOO LATE.

Far off in the dim and desolate Past—
That shoreless and sorrowful sea,
Where wrecks are driven by wave and blast,
Shattered, shaken and lost at last,
Does the heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Long ago broken for me!

My love were Glory and Pride and Art—
Ah, dangerous rivals three!
Sweet lips might quiver and warm tears start—
Should an artist pause for a woman's heart?
Even that which was broken for me?
Poor heart!
Too rare to be broken for me!

Oh, she was more mild than the wind,
More fair than the lilies be!
More true than the star with twilight twined
Was the spirit against whose love I sinned—
The heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart.
Cruelly broken for me!

I told her an artist would wed his art—
That only his love should be;
No more should lure me from mine apart,
I said, and my cold words chilled her heart,
The heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!,
Hopelessly broken for me!

I spoke of the beautiful pearls to come,
In the lands beyond the sea—
Those years which must be so wearisome
To her, but patient lips were dumb;
In silence it broke for me;
Poor heart!
Broke, yet complained not, for me!

I pressed her hand and rebuked her tears
Lightly and carelessly;
I said my triumph should reach her ears,
And left alone with the dismal years
The heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Silently breaking for me;

My days were a dream of summer time,
My life was a victory;
Fame wove fine garlands to crown my prime
And I half forgot in that radiant clime
The heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Thanklessly broken for me!

Sick with longing hope and dread,
I hurried across the sea,
She wasted as though with grief, they said—
Poor child! poor child—and was long since dead;
Ah, dead for the love of me—
Poor heart!
Broken and vainly for me!

Weighed down by a load too heavy to hold,
She died unmurmuringly;
And, I remorseful and unconsoled,
I dreamed of the wasted days of old,
And the heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Broken so vainly for me.

—*Exchange.*

THE DOCTOR'S MATCH-MAKING.

"Good morning, Mrs Barnet," cried Doctor Singletary, as he drew near a neat farm house, during one of our morning drives

A tall, healthy young woman, in the bloom of matronly beauty, was feeding chickens at the door. She uttered an exclamation of delight, and hurried towards its Perceiving a stranger in the wagon she paused, with a look of embarrassment

"My friend, who is spending a few weeks with me," explained the doctor

She greeted me civily, and pressed the doctor's hand warmly

"Oh, it is so long since you have called on us that we have been talking of going up to see you, as soon as Robert can get away from the cornfield You don't know how little Lucy has grown lately, You must go up and see her"

"She's coming to seeme herself," replied the doctor, beckoning to a sweet, blue eyed child in the doorway.

The delighted mother caught up her darling and held her before the doctor.

"Dosen't she look like Robert?" she inquired. "His very eyes and forehead; bless me! here he is now."

A stout, hale, young farmer, in a checked frock and a brown straw hat, came up from the adjoining field

"Well, Robert," said the doctor, "how do matters stand with you? Well I hope."

"All right, Doctor We've paid off the last cent of the mortgage, and the farm is all free and clear. Julia and I have worked hard but we're none the worse for it."

"You look well and happy, I am sure," answered the doctor "I don't think you are sorry you took the advice of an old bachelor, after all."

The young wife's head dropped until her lips touched those of her child

"Sorry!" exclaimed her husband—"Not we If there's anybody happier than we are within ten miles of us, I don't know them Doctor, I'll tell you what I said to Julia the night I brought home that mortgage; well said I, that debt's paid, but there's one debt we can never pay as long as we live 'I know it, but Dr. Singletary wants no better reward for his kindness than to see us live happily together, and do for others what he has done for us."

"Pshaw!" said the Doctor, catching up his reins and whip. "You owe me nothing But I must not forget my errand, Poor old widow Whiting needs a watcher to-night, and she insist upon having Julia Barnet, and nobody else What shall I tell her?"

"I'll go instantly. I can leave Lucy now as well as not"

"Good bye, neighbors"

"Good bye, Doctor"

As I drove off, I saw the Doctor draw his hand hastily across his eyes, and he said nothing for some minutes

"Public opinion," said he at length, as if pursuing his meditations aloud, "Public opinion is, nine cases out of ten, public folly and impertinence. We are slaves to one another—we dare not take counsel of our consciences and affections, but must needs have popular prejudice and custom to decide for us, and at their blasting are sacrificing love and friendship, and all the best hopes of our lives. We do not ask what is right and best for us, but what will folks say of it.—How few dare to seek their own happiness by the lights which God has given them or have strength to defy the false pride and the prejudice of the world, and stand fast in the liberty of Christians. Can anything be more pitiable than the sight of so many who should be choosers and creators under God of their own spheres of utility and happiness, self-degraded into mere slaves of propriety and custom—their true natures undeveloped, their hearts cramped and shut up, each afraid of his neighbor, and his neighbor of him, living a life of unreality, deceiving and being deceived, and forever walking in a vain show? Here, now, we have just left a married couple who are happy because they have taken counsel of their honest affections, rather than of the opinions of the multitude, and have dared to be true to themselves in defiance of impertinent gossip."

"You allude to young farmer Barnet and his wife, I suppose," said I.

"Yes. I will give you their cases as an illustration. Julia Atkins was the daughter of Ensign Atkins, who lived on the millroad, just above Deacon Warner's. When she was ten years old her mother died and in a few months afterwards her father married Polly Wiggins, the tailoress, a selfish, shrewd, meddling woman. Julia, poor girl had a hard time of it; for the Ensign, although a kind and affectionate man naturally, was too weak and yielding to interpose between her and his strong minded and sharp-tongued wife. She had one friend, however, who was always ready to sympathize with her. Robert Barnet was the son of the next door neighbor, about ten years older than herself They had grown up together as school companions and playmates; *and often* in my drives I used to meet them, coming home hand in hand from school, or from the woods with berries and nuts, talking and laughing as if there were no scolding stepmothers in the world,

It so happened that when Julia was in her seventeenth year, there came a famous writing master to Pecawkin—He was a showy, dashing fellow, with a fashionable dress, a wicked eye, and a tongue like the old serpent's when tempting our grandmother. Julia was one of his scholars, and perhaps the prettiest of them all The rascal singled her out from the first, and, the better to accomplish his purpose, he left the tavern and took lodgings at the Ensign's. He soon saw how matters stood in the family and governed himself accordingly, taking especial pains to conciliate the ruling authority. The Ensign's wife hated young Barnet, and wished to get rid of her daughter-in-law The writing master therefore had a fair field He flattered the poor girl by his attentions, and praised her beauty—Her moral training had not fitted her to withstand this seductive influence; no mother's love, with its quick, instinctive sense of danger threatening its object, interposed between her and the tempter Her old friend and playmate—he who could save her—had been rudely repulsed from the house of her mother in-law; and indignant and disgusted he retired from all competition with his formidable rival. Thus abandoned to her own undisciplined imagination, with the experience of a child and the passions of a women, she was deceived by false pretense, bewildered, fascinated, and beguiled into sin.

It is the same old story of women's confidence, of man's duplicity. The rascally writing master, under pretence of visiting a neighboring town, left his lodgins and never returned. The last I heard of him, he was the tenant of a Western penitentiary.—Poor Julia, driven in disgrace from her father's house, at last found refuge in the dwelling of an old woman of no very creditable character. There I was called to visit her: And although not unused to scenes of suffering and sorrow, I had never before witnessed such an utter abandonment of grief, shame, and remorse. Alas! what sorrow was like unto her sorrow! The birth hour of her infant was the hour also of its death

The agony of her spirit seemed greater than she could bear Her eyes were opened, and she looked upon herself with loathing and horror She would admit to no hope, no consolation; she would listen to no palliation or excuse for her guilt. I could only direct her to that source of pardon and peace to which the heart-broken and contrite hear never appeals in vain

In the meantime, Robert Barnet shipped on board a Labrador vessel. The night before he left he called on me and put in my hand a sum of money, small indeed, but all he could then command.

"You will see her often," he said "do not let her suffer, for she is more to be pitied than blamed."

I told him further, that I would do all in my power for her, and added that I thought far better of her, contrite and penitent as she was, then of some who were busy in holding her up to shame and censure.

"God bless you for these words!" he said, grasping my hand "I shall think of them often. They will be a comfort to me"

As for Julia, God was more merciful to her than man. She rose from her sick bed thoughtful and humbled, but with hopes that transcended the world of her suffering and shame. She no longer murmured against her sorrowful allotment, but accepted it with quiet and almost cheerful resignation, as the fitting penalty of God's broken laws, and the needed discipline of her spirit She could say with the Psalmist: "The judgments of the lord are true, and thy judgment is right."

Through her exertions she obtained employment in a respectable family, to whom she endeared herself by her faithfulness, cheerful obedience, and unaffected piety.—Her trials had made her heart tender with sympathy for all in affliction.

She seemed inevitably drawn towards the sick and suffering In their presence the burden of her own sorrow seemed to fall off. She was the most cheerful and sunny-faced nurse I ever knew; and I always felt sure that my own efforts would be well seconded when I found her by the bedside of a patient Beautiful it was to see this poor young girl, whom the world still looked upon with scorn and unkindness, cheering the desponding and imparting, as it were, her own strong, healthful life to the weak and faint; supporting on her own bosom, through weary nights, the heads of those who, while in health, would have deemed her touch pollution, or hear her singing for the ear of the dying some sweet hymn of hope or resignation, or calling to mind the consolations of the Gospel and the great love of Christ.

"I trust," said I, "that the feelings of the community were softened toward her."

"You know what human nature is," replied the doctor—"and with what hearty satisfaction we abhor and censure folly and sin in others. It is a luxury which we cannot easily forego, although our own experience tells us that the consequences of vice and error are bitter enough without the aggravation of reproach and ridicule from without. So you need not be surprised to learn that, in poor Julia's case, the charity of sinners like herself did not keep pace with the mercy and forgiveness of Him who is infinite in purity. Nevertheless, I will do our people the justice to say that her blameless and self-sacrificing life was not without its proper effect upon them."

"What became of Robert Barnet?" I inquired.

"He came after an absence of several months, and called on me before he had even seen his father and mother. He did not mention Julia, but I saw that his errand with me concerned her. I spoke of her excellent deportment and useful life, dwelt upon the extenuating circumstances of her error, and of her sincere and hearty repentance."

"Doctor," said he, at length, with a hesitating and embarrassed manner, "what would you think if I should tell you that, after all that has passed, I have half made up my mind to ask her to become my wife?"

"I should think better of it if you had wholly made up your mind," said I. "And if you were my son, I would not ask you for a better wife than Julia Atkins Don't hesitate, Robert, on account of what some ill-natured people may say. Consult your own heart first of all."

"I don't care for the talk of all the busy-bodies in town," he said; "but I wish that father and mother could feel as you do about her."

"Leave that to me," said I; "they are kind hearted and reasonable, and I dare say will be disposed to make the best of the matter, when they find you are decided in your purpose."

I did not see him again, but a few days after I learned from his parents that he had gone on another voyage. It was now autumn, and the most sickly season I have ever known in Pecawkin Ensign Atkins and his wife both fell sick, and Julia embraced with alacrity this providential opportunity to return to her father's house, and fulfill the duties of a daughter Under her careful nursing, the Ensign soon got upon his feet; but his wife, whose constitution was weaker, sunk under the fever She died better than she lived, penitent and loving, asking forgiveness of Julia for her neglect and unkindness, and invoking blessings on her head. Julia had now, for the first time since the death of her mother a comfortable home and a father's love and protection Her sweetness of temper, patient endurance, and forgetfulness of herself in her labors for others, gradually overcame the scruples and hard feelings of her neighbors They began to question whether, after all, it was meritous in them to treat one like her as a sinner beyond forgiveness. Elder Staples and Deacon Warner were here last friends. The Deacon's daughter—the tall blue-eyed, brown locked girl you noticed at church the other day—set the example among the young people of treating her as their equal and companion.

One midwinter evening I took Julia with me to a sick patient of mine, who was suffering for the lack of attendance. The house where she lived was in a lonely and desolate place, some two or three miles below us, on a sandy level just elevated above the great salt marshes, stretching far away to the sea. The night set in dark and stormy. The fierce north-easterly wind swept over the level waste, driving thick snow clouds before it, shaking the doors and windows of the old house, and roaring in its vast chimney. The woman was dying when we arrived, and her drunken husband was sitting in stupid unconcern in the corner of the fire place. A little after midnight she breathed her last

In the meantime the storm had grown more violent, there was a blinding snow falling in the air, and we could feel the jar of the great waves as they broke upon the beach

"It is a terrible night for sailors on the coast," I said, breaking our long silence with the dead God grant them sea-room!"

Julia shuddered as I spoke, and by the dim flashing firelight I saw her weeping I knew that her thoughts were with her old friend and playmate on the wide waters

"Julia," said I, "do you know that Robert Barnet loves you with all the strength of an honest and true heart?"

She trembled, and her voice faltered as she confessed, that when Robert was at home, he had asked her to become his wife.

"And like a fool, you refused him, I suppose, the brave generous fellow."

"Oh, doctor," she exclaimed, "how can you talk so? It is just because Robert is so good and noble and generous, that I dare not take him at his word You, doctor, would have despised me if I had taken advantage of his pity, or the kind remembrance of the old days when we were children together. I have already brought too much disgrace upon those dear to me." I was endeavoring to convince her, in reply, that she was doing injustice to herself, and wronging her best friend, whose happiness depended, in a great measure, upon her, when, born upon the strong blast we both heard a faint cry, as of a human being in distress, I threw up the window, which opened seaward, and we leaned out into the wild night, and listened breathlessly for the sound

Once more, and once only we heard it, a lowt smothered, despairing cry

"Some one is lost and perishing in the snow," said Julia. "The sound comes in the direction of the beach plum bushes on the side of the marsh Let us go at once"

She snatched up her hood and shawl, and was already at the door I found and lighted a lantern, and soon overtook her. The snow was already deep and badly drifted, and it was with extreme difficulty that we could force our way against the storm. We stopped often to breathe and listen: but the roaring of the wind and waves was alone audible. At last we reached a slightly elevated spot, overgrown with dwarf and plum trees, whose branches were dimly visible above the snow.

"Here, bring the lantern here!" cried Julia, who had strayed a few yards from me. I hastened to her, and found her lifting up the body of a man who was apparently insensible. The rays from the lantern fell full upon his face, and we both at the same instant recognized—Robert Barnet. Julia neither shrieked nor fainted; but, kneeling in the snow, and still supporting the body, she turned toward me a look of earnest and fearful inquiry

"Courage," said I, "he still lives. He is only overcome with fatigue and cold."

With much difficulty, partly carrying, and partly dragging him through the snow, we succeeded in getting him into the house, where in a short time he so far recovered as to be able to speak. Julia, who had been my prompt and efficient assistant in his restoration, retired into the shadow of the room as soon as he began to rouse himself and look about him. He asked where he was, and who was with him, saying that his head was so confused that he thought he saw Julia Atkins by the bedside. "You were not mistaken," said I, "Julia is here, and you owe your life to her." He started up, and gazed around the room. I beckoned Julia to the bedside, and I never shall forget the grateful earnestness with which he grasped her by the hands, and called upon God to bless her. Some folks think me a tough-hearted old fellow, and so I am; but that scene was more than I could bear without shedding tears. Robert told us that his vessel had been thrown upon the beach a mile or two below, and he feared that all the crew had perished save himself.

Assured of his safety, I went out once more in the faint hope of hearing the voice of some survivor of the disaster; but I listened only to the heavy thunder of the surf, rolling along the horizon of the east The storm had in a great measure ceased, the grey light of dawn was just visible, and I was gratified to see some of the nearest neighbors approaching the house On being informed of the wreck, they immediately started for the beach, where several dead bodies, half-buried in the snow, confirmed the fears of the solitary survivor

The result of all of this you can easily conjecture Robert abandoned the sea, and with the aid of his friends, purchased the farm where he now lives, and the anniversary of the shipwreck found him the husband of Julia I can assure you I have had every reason to congratulate myself on my share in the match making Nobody ventured to find fault with it, except two or three busy old busy-bodies, who, as Elder Staples well says, "would have cursed her whom Christ had forgiven, and spurned the weeping Magdalene from the feet of the Lord"

A TALE OF AWFUL OUTRAGE

One of the most shocking, most horrible events ever known to history, occurred last week in Maryland, by which one of the most prominent and wealthy citizens of Cumberland county, has been reduced to a condition a thousand times worse than death. Mr Charles Dean, a resident of Brady's Mills, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, a gentleman of education, and possessor of the large mill and other property in the village had an only daughter, named Bessie a young lady not quite seventeen, possessed of refinement and every virtue and accomplishment which nature could give or money procure She had a form of exquisite symmetry and grace, and a rare voice which cultivation had trained, to produce the most perfect harmony. She was indeed a most charming singer and belle of the country

For some months past there has been prowling around Brady's Mills almost ogerish looking mulatto supposed to have formerly been the slave of a brother of Mr Dean living in Georgia.

This monster has lived in a filthy hut at the foot of Brady's mountain, with an old women who seemed to be mistress, mother and housekeeper, altogether—No one knew, his name, but by the ways of the town he was designated as Dan Scrunch

On Monday the second of September Miss Bessie being at home, having left school at Baltimore, where she was attending, on account of the serious illness of her mother, went, unaccompanied, to spend the afternoon with a neighbor, some distance away, and returning in the early evening around the mountain, a sudden thunder shower came on, and meeting Dan, was induced by him to seek shelter in the hut.

Alas! poor child, no sooner had the door been shut, than the fiendish demon seized upon her, and despite her piercing screams and struggles and in the presence of the old witch women, he committed upon the chaste virgin the foulest outrage of which the human mind can conceive or man is capable. He then dragged her insensible from out of the hut. The cool air revived her and again her lips uttered a shrill cry, when this savage beast, in human shape, standing upon her prostrate form, with the insane idea of putting it out of her power to tell of the crime, crushed open her mouth with the heel of his boot, and with his hyena claws he tore the poor girl's tongue from her throat A small boy, driving the cows in the vacinity, hearing the screams, gave the alarm, but before help could arrive, the fiend had fled The excruciating torture of the delicate sufferer and the frantic anguish of her parents, no imagination can conceive

She is said to be in a dying condition—mortification having set in, and her invalid mother cannot long survive the shock. Dan Scrunch is still at large. The old woman was taken into custody the next morning and stated that the brute returned during the night. The woods are being scoured in every direction and he cannot long escape.—*Patriot and Union.*

Radical Misrule.

Among the many ways in which Radical misrule prevents the Democratic party from obtaining power in the Commonwealth, that of "gerrymandering" the State for Senatorial and Legislative purposes, stands pre eminent. By this process the people are defrauded of their rights and the minority prevented from having a voice in the affairs of the State. The returns from the city, when examined carefully, furnish evidence of a most significant and startling character with reference to this subject. The aggregate Democratic vote for Representatives in this city is 51,222. As the Democrats only elected seven members to the House, it will be seen that it take 7,317 votes to obtain a Democratic Representative at Harrisburg. The Radicals polled 49,688 votes on their Representative tickets. Upon this poll they obtain eleven members, thus showing that 4,508 votes are sufficient to send a Representative to the State capital. These figures demonstrate the fact that it takes 2,809 more votes to elect a Democratic member to the State Legislature than it does to elevate a person belonging to the Radical party to the same position. If the city was honestly and fairly districted, the Democrats would have elected a majority of the members of the Legislature. This will not be denied when the figures are examined. The Radicals hold power by force, fraud, and trickery, and the people are beginning to understand that fact and act upon it. With a fair chance in this State the Democrats could carry the Senate and House of Representatives by a large majority. As it is, the stream of public condemnation is mounting to a hight from which it will soon overleap the infamous Radical districting of the State, and place in the halls of State legislation a majority of men in favor of the Union, the Constitution, and the rights of white men.

—*A romantic young man in South-western Missouri*, has committed suicide in a manner to excite the envy of a Parisian. He put himself at an angle of a "Virginia rail fence," and using an axehelve as a lever he *raised the fence*, put his head under it and caused his neck to be broken by the falling weight of fence timber.

THE FRIEND IN NEED.

The most useful and reliable friend that a man can have is a good trade. This remark is applicable not only to those who are habitually employed in manual labor, but also to those who have reached more enviable positions in business life Every day there are instances of men slipping from high rounds to the lowest one in the ladder of wealth. Business men find themselves engulped in the sea of financial embarrassment, from which they emerge with nothing but their personal resources to depend upon for a living. Clerks, salesmen and others find themselves thrown out of employment, with no prospect of speedily obtaining places which they are competent to fill and no other means of gaining a livelihood How many men there are in this city to day liable to be reduced to the lowest pecuniary points, at the same stage of their lives, and it is hardly necessary to refer to the large proportion of men who reach that point No man is poor who is master of a trade. It is a kind of capital that defies the storm of financial reverse, and that clings to a man when all else has been swept away It consoles him in the hour of adversity, with the assurance that, let whatever may befall him he need have no fear for the support of himself and family Unfortunately, a silly notion, the offspring of sham aristocracy, has of late years led many parents to regard a trade as something disreputable! What would the world be without it? It is the very power that moves the world. A power higher than the throne of day, some who have families dependent upon them for support, bewail the mistake they made in not learning useful trades in their younger days There are hundreds of them There are men who have seen better days, men of education and business ability, who envy the mechanic who has a support for himself and family in his handicraft. Parents make a great mistake when they impose upon the brain of their boy the task of supporting him, without preparing his hands for emergencies. No matter how favorable a boy's circumstances may be, he should enter the battle of life as every prudent general enters the battle of armies—with a reliable reserve to fall back upon in the case of disaster. Every man's aristocracy has ennobled labor, and he who would disparage it must set himself above the Divine principle, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" A trade is a "friend in need," it is independence and wealth—a rich legacy which the poorest father may leave to his son, and which the richest should regard as more valuable than gold.—*Ex*

Condition of the South.

The *Round Table*, a Republican Journal, concludes as follows, a lengthy article on "The Condition of the South:"

The plain meaning of the pseudo-Reconstruction acts of Congress, now being pushed to their most merciless consummation, is simply this, 1st. To Register in the South the entire negro population and *such* whites as may be with them in supporting the Radical Congress. 2nd. To prohibit the registration of the vast majority of the whites who have a real interest in the quiet and prosperity of the country. 3rd. To submit to the voters of the States thus registered, whether they will or will not hold a convention for the reconstruction of their States under the Congressional plan

Under this mode of procedure it may be seen what a hopeful future lies before the South and the whole country. Either the States will vote for convention or for no convention The white vote will be largely cast against convention, for the present military rule with all its disadvantages at least affords protection, while reconstruction such as has been perpetrated in the State of Tennessee gives little protection but to negro brigands The radical whites and the negro voters who are interested in subverting all decent rule and authority will, of course, unite in favor of a convention Now, suppose, although the case is hardly possible, that the convention is by such mockery of suffrage rejected Then the radicals will avail themselves of the cry of Southern contumacy Mr Stevens' mild confiscation is brought into play; the South is wholly ruined by this villainous atrocity for merely saying, as our generous Congress has invited her to say, that she prefers the rule of military satraps to the harder rule of uninstructed negroes and white bravoes. On the other hand suppose—and this is the only supposition justified by the registration which being made—that the convention is desired, then it is practically a negro convention It will frame a Constitution that will throw the whole power of the State into the hands of negroes and white men who hope to profit by the suffrage of negroes. The proscription of white men will be more sweeping than Congressional proscription. Confiscation of the property of white men by their negro rulers will be sure to follow: and the indirect confiscation will be more destructive than confiscation out-right. The ruling class, having no property themselves will look upon the transfering of their subjects' property into their own possession as the one great end of government. With a penniless negro legislature to tax and defenceless white men to be taxed, the issue cannot long be doubtful. In every county taxes will be laid in the same way by negroes upon white men. In the towns and cities negro councilmen will vote themselves large salaries, create unnecessary offices for purposes of plunder and for ends, under-take enormus jobs of fanciful improvement. Justice administered by negro magistrates will be a farce; redress of wrongs will be impossible. *Liberty of outrage* will be amply secured. *The liberty of death* will be the *only* security to men whose crime is that they were born *white.*

"Let the Southern people ask themselves whether this is what they mean, if not, it is high time that they bestir themselves, for it were better to have taken the advice of certain gentle Congressmen and put to death the men, women, and children of the South at once, than to deliver them to such a fate as now impends."

Men of the North, look at this picture drawn of the South by a conservative abolitionist, view it over and over, and then ask yourselves, whether are these radicals leading us?

We love—our Devil.

STIRRING APPEAL

In concluding a stirring appeal to his fellow citizens not to be deluded into the support of the Congressional mode of reconstruction, delivered in Butts county, Georgia, on the 11th ult., Hon B. H Hill said:

Having shown you that the object of this new government is not to maintain the constitution; not to restore the Union; not to protect the negro; I have then shown you what is the only real object to be accomplished. It is to perpetuate the power of the Radical party—the very authors of all the wrongs. It is to make the Radical party the only constitution, Radical will the only law, and Radical promotion the only "general welfare." The South is to sustain this party which oppresses her just as the North is discovering its purpose and is withdrawing its support. We are to feed the vulture that tears our flesh; to enrich the robber who takes our property; to strengthen the hands that deals our stripes; and to pet the monster that crushes our life! The negroes, and those who are insulted by being deemed worthy to act with them in the unholy work, are to uphold the tyranny that tramples on all American liberty, and perpetuate the power that subverts all government under written constitutions * * * *

Whatever injuries their enemies may inflict upon them, beg and beseech the Southern people never to vote themselves into that greatest possible infamy—living under negro rule according to Radical will From every misfortune there is hope of escape, but from voluntary degradation there is no recovery If the hatred to those to whom we so honestly surrendered our arms will it, it is better that we suffer them to dig ten millions of graves and hide within them the ten millions of Southern people unconfined and forgotten, than that we, with our own hands, should dig the one grave for our sense of honor as a people, and live forever, the world hated and self hated sentinels of its hopeless, wakeless death

Horrible.

Three or four days have elapsed since the dark and horrible transaction narrated below transpired, at or near Felwelling's X Roads Mississippi. A young lady of the highest respectability and most amiable character was proceeding to a neighbor's house, where a party, to which she had been invited, was given, when she was overtaken by a negro man and forcibly drawn from the high road into the woods, her cries stifled by a cloth of some sort pressed over her mouth. Taken to a secluded and desolate spot, she was tied by the negro, and there detained for a week while the black scoundrel effected his vile purpose, without the miserable victim being able to offer the slightest resistance.

Two men, who were out hunting, unexpectedly came upon her, still tightly bound and alone Her captor had left her at the moment either to procure food or pursue some other purpose. Learning from the wretched girl the circumstances of the atrocity practiced upon her, they concealed themselves until he should return. Nor had they long to wait—and, upon his coming they at once seized and secured him Believing that the victim should pronounce sentence upon him, they awaited her decree. It was to flay him alive They at once proceeded with their hunting knives to relieve him of his epidermis The forest resounded with his cries and imprecations as they stripped the skin from the soles of his feet to his body By the time they had progressed to his waist, he could stand no more, but completely exhausted, yielded up the ghost—the monster dying a horrible death The girl was conveyed to her home, where everything was done to relieve her suffering, but she died the next day in great anguish.—*Memphis (Tenn) Avalanche*

MARRIAGE OF A HINDOO GIRL TO AN IDOL.

The following curious account of the marriage of a Hindoo girl to an idol is given by the Oude *Gazette*.

"Some time ago a paper of the northwestern provinces announced the arrival of an old Deccan Brahmin with his family in the town of Muthra, where Rungachareo, the high priest of the Ramanoojee sect, greatly patronized him The old Brahmin has two daughters, one a grown up girl and the other only nine years old. While residing at Muthra the younger girl gave out that Krisnajee (one of the incarnations of Vishnu, the Hindoo god,) appeared to her in a dream and proposed a nupital alliance with her. Next day the girl was with great pomp married to an idol worshiped in a Hindoo temple. The ignorant and superstitious rejoiced at this absurd marriage, and began to venerate the girl as an inspired being. Both the girls have learned by ear, eighteen thousand couplets of the Bhagwut, a work in the Sanskrit language. They have now arrived in this city and put up in the vicinity of the Gole Dorwaza.—Every morning Hindoos of all ages and sexes congregate there to hear the melodious recitations of the two girls. Both the girls consider themselves as dedicated to the service of the God Krishna, and after their daily recitations are concluded they make no hesitation in accepting such presents of money and sweetmeats as their hearers may choose to give them We have little doubt that they have already reaped a rich harvest from their deluded."

—PARDON BEFORE TRIAL.—On Tuesday last, John W. Geary pardoned nine Radicals of Schuylkill County before trial.—The number of lawbreakers thus released by this pocket-pardon Governor has already amounted to scores, and has sunk him beneath the respect of every honorable, law-abiding man in the State who is cognizant of the facts. His own party members declare that his vote in this regard admit of no apology or extenuation. The people are justly punished for electing such an arrant humbug to the gubernatorial office. We confidently predict that he will never hold another office within the gift of the people.—*Patriot and Union, Sept. 30.*

—A Radical Editor cries aloud, "draw at the line!" Well, Rad, pass one around your neck and we'll draw it, says the cheerful Prentice.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

It's the time of gathered grain;
The fields are full of stocks and sheaves,
The hills are bare, the first dead leaves
Fall, fluttering, 'gainst the window pane,

Down through the mist the young moon peers,
The harvest moon, so glad and fair,
But I am sad, for all things wear
Their autumn look of other years.

Upon me, with each falling leaf,
Fall thoughts of Autumns long ago,
Some tale of buried joy or woe
Is hid in every harvest sheaf

Sweet moon I am fair as ever hung
O'er haze-wrapped field of gathered grain,
Glad earth! ye give me not again,
The joy I lost when life was young.

Leaves were we of one parent tree,
Rejoicing while our spring time shone;
But time its wintry wind has blown,
And swept us far o'er land and sea.

And some are in the wrangling mart,
And some are lost mid whirling wheels,
And oh, from each a false world steals
His childhood's faith—his childish heart.

Glad earth above—bright heaven above,
Bring back our childhood nevermore—
But, Lord! we cry "restore, restore!"
To be whose name is written 'Love.'

I hear the answer in my soul—
"Though black with guilt, and sore with loss
The hands that bled upon the cross,
Are stretched out to make thee whole.

Though far in wordly ways beguiled,
Seek out the safe and narrow track;
Return—and He shall give the back,
The pure heart of the little child.

Weak as thou art, and trouble tost,
His mercy reaches over all;
His arms are wide—thou cans't not fall
Out of their shelter, and be lost."

—*Exchange.*

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

——A wife with a capital isn't always a capital wife

——The *impeachment of the President* has been changed into the *impale of Congress.*

——The mongrel party is awfully sick with the "blue plague." They caught it at the late *elections.*

——"The ocean speaks eloquently, and forever," says Beecher. "Yes," retorts Prentice, "and there is no use of telling it to dry up."

——The annual report of the cashier of the Bank of California shows transactions for the year amounting to over $62,000,000.

——Avoid argument with ladies. In spinning a yarn among silks and satins, a man is sure to be worsted.

——A large portion of Vicksburg, under the bluffs, including the ground upon which the Washington hotel is built, is supposed to be caving into the river.

——The Charleston S. C. *Mercury* says that there has not been a case of yellow fever in that city this year. On the contrary the city has been remarkably healthy

——General Schofield has left Richmond for Washington. It is said he and the other district commanders have been called to confer with the President.

——Bills to enable colored men to sit on juries, and repealing the stay, and exemption laws in labor suits, have been introduced in the Tennessee Legislature.

——The asses who put Phil. Sheridan on their shoulders in Baltimore appropriately enough imagined themselves to be beasts of burden.

——An old Indian chief offers himself, and two hundred warriors to the Fenians. His offer has been declined with assurances of respect

——A cavern with a fathomless lake has been found in Wyandot county, Ohio. A fathomless lake, generally means one which can't be sounded with a fish line.

——Of the recent town elections in Connecticut the Democrats have carried about two to one. This makes the legislature safe for the Democracy next spring.

——An Irish absentee is said to have sent this comforting message to his steward: "Tell the tenants that no threats to shoot you will terrify me.

——A Havana paper taunts the United States with the fact that of all the monuments and statues proposed to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, not one has been erected.

——Twenty-five counties in Indiana show an aggregate Democratic gain of 9,153, and futher changes are reported the same way. A great Democratic State mass meeting is called for the eighth of January next at Indianapolis.

——Mayor Welch, of Georgetown, D. C., has resigned, in consequence of charges of embezzlement preferred against him whilst acting as tax collector. Welch was elected last spring by the negroes and Rads.

——The New Albany (Indiana) Court lately granted a divorce to a man named Banks, on the ground that his wife was a victim to klopemania—an irresistible desire to steal. Why not call it Radicalism?

——Captain George W. Alexander, at one time in command of Castle Thunder prison in Richmond, Va., and who fled to England when the war terminated, is said to be a common sailor in an East India vessel sailing from Liverpool.

——A giraffe, owned by a Mr. Craven, which had been for some time on exhibition at Medina, died at Seville, Ohio, a few days ago. The owner had been offered, and refused, $5,000 for the animal lately.

——Louisville lately held a *gala-day* over a telegram announcing Brownlow's death." That is, the streets presented a most jolly appearance over the melancholy event, But the news was too good to be true.

——To disguise the thing as much as possible the Mongrels called *negro suffrage* Manhood Suffrage. Since the election they look as though they were convinced in their own minds that *manhood suffrage* is a better name still. Their disgust is unutterable.

——Senator Frelinghuysen, in a late speech, declared this generation ought never attempt to pay a dollar of the principal of the public debt. The way the debt is still increasing, we think those who hold it will be lucky fellows if it is paid a hundred generations hence.

——The Mongrel papers attribute their late overwhelming disasters to "local and minor causes." Well, if minor causes produce such tremendous results, what will become of the rascals next time when the *major causes* will be in full blast.

——Mr. Greely comforts himself in view of the sure triumph of the Democracy in the next Presidential campaign, by saying "personally we have an easier time when our party is out of power;" so the tired pho locher has a good prospect for a very long rest.

——Both parties to the great walking match from Portland to Chicago, have deposited the final installment of $240. It is found that the distance is twenty-six miles greater than was supposed, but Weston agrees to add that, to the previous twelve hundred he has started on the 30th inst.

Saturday Night.

Another week has been called in. Another seven day net of providences has been reeled upon the invisible, and its wondrous haul of good deeds and bad pass in review before the Power of Powers, the Great Father of all. A few more Saturday Nights for us—perhaps no more for many who will read this article—it may be no more for the weary heart and tired brain. But for which this little summing up would not be made

It is good to rest, and we are glad to have one night of the week for review.—One night in which to look back at the hollowness of life—one little season in which we can look at the beautiful of it, for there is beauty in it, though the terrible to-morrow which promises more than it brings sadly hides the perfection of days, life and events.

Since last we sat by the desk to write thus outside of politics or business, there have been many changes. Many a heart has been widowed and many a sad pillow in the final earthly home marks where sleeps the missed ones. Do you know there is something very strange about this life and death? We do not see why people so desire to live. From the cradle to the grave it is but toil, labor, sorrow, disappointment and vexation. Were it not that we look for *to-morrow* to bring us happiness or next week or next year to bring us comfort, there would be but dark clouds over all of us The days, the years are but the seconds and moments of God! That of time we prize so highly is of no moment to Him, and yet how we hang on the great pendulum with its fifty-two figures thereon each like this of which we write.

Death is not dreadful. It is but the sleeping here, to waken there! It is but sinking to rest in our office, when wearied with the labors of the day, and waking *at home* where about us will stand in the sunshine of God's wondrous love the dear ones gone before to prepare the parlor of Eternity for our use and our resting, forever! And who would fear to thus sleep—to lay by the pen, to shove back from the desk and say "good bye, wearying labors, we part forever"—to recline the head on the back of cushioned a chair, to smile as our eyes see the loved ones waiting, and to know that instead of waking we are waited silently and on wings of love lest we waken be foer the glad surprise!

Working man and brother, we care not what your language, or how much you differ from us in opinion, to you we talk to night Opinions are but opinions We may be wrong, you may be wrong—each of us may be wrong, for none but God is right You have a right to your ideas—we have a right to ours, for they are all born of a higher power, to be operated on by acts, events and arguments. But we would add to your happiness, here. Another will care for you in the Hereafter, as He will care for all of us. You teach us by your daily example many things. We see you nobly striving and would help you if such thing can be.

We all seek happiness. Let us see how it can be had. You are tired. Then rest. Go home and be with those who are with you and of you. Throw your labor and dignity behind you. Open your heart.—Talk of the beauties of the past you have seen, and congratulate yourselves that so much misery which has befallen others has escaped you. No matter how hard your lot some one has a harder one. Think if there are not near you those you would on no account changes places with.

If you love, love more. If you hate, hate less. Life is too short to spend in hating any one. Why war against a mortal who is going the same road with us? Why not expand the flower of life and happiness by learning to love, by teaching those who are near and dear the beautiful lesson? Your hands may be hard, but your hearts need not be. Your forms may be bent or ugly, but do you not know that the most beautiful flowers often grow in the most rugged, unsheltered places? The palace for city—the cottage for love. Not that there is no love in the mansion, but somehow if we are not very careful business will crowd all there is of beauty out of the heart. This is why God has given us Sabbaths and Saturday nights, that we may leave business in the office and heart-cleaning.

Forgive, as you would be forgiven, love as you would be loved. Do as you would be done by. Suppose you were a weary prisoner at home, and think how welcome would be the coming of her you love, to be with you one night, if not each night, and go by the places of dissipation, of wickedness, where people would not so congregate if they did not *forget.* If you would have home happy, *try* to make it so. Light the lamp of life and keep it filled with the oil of love, care, affection, tenderness, and caresses, that it may not go to sleep in the dark when the work of life is ended. Children often fear to go to sleep in the dark, but there is another sleep, and a more terrible darkness! Only this, and nothing more!

Suppose we fall asleep in the office this Saturday night, and, neglecting to have trimmed our lamp, awaken to find but darkness and gloom, and uncertainty. We may find matches, but of what avail if there be no oil? We may *die* and live again, but if