The Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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DEAD VIOLETS.

Let them lie—ah ! let them lie !
Plucked flowers—dead to-morrow;
Lift the lid up quietly,
As you'd lift the mystery
Of a buried sorrow.

Let them lie—the fragrant things,
All their souls thus giving ;
Let no breeze's ambient wings,
And no useless water-springs,
Mock them into living.

They have lived—they live no more,
Nothing can requite them
For the gentle life they bore,
Which to up-yield in full store
It did so delight them.

Yes, I ween, flowers corses fair !
'Twas a joyful yielding ;
Like some heroin, rare,
That leaps boldly forth in the air
For its loved one's shielding.

Surely, ye were glad to die
In the hand that slew ye ;
Glad to leave the open sky,
And the airs that wandered by,
And the bees that knew ye.

Giving up a small earth-place,
And a day of blooming,
Here to lie in narrow space,
Smiling in this smileless face
With such sweet perfuming.

O ye little violets ! dead,
Confined from all gazes.
We will also smile and shed
Out of heart-flowers withered
Perfume of sweet praises.

And as ye, for this poor sake,
Love with life are buying,
So, I doubt not One will make
All our gathered flowers to take
Richer scent through dying
—*Chamber's Journal*

MY FIRST THANKSGIVING.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

"Cerise or amber, I hardly know which to choose," quoth one of the many customers standing at my counter—for to day I was selling ribbons How many yards, I had measured off, standing on my weary feet since eight o'clock in the morning ; *for our store, always crowded*, was nothing more or less than a 'jam' the day before Thanksgiving. An elegant jam, certes ; Fifth Avenue Madison Square, and all the aristocratic adjacents, poured in their fine ladies ; and such an array of chignons, little and big, high up, like balloons of hair, by which the owners seemed as if they might be carried away through space, and low down, bedecked with tinkling ornaments of flying ribbons. Patience ! how more than tired I was of them all ; how I hated fashions and fine ladies, laces, ribbons—*everything under the sun!*

You think I am wicked and hateful; but I think you would have felt just as I did, had you been standing on your feet, day in and day out, showing box fulls of ribbons to people who wavered and wondered as to what was the "most becoming" ; yes, with never a thought of the mirerable, tired she, who was waiting upon them in weariness and loathing, too tired, in the depths of her soul, for even the cry, "*vanitas vanitatum !*"

"Miss Bromer, here ?" called Mr. De Lacy, Jr., *after his usual polite fashion*.

I came, looking, I suppose, as I felt, somewhat scornful.

"Feel pretty tired, eh ?" asked this De Lacy, with his impertinent simper.

De Lacy was junior partner in this model establishment ; a second-rate danriprat, who had taken a "fancy to my eyes," as he whispered one Saturday night when it came my turn to be paid I had used them since then to quell him as best I might ; and had succeeded, it seemed.

Ignoring his question as to my fatigue I, *asked briefly*

"Well ?"

"Wait upon this gentleman."

I turned, and ah ! what a relief, for it was the face of a real gentleman Beyond that it had no beauty, but one might find "continual comfort" in it A sense of refreshment came to me. My voice sounded strange even to myself, it was so courteous ; for I had not been endowed with amiability, and my experience of life had not improved my temper

"What can I do for you, sir ?" I said *The answer was a gaze that seemed to* "look me through."

If I had been even less vain than many, I might have felt flattered by the scrutiny ; but offended I could not well be, so gentle was the glance, so sweet, even tender, was the smile

"What can I do for you, sir ?" I repeated with tingling cheecks

"Oh ! ah ! yes, of course, I would like to look at—at—combs, brushes, anything you know, you would be pleased to show me "

The gentleman was evidently confused—so was I ; and *my hands trembled as* I exhibited the articles

Presently he said, very sweetly,

"How tired you must be. Miss Bromer "

This, just as if he had been acquainted with me for years.

The question that I had ignored in De Lacy, here found an answer at once.

"I am almost dead sir !"

"Have you been on your feet all day ?"

"Have fifteen minutes, allowed for dinner."

"This is terrible ! I shall remonstrate "

"And I shall *lose my place*. What then ?"

The gentleman's face glowed, he smiled, left the goods on the counter, and went up to Mr De Lacy, with whom he talked for five minutes and then went away. How dark it grew all at once ! To see such a face only to lose it. My poor, poor life, so barren heretofore, would hold one sunny memory at least forever.

"Say, I guess you did the business," pronounced De Lacy, Jr , as I passed him to go into the ante-room, where our bonnets were kept.

I did not care very much Some new feeling faint and undefined, yet altogether delicious, wrapped me away as in a veil ; impertience could not touch me.

When I came into the ante-room, a little figure was there, sitting on a box which was turned bottom upward, in lieu of a chair

"Well' poor little Cinthy, is it you ?"

"Yes," said Cinthy, looking up at me with her patient smile.

What a sweet little being it was, with its wistful, child-face !

"*I feel faint*, Miss Bromer. Do you ? Just at holiday times the store is so crowded, and people are so hard to please ; and I have been calling. "Cash, cash !" until my throat is sore.

"It's a long lane that has no turning. Cinthy."

"Yes, I know ; you will be happy yet. Indeed, I suppose, even now, you might marry Mr. De Lacy, Jr., and do as you please, every day."

Cinthy said this with such simplicity that I laughed outright, the, bending down, I took her up in my arms, gave her a little hug and a kiss, then set her down.

"Oh !" how nice it is to be kissed," she said.

"Very nice," returned I, sighing drearily, "God night, Cinthy dear ; get rested tomorrow.

I went out into the street. *I was going*, not home—but to my lodgings ; a tiny, square room, with one dormer window, one narrow, iron bed, one chair, a little yellow table for a wash stand—these were my belongings when I got there.

It was chilly enough, too ; one longed to sit by a warm grate fire and toast oneself I did love all cheerfull, bright things, if I was only a shop-girl !

"To morrow is Thanksgiving," thought I to myself "What a funny thinking it is that I have never had Thanksgiving !"

Yet, even as I thought this, some memory tugged at my heart strings I seemed to *feel*, rather than see, long rooms curtained with crimson silk, brightly lit, and thronged with happy faces, that bending over little child, kissed and loved her. And out of the mist shone two faces. One was smiling tenderly, as only a mother's can. The other has a man's face, yet very like the woman's, as a brother's and sister's may be; and it laughed as I tried "sugar plums ;" and the laughing lips cried. "Say, uncle Maynard."

The vision floated away. I looked out of the dormer-window into the space of sky. Stars and white moon, are you happy, up in heaven there' Oh ' loving ones, gone before, my heart aches to-night ! To-morrow, the great city will keep its Thanksgiving, with family parties, and happy reunion of loving home circles And I, have no Thanksgiving, and none to keep it with !

The next day I rose wearily, bathed at my tiny, yellow table, and dressed at the bit of a glass that hung above it.

"I wonder what made the gentleman look at me yesterday. I was never a pretty child, and it seems to me I have altered little since," thought I

This was the case. My face was still round and somewhat chubby, with that bright color on the cheek that the children's faces have. Also my hair—cut to save trouble—curled in wide rings ; and *my eyes* were just as big and brown, as when they started at me the first time I became conscious of my own face in the glass long years since. Somehow I seemed prettier to myself than usual, for heretofore I had fancied that to be handsome one must needs be blonde

I blushed redly as I thought this of myself Well, I might blush unheeded nobody would praise or blame either—and big tears stood in my eyes

A loud ring came at the street door My heart stood still. Why should I think it *was for me ?*

Somebody knocked at my door. I opened it My landlady was there, all in a flutter.

"Miss Bromer a gentleman to see you—and a carriage !"

I perceived by this announcement that my landlady was discomposed by the grandeur of the event, for shop-girls, rooming up in attics, are scarcely expected to have "carriage visitors "

I came down stairs, feeling as if something strangely awful, or beautifuly happy, was about to transpire I walked into the bit of a parlor, which was stiff as only boarding-house parlors can be, with sofas and chairs doing sentinel duty ; and there, in the window, at a gray haired gentleman

We looked at one another, he and I without speaking. It seemed ever so long, but it was only a brief space I knew him at once, and flew to him, crying,

"Uncle Maynard !"

He held out his arms for answer, saying "Sister May's child—Hessie Bromer !"

He held me tight a moment—me '—How I was crying tears of a sore heart that ached for kith and kin

I never asked him how he found me. I could only look, and look, and then cry over and over.

"Run up stairs, Hessie, darling, and dress yourself, and come home to make your uncle's heart glad "

I waited no second bidding, but flew up to my bare attic-room I had one nice dress, a ruby merino I had it on in a flash, tied my hair with white ribbon, put on my little black velvet "round hat," and came back again We got into the waiting carriage. "Home," said my uncle—and we drove on.

How more than sweet the word sounded. Only a woman, who had been without a home since childhood could guess The word awakened thoughts of another as well of dear little Cinthy, my comrade in misery who, long ago, having lost *her own mother*, was under the iron rule of a second wife, and one who though nothing "too good" for herself, nothing too mean for the tender little creature whom she owned as step-daughter I laid my hand on my uncle's knee.

"Uncle Maynard, this is my first Thanksgiving," I said, "may not Cinthy spend it with me ?"

"Your first Thanksgiving ?" said my uncle folding me closer to him ; "that I should live to hear that from my sister May's child Cinthy, that's a sweet name. *She* shall come, of course. Any more ?"

"She has been my only friend until now, uncle dear."

I told him where Cinthy lived. My uncle gave the direction to the driver, and presently we stopped at her door.

I ran in.

"Cinthy, dear," I cried, laughing, and crying, "we've got to the end of the lane Come with me."

I bundled on her things Poor little lamb. She always looked neat upon her hard earnings ; and laughing, blushing, in a maze of happiness, I brought her into the carriage. She was not one whit amazed either ; she was always expecting and prophesying "something wonderful would happen to Hessie Bromer"—and here was the good luck at last.

"This is my uncle Maynard, Cinthy said I. Uncle started. "Was your mother's name Cinthy ?" asked he.

Yes, sir,' 'said the little one.

My uncle coughed, and look out of the carriage window.

"*Your mother was my only love*," he said directly ; "kiss me for her sake."

Cinthy—she was a loving little soul—kissed my uncle, and then all three cried ; where upon my uncle whistled in the most comical manner, and demanded,

"What in the world are we all about? Crying upon Thanksgiving day, *of all days in the year ?"*

In the meantime, we had been driving on, and on, until the streets became avenues ; and when we had reached the most charming one of all, the carriage stopped before the dearest little Gothic Villa the fancy could imagine.

Pale blue was the November sky above, and softly fell the pale November sunlight upon the little villa, touching it with brightness everywhere ; for in the stone vases late chrysanthemums bloomed, and flower beds showed greens rims of old fashioned box

"Welcome home." said uncle Maynard

But why did my heart stand still ? What shape was that in the door ?

The tenderest memory of my life ! Well did it seem that so he should stand upon the treshold of home upon that Thanksgiving morning So and behold you ' It was the gentleman of the day before who had looked Hessie Bromer through and through

"My adopted son, Bernard Le Roy, ladies.

Bernard's face glowed 'So I was right,' he said, looking at my uncle , 'and you've found her at last '

We came into the lovely drawing room, bright as a picture, with its curtains of rose silk and drafting lace, its sofas piled high with cushions, and its firelight making a little shimmer upon the beautiful bronzes that kept guard on the hearth stone.

Then began explanations— and such explanations ! Uncle Maynard, beginning to tell his story, then stopping to give me a hug and a kiss ; Bernard striking in with the most comical remark , and then my uncle *pretending to give him the most terrible* scolding for 'interrupting " Cinthy and myself, sitting by, altogether unequal to the occasion, and threatening every moment woman fashion, to dissolve in tears

But we didn't cry : and presently I discovered how I came to be found out.

Uncle Maynard, when I was a little child so small he could just teach me to lisp his name had gone to California to 'seek his fortune ; but he had taken my picture with him ; and he produced the same now, substantially as I was still, curly hair, red *cheeks, big brown eyes*

'You see you had changed so little I recognized you at once,' interpolated Bernard,; for I was always begging a look at the picture, it was so sweet.'

'I'll turn you out of the room, sir !" put in my uncle.

'Will you sir ? If you do, I'll take Hessie with me—so you'd better let me stay '

There was much more said in the same vein. But explanations are wearisom, save to those directly concerned

What a happy, happy day it was ; and what a dinner we had The table cloth and napkins radiated whitness ; the silver shone as never silver shone before, the food was better than ambrosia ; the fruit, heaped on silver, and set with chrysanthemums of every tint, were surely plucked in Eden Everything was more than charming ; and I sat at the end of the table, opposite my uncle, the mistress of all—a queen in my own right. But what, were all these delights compared to the thought that at last I was at home.

When evening came, Cinthy said she must go It is the happiest day that ever I had, dear Hessie ; and to crown it all, you mus promise me one thing '

'Only tell me what it is '

'That I may be your bridesmaid '

'Suppose I should never need one, you saucy, girl !'

Cinthy laughed merrily. Well, she was my bridesmaid, and she is my uncle's daughter, now ; he says she belongs to him by right. I let her take my place, you see, and reign mistress of the mansion, only because we, that is, Bernard and I, have an*other little villa just opposite* ; and I really can't be in two places at once As for me, my first Thanksgiving has been a giving of thanks for every day of my life ever since

—*Peterson's Ladies Magazine*

THE ÆRIAL RAILWAY IN NEW YORK.

The experiment, or sample, section of the elevated railroad track in Greenwich street, is to be completed next week. This section, permission to erect which as an experiment was granted by the Common Council under authority from the Legislature, is about one fourth of a mile in length extending northward from Battery place to near Rector street. The plan is of a railway track supported on pillars, at such a height above the pavement as to present no obstruction to the ordinary traffic of the *street*. These pillars are about 14 feet in height, and 12 inches in diameter, constructed of boiler plate ⅜ of an inch thick, with bracing angles of ⅜ plate, and further strengthened by a centre post of wood — Each pillar rests on a base of solid masonry 6 feet square at the bottom and of the same depth, and held together by bolts The pillars are bolted through and through the mass of masonry, so as to render them as firm as the earth itself They are placed in the line of the curb-stone so as to present no impediment to the full use of either the carriageway or the sidewalk. At the top each pillar divides into four branches forming brackets, on which are laid the cross-ties which support the string-pieces on which the rails rest The rails are similar in form to those of ordinary street railroads, but narrower and more deeply groved Along the centre of the track *between* the rails extends an open box supporting an endless cable of wire rope, by which the cars are drawn The propelling power is supplied by a stationary engine placed in a vault under the sidewalk near one end of the track. The cable extends along the track from end to end, thence down through one of the hollow supporting pillars to the drum of the engine, and back through an underground pipe to the place of starting. Attached to the cable at intervals of about 150 feet are small trucks carrying projecting *spurs* which strike against a cam attached to a shaft underneath the car, and thus carrying it along. By turning a handle within the car, the cable is released from its hold, and runs free, until by a contrary movement of the handle it is again caught, and each car is thus started and stopped independently of the other, and of the motion of the cable. A strong spring extending the length of the car is first attached, and permits it to get gradually in motion. The proposed rate of speed on a working line is from 15 to 20 miles per hour with stopping places at about every half mile, As we remarked in the begining, this section is simply experimental. When completed, the commissioners appointed by the Governor will inspect it, and if approved by them the company will make application for authority to extend the line to Thirtieth street, and *to open it for* public use.—*N. Y. Tribune, 1st.*

SPEECH OF SENATOR DOOLITTLE.

Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, delivered a speech in the City-Hall. Millwakee, on the evening of the 28th ult The following is a report of his remarks :—

Mr. President and Fellow Citizens :—For some six months past I have been absent from my native land I have been removed from the exciting scenes of political strife I have hardly read the political newspapers of my own country, but during these months *I have had leisure to reflect much upon the* situation of our beloved country. From all the reflection and thought which I could bring to bear upon it, I have been confirmed in the belief, which was forced upon me more than two years ago, namely, that the policy which was then proposed by Mr. Lincoln immediately upon the surrender of the armies of the Rebellion, to recognize at once the States of the South, to have them restored to all their constitutional rights, and to their representation in the Union, was the only just, the only wise, and only *constitutional policy (Applause) From* that time forward I have struggled to carry that policy into effect I believed then, and I am now more than ever firm in the opinion, that if, two years ago, immediately upon the surrender of the armies of the Rebellion, the States of the South had been recognized with their constitutional rights and admitted to their representation in the Union, under the policy of Mr. Lincoln, all the difficulties which now surround us, both financial and political, would have passed away (Applause.) I believe that *if, two year ago, that policy had been fairly* adopted, the bonds of the Government of the United states this day six per cent , would command a premium in gold in every money centre of the world (Applause) I will state this fact—which I hope no one present will forget—I have met no intelligent man in Europe who has not expressed the same opinion, that if our States of the South had been admitted to representation in the Union, that the whole world could see that we were one people, one nation, with all the States represented and taking *part in our legislation*, our six per cent. bonds would not only be at par, but would command a premium in gold. Why not ? Why should not the American securities at six per cent command a high premium in gold, when the English three per cents command ninety-three per cent in gold ? No earthly reason can be given, except that these States are apparently divided and dissevered; that the States of the South are kept out of the Union by this radical policy I charge this home to the leaders of that party The whole responsibility *rests* upon that radical policy, which, trampling the Constitution under its feet, violating their plighted faith and the policy of Mr. Lincoln, the often avowed policy which elected him, refused to allow to ten States of the Union all right to representation — (Applause.) Fellow citizens, it is not my purpose to detain you for any length of time, I only wish to express in a few sentences two or three thoughts The great, all absorbing idea which underlies radicalism, is precisely the same idea which underlaid secession (Applause) What is that idea ? Let us not deceive ourselves. Ideas rule the world What was the idea which led the South into Rebellion ? It was this. The Constitution has no authority over the Southern States against their will; they have a right to withdraw from the authority of the Constitution at pleasure, and therefore, *after the passage of* their ordinance of secession, the Constitution was practically dead in the States of the South The people of the South went to war to enforce that idea. What did we do ? We maintained precisely the opposite idea, to wit.—That the Constitution has supreme authority over the States of the South as well as of the North, and that the States of the South should be made to acknowledge the supremacy of the Constitution To maintain that idea we called two millions of men to the fied We poured out our *treasure and our blood like water* To maintain that idea we created this debt of three thousand millions of dollars. To maintain that idea five hundred thousand of our sons went down to battle and to death By the blessing of God we were victorious in maintaining that idea of the supremacy of the Constitution over the States of the South when we, at length, after a long and terrible war of four years, compelled the South to surrender to that idea ; when we compelled the people of those States who made their appeal to the *God of battles* to decide the question between us, to surrender the controversy ; when the South yielded and acknowledged the Constitution to be supreme, and that the flag of the United States, was the flag to which they owed allegiance ; then up rise Thaddeus Stevens, Charles Sumner, Benjamin Wade, and other radicals of the North to proclaim anew the idea of the secessionists, viz , the Constitution is no longer the supreme law of the land in the States of the South ; that we do not hold the States of the South by constitutional authority ; that we hold them by the sword and the sword alone ; not under the Constitution, but outside the Constitution, by a power which is above the Constitution. That is the idea of radicalism It is not only akin to, but it is identical with the idea of secession. It it the essence of rebellion against the Constitution of the *United States*. Whether it is asserted by Jefferson Davis at the South or by Thaddeus Stevens at the North it is a new rebellion against the Government of the United States (Applause) We have by force of arms put down the rebellion of the Secessionists at the South. We do not expect to be compelled to put down this new rebellion at the North by force of arms (Applause.) We expect to put it down by moral power alone, by argument, by reason, by persuasion, as we have done in Connecticut, in California, in Pennsylvania, and Ohio, by the *power* of the ballot box.—(Great applause.) Mr. President, I will not detain you any longer I trust that Americans will rise in the majesty of their strength, and by their moral power, by calm reason, by earnest and truthful argument, and by their votes proclaim again the supremacy of the *Constitution of the* United States in the States of the South, not only in spite of the Secessionists in the South, but in spite of the radical anarchists and revolutionists in the North. (Great applause) I can very well see by the election returns that a change has come over the spirit of the country. When I come to Racine now, the place where I have lived for fifteen years, I am not met by an infuriated mob who would prevent me from speaking to the people of my own town (Great applause.) A mighty change is being wrought. (Cheers and great applause) If I attend a meeting in the neighboring county of Kenosha, to proclaim these doctrines there, in which I believe the very existence of constitutional liberty to us and to our children is involved, there will be no one to interrupt and insult me, to prevent their utterance, or to *interfere with me in* any manner. (Applause) Why this change? It is simply the work of time Men are beginning to reflect, to reason, to think for themselves. The excitement and passions prejudices which war has engendered are passing away, and cool, dispassionate judgement is once more asserting its legitimate sway.

I thank God for what I already see, and I think we shall have occasion to be yet more thankful for what is yet to come — (Great and prolonged applause)

West Virginia Mode of Voting.—Under the system that prevails in this State, the Radicals can always manage to keep the majority The *modus operandi* is this The Board of Supervisors meet, overhaul the list of registered voters, and summon any citizen to come forward and show cause why his name should not be stricken off It is all the same whether he appears or not his name must go off if the Radical supervisors will it. In this way a gentleman who was elected by the Conservative of *Jefferson* County to the House of Delegates last year was deprived of his right of suffrage, though he had been a consistent Union man through out the whole period of the war As a matter of course he was also ousted from his seat in the Legislature This was effected by throwing out, for alleged informality or something else, the vote of two precincts wherein he had a majority, and the seat was accorded to his Radical opponent

A reference to the returns of the recent election held in this county, purloined from Virginia, will show the whole strength of Radicalism, and the extreme to which proscription is carried The full vote of the county, without disfranchisement, would be about 2,500. At the recent election there were polled for the two opposing candidates for the Senate, 331 votes, the Radicals electing their candidate *by a majority of 11* — Thus it will appear that seven-eighths of the old voters are disfranchised, while 171 Radicals control a county having 2,500 men who should be voters, but are not And this is but a sample of what we may expect from the Hunnicutt party in Virginia after they shall have a Constitution in accordance with their notions —*Lynchburg Virginian.*

Jewels of the Royal Family of England —*After* reading accounts of poverty and distress among English operatives it is not altogether calculated to put a man in a good temper to read a description of the Jewel House," like the following. "Here is the crown made for the coronation of Queen Victoria, and costing $550,000, the Prince of Wales' crown of pure gold, unadorned by jewels the Queen Consort's crown, set with diamonds and pearls , the Queen's diadem, or circlet of gold, made for the coronation of Marie d Este, Queen of James the Second ; St. Edward's staff of beaten gold, four feet seven inches in length, surmounted by an orb and cross and shod *with a steel spike*, the *royal scepter* of gold, two feet nine inches in length, the staff plain, the pommel ornamented with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds The coronation spoon and bracelets, the royal spurs and the swords of Mercy and Justice are preserved in this collection Here, too, is the silver gilt baptismal font, in which, when used, is deposited the baptismal water for the royal children, and the Koh-i-noor diamond, the property of Queen Victoria, and one of the most attractive objects on exhibition at Hyde Park in 1851.

How to Sustain a Local Paper —We see the following sensible advice going the rounds of the press, and re-produce it to our readers who may not know how country editors elsewhere talk to their patrons:

1 Lay aside your fears that the editor, will get rich faster than his neighbors We have never heard of a man making much more than a decent living by the publication of a country newspaper, if he had ever so good a business

2 Do not tell the editor to send you the paper without paying, and when you get to owing two or three dollars, tell your friends that the paper will burst up one of these days. The way under such a state of the case, to keep a paper from "bursting up," is for each subscriber to keep the editor's books free from charge against himself. The thing of *applying the credit system* to the newspaper may be likened to a farmer selling out his crop a bushel to a man. The sum each would owe would seem of little account, but the aggregate might make or break the farmer

3. If you have a father, mother, brother, sister or a friend at a distance, and are able to do so, subscribe. pay for and send them a copy.

Popping the Question.—All ladies know by instinct how the question of questions *should* be asked, so asked as to make it tell. But very few men know how to ask it graceful. Love-stricken youths often act sorrily on occasions of this kind ; in fact, like the merest lubbers ; and the worst of it is that those of them who would make the best husbands often spoil their chances floundering ridiciously at the critical moment. For this reason, saucy, world-hardened fellows who never stammer, blush, or falter, not unfrequently carry off the prize from unsophisticated excellence the lady not discovering until too late, that she had mistaken brass for gold. Under these circumstances, why will not some gentle creature of a "certain age," who has nothing more to hope or fear from man, undertake to teach the young idea how to shoot dexterously at the matrimonial target ? It would be a profitable business, pecuniarily, *beyond a doubt* ; and then as philanthropic. There are multitudes of young men who would give ten dollars apiece to be able to do the thing with *eclat*, and it certainly might be taught in less than six easy lessons.' The lady preceptress should make her pupils propose to her until perfect in the art of proposition.—*Ex.*

[For the Watchman]

THY WORD, O GOD, IS TRUE.

The next objection to the Mosaic record, which I would now endeavor to examine, is that urged against the term *day*, used in the *account of creation*. This objection is of a two fold nature First, it is argued that the term *day*, as the first day—the second &c., is inadmissible, inasmuch as there cannot be a definite time, before there is a ruler of time. In other words it is improper to say there was a *day* before there was a sin The second phase of the objection is, that six ordinary days, according to geological facts, are too short a period for the working creation To this objection I would offer a two fold answer, by asking, First, What are we to understand by the word *day* ? Are we shut up to the necessity of understanding *day* to mean a period of 24 hours , or an *indefinite* portion of time, consisting it may be of 1,000 years or of 10,000 years duration ? Second Does Moses say positively that each of the days of creation are 24 hours long, not a moment more, not a moment less?

I hold it as self evident that no man, be he the friend or be he the enemy of Moses , be he christian or infidel has a right to put, even, one word into the mouth of the sacred historian and thereby sustain or condemn him Nor has any man a right to put a construction on the language of another, other than the plain and plausible meaning of that language, Now were I to adopt the dogmatic pedantry of the sceptic, I might with as much propriety as he, and with as much positiveness deny what he asserts Taking the *record* as my guide, I might deny that it specifies any *definite time*, by which the first, second, third and fourth days is or can be measured Here the examination of the objection might end, assertion being met by denial and denial by assertion But he who accepts, because he believes in the truth of the record, has no need to resort to such subterfuges He can say to the sceptick, with all confidence, here is the record. Analyze it Take it as a whole, or take it in its several parts—criticise it word by word and if it does not bear *the test, let it fall* He has no fear however that it will fall, because it is truth.

My object however is not to satisfy the sceptics, nor to follow him in his vagaries. There ever has been, and doubtless there ever will be, men "having eyes, yet see not, and having ears, yet hear not," I prefer, therefore, in my plain way of putting things to help to confirm the faith, and to put an answer in the way of those who read and love their bibles , but who may not have an opportunity of reading such books and consulting such authors, as vindicate *the truth of the Mosaic record If I shall* aid in doing this I shall not have read and written in vain.

But to come back to the objection, that six days, according to geology, are to short a time for the creation of the earth and all that is therein &c. This objection, if the facts, to which it is made, are true, amounts to this A bold denial of Omnipotence. Now it surely cannot be denied, that Almighty power *could* not only arrange this earth in six common days, but that it could create the whole universe, by one momen*tary impulse*. That six ordinary days are too short, is no objection at all For, I might say, six days are too long ; and my assertion would surely be as as valid as the contrary, since creation, *in a moment*, of all things visible and invisible would be more worthy of Almighty God. This view of Omnipotence should not be lost sight of.—But from the facts narrated, we learn, it has not pleased God to put forth the might of his power in an instantaneous creative act It has pleased him in creation, as in some of his other works and ways to act gradually For example

Immediately after man's fall—man's defection from his maker, a restorer was promised But although man groaned under the burden of sin and waited in longing expectation the promised deliverer, it was not until 4000 years had elapsed, that the promise, made in Eden, was fulfilled in Bethlehem, more properly, was completed at Calvary. I offer another instance of God's way of working It was promised to the Savior that the "heathen should be given him for an inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession"—that when he "would make his soul an offering for sin, He should see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied " Now by an outpouring of the Holy Ghost, as at the Pentecostal illumination, God could fulfil, in a day, this promise. But it has not so pleased *Him* Rather, He has *chosen the* slow and feeble instrumentality of preaching to accomplish the fulfillment of that promise, and now 1800 years have passed and is not yet fulfilled. How many ages may yet pass before that promise is made good no man knoweth, "but the father only "

On the other hand it is to be observed than God has left on record, instances in which he has put forth the energy of a creator, saying "let there be," and the thing commanded was. Now if it be admitted that God is Omnipotent, it must also be admitted that He could have performed the whole work of creation not only in six, but in less than six common days; and that when he put forth the instantaneous fiat, "let there be light and there was light," we are not to suppose that this required an extra effort of His Omnipotence But the inquiry, *at present, is not with what God could do*, but with what Moses says He has done; and this brings us back again to what is written For, from the record alone can we gather the facts of creation.

It may be advisable, just at this point, to remark that in relation to the days of creation, whether they were common days of 24 hours each ; or indefinite periods of time, men may differ and yet not incur the odious epithet of infidel. Some of the most ardent admirers of the Mosaic record, and ablest defenders of it, have taken different views of the length of the "day" of creation. Some believe and assign their reasons for their belief, that the *day* was an ordinary one of 24 hours length, Some believe and assign their reasons for supposing the day to be an indefinite period of time, consisting, perhaps of thousands, or millions *of years in duration. Difference in* opinion, in regard to the Mosaic "day" is not an article of faith, nor does it invalidate the record.

——The Negro Bureau has in its possession 213,924 acres of abandoned land and 859 pieces of town property. Rather a fat thing.

A STAMMERING WIFE.

BY J G SAXE

When deeply in love with Miss Emily Pryne,
I vowed if the lady would only be mine
I would always endeavor to please her—
She blushed her consent, though the stuttering lass
Said never a word except "You're an ass—
An ass—an ass-idious teaser !"

But when we were married I found to my ruth,
The stammering lady had spoken the truth :
For often, in obvious dudgeon,
She'd say—if I ventured to give her a jog
In the way of reproof—you're a dog dog-dog—
A dog—a dog-matic curmudgeon.

And once when I said, "We can hardly afford
This extravagant style with our moderate board
And hinted we ought to be wiser,
She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue—
And fretfully cried, "You're a Jew-Jew-Jew—
A very ju-dicious adviser "

Again, when it happened that wishing to shirk
Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,
I begged her to go to a neighbor,
She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,
And saucily said "You're a cus-cus-cus—
You were always ac-customed to labor "

Out of temper at last, with the insolent dame,
And feeling the woman was greatly to blame,
To scold me instead of caressing,
I mimicked her speech—like a churl as I am—
And angrily said your a dam-dam-dam—
A dam age instead of a blessing "
—*Exchange*

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

——Happy—Our Devil.

——Gay—the young lasses of Bellefonte.

——A Chase newspaper is to be started in Washington, it is said

——Gen M'Clellan don't want any Government appointment.

——All the black delegates to State conventions in the South add "Esq." to their names.

——A census taken August 1st, gives the population of San Francisco as 131,100.

——Two thousand men are said to be employed by A T. *Stewart in his New York stores.*

——The new bridge over the Susquehanna, at Harrisburg, was opened to travel on the 11th inst

——West Virginia was made a State for Radical purposes. It now repudiates the Radical party.

——It is now stated that Senator Sumner and his wife will occupy their old quarters in Washington this winter.

——A Nevada man recently got drunk, killed a friend, and was hung by Judge Lynch, all within six hours

A pine lumber raft, from the Wisconsin pineries, floated down the Mississippi the other day, covering three acres of surface.

——Dan Rice has retired from the ring in a farewell performance at Pittsburg, where an edition of Shakespeare was given him.

——A majority of the impeachment committee are "fernenst" that movement. Sensible at the last.

——The impeachment conspiracy is generally considered dead—killed effectually by the fall elections

——Forney says South Carolina will send a negro named Lewis to the United States Senate. No matter, after what Tennessee has done.

——Senator Reverdy Johnson lost the sight of his left eye some years ago, and it is feared now that a cataract is forming on the other.

——A battalion of troops sailed from New York for Savannah on the 16th inst. Radical governments cannot get on without bayonets.

——Why do birds feel depressed early in a summer morning ? Because their little bills are all over due.

——A little girl hearing the remark that all people had once been children, artlessly inquired "Who took care of the babies ?"

——Blot says the ladies should do the marketing Young ones are very apt to be in the market.

——Portland, Me., has as many houses now as before the great fire of 1867, but rents are still high there.

——*A gallant reportorial cotemporary says* that when ladies vote candidates will always be elected by "handsome majorities."

——Of one hundred and twelve members drawn for the jury in a county in Louisiana, but twenty-five are white men.

——The Pennsylvania Railroad Company purchased the Pan Handle Railroad for $1,970,000 at auction, on the 6th inst.

——The Grand Encampment of Knights Templars and Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons will be held at New London Connecticut this week.

——During the war John Watson, the Radical negro delegate from Mecklenberg county, Virginia, was sold by his master and sent away for some crime.

——The Chicago *Republican* has cost the proprietors $190,000 more than its receipts. "Loyalty" don't pay anymore, since Government pap stopped running.

——"Two kinds of money for two kinds of men"—rags for the people and gold for the bondholders, is, says the New York *Herald*, the financial plank of the Radical party.

——A large number of darkies have been elected to the Georgia convention. "Eight dollars a day, an' forty cents fur ebry mile ! Go away, white trash !"

——The Rads have commenced to turn their paper batteries upon Gen. Schofield because of his disposition to protect the white people of Virginia against the secret armed negro leagues

——A very large proportion of the criminals before the Virginia courts are "Freedmen," notwithstanding a local black and tan organ says never before have the blacks behaved so well as now

——It is now reported in London that our Government is to pay $11,500,000 for the Danish West Indies, subject to the claim of France upon Santa Cruz, or $7,500,000 for the other two.

——On Sunday before last, in Albemarle county, Virginia, the darkies got up and left the church because a preacher who is not a Radical, arose to read a hymn. The "colored brethren" are learning very fast.

——An arithmetical suggestion for Bergner : If an increased Radical majority in Dauphin county and a big flag in 1867 produces a "State Guard," how much mule money will it cost to break both down ? The unscrupulous *Deacon can take his time to answer*

——The Rump committee appointed to pick flaws in the loyalty of the Kentucky delegation in order to keep them from interfering with Rump legislation "outside the Constitution." have failed in establishing anything specific, and it is said, will merely report them in gen*eral terms as "sympathisers."*

——Some of the Virginia Rads are getting alarmed at the insolent demands of their dark-skinned allies, and are declaring themselves in favor of re investing the whites with the right of voting: They already see what an elephant they have upon their hands, but they will find it difficult to get rid of the animal.

FROM A DISCOURSE ON PIANOS, BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Behold, our Grand Piano ! Chickering's Grand ! It must have been about the year 1820, in old Litchfield Connecticut, upon waking one fine morning, that we heard music in the parlor , and hastening down, beheld an upright piano, the first we ever saw, or heard of ! Nothing can describe the amazement of silence that filled us. It rose almost to superstitious reverence, and all that day was a dream and marvel. This was our first experience—and the instrument was one of *Clementi's*, of English make

All the pianos of the country were then made abroad. One or two men had essayed, without marked result, the making of these then foreign wonders ; but it was not till 1823 that Jonas Chickering led the way, and laid the foundation of a school of American Manufacturers of Musical Instruments, which seems destined to equal the best reputation of London or Paris.

We never dreamed of going higher To own a Chickering Grand seemed always like a dream. But dreams do come to pass sometimes. There stands one of the noblest of all Pianos—a Chickering Grand—in our parlor, and there is but one thing more that fortune can do for us, viz , breathe upon us some night the power of playing upon it ! We walk up and down before it, proud and happy, knowing that in it sleep Handels and Mozarts, Beethovens and Meyerbeers, Webers and Wagners, Palestrinas, Spontinas, and Rossinis, longing to be aroused.

Had all Europe offered us a choice of instruments, we should still have chosen a Chickering And our wish is, that the day may soon come when every workingman in America may have a good Chickering Grand, which we account the grandest instrument, next to the organ, in the world !

Perhaps three or four houses contest for pre-eminence in *Grand pianos*. We shall not compare or determine. We have chosen and do not wish to rechoose It may be there is a little "Boston" feeling inspiring our choice ' Why not ? We were once a Boston boy, and played in all her streets Perhaps there is a little National feeling ? Why not ? Old Jonas Chickering was the patriarch of piano-makers, and has probably been the cause of more musical noise than any American man that ever lived ; his establishment, first and last, having sent out over 30,000 instruments !

Imagine good old Jonas asleep, and this vast army of instruments making a procession before him, *from his meagre piano of* 1823, to his last and matchless Grand piano (music of course) ! each one with its practicer or player. What a roar—purgatorial or paradisical—it would be ! But as to the *National* feeling. Is not Italy proud of her Cremona ? Are not *Amati* violins one of Italy's boasts ?

Three generations (Nicholas & Andrew, then Jerome & Antony, and then Nicholas again) of Amatis there were. The Chickerings are already in the second generation, and we hope that they may "increase and multiply," and that for five generations to come every Chickering may inherit an irresistible genius of pianos, and all Americans be musically blessed in the name.

A BACKWOOD'S ADVENTURE.

A Virginia banker, who was the chairman of a noted Infidel Club, was once travelling through Kentucky, having with him bank bills of the value of twenty five thousand dollars. When he came to a lonely forest, where robberies and murders were said to be frequent, he was soon lost, through taking a wrong road. The darkness of night came quickly over him, and how to escape from the threatened danger he knew not. In his alarm, he suddenly espied, in the distance, a dim light, and urging his horse onward, he at length came to a wretched looking cabin. He knocked, and the door was opened by a woman, who said that her husband was out hunting, but would shortly return, and she was sure he would cheerfully give him shelter for the night. The gentleman put up his horse and entered the cabin, but with feelings that can be better imagined than described. Here he was, with a large sum of money, and perhaps in the house of one of the robbers whose name was a terror to the country.

In a short time, the man of the house returned He had on a deer-skin shirt, a bear-skin cap, seemed much fatigued, and in no talkative mood. All this boded the infidel no good. He felt for his pistols in his pocket, and placed them so as to be ready for instant use. The man asked the stranger to retire to bed, but he declined, saying that he would sit by the fire all night. The man urged, but the more he urged, the more the infidel was alarmed. He felt assured that this was his last night upon earth, but he determined to sell his life as dearly as he could. His infidel principles gave him no comfort His fear grew into perfect agony What was to be done ?

At leaght the backwoodsman rose, and reaching to the wooden shelf, too down an old book, and said :

"Well stranger, if you won't go to bed I will ; but it is my custom always to read a *chapter of the holy Scriptures before* I go to bed:"

What a change did these word produce ! Alarm was at once removed from the skeptic's mind. Though avowing himself an infidel, he had now confidence in the Bible. He felt safe, He felt that a man who kept an old Bible in his house, and read it, and bent his knees in prayer, was no robber or murderer. He listened to the simple prayer of the good man, at once dismissed all his fears, and laid down in that rude cabin and slept as calmly as he did under his father's roof. From that night he ceased to revile the good old Bible. He became a sincere Christian, and often related the story of his eventful journey, to prove the folly of infidelity.

——The fell purposes of the Radical party have become so thoroughly revealed, that people who have suffered themselves to be reduced into blind co-operation with it, can no longer be deceived. No man who is true to the Constitution can be a Radical. No man who is in favor of the supremacy of the white man can be a Radical. No man who prefers republicanism to despotism can be a Radical. No man who is opposed to a war of races can be a Radical.

——A story told of a country gentleman who for the first time heard an Episcopal clergyman preach. He had read much of the aristocracy and pride of the church, and when he returned home he was asked if the people were stuck up. "Pshaw ! no," he replied; "why the minister actually preached in his shirt sleeves."

——Henry Ward Beecher, in a sermon delivered recently, said that more public men of eminence had started from the business of type setting than from probably any other occupation.

——The outside of to-days paper is full of good and substantial reading.