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A PERFECT MATCH.

BY W. A. KENDALL.

The jewels dangle in her ears.
Her waist is but a single span:
And as she swings along, she says,
"I'm going to catch a dandy man."

His hat is in the latest style,
He totes his cane with dainty hold;
And as he struts about, he says,
"I am going wed a fool for gold."

They come together at the ball,
They dance and jig, and waltz, and whirl;
Her dress is fine, "demnition seine,"
His purse is lank, his hair is curl.

He is "so nice," she is "so rich,"
He lacks for cents, she lacks for brains;
He flatters her, she dazzles him,
They call each other "pretty names."

With gouty course papa says "Yes;"
Mamma says naught—mamma is dead;
His debts are large, her purse is deep,—
The fop and fool together wed.

A marriage of convenience quite.
A very *recherche* affair;
"It's just the thing," his friends aver;
"It's just the thing," his friends declare.

They live "up town" in free-stone front,
The halls are grand, the rooms are high;
The *beau monde* from their coaches trip,
And enter with an envious sigh.

They do not love, they do not hate,—
Their only bonds are those of law;
They frequent operas and plays,
And scorn the "dirty rabble, awh!"

He held the cards, she held the stake,
The lead was brass, the trump was gold,
A perfect match, an even pair,
For he was bought, and she was sold!

Exchange

[For the WATCHMAN

The Chronicles of Tattletown.

BY VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER VIII.

Charlie was endeavoring to soothe the grief of Daisy, and Claudia, as she noted the tenderness of manner, the caressing tone of voice, marvelled not that his mother and sisters idolized him, but she marvelled at the greatness of the sacrifice, and she asked herself will the cause justify it?' For unlike Daisy, she and Augusta had fully realized the critical state of affairs, and the very knowledge of a declaration of war, brought with it the uncertainty of meeting him for a long time, perhaps never.

It was in this hour, in the shock she felt at the prospect, the certainty of his leaving her, that the convulsions of agony had laid bare the hidden depths of her heart, revealing that which had been but vaguely felt if felt, at all, her love for him Hitherto she had honestly believed she had cherished only a sister's love for him, and perhaps if he had not left them, and under such circumstances, it might have been months, aye years ere she would have asked herself the question; 'what is he to me?' resting content in the brother love he had given her Now without warning, had that knowledge—that question been thrust on her, and with the answer came the concious shame of having alone cherished that love, for was he not another's? The last thought recalled her to herself, and she summoned all her woman's pride to battle with the agony of her woman's heart Charlie little guessed the conflict that had passed in her heart ere she trusted herself to say the few words of adieu he was waiting for — True he had wondered at her silence but he attributed it to another cause, and it was years after, that the wonderous power of this love, was known to him Could he have known it then, how reverently would he have knelt, and worshiped at its glorious shrine. but he knew it not, and he too had looked upon her, had taught himself to believe he regarded her as a dear sister, and in this hour another's image stood before him, that of his boyhood's devotion, and his heart asked of the woman before him only a sister's token of affection

Charlie had placed Daisy on the sofa, and now stood beside Claudia, who knew she must say 'adieu.' There was no trembling of the hand she placed in his, no glance gave that a sister gives a brother, in the clear beautiful eyes she turned on him; no faltering of the sweet voice that said:

'Brother Charlie it grieves me to say 'good bye' I had hoped you would take a second thought of this matter Would I could give you the comfort I so selfishly keep back for myself I can only give you the assurance of a sister's love and pray constantly for your safety'"

"I know it, dear Claudia It is a great comfort to me, that I bear with me to the battle field, the love, and prayers of those, whom to leave is my only care, my only grief. You will not miss me so much as those sorrowing ones who have always looked to me for protection, but if you should ever need a brother's advice, a brother's affection, you will remember me, will you not?' And my mother, you will comfort her, dear Claudia!' And he looked in her eyes for his answer but she evaded his glance

"I will miss you more, perhaps, than they! Remember this brother love you have bestowed on me is a new possession, and just as you've taught me its value, I must resign it."

"Not necessarily. If there be any time in which circumstances would render my advice acceptable, you can write. You can certainly avail yourself of the privileges accorded my sister!"

"I trust I shall never be placed in such circumstances in which I shall require other advice than such as your mother can give, but I promise you to write if I need a brother's counsel."

"Thank you, and now I've another favor to ask!"

'What is it.'"

"I do not know that I have a right to mention the subject—it is a delicate one, but I claim a brother's interest in what may so nearly concern your future happiness. I allude to Mr Bell.

Claudia blushed, but said nothing. Charlie looked his surprise. "Forgive me, I did not know that in the few weeks of his stay, he had accomplished so much. I was unaware of the real state of affairs, or I should have said nothing. Forgive me"

"You are mistaken if you suppose Mr. Bell is, or ever will be anything to me more than a friend. My embarrassment arose from a reluctance to speak of it all, though he has done me a great honor in offering himself to one such as I"

"You do yourself injustice He is not worthy of you. I confess I am somewhat prejudiced against him, and not without reason, but now I know you have declined the honor of his heart and hand, I am prepared to like him better. Mr. Stockton I like very much." She noticed the sarcastic tone in which he spoke of 'the honor of his heart and hand,' and she replied quickly.

"Your prejudice is unfounded, I am quite sure. Mr. Bell is an elegant gentleman, even your mother, and Augusta admit it, and the latter declares I have acted unwisely in treating him so coldly"

He smiled at her warmth of manner in defending the absent "Nevertheless I insist upon it, you will never regret having acted as you have under the circumstances, but, I must not tarry here I forgot, I've only three hours to make my arrangements for leaving Thank you for the comfort you have given me"

"Comfort you' I need comfort myself" He scarcely heeded the last words, but years after their full import came to remembrance, and he wondered at his folly—his blindness, but now, as I've said another's claimed all his thoughts, and he left the room to write to her his adieu In the frequent interchange of visit, of the families at the Hall, and 'Briery Knowe' Ellie had on every occasion denied him an opportunity of demanding an explanation of her singular conduct; leaving him, at the same time no just grounds of complaint Her manner to him, if there was a change, was more studiously polite, and from addressing him as Charlie, she called him Mr Compton, especially when speaking of him in Claudia's presence.

When Charlie left the library, he took the weeping Daisy in his arms, and carried her to her own room, placing her in a sofa near the window

Cheer up, little one! You are to be the heroine of this drama about to be enacted; the woman who shall equal in patriotism the noble women of the revolution' Why, what will Eugene say to these tears? They are unworthy his soldier love"

The name of Eugene only called forth a fresh burst of tears' 'Oh Charlie' It is bad enough to have you go, but Eugene, my dear Eugene! The bare thought almost kills me"

"Here's a letter from him, pet You must not blot it with your tears Now sit up and read it, and if you will answer it immediately, I can take it to him as I shall stop in S——

Daisy sat up, and taking the letter opened it eagerly, Charlie left her to make his preparations for leaving

Alfred begged to accompany him, and he consented, more to satisfy the affectionate servant than any assistance he hoped to derive from having him with him

It was a sad group that gathered round the dinner table that day, and a tearful one that stood one hour later on the portico to bid adieu to the only son, and brother, who had crossed the threshold of his home, to cross it no more for years, sad years, and a bitter return to the home of his youth.

Willie Burke had brought no farewell message, on his return from the Hall, and Ellie's heart, saddened by her brother's departure, felt this the more With a pang she felt she was forgotten in the all absorbing grief he felt in leaving the woman he loved The friend of his childhood, the confidant of his boyhood, his manhood, was forgotten, yet she bore it calmly, so calmly that she wondered at it herself, and when her mother expressed surprise at his not coming to bid them farewell, she made some excuse for his apparent neglect Ellie was a true woman, and with a true woman's love sought to excuse his shortcomings to others, even while unable to admit them herself; comforting herself with the satisfaction of having exonerated him in the eyes of those who regarded those faults less charitably than herself

The supper bell rang, and as Ellie, her mother, and her aunt, Miss Clearmont, seated themselves at the table, the old gray-haired butler placed a note beside her plate She glanced at it hastily and she trembled, and blushed, as she recognized the handwriting Mrs Burke asked no question; she knew she would know all in good time. Miss Clearmont asked:

"Who's your letter from, my child?"

'It's not a letter, Aunt Lizzie, it is only a note from the Hall."

"From the girls?"

"No ma'am, it is a note from Mr. Compton. I have not read it, but I suppose it is to say 'good bye' to us all," and she endeavored to change the subject, but Miss Clearmont's mind was fully occupied with the day's proceedings, and she knew Charlie intended accompanying Willie to Richmond. She therefore continued to question Ellie, as to his departure, Mrs Burke kindly relieved Ellie of the trouble, and finally transferred her sisters conversation to herself, much to Ellie's relief. Supper was soon over, for none had a care for the dainties before them, and old Simon wondered, as he cleared off the tea table, what manner of sorrow it would be that eating could not alleviate

"To be sure now' jes to think all Aunt Judy's 'licious flannel cakes has'nt been teched, and that 'ar coffee, why bless your soul, I tinks if old Patsy was to die an go to hebben, such a cup o' coffee as dat 'ar would cheer me up powerful, it would White folks is quare sure, and no mistake Now dis chile would set down to dat 'ar supper, and tanked de lord for givin him sich comfort Ole Judy will be 'stressed ober it, I knows, she will. If anyting hurts her feelins, 'tis to see folks slight her vittals, and old Simon can testicate dat dar isn't many wat does, he kin"

When Ellie left the supper table, she went up stairs to her own room — There was no light save that cast by the rays of the moon, and she seated herself at the window and looked out, endeavoring to imbibe some of the calmness of the hour She dared not read that letter What need of it, when her heart's interests had penetrated its outer covering, and read therein an agony of fear, and grief, those words that would blight forever her hopes, her love? Why should he write thus to her to tell her of his happiness, of his love for another? Yet was he to blame? Had he ever told her that she was dearer to him than aught else on earth? She answered 'no,' while her heart called to remembrance every tone, every act of by-gone days, and interpreted them as all a woman holds dear, his love for her. Reason said you should regard these tokens as the gallantries man unconsciously shows to woman, the instinctive homage he pays to a being morally his superior Love whispered that he had rendered these gallantries, this homage to none other as to herself, and she listened eagerly to the voice that responded to her heart's longing — She clasped the letter to her bosom, and leaned out of the window, drinking in the cool night air, as though the light weight on her heart was suffocating her Long she remained thus, the soft moon looking down on her through the misty, dewy tears of night, then with a prayer for strength to bear what might be revealed in that tiny missive, she sat down and read it, In ran thus

'I know not what prompts me to this last effort to say these things, which, for the last two months you have denied me. I know of no offense for which should do such penance Time, and time again have I sought an an interview, but you have, indirectly it is true, refused it—Have I deserved this? I ask it now in this the hour of our separation—in the light of hallowed by-gone days—in the strength of the love I bear you, do I deserve this? If I have presumed in aspiring to such happiness as the possession of your love, it is because, I once hoped that you regarded me in another light than that of a dear friend. I can make this confession now when pride has taken the place of grief; can tell you I love you when duty, perhaps death, may separate us forever. I know not, I ask not if another has usurped the place I've held in your heart since boyhood. 'Tis nought to me when I am assured you love me not. I could not trust myself to see you before leaving. I could not trust myself to bear the pain bravely It would only have opened afresh the wounds that your love alone could heal. Farewell! May God bless and protect thee, and grant thee all happiness.

CHARLES COMPTON"

She read it through; then again read it, as though she could not comprehend at one glance its full meaning — She rested her head on the table, and moaned as if in pain; but no tears came She heeded not the flight of time, as she remained thus in the lethargy of grief. She only knew, she only felt that her own hand had driven home the arrow to the heart that had loved her once so well, but which now was dead to her. The moon went down; the candle flickered in its socket, and went out; yet she heeded it not. No tears came to relieve the storm clouds that hovered over her soul; only the low mutterings of dispair fell upon the sultry atmosphere of her heart, that thirsted for the cooling drops that would, like

"Some soft feeling fall
Like moonlight on a dark cloud, giving
The thoughts a brighter hue, and all
The portals of the soul are living
With the thick rush of tears.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THAD STEVENS ON THE RAMPAGE.—The following is the closing part of Mr Stevens'. remark during an interview with a correspondent of the N. Y *World*:

"Well, then, there's the whole thing, it's as simple as day. What the devil do I care about the question of veracity, as they call it, between Johnson and Grant? That's nothing to do with the law 'Both of them may call each other liars if they want to, perhaps they both do lie a little, or let us say equivocate, though the President certainly has the weight of evidence on his side. But Johnson being right or Grant being wrong, it makes no difference If they want to settle the question between them, they may both go out in my back yard and settle it alone Of course I have a light objection to having that area soiled by either of them, but I wouldn't object, if they would only fix it so that we should have no more talk What I am after is, that the law of these United States, as made by the Congress of these united States, shall be obeyed by the President as well as by all men beside—There was plenty of evidence, God knows, to convict Johnson last year—It's all nonsence and folly to argue against the self evident proposition that there is more than plenty of evidence now."

How Can they go Back on This?

When the Civil Tenure Act was before the Senate, just previous to its adoption, Mr Williams (Rad) of Oregon, said, I have no doubt that any Cabinet Minister who has a particle of self respect (and we can hardly suppose that any man would occupy so responsible an office without having the feeling) would decline to remain in the Cabinet after the President had signified to him that his presence was no longer needed" Mr Howard, (Rad) of Michigan, had no doubt the practical working of the bill would be as the Senator from Oregon had intimated —Mr Sherman, (Rad) of Ohio, said —"I take it that no case can arise, or is likely to arise, where a Cabinet Minister will attempt to hold on to his office after his chief desires his removal. I can sarcely conceive a case. I think that no gentlemen, no man with any sense of honor, would hold a position as Cabinet officer after his chief desired his removal," And again he said:—"If I supposed either of these gentlemen [referring to the Cabinet of Mr. Johnson] was so waiting in manhood, in honor, as to hold his place after the politest intimation by the President of the United States that his services were no longer needed, I certainly, as a Senator, would consent to his removal at any time, and so would we all"

If, after advancing and concurring in such sentiments, Senators are ready to do battle for a man whom they have thus branded with disgrace, their motives cannot be to redress his wrongs, but simply to use his case as a miserable pretext for superceding the President with a pliant fool of their own, like Wade.

A Wonderful Flying Machine in Course of Construction.

W. S. Hutchings, of St. Louis, the inventor, has laid his plans before the best aeronauts in America, and all pronounce it the only success ever made in aerial navigation—in navigating the air and turning in any direction, at any height, with the pleasure of the navigator. This wonderful invention of navigating the air has been the study of the past century, and has at last been successful. The modle has already been built, is twenty-eight inches in height, *and works with the utmost ease* and upon mechanical and philosophical principles.

In constructing this machine, the laws of gravitation have been well studied.—The large machine now in course of *construction measures twenty-eight feet* in height with an expansion of twenty-two feet, full weight of the machine 285 lbs, when ready for aerial navigation, capable of carrying with ease in the air 150 lbs, The principle is entirely new, and the inventor claims the compression of hot and cold air in running a caloric engine which is attached to the back.

The body is enclosed in a complete set of mail armor made of vulcanized India rubber and brass, with glass in front, which protects the body and face from the wind. Attached to the engine and connected by means of a tube passing over the shoulder is a large cylinder containing the compressed air, which is worked with each hand. By this means the navigator can go up or down with ease, and regulates the engine at his own leisure. Attached to the feet, head and cylinder are doubled, inflated wings some four feet in length, and by means of cords and India rubber valves attached to the fly wheels of the engine, are two large inflated wings, on the compressed air principle, eighteen feet in length, and which turns with lightning speed in a circular revolution, bearing up the entire machine Immediately above the engine is attached, by means of cords, a large double inflated parachute, measuring sixty six feet in circumference, with a tube connecting from the entire with the caloric engine. This is the protection in making the ascension without danger to the aeronaut in case of accident or breaking of the machine. We understand the first trial will take place near this city, with the wonderful feat of jumping out of a balloon at the height of two thousand feet from the earth; and as the inventor proposes to accomplish this himself, he has great confidence in his own invention If it is a success, aerial navigation is certainly the most useful invention of modern times, outrivaling the telegraph or steam navigation—*St Louis Dispatch*

Political Miscegenation.

We copy the following from a Philadelphia exchange

"In Chestnut street this morning, upon the promenade where all was brightness and beauty, conspicuously among the throng on the north side of the street, walked a male negro upon whose arm leaned a beatiful and richly dressed white woman We saw the same disgusting spectacle on Saturday That we almost doubted the evidences of our senses is shown in the fact that we made no mention of the unusual sight This morning we saw the same couple. The man is as black as a roll of Russia sheet iorn, and sports his handsome apparel with evident complacency The woman is young, very ladylike in mien, and was elaborately attired in purple velvet and and costly furs. At first the idea was that she might be of the *demimonde*. Of this we are now assured to the contrary. The case is evidently one of the grossest miscegnation. It is the first we have seen openly paraded in the public streets of this city."

What could be more more disgusting to a person of the least refinement than the exhibition above mentioned? What must a white woman think of herself who will marry a negro, and then parade her shame before the world? The teachings of the Radicals lead to the pit into which this woman has fallen and degraded herself.

——A Georgia spiritualist predicts that we are to have no more Presidents. Pity he don't have a similar revelation with regard to Congress.

——The western gold fields are expected to yield $67,000,000 this year.

A Farmer's Account of Himself.

I am only a common or plain farmer. I cultivate about fifty acres of land, and much of the labor is preformed by my own hands, including the regular attendance at market. My land is good—I made it so without buying any manure. I keep horses enough to do the work, and cows and pigs much more numerous than any of my neighbors in proportion to the same amount of land. I cultivate every foot of soil I can, and it is done in the best manner I have a good sized garden, stocked with a little of everything, including all the valuable small fruits—thanks to the advice received through your columns. I have my orchard of apples, pears, &c., and making considerable money out of it, besides supplying all our wants. I find that well tilled land, having previously been put in a high state of cultivation, will produce not only twice but thrice as much as moderately good land moderately worked. Commencing in a small way—going in debt for nearly the whole place—I have succeeded in paying off the entire debt, building a new barn; repairing the house, and adding generally to the appearance and value of the improvements I pay cash for everything I buy. We live as well as there is any desire on the part of my family. My wife is not overworked. We have all the leisure time wished for. We keep the Sabbath. We do unto others as we wish them to do unto us—are ready to preform a neighborly act at all times. Our children are being well educated. All this has been accomplished by attending strictly to my own affairs, and and not troubling myself unnecessarily with the affairs of my neighbors, or idling away time at shops, stores and taverns, as is too much the case yet in this region, and criticising the conduc of others.—*Ex.*

ABUSE OF GERMANS, IRISH AND CATHOLICS.— Whilst the Rads of the Pennsylvania House were rushing the Registry bill through so disgracefully on Thursday evening, they became wild with frenzy and belched out their love for the nigger and hate of foreigners without reserve. On Friday, in the Senate, whilst Thorns' Philadelphia amendment was under discussion a similar scene took place. John Hickman, of the House, declared that "an intelligent negro was better entitled to the elective franchise than an Irish Catholic." Langdon, of the Senate, is reported as saying that "the negro is better entitled to the elective franchise than an Irishman;" and Fisher, of the same body, from Lancaster, is chared with declaring the Democratic party was composed of bog-trotting, ignorant Irishmen, and swag-bellied lager beer Dutchmen. These blackguardisms and falsehoods will answer as excellent finger-boards to point out to the people of Pennsylvania the true and character design of the Registry bill —an infamous measure concocted for the express purpose of disfranchising not only the naturalized citizens of the States but every man who labors with his hands and is poor.

A BOSOM PIN.—A young gentleman from the country stepped into a store and informed the proprietor that his occupation was that of a carpenter, and he desired to get a bosom pin emblematic of that profession, The obliging jeweler looked over his stock, and, finding nothing else, showed him a very fine Masonic pin. The young man looked at it carefully "Yes," said he, "there's the compass and square. I use both of them—but why didn't they put a saw in it? It's first rate as far as it goes Hullo! there's G there—what does that stand for?" The jeweler didn't know The man studied it carefully for a moment, and a bright idea struck him, His face flushed as if he had made a discovery "I have it," he said; "it's all right. G stands for gimlet. Compass, square and gimlet. That will do—I will take it" There was a little touch of sadness in his voice as he pinned the emblem on his coat, and went a way muttering:—"Compass, square and gimlet I do wish there was a saw through"

HAPPY HOMES.—Do not be afraid of a little fun at home. Do not shut up your houses lest sun should fade the carpet; and your hearts, least a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold when they come home at night. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they do not have it at their own hearth stones, it will be sought in other and less profitable places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night and make the home ever delightful, with all those little arts that parents sons perfectly understand. Do not repress the buoyant spirits of children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and fire light of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safe-guard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

——Paris now imports blonde hair from America.