Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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THE RADICAL.

Of all the men Ie'er have known,
One only wholly bad I call;
The Puritanic, Jacobinic,
Raving, roaring Radical,
The nasty, ugly Radical—
The Heaven-detested Radical—
The ranting, canting, tearing, swearing, picture-stealing Radical

He wears a sanctimonious look—
His eyes turn up above you know,
His voice it has the nasal twang
Which Puritans all love, you know.
Oh, the sniveling Radical,
The mousing, sneaking Radical,
The creaping, crawling, droning, drawling,
caterwauling Radical!

With thousands of gold-bearing bonds,
For which he swore his soul away,
With books and pictures that were found
Away down South and stole away!
This thieving, lying Radical,
This God-defying Radical,
This loyal hound may still be found with
collar labeled "Radical"

The lady of Caucas an line
Endowed with matchless graces-O,
He treats with scorn, as basely born,
And turns to nigger faces-O!
This white-abhoring Radical,
This wench-adoring Radical,
This odor-snuffing, perfume-puffing, recreant
ruffian Radical!

Come, one and all, and help me curse
The catiff whom thus bad I call!
The wench-embracing, spoon-purloining
God insulting Radical.
Who spurns Caucasian graces-O!
And turns to wenches' faces-O!
The scallawag, who makes the brag "We'll
equalize the races-O!"

Oh, Andy! Ninth part of a man!
Upon you—feeling sad—I call
Why don't you grapple by the throat
And choke to death this Radical!
This spoon-purloining Radical!
This murder loving Radical!
This singer of psalms, who, without any
qualms, would poison us all—this
Radical!

—CRAWFORD CO. OHIO FORUM.

The Chronicles of Tattletown.

BY VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER XV.

Mrs. Compton had supposed the Federal commander contemplated a move, and she was not mistaken: though when that move would be made was, as yet, a matter of doubt. The restless Jackson alone would determine that for him, and the capture of Charles Compton was considered somewhat of a lucky chance, supposing him to possess the requisite information; but though Charlie was the bearer of important dispatches; he was not the recipient of his commander's plans, and when on the following day he was brought before the Federal officers for examination, he could give them no other information than the unsatisfactory one contained in the dispatches found on his person

"You know little of the character of "General Jackson" he replied to the numerous questions put to him if you suppose he would confide his plans to any one, much less to one likely, at any moment to be captured in endeavoring to pass the enemy's lines, and subjected to such a rigid examination as you are making"

"Your dispatches lead me to suppose you one of his officers and as such you are undoubtedly acquainted with his whereabouts at least, said the General, much dissatisfied with the result of the examination.

"Where he may have been five days ago, I might be enabled to inform you, where he is at present I cannot tell, even if I would."

The general frowned: "Take care young man; remember to whom you are speaking to, and that insolence will not be tolerated here," then turning to his staff officers near him he said.

"Failing in securing the information we desire, we must fall back upon our first conclusion, and upon that we must act," he then turned to the sargeant having charge of the prisoner, "Here sirrah, take your prisoner out, and hark ye, I shall make you responsible for his safe keeping!".

As Charlie, closely guarded, left the house, he encountered Colonel Bell. He started on recognizing him, but the latter passed on seemingly unconscious of his presence, and entered the house, while the guards in no gentle manner hinted that his footsteps should be quickened a little

It was late at night and the prisoner had thrown himself on his straw pallet, to gain some little repose when he was aroused from his broken slumbers by hearing voices on the outside of his tent, and after a short parley with the sentinel Colonel Bell came in The guard placed a light on the floor and retired, leaving the prisoner alone with his midnight guest Charlie received him with as much ease and courtesy, as he had shown two years before when Colonel Bell had claimed the hospitality of Compton Hall. He smiled and glanced significantly at the bed from which he had just risen, as he took the Colonel's extended hand, saying.

"I regret my circumstances are unfortunately such that my hospitality is less generous than I could wish it."

"I will see to it that your prison is at least made comfortable," said his visitor accepting the proffered seat on the straw pallet, "I only heard this afternoon of your capture, and have been with the General, to use what influence I may possess to secure your release, but I fear I can give you but little encouragement to hope"

"I thank you" said Charlie "for such kindly interference in my behalf Your friendly interest in my family, and Eugene Mason has already made the debt of gratitude such that I can never repay it. For myself your best reward will be in knowing you have overcome by such magnanimity, the unjust prejudices I have hitherto entertained for you."

Colonel Bell looked his surprise but he said nothing, and as it was late, he rose to leave, after promising to see him on the morrow. He had bidden Charlie good night when he called him back.

"I have a favor to ask. It is that the manner of my death may never be revealed to my mother and sisters. They if I could so will it, should never know even of my capture, but count me among those who have laid down upon the battle field, besides those whose happy lot it has been to die for their country.

I have another wish, yet I hesitate to name it, you have already placed me under obligations I can never repay. It is to see my adopted sister Claudia Henry. She alone knows of my capture, and to her would I entrust my last messages to those I love"

The Colonel readily promised to accompany Claudia hither, also to see to it that his capture should not be made known to his family, and ere they parted he had confided to him the secret of his attachment for Claudia Charlie express no surprise, and what he said, led Colonel Bell to suppose he was not averse to the success of his suit. As he rose, for the second time to leave him Charlie said:

"I must acknowledge that at one time such a proposal coming from you would have been unwelcome to me as Claudia's brother, but believe me all such prejudices, are forgotten, when I remember the kindness you have shown me and mine I only regret I may not live to atone for such unjust feelings by some act, worthy of the honored name I bear, which with me, the last of the name, will be extinct May God bless you, and reward you"

The respite of three days, gained by Colonel Bell's influence had indeed accomplished much Before Claudia had reached Washington came the news of another victory by Stonewall Jackson, who falling upon the surprised Federals at Front Royal had completely routed them The forces stationed in the vicinity of Tattletown, had joined Banks in his retreat, nor did that gallant chieftain pause in his flight until he had placed himself out of harms way upon the north bank of the Potomac Charlie, with the few prisoners which had fallen into the hands of the Federals was sent on to Washington, and from thence to some prison further North, but although Colonel Bell left no means untried to discover the place of his imprisonment, he was finally compelled to relinquish the search, and after placing Claudia among his relatives in New York, rejoined his command Had Claudia consulted her own feelings, she would have preferred to return to Compton Hall, but she clung to the hope of discovering Charlie, and trusted that the advantages of being where she could make the effort to do so, as the best means of securing that for which she had sacrificed so much

By many, her marriage to Colonel Bell, would not be looked upon as a sacrifice, considering the advantages, which his wealth and position secured to her, but still she felt she had sacrificed her self respect in marrying a man whom she did not love. True she had not deceived him when she said she had no heart to give him; yet had she not led him to hope he might teach her to love him? and she reproached herself for giving him this hope, which she knew would never reach its fulfillment Days, and months went by, and save an occasional letter from Compton Hall—a few loving words of remembrance, from those, for whose presence she so often sighed—there was nothing to remind her of her girlhood, and these missives came only to break the sad monotony of her life, like some bright dream, that comes but to make the awakening more dark, and dreary.

Meanwhile the village of Tattletown was made a desolate waste. The torch of the invaders had laid the little hamlet in ashes, and here and there a solitary chimney stood a witness to a nation's ruin. "Briery Knowe" once, one of the most beautiful country seats around, was a heap of ruins, having paid the penalty of owning, as its master, a member of the Confederate Congress. The village church had not been spared, and now the desolate, and scattered flock would gather in the old church, from whose pulpit Mr. Gardener poured the balm of Gilead on the wounded, and sorrowing ones committed to his pastoral care. Among those who had fallen almost upon the threshold of the homes they loved, and for which they had fought so bravely, was Willie Burke, and as Mrs. Compton gave shelter, and comfort to those who sorrowed for him, she thought with a sigh that perhaps she would one long need that comfort, and sympathy as well, and as days, then weeks went by and still no tidings of her beloved son came, the conviction gradually settled upon them, that he too had fallen where victory's shout had drowned the cries of the dead and dying.

Spring and summer passed away, and autumn came, gorgeously arrayed in scarlet and gold, and touching with frosty wand the fields and forest, transformed them into a bright kingdom, over which she reigned supreme. The lilly faded away; the roses covered it lovingly with its leaves, and then laid down beside it to die, while the bright chrysanthum, lifted its head proudly, like a mountain maid, whose roses bloom no brighter than when her cheek is kissed by the frosty air of her own native hills

Ere Autumn had gone, Eugene rejoined his command but not the happy man he had hoped his recovery would make him He had reluctantly consented to accede to Mrs. Compton's wish that Daisy should remain with her another year; Augusta's marriage which had been consummated previous to his departure, leaving her almost alone.

Ellie Burke accompanied her as far as Richmond, where she joined her father and mother, and while her mountain home was wrapt in the white mantle of winter, Augusta listened, in her far southern home to the song of the nightingale, and wandered amid groves of orange and jessamine, little dreaming ere another year the invader's foot would have despoiled it, and that the hearts that now throbbed with hope for the future, would ere long, send up a despairing cry to Heaven "from whence cometh help alone"

Daisy, left to her own devices for amusement during the long winter months, found time hanging heavy on her hands. Her studies were virtually at an end, and light literature seemed to occupy the time she had hitherto devoted to her studies Mrs. Compton persuaded her to keep up her regular hours, of practicing her music, and although, as Daisy said, "she had no heart for it," she was easily induced to devote two hours each day to her favorite study

Had the winter been less severe, her mother would have looked upon this idleness, and its injurious results with another than a lenient eye With so much suffering, and want around them she felt that no one blessed with the means of alleviating it, or the energy to distribute those means, should be idle; but though earnestly engaged herself in the good work, she shrank from exposing her darling to any danger, still less, sadden the already sorrow stricken heart, by permitting her to witness the scenes which daily appealed to every kindly, and generous heart. She sighed, as she looked upon the childish form, and beautiful face, and saw there the ravages the last year had made, and longed once more to hear the bird-like voice, as it once echoed through the old house, in sweet songs, or merry laughter.

One morning she came into Daisy's room, bonneted and cloaked for a ride. Daisy looked up, surprised that the inclement weather should fail to keep her mother within doors, "Where are you going this bitter cold morning, mamma?"

"Down to the village, dear Mrs Peck is dying, and one of the neighbors has come for me. The old woman, it seems, is anxious to see me, though why I cannot divine, as our family have been no favorites with her since the unfortunate affair of the singing class."

"Poor Charlie," said Daisy softly; the mention of the singing class bringing to memory the merry recital of the scene he gave them; but seeing the tears stand in her mother's eyes, she threw aside her book, and coming close to her chair put her arms around her lovingly, and kissed the tears away

"Forgive me mamma. I was very thoughtless"

"Forgive you, my darling! Aye, I can forgive the love that holds his name in such faithful remembrance—that echoes the sorrow of my own heart."

"Mamma, may I go with you?"

"I think not, pet. It is a very cold day, and you can do no good. I shall be back in an hour or so, and I dare say you'll not miss me much with this to keep you company," and she held up a letter.

"From Eugene!" cried Daisy seizing it eagerly, "Dear mamma, I think I am indebted to you for almost every pleasure of my life"

"They are few, my darling, for one who deserves so many; but I presume I may go now, as I'll not be missed as I might have been had not Eugene's letter arrived so opportunely"

"Oh mamma, how can you say so?" said Daisy reproachfully; but her evident desire to be left alone with her treasure, was not lost on her mother, who after kissing her left the Hall, and proceeded on her errand to the village.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Ocean Bottom.

Mr Green, the famous diver, tells singular stories of his adventures, when making search in the deep water of the ocean. He gives some new sketches of what he saw at the "Silverbank" near Hayti; "The banks of coral on which my divings were made are about forty miles in length, and from ten to twenty in breadth On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and is so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet when submerged with but little obstruction to the sight. The bottom of the ocean in many places is as smooth as a marble floor: in others it is studed with coral columns, from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from one to eighty feet in diameter The tops of those more lofty support a myriad of pyramidal pendants, each forming a myriad more, giving reality to the imaginary abode of some water nymph In other places the pendants form arch after arch, and as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean, and gazes thro' in the deep widing avenues, he finds that they fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral which has long been buried beneath old ocean's wave Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if the loftiest columns were towers belonging to those stately temples that are now in ruins There were countless varieties of trees, shrubs and plants in every crevice of the corals where the water had deposited the earth They were all on the faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants that vegetate upon dry land One in particular attracted my attention; it resembled a sea fan of immense size, of variegated colors, and the most brilliant hue The fish which inhabit these "Silver Banks" I found as different in kind as the scenery was varied. They were of all forms, colors and size—from the symmetrical globy like sunfish; from the dullest hue to the changable dolphin; from the spots of the leopard to the hue of the sunbeam; from the harmless minnow to the voracious shark Some had heads like squirrels, others like cats and dogs, some of small size resembled the bull terrier. Some darted through the water like meteors, while others could scarcely be seen to move. To enumerate and explain all the various kinds of fish I beheld while diving in those banks would, were I enough of a naturalist so to do, require more than my limits allow, for I am convinced that most of the kinds of fish which inhabit the tropical seas can be found there. The sun fish, star fish, white shark and blue or shovel nose shark were often seen. There were also fish which resemble plants, and remained as fixed in there position as a shrub; the only power they possessed was to open and shut when in danger. Some resembled the rose when in full bloom and were of all hues There were robbin fish, from four to five inches to three feet in length; there eyes are very large and protrude like those of a frog. Another fish is spotted like a leopard, from three to ten feet in length. They build their houses like beavers, in which they spawn, and the male and female watches the egg until it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle some five feet long, which I should think would weigh four or five hundred pounds"

HARRY'S HORSE.

The baby lies in its mother's arms,
Quiet, and pale, and thin,
But the little head is once more raised
As Harry comes bounding in.

A wooden horse in his hand he holds,
Dark gray, with a long, black mane;
And an eager, longing look lights up
The pale little face again.

"No, baby dear, I will hold it close,
But I cannot give it to you;
I'm afraid you will let it fall, and break
My horse, so pretty and new."

But the pale little eager face still pleads,
Outstretched is the small hand still;
He stands for a moment, then holds it out,
"I'll lend it to baby, I will."

That day is past, and he finds it again
Where the baby had thrown it aside;
Her coral red, with its silver bells,
Still fast to the bridle tied.

There's a touch of paint off the bright green stick,
And a chip off the horse's ear
But, oh! not that to the boy's blue eye
Brings the quickly gathering tear.

And while Harry lives he will still be glad
That he lent her the horse that day;
For the baby has gone where never again
Can she ask with his toys to play.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

It may be paradoxical, but a generous hotel landlord is an inn-hos-pitable man.

——At a municipal election held in Cumberland Md, on Monday, the democratic ticket was elected without opposition.

——The Radical Canal Commissioner of New York is undergoing trial for malfeasance in office.

——Jacob Baker, an N. O aged 90, hopes to resume business in a few years. It will probably be in another and a better world.

——The Baltimore Gazette calls the bonnets now worn by the ladies, "singular little triangular delusions."

A man in Maine drinks a pound of tea a week in the belief that it is a sovereign cure for bad memory.

——The best thing the Radical leaders could do now would be to stop their devilment and try to do some good for the suffering country.

——Madam, a good many persons were disturbed at the concert last night by the crying of your baby. Well, I do wonder such people will go to concerts!

——Three important acts passed by Radical statesmen are now in the courts, namely, the Registry act, the Deserter act, and the Income tax act.

——In one of the lower counties of the State of Georgia, where the Radicals elected their ticket by a large majority, the whole amount of taxes paid by them was just one dollar and eighty four cents.

——Thad. Stevens, for the last twenty years, has taken half an hour's recreation each evening by betting $50 at faro. So says a eulogist of Thad. in the Chicago *Journal*, which is a truly loyal paper.

——A Dilapidated old darkey in Montgomery, Ala., while watching the monkeys in a menagerie in that city, spoke thusly. "Dem children got too much sense to come out of dat cage, white men cut their tails off and set 'em to votin' and makin' constitewtions."

——Mrs. Thaddeus Stevens, a negro wench, recently lost her free pass on the railroad from to Lancaster to Washington, but it turns out that her ticket was stolen by a negro who was riding by her side. What a horrible depraved negro, to steal the ticket of "Mrs. Thaddeus Stevens?"

——Hobbes, the old rascal, says an American girl loves with her eyes; an English girl with her arms; a French girl with her lips and Italian and Spanish with all three. A Boston woman capitulates in three moths, a New York woman in one Causes partly climacteric and constitutional, and partly a few words from the old folks in the back room.

——A Scotch laird had a servant named Thomas, who had been with him for many years, and the master was present at the servants funeral. As they were lowering the body into the grave the master was moved even to tears, and said with a sob, O, Tammas, Tammas, I could have trusted you wi' untold gold! but immediately appearing to recollect, he added, wiping his eyes, but not wi' unmeasured whisky.

——When Ulysses S. Grant was a small boy his father bought him a little hatchet. Ulysses was so delighted that he went about hatcheting everything he could find. One fatal day, after things had been going on thus, for a week, Ulysses cut down one of his father's favorite pear trees. When the old gentleman saw the ruin of his favorite pear tree he went up to U. S. and said; U. S. who cut down my favorite pear tree? I cannot tell a lie father: I cannot tell a lie father; I cannot tell a lie, said Ulysses, A Johnson cut it down with his hatchet. My dear son, said the old gentleman, spanking him, I would rather have you tell a thousand lies than lose so fine a tree.

A Strange Dream and a Wedding.

One of the happiest men that ever journeyed a hundred miles from Michigan, took the Toledo Express a few days ago at Fremont, bound for Toledo and his home in Michigan. He told a strange story, of which the following is the substance:

Some weeks since, while at home in Michigan, he retired to rest after a hard day's work, and falling asleep dreamed a dream. He appeard to have taken a long journey from "home," where he had been located for ten years and had scarcly lost sight of, and where he had lived "a happy old bach," and never thought of matrimony.

In that dream a vision appeared unto him. He arrived at a place in Ohio, which was called Fremont. It appeared that soon after his arrival in that place he formed the acquaintance of a young lady, and that after a short but happy courtship, he married her and returned to his home in Michigan, where he became wealthy, lived happily, and raised a numerous family of children, and in time trotted his grandchildren upon his knee. He then awoke; it was broad daylight, and his mother was at his door calling him down to breakfast.

At the breakfast table he related his dream to the old lady, and she was deeply impressed with it. He told her it was his intention to at once seek out the beautiful creature of whom he had dreamed, and the old lady, believing there was a special providence in it, and being also a firm believer in dreams advised him by all means to go and find her if he could, and if he couldn't find her to bring back an Ohio girl any way. "for you know," said she, "the Ohio girls are right smart." So John packed up his little wardrobe and took the first train out for Ohio, and lost no time in reaching Fremont.

When he arrived at that place he was surprised to discover that the sign at the depot, containing the name of the place—was an exact duplicate of the one he had seen in his dream, and that the depot buildings and general appearance of the city corresponded exactly with his vision. He put up at the Kepler House and began his search. For two or three days he was unsuccessful, but finally, just before he was on the point of returning home he came face to face with a maiden at the post-office. "'Tis she," said he, all to himself, and then he walked up manfully and told her his story; his dream, and of his place in Michigan and finally asked her to share the last with him.

She said something about its being sudden, she would rather wait, a few days before giving an answer; but he was determined to have it there and then, and she finally said she was all his own. He accompanied her to her home and in the evening he told her fond parents all about it. And they pronounced it good. The day following they were married, and at once commenced their journey Michigan ward

The man was a fine looking fellow, and so happy that he could scarcly contain himself He protested roundly that it was the woman he saw in his dream that he had met and married, and that all, from first to last, had been exactly as he pictured in his dream. The lady was a pleasing and comely looking lady, a few years younger than the man, and seemed to be brim full of fun and to enjoy the novelty of the thing fully as much as her husband. Take them, all in all, they were well matched and were doubtless made for each other. He said only one thing was lacking to make his happiness complete, and that was the fulfilment of the latter part of the dream —*Cleveland Leader.*

WHAT WILL YOU DRINK?—The local of the Alton Democrat is a wag. This is what he says on the above subject;

Different people, in different places, have different ways of expressing the same thing. For example, in Chicago, when a man asks you to take a drink, he says: Nominate your family disturbance In St. Louis, Choose your cold pizen In Cincinnati, Do you feel like driving a nail in your coffin? In Louisville, Let us put an enemy in our mouths. In New York, Let us reduce ourselves below the level of the brutes. In Boston, Let us violate (the liquor law.) In Frankfort, Let us absorb. In New Orleans, shall we fortify? In New Albany, suppose we drug ourselves? In Indianapolis, Let us start for the watch house. In Terre Haute, Let us perjure ourselves. In Buffalo, Let us disqualify And at Lexington, Ky., Will you have some nourishment? In Evansville, Let us take an article of Reconstruction. In Quincy they say: Have you seen Grant? In Alton they say: Let us have a Bourbon among us. In Jerseyville; Trot out your Vermifuge. In Edwardsville they look round the floor of the bar-room to see if there are any dead people lying about loose, and finding none say: Pass over your lightning fly killer.

——The rebels are not all dead yet, as is illustrated by the flaming article in the *Herald* of last week, on Jack Campbell's confession, the grand cyclops of the Ku Klux Klan, of Memphis, Tennessee. The valiant (?) editor is on the "rampage."