



THE INDIANS.

Alas! for their day is o'er. Their fire is out from hill and shore; No more for them the wild deer haunts...

The Great Mormon Temple.

The work commenced many years ago, but was arrested in the year 1857, at the time when the Mormons exhibited a spirit of insubordination toward the officers of the General Government...

These troubles, however, were pacified, and matters resumed their wonted aspect. But the architect of the temple, for some reason, was dissatisfied with the work done...

After undergoing shameful indignities at the hands of their captors, O'Brien and some of the others were released, but Caulfield was taken out to the woods and, after being interrogated as to his knowledge of arms having been brought into the neighborhood...

Not yet satisfied with the progress they had made in ferreting out traitors, the soldiers again seized Mr. Caulfield, the night following the circumstances detailed above—took him out to the woods, where he was confronted by two of Lincoln's infamous detectives, spies, or pimps who insisted to the soldiers that Mr. C. was a traitor!

The work on the temple building appears to be suspended now. I saw no workmen, and I was informed that no definite period could be assigned for its completion. Immediately in the rear of it is the beginning of the tabernacle, a building intended for the gathering of the people.

The facts are as we have stated them. They are a burning shame and disgrace to the men in authority who countenance them. What a glorious Government we have!

The strike over.—The miners who have been idle for the past month or six weeks, commenced work again at nearly all the mines in our neighborhood last week. We learn that the differences between the men and the employers have been amicably settled, and that the former work for a reduction of ten per cent, upon the Summer wages.—Lucerne Union.

"You are a nuisance—I'll commit you," said an offended judge to a noisy person in court. "You've no right to commit a nuisance," said the offender.

system of tithings is adequate to work—When I asked, "What is the estimated cost of the temple and tabernacle?" I was informed with a smile, "We do not calculate things in that way. When it is decided to do anything among us, it is done without a calculation of cost, each doing his part."

I am informed that President Young himself is the superintendent and actual architect of the buildings. Every stone in them he has inspected and measured with a tape line, and assigned to its place. I am also informed that it is the purpose of the President, with a view to facilitating the purpose of the enterprise to lighten the heavy labor, to undertake the gigantic and costly business of turning a neighboring river from its course, and carrying its water over to the mountain quarry, whence the gigantic blocks are obtained, and thus supplying a large canal he intends constructing for the purpose of floating the heavy stones up to the very door of the temple. The work already done here, under his direction, shows that he is capable of doing this. He has energy of conception and strength of purpose sufficient for all such daring works.

Damnable Outrage.—Soldiers Hanging Democrats by authority.

On the 17th ult., a squad of soldiers numbering between 100 and 150, were sent to the Shoals, in Martin county, Indiana, by Gen. Hovey, for the purpose of arresting certain parties suspected of treason, conspiracy, &c.

Soon after their arrival, they arrested John R. O'Brien, (Democrat member of the Legislature), Thos. Gormley, James Seibert, (a returned soldier), Neal Caulfield, (formerly of this city) Joseph Pezdors, and several others.

After undergoing shameful indignities at the hands of their captors, O'Brien and some of the others were released, but Caulfield was taken out to the woods and, after being interrogated as to his knowledge of arms having been brought into the neighborhood, a rope was put around his neck, and he was actually hung up from a limb of a tree! He soon became insensible and was let down. After he had sufficiently recovered to speak, his tormentors again endeavored to force a confession from him of guilty, but failing in this, he was again hung up! Finally he was taken down and permitted to have a brief respite.

While Caulfield was allowed a breathing spell, the soldiers put a rope around the neck of Mr. Pezdors and hung him—keeping him down at intervals to question him, and each time slapping him in the face. This outrage was repeated three times in his case, after which finding that he was an innocent victim, he was permitted to make his way home, more dead than alive!

Not yet satisfied with the progress they had made in ferreting out traitors, the soldiers again seized Mr. Caulfield, the night following the circumstances detailed above—took him out to the woods, where he was confronted by two of Lincoln's infamous detectives, spies, or pimps who insisted to the soldiers that Mr. C. was a traitor! He was again hung up and slapped in the face, and questioned as to the "Sons of Liberty" Society, but denied knowing anything of the organization.—He begged of his inhuman accusers to shoot him at once, rather than torture him as they were then doing.

After Gen. Hovey's agents had "played" with their prisoners sufficiently, they were permitted to go—not a single act or circumstance having been ascertained to criminate any of them.

This fellow-countryman, in the manner in which persecutable, Union-loving Democratic citizens are treated. If General Hovey does not investigate this case and punish the actors, he should be held responsible for the outrage.

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The papers published at St. Joseph, Missouri, say that the streets of that city are filled with women with cigars in their mouths.

MARYLAND CORRESPONDENCE. The "Election" in Baltimore—Citizens (25,000) Disfranchised—Illegal Voted—McClellan Votes Not Counted—Nice Questions.

[From the Eastern Penn'a Argus.] BALTIMORE, Nov. 9, 1864.

"Coming events cast their shadows before them." For several days previous to the "election" the daily newspapers were crowded with threats, new oaths for Democrats, and notices to "loyal men" to allow no traitor's (they meant Democrats and other friends of liberty and peace) ballot to pollute the ballot-box. Here are some of the threats:

On the opening of the polls it was noticed that the Lincoln-Swan-Plug Ugly ticket was printed in blue, upon transparent paper, with a large United States flag in the centre. This ticket being easily distinguished, the holder was most welcome and his ballot received; while the plain McClellan ticket subjected the holder to assault and disfranchisement. The Judges refused in many instances to receive the tickets of veteran soldiers because they were not for Lincoln. In this way several thousand of our citizens were disfranchised, as suited and arrested.

In one of the wards there were 1,200 votes offered by Democrats and Peace men in general. Of this number 800 were rejected; and yet the judges report Lincoln, 600; McClellan, 120; total, 720. In this ward were counted some 900 votes 200 of which were Alms House paupers, and illegal voters; indeed some of the voters did not know where they lived until a "loyal hanger" posted them while before the judges. Out of 35,000 voters in the city, there are 12,000 who did not attempt to vote; 15,000 whose votes were rejected and yet Mr. Lincoln received 15,000 votes.

A number of citizens were beaten, several shot at, and many arrested; and yet no Lincoln men were disturbed through all their crimes and outrages.

Omni-buses and carriages loaded with soldiers and others, visited the country towns, voting as often as possible, and beating law-abiding citizens. In some cases negroes attempted to vote but as there was a large number of soldiers voting fifty times each, the negro was not needed. Here are some questions propounded by the judges, who were Lincolnites: Would you vote for a traitor? Would a loyal man let the South slide? Would you vote for Mr. Pendleton if he was a traitor? Did not Mr. Pendleton say, "Let them go in peace?" If Mr. Pendleton said this, could you vote for him? If New York traitors revolt against Mr. Lincoln, which side will you take? Which would you rather see—A. Lincoln, President, with fifteen years of war, or G. B. McClellan and peace?

Was to the voter who preferred peace. God help us. Arous.

Mr. Lincoln's Re-election.

[From the Richmond Whig, Nov. 11th.] Our information is next to positive that Lincoln has been re-elected. Few have doubted from the first but that would be the result, and fewer still will regret it.—For ourselves, we feel that the great cause for which we are struggling has escaped a real peril. The policy of concession, of concession, and cajolery which McClellan would have attempted, was something more to be dreaded than Lincoln's armies and navies. There was great reason to apprehend that such a policy would deceive, demoralize, and divide the South. With Lincoln there is no fear of this; our people will continue to stand as one man; with him it is a united South against a divided North. With McClellan it might have been a united North against a divided South, in which event all we have been striving for in this four years' struggle would have been lost. But Lincoln is to continue to be master of the Yankees, and the spectre of reconstruction vanishes forever.

BUYING A SUBSTITUTE FOR HIS SLAVE.

A letter from Louisville says: I and several other gentlemen stood by and saw "our fat jolly friend" George Aydlotte, Esq., pay one thousand and fifty dollars, for a substitute for his negro man Sam, because Sam did not wish to leave his old home. And yet he had no family to leave, and really would not bring \$300 under the hammer. Yet our abolitionist contend there is no affection between master and slave, outside of dollars and cents. Poor deluded fanatics! I can assure them Mr. Aydlotte is not alone in such acts.

The papers published at St. Joseph, Missouri, say that the streets of that city are filled with women with cigars in their mouths.

News from the South.

WHAT IS SAID ABOUT PEACE. [From the Savannah Republican, Nov. 3.]

We would be among the last to encourage a false hope, or to lull our people into the lethargy that naturally results from a sense of security. We have never maintained that there was no hope of peace except through the success of our arms.—With the tide against us, there is no party among our enemies, not even the most confirmed of "copperheads" or "slavery propagandists," as the reasonable men at the North are termed in derision, that think for a moment of acceding to any terms of adjustment that we could accept with honor. Victory is our sheet anchor, and the only dependence. Our legions triumphant and our flag floating proudly in the face of a conquered foe, will be the only true harbingers of peace. The North will never let us go so long as there is a hope left of restoring a Union that has made them prosperous, rich and insolent.

All men at the North, not thoroughly demoralized, must now see the utter hopelessness of the struggle to subvert us back into an unwilling union with them. For nearly four years have they strived with all their vast powers and unlimited resources to make us recant the declaration that we are of right, and intend to be a free, separate and independent people, and today find us successfully resisting all their attacks, and stronger by far than we were at the beginning. The campaign of the present fall was to be the last throw of the die, and they gathered up all their energies for the bloody task; and yet where stand the respective armies today? Sherman, for a while successful, has been compelled to abandon virtually all his conquests in Georgia, and is now engaged in a life and death struggle to save his army from starvation on the one hand, and destruction on the other. Grant, after six months' effort, such as an army never made before, and causing the soil of Virginia to turn red with the blood of his nearly two hundred thousand slain and wounded, is still before Richmond and Petersburg, balked and thwarted in all his plans, and for the first time confronted by a force equal to his own.

We have no doubt of the re-election of Lincoln, and believe such a result to the contest would be best for us. Again firmly seated in power, he would have no motive to pursue a course that has grown hopeless, and at the same time ruinous to his Government and people. His interests, and the interests of his nation, will be in the path of peace, and a disinterested second sober thought will likely lead him to pause in his career of madness. He has already publicly intimated his willingness to make peace provided the people will take the responsibility, and it is but one step further to take the responsibility himself. The election of Lincoln will at last accomplish one valuable purpose; with us it will set to rest forever all issues but one—subjugation or independence. There will be no other alternative. On the other hand, with all the noble spirits at his back, we confess we could never contemplate the contingency of McClellan's success without an instinctive shudder at the possible consequences of such an event.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—A soldier in Sherman's army, with throat cut from ear to ear, was thought to be mortally wounded, by a council of surgeons; but the one under whose immediate care he was, thought he was justified in making an experiment for the good of others, at the same time having great hopes of saving the man. He first commenced his task by cutting through where to two upper ribs meet the sternum, and through this orifice, for forty days, he has been fed five gallons of milk per week and sometimes his appetite required five per day.—He is fat and hearty, and the surgeon thinks, in two weeks, he will have him able, and the inside of his throat so nearly healed, as to allow him to swallow by the natural passage. He at first introduced a stomach pump, and thus fed his patient, and after a few hours would clear his stomach in the same manner, thus producing artificial digestion, till it was no longer necessary. A silver tube is now used to feed him.—Louisville Journal.

Miss Ann Wade died in Orange, New Jersey, last week, after an extraordinary sickness of twenty-seven years, during twenty-five years of which she has not left her bed. She was first affected with an aneurism just above the heart, which led to a combination of diseases, and has attracted the attendance of over forty physicians.

A Thrilling Story.

As early as 998, Erick Rande, an Icelandic chief, fitted out an expedition of twenty five galleys at Sentell, and having manned them with sufficient crews of colonists, set forth from Iceland to what appeared to be a more congenial climate.—They sailed upon the ocean fifteen days, and saw no land. The next day brought with it a storm, and many a gallant vessel sunk in the deep. Mountains of ice covered the water as far as the eye could reach, and but few galleys escaped destruction. The morning of the 17th was clear and cloudless; the sea was calm, and far away to the northward could be seen the glare of ice fields reflected on the sky. The remains of the shattered fleet gathered together to pursue their voyage, but the galleys of Erick Rande was not there.

The crew of the galley which was driven further down than the rest reported that as the morning broke, the large fields of ice that covered the ocean were driven by the current past them, and that they beheld the galley of Erick Rande born by restless force and speed of the wind before a tremendous field of ice; her crew had lost all control over her, and they were tossing their arms in wild agony.—Scarcely a moment had elapsed ere it was walled in by a hundred ice hills, and the whole mass moved forward and was soon beyond the horizon. That the galley of the narrator escaped, was wonderful; it remained however, uncontradicted, and the vessel of Erick Rande was never more seen.

Half a century after that, a Danish colonel was established on the western coast of Greenland. The crew of the vessel which carried the colonists thither, in their excursions into the interior, crossed a range of hills that stretched to the northward; they had approached nearer to the pole than any preceding adventures. Upon looking down from the summit of the hills they beheld a vast and interminable field of ice, undulating in various places, and formed into a thousand grotesque shapes.

They saw, not far from the shore, a figure of an ice vessel, with glittering icicles instead of masts arising from it. Curiosity prompted them to approach, and they beheld a dismal sight. Figures of men in every attitude of woe were upon the deck, but they were icy things then; one figure alone stood erect and with folded arms, leaned against the mast. A hatchet was procured and the ice split away, and the features of a chieftain disclosed, pallid and deathly and free from decay.

This was doubtless the vessel, and it at the figure and form of Erick Rande. Battered with cold in an agony of despair has crew had fallen around him. The spray of the ocean and the fogs had frozen as it lighted upon them, and covered each figure with an icy robe, which the short lived glance of a Greenland sun had not time to remove. The Danes gazed upon the spectacle with trembling eyes. They knew not but the scene might be their fate, too. They knelt down upon the deck and muttered a prayer in their native tongue for the souls of the frozen crew, then hurriedly left the place, for night was gathering around.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The Lowell Journal gives an account of a rich scene that occurred in one of the Lowell hotels recently. A lodger, who had been on a spree the previous evening, arose in the morning and rung the bell violently. Boots appeared. "Where are my pants? I looked my door last night, and somebody has stolen them!" Boots was green, and a little terrified. He left, however, struck with a sudden thought and returned with the identical pants. The landlord was called to receive complaint against Boots; but he made it evident that the man had put on his pantaloons to be blacked instead of his boots. The lodger left in the first train.

King George of Greece, during his late tour through his kingdom, requested on his arrival at Missoloughi, to be shown Byron's tomb. His majesty was greatly shocked at its dilapidated condition, and gave orders for the immediate repair of the poet's last resting place.

WELL MATCHED.—An intelligent farmer being asked if his horses were well-matched, replied, "Yes, they are matched first-rate; one of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing he should."

An old widower says: Always pop the question with a laugh; if you are accepted well and good; if not you can say you were only joking. Here's wickedness.

Tim Stoops.

I never undertook but once, said Tim, to set at naught the authority of my wife. You know her way—cool, quiet but determined as ever grew. Just after we were married, and all was nice and cozy, she got me into the habit of doing all the churning. She finished breakfast rather before me one morning, and slipping away from the table, she filled the churn with cream, and set it down where I couldn't help seeing what was wanted. So I took hold readily enough and churned till the butter came. She didn't thank me, but I looked so nice and sweet about it that I felt well paid.

Well, when next churning day came along, she did the same thing, and I followed suit, and fetched the butter. Again and again it was done just so, and I was regularly set for it every time. Not a word said, you know, of course. Well, by and by this began to be rather irksome; I wanted her just to ask me, but she never did, and I wouldn't say anything about it to save my life. So on we went. At last I made a resolve that I would not churn another time until she asked me.—Churning day came, and when my breakfast—she always got nice breakfasts—when that was swallowed, there stood the churn. I got up, and standing for a few minutes just to give her a chance. I put on my hat and walked out of doors. I stopped in the yard to give her time to call me, but never a word said she, and so with a palpitating heart I moved on. I went down town, and my foot was as restless as Noah's dove. I felt as if I had done a wrong. I did not feel exactly how—but there was an indescribable sensation of guilt resting on me all the forenoon.

It seemed as if dinner time would never come, and as for going home one minute before dinner, I would as soon have cut my ears off. So I went fretting and moping around town till dinner-hour came.—Home I went, feeling very much as a criminal must when the jury is out having in their hands his destiny—Life or death.—I couldn't make up my mind exactly how she would meet me, but some kind of storm I expected. Will you believe it—she even greeted me with a smile—never had a better dinner for me than on that day; but there stood the churn just where I left it. Not a word was said; I felt confoundedly out, and every mouthful of that dinner felt as if it would choke me. She didn't pay any regard to it, however, but went on just exactly as if nothing had happened. Before dinner was over, I had again resolved, and shoving back my chair, I marched to the churn and went at it, just in the old way. Splash, dip, rattle—I kept it up. As if in spite, the butter was never so long in coming, I supposed the cream standing so long had got warm, and so I redoubled my efforts.

Obstinate matter, the afternoon wore away while I was churning. I paused at last from real exhaustion, when she spoke for the first time. "Come, Tom my dear, you have rattled that butter-milk long enough—it is for fun you are doing it!" I knew how it was in a flash. She had brought the butter in the forenoon and had left the butter-milk in for me to exercise with! I never set up for myself in household matters after that.

HOW PAST WARS FOR COERCION AND UNITY HAVE RESULTED.—Holland seceded from Spain. The latter tried coercion and failed. Holland became independent.

Portugal seceded from Spain and set up a separate government. A war for coercion followed, but it was unsuccessful.

The United States broke off their connection with Great Britain. The latter endeavored by war to maintain the Union, but was defeated. A separation took place.

Mexico and South America seceded from Spain. A war to coerce them back followed, but it was a failure—a bloody and expensive failure.

Greece seceded from Turkey. Turkey tried coercion, but Greece maintained her independence.

Texas seceded from Mexico. Mexico tried coercion, but failed.

This has always been the result of wars of coercion and enforced unity.

The people in Taunton are dissatisfied because the wells don't fill up not notwithstanding the rains. A committee will go to Washington on the subject at once.

Three hundred and ninety bales and forty-five sacks of cotton have arrived from Memphis for St. Louis.

The Savings Bank at Walpole, N. H., was robbed of \$12,000 in the United States bonds.

The Daughter of a Merchant Marries a Negro.

It matters very little what the principle may be—however gross and abhorrent soever—let it but be early enough instilled into a child's mind, let it be inculcated with the other lessons of the fireside, and to that individual, in ordinary cases, it will ever afterwards remain clothed in the same garb in which it was presented there. If it is erroneous, if it is absurd, if it is opposed to every sentiment of propriety, and is essentially derogatory in all its tendencies, if it is subversive of all civilization in human society, and even if it be absolutely unnatural and disgusting, in such a case these features are veiled and unseen. The children of Spiritualists ordinarily grow up to be spiritualists; the children of Mormons become Mormons themselves and if the offspring of believers in miscegenation do not in course of time take unto themselves wives and husbands from among negroes, it is because some white man or woman happened to win their affections first. The event is purely accidental.

One of the most shocking cases of miscegenation which has yet occurred to the disgrace of civilization of society in this city has recently come to light, wherein one of the parties is a negro drayman, black as midnight, and the other a young and in many respects accomplished woman, the daughter of a Chicago merchant.—Monstrous as the statement may seem, these twain are man and wife, and their marriage took place with the consent, freely and unhesitatingly given, of the bride's parents. It is something over a year since the disgusting spectacle was presented of a well-to-do merchant voluntarily, and proudly even giving, away his daughter to the embraces of a negro—something over a year since the select party of devotees to this admirable philosophy gathered together upon that festive occasion to admire the tresser of a negro's bride, and witness the ceremony which was to forever brand her offspring.—From that time to this, husband and wife have lived together in the most affectionate manner. The man was her choice, her dearly beloved, and no wonder they should live happily together. The establishment maintained by them has never been an imposing one; it was early found that even money could not re-purchase the position which the young woman has once held, and the newly-married pair very quickly found it to the advantage of all concerned to take a small cottage in an obscure part of the city, where they now continue to dwell, and from whence the happy groom starts off with his dray, after imprinting a kiss upon the fair cheek of his affectionate wife, smoking a short black pipe, and gaily whistling "Kingdom Coming," or some other popular tune.

The citizen above referred to and whose name for common decency sake we suppress, is a strong believer in a certain model school of politics, and like many unfortunate individuals in that party was led far astray from sound reasoning by the boldly maintained fallacies and oily rhetoric of some of their leading orators, and became a firm and ardent supporter of the doctrine of the absolute equality—social and political—of the white and black races. In this faith he rejoiced in being of the strictest of his sect. His children were taught the same creed, and grew up with a constantly deepening conviction that the question of color was but a silly prejudice, and that the black man was in every respect after all the white man's peer. In this way all the objection to such a remarkable match had been at an early day uprooted from the girl's mind, and she was gradually schooled to make the extraordinary choice above mentioned.

So far as the immediate parties to this affair are concerned, the matter is of trifling importance now. If any young woman is unhappy enough to be possessed of such strong African proclivities, it can only be hoped that she may enjoy herself in such a union; but in its tendencies upon public society, affairs of this nature can not be to strongly condemned by every well-wisher of the race.

A woman was found dead in her bed lately at Bordeaux and the doctors assert that she died from the effects of the small of pox, a large basket of which were found in the room.

A rainbow spanned the entrance of Charleston harbor a few days ago while the Rebel and Union flag of truce boats were conferring together.

The Smith family in England numbers 250,000 souls, and an equal number of bodies.