Whispers of Angels to the Bereaved Parents of "Little Maggie."

Weep not for me, my Mother,
I'm happy now at home,
Here, with my little brother,
'Midst Angels, Saints, I roam.
I see my God, my Father,
Whose name I learned from thee,
I see my God, my Savior,
Who died of love for me.

Grieve not for me, my Father!
I am not dead—I roam
Here in most beautious gardens,
My own eternal home.
Where flowers fading never,
Are blooming in the Grove,
Where peaceful breezes ever
Are whispering hymns of Love.

Grieve not for me, my Sister
To God, for thee I pray,
That he may grant thee courage
To walk the Heavenly Way.
Amidst the World's temptations,
To guard thee ever pure,
That sin with all her poison,
May never thee allure.

Weep not for us beloved,
Who there on earth yet pine,
We see the Blessed Virgin
In heavenly radiance shine.
Oh! Mother, Father, Sister,
How beautiful is she—
She's blessed by all in Heaven,
And blessed shall ever be.

A FRIEND.

MY HUSBAND'S SECOND WIFE.

A WOMAN'S REVELATION.

My husband came tenderly to my side. "Are you going out this evening, love?"

"Of course, I am."

I looked down complacently at my dress of pink crape, dew-dropped over with crystal, and the trails of pink azaleas that caught up its folds here and there. A diamond bracelet encircled one round white arm, and a little cross blazoned fitfully at my throat. I had never looked better, and I felt a sort of girlish pride as my eye met the fairy reflection in the mirror.

"Come, Gerald, make haste! Why, you haven't begun to dress yet!"

Where were my wifely instincts, that I did not see the haggard down in his features—the fevered light in his eyes?

"I can't go to-night, Madeline—I am not well enough."

"You are never 'well enough' to oblige me, Gerald. I am tired of being put off with such excuses."

He made no answer, but dropped his head in his hands, on the table before him.

"Oh, come, Gerald," I urged petulently; "it is so awkward for me to go alone always!"

He shook his head, listlessly.

"I thought, perhaps, you would be willing to remain at home with me, Madeline."

"Men are selfish!" I said plaintively; "and I am all dressed. Claudia took half an hour for my hair. I dare say you'll be a great deal quieter without me—this is, if you are determined not to go."

No answer again.

"Well, if you choose to be sullen, I can't help it," I said, lightly, as I turned and went out of the room, adjusting my bouquet holder, the tube-roses and heliotropes seeming to distill incense at every motion.

Was I heartless and cruel? From the bottom of my heart, I believe that I loved him as truly and tenderly as ever wife did; but I had been so spoiled and petted all my brief, selfish life, that the better instincts were, so to speak, entombed alive.

I went to the party, and had my fill of adulation and homage, as usual. The hours seemed to glide away, shod with roses, and winged with music and perfume; and it was not until, wearied with dancing, I sought a momentary refuge in the half-lighted tea-room, that I heard words wakening me, as it were, from a dream.

"Gerald Glen!"

I could not well be mistaken in the name—it was scarcely commonplace enough for that. They were talking—two or three business-like looking gentlemen, in the hall without—and I could catch now and then a fugitive word or phrase.

"Fine, enterprising young fellow!"—"Great pity!" "Totally ruined." so Bees & McMorken say. "Reckless extravagance of his!"

All these vague fragments I heard; and then some one said, "And what is he going to do now?"

"What can he do? Poor fellow! I am sorry; but he should have calculated his income and his expenses better."

"Or his wife should. Oh, these women! they are at the bottom of all a man's troubles!"

And they laughed. Oh, how could they? I had yet to learn how easy it is, in this world, to bear other people's troubles!

I rose hurriedly up, with my heart beating tumultuously beneath the pink azaleas, and went back to the lighted saloon. Mr. Albany Moore was waiting to claim my hand for the next dance.

"Are you ill, Mrs. Glen? How pale you look!"

"I—I am not very well. I wish you would have my carriage called, Mr. Moore.

For I now felt that home was the proper place for me.

Hurried by some unaccountable impulse, I sprang out the moment the carriage wheels touched the curbstone, and rushed up to my husband's room. The door was locked; but I could see a light shining faintly under the threshold. I knocked wildly and persistently.

"Gerald, dear Gerald! for heaven's sake, let me in!"

Something fell on the marble hearthstone within, making a metallic click, and my husband opened the door a little way. I had never seen him look so pale before, or so rigid, yet so determined.

"Who are you?" he demanded, wildly "Why cannot you leave me in peace?"

"It is I, Gerald—your Madeline—your own little wife."

And I caught from his hand the pistol he was trying to conceal in his breast—its mate lay on the marble hearth, under the mantel—and flung it out of the window.

"Gerald! would you have escaped!" he cried, still half delious to all appearances. "Debt—disgrace—misery—her reproaches. I would have escaped them all!"

His head fell, like that of a weary child, on my shoulder. I drew him gently to a sofa, and soothed him with a thousand murmured words—a thousand mute caresses! For had it not all been my fault?

And through all the long weeks of fear that followed I nursed him with unwavering care and devotion. I had but one thought—one desire—to redeem myself in his estimation; to prove to him that I was something more and higher than the mere butterfly of fashion I had hitherto shown myself!

Well, the march winds had howled themselves away into their mountain fastnesses; the brilliant April rain-drops were dried on bough and spray; and now the apple blossoms were tossing their fragrant billows of pinky bloom in the deep blue air of latter May.

Where were we now?

It was a picturesque little villa, not far out of Pittsburg; furnished very much like a magnificent baby-house. Gerald sat in a cushioned easy chair in the garden, just where he could glance through the open window at me, working busily with my needle.

"What an industrious fairy it is!" he said, smiling sadly.

"Well, you see, I like it! It's a great deal better than those sonatas on the piano!"

"Who would ever have thought you would make so notable a housekeeper?"

I laughed gleefully—I had all a child's delight in being praised.

"Are you not going to Miss Delancey's croquet party?" he pursued.

"No; what do I care for croquet parties? I'm going to finish your shirts, and you'll read aloud to me!"

'Madeline, I want you to answer me one question."

"What is it?"

"What have you done with your diamonds?"

"I sold them long ago; they paid several heavy bills, besides settling half a year's rent here."

"But, Madeline, you were so proud of your diamonds?"

"I was once; *now* they would be the bitterest reproach my eyes could meet. Oh, Gerald, had I been less vain, and thoughtless, and extravagant—"

I checked myself, and a robin, singing in the perfumed depths of apple blossoms, took up the dropped current of sound!

"That's right, little red-breast," said my husband, half jokingly, "talk her down! She has forgotten that our past is dead and gone, and that we have turned over a new page in the book of existence! Madeline, do you not know how I feel, sometimes, when I sit and look at you?"

"No!"

"Well, I feel like a widower who has married again!"

My heart gave a little superstitious jump.

"Like a widower who has married again, Gerald?"

"Yes; I can remember my first wife, a brilliant, thoughtless child, without any idea beyond the gratification of present whims—a spoiled plaything! Well, that little Madeline has vanished away into the past somewhere; she has gone away to return to me no more, and, in her stead, I behold my second wife a thoughtful, tender woman, whose watchful love surrounds me like an atmosphere, whose character grows more noble, and developes itself into new depth and beauty every day!"

I was kneeling at his side now with my cheek upon his arm, and my eyes looking into his!

"And which do you love best, Gerald, the first or second wife?"

"I think the trials and vicissitudes through which we have passed are welcome indeed, since they have brought me, as their harvest fruits, the priceless treasure of my second wife!"

That was what Gerald answered me, the sweetest words that ever fell upon my ear.

Pat. Maloney's Cat.

Pat Maloney, better known by the name of Father Pat, on returning from work one evening, was met at the gate by Biddy, his better half, in a high state of excitement;

"Pat!" says she, "there's a strange cat in the cabin."

"Cast her out, then; don't be botherin me about the baste."

"Faix, an I've been striven to do that for the matter of tin minits past, but she is beyant my rache, behold the rid chist in the corner. Will yez be after helpin me to drive her hot, Pat?"

"To be sure I will; bad luck to the consate she has for me house. Show her to me, till I tache her the respect that due to a man in his house—to be takin possession without as much as by yer lave—the thafe av the wurruld.

Now, Pat had a special antipathy to cats and never let pass an opportunity to kill one. This he resolved to do in the present case, and instantly formed a plan for the purpose. Perceiving but one way of egress for the animal, he cries out to Biddy:

"Have yez iver a male bag in the house me darlint?"

"Divil a wan is there Pat. Yez tuk it to the mill wid yez, to bring home chips this mornin."

"Faix an I did, an there it is yet, thin An have yez nothing at all at all that will tie up like a bag, Biddy?"

"Troth an I have, Pat; sure there's my Sunday petticoat—yez can draw the strings close at the top."

"Biddy, darlint, yer a jewel; be afte bringin it to me at wanst."

Biddy brought the garment, and sure enough it made a good substitute for a bag Pat declared at a glance that it was "illigant." Holding it close against the edge of the chest, he took a look behind, and saw a pair of eyes glaring at him.

"An is it there ye are, ye divil? Be out o'dhat, bad luck to yez ye thavin vagabone. Bedad, an ye won't lave at all wid polite axin. Yerself will bate the pigs entirely. Biddy, have yez any hot wather."

"Sure I've the full av a tay kettle, all billin hot."

"Be after castin the matter of a quart, thin, behind tee chist, and we'll see how the baste minds the like o' that."

"Howld close thin; here goes the staminhot wather."

So saying, dash went the water, and out came the animal into Pat's trap.

"Arrah, be the howly poker, I have 'im dow, Biddy." says Pat. "Is it nine lives ye have, ye baste? Well, now, be axin my pardon for all the thavin ye've bin doing in me house, or it's the nine lives will not save yez. Biddy, seize hoult av the poker, and whilt I shoulther the baste, jist whack the daylights out of the haythen divil intirely."

Pat threw the bundle over his shoulder and Biddy struck about three blows to the tune of "Saint Paterick's Day in the Morning" when she suddenly stopped.

"Welt 'im agin, Biddy.

"Fat smells so quare, Pat? Sure it's taken me breath away, wid the power of it. Och, murther, Pat, it's the divil ye have in the sack."

"Bate him, thin—bate his bloody horns off!"

"I'm faintin," said Biddy, cast him off ye Pat."

"Och, wi ra, wirra, murther; murther! Biddy Maloney, fat have ye done? Yez have mistaken a nashty pole-cat form a harrumless tame cat!"

"Pat, for the luv of hiven, av yer convanient to the dure, unclose it, for I'm perisht intirely. Oh Biddy Maloney, that iver ye you should lave ould Ireland to be smothered and murthered in this way;"

"Faix the little villain bates the divil himself; he's ruined me house, kilt Biddy, and put me out ay consate wid me own self. Oh, the murtherin baste."

By dint of washing, and ironing, and scouring, and airing, and the burying of Biddy's best petticoat for a space of time things were at last set to rights. But not a little recrimination took place between them on the occasion, and neither ever forgot the expulsion from the cabin of Biddy's strange cat.

The Oldest Relict of Humanity.

The oldest relict of humanity extant is the skeleton of one of the earlier Pharaohs, encased in its original burial robes and wonderfully perfect considering its age, which was deposited about eighteen or twenty months ago in the British Museum, and is justly considered the most valuable of its archaeological treasures. The lid of the coffin which contained the royal mummy was inscribed with the name of its occupant. Pharoah Mykerinus, who succeeded the heir of the building of the great pyramid, about ten centuries before Christ. Only think of it; the monarch whose crumbling bones and leathery integuments now exciting the wondrous gazers in London reigned in Egypt before Solomon was born, and only about eleven centuries or so after Mizrain, the grand-son of Father Noah, and the first of the Pharaohs had been gathered to his fathers! Why, the tide-mark of the deluge would scarcely have been obliterated, or the gopher-wood knee timbers of the ark have rotted on Mount Ararat, when this man of the early world lived, moved and had his being! His flesh and blood were cotemporary with the progenitors of the great patriarch! His bones and shrivelled skin are cotemporary with the nineteenth century, and the date of the crucifixion is only about midway between his era and ours.—[Methodist Recorder.

TELEGRAPHIC.

SAVANNAH, Nov. 3.—Negroes appeared in large numbers when the polls opened this morning and took entire possession. This continued until about 7 o'clock; every white man who came to vote was clubbed away from the polls. Finally a fight commenced, and the negroes were driven back, and the whites commenced voting. The negroes rallied and renewed the fight. A negro drew his pistol and shot a policeman, mortally wounding him; firing then became general in the crowd.

The police came to preserve order. The negroes fought them desperately, until the police began to use their pistols, when the negroes dispersed. During the fight five negroes were killed and several wounded. Four policemen were wounded—one mortally. A young man residing opposite the court house was hit by a stray ball—though not dangerously wounded.

AUGUSTA, Nov. 3.—Up to 3 o'clock the election proceeded quietly, when a row commenced between white men and negroes, which resulted in the killing of Albert Ruffin, county sheriff, and one negro. The excitement was intense, but through the interference of leading citizens and co-operation of the military, both parties dispersed quietly, and order was restored. Each party accuse the other of being responsible for the origin of the difficulty. The city at this hour is very quiet, and there is no apprehension, of further trouble.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—The Herald has the following from Cuba: The whole island is in an excited state. Business is prostrated on account of the alarm and distrust among the people.

The Captain General is very reticent.—A deputation of leading citizens, who called upon him, were insulted by an officer of his. A telegram from the American Consul, asking that a few U. S. war vessels be sent there, was refused transmission over the wires. The insurgents are 6000 strong, numbering many Spaniards among them.

The cry is Spain, Prim and Serrana, and down with taxation. The troops number ten thousand, and are acknowledged insufficient to suppress the rebellion. Lersundi, it is said, has received ample instructions from the Psovisional Government. News by the Cadiz steamer is anxiously expected.

HAVANA, Nov. 5.—Dispatches from Mexico state that most of the Spaniards in the country are excited over the Spanish revolution. They favor it.

The governor of Vera Cruz had demanded that Dominguez be surrendered to the State authorities for trial, but the minister of war refused.

The Italian minister was expected by the end of October. It was thought he would be well received, as the first representative of a European power since the overthrow of Maximilian.

Canto, the murderer of Patoni, had arrived at San Luis Potosi, on his way to the capital under guard.

AUGUSTA, GA., Nov. 6.—Returns from forty-five counties foot up Democratic majority of 24,000. Eighty-seven counties to hear from. The Democrats claim the State by over 40,000 majority.

CHARLESTON, Nov. 6.—Returns come in slowly; it is impossible to state the general result in the State with certainty, but indications are that the Republicans have carried it by a Radical majority. Democrats claim to have elected two Congressmen.

CHARLESTON, Nov. 6.—Returns from the interior show that the Republican majority in the State will be largely reduced. Reed and Simpson, Democrats, are certainly elected to Congress from the third and fourth districts, and Bowen, Republican, from the second. The first is in doubt, with the probability of the re election of Whittemore Republican.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—The political situation presents no new points. Grant is expected at Washington to give some outline of policy. Other accounts say he will say nothing till he delivers his inaugural.

The tone of the Radical papers is very shaky on reconstruction.

The Wall street panic hurts dealers in stocks heavily.

Useful Hints.

Wood ashes and common salt wet with water will soak the cracks of a stove and prevent the smoke from escaping.

Stir Poland starch with a common candle and it will not stick to the iron, and it will be much nicer.

Alum or vinegar is good to set colors of red, green, or yellow.

Sal soda will bleach very white; one spoonful is enough for a kettle of clothes.

Save your suds for garden plants, or for garden yards when sandy.

Wash your tea trays with cold suds, polish with a little flour, and rub with a dry cloth.

Frozen potatoes make more starch than fresh ones; they also make nice cake.

A hot shovel held over varnished furniture will take out white spots.

A bit of glue dissolved in skim-milk and water will restore crape.

Ribbons of any kind should be washed in cold soap suds and not rinsed.

If your flat irons are rough, rub them with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.

Oat straw is the best for filling beds. It should be changed once a year.

If you are buying carpets for durability, choose small figures.

Scotch snuff put in a hole where crickets come out will destroy them.

A gallon of strong lye put in a barrel of hard water will make it as soft as rain water.

Half a cranberry on a corn will soon kill it.

A SHORT WAY TO ALL EVILS.—We cut the following from a paper published many years ago, but it is just as applicable today as when first published:

If you wish to be always thirsty, be a drunkard, for the oftener and more you drink, the oftener and more thirsty you will be.

If you wish to prevent your friends raising you in the world, be a drunkard; for that of itself will defeat all their efforts.

If you are determined to be poor, be a drunkard; and you will soon be ragged and penniless.

If you wish to starve your family be a drunkard; for that will consume all your means.

If you wish to be imposed upon by knaves, be a drunkard; for that will make the task easy.

If you are resolved to kill yourself, be a drunkard; that being a sure mode of destruction.

If you would have no resource but the poorhouse when past labor, be a drunkard, and you will be unable to provide any.

If you are determined to expel all comfort from your house, be a drunkard; and you will do it most effectually.

☞ It is impolite to ask a lady her age. As a matter of courtesy, if she is forty you are to say you think her about twenty; if from forty to fifty-five, say about thirty-five. Ladies regard themselves complimented when they are thought to be much younger than is the case. "Miss Gamboge," says Blixem to that interesting but rapidly advancing lady of forty-four, "I declare you are looking quite charming—a regular twenty-one bloom and spirits.—You can't be a day over that figure, if I'm a judge." Miss Gamboge lets off a shower of smiles and says, "Now, Mr. Blixem, you do say such insinuating things—and then you guess ages so closely."

General Blair on Stanton.

A PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE.

In a speech made at Mattoon, Ill., on the 20th inst., General Frank Blair said:

Now, my fellow-citizens, I have been charged with being extremely lenient to the rebels; with seeking to have them all pardoned. I would pardon all whom the safety of the Republic did not require should be punished. I would be willing to see all tried and punished whom the safety and welfare of the country required should be tried and punished. And, therefore, I should not stop short with the trial of Alexander H. Stephens. I would like to try another man or two. I would like to see Edwin M. Stanton put upon his trial. [Cheers and Laughter. A voice—"John A. Logan."

General Blair—He is too small an affair. [Cheers and laughter.]

I would like to see Edwin M. Stanton tried, and I would be willing to be the prosecutor. I will tell you what I could prove: I could prove that Edwin M. Stanton was the Attorney General under Mr. Buchanan, and that when the two Senators, Jeff. Davis and Albert Gallatin Brown, made their addresses to the Senate of the United States, taking their leave of the Senate in obedience to the instructions of their States, as Mr. Brown came out of the Senate door, Edwin M. Stanton, then receiving a salary from the Government of the United States, having sworn to protect and defend the constitution, holding on to that office, his stomach filled with bread that he had eaten and that came from the office he filled, went up to Mr. Brown, as he came out of the Senate chamber, and said: "Sir, go home to your people and maintain the position they have taken.—Unite together, stand shoulder to shoulder, and you will compel these black abolitionists at the North to yield all the demands that you make." That was the language of a man then in the employ of the government; then receiving his salary from the government; with the oath still on his lips to maintain the Constitution and to support the Constitution of the United States. He gives this advice and encourages and gives aid and comfort to one who had declared his determination to wage war upon the Government of the United States.

I would prove further, on another count in the indictment, that after the war had been waged for several years Stephens went with his State, took the forlorn hope, yielded to the pressure, and this man Stanton took another office in the government of the United States, became Secretary of War, becoming the most vindictive persecutor of those whom he had urged to go into the rebellion, and that when in the changing fortunes of war our men had been made prisoners of the enemy, and we had captured some of their men, and that government, so called, at the South came forward and offered an exchange, this man Stanton refused—refused to succor the soldiers who had been to the front and by the chances of war had been made prisoners. He refused, although he knew they were dying lingering deaths in the prisons at Andersonville and elsewhere. Not only did he refuse the exchange, but when the Confederate Government so-called, came forward and offered to surrender our sick and wounded without an exchange, he refused to take those men, but let them die in the Andersonville prison. It could be proved, also, that he refused even to send medicine and food and surgeons to them to succor them from impending death, although urged to do so by the so-called Confederate authorities.

What, think you, would be the verdict of our returned soldiers if some of them should sit on the jury? [Cheers and laughter.] What, with such proof—and I believe such proof could be brought—would be the verdict? I would not, if I could, to-day, by legislative enactment, reach this great felon—for I regard him as a felon. I would not do it, although I conceive him to be the greatest felon in America, because I would not strike down that shield of the Constitution, which covers all the people in this country, even to reach the worst man in the country.—But I would like to see this evidence adduced, and I would like to know what verdict and sentence a jury would pronounce upon him. Aye, I have a curiosity to know. I would like to see these two men tried, because after the rebellion was closed this Mr. Alexander Stevens was seized and imprisoned by this same man Stanton and put in Fort Warren, in Boston harbor. And I would like to have the verdict of a jury of my countrymen to see, when Stanton turned the key on Stevens, on which side of the door stood the traitor. [Laughter and cheers. A voice, "On the outside."]

My fellow-citizens, I use these examples simply to illustrate the principle upon which these men have acted.

THE PRIZE RING.—A dispatch dated Lynn, Mass., Oct. 29th, gives the following details in reference to the recent prize fight between O'Baldwin and Wormald:

There were about 400 roughs at Lynn-field to witness the fight. The Lynn authorities getting information of it, sent one officer in citizens' dress to mingle with the crowd, while a force of thirteen managed to get within call. In the first round Wormald drew blood from his antagonist, when a clutch was made and Wormald slipped and fell. At this moment the officers made a dash and captured the principals.

A show of rescue was made, which subsided in a show of the officers pistols. Wormald and O'Baldwin were immediately taken to Lynn, arraigned in the police Court, and held in $5000 bail for their appearance from day to day. They have not yet secured bail.

A dispatch from Boston of the same date says:

A prize fight took place at Farmingham yesterday, between John Horan and Wall Garnis, and was severely contested. In the sixty-fourth round Horan struck the centre stake, smashed his hand and broke his arm, losing the fight, which up to that time had been in his favor.

O'Baldwin and Warmold are bound over for trial at the Supreme Court, in January. Up to this evening they had failed to obtain bail.

THE HANDSOME CAB.—That patent safety handsome cab, recently from London, and now stopping at the Astor House, created considerable interest on Sunday afternoon in its evolutions around Central Park. Everybody gazed at it curiously as it bobbed along with the driver up in a wheel house, steering—and "its such an odd color, you know." It also scared the horses on the road with its rattling wheels and foreign aspect. On Saturday night the entire establishment, horse, driver, and cab, met with an adventure in the seape of a "cabbage" by the police for having run over some innocent individual; but the charge being unfounded the turnout was released.—When the cab first arrived, a man was told to go down to the wharf and bring up the "hansome." Finding it was a two-wheeled vehicle, he declared in surprise that he thought they had sent him after a music box! More of these cabs are to be imported from England, handsomer even than this one. If the price of riding in them, 30 cents a mile in London, is also imported, no doubt they will yield a handsome profit.—[N. Y. Sun.

A Splendid Peroration.

Mr. Pendleton thus concluded his magnificent speech at Hartford:

But, gentlemen, passing away from this subject of the material interests of the country, on which I have dwelt longer than I intended, let me again call your attention to this fact—that the great pole star of the Democratic party is the Constitution of the United States. (Applause) Do not, my fellow-citizens, in the heat of that arduous contest, do not forget that great lesson. The Republican party believe they can amend it; that they can change it and make it a better Constitution than our fathers made it in the days of old. (Never, never, and shouts of applause) I charge it upon you, Democrats, who are here to-night never to consent either to its abandonment or its degradation. Do not seek to amend it; do not seek to change it; do not seek to evade it. Obey it. (Immense applause) It was good enough for your fathers. It is good enough for you. If you obey it, it will be good enough for your children for a hundred years to come. Study it; understand it. Carry it about with you, as a living presence in all the walks of your daily life. Take it to your home; read it to your wife, teach it to your children; put it upon your family altar, that when you bow your head in supplicating prayer, it may be there next to the image of God himself. (Immense applause) Do this and then in His own good time you will be able to raise it up to that place and power to which the brazen serpent in the wilderness was raised in order that the plague might be stayed. Do this, and you will be able to rear it up to that high place of honor to which the Ark of the Covenant was reared, round which the unseen legions of the Almighty kept watch and ward, that he who touched it with impious hands should die. [Renewed applause] Remember, fellow-citizens, that the Constitution contains within itself all that is good in the experiences of the past, and all that is hopeful in the prospects of the future. It is the ark of safely in the flood which is upon us. It may be tossed in the blackness of darkness upon the weary waters for many days, but it will rest upon the mountain top at last; the sun will shine; the dove will leave it never to return and, now as then, emblems of purity, and liberty and peace, she will seek to rebuild her habitations amidst the scene of her former life. [Cheers] I do not despair I have hope in the aspirations of men. I have faith in the providence of God. I know that the pathway of history is strewn with the wrecks of empires and people, and constitutions and liberty; and it may be in the providence of God that this country of ours will follow in the wake of all the nations that have gone before. If it shall be so, let it not be owing to faults or misfortunes of the Democratic party. [Great cheering.] If it must be so, let it be so, let it be known that it was the party of our love that stood to the last, with heroic virtue to the principles of civil liberty. If it must be so, let us, fellow-citizens, take consolation in the thought that in the eternal circle of God death is but the precursor of resurrection; and that the same principles which hasten nations to decay contain within themselves the sparks of living fire which secure undying youth to our immortal race. [Great applause.]

"Time writes no wrinkles on its fair young brow,
Such as creation's dawn beheld, it sees the now."

Amidst the wrecks of time its progress is still onward and upward, higher and still higher.

"And from the sky serene and far,
A voice falls like a falling star.
Excelsior!"

Higher; as the eagle when he takes his flight in the face of the sun. Higher; as the star, when in their eternal courses they encircle the footstool of the immortal throne! Higher; as the soul of man when it puts aside this tenement of clay, and sees throughout all the ages the home of its father and its God.

Keep Your Word.

When you promise to do anything, be sure to keep you word, as well for the sake of truth as in justice to others. This very interesting story is told of a boy who was singularly faithful to his word.

He had borrowed a tool from a neighbor, promising to return it at night. Before evening he was sent away on an errand, and did not return until late Before he went he was told that his brothers should see the tool returned. After he had come home and gone to bed, he inquired and found the tool had not been sent to its owner. He was much distressed to think that his word had not been kept but was persuaded to go to sleep and rise early and carry it home. By daylight he was up and nowhere was the tool to be found. After a long and fruitless search, he sets off for his neighbor's, in great distress to acknowledge his fault. But how great was his surprise to find the tool on his neighbors doorstep! And it then appeared, from the prints of little bare feet on the mud, that the lad had got up in his sleep and carried the tool home, and went to bed again and knew it not. Of course a boy who was prompt in his sleep was prompt when awake. He lived respected, had the confidence of his neighbors, and was placed in many offices of trust and profit.—[Farmer's Home Journal.

A DILEMMA.—A young person of the Universalist faith, many years since, when the Simon-pure Universalism was preached, started Westward to attend a convention of his brethren in the faith. He took the precaution to carry a vial of cayenne in his pocket, to sprinkle his food with as a preventive of fever and ague. The convention met; and at dinner a tall Hoosier observed the parson as he seasoned his meat, and addressed him thus:

"Stranger, I'll thank you for a little of that e're red salt, for I'm kind o'curious to try it."

"Certainly," returned the parson; "but you will find it very powerful; be careful how you use it."

The Hoosier took the proffered vial, and feeling himself proof against any quantity of raw whisky, thought he could stand the "red salt" with impunity, and accordingly sprinkled a junk of beef rather bountifully with it, and forthwith introduce it into his capacious mouth.

It soon began to take hold, He shut his eyes, and his features began to wreathe denoting a very inharmonious condition physically. Finally he could stand it no longer. He opened his mouth and screamed "fire!"

"Take a drink of cold water from the jug," said the parson.

"Will that put it out?" asked the martyr, suiting the action to the word. In a short time the unfortunate man began to recover, and, turning to the parson, his eyes yet swimming in water, exclaimed:

"Stranger, you call yourself a 'Versalist, I believe?"

"I do," mildly answered the parson.

'Wal' I want to know if you think it consistent with your belief to go about with hell-fire in your breeches?

BAKING SODA!—COOKING SODA!!—Pure English Newcastle can be procured at H. ST. JOHN'S at the same price that is paid for COMMON IMPURE SODA so frequently palmed off on the public by ignorant dealers.

The Mad Stone.

There is a general skepticism as to the effect of the minerals popularly known as "Mad stones" upon the hydrophobia, but now and then cases are brought to public notice, where stones claimed to have this virtue have been used with great benefit by persons who have been bitten by rabid animals. A remarkable instance was related to us recently by Mr. Rozier D. Catts, of Catts Hotel, West End.

A few weeks since a rabid dog bit a calf on the farm of Col. Hebert. A little colored lad who was feeding the calf with no suspicion of its malady, by chance introduced his finger into the mouth of the animal, and was bitten. He was soon seized with severe pains and showed every symptom of hydrophobia. While in this situation he was seen by Mr Catts, who had heard of many wonderful cures of the disease performed by the application of a stone which he knew to be in the possession of a gentlemen living near Paris, Fauquier county. At the suggestion of Col. H., he procured a buggy and drove post-haste with the afflicted boy to the residence of Mr. Sterling, the possesser of the stone. The stone was applied to the wound at once; it stuck fast and so remained for several hours. During the time it could only be removed from the wound by the exertion of considerable strength, and when touched gave the boy great pain. When lifted from the wound it was drawn back as is iron by a magnet. After some time, however, it loosened and dropped, as of its own weight, and the boy declared himself entirely relieved. When the stone was first applied it was of a light clear green color, but became turpid and dark while it remained on the boys hand. By dropping it in boiling water, however, its clear color was renewed leaving a green skim on the surface of the water. The boy was brought back well.—[Exchange.

THE ELECTION YESTERDAY.—As will be seen by the returns published elsewhere, of the election held in this city yesterday, the Democracy polled 23,897 votes and the Radicals only 276. As the negroes belonging to the Radical party had been ordered to keep away from the polls, it is a fair inference to suppose that the 276 votes represents quite accurately the carpet-bag element in our city. The election yesterday throughout the entire day was characterized by more quiet and order than any election that has ever taken place in our city.

The Democrats stood pledged to preserve the peace and to protect all persons alike in the exercise of the right of suffrage, and that they kept their pledge faithfully the most violent partisans of the Radical party cannot gainsay. The figures in the table, which we print elsewhere, were gathered from the returns taken to the Sheriff's office, and correspond with some few trifling exceptions with the returns received at the central office of registration. The majority of the ballot boxes were taken to the office of the Sheriff, while a few of them were carried to the office of the Registrars in the City Hall. What final disposition will be made of them remains to be seen.—[N. O. Picayune.

KEEP COOL.—We have carried Louisiana! This is glory enough for us, no matter how goes the rest of the country. Let the United States go as they may, Louisiana has gone for a government free of carpet-baggery and of scallawaggery, and such a government Louisiana will have!

We can afford, however, to be magnanimous. Carpet-baggery and scallawaggery, having already made all of which it is capable, may leave; and in whatever clime it may take refuge, proclaim that Louisiana has suffered it, in spite of its crime, to escape and go free

Fellow-citizens, let us be prudent and cautious. We must not give countenance to any theory which will give our enemies ground to declare that they have been persecuted for opinion's sake. We may secure our victory without any difficulty by showing that it is not followed by any persecution of the conquered party. In that will be found our greatest victory.—Our opponents invite persecution. They desire intimidation. They would rejoice in persecution. Let us disappoint them in letting them alone!—[N. O. Picayune.

"LET JEEMES GO."—The Land We Love gives a model letter from a young lady whose sweetheart was in the 5th South Carolina Regiment, to Mr. Davis, President of the late Confederacy, asking for a furlough for her lover to come home and get married:

"Dear Mr. President: I want you to let Jeemes Clancy, of company 1th 5th S. C. regiment, come home and get married. Jeemes is willin', I is willin, my mammy, she is willin', his mammy says she is willin', but Jeemes's captain, he ain't willin.'—Now when we're all willin' captain' Jeemes's captain, I think you might let up and let Jeemes come. I'll make him go straight back when he's done got married and fight just as hard as ever. Your affectionate friend, etc."

Mr. Davis wrote on the letter, "Let Jeemes go," and Jeemes came home, married the affectionate correspondent of Mr. Davis, and returned to his regiment, and did fight as well as ever.

☞ After the tragedy the farce; after the victory the quarrel for the spoils. The harmony with which the Radicals marched to the contest ended with it. In the course of a few weeks when party thieves fall, out, we will all be astonished at the corruption and venality of the Republican leaders.—Having labored industriously thus far to cover up each other's rascalities, they will now go to work with a view to unearth the grinning skeletons and hold them up to public scorn. In the mad rush for office the motto is, "devil take the hindmost." If we cried over the drama, it is at least left us to laugh at the farce. Not so bad after all. With Louisiana redeemed, and a good back seat, it cannot prove otherwise than enjoyable: So ring up Mr. Prompter.—[New Orleans Times.

☞ The Reverend Doctor Blank once told a little anecdote of Mr. James Harper. "I asked the Mayor," said Doctor Blank, "what he did? I said to him, I know that Mr. John Harper attends to his business; Mr. Wesley Harper looks after the literary correspondence; Mr. Fletcher receives authors, and looks after new books and the Magazine—but you, Mr. Mayor, I have never been able to discover what you do." "I'll tell you," answered the Mayor, in a whisper, "but you must not let it out, I entertain the bores."

TRY ST. JOHN'S COUGH EXPECTORANT.

COUNTERFEIT ONE DOLLAR GREENBACKS.—Peterson's Counterfeit Detector warns the public that the country is flooded with counterfeit one dollar greenbacks, which it thus describes: Instead of Chase's likeness on the left hand corner, which the genuine dollar greenback contains, this imitation bears the likeness of Seymour, and has a *fac simile* signature of Treasurer Spinner in its usual place at the bottom, right hand side. On the back it contains promise to pay the bondholders in greenbacks, including 5-20 bonds. It would be advisable for every one to be careful in taking one dollar greenbacks. This is nothing more than a wood cut; judges can soon tell it from the fine engraving of United States notes.

Retribution.

AN OLD MAN FOULLY MURDERED—THE MURDERERS HUNG BY A MOB.

[From the Fayette (Mo.) Advertiser, October 22.]

On last Wednesday, the 14th, in Clear Creek township, Cooper county, an old man named Joseph Mapes was foully murdered by three men, and it is supposed that his wife was instrumental in the crime. The names of the murderers are Thomas Goode, George McIntosh and Thomas Bennett. The two former were from Iowa and were men of very bad character. They were all tried before a justice and committed to await action by the grand jury. The officer, with a guard of twelve men, started to Booneville to lodge his prisoners in jail. They stopped for the night when they had gone about twelve miles, and about 8 or 9 o'clock at night a mob of sixty or eighty men disguised rushed into the house, seized Goode and McIntosh, who were chained together, placed ropes around their necks, carried them a half mile from the house and hung them both to the same limb, and retired without further disturbance. The whole performance was executed with such celerity that the officer and guard had no time to make a defense for the prisoners.

The other prisoners, Bennett and Mrs. Mapes, wife of the murdered man, were both lodged in the Booneville jail.

Henry W. Allen.

From the locals of the Crescent, of the the 3d, we copy the following:

The tomb of the illustrious Henry W. Allen, the noblest of our generation in Louisiana, was absolutely smothered with flowers and immortelles yesterday and the day before. The grave of this great man, who loved Louisiana with a woman's devotion, has been marked out by the ladies of New Orleans as the subject of their sedulous care. There is not a blade of grass which springs up around the spot that is allowed to grow; the drooping flowers and the fading festoons are weekly replaced by fresh ones; and the true hearted women, for whom Governor Allen confronted death on many bloody fields, always on horseback, in the van of the attack or the rear of the retreat, *they* remember the sacrifices, the bravery and the magnanimity of the hero. With the women of New Orleans the memory of Henry W. Allen will ever be as fresh and fragrant as the flowers which they strew upon his grave.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
With all their country's wishes blest?"

CHINESE THEATRICALS.—The company now employed at the Chinese Theater on Jackson street, consists of no less than eighty performers, the most of whom appear nightly on the stage. The latter consists merely of a platform without drop curtain or side scenes; the rear being hung with richly-embroidered curtains and tapestry inwoven with silk of various brilliant colors and gold. These stage properties are said to have cost so the $7,000 in China, where goods of this kind are cheap as compared with the cost in this country. The expense of bringing these performers to California was $1,000 each; yet the management is likely to make the experiment paying one, the theater being crowded every night with spectators, at seventy-five cents admission each, this being the price to all parts of the house. The costume of the actors and the stage trappings are rich and gorgeous; but the performances are of the most grotesque and noisy kind, being to "outsiders" quite incomprehensible. Like the entire fitting up and surroundings of the place, the acting is truly barbaric.—[San Francisco Times, Sept. 30.

TRUE, O DANIEL!—Daniel Webster, with the prescience of property, said of the party that now rules the country, that:

"If they ever get power into their hands they will OVERRIDE THE CONSTITUTION; SET THE SUPREME COURT AT DEFIANCE, change and make laws to suit themselves, and finally they will BANKRUPT THE COUNTRY AND DELUGE IT WITH BLOOD!"

Tableaux & Charades!

THURSDAY EVENING,
NOV. 26th, 1868.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF
Trinity Church,
CHENEYVILLE.

Tableau:
SPIRIT OF RELIGION.
Charade:
MANY A SLIP BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP.
Tableau:
BATTLE OF CULLODEN.
Charade:
MATRIMONY.
Tableau:
FANCY BALL.
Charade:
STAGE STRUCK.
Tableau:
PEASANT FAMILY IN REPOSE.
Tableau:
REBECCA AT THE WELL.
Tableau:
THE GIPSY CAMP.

Refreshments:

ADMISSION:
To Tableaux and Charades.....$1 00
To Supper.....1 00
CHILDREN.....HALF PRICE

Nov 11, 1868-2t.

TRY ST. JOHN'S COUGH EXPECTORANT.

POTATOES.
JUST RECEIVED and for sale by the undersigned, a fine lot of IRISH POTATOES, by the barrel.
E. R. BIOSSAT.
Nov. 2, 1868.

FOR SALE.
BY THE UNDERSIGNED, NEW MOL