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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 1. HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., DECEMBER 15, 1875. NO. 50.

For the Hartford Herald.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

BY ALEX. H. CUMMINS.

Beneath the cold drifting snow a female was found. Her cold, wrinkled face bearing traces of past beauty.—*Northern Paper.*

She was somebody's darling,
That poor shrieveled thing,
With naught but thin tatters
To keep out the sting
Of the cold, biting blast,
Which swept down the street,
And pierced to the bone
Her uncovered feet.

She was somebody's darling,
That low, bending form,
That totteringly crept
Through the wint'ry storm,
With a step that was heavy
With the burden of years,
And a heart that was weary
Of this life's span of tears.

She was somebody's darling,
That lithe little form,
As she lay quietly sleeping
'Mid the wild, sweeping storm,
With the thin, silvery tresses,
Shielding her brow,
From the chilly caresses
Of the fast falling snow.

She was somebody's darling,
In the long years ago,
When her eyes sparkled brightly,
And her brow was of snow,
When her long silken tresses,
In a beauteous fold,
Fell over her shoulders
Like a shower of gold.

She was somebody's darling,
Then leave her not there,
But "lift her up tenderly,
With love and with care,"
And think not of her poverty,
As love it debars,
Then SOMEBODY will bless you,
High up 'mid the stars.

THE FAITHFUL GUEST,
OR
A Night of Danger.

There was something—I forget what—to take grandfather and grandmother away from home one day in October of the year I lived with them in Burn's Hollow. It may have been a funeral or some religious meeting, for they both drove off dressed in their best, in the gig, with old Ajax harnessed to it, and after I had tucked in grandma's iron gray silk skirt and ran back to the house for grandpa's spectacles and had seen the gig vanish in the distance I felt lonely. Burn's Hollow was a lonesome place at all times, and the handsome rambling mansion, which might have sheltered a regiment, had a ghostly air about it when one walked through the upper rooms alone.

There were but two servants in the kitchen, Hannah Oaks and the Irish jad, Anthony. I heard them laughing merrily together, for, though Hannah was an old woman, she was full of fun, and in five minutes the door opened, and Hannah came in with the tray.

"Please, miss", said she as she set it down, "may I run over to Mapleton to-night? My sister's daughter had a boy last night, they say, and I want to see it nat'rally—it's the first I've ever had of grand niece or nephew."

"Who brought the news?" I asked.

"Anthony, miss," said Hannah. "He met George—that's my niece's husband—when he was out after the cow, straying as she always is, and told him to 'tell Hannah she's a grand aunt.'"

"You may go," I said, "but don't stay late. Grandpa and grandma may be away all night, and I feel nervous. To be sure there is Anthony, but I never rely on him. Be certain not to stay late." I repeated this injunction with a sort of fright stealing over me—a presentment of evil, I might say—and something prompted me to add, "Be back by nine"—why, I can not say; but I felt as if, at nine, I should be in some peculiar danger.

Hannah promised, and, after doing all that I required, went away, and I heard her heavy shoes on the garden walk, outside.

Early as it was, I had dropped the curtains and lighted the wax candles on the mantel, and I sat long over my tea, finding a certain companionship in it, as women of all ages will.

I sat thus a long time, and was startled from my reverie by a rap at the door—a timid sort of rap—so that I knew at once that it was neither a member of the house nor an intimate friend. I waited, expecting Anthony to answer the door, but finding he did not, went to it myself.

It had grown quite dark, and the moon rose late that night. At first I could only make out a crouching figure at the bottom of the porch. But when I spoke, it advanced, and by the light of the hall lamp I saw a black man. I had always had a sort of fear of a negro, and instinctively shrunk away, but as I did so he spoke in a husky whisper: "This is Massa Morton's, isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied, "but grandfather is out."

As I retreated he advanced.

"Please, miss," he said, "Judge B. sent me here. He said massa 'ud help me on. Let me stay here a night, miss. I's trabbled five days since I left him. Hidin' like. I's awful hungry, 'pears like I'd drop, and ole massa's arter me. For the lub of heaben, miss, let me hide somewhere's, and gib me jes' a crust. Massa Judge promise Massa Morton 'ud help me an it's kept me up. Missus will, I know.

I knew that grandfather had given succor to some of these poor wretches before; but I felt that I might be doing wrong by admitting a stranger in his absence.

Caution and pity struggled within me. At last I said: "You have a note from the Judge, I suppose, sir?"

"I had some writin' on a paper," said the man, "but I's lost it, de night it rained so. Ah! miss, I's tellin' the truff—Judge sent me, sure as I's a sinner. I's been helped along so far, and 'pears like I mus' get to Canady. Can't go back noways. Wife's dare, and de young uns. Got clear a year ago. Miss, I'll pray for you ebery day ov my life ef you'll jes' be so good to me—Tank you, miss.

For somehow, when he spoke of wife and children, I had stepped back and let him in.

It was the back hall door to which the rap had come, and the kitchen was close at hand. I led him thither. When I saw how worn he was, how wretched, how his eyes glistenened, and how under his rough blue shirt his heart beat so that you could count the pulses, I forgot my caution. I brought out cold meat and bread, drew a mug of cider, and spread them on the table. The negro ate voraciously, as only a starving man could eat, and I left him to find Anthony, to whom I intended to give directions for his lodging throughout the night.

To my surprise, Anthony was nowhere about the house or garden.

Hannah must have taken him with her across the lonely road to Mapleton.

It was natural, but I felt angry.

Yet I longed for Hannah's return, and listened very anxiously until the clock struck nine. Then, instead of her footsteps, I heard the patter of raindrops and the rumbling of thunder, and looking out saw that a heavy storm was coming on.

Now, certainly, grandpa and grandma would not come, and Hannah, waiting for the storm to pass, would not be here for hours. However, my fear of the negro was quite gone, and I felt a certain pride in conducting myself bravely under these trying circumstances.

Accordingly I went up stairs, found in the attic sundry pillows and bolsters, and carried them kitchenward.

"Here," I said, "make yourself a bed on the settee yonder, and be easy for the night. No one will follow you in such a terrible storm as this, and, no doubt, grandpa will assist you when he returns home. Good night."

"Good night, and God bless you, miss," still speaking in a very husky whisper. And so I left him.

But I did not go up stairs to my bed-room. I intended for that night to remain dressed and to sit up in grandpa's arm-chair, with candles and a book for company. Therefore I locked the door, took the most comfortable position, and, opening a volume, composed myself to read.

Reading, I fell asleep. How long I slept I can not tell. I was awakened by a low sound like the prying of a chisel.

At first it mixed with my last dream so completely that I took no heed of it, but at last I understood that some one was at work upon the lock of the door.

I sat perfectly motionless, the blood curdling in my veins, and still chip, chip, chip went the horrible little instrument, until at last I knew whence the sounds came.

Back of the sitting-room was grandpa's study. There, in a great old-fashioned chair, were stored the family silver, grandpa's jewelry, and sundry sums of money and valuable papers. The safe itself stood in a closet in a recess, and at the closet the thief was now at work.

The thief—ah, without doubt the negro I had fed and sheltered.

Perhaps the next act would be to murder me if I listened. The storm was still raging; but though the road was lonely, better that than this house with such horrible company. I could not save my grandfather's property, but I could save my own life.

I crept across the room and into the hall, and to the door. There, softly as I could, I unfastened the bars and bolts, but, alas! one was above my reach. I waited and listened. Then I moved a hall chair to the spot and climbed upon it. In doing so I struck my shoulder against the door frame.

It was but a slight noise, but at that moment the chip of the chisel stopped, I heard a gliding foot, and—horror of horrors—a man came from the study, sprang toward me, and clutched me with both hands, holding my arms as in a vice, while he hissed in my ear:

"You'd tell, would you? You'd call help?—You might better have slept, you had; for you see you've got to pay for waking. I'd rather hev let a chick like you off; but you know me now, and I can't let you live."

I stared in his face with horror, mingled with an awful surprise; for now that it was close to me I saw, not the negro, but our own hired man, Anthony—Anthony, whom I had supposed to be miles away with Hannah. He was little more than a youth, and I had given him many a present and always treated him well.

I plead with him kindly.

"Anthony, I never did you any harm. I am young. I am a girl. Don't kill me, Anthony. Take the money. Don't kill me, for poor grandma's sake."

"You'd tell on me," said Anthony, doggedly. "Likely I'd be caught. No, I've got to kill you."

As he spoke he took his hands from my shoulders and clutched my throat fiercely.

I had time to utter one suffocating shriek; then I was strangling, dying, with sparks in my eyes, and a sound of roaring waters in my ears, and then—what had sprung on my assassin, with the swift silence of a leopard? What had clutched me from him, and stood over him with something glittering above his heart? The mist cleared away—the blurred mists that had gathered over my eyes. As sight returned I saw the negro with his foot upon Anthony's breast.

The fugitive whom I had housed and fed had saved my life.

Then ten minutes after—ten minutes in which but for that poor slave's presence I would have been hurried out of life—the rattle of wheels and the tardy feet of old Ajax we heard without, and my grand-parents were with me.

It is needless to say that we were not ungrateful to our preserver; needless also tell of Anthony's punishment.

It came out during his trial that he had long contemplated the robbery; that the absence of my grandparents appearing to afford an opportunity, he had decoyed Hannah away with a lie, and hid in the study. He knew nothing of the negroe's presence in the house, and, being naturally superstitious, had actually fancied my protector a creature from the other world, and submitted without a struggle.

Long ago—so we heard—the slave, a slave no longer, met his wife and children beyond danger; and now that the bonds are broken for all in this free land, doubtless his fears are over, and he sits beside his humble Canadian hearth when even-tides come on.

Morton's Pet Measure.

Senator Morton introduced his pet measure into the Senate yesterday, looking to the election of the president of the United States by a direct vote of the people. As long as there was no direct vote of the people. As long as there was no danger of any weakening of Radical domination Morton did not see any danger in the present mode of counting the electoral vote. Under the twenty-second joint rule of Congress it is provided that both houses of Congress shall count the vote in joint session. Upon any objection being raised to a vote the houses separate and vote upon the objection, which if sustained by a majority of either house, the vote objected to is thrown out. Under this rule it will be seen that the election of a president might possibly be thrown into the House of Representatives. As the present House is Democratic and a President is to be elected next year, the wily Morton wants to provide, if possible, against such an awful calamity as the defeat of Grantism through a rule adopted by the Radicals themselves to keep the Southern States in a condition of vassalage. It is not likely that the Democrats will further Morton's new "plan."—*Courier-Journal.*

A Negro attempts to Rape a Little Child at Henderson—He is Followed and Escapes, But is Captured in Evansville.

[Evansville Journal, 30th ult.]

One of those nameless crimes, which now and then shock a community, was attempted at Henderson, Sunday night, but by a fortunate accident was prevented. A little girl not quite twelve years old, named Katie Hack, daughter of George Hack, a merchant, who has a store on Upper Elm street, who was returning to her father's home from a neighbor's, about a square and a half distant. It was quite dark, and as there were no gas lamps between the two points, the way was lonely and dark, and there were few frequenters. When she had gone half way she was suddenly seized by a burly negro named Reubin Clore, who quickly

THRUST A HANDKERCHIEF INTO HER MOUTH.

To suppress her cries, and dragged her back into a vacant lot a few paces off, where he attempted to accomplish his fiendish desires. Happily for the unfortunate child, some other persons chanced to pass that way, and the ruffian, fearing that her struggles and half-suppressed cries might attract attention, ran away and left her bruised and almost senseless with fright and excitement. She informed her parents immediately of the outrage, and told who the fiend was. Search was at once instituted, but he could not be found. It appears now that he went down to the George Roberts, which was moored in a place almost inaccessible, and came to this city at 10:30 o'clock Sunday night. Yesterday morning he engaged passage on the Grey Eagle for Louisville, and had his baggage stored away.

Early in the morning a telegram came with a description of the man, and the police began a search for him. At daylight Mr. Wm. Whitehead, of Henderson, left that place on horseback and rode to this city, crossing the high sloughs, with a stern determination to catch the ruffian. When he arrived in this city

HIS BOOTS WERE FROZEN TO HIS STIRRUPS

by the water taken in crossing the sloughs.

Upon arriving, Mr. Whitehead and officer Paul started out upon a fresh search, and wound up at the river, where the Grey Eagle was preparing to leave. They looked over the boat, but could not find their man. Not despairing, they still waited and watched, and just as the last bell rang, and the boat was about ready to start, officer Paul saw the negro

CRAWL FROM UNDER THE BOILERS,

and both jumped aboard, and in another minute he was captured. Capt. Penn was informed of the situation, and, at their request, he landed them two miles above the city, on the Kentucky side, whence the three walked o Henderson, the prisoner's hands being pinioned to prevent him escaping. Capt. Penny, furthermore, would make no charge for the transfer.

When the prisoners arrived at Henderson, they all went into the grocery of Mr. Hack, the child's father, on the pretense of getting a drink. Neither of the men had said a word to Clore of the charge against him. When they entered the store, the little girl was within, and as soon as the negro saw her, he exclaimed coaxingly;

"It wasn't me, Kate, was it?"

The child identified him at once. The store was crowded with people, and the excitement began to rage, and

A TREE AND A ROPE

were freely suggested, but the men in charge hurried him quickly away and lodged him in jail. The excitement among the German citizens were intense, and it was feard that an effort would be made to lynch him that night. We received the following special, however, which indicated otherwise.

"There seems to be little excitement prevailing over the rape case at present. The prisoner is confined in the county jail, awaiting the execution of the law. Officer evans says there is no fear of them mobbing him to-night."

Officer Paul and Mr. Whitehead returned to this city in the afternoon, and the latter will return to Henderson this morning. It was a fortunate arrest, and both deserve much credit.

Female trade "drummers" have made their appearance at the West. They are piquaint audacious; and hundreds of business men are not returning to their families as early in the evening as usual.

For the Hartford Herald.

The Love of Money is the Root of All Evil.

This was the text of the Rev. Dr. Coleman at Mt. Carmel Church, on the 1st Sunday in December, 1875, for a sermon delivered to a very respectable congregation. He considered the subject, 1st in its effect upon society, 2d in its effect upon the body politic, 3d in its effect upon the moral and religious condition of the different churches.

He said that the love of money is the root—not of *one* evil, not of *several* evils—but of *all* evils; society felt its effects from the highest to the lowest and through all its different grades; that the question of the present day was, not whether a man or woman was virtuous, honest, sober, truthful, reliable, but, have they got money? He portrayed society as being in a condition that all the moral obligations of the human family to each other are forgotten and money seemed to be the only thing to live for. Men and women were selling their virtue, honor, integrity and their very souls for money. The inordinate love of money is growing to be an evil, a Mael strom that will engulf and swallow up every virtue which ought to be attached to society. In politics the love of money has overcome patriotism, love of country—every consideration that ought to operate upon the minds of a people who have reserved to themselves the power of self government, and through the operation of the passion of avarice our power of self government was fast passing away. Through the influence of money used in elections, instead of having men in office of morality, integrity and honesty, men are elected who have money to spend to buy the people's votes, and who, when elected, turn upon the people and replenish their pockets by robbing of the very people who elected them. Our love of money is a leprosy, a putrifying sore upon the body politic in all its legislative, judicial and ministerial departments, and had become a fearful national evil. In the courts of justice a man of money could go unwhipped of justice, and the poor scamp would have to suffer the righteous indignation of an offended law.

It its effect upon the religious world it has the same blighting influence. The man or woman to be a christian has to be honest, virtuous, truthful, industrious and religious. Without this it is a farce. An inordinate love of money will destroy all these; it holds him or her from an attendance upon the house of God; it keeps him or her away from the church meeting, withholds their means from the support of the gospel and from charitable purposes; their motto is that it takes money to make money; they are serving the mammon of unrighteousness.

The Reverend Doctor wound up his sermon by giving some sound advice, by administering some kind rebukes, and your humble correspondent thought at the time that if all those who professed to be preachers of the gospel would combine and organize themselves into an army of warriors and carry the war into Africa and arouse the people up to wage war upon the corrupting influences of money, that society, church and State might see, and be saved from the fate of the cities of ancient times, in a moral point of view. Society, morally and politically, has become a seething mass of corruption.

The Doctor's sermon was such as is characteristic of him, spoken in language that all could understand; his reasoning was cogent, his diction bold and uncompromising; his positions were clear and positive, and when he was done with them no one doubted their correctness. Such sermons would be well at Plymouth church, Brooklyn, or in New York, Boston, Cincinnati, Louisville, in fact they would be well in every church building, street corner and road side in our land. Your correspondent has endeavored to give only an outline.

If Bruce and Spencer lose their seats in the Senate, as is likely, if the charges of corruption and bribery are pushed against them, it will make quite a gap in the Republican majorities. Counting also the rejection of Pinckback, the Senate would stand: Republicans, 38; opposition, 32. And as Democrats would be returned from Mississippi, Arkansas and Alabama, and two or three nominally Republican senators can not be counted on to vote with the Radicals, there is a fine chance for a tie in the Senate.—*Courier-Journal.*

HORACE GREELEY'S BIRTHPLACE.

A Project to Remove the Old House to the Centenniel Grounds.

[Correspondence Boston Herald.]

CONCORD, N. H., Nov. 27.—A project is on foot, which, if it is made to succeed, will make New Hampshire's headquarters at the Philadelphia Centenniel Exhibition a spot of national interest. It is proposed to purchase and remove there the house in which Horace Greeley was born. This house now stands on the old Greeley farm in Amherst, about five miles from Manchester. It is very old-fashioned, oak framed, story-and-a-half building, 30x40, with 7½ foot stud, and contains four rooms. The occupant is an aged man named Wm. Brown, and has lived on the place nearly half a century. He was a friend of the great journalist, and did him great service in the days of extreme poverty, when his sudden departure saved him from imprisonment for debt. The old farm is of but little value, but of late years has proved a source of profit through the conversion of apple trees into canes for relic hunters. Though in 1844 Brown was ready, as a good Millerite, to ascend to heaven and leave his earthly goods, and has prepared himself for the aerial trip several times since, now at the advanced age of eighty-four, when nature has arranged for him to ascend in the regular way, he clings with obstinacy to the things of this life. He wants $2,000 for the old house, which is barely worth a quarter of that amount. The State Centennial Commission are ready to build him a new one in place of the old one, but more than that their funds will not allow.

A Colony of Madmen.

The town of Gheel, situated in the province of Antwerp, has been for six centuries an abode of madmen, and tradition even takes the story back eleven centuries. There are 11,000 people in the place, and they have charge of 1,300 lunatics from abroad, who are boarded around in the families, and treated with great consideration. The children from youth are familiarized with the business, and all the people know how to manage those committed to their care. The inhabitants are all, so to speak, engaged in the *surveillance* of the lunatics. One of the greatest social punishments that can be inflicted upon a family is to declare that it is unfit to receive such boarders. The lunatics are disposed of among the inhabitants according to their wealth or stations, wealthy patients being sent into the better families, and poor ones to the poorer. Of course the very immoral or dangerous lunatics are not thus disposed of. The cures average from sixty to seventy-five to the hundred. Gheel is divided into four districts, each with its overseer and physician. Large sums of money are spent in the place by the patients, and families generally are always desirous of having one or more lunatics on their hands.

As the United States has extradition treaties which include forgery and embezzlement, with Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Norway, Sweden, the Swiss Confederation, and Belgium, it will not be safe for Tweed to travel about any of those countries. He has, however, open for him, Portugal, Denmark, Holland, Russia, Spain, Greece, Turkey, Cuba, Porto Rico, St. John, St. Croix, South America, China, and Japan. In these countries he can not be touched. If he left New York on a vessel, as is surmised, he doubtless went to South America to call on Don Pedro, of Brazil.—*Courier-Journal.*

A grange brother being asked by a sister why he had not attended regularly at his grange, said that he did not see that it was paying him. "Well," said she, "you should remember that a grange is like a farm, and the members are as laborers—they get pay in exact accordance with the work they do."

Mr. A. E. Wilson, the senior partner of Gen. Jno. M. Harlan, has been appointed Chief Clerk of the Treasury Department at Washington, to succeed Avery who has just been convicted of complicity in the whisky ring at St. Louis. Mr. Wilson is a native of Kentucky and bears a fine reputation.

A Detroit paper says the farmers in the interior of Michigan owe the merchants over $5,000,000.

The Shadow of the Third Term

The following is an extract from a Washington correspondent to the Chicago Journal:

There is, however, a scheme on foot, with the object of conferring continued honor upon President Grant, which I must regard as fairly entitled to the candid consideration of the public. The scheme, or rather suggestion, here referred to, grew out of the fact, which will not be denied, that General Grant, in accepting the Presidency, made a great pecuniary sacrifice.

Two plans in connection herewith have been canvassed. One is a proposed amendment to the Constitution. This is, in short, the suggestion of a new article to the Constitution, providing that every ex-President of the United States shall be, upon his retirement from office, except by impeachment, a Senator of the United States at Large for life.

Another plan is to specially provide for President Grant, without waiting for a general provision on the subject. This plan is simply to declare the law, that ex-President Grant shall be Generalissimo of the army. It is a proposition, in a word, to place him again at the head of our army, by the creation of a new office, made expressly for him during his lifetime, and without at all interfering with the pay and emoluments of the present General and Lieutenant-General. This proposed plan would be in almost exact analogy of what was done in the case of Washington, who, after his retirement and war was threatened with France, was declared Generalissimo, and actually held that office for some time, though never exercising its functions in the field.

Such are the proposed projects as to President Grant as I get them here. They are not, of course, talked about on the streets or in the saloons and public club rooms; but those who are able to go behind the scenes and get at the inside of things—the open secrets of this political metropolis—know that these things are being constantly talked about by the initiated, and are likely soon to take shape and come before the public.

J. W. Renfroe, of Washington county, has been appointed State Treasurer of Georgia.

The New York Herald sees in the present House of Representatives "the forerunner, the John-the-Baptist, of the coming Democratic dispensation."

New Richmond, West Virginia, is shipping walnut logs to London, where better prices are obtained than in this country.

Mrs. Lowrie, the converted actress is conducting revival meetings at Port Jarvis, N. Y., in the regular old camp meeting style.

The Democratic State Convention, for the State of Texas, has been called to meet in Galveston on January, 5th, 1875. The prospects are that Gov. Coke will be nominated for re-election. The Constitutional Convention have at last closed their labors, and have drafted a document that is superior in many respects to the Constitutions of any of her sister States.

The Grange and Our Young Men.

The efforts of the Patrons of Husbandry to elevate the calling of the farmer and put it upon an equality with other pursuits, are being crowned with signal success, and are doing a great deal towards making our young men satisfied with the vocation of the farmer. The old idea that a farmer must be ignorant, uncouth and uninformed, is rapidly taking leave of the public mind. We number some of the leading minds of the State among the farmers, some of the strongest and best thinkers, some of the truest and broadest statesmen. Here is great encouragement for our farmer boys.

We hope our farmers, and especially our young men, will show a disposition to distinguish themselves in some other way than by being a village loafer or a hanger-on at groceries, and it is just here that the teachings and associations in the Grange come in and direct aright the laudable ambition of our youth. It throws its protecting arms around and about our young men who are members, and encourages them in their efforts to lead sober, industrious and upright lives. This is some of the good work that every well-conducted Grange is accomplishing, and the fruits are daily becoming more and more manifest.—*Farmer's Vindicator.*