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The Planters' Banner.

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Franklin, Jan. 1st, 1867.

MISS SKITTLES' MUSES.

Last week I didst receive a hunk
Ni 16 pounds weighing
Of wedding cake, all in a chunk,
From a feller in Georgy staying.
This temptin' morsal soon I bruised,
And while I chawed, I sot and mewsed.

I mewsed on Hymin's favors scant,
And on his smiles so fittin'—
How some folks kin, and some folks kant.
And how reverence men is gittin'.
(I mean sich men as kin be noosed)
And while I chawd, I sot and mewsed.

I mewsed how many a young gal smiled
And ole maids grinned in fury,
While nice young men were roamin' wild,
Like green mules on a prairie.
Whilst no kind hand their tresses clawd,
And while I mewsed, I sot and chawd.

I mewsed how many a roze duth fall,
And many a violet pine on,
Kaws cruel fate denied 'em all
Shirt boosums fur to twine on.
And of their cheeks the dam musk knawd,
And while I mewsed, I sot and chawd.

I mewsed how different things is here
To what they is up yonder,
Where each pure Mormon doth appear
Of fifty geese the gander.
Surkastikly a sigh I drawd
And while I mewsed, I sot and chawd.

I mewsed how much kunnubil bliss
Duth bless the plainest vittuls,
I thort I saw the parson kiss
She wat was once P. Skittles.
Good graksus, how I haw, haw, hawd
And while I laffed, I sot and chawed.

Rote at Grasgreens Kottage,
Friskeefrog Lane, N. O.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

In the autumn of 1817, while the woods were bright in the variegated hues which follow the light touches of frost, a mounted traveller was quietly pursuing his way through a dark, broad, lovely forest, in the western part of the State of New York.

He had ridden three miles since seeing a human habitation, and had yet two miles to go before he could get sight of another. He was descending a hill into a gloomy, marshy valley, through which flowed a shallow but swift running stream, and on reaching the water he permitted his thirsty beast to drink.

At that moment a man stepped out from a cloister of bushes into a road or horse path, on the other side of the stream. This man was dressed like a hunter and carried a rifle on his shoulder. In his general appearance there was nothing that indicated hostility or wicked design. He was of medium size, compactly built, with intelligent features and a certain air of gentility—seeming rather as one abroad from some settlement for a day's sport, than a professional hunter.

All this the mounted traveller carefully noticed before he crossed the stream to continue his journey, and when they came together, pleasant salutations were exchanged.

"Fine weather for traveling, sir," remarked the man with the gun.

"And for hunting also, I should suppose," smiled the one on the horse.

"Yes, there is game enough," returned the other. "But I am not a good hunter, and can only show one bear for my day's work thus far, and that is almost useless to me, for I have no means of taking it away. I would willingly give a dollar for the use of a horse like yours for a couple of hours. If you can spare five minutes or so I would like you to see the bear; it is just beyond these bushes, some two hundred yards from here."

"I will not only look at it," said the traveller, dismounting, and fastening his horse, "but if not too heavy, I will take it along for you, seeing I am going the same way."

The hunter thanked him in a most cordial manner, and then, as if to make himself agreeable and keep up conversation, inquired where the other was from, whither journeying and so forth; learned in reply, that the latter resided in Albany, was a merchant in good business, and was travelling, partly for his health, and partly with the view of making an extensive land purchase.

"Well, here we are!" exclaimed the hunter, as the two emerged from the dense thicket, through which they had slowly forced their way, into the more open road; "here we are, and I'll show you as fine and fat a beast as you ever saw. Observe where I point my rifle."

He stepped back eight or ten feet, deliberately raised his gun to his eye, and pointed the muzzle to the head of the traveller. There was a flash, a loud report, and the victim fell like a log, his face covered with blood.

This might or might not have been the first crime committed by the man with the rifle. But as the traveller fell the rifle slipped from his hands and he shook violently from head to foot; yet he ran to his victim and hurriedly robbed him of his pocket book, a gold watch and chain, some curious seals, a diamond ring which he fairly tore from his finger. Then he dragged the body into the thicket, picked up his rifle, plunged madly through the bushes into the road, mounted the traveller's horse and dashed away from the awful scene.

We must now suppose a lapse of twenty years.

In the spring of 1837, there lived in the city of New York a banker and millionaire whom we shall call Stephen Edwards. He owned a palatial mansion, splendidly furnished in the very heart of the town, and he and his wife were among the leaders of the fashionable world. They had a beautiful daughter, just turned out of sweet sixteen, who was about to be married to a foreign nobleman, and great preparations were being make for the happy event.

One day, about this period, as the great banker stood conversing with a gentleman from another city, who had called to see him on business, he observed that the latter suddenly turned pale and began to tremble.

"My dear sir," said he in his usual tones of off-handed sympathy, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"A little faint, sir, but nothing to cause any alarm," replied the other hurriedly, "I am subject to spells. If you will be kind enough to excuse me for ten minutes or so, I will take a short walk and return better."

In ten minutes he did return, and he was quite well, calmly proceeded to finish his business with the banker, and then respectfully took his leave.

It was perhaps a week after this that one night the banker was sitting by the fire in his library, when the servant came in and presented him a letter. He took it with a yawn, opened it in the most indolent and indifferent manner possible, but had not read a dozen words before he came up with a start, turned deadly pale and trembled so that the paper rattled. He finished the note—for it was rather a note than a letter—worked one hand nervously at his throat and with the other he clapsed his forehead and temples. For a minute or two he seemed to be choking into calmness, by his iron will, some terrible emotion, and he so far succeeded as to address the waiting servant in an ordinary tone.

"James," he said, "who gave you this letter?"

"A man, sir, and said he'd wait for an answer."

"Then I suppose he's waiting?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, show him in."

Soon there was a light tap at the door, and the banker said "come in" in an ordinary tone.

The servant opened the door, ushered in the stranger and immediately withdrew. The latter was a man verging on sixty, of rough appearance and attire. He wore an old grey overcoat, buttoned to the throat and a pair of green goggles, and his whole dress was saturated with rain.

"Take a seat" said the banker pointing to a chair near the fire.

"No, thank you. I'll stand," was the gruff reply. "You got my letter, and of course know my business," he added.

"You allude to this, I suppose," replied the banker, producing the letter which had caused him so much pertobation.

"Yes."

"I do not understand it. You must have made a mistake."

"No, no mistake at all. I was present twenty years ago the tenth day of October and saw you, Stephen Edwards, shoot the man—and if you go and deny it, I'll have you in prison before morning. I've laid my plans and got everything sure; and if you go to playing innocent and refuse my terms, I'll take care to see you die stretching hemp."

The banker turned pale in spite of himself, shuddered and struggled to a seat.

"I can't give it—it would ruin me."

"Just as you say," rejoined the other, moving towards the door "you know what will follow if I go this way."

He argued, urged and implored for mercy at less fearful cost. In vain. At last the banker—seeing ruin, disgrace and death before him if he refused—agreed to terms. He agreed to meet the stranger, with the required sum on the following night, in front of St. Paul's Church. Both were punctual to the fixed time, and bills and checks to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars changed hands.

A month later there was a tremendous run on the bank of which Stephen Edwards was the principal owner. It was soon broken and closed. Then the Sheriff was set to work [illegible] and all the real estate and personal property of the late firm of Edwards was seized and sold, leaving him a beggar and just claims unsatisfied. Fashionable friends deserted the family and the proud nobleman refused the hand of the banker's accomplished daughter.

In the very midst of his disgrace and tribulation, Stephen Edwards encountered the man who had turned pale and became so agitated in his presence a short time before.

"I rather think you do not know me sir," said the gentleman with a formal bow.

"Your face seems somewhat familiar, but I cannot name you," returned Stephen Edwards.

"Permit me to bring myself to your recollection, then, as I wish you to know me. A little more than six weeks ago I was talking to you on business and you observed that I turned deadly pale and became agitated."

"Ah, yes—I remember you now."

"Let me tell you why I was thus affected. My eye had just chanced on a curious seal which had once belonged to a merchant named Philip Sidney, who was shot in the western part of this State some twenty years ago; knew you to be the villain who committed the foul deed."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the *cidevant* banker with a blanched face and a quaking form.

"Yes, I knew you," pursued the other "and a week after I disguised myself and had an interview with you in your own mansion. You remember that, of course."

"But," gasped the trembling wretch, "did I not pay you your own price to keep my fatal secret?"

"Yes, and with that very money, and with other I could command, I was enabled to buy up enough of your own bills to make that run upon your bank that broke it and forced ruin upon you."

"What would you do now, that I am ruined?" inquired the other, with the deadly calmness of desperation.

"Now that I have had my revenge, I want you to know that I myself am the man you attempted to murder and did rob. *I am Phillip Sidney!* Behold where the ball struck and glanced!" and he took off his hat and showed it.

"God be praised!" ejaculated the other—"God be praised that you are still living," and unable to restrain his emotion he burst into tears. "Oh, sir," he continued, "you have taken a load from my soul. Though poverty, beggary and disgrace are staring me in the face, I am not guilty of murder, and am more happy than I have been in twenty years, with all the luxurious surroundings of wealth. It was my first and last crime. I have never been able to tell how I was tempted to so outrage my nature as on that fearful occasion. Now, sir, do with me what you will—only I pray you, be merciful to my innocent family."

"I forgive you," returned the other, extending his hand—"I forgive you. You have been fearfully punished already, and as God has seen proper to preserve us and bring us together, let us hope, for our present and future salvation, to endeavor so to live as to deserve the blessings we receive. I will restore you enough to place you and your family above want, and for the rest, I trust we shall have to render an account in another world."

Philip Sidney kept his word, and with a start in the world, and an easy conscience, the still enterprising Stephen Edwards accumulated another respectable fortune, much of which he spent in charity.

Philip Sidney died in 1847, and Stephen Edwards in 1851.

Is not truth, indeed, stranger than fiction?"

In Michigan the Democrats report that they are thoroughly organized and are certain to carry the State against Radicalism, negro suffrage and prohibition laws. The reports from Nebraska and Wisconsin are equally encouraging.

"When we stop the waste which forces us to pay a usury of ten per cent. and take up a course which will enable us to borrow money upon the rates paid by other nations, we shall add to the dignity and power of the Union."—[Seymour.

More Oddities of Planchette.

Last week we noticed some of the odd freaks of this new spiritual pen, giving the result of our own observations simply as a journalist. Some of our professional men in Franklin, have since examined this matter, and they all acknowledge that they are simply puzzled. If any of them believe that these are the odd freaks of spirits they have not said so. They simply say that they don't know what to think of the matter.

CARICATURES.

Planchette, after the freaks which we noticed in last week's issue, tried its skill at picture-making; rough specimens, it is true, still they were pictures.

First comes a rough and ugly profile, and "your president, *Seimore*," written opposite.

Then comes a man of fierce countenance, hair erect, open mouth, a Jehu of a fellow, and "Blair" is written by his side.

A little head, little body, short legs, potato feet, a carpet-bag and umbrella, and the word "Pope," comes next.

A house, windows, doors, etc., has "Hildreth" written by it, a rough sketch of a house near Centreville.

When asked to make a BANNER, a rough sketch was given.

When asked to give a picture of the editor, a plain face, side whiskers, and a round hat was the result.

When asked if it would write for us—"won't write" was the answer.

The company continued to beg it to write, and they obtained as an answer, "O, you go to h—ll,"

When asked to give a rough sketch of the house we once lived in in Texas, a correct end view was given, including gallery, pillars, etc.

Planchette had been in the armoire for several days and when taken out, the first sentence was—"Been in the armoire too long." After making pictures of various things, generally caricatures of people, male and female, it writes, "Put me back in the armoire for half an hour."

Being asked to make a picture of an armoire, it made a sketch, body, cornice, legs, shelves, one door open and the other shut. It then writes, "Put me back in the armoire for half an hour."

It was asked to designate the shelf it desired to go on, and running the pencil up to the middle shelf, it wrote over it—"This."

[illegible] and when taken out, it wrote—"Kept me in too long."

These questions might be multiplied to any extent, but enough has been given to present a correct idea of the working of the spiritual machine.

Like every body else, we are puzzled to know where to locate the *thinking* part of the little trick.

FRUIT IN MICHIGAN.—The great peach orchards on the east shore of Lake Michigan, in this vicinity, are loaded with fine fruit which will begin to reach the market next week, and continue to supply it for two months. The peach yield this year will be at least double that of any previous year. The total quantity is variously estimated at between half a million and a million baskets, much depending upon the weather of the next two or three weeks. We have never seen the trees so well loaded with such fine fruit as they are now.

The pear orchards here are, most of them still young, and the total yield this year will not exceed 10,000 baskets. They are most of the Bartlett and Flemish Beauty varieties.

The apple orchards will give a slight yield this year. Mr. A. Hesler, of your city (of photographic fame,) has an orchard of old trees—the oldest apple orchard in this region—which will yield about six hundred bushels. Other orchards will not amount to much

The grape crop will be larger than ever before, if present prospects continue to the time of ripening.

During the season, the strawberry raisers of this vicinity have marketed 17,000 bushels. The raspberry crop has reached 25,000 bushels. The blackberry yield, just ripening, will not exceed six thousand bushels.

The extent of the fruit and berry orchards of this noted fruit region is yearly enlarging, and the peculiar resources of the locality in this respect are being continually developed. New orchards are being planted every year, and the old ones increased and improved. Chicago is fortunate in having so splendid a fruit region so near, being on the opposite side of the lake, and within only a few hours' boat-ride of Chicago harbor.

[Correspondence Chicago Journal.

A LAKE ONTARIO MYSTERY.—One of the strangest phenomena ever witnessed has recently occurred along the shores of Lake Ontario, in the towns of Sodus and Williamson. For three weeks previous to last Friday the water of the lake has been unusually warm—so warm, indeed, that many persons resorted thither for the purpose of bathing, remaining in the water an hour at a time without experiencing sensations of chillness. On Friday, however, a sudden change occurred, the temperature of the water falling nearly twenty degrees in three hours. And now comes the strangest part of the story. The fish, great and small, as the cold increased, seemed possessed with a desire to get ashore, came leaping and tumbling against the banks in hundreds and thousands. Large quanties were taken with spears and nets, and the shores of the lake were lined with dead fish. Whether the fish were benumbed by the increasing coldness, and instinctively sought the shore, where the water was of less depth, let the naturalist say; we will not pretend to explain. The water of Lake Ontario is now colder by several degrees than it has been for several years at this season, and naturally excites considerable comment and discussion.

[Lyons, (N. Y.) Republican.

"If the policy of selfish ambition and of sectional hate is put down, our country will start upon a new course of prosperity, and all classes will reap in common the benefits of good government."—[Seymour.

No You Don't.

The late exodus of the numerous mean men of the North and West, men who had played out at home, and wished to make a raise as philanthropists, and as friends of the black race, are extremely anxious to pin their reputation to the sleeves of respectable men from the same section that gave them birth. So if the Southern people despise carpet-baggers, it is claimed by these social and political pests that they are hated merely because they are Union men, and are from the North, and that people here are prejudiced against Northern men, and don't want them to settle here.

Nobody in this country is treated better than an honest Northern man, whether he is lately from the North, or has been here for half a century.

The only men from the North who are treated unkindly by the Southern people are the men who for the sake of offices would turn the South into a social and political hell. And with such men the Southern people will never make peace, and never ought to. Many of these men came South to escape just punishment in Northern penitentiaries. Do they look like philanthropists? Do they look as though they loved anybody but themselves? They love the negro as the snake loves the frog.

They cannot teach their reputation to that of decent men who happened to be born in the same State which such men disgrace.

"They are of their father the devil, and his works they will do." The devil is the prince and father of carpet-baggers and scalawags. Satan offered the Savior all the kingdoms of the earth if he would become a Radical, when the poor devil didn't have an acre of land this side of h—l.

The Savior said, "get thee behind me satan," and the Democrats repeat the saying.

Follow up the Marks.

Reader, do not charge us with harshness, when we denounce Radical Congressmen as *rascals*—men who have within the past three years voted away more money than your fathers spent in supporting your Government for sixty years.

These rascals know their own iniquities better than you do; and they shrink in dread fear from your scrutinizing inquisition into their doings.

One J. G. Blaine, a member of Congress from this State, has lately made a speech, in which he *promises* that the expenditures are to be greatly reduced during the present fiscal year, which began the first day of July last, appropriations his reason for showing year. He says that the appropriations for ordinary expenses of Government are but $90,000,000 for the present year. Oh! the brazen impudence of the man! Who does not know that the Radical Congressmen made small appropriations just to bridge over the Presidential election, and that, as soon as that is over, up will come a *deficiency* bill of more than $100,000,000.

But how swift is avenging *Truth* upon the track of these cheating scoundrels! The ordinary expenses for July are just officially published, and they amount to over $15,000,000, while the appropriation for July amounts to but $7,500,000! Even at this rate the ordinary expenses for the year will amount to $180,000,000!

Follow up the rascals!

[Bangor, (Maine,) Democrat.

BUTLERIAN STRATEGY EXPOSED.—Some of the transactions of Gen. Butler, while in command at New Orleans are being exhumed, and depositions taken in the case of Kearney vs. Butler, a copy of which has been received here by the Butler investigation committee. In May, 1862, when Confederate money was current in New Orleans, by permission of Gen. Butler, his brother, Col. Butler, agreed to purchase a large amount of naval stores from Kearney, payable in Confederate money. The next day Gen. Butler issued a proclamation prohibiting the circulation of Confederate money, which at once declined to nominal value. Col. Butler soon after demanded the delivery of the naval stores and offered Confederate money. Kearney declined, whereupon Gen. Butler arrested him and threatened to send him to Fort Jackson and confine him with ball and chain if he did not deliver up the goods. Kearney made delivery and now sues for $10,000.

The famine in Africa is still ravaging every district, and, although both the Government and press are silent in the matter, cases in criminal courts occasionally crop up proving how terrible must be the distress in the French colonies. The following affair has no equal in the whole range of human misery: A youth was summoned before the magistrates of Algiers for desecrating the dead. It was proven in evidence that he had dug up the body of a child, opened it and that he had roasted and eaten the liver, etc., and was eating a portion of the thigh when the police entered the cabin. The jury acquitted him. Comment on such horrors would be out of place. When the inquisition for blood is made, somebody will answer for these things.

The New York Express says: "A Wisconsin lady lately, acting, as she believed, under the influence of the 'spirits,' came to this city, en route for California, in search of a missing son. Here she met with a variety of adventures, ending in her incarceration in the Kings County Lunatic Asylum, where she remained a long time. Spiritualism had made her almost raving mad. She is now fully recovered, however, and has been sent back to her family."

THE PROSPECT.—The following is from the New York Herald:

Last year the gains against the Republican party on Congressional votes had wiped out its former majorities and established an equality, and, constantly increasing, the gains will now make the balance on the other side. Such a change as we have seen in Oregon and half such majorities as Kentucky has given, will present a total to astonish and confound political philosophers.

A colored man in Washington, says the Express, was recently lectured by a Radical politician for becoming "restive in the traces." The colored man replied:

"Under your teachings we have alienated from us the mass of the white people North as well as South; you have got the offices and emoluments, while we have done the work and stand out in the cold. For one, I am done with you."

Outrageous.

A week ago Thursday night the colored speakers, McCoy and others, had obtained an audience at Mrs. Porter's plantation, and everything promised a peaceable meeting and complete success, when some young chaps, mere boys, from this place, made their appearance there, and, under the influence of liquor, commenced a disgraceful row among themselves, making a display of pistols. The colored people left, and the meeting broke up.

The white people of Franklin in a mass denounce this as an outrage which will, and ought to receive the condemnation of every good man in the parish. It is disgraceful that, when the best white and colored people in the parish are making an effort to bring about peace, good feeling and prosperity, drunken boys should attend political meetings and break them up.

The people, headed by the Central Democratic Committee, are determined to organize a police to attend these meetings, and if these boys continue such disgraceful proceedings they will do it at their peril.

This is equally as disgraceful as the armed negro Radical movement at Brashear lately intended to break up the Democratic meeting of Rollins and McCoy, and as that of the colored ruffians at Pattersonville, headed by John Field, who attempted to molest a Democratic meeting of McCoy and others.

Speaking in Franklin.

On Friday night the 28th inst., Mr. McCoy, Mr. Tucker, the Rev. Mr. Watkins, of Centreville and the Rev. Mr. Johnson, of Brashear City, spoke in Franklin on the political issues of the day. Mr. Tucker was the only white speaker. They all made excellent speeches. Mr. McCoy made one of his best speeches. It was high'y praised by everybody. The Rev. Mr. Johnson Franklin by a colored man. [illegible] Watkins spoke with great earnestness and to the point. His speech was full of good advice to the men of his color. It will be like good seed sown on good ground. Mr. Tucker was particularly severe on the hungry and hypocritical carpet-baggers, and showed up the whole race of vermin who have come South to eat out the substance of the people.

The torchlights, flags and transparencies were all right, the audience paid good attention, and a goodly number of both colors were in attendance.

MEETING AT RACELAND.—[illegible] last, whilst Scott Jordan was addressing some two or three hundred colored persons at Raceland, a Radical of the free speech order, was seen drawing a pistol to shoot the orator, but upon being discovered, a little mild persuasion caused him to change his mind and put his pistol in his pocket. We are glad to see that a little reason, accompanied by the proper kind of argument will have salutary effect upon the overbearing tyranny of these Radical club leaders. Last year they scared all the colored men into their ranks, but just now colored men are not so easily terrified.—[Thibodaux Sentinel.

All of the disposition to shoot for opinion's sake, which we see exhibited in the southern part of Louisiana is by Radicals. Even where they are in the minority they threaten, and attempt to bully, and teach the negroes to do so. Warmoth calls for arms! "Let us have peace!"

PEACE AND ORDER.—There was a meeting in the Governor's office last evening of the gentlemen composing the joint committee of the Democratic and Republican parties appointed to devise means for the preservation of peace and order during the canvass.

Besides Governor Warmoth, the committee and a number of prominent gentlemen invited were present. Governor Warmoth made a brief speech of a conciliatory character and Messrs. J. B. Eustis, ex-Gov. Flanders, W. M. Randolph, Esq., General A. L. Lee, D. F. Kenner, Esq., and Mark F. Bigney, Esq., expressed their views.

It was resolved that the committee draft a report based upon the views expressed, and report at the next meeting to be called at an early date.

LOUISIANA ITEMS.—Colored Democratic speakers are canvassing nearly every portion of North Louisiana, and we have yet to learn of a single place visited by them where the scales have not been knocked from the eyes of the colored dupes of the Radical thieves and hypocrites who have infested our country. We should not be at all surprised if within the course of the next four months the negroes themselves do not demand of every carpet-bagger in the country to leave it without unnecessary delay. It would be a righteous retribution, and by no means an impossible or unlikely one. So lookout scalawags!—[Ouachita Telegraph.

A SENSIBLE CARPET-BAGGER.—At a Radical meeting recently held in Washington, Mr. Railback, of Mississippi, said he had been a candidate for Congress in Mississippi. He for one, would not go back to Mississippi, but would return to Indiana, where he originally came from. He knew he was a carpet-bagger, and was not ashamed to own it. He thought Mississippi was not a very desirable place to live in anyhow, as the Democrats there were thoroughly organized, and worked like beavers.

This is the first verse of the first chapter of the carpet-bagger's "Exodus."

CHARBON.—A learned friend, a disciple of Esculapius, informs us that the tincture of iodine is a sure remedy for this disease. Take a soft brush and paint with iodine, the effected part, at the same time making a complete circle around it, and continue this painting several times a day, enlarging the circle as the disease enlarges until a cure is effected. This remedy has been used with great success in Franklin parish.

[New Era.

A machine has lately been invented which, from ordinary ash or any other soft and flexible wood, turns out two hundred strawberry boxes per minute.

Congressional Usurpations Must Cease.

The infamous system of government established in the South was educed from the census tables. Never was a greater fraud sought to be consummated than that by which Congress endeavored to induce the Southern States to approve the constitutional amendment. We can see now, plainly enough, the whole extent of the villainy of the Radical party managers. They knew well enough that every odious measure which they have sought to enforce in the South was fatal to the Union, and their whole policy was based upon statistical tables, showing the relative number of whites and blacks, and how many of the former must be disfranchised to give supremacy to negroes. In other words, Butler and his accomplices intended from the beginning to use the Southern States as agencies of triump in the Presidential election. They have suffered no obstacle of law, justice or public policy to intervene. The Constitution has been confessedly set at naught, in time of peace the army has been used to overawe the people, and the whole theory on which the war was waged, unfulfilled. These facts show conclusively that if the excluded States had voluntarily adopted the supposed amendment to the constitution, their relations to the Union would still be the same. Reconstruction measures have no reference to the well being of State, people, or of the Union. They were designed simply and solely for the purpose of enabling Butler and his co-conspirators to retain power. If the adoption or rejection of the amendment, as Radicalism asserts, affected in any manner the conduct of Congress or the right of States, now that the amendment is alleged to be part of the constitution, why are these States still excluded?

When Congress convenes next month, we shall have further illustrations of its utter want of honesty and truthfulness. It will enact other laws designed to compel each Southern State to vote for Grant. Legislatures will be empowered to cast the vote of constituencies who elected their local representatives without reference to the pendency of the Presidential election; the President will be impeached and the government subverted, that the reign of the party in power may be perpetuated. Will the people submit to these usurpations? Shall their anticipated wishes be defeated by the unblushing knavery of Congress? Will this tyrannic progress be suffered to make for itself? Congress [illegible] to defeat the wishes of the people, and if the people tamely submit to its initiatory measures of outrage and wrong, there is no act so unblushing in its violation of popular rights and the country's laws, that Congress will adopt to insure the election of Grant. When Congress re-convenes, that it may pervert the laws in promotion of partisan interests, countervailing measures should be adopted by the Democratic party, and with this end in view representative statesmen, adherents of Seymour, should assemble to define a course of action. Congress should be made to understand that the people will not suffer their choice of a President to be defeated by the machinations of unscrupulous [illegible] invested for a time with law-making powers.—[Pelican.

Arraign the Rascals.

Never was there such wholesale plundering and robbing of the people as has been carried on during the past three years by the office holders of the Radical party.

If the laboring man asks himself why it is that he has to pay two and three prices for everything that he consumes in his family, he will find an answer in the thievings and stealings of the Radical Congressmen.

Look at these astounding figures, all drawn from official reports. The United States Government, has, during the past three years, collected from the people the following enormous sums:

1866	$560,000,000
1867	490,000,000
1868	406,000,000
Total	$1,456,000,000

But $216,000,000 of that enormous amount has gone to pay the public debt; the rest, amounting to the gigantic sum of $1,240,000,000, has been expended by this most extravagant Radical Congress.

What a fact is this! These Radical Congressmen have expended, during the past three years more money than the whole Government of the United States cost for SIXTY YEARS—from 1789 to 1849.

Is there a Republican laboring man in Maine who will say that this is not a sufficient reason why the Radicals should not be hurled from power this very fall?

[Bangor, (Me.,) Democrat.

A FEARFUL INCIDENT.—A letter from Fort Larned to the Leavenworth Times, tells the following:

A most fearful and appalling circumstance transpired at the fort last evening. While a party of ladies and gentlemen were sitting in front of the beautiful quarters of Col. Ed. Wynkoop, Indian superintendent or agent of several warlike tribes, the entire party commenced a beautiful song. While the melody was ringing in the night air, a monstrous, shaggy and rabid wolf dashed madly in the midst of the party, first attacking Lieut. Thompson, Third United States Infantry, tearing and lacerating his limbs in a most frightful manner. The monster broke away, pursued by Col. Wynkoop, and his chief scout, James Morrison, who had lost no time in procuring proper arms. Before either of these fearless gentlemen, however, could overtake him, the wolf had attacked the sentry at the guard-house, whom he also bit savagely, the sentinel fired, but unfortunately missed his aim. From the guard-house the wolf next dashed over to the hospital, and made an assault upon one of the men there stationed, almost tearing his right arm from his body, after first taking off a finger entire. He then attacked and mutilated a colored soldier of the Tenth Cavalry, and subsequently entered the quarters of the laundress while she was in bed, but owing to the thickness of the bed-clothes, fortunately failed to inflict any serious injury on the poor woman. The maddened creature next caught sight of the sentinel at the haystacks, who almost providentially, shot him dead. Besides Lieut. Thompson, there were three persons badly bitten and mutilated by this monster.

The St. Louis Democrat gives an account of another horrible accident from coal oil. Mrs. Amelia Grassmuck is the name of the lady who was the victim of the sad accident. She turned down a lamp to extinguish it, but as she did not wholly succeed, blew down the chimney. A terrible explosion, like the report of a shot gun, followed. The oil was scattered upon the dress of the unfortunate lady, while a piece of the lamp struck her on the shoulder, causing of itself a severe wound. In a moment her wearing apparel was on fire, and she became a mass of flame. Persons hastened to her relief, and succeeded in extinguishing the flame, but she suffered terribly until next day, when she died, notwithstanding all that her physician could do.

The Ocean Bottom.

Mr. Green, the famous diver, tells singular stories of his adventures when making search in the deep waters of the ocean. He gives some new sketches on what he saw at the Silver Banks, near Hayti.

"The banks of coral on which my divings were made are about forty miles in length, and from ten to twenty in breadth. On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to a hundred feet in depth, and so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet when submerged, with but little obstruction to the sight.

The bottom of the ocean in many places is as smooth as a marble floor; in others it is studded with coral columns, from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from six to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of those more lofty, support a myriad more, giving reality to the imaginary abode of some water-nymph. In other places the pendants form arch after arch, and as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean, and gazes through the deep widening avenues, he finds that they fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral, which had been buried beneath old ocean's wave. Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if the loftier columns were towers belonging to those stately temples that are now in ruins.

"There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs and plants in every crevice of the coral where the water had deposited earth. They were all of a faint hue owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants that I am familiar with that vegetate upon dry land. One in particular attracted my attention, it resembled a sea fan of immense size of varigated colors, and the most brilliant hue. The fish which inhabited these Silver Banks I found as different in kind as the scenery was varied. They were of all forms, colors and sizes—from the symmetrical goby to the globe-like sunfish, from the dullest hue to the changeable dolphin; from the spots of the leopard to the hues of sunbeam; from the harmless minnow to the voracious shark.

"Some [illegible] through the water like meteors, while others could scarcely be seen to move.

"To enumerate and explain all the various kinds of fish I beheld while diving on these banks would, were I enough of a naturalist to do so, require more than my limits allow, for I am convinced that most of the kinds of fish which inhabit the tropical seas can be found there. The sunfish, starfish, white shark and blue or shovel-nose shark were often seen.

"There were also fish which resembled plants, and remained as fixed in their position as a shrub; the only power they possessed was to open and shut when in danger. Some of them resembled the rose when in full bloom, and were of all hues. There were the fish, from five inches to three feet in length; their eyes are very large and protrude like those of a frog. Another fish is spotted like a leopard, from three to ten feet in length. They build their houses like beavers, in which they spawn, and the male or female watches the egg until it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long which I should think would weigh from four to five hundred pounds."

A fellow in a skiff passed Muscatine the other day, who had started from New Orleans, and was going to the head waters of the Mississippi.

The Piqua (Ohio) Journal says the grasshoppers have ruined the flax crop in portions of Miami and Shelby counties. Many of the farmers will not realize more than two bushels of seed to the acre.

This is a well recommended recipe for summer complaints: Cook thoroughly a quart of Indian meal, sweeten it with sugar, and grate into it nutmeg. Take instead of the regular meals.

Only one member of Lincoln's original cabinet is now acting with the Radicals, and that one is the notorious corruptionist, Simon Cameron.

A New York cotemporary says Miss Flora McFlimsey must have felt very happy during the sweltering season, having nothing to wear.

A five dollar bill passed through the Bank of Commerce recently, marked "The last of a large fortune. Beware of the intoxicating cup."

A wag in Boston suggests that a suitable litanical response for many city choirs would be, "O Lord! have mercy on us, miserable singers."

The public bath-house in St. Louis, was opened on the 22d of June, and up to the 21st of the present month 18,777 residents of that city had availed themselves of the benefits afforded by it.

Gen. Buchanan has informed the Texas Convention that the Millican riot could and would be investigated without their aid.

A colored Democratic orator, named Stephen Durden, was assassinated by Loyal Leaguers in Hammand, La., on the 11th ult. He was shot in the back as he was entering his dwelling.

A citizen of Bedford county, Va., named Chaffin, is only twenty-seven inches high, weighs but twenty-five pounds, and is forty-two years old. He is in the exhibiting business.

The citizens of Campbell county, Va., have resolved to employ no one who belongs to the Loyal League.

Grant informed a New Orleans gentleman recently that he "had to kick the d—d scoundler Warmoth, (the present Governor of Louisiana,) out of the army at Vicksburg as a common liar."

The several Parish Committees, says the Crescent, of the Democratic party throughout the State, are earnestly requested to notify the State Central Committee immediately on their organization. The same request is made to the various Democratic clubs in the country parishes, so that the committee may be able to furnish them with campaign documents.