

TWO HOMES.

Two homes among the mountains stood,
And both had goodly lands;

One looked upon the inland fields;
One watched the white beach-sands;

And caught from south and caught from north
A view of misty hills,

And river-threaded valleys, flecked
With busy tolling mills.

One house stood forth as if it scorned
The shrinking orchard's shade;

And straight and trim from door to gate
The smooth brick walk was laid.

No flowers bloomed; the lawn was smooth
As velvet from the loom;

And down the lane some poplars stood
In stiff and stately gloom.

The robin at his peril sang
Among the cherry-trees;

The very corn-fields seemed to hate
The free and easy breeze.

The cows were of superior breed,
The horses strong and sleek;

The good wife—ever at her work—
A woman sad and meek.

The man himself, an honest man,
Whose children knew the birch;

Hard-working, sober, fair in deal,
And always prompt at church.

The other home, through bloom and bough
Played bo-peep with the sea;

Round columned porch the jasmine sweet
Crept green and fragrantly.

The birds came fearlessly to stay,
And white hands, deft and fairy,

To warbled song and step of health,
Made butter in the dairy.

The simple rooms were sweet and rich
With gleamings from the wood;

The hills, the sea, and every thing
Of beauty and of good.

The poet's book, the artist's gem,
Each for its own high sake;

And the glad music everywhere
Which happy children make.

One man his austere precepts held—
'E'en higher than his gold—

Yet lived beneath his thrift and calm,
Impoverished and cold.

The other shed an influence sweet;
One felt, nor knew, the thrill;

For one loved God in church and creed,
And one loved GOD IN ALL.

Mignonette.

Selected Story.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

MY GODFATHER'S MANŒUVRING.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

I have said that my dear godfather was
a great match-maker. One of his exploits
in this way, which occurred during my
second visit to him, and Mrs. Evelyn, I
am now about to relate.

Amongst the many distant cousins to
whom I was introduced in that northern
region, was a young kinswoman by the
name of Hervey—an orphan heiress of
considerable fortune, who lived in the
same town and the same street with my
godfather, under the protection of a lady
who had been the governess of her child-
hood, and continued with her as the friend
of her youth. Sooth to say, their friend-
ship was of that tender and sentimental
sort at which the world, the wicked world,
is so naughtily as to laugh. Miss Reid and
Miss Hervey were names quite as insepar-
able as goose and apple-sauce, or tongue
and chicken. They regularly made their
appearance together, and there would
have appeared I know not what of im-
propriety in speaking of either singly; it
would have looked like a tearing asunder
of the "double cherry," respecting which,
in their case, even the "seeming parted,"
would have been held too disjunctive a
phrase, so tender and inseparable was
their union; although as far as resem-
blance went, no simile could be more
inapplicable. Never were two people more
unlike in mind and person.

Lucy Hervey was a pretty little woman
of six and twenty; but from a delicate
figure, delicate features, and a most delicate
complexion, looking much younger. Per-
haps the total absence of strong expression,
the mildness and simplicity of her coun-
tenance, and the artlessness and docility
of her manner might conduce to the
mistake. She was a sweet, gentle creature,
generous and affectionate; and not want-
ing in sense, although her entire reliance
on her friend's judgment, and constant
habit of obedience to her wishes rendered
the use of it somewhat rare.

Miss Reid was a tall, awkward woman,
raw-boned, lank and huge, just what one
fancies a man would be in petticoats; with
a face that, except the beard, (certainly
she had no beard) might have favored the
supposition, so brown and bony and stern
and ill-favored was her unfortunate visage.
In one point, she was lucky. There was
no guessing at her age, certainly not
within ten years; nor within twenty.
She looked old; but with that figure, those
features, and that complexion, she must
have looked old at eighteen. To guess
her age was impossible. Her voice was
deep and dictatorial; her manner rough
and assuming; and her conversation un-
mercifully sensible and oracular—"full of
wise saws and modern instances." For
the rest, in spite of her insipidities ex-
terior, she was a good sort of disagreeable
woman; charitable and kind in her way;
genuinely fond of Lucy Hervey, whom
she petted and scolded and coaxed and
managed just as a nurse manages a child;
and tolerably well liked of all her ac-
quaintance—except Mr. Evelyn, who
had been at war with her for the last nine
years, on the subject of his fair cousin's
marriage; and had, at last, come to re-
gard her pretty much as a prime minister
may look upon an opposition leader,—as
a regular opponent, an obstacle to be put
down or swept away. I verily believe
that he hated her as much as his kindly
nature could hate any body.

To be sure, it was no slight grievance
to have so fair a subject for his matrimo-
nial speculations, a kinswoman too, just
under his very eye, and to find all his
plans thwarted by that inexorable govern-
er—more especially, as, without her aid,
it was morally certain that the pretty
Lucy would never have had the heart to
say no to any body. Ever since Miss
Hervey was seventeen, my dear godpapa
had been scheming for her advantage. It
was quite melancholy to hear him count
up the husbands she might have had—be-
ginning at the Duke's son, her partner at
her first race ball,—and ending with the
newly-arrived physician, his last protegee:

The Southern Home.

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NO. 37.

"Now," he said, "she might die an old
maid; he had done with her." And there
did actually appear to be a cessation of all
his matrimonial plans in that quarter.
Miss Reid herself laid aside her distrust
of him; and a truce, if not a peace, was
tacitly concluded between these sturdy
antagonists. Mr. Evelyn seemed to have
given up the game—a strange thing for
him to do whilst he had a pawn left! But
so it was. His adversary had the board
all to herself; and was in as good humor,
as a winning player generally is. Miss
Reid was never remembered so amiable.
We saw them almost every day, as the
fashion is amongst neighbors in small
towns, and used to ride and walk together
continually—although Lucy, whose health
was delicate, frequently declined accom-
panying us on our more distant excursions.

Our usual beam, besides the dear god-
papa, was a Mr. Morris, the curate of the
parish—an uncouth, gawky, lengthy man,
with an astounding Westmoreland dialect,
and a most portentous laugh. Really his
ha! ha! was quite a shock to the nerves—
a sort of oral shower-bath; so sudden and
so startling was the explosion. In loudness
it resembled half a dozen ordinary
laughs "rolled into one," and as the gen-
tleman was of a factious disposition and
chomped his own good things as well as
those of other people, with his awful
cachination, it was no joking matter. But
he was so excellent a person, so cordial,
so jovial, so simple-hearted, and so con-
tented with a lot none of the most pros-
perous, that one could not help liking him;
laugh and all. He was a widower, with
one only son, a Cambridge scholar, of
whom he was deservedly proud. Edward
Morris, besides his academical honors (I
think he had been senior wrangler of his
year) was a very fine young man, with an
intelligent countenance, but exceedingly
shy, silent, and abstracted. I could not
help thinking the poor youth was in love;
but his father and Mr. Evelyn laid the
whole blame on the mathematics. He
would sit sometimes for an hour together,
immersed, as they said, in his calculations,
with his eyes fixed on Lucy Hervey, as if
her sweet face had been the problem he
was solving. But your mathematicians
are privileged people; and so apparently
my fair cousin thought, for she took no
notice, unless by blushing a shade the
deeper. It was worth while to look at
Lucy Hervey, when Edward Morris was
gazing on her in his absent fits, her cheeks
were as red as a rose.

How these blushes came to escape the
notice of Miss Reid, I cannot tell,—unless
she might happen to have her own atten-
tion engrossed by Edward's father. For
certain, that attention paid her, in his odd
way, great attention; was her constant
beau in our walking-parties; sate by her
side at dinner; and manoeuvred to get her
for his partner at whist. She had the
benefit of his best bon-mots, and his loud-
est laughs; and she seemed to me not to
dislike that portentous sound, so much as
might have been expected from a lady of
her particularity. I ventured to hint my
observations to Mr. Evelyn; who chuckled,
laid his forefinger against his nose, rubbed
his hands, and called me a simpleton.

Affairs were in this position, when one
night just at going to bed, my good god-
father with a little air of mystery (no
uncommon preparation to his most trifling
plans) made an appointment to walk
with me before breakfast, as far as a pet
farm, about a mile out of the town, the
superintendence of which was one of his
greatest amusements. Early the next
morning, the house-maid, who usually at-
tended me, made her appearance, and
told me that her master was waiting for
me, that I must make haste, and that he
desired I would be smart, as he expected
a party to breakfast at the farm. This
sort of injunction is seldom thrown away
on a damsel of eighteen; accordingly I
adjusted, with all possible despatch, a new
blue silk pelisse, and sallied forth into the
corridor, which I heard him pacing as
impatiently as might be. There, to my
no small consternation, instead of the
usual gallant compliments of the most
gallant of godfathers, I was received with
very disapproving glances; told that I
looked like an old woman in that dowdy-
colored pelisse, and conjured to exchange
it for a white gown. Half affronted, I
nevertheless obeyed; doffed the pelisse,
and donned the white gown, as ordered;
and being greeted this time with a bright
smile, and a chuck under the chin, we set
in high good-humor on our expedition.

Instead, however, of proceeding straight
to the farm, Mr. Evelyn made a slight
deviation, from our course, turning down
the market-place, and into the warehouse
of a certain Mrs. Bennett, milliner and
mantua-maker, a dashing, over-dressed
dame, who presided over the fashions for
ten miles round, and marshalled a com-
piter full of caps and bonnets on one side
of the shop, whilst her husband, an obse-
quious, civil bowing tradesman, dealt out
gloves and stockings at the other. A
little, dark parlor behind was common to
both. Into this den I was ushered; and
Mrs. Bennett with many apologies began,
at a signal from my godfather, to divest
me of all my superfluous blueiness, silk
handkerchiefs, sash, and wrist-ribbons, (for
with the constancy which, is born of op-
position, I had, in relinquishing my ob-
noxious pelisse, clung firmly to the ob-
noxious color) replacing them by white
satin ribbons and a beautiful white shawl;
and, finally, exchanging my straw bonnet
for one of white silk, with a deep lace
veil—that piece of delicate finery which
all women delight in. Whilst I was now
admiring the richness of the genuine
Brussels point, and now looking at myself
in a little glass which Mrs. Bennett was
holding to my face, for the better display
of her millinery—the bonnet, to do her
justice, was pretty and becoming,—during
this engrossing contemplation, her smooth,
silky husband crept behind me with the
stealthy pace of a cat, and relying, as it

seems, on my pre-occupation, actually
drew my York-tan gloves from my as-
tonished hands, and substituted a pair of
his own best white kid. This operation
being completed, my godpapa, putting his
forefinger to his lip in token of secrecy,
hurried me with a look of great triumph,
from the shop.

We walked at a rapid pace; and be-
tween quick motion and amazement, I
was too much out of breath to utter a
word, till we had passed the old gothic
castle at the end of the town, and crossed
the long bridge that spans its wide and
winding river. I then rained questions
on my dear old friend, who chuckled and
noddled, and vented two or three half
laughs, but vouchsafed nothing tending to
a reply. At length we came to a spot
where the road turned suddenly to the
left, (the way to the farm,) whilst, right
before us, rose a knoll, on which stood
the church, a large, heavy, massive build-
ing, almost a cathedral, finely relieved by
the range of woody hills which shut in
the landscape. A turning gate, with a
tall, straight cypress on either side, led
into the church-yard; and through this
gate Mr. Evelyn passed. The church
door was a little ajar, and through the
crevice, we saw peeping the long red
nose of the old clerk, a Bardolphian per-
sonage, to whom my godfather, who loved to
oblige people in their own way, some-
times did the questionable service of
clearing off his score at the Greyhound;
his red nose and a skirt of his shabby
black coat peeped through the porch;
whilst, behind one of the buttresses, glim-
mered for an instant, the white drapery
of a female figure. I did not need these
indications to convince me that a wed-
ding was the object in view; that had
been certain from the first cashing of my
blue ribbons; but I was still at a loss,
as to the parties; and felt quite relieved
by Mr. Evelyn's question, "Pray, my dear,
were you ever a bride's-maid?"—since in
the extremity of my perplexity, I had
had something like an apprehension that
an unknown beau might appear at the
call of this mighty manager, and I be-
lieved myself to be the bride myself.
Compelled to find that I was only to act
the confidante, I had now leisure to be
exceedingly curious as to my prima donna.
My curiosity was speedily gratified.

On entering the church, we had found
only a neighboring clergyman, not Mr.
Morris at the altar; and, looking round
at the opening of another door, I perceived
the worthy curate in a jetty clerical suit,
bristling with newness, leading Miss Reid
be-donned and be-scarfed and be-veiled
and beplumed, and all in a flutter of
bridal array, in great state, up the aisle.
Mr. Evelyn advanced to meet them, took
the lady's fair hand from Mr. Morris, and
led her along with all the grace of an old
courtier; I fell into the procession at the
proper place; the amiable pair were duly
married, and I thought my office over. I
was never more mistaken in all my life.

In the midst of the customary confusion
of kissing and wishing joy, and writing
and signing registers and certificates,
which form so important and disagreeable
part of that disagreeable and important
ceremony, Mr. Evelyn had vanished; and
just as the bride was enquiring for him,
with the intention of leaving the church,
he reappeared through the very same
side-door which had admitted the first
happy couple, leading Lucy Hervey, and
followed by Edward Morris. The father
evidently expected them; the new step-
mother as evidently did not. Never did
a thief taken in the manner, seem more
astonished than that sage governess!
Lucy, on her part, blushed and hung back,
and looked shy and prettier than ever;
the old clerk grinned; the clergyman,
who had shown some symptoms of as-
tonishment at the first wedding, now
smiled to Mr. Evelyn, as if this accounted,
and made amends for it; whilst the dear
god-papa himself chuckled and noddled
and rubbed his hands, and chuckled both
bride and bride's-maid under the chin,
and seemed ready to cut capers for joy.
Again the book was opened at the page
of destiny; again I held the milk-white
gloves; and after nine years of unsuccess-
ful manoeuvring, my cousin Lucy was mar-
ried. It was, undoubtedly, the most tri-
umphant event of the good old man's life;
and I don't believe that either couple ever
saw cause to regret the dexterity in the
art of match-making which produced
their double union. They have been as
happy as people usually are in this work-
a-day world, especially the young mathe-
matician and his pretty wife; and their
wedding-day is still remembered in W.;
for besides his munificence to singer, ring-
er, sexton and clerk, Mr. Evelyn roasted
two sheep on the occasion, gave away ten
bride-cakes, and made the whole town
tipsy.

Royal Eccentricities.

A GOOD POINT.—The Chicago Times
makes a telling point when it says: While
Grant has been receiving houses and lots,
horses, wines, cigars, etc., as gifts; and
while Mrs. Lincoln has been scrambling
for a pension which Congress has at last
conferred upon her, Gen. Lee has promptly
refused an annuity of \$3,000 which the
trustees of Washington College wish to
settle upon his wife. Education in moral
decency and self respect, has been ne-
glected on one side or the other. Will
the Republican party say which?

The Freedmen's Bureau, under the con-
trol of Gen. Howard the "Christian sol-
dier" has robbed the treasury and people
of fifteen millions of dollars in further-
ance of the schemes of reputed charity
among the negroes, in order to help en-
slave the negro element for the Radical
party and secure its vote.—Monmouth
(N. J.) Democrat.

ANOTHER CARPET-BAGGER GONE.—Our
correspondent gives us the first intima-
tion that we have had that Moore is gone!
Joy go with him.

Editor Sentinel.—I am surprised, that as
chronicler of current events, you have
not long since informed your readers of
the departure, from this county and from
the State, of the Right Hon. W. A. Moore,
(perhaps better known as Previous ques-
tion Moore) for distant parts. "We mourn
our loss," but there is some consolation in
knowing that the Hon. William will be
succeeded in the Senate by that renowned
warrior and statesman, Col. Clarke, "who
for the third time" &c., &c.

Old "previous question" left very un-
expectedly, a few days after the late
election, much to the regret of some, who
held little unsettled balances against his
Honor.

When last heard from, he was in the
far Northwest. Perhaps he is looking for
the La Crosse Democrat, which published
such naughty things about him a year or
so ago.—Raleigh Sentinel.

SUSPENSION OF THE NORTH CAROLINA
RADICAL BIBLE.—To the Patrons of the
Standard.—Business complications in no
wise connected with the present proprie-
torship and editorial management of the
Standard, render a suspension of the paper
necessary for the present. In a short
time our patrons and the public will be
communicated with and our plans for the
future developed. W. A. SMITH & Co.

We predict that the Standard will be
revived when the Sheriffs pay in their
October taxes. Can they not hold over
until the Legislature shall meet, when a
special act can be made justifying the
delay? What is the use of paying in the
people's money to a set of irresponsible
thieves?

Peace prevails in North Carolina. The
Governor has officially declared a Con-
servative victory, is about to disband his
ragamuffin troops, and subsides generally
from an armed ruffian into a mere partisan
pamphleteer. These are happy changes,
and pleasantly prefigure the good time
coming, and now not far off, when Rad-
ical rulers shall cease to bear rule in the
South any more. Six weeks ago, when
Republican ascendancy was yet unbroken,
North Carolina was one scene of brutal
violence, a reproach to the civilization of
the age, and a disgrace to the country.
To-day that ascendancy is over; and
North Carolina is as quiet as New York.
The difference is the same as that be-
tween Tennessee under Brownlow and
under Senter.—N. Y. World.

Radical orators in this city, counsel
their negro allies to make the city too hot
to hold any black man who votes the
Democratic ticket at the coming election.
This is what the party in power calls
"emphatic suffrage." A like system is
being carried out in the South. Recently,
a gang of Radicals waylaid a negro named
Martin, in South Carolina as he was re-
turning from church at night, charging him
with being "a d—d Democratic
nigger, who was assisting the white peo-
ple to restore slavery," and threatened to
kill him, unless he would promise to for-
sake the Reform party, which he would
not do. He managed to escape, but was
shot at, fortunately without injury. The
assaults were subsequently arrested and
committed to jail, but afterwards released
through the intercession of a Radical
colored justice of the peace, who went
personally to the Radical colored jailor
and demanded that the prisoners should
be set at large. If a negro will be a slave
to the Radical party it is all right. If he
asserts his rights as a freeman, the city
and county will be made "too hot to hold
him." Verily the Fifteenth Amendment
has done wonders for the negro man.
Philadelphia Age.

A circular has been printed at Wash-
ington, the purpose of which is to obtain
for compilation in a book to be called the
"Blue Book of Nepotism" the names of
any two or more relatives by blood or
marriage who hold office in the civil or
military service of the national govern-
ment. When this list shall be made out
it is to be presented to Congress and the
State Legislatures, in the hope that thus
the evils of nepotism may be mitigated.
It is desired to obtain the passage of a
law to the effect that hereafter no two or
more relatives shall hold office by appoint-
ment in the civil or military service of the
United States; that no relative of any
person elected to office shall hold office by
appointment; and that no relatives shall
hold office in any bank or in the financial
department of any company chartered by
the government. It is believed by the
issuer of the circular that more than one
hundred millions of dollars could thus be
annually saved to the nation and to the
States.—N. Y. World.

The fierce, intellectually muscular fe-
male who edits the Revolution, the organ
of the suffrage-shrieking sisterhood, thus
crushes, as a worm of the dust, a feeble-
minded male editor who has been so rash
as to throw himself beneath her brogans:
"There is no effrontery equal to that of
certain sanctimonious wiseacres of the
religious press. Here, for instance, is Mr.
Charles A. Richardson, editor of the Con-
gregationalist, taking the Revolution to task
for uttering what the gentleman regards
as loose views of marriage. One would
think that Mr. Richardson had been too
lately conspicuous in the McFarland case,
figuring as the brother of a murdered man
who held what were similarly styled
"loose views of marriage," to make it
consistent with good taste on the part of
the Congregationalist to dabble again in a
pool in which it was so lately soiled."
Courier-Journal.

Kirk's Pets.—Two gallant heroes of a
well-fought campaign, bearing the names
of Ben and Nathan Williford, who boast
of their belonging to the noble band of
martyrs, Kirk's command, were arrested
in Wilson, N. C., on Monday last, charged
with the innocent amusement of taking
other people's horses, and were lodged in
jail. On Tuesday they were brought be-
fore Justice Taylor. No evidence appear-
ing against Nathan, he was discharged;
but Ben, unable to give bond for his ap-
pearance at the next term of court, was
caged.—North Carolinian.

Grant's hatred for the Southern people
was never more forcibly illustrated than
in his conduct toward Texas and North
Carolina. He will neither protect the
people from Indians, nor allow them to
protect themselves. The Texas authori-
ties raised troops for the purpose; but
Grant would not suffer them to act.—
Meanwhile the savages are butchering
white men, women and children in all di-
rections. When Gov. Holden asked Grant
to send Federal soldiers into North
Carolina for political purposes they were
promptly dispatched. No time was lost.
But when the people of Texas implore aid
to keep the Indians in check, to prevent
the savages from committing acts of bar-
barism, they are treated with coldness, or
their prayer refused. Aiding Radical
scalawags is one thing. Protecting peace-
able citizens another.—Nashville Union
and American.

Gen. Grant is indebted to a Radical
paper, the N. Y. Evening Post, for the
following choice morsel:

"Grant has gone to Long Branch. It
is understood that this eminent sot has
been for some weeks negotiating with
Rye, Beach and Newport also, but Long
Branch outbid them. Grant secures a
present of a horse, Mrs. Grant of a new
bathing-dress and some jewelry, and the
children of toys of various kinds. It is
understood also that Grant shares the
profits of all the bars, gambling-hells and
bagnios during his stay. Little Fanny
has made a similar arrangement with the
'Laundresses' Union,' and young Jesse
receives a royalty from the bootblacks—
two cents a pair."

As a specimen of irate Radical litera-
ture, this is hard to beat.

The almost unlimited credit system
which has grown up in the United States,
fostered and maintained by our paper-
moneyed institutions, has been a curse to
the country. It has helped to accumulate
capital in a few hands, who control all
the avenues of trade and commerce, and
paralyze all legitimate industry and en-
terprise. It has made millionaires of the
few and impoverished the great mass of
the people. It has built up a moneyed
aristocracy, "who toil not, neither do they
spin, and yet Solomon, in all his glory,
was not arrayed like one of these." Had
it not been for this rotten system, we
would have no Stewarts, and Cookes, and
Vanderbilts, who count their gains by
millions, yet who never, by their labor,
added one dollar to the common and real
wealth of the community. Daniel Web-
ster was right when he said of our bank-
ing system, that it "fertilized the rich
man's field with the sweat of the poor
man's brow." It is a fact that cannot be
denied, that while we have a nominally
Republican country, and can boast that
the popular will is the supreme law of the
land; yet still there is scarcely a country
on the face of the globe, whose legislation
and whose favorite policy has tended so
much to aggrandize the few at the ex-
pense of the many, or, in other words,
"to make the rich richer and the poor
poor," as have the legislation and the
policy of the United States and of the in-
dividual States.—Philadelphia Mercury.

They tell an ugly story on Senator
Sprague, of Rhode Island. It is said that
his speeches made in the Senate, at least
one or two of which attracted a good deal
of attention, were written by Prof. Graux,
of Washington, under a regular contract,
and that Sprague refuses to pay for the
work. In prosecuting a bill for printing,
Professor contracted with him, for the sum
amounting to \$99, which he unpaid him-
self, was unable to pay, and Sprague would
not, and the suit for the money disclosed
the above facts. And yet, the man who
is guilty of this meanness is the owner of
some of the largest cotton mills and one
of the prettiest wives in the State.
Courier-Journal.

THE RADICALS AND THE GERMANS.—
Davis, the Radical Governor of Texas,
has removed naturalized Germans from
the Galveston Board of Aldermen, and
appointed negroes in their places. This
is the Republican love for the Germans.
Flake's Bulletin says: "If he possessed
a grain of prudence or a particle of love for
his party, he never would have given the
influential element of his party an insult
that will drive from it every German vote
in the State."

Now that France is a Republic, we have
a slight curiosity to see what the Radical
press have to say about the respective
claims of the combatants to American
sympathy. We know and they know
their professed sympathy for Prussia to
be a fraud, a snare to catch German votes.
But how can they go back on the record,
and yet how can these champions par ex-
cellence of the right of man refuse their
sympathy to a Republic fighting for its
existence against the armies of a king "of
right divine"? We would wager the su-
gar crop against a Ship Island Canal bond
that the palaver goes on and that the Re-
public gets the cold shoulder. What are
principles compared with votes!
Greenville (Ala.) Advocate.

That Leticia Boy
Under the above caption the Harrisburg
(Pa.) Patriot gives us a few reminiscences
of the late war.

The following official papers have re-
cently been published. We copy them as
samples of the laconic literature of the
war. The author has not, like Stanton,
fallen a victim to remorse; yet it is ob-
served that he finds no rest at home, to
which, it would seem, his feeble age would
commend him. No sooner is he relieved
of the pressure of his official duties, than
he seeks excitement and oblivion in the
unfrequented wilds of Alaska and Mexico,
and now, after a mere touch at Auburn,
away he goes to Japan and China. There
is no rest for the wicked!

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, Sept. 14, 1861.
Marshal Mithard:
Send William H. Winder to Fort La-
fayette.
Wm. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, Sept. 11, 1861.
Maj. Gen. N. P. Banks:

GENERAL.—If you can arrest Dr. Mac-
Gill, of Hagerstown, Maryland, or cause
him to be arrested and sent to Fort Mc-
Henry, to be thence conveyed to Fort
Lafayette, let it done.

Wm. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, Oct. 11, 1861.

To Edward J. Chase, U. S. Marshal, N.
Dist. N. Y., Lockport:
Sir.—Please confer with U. S. District
Attorney for the F. D. of N. Y. and ar-
rest Francis D. Flanders and Joseph R.
Flanders and convey them to Fort La-
fayette. Very truly yours,

Wm. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, Nov. 20, 1861.

To Rev. A. L. Hitzelberger, Boston:
Sir.—This Department having adopted
a rule which precludes all visits to political
prisoners—even from ministers of the
gospel, of any denomination—has hitherto
strictly adhered to it. If, however, the
persons themselves shall, in the event of
sickness or any other reasonable cause,
require the services of their spiritual ad-
visers, the rule would be relaxed in favor
of any one of undoubted loyalty.
I am, sir, your obedient servant.

Mm. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, Dec. 19, 1861.

To Detective Farley, N. Y. City:
Sir.—Hon. George W. Jones, late Sena-
tor in Congress from Iowa, and late U. S.
Minister in Bogota, leaves here this after-
noon for New York. Arrest him and send
him to Fort Lafayette.

W. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

The carpet-bag governments in the
South are just now catching fits from the
Radical newspapers in the North.

The New York Sun, which is some five
stories below ground in its Radicalism,
follows suit with the Times, Tribune, and
many other leading Radical papers in the
North in the following:

The fruits of the carpet-bag reign of
the last five years are what might have
been expected. The whole world may be
searched in vain for governments so im-
moral, so shamelessly corrupt, so hope-
lessly rotten, as those now prevailing in
the South. Politically they may be
changed; but this cannot cure one of the
sorest of the evils already inflicted.—
These scamps have run the States they
rule ruinously into debt. The Legisla-
tures controlled by them have pledged
the States to the discharge of pecuniary
obligations of crushing weight, to the
future redemption of an enormous amount
of bonds, and to the imposition of oner-
ous taxes through a series of years. This
has been done in furtherance of all sorts
of schemes whereby the authors reap
present wealth and anticipate larger
gains in the immediate future. These
burdens have already seriously embar-
rassed all these States, and well nigh
bankrupted some of them; and to save
them from ruin the reign of the carpet-
bag robbers must be speedily brought to
an end.

The Oxford (Ala.) Rising Star reiter-
ates what is a shameful fact, that "it is a
notorious fact that the present law that
has been in force and the present officers in
power, have been a thousand times worse
than nothing. These officers have made
promises but to break them—have employ-
ed teachers and never paid them. They
have used the public school fund for party
and individual purposes. The county
officers in some instances have taken part
of the scanty pay for teachers—have charged
them for license to teach, and for pub-
lic printing. We are informed that in our
country it takes more than one-fourth of
the scanty sum received to pay the county
superintendent and incidentals." This
state of affairs can only be remedied by
the success of the Democratic ticket. The
public schools are so many Augean stables
to be cleaned.

The Portland Argus crows lustily over
the ten thousand Democratic gain in the
Blue Nose State. That staunch organ
of the Democracy, says: "Without the
prestige of victory, without organization
and without money, Democrats met the
dominant party, flushed with the pride of
long-continued success, fortified with un-
settled means, and armed with thousands
of offices, and succeeded in not only main-
taining their ground, but in driving the
enemy back with great loss. The Rad-
ical majority of over twenty-seven thou-
sand, which that party had in 1866, has
steadily whittled down, until it will
now be less than five thousand—A GAIN OF
MORE THAN ELEVEN THOUSAND THE PRE-
SENT YEAR."

Here is Dr. Mary Walker in her sum-
mer dress: "A pair of number two boots,
tight points, a blue swallow-tailed coat,
bespangled with brass buttons, a shoo-fly
cravat of the latest and most approved
style, her hair worn loose and combed
back of her ears."

Four negroes were hung on the 16th
inst., at Isle of Wight Court House, Va.,
for the murder of Mr. Joel Gray, a white
citizen of that county, on the 11th of
December last.