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THE ROANOKE NEWS

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A Mite of Song.

Only a drop in the bucket,
That every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty,
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give,
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon
And some toys; they were not new,
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy, too.

Only some outgrown garments;
They were all I had to spare;
But they'll help to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere.

A word now and then, of comfort,
That cost me nothing to say;
But the poor old man died happy;
And it helped him on the way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be poor and small;
What doth He think of His children
When they never give at all?

A LEAF FROM A LIFE.

'I was a merry, sunny hearted girl like you, my dear Kate, when the snow first sifted down upon my curly head; that snow which never melts but only grows whiter, and whiter, with each passing year. You have asked me the story, and as I know from the wistful look in your great brown eyes that Carroll's absence, and this rainy afternoon have made you long for something more exciting than the careless drip, drip of the rain against the window, I will open the long closed book of my young life, and year you one of its pages; albeit, it may be a sad one.

'Only nineteen bright summers had my glad, young eyes looked out upon this beautiful earth, and to me it had indeed been a place to be happy in. A father's and a mother's love and care had shielded me from all trouble, until, from living only in the sunshine, I had come to think there could be no shadow, and no dark path for my dainty feet to tread.

'As I recall those halcyon days, one face rises before me with more distinctness than any of the others by whom I was surrounded. It is a face many would call plain, and as far as regularity of feature went I suppose it was undeniably so; but I think even you, my proud Kate, with your fastidious eye for beauty, would have forgotten to criticise Philip Philips, when you saw his face lighted by his noble soul, as it was in earnest conversation. He was a ward of my father's left in his care by his old time friend, Philips, and loved by my father as he would have loved a noble son of his own. No praise was quite so perfect for me without his dear familiar eyes to look into, his warm, strong hand to cling to. But, alas! for me I thought it was only a sister's love I gave to him, and when, in his own straightforward manner he told me he loved me, and asked me to be his best friend—his wife, I told him it could never, never be, and bade him think no more of anything so wild. We would always be the best of friends, but that was all.

'I was young and romantic, and was looking for a hero to come with an Apollo face, a foreign air, and great mournful dark eyes, which spoke of some hidden sorrow; who was going to love me dearly, and live only in my smile. Do you wonder that with all those fanciful fancies in my giddy brain the calm love of Philip, (dear old Phil' as I used to call him) with whom I had hunted for four leaved clover, rambled in the woods, gathering the bright flowers of spring; laughed and cried with, in perfect freedom all the days of my sunny childhood and who was, at all time, the trusted, unchanging friend, should seem very unlike that of my ideal lover!

'I shall never forget the strange, still look on Philip's face as I timidly stole a glance at him, wishing he could only speak or do something to break the oppressive silence which followed my hasty decided 'never.' But he stood there quietly, pulling the rich, red leaves from a rose I had fastened in his button hole, with a merry jest, a little while before.

'Only one short hour; yet how far I seemed to have drifted from that carefree, happy hour. There was such a look of sorrow in his dark eyes, that, forgetting my new dignity, and remembering only that he was unhappy, and I the cause, I suddenly leaned my head upon his shoulder, and burst into a passion of remorseful tears. Very kindly and tenderly did his hand smooth the tangled curls from my tear-wet face; and very kindly and tenderly did he talk to me the while, till my sobbing ceased, and my April tears were all wiped away.

'A long, long time we stood, with the sweet breath of the crimson roses loading the twilight air with their fragrance, and a strange new quiet stealing over my usually merry spirit; very soothing after my storm of tears. Ah! that never to be forgotten hour! Will it ever fade from my memory? I think the remembrance of it will go with me to my grave! It needs but the sight of one of those perfumed, creamy roses, and lo! I stand again with Philip, as I stood on that long ago June evening.

'I fear I weary you, my dear Kate; but I dwell upon this scene, dreading to speak of that which followed. However, I will hasten on.

'At length Philip said he must go; and taking both my hands in his, which seemed strangely cold, said very kindly, though his deep voice faltered,—

'Forgive me, Edith, if I sadden you again, but I wish to speak once more, and for the last time, on a subject which seems to give you so much pain. I wish you to forget the words I have spoken tonight, and be again the winsome, confiding sister Edie you have always been to me. And more, my darling, do not dwell on this, thinking you are the cause of my happiness to me, for I would not that your bright life should be thus shadowed. Whatever the future years may bring to us, remember that in my fondest thought you are blamless, and will ever be my noble dear and trusted friend. Good-night,' and he stooped and pressed a light kiss on my brow, then suddenly drew me close, gave me one long kiss, on my lips, and was gone.

'Like a lighting flash, deep down in my heart came the knowledge that he was dear to me; dearer than any ideal hero at my wildest fancy. Oh! had I but yielded to the impulse which prompted me then to call him back, and tell him that I did love him better than all the world; but he went swiftly from me, and I stood looking after him, thinking how noble and good he was, and how strange that his going from me for such a short time should rob the rose of its fragrance, the moonlight of its silvery glory.

'While I still stood just as he left me, a shriek startled the still air; then the rattling of carriage wheels, and almost in the same breath two magnificent horses dashed by, while I caught a momentary glimpse of the sweet, pitiful face of a little girl, alone in the carriage.

'A moment I stood motionless, then came the thought that Philip would try to stop them, and a deadly fear came over me that made my heart almost cease its beating; and before I realized what I was doing I was flying madly after the runaway horses.

'I cannot tell you clearly of what followed. I have a confused remembrance of seeing them checked in their mad course by a strong arm; or their rearing high in air, and, just as I reached them, one of those cruel hoofs crushing down upon the temple of him who sought to stay them. I threw myself on the dew-wet grass beside him, took his dear one in my lap, and wildly besought him to speak to me; but alas! he had spoken his last words to me, and some good angel must have prompted him to say just the dear, kind words he did when he left me.

'They told me that for weeks I raved in the delirium of brain fever; and when I came forth from my sick room I was but the pale ghost of the laughing girl who played with the June roses. The 'sunny curls' my father had begged them so piteously not to cut away, had indeed been spared to me, but I started back as from a stranger when first I looked in my mirror, for the hair above my pale brow was white, as if the hand of time had been laid heavily on my young head. But silently passed came round the years, and they had brought healing, and I have learned to have a serene faith in 'Him, who doeth all things well,' and am content.

'Spite of my gray hair, my love has been sought by men whom I believe to be noble and sincere, but the memory of that last kiss is still too dear; and so I walk alone. I have many dear friends, whom I love, and whose affection I prize more than words may tell, but the one love waits me beyond the river, which I shall soon cross.

'Let this be a warning to you, Kate dear, and when Carroll comes for his answer do not say him nay, until you are sure of your own heart, for I could not have you make yourself a 'crown of sorrow.'

Speech of Hon. W. H. Kitchin.

POLITICAL ASSESSMENTS.

Mr. Speaker, I trust I may be pardoned for trespassing upon the time of the House, as I have consumed but a few minutes during this session; nor would I now presume to exercise this prerogative, if I did not feel it was due myself and the good people whom I represent, to make known their sentiments and feelings on this question and others of like nature, now agitating the House and the country to which we all belong. And nothing but the great interest I have in the prosperity and future glory of our common country, and the deep and abiding love which I hold in common with my people for the Union of the States could induce me to commit so bold an act, novice as I am in politics, as attempting to deliver a speech to this body in my rough, rapid, and I trust, honest style. In the outset allow me to declare, that I speak for myself only and not for the democratic side of this Chamber; though I believe I shall express the sentiments and principles of the great democratic heart of the country, whose throbbings and pulsations will sooner or later bring to light the now buried principles of republicanism, and cause them to flourish and prosper, that they will overshadow the American continent with their increasing glory.

No government can be republican in spirit when the majority does not rule by a free and unhampered expression of its choice at the ballot-box; and this choice cannot be free where money is used to overreach and sway the judgements and opinions of the electors. If the elector could vote as moved by his sober judgement, apart from the demoralizing and corrupting influences of money and partisan prejudice, his liberties and general rights would be secure from the destining grasp of the usurper. But a large majority of mankind is so constituted that the love of money and power are the ruling passions of their lives. This passion for money and power is as strong in the human heart, unless some check can be devised to curb and bridle it in its proper and legitimate sphere, the most vengeful believers in, and ardent supporters of this Government cannot longer reasonably hope for its perpetuity, in its original robes of republican grandeur.

We are no better, if as good, than the millions who have lived and died before us; and back near two thousand years ago, when our Lord and Master lived and had His lot among us, God man as He was, He could not, or at least did not, from among all the millions who then lived, select twelve honest men to be the heralds of His glorious salvation to fallen man. Even among this small and select number there was a Judas, who for thirty pieces of silver betrayed, and surrendered his King into the hands of His enemies, to be scourged and then crucified.

The most remarkable feature that I have noticed to this House, in public debate, on questions of reform, is the readiness and certainty of the other side of the Chamber, to meet all issues of fraud and corruption, charged by this side on their leaders and chief men, simply by shaking that crimson-seared, tattered garment known as the bloody shirt, the political tiger to convince the ignorant and timid, that the South is still firing on Fort Sumter. In every campaign treason is the watchword and rebel the scare crow, by which honest, unsophisticated, patriotic people, are deterred from voting the democratic ticket.

Attempt reform or to bring the old ship of state back to its constitutional moorings, from which it has drifted under republican pilotage, and we are at once taunted by the other side of the Chamber, that we are but pardoned criminals, that we are still traitors at heart, seeking to do by legislation what we failed to do in arms. How long will this false charge, this ignoble, unmanly appeal, be resorted to by the other side of this Chamber, to stir the blood and arouse the bitter feelings and passions of our northern countrymen against us? How long, in the name of justice, before the intelligence and wisdom of the North will penetrate the veil and fathom the depths of these malicious, false, and slanderous charges? Will they continue to sleep until the birthright of every American citizen shall have been surrendered into the hands of a dictator; until the flag of the fathers, the flag of the Union, shall become the emblem of the tyrant's will? I hope not. The hopeful sun to see the silver lining behind the overshadowing clouds, as they lower in darkness around them. Whether their dream is to become a reality, is for time to demonstrate; it is yet in the clouded future, and may there forever remain.

The laws upon your statute-books offer a premium for negligence, irregularities, and malpractice in the various Departments. You fix the amount of money to be expended in each Department, by its head for each fiscal year, and then declare that he shall not use any more for that specified time, without incurring any penalty for its violation. The cult is the heads of the Departments, overstep the limits fixed by law, by thousands and millions of dollars, violating the statutes, with a boldness and defiance unparalleled in any modern times. And yet the Congress of the United States, whose power is limited only by its capacity, tamely votes the deficiencies by millions out of the people's exchequer, as though money grew on trees or flowed in streams. This, I believe, is wrong; I believe it encourages extravagance.

Man must err so long as he is human, or the laws of nature must be suspended or reversed; thus the necessity for checks and balances in all his acts; and what is true of man as an individual is true of him as a body corporate or politic. Thus it was that the framers of this noble system of Government, in their wisdom and far seeing vision, saw the necessity of keeping separate and distinct the three main branches of the Government, not allowing the one to encroach or trench upon the other. Then we were in our infancy as a confederacy, just emerging from political bondage, with insignificant motives and incentives to ambitious schemers for power and wealth. But now we have grown and expanded in wealth, and power, and territory, as the natural results of the powers of intelligence over ignorance and bondage, until we commence with its wealth and civilizing influence covers the seas as the stars gem the heavens seen and recognized to the end of the earth. The flag of the Union, the emblem of liberty and power, is not only respected and honored by all the nations and kingdoms of the world, but by many loved and by all feared. To be in a position to claim and receive its protection, is to be an American citizen, the greatest title and noblest heritage bequeathed to man by the fathers of the Republic. With such a Republic full of blessings to this generation and to the generations yet in the future, is to be saved and saved from the tread of the tyrant and his iron grasp, what a weighty responsibility is devolved upon those who it may be are now shaping the future and final destiny of the American people.

Step by step has the Federal Government in all its branches and with all its machinery and appliances, invaded the sovereign rights of the people, and the States, until the Federal judiciary has recently overreached itself, and reversed decisions made by it for the last ninety years, and decided that the Federal authority can supervise the State elections, a fallacy and an nullity in constitutional principles which never entered the brain, pulsated and dwelt as it was of Alexander Hamilton, the father, so to speak, of federalism. This may be constitutional. I may not possess the legal ability, and learning, to determine a question of such stupendous magnitude and vast importance to the American people; but I will say, it was reserved for this age, and the present Supreme Court of the United States, under a republican administration, with a so-called President in the White House, who never received a majority of the votes of the American people, or a majority of the electoral vote, or a majority of the States, to so decide.

Now, Mr Speaker, if I have rambled, in the remarks I have attempted to make, in behalf of order No. 1 issued by Franz No. 1, I hope I may be pardoned, at least I may err I may have committed in not sticking closer to my text, as I have for my pattern the example set by the 'summit' of the human family, who said, "Let us have peace, and thereafter dispersed legislative bodies at the point of the bayonet, and who said, "Let no guilty man escape" but thereafter brought all the power and official influence of his station to bear, that the most guilty might go unshipped of justice.

Dignitaries and enter as we may the patronage of the Executive, there is no potentate or king in modern times, who wields such influence and power in the administration of which he is head. As now practiced, the Executive is to the confederate Union, what the heart is to the body, sending out its life-blood through every member, to be brought back to it. The mind is staggered to comprehend the evil results, growing out of this enormous concentration of power in the hands of the President of the United States. It may in truth be said that he, either directly or indirectly, makes every executive appointment over this broad territory, reaching from the lakes to the Gulf, from the ocean on the eastern coast to the limit of civilization beyond the Rocky Mountains of the West. Instead of being the agent or channel through which the million of springs tributaries flow to the great political ocean to be given back as the waters of the seas are returned to the earth, he has become the great and illimitable reservoir for the retention of power, influence, patronage, and revenues, never to be surrendered or distributed for the general good of the people, but to be utilized for himself, and the moneyed combination of the country, and to retain in power the political organization to which he belongs. This is all contrary to the spirit and genius of our institutions, to the future welfare of the people as a confederated Union, and to the perpetuation of that Union.

But this tidal wave of federalism and centralization had not its origin, and gather not its strength from the people, but from office-holders and money controllers, those who levy and collect the revenues and handle and use the people's funds; and for this reason I have not wholly despaired of the Republic, trusting in the honesty, integrity, patriotism, and intelligence of the people, believing, as I do, that when made to see the surrounding dangers that threaten the overthrow of their duplex system of government; that when once aroused from that lethargic state, into which they have been led by their overweening confidence in their leaders and in the Federal judiciary, they will rise up in their power and authority and demand a speedy return to his first principles, within the limits of the Constitution. If there should be no change in the administration and the executive, legislative, and judicial departments should advance as rapidly on the road to civilization for the next sixteen years as they have in the last sixteen, I believe State lines, State courts, and State governments will cease to be, and the American people, from lakes to gulf, and from ocean to ocean, will become one consolidated government, ruled by some Cæsar, Cromwell or Bonaparte. The retrogression may become inevitable and the American people may again assert and maintain their manhood, patriotism and love of liberty. As before suggested, until the people resume all power, authority, and sovereignty, shall certain slumber on their rights, and shall be in a state which seems to be best of every patriot, no information in any of the departments can confidently be expected.

As water flows down a stream in obedience to the laws of gravitation, so will this Government and its officers, or I might, speaking more accurately, say, so will the republican party continue its encroachment upon the Constitution—the sheet-anchor of our hopes—and the outlaws and violent invasion of the sovereign right of the people, until met squarely and fairly, and defeated by the wise and patriotic will of the people expressed through the ballot, in such a manner, and by such a majority, as to convince even the dullest of the human family that this Government was not created solely that he might power and rule it.

Sir, it would be expecting and demanding too much of human nature, unaided by the abundant grace of God, to even hope for a return to the old landmarks, to the old constitutional channel in which the ship of state gallantly and triumphantly floated, with her pennant kissing the heaven-inspired breeze, with Jefferson as her explainer and Jackson as her pilot, so long as the present leaders and takers remain in power at the head of the Government, in all the Departments, and all the official stations of honor and trust within the gift of the people.

So long as the people are contented and satisfied to bear the burdens, and to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for their lords and masters just so long will the yoke of oppression, robbery, and corruption remain locked and bolted upon our necks. As water must ebb and come from the hills, mountains, or clouds above its natural and legitimate source and origin, so must the spirit of reformation and retrenchment come from the people, the original, the fountain from which all power is derived and all authority drawn. As long as men are honored and elected to the highest positions in the gift of the people, because of their capacity to talk much, to grab much for their friends, to reward their personal friends, to punish their enemies, as most popular party organizations, to pack conventions, to manœuvre candidates for the highest offices in the land, to pass laws to burden the people, to grant bounties and annuities to rich and power ful corporations, to grant extravagant appropriations out of their principal's funds to make up deficiency at the direction of subservient officials, to induce corruption, dishonesty, and extravagance, and to draw and to sign for their salaries, just so long will corruption and extravagance prevail in all the departments and branches of the Government.

In conclusion, allow me to declare most earnestly, that my only hope in the stability and perpetuation of the Union, is in the dormant patriotism, intelligence, common honesty, and virtuous ambition of the masters of the people, who as yet have not time to slumber upon the estate of their forefathers, to take in possession the inheritance to them bequeathed, by the founders of this Government, and to hold, defend, and preserve it, as a glorious and precious inheritance for their posterity. I still believe and hope that before our Republic merges into a monarchy or despotism, these sleeping energies and the ragged virtues of this people, will be aroused to assert their manhood, strength, and dignity, throw off the yoke of bondage and oppression, and put to rout the hydra-headed coloss of Federal consolidation. He who expects or hopes for relief in those who were born, brought up, and educated in the political school of centralization, will as soon see the leopard change his spots or the Ethiopian change his skin. It would be as natural to see the water in the Nile or the Mississippi flow up stream as to expect or hope for reformation under the present or any possible republican administration. It would be almost as natural, judging from antecedents, to expect and hope for a return to time-honored principles, and to constitutional limitations, under the lead of the republican politicians and office-holders.

May the day of universal peace, freedom, prosperity, and happiness soon dawn, and the sun of light and full reconciliation rise in his glory from his eastern home, and culminate in his meridian splendor, and shed a flood of light, love, and harmony over a people united in the golden bonds of interest and brotherly love, embound together by the common memories of the past and the glorious anticipations and hopes of a bright future.

The Curse is There.

"No man will ever prosper who has the curse of a woman of a ruined woman upon him. The murderer of the body can be tried and executed by the world's laws, but the murderer of the soul is tried by heaven's laws, and the execution is such as divine justice." Aunt Betsey said this as she folded the white hands of a beautiful girl, and put white flowers and green leaves about the marble cold forehead. There was a tiny babe beside the girl mother. The house was hushed, and there was mourning such as few know. Half glad that the mother and child were dead, the rest of of the family must perform the last office of burial and bear the family shame. A haunted house! A ruined house! God the architect and man the spoiler. The curse is there, and the destroyer cannot escape.—Woman's Journal.

A Little Child's Conscience.

Little children have often very tender consciences, and are perfectly aware when they have been "naughty."

A little girl one day said to her mother, "Papa calls me good, Auntie calls me good, and everybody calls me good, but I am not good."

"I am very sorry," said the mother.

"And so am I," said the child; "but I have got a very naughty think."

"A naughty what?"

"My think is naughty inside of me."

And on her mother inquiring what she meant, she said, "Why, when I could not ride yesterday, I did not cry nor anything, but when you was gone, I wished the carriage would turn over, and the horses would run away, and everything bad. Nobody knew it, but God knew it, and He cannot call me good. Tell me, mamma, how can I be good inside of me?"

A Coward.

The man who wipes his wife, under any circumstances, is a coward. It is not to be denied that some wives are intensely aggravating. A man may be tied to a woman who is a disgrace to herself and family; she may be a drunkard or a chronic virago, and being the stronger vessel, may attempt the castigation of her lord and master; in such a case, when a woman unsexes herself, the husband should leave her at once; his continuing to live with such a creature brings disgrace upon himself and children. The great difficulty in marital life arises from incompatibility of temper, but this may be easily remedied by young people becoming thoroughly acquainted with each other's dispositions before rushing into engagement. Some women are naturally of a jealous disposition, and such should not marry a man of quick temperament, for men are improvident and throw all the family burdens on their wives, and so the peace of the whole house is broken up. But the old adage that a good woman can make a husband good, holds true now as much as when first uttered. Much, very much, remains with the woman of the house, and if bear and forbear was the general motto there would be little need for castigation at either party of the matrimonial firm.

A Morning Star of Memory.

The Chicago Times relates a sad but beautiful incident of woman's devotion. In the fashionable west division of the city there lived a young couple who were engaged to be married, but ere the ceremony had been performed the groom-elect was taken down with that most loathsome of diseases smallpox and was conveyed to the pest house. Thither the young lady followed, and there she nursed him back to life but not to one of its greatest blessings. The case developed into the direst of type known as 'confluent,' and when the young lover arose from his couch he resembled the dream of desolation outlined upon him—he was stricken blind. And now, says the Times, while the warm sun is waking into vernal beauty park and boulevard and while the shade trees are throwing out their umbrageous leafiness, a stalwart man erect and stately still, although destitute of vision and with a face scarred by that fell malady, may be seen walking slowly amid the beauties of the summer times, and by his side a young girl, upon whom he leans for guidance and who is to him the morning star of memory that cannot fade or faint, or die until the last fond summons make even such sublime devotion vain to preserve a life that must see, without such solace, darkness and desolate beyond expression.

Be Candid.

If people in this world would be more candid, and especially with their recognized friends, all things would work much more smoothly together. If you see or hear anything about one of your friends, call on him and tell him candidly precisely what you heard—not in a gossiping manner, but as a true friend. This will not hurt you, but will do him good. It will put him and enable him to act differently, perhaps, than he otherwise would.

If your friend is a business man and is dealing with all sorts and kinds of people, and he is crabbed, cross and irritable—is short in his customers, tell him of his error. He may be provoked and angry at you for telling him of his faults, but it will do him good and result in his favor at last, and in the end he will come to you and acknowledge that you have spoken faithfully, candidly, and he will thank you for pointing out to him his error.

If you see in the social circle a man whom you know to be a wretch, a human brute, it is your duty to advise and caution your friends against such a man. At first his pleasing, polite manner may almost convince your friends that you are wrong, but such people are always exposed at last and you will receive thanks for your timely warning. Your advice, perhaps, may not be received in a friendly spirit, but the time will surely come when your reward will be the lasting gratitude and friendship of friends.

When a woman wants to be pretty she brushes her hair, and when she wants to be ugly she bangs the door.

Upon a modest gravestone in Vincennes Cemetery appears the plaintive legend: "His neighbor played the cornet."

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Mr. Beecher seems to think Col. Ingersoll would make a very good Christian if he would keep his mouth shut.

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We did not know that the Commodore had turned to be a Brooklyn preacher.

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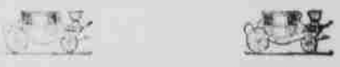

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