The Weekly Era.

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WEEKLY ERA.

W. M. BROWN, Manager.

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He Died for Me.

Over Dr. Bethune's death the following beautiful hymn, which was evidently written only the day previous, was found in his portfolio. Its devout simplicity and exquisite tenderness give it a fitting place beside such as Topplady's "Rock of Ages," and Charles Leslie's "Jesus! Lover of My Soul!"

"When time seems short, and death is near,
And I am pressed by doubt and fear,
And sins, and overwhelming tide,
Assail my peace on every side,
This thought my refuge still shall be,
I know my Saviour died for me.

"His name is Jesus, and he died—
For guilty sinners crucified:
Content to die, that he might win
Their ransom from the death of sin.
No sinner worse than I can be,
Therefore I know He died for me.

"If grace were bought, I could not buy;
If grace were coined, no wealth have I;
By grace alone I draw my breath,
Held up from everlasting death.
Yet since I know his grace is free,
I know the Saviour died for me.

"I read God's holy word and find
Great truths which far transcend my mind;
And little do I know beside
Of thought so high, and deep, and wide.
This is my best theology,
I know the Saviour died for me.

"My faith is weak, but 'tis Thy gift;
Thou canst my helpless soul uplift,
And say, 'Thy bonds of death are riven,
Thy sins by Me are all forgiven,
And thou shalt live from guilt set free,
For I, thy Saviour, died for thee.'"

The Prayer of the Betrothed.

A lady in the St. Louis *Union*, over the signature of "Index," portrays her thoughts in the following beautiful verses, on the eve of her marriage:]

Father, I come before thy throne,
With love and bended knees,
To thank Thee, with a grateful tone,
For all Thy love to me.
Forgive me if my heart this hour
Gives not all to Thee,
Lest my affection's mighty power
Divides it may with Thee.

Thou knowest, Father, every thought
That dwelleth in my breast,
And how this heart has vainly sought
To keep its love suppressed.
Yet when the loved, worshipped one,
Stands lovingly by my side,
And breathes the vow I cannot shun,
To me his destined bride—

Forgive me if the loving kiss
He leaves upon my brow
Is thought of in an hour like this,
And thrills me even now.
He's chosen me to be his love
And comforter through life,
Enable me, on God, to prove
A loving, faithful wife.

He knows not, Father, all the deep
Affections I control,
Tho' thou and loving thoughts that sweep
Restless o'er my soul.
He knows not each fount of love
That gushes warm and free;
Nor can he ever, ever prove
My warm idolatry.

Then guard him, Father, round his way,
Thy choicest blessings cast;
And render each successive day
Still happier than the last.
And, Father, grant us so to live,
That when this life is o'er,
Within the happy home you give,
We'll meet to part no more.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Slight Acquaintance.

Cressy Mitchell and John Martin met at a little picnic party in a country village, where she was passing a few weeks of the intolerable hot summer, and he—well, he was reading law for the present with 'Squire Morgan, the village oracle, and working about the 'Squire's farm to pay his board.

John Martin was a handsome young man, and as good as he was handsome. So said Mrs. Morgan and all the old ladies of the village, as also did the children, who loved him dearly for his kind acts and the cheerful words which he had for every one.

The young ladies all seemed to have a great deal of regard for him, for they each and all foresaw that such a good young man must make an excellent husband; and besides, they felt assured that he would become very rich, as well as influential; for was he not reading law with 'Squire Morgan, who had gained riches and influence in the practice of his profession?

But, somehow, John had failed to appreciate the regard of any young lady until he met Cressy Mitchell, and from that time he felt that his heart was no longer his own.

Cressy was a beauty, and she knew it. It was passing strange that she should feel willing to deprive herself of the homage of her many suitors and banish herself to a country village, even for a limited period. But she had planned on making her appearance at the summer resort of her fashionable friends when the season was over, coming fresh and hearty from her country retreat, while the belles of fashion would have become already worn and weary with fashionable dissipation.

This was the reason of her seclusions, and, with a swift, comprehensive glance, she scanned the face and features of John Martin, inwardly rejoicing that such a handsome and agreeable young man was to be her companion during her stay in the village.

She did not have one thought that he would fail to present himself as a candidate for her favor. She knew her power, and felt sure that John Martin's love would soon be hers.

It was even as she had anticipated. At every picnic, pleasure excursion or party gotten up in the village, John Martin was her escort and companion, and ere the time which she had allotted herself to stay had passed, she was sure that she possessed all the love of John Martin's generous, noble heart.

She had learned to love him also. His superiority over all other men with whom she had associated, forced her to yield to him the respect which was due him, and respect soon ripened into a warmer feeling, which Cressy Mitchell would not acknowledge even to her own heart.

The time drew near for her to take her departure from the village, and John Martin had called to say good-by. Without preliminaries, and with no words of cringing flattery such as her former suitors had invariably made use of, he told her in a straightforward, manly way, of his love for her, and asked her to give him her hand in marriage.

For a time there was a severe struggle in the breast of this beautiful creature of fashion. She loved John Martin. She knew it, and he knew it, and her better nature cried loudly for a hearing in the case.

But pride and ambition whispered in her ear, "You must not thus fling away all your bright hopes and prospects for the future; you may form a splendid alliance; become the wife of a millionaire; wear laces and diamonds and revel in wealth and luxury; do not listen to the promptings of your heart but let reason guide you."

Thus importuned by the voice of selfish ambition, she put the one love of her heart away from her, and turning to the man who stood with folded arms awaiting her decision, she said:

"Mr. Martin, I cannot afford to indulge in romantic dreams; that I love you I will not deny, but you are poor and I am not rich; consequently each must form a more prudent alliance."

He stood for a moment as if transfixed, while the cold, worldly ideas expressed by Cressy were floating through his brain. Was this to be the end of the bright dream of happiness which he had so tenderly cherished? Alas, he felt that all the world must be false and cold, now that his idol had fallen, and his beautiful Cressy, whom he had invested with all the charms and virtues of an angel, had changed into a cold, scheming, worldly creature.

But he recovered his self-possession, and extending his hand, he shook hers warmly, and with a "Good-bye, Cressy, God bless you and make you happy," he hurried away.

The next day Cressy joined her fashionable friends at the—— Springs, and for the time forgot John Martin and his love.

* * * * * * *

Summer passed, and winter came with its round of metropolitan gayety. It was mid-winter, and the "affair of the season" came off at the house of the leader of the "ton;" none but the elite were there, of course, and, indeed, they were of the "exclusive" set.

As Cressy was promenading the spacious saloon, leaning upon the arm of a cavalier, her escort suddenly paused before a tall gentleman, who stood leaning against a pillar viewing the gay throng with a weary air. "Miss Mitchell," he said, "I am very happy to be able to present to you a valued friend of mine, who informs me that he had the honor and pleasure of a few weeks' acquaintance with you during the past summer."

Cressy raised her eyes, and met those of John Martin fixed earnestly upon her. Her heart gave an impulsive bound, but she checked its mad pulsations and replied coldly:

"Ah, yes; I believe I did have a slight acquaintance with the gentleman."

Without another word she moved on, and, as the gentleman led her to a seat, he said:

"Really, Miss Mitchell, you are a wonder of our sex."

"Indeed, sir; and why?"

"I don't believe another young lady present would have treated John Martin, the millionaire, as coolly as you did just now."

"John Martin, the millionaire," she echoed."

"Aye; he's rich as Crœsus."

"But when I knew him he was a law student."

"Oh, pooh! that was one of his odd freaks; he always feared he would be valued for his money and not for himself."

As soon as Cressy could free herself from her obsequious escort and admirer, she sought John Martin, and endeavored to explain her conduct, but he would give her no opportunity to do so, and persisted in treating her as "a slight acquaintance."

In a few weeks he brought his bride to the city, and introduced her to his fashionable friends. She was only a simple, innocent, country girl, but as the wife of John Martin, she was welcomed to the best society. And Cressy never ceased to regret that she pronounced Martin *only "a slight acquaintance."*

Woman's Influence.

Like the olive tree—said to fertilize the surrounding soil—there are some few ministering angels in female guise among us all, and about our paths, who sweetly serve to cheer and adorn life. Our amusements are insipid unless they contribute to them; our efforts of noblest ambition feeble unless they applaud, its reward valueless unless they share them. There are, too, some rude spirits in the world whose bolder nature, female influence admirably serves to refine and temper; and perhaps it is an extreme eulogism of the poet, that without that influence many a man had been a "brute indeed!" The concurrence of both sexes is as necessary to the perfection of our being as to the existence of it. Men may make a fine melody, but women are also required to make up harmony.

Advice for Ladies.

A wife must learn how to form her husband's happiness; in what direction the secret of his comfort lies. She must cherish his weaknesses by working upon them; she must not rashly run counter to his prejudices. Her motto must be, never to irritate. She must study never to draw largely upon the small stock of patience in man's nature, nor to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him; never, if possible, to have scenes. I doubt much if a real quarrel, even if made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes, unless the affection of both be very sincere, lastingly. If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear even a strength and vehemence of language far more than occasion requires. Mild as well as stern men are prone to this exaggeration of language. Let not a woman be tempted ever to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentance must needs follow such an indulgence if she do. Men frequently forget what they have themselves said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases, for while asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong (!) Give a little time, as the greatest boon you can bestow, to the irritated feeling of your husband.

Loveliness.

It is not your neat dress, your expensive shawl, or your golden fingers that attract the attention of men of sense. They look beyond these. It is your character they study. If you are trifling, and loose in your conversation—no matter if you are beautiful as an angel—you have no attraction for them. It is the true loveliness of your natures that win and continue to retain the affections of the heart. Young ladies sadly miss it who labor to improve their outward looks while they bestow not a thought on their minds. Fools may be won by gewgaws, and the fashionable by showy dresses; but the wise and substantial are never caught by such traps. Let modesty be your dress. Use pleasant and agreeable language, and though you may not be courted by the fop and the sap, the good and truly great will love to linger in your steps.

Scrapiana.

"John," said a stingy old hunk to his servant, as he was taking his supper, "do you know how many pancakes you have eaten?" "No, sir." "Well, you've eaten fourteen." "Well," said John, "you count and I'll eat."

Gloomy and dissipated youth (who has discovered life is not worth having)—"I hope I shan't be alive after thirty!" Unsympathetic elder party—"Is there any particular necessity why you should live till thirty?"

"Farewell, Susan—you have driven me to the grave," wrote John Larch, of Alabama, four years ago, and left the note on the river bank. He was arrested the other day in Cincinnati, living with another woman.

Two deacons once disputing about a proposed new graveyard, one remarked:

"I'll never be buried in that ground as long as I live!"

"What an obstinate man!" said the other. "If my life is spared, I will."

A man in Carroll county, read in an almanac that his feet could be kept warm by lining his boots with cayenne pepper. He don't feel much like walking now, but says he would like "to find the man what put that in the almanac."

An Indiana lawyer used the word "disparagement" in his plea, and the judge told him that if he couldn't quit using Latin words he could sit down. The lawyer undertook to define his position and was fined $20 for contempt of court.

A raw countryman gazing at a garden in the vicinity of Boston, in which were several marble statues, exclaimed: "Just see what a waste! Here's no less than six scare-scrows in this ten-foot patch, and any of them would keep the crows from a five-acre lot!"

A clergyman, at the examination of the young scholars of his Sunday school, put the following question: "Why did the people of Israel set up a golden calf?" "Because they hadn't money enough to set up an ox," was the reply of a little chap, who took a dollar-and-cents view of the matter.

A tippler who had his load on, "fetched up" against the side of a house which had been newly painted. Shoving himself clear by a vigorous effort, he took a glimpse at his shoulder, another at the house, a third at his hand, and exclaimed, "Well, that is a careless trick in whoever painted that house, to leave it standing out all night for people to run against!"

A Monroe man who was admiring a young lady's hair the other evening said: "Miss H——, please give me one little curl, just one, won't you?" he pleaded.

"Couldn't think of it, Mr. T——; couldn't think of it for a moment," replied the young lady briskly; "why these curls cost me a dollar a piece."

A philosophical Kentuckian, who had but one shirt, and was lying in bed while the garment was drying on the clothes line in the yard, was startled by an exclamation from his wife to the effect that the calf had eaten it. "Well," said the Kentuckian, with a spirit worthy of a better cause, "well, them who has must lose."

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Rally.

The approaching campaign in this State promises to be as heated as it is important, and if the Republicans are as active as they have been in former elections, victory is almost certainly theirs and the State will be redeemed from the hands of those who by trickery and fraud have had control of it for the past four years. That the State is Republican beyond the shadow of a doubt, is proved by the Gubernatorial and Presidential elections, and the Democratic majority in the last Legislature was as surely obtained by their disgraceful gerrymander of the Districts and by trickery and fraud. Shall this minority band of unscrupulous tricksters continue to rule the State in the Legislature? When their course then is considered, the large amount of money they have wasted in class legislation, in doing no good for the State at large, we feel assured the people will say, A THOUSAND TIMES NO!

It behooves the Republicans, therefore, to make every effort to triumph in the coming election. To do this thing they must organize, or rather, revive and keep up their old organization, the force of which their enemy has so often felt. Let every District, County and Township look to their interest. If your District or County has gone Democratic before, it makes no difference; organize, the people were then deceived by the false promises of the Democrats and believed they intended to do something for them. They cannot be deceived again and a strong effort on your part will overcome any ordinary majority they may have. To all Republicans, we say, organize and let your organization be complete. The last Legislature tried to deny to many of you the right to vote by requiring you to produce a known witness who would swear to anything almost, concerning you, that a challenger may ask him. Let the organization be so complete that this law shall fail in its arbitrary intention and every one enjoy the right guaranteed to him by the Constitution of the State and the United States. In Republican Districts and Counties the party organization must be attended to and made complete, that there may be no falling off when the day of election comes. Let the breaches in our ranks be closed up, personal differences buried and everything made to work together for the common good, and we are safe.

When this is accomplished, the candidates should be thought of, and your selections should be the very best available men. Not simply men who desire office but the most competent, reliable and popular men—the best men in *every* respect. "*Wire-pulling*" must be abolished as far as possible and the people's voice listened to in the nominating conventions. Take a man's whole life into consideration, select men upon whom you can rely in any emergency, men true to the principles of the Republican party, who will tell the people about the heinous crimes of Democracy and not mince words in telling them, men who know their duty and knowing dare perform it, men of intelligence, honesty and integrity. Simple service to the party will not do, although it must carry its weight and add to other recommendations, but beware of traitors, wolves in sheep's clothing—men who are not of the stamp we have recommended, but are Republicans for office and nothing else. With these two, a complete organization and good, reliable candidates, the banners of the Democracy can and will be made to trail in the dust and the broad, glorious standard of Republicanism wave in triumph.

Another Moralist Heard From.

That little defalcation of the Democratic Treasurer and forgery of the Democratic Chief Clerk in Virginia has not raised the customary hue and cry of the virtuous press of that virtuous party. It makes quite a difference with them whose ox is gored as in the tale of the Farmer and Lawyer in Webster's spelling book. But our neighbor of the *Sentinel* thus speaks out in meeting: "In advance they enter pleas of insanity. It is pitiable to see the Colemans and Mayos thus disgracing themselves and the mother of States and statesmen. They should grab like the carpet-baggers and take enough to dignify the larceny and buy up justice and the courts."

Shades of departed decency, defend us! The Ku Klux-Democratic, overdrawing, letter M editor discoursing about the *dignity* of larceny! And this is the boasted virtue, honesty, intelligence, decency and respectability of Democracy? If a man steals three thousand dollars or forges a name to a paper for so pitiable a sum, he disgraces himself, his State and his party, provided he is caught, but if he steals a huge sum he is dignified, respectable, decent and intelligent. At least this is the doctrine and advice of the central and leading Democratic organ of this State. Well! the editor of the *Sentinel* did try to overdraw from the State Treasury thirty-three hundred dollars—three hundred better than the Virginia man did—but he was detected and made to refund. He was not, however, condemned by his party, no hue and cry was raised, no proceedings were instituted, and if they had been, the "dignified" plea of insanity could have been made available in his defence. He is again State Printer, and we know Treasurer Jenkins and Auditor Reilly will not allow his insanity to mislead them into allowing him to make another overdraw, as Democrats are trying to prove Mayo's insanity caused Coleman's forgery as well as his own defalcation. As the Conservative-Democratic-white man's party never attack the principles of the Republican party, but depend on the cry of fraud and corruption, which they have never shown was not followed by Republican punishment, we hope they will rehash their old composition and treat us to a chapter or two on Democratic fraud and corruption.

The Liberality of the Republican Party.

The Republican party has been in power in the National Councils since 1861, and we hear it charged that its leaders are actuated by a feeling of enmity towards the Southern people. Let us examine the charge.

The Vice President of the Southern Confederacy has been pardoned for his rebellion against the national government, and now sits as a member of the United States Congress.

Gen. M. W. Ransom, late of the Confederate Army, sits as a United States Senator from North Carolina, and in the House of Representatives, we see Gen. R. B. Vance, Col. J. M. Leach, Col. A. M. Waddell and Maj. W. M. Robbins, late of the Confederate Army, and Hon. Thomas S. Ashe, late Confederate States Senator from this State.

These gentlemen were all slave-owners, and the Republican party is the party of freedom—yet they are not banned or excluded from any of the rights of American citizenship on account of their being slave-owners, but are admitted by Republican votes to seats in the National Congress.

They were all ardent Confederates, and valiantly led the hosts of Jefferson Davis to battle against the Union, and the Republican party is the party of the Union—yet the Republicans of the North have said we are no longer Confederates and Unionists—we are all American citizens and we will not exclude you from any rights because you fought against the Union.

Gen. Longstreet is holding office under a Republican administration, Gen. McLaws has been nominated to the Senate by President Grant for a collectorship, and even the guerrilla, Gen. Mosby, stands high in the confidence of our Republican President.

With these facts before us, we ask where is the bitterness or unkindness which the Republican party has shown towards the Southern people—even the leaders in the war on the life of the Nation?

"The party (Democratic), owing to causes not now necessary to mention, is somewhat demoralized, disaffected and indifferent."

Thus discourseth a correspondent of the *Daily News*, who nominates Gen. D. H. Hill for Superintendent of Public Instruction. As far as it goes this is a candid, honest confession, and we commend the correspondent for the exhibition of the virtue so rare in his party; but would like him to mention those causes. The voters would like to hear them intelligibly explained by those who ought to know best the whys and wherefores. If those gentlemen will not rise to explain, we will, from time to time, tell our readers something of them, and we will, in all we say, speak by the record. The party is, as it should be, not only somewhat, but completely, demoralized, disaffected and indifferent, and the causes that have led to this condition are damning enough to make every honest man of the party blush for shame.

Who Proscribes?

The war against the Union ended nine years ago. The Republican party has been in charge of the government during that time and has worked zealously to extinguish all sectional hates and ill feelings engendered by the war. The war was inaugurated and prosecuted in the interest of slavery, and yet the Republican party excludes no man from office under the government because he was a slave-owner, or because he led the Southern armies against the government.

Even members of the Ku Klux Klan, convicted of conspiring against the government, and depriving American citizens of their lives and property, have been pardoned by our Republican President, although the outrages committed were all on members of the Republican party.

Gov. Holden attempted to destroy the Ku Klux organization in North Carolina. His efforts were only partially successful, and the Democratic party, under Ku Klux leadership, deposed him from office and forever excluded him from holding office in North Carolina. It may be said that this was done in a moment of passion, and under the influence of great party excitement.

Grant it, and yet the Democratic Legislature of North Carolina has held two sessions since, and though it extended amnesty to felons who were Democrats, it continued the proscriptive ban on Gov. Holden.

The men who attempted the life of the nation have all been pardoned by the Republican Congress and President and admitted to all their rights.

The men who burned and whipped and murdered in the interest of the Democratic party, have been pardoned by the Democratic Legislature.

And the only man in North Carolina who is not a freeman is Gov. Holden. He was banned by Democrats for attempting to destroy the Ku Klux, and though they have had the power for four years to relieve him, they have refused to do so.

Our Wants.

We want more capital in the South, and every citizen of North Carolina should unite in welcoming immigrants. Let them come from the North or from Europe or from the islands of the sea. Let them understand that we want more capital and more brain and more skilled labor. We don't want any more day laborers. We've got a sufficient number of these. No laborers in the world will work as well for the wages given and the fare furnished as our colored men and women.

But we need skilled labor. We want to learn how to improve our worn-out lands. We want to learn how to grow the grasses, and feed our cattle and our horses better, and raise more home-made manure. We want to learn to rely on our own selves for support. We want to raise our own fertilizers, our own corn, our own bacon, our own hay, our own agricultural implements. We want to manufacture our own cotton in our own State, and by giving employment to our people add to the revenues of our State and materially improve ourselves and our neighbors.

We have the lands, but they need skilful cultivation. We have the water-powers, and the fuel to run the steam engines. We raise the cotton, but instead of manufacturing it here at home, and giving employment to our own people, and realizing certain profits to compensate for the uncertainty of growing it, we ship it off in a raw state to the North and to Europe. We let the people there grow rich on what slips through our fingers, and then curse the yankees for being sharp enough to take advantage of our stupidity, and sit down and mourn over our poverty.

In a Bad Fix.

The Democracy of the Old Dominion seem to be in a bad fix generally. Gov. Kemper wouldn't help them deprive the people of Petersburg of the right of self-government, and the whole Ku Klux kennel dashed at him, and gnashed their teeth and bayed and howled and lacerated him till the whole State was in an uproar. The barking and snapping and howling has been interrupted by the sentencing of a high Democratic official to the Penitentiary for forgery, and the arrest of the Democratic Treasurer of the State for embezzlement.

Where's the boasted honesty and the virtue of Democracy—is the above a specimen?

Kemper's Veto.

We give in full, says the Asheville *Pioneer*, an editorial which appears in the (Shelby) Cleaveland *Banner* of the 21st ultimo, which is the production of the Hon. Plato Durham, who is prominently known to the people of North Carolina as the leader of the Democratic wing of the North Carolina Legislature in 1868-'9. While the article we give below is moderate in tone, it certainly deals a ponderous blow at that class of wild fanatics in the Democratic party, not only in Virginia, but in North Carolina, also, who clamor like a set of ravenous wolves for the spoils of office, let it cost the people whatever sacrifice it may. Without further comment we present the views of Mr. Durham to confirm the fact that within the ranks of the Democratic party there is a class of men who will not hesitate to sacrifice the best interests of the whole people in order to elevate themselves.

"Upon the election and inauguration of Gen. James L. Kemper as Governor of Virginia, last fall, the conservative and democratic press throughout the country were filled with rejoicings, and all admitted, that his inaugural address indicated a high order of statesmanship. In this inaugural, as well as in his stump speeches before the election, he took the bold ground, that reason and right, and not demagoguism, ought to control the acts of all public men; that Virginia was bound to no political party, but would cheerfully co-operate with men of whatever political party, in securing and maintaining her rights and equality as a member of the Federal Union, and the civil rights of her citizens under the constitution as it is, as expounded by the Supreme Court of the United States. These sentiments of the young and gallant Governor were hailed with applause throughout Virginia and the whole South by all who admired honesty, frankness and boldness.

A few days ago, the Legislature passed a new charter for the government of the city of Petersburg, and the Governor being invested with the veto power, and believing the provisions of this charter to be inexpedient, unwise and calculated to lead to a new breach of bitter antagonism between parties and races, declined to give the measure his official sanction, and returned it to the Senate, the House in which it originated, with his objections. His action in the matter created great excitement in Petersburg, and an indignation meeting was at once held, in which he was severely denounced as "having sold out" &c., and at which he was burned in effigy. From this the press took up the cudgel, and Kemper is now being held up by a few of those so-called democratic and conservative journals, as a traitor to his friends and as a renegade from the principles of a life time; and a few of our North Carolina cotemporaries, having no more to do with the matter than the man in the moon, but desirous to show their extreme loyalty *to party, now that candidate time is coming on*, are joining lustily in this denunciation and abuse. Our purpose in alluding to this local difficulty of our Virginia neighbors, is to show the absurdity of allowing a few brainless youths and bomb-proof shirkers, who happen to be in control of a few newspapers, to have the least influence upon public sentiment, even upon the most ignorant.

Let Kemper, who offered his life for his country on a hundred fields, stand firm, and the day is not far distant when these same bomb-proofs, would-be leaders of public opinion, will crawl to his feet to do him homage, as they did from bomb-proof holes to do homage to the blue coats upon the surrender of our brave armies.

But was Kemper right? There is a large republican majority in the voting population of Petersburg. By the new charter, the wards of the city were so gerrymandered and the number of aldermen to be elected by the several wards was so arranged that the control of the city would have been given to the Democrats. Kemper holds that this is not only wrong in itself, but that it establishes a precedent, by a Democratic Legislature, which would be soon followed by a Republican Legislature in several of the Southern States, and that most of the Southern cities would by this means be turned over to the control of the colored people.

Upon the return of the bill with the well considered and unanswerable objections of the Governor, the Senate, which had passed it by a large majority, sustained the veto by a vote of 26 yeas to 11 nays, thus showing the great appreciation by that body of the firmness, fairness, good sense and statesmanlike motives, which actuated him in the matter. By his firmness, to do right, regardless of popular clamor, or the dictation of friends or foes, Governor Kemper has raised himself immeasurably in the estimation of all who admire honesty, independence and manhood. Let the contemptible paper pellets from bomb-proof holes continue to pour their fire upon him; they are as harmless as if their fire were directed at the King of day."

"If you don't see what you want, ask for it," is posted up in a conspicuous place in a Logansport grocery. A native stepped into the establishment last week. He saw the card and remarked: "I want a ten dollar bill, and don't see it." "Neither do I," was the laconic reply.

The health of Mrs. Worth, widow of the late Gov. Worth, has much improved.