

WAT GORHAM & OLD NORTH STATE.

NEW SERIES.]

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From the Raleigh Register,
LETTER FROM "ITINERANT."

CORR CORRE, Near Coast, N. C.,
April 25th, 1868.

WILD HORSES.
To-day I passed a small herd of what are known as "Bank Ponies." Some of our people will probably receive, as rather fabulous, the statement, that there are wild horses in North Carolina. But they are rather abundant in the extreme east.

WHERE ARE THEY?
From Onancock Inlet, to Old Topical Inlet, or Beaufort Harbor, is some twelve miles. It is a sandy breakwater, from half a mile to a mile wide. It is well supplied, however, with low marshy spots, which yield grass enough for grazing a considerable number of cattle and horses.

FREE, AND TRY NOT FREE.
These horses are wild, and roam at pleasure, over their sandy territory. They will let you come within a hundred yards of them, before they run. But in a flash they are off, and they run like deer.

THE FERRING.
A strong enclosure is constructed at one end of the reef. From this, from right to left, there is a fence running out to the ocean on one side, and the sound on the other. Now begins the driving. People from the surrounding country gather in, and on horse-back begin at the opposite end of the reef, and drive all the ponies ahead, into the enclosure, and the marking is done.

HORSE-TRADING.
After the marking, and the ownership of the colts is determined, begins the bargain and sale of the horses, one two or three years old. The price is fixed and the latter put on. Then comes the fun. The rider is taken through the same course of instruction as the inexperienced country boys go through in the hands of circus clowns. The animal has been too long used to liberty to submit to bit and rider both. He rears, plunges, lies down, gallops, foams, kicks and paws, and he who strikes to the animals back through all three generations is a good rider.

THE HORSE TAME.
There is one release, however, that quicks the animal. He is forced into a neighboring creek, with a muddy bottom. His feet are only employed now in busy efforts to keep from sinking too deep. After a few hours of sport, the animal is committed to his master, and goes home with him.

HOW THEY LOOK.
Bank ponies are small, but strong. They are usually no larger than a two or three year old colt of inland breed. They have long hair, coarse and thick. They are not handsome. Engraves generally make wild things look well. Indians, plains, horses and the like. And in South America, likely the wild horses are handsome, but these reef ponies are degenerated stock. They were probably a good breed, but left for generations to roam at random, without groomer or shelter, they have become dwarfs. Horses, like potatoes, need a change. The breed must be crossed, and their pastures changed.

HOW THEY DRINK.
There are no springs on the reef; but the school is very wet, the ponies paw a hole in the sand, and in a few minutes the water rises. The pony wades and waches, as you have seen a water at a hot hole, and when the water rises, he helps himself, and away he goes. Horse backs

he knows nothing about, and what is better, cares nothing. He has no more use for them than a dog has for a holiday.

This is the animal in use on farms—in buggies and everywhere, in the surrounding country. I lately saw a man moving. He was a farmer, and was moving to a new farm. He had his trunks, beds, kettles, ploughs, boxes, shovels, and the other things in a moderate sized boat. Among the items were a lot of bank ponies—some two or three mares and colts—they were put in loose, about as a sow and pigs would be treated.

A NEW CONSTITUTION FOR THE UNITED STATES—THE BEST SATIRE OF THE AGE.

The New York World, of Tuesday, gets off a capital satire on Radicalism, in the shape of a burlesque Constitution, purporting to have been presented in caucus in the first month of the New Era, by Thaddeus Stevens, for the people, and unanimously adopted.

THE LEGISLATIVE DEPARTMENT.
All legislative powers shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate, a House of Representatives, and a Caucus.

All the powers of the Government of the United States shall be legislative powers.

The House of Representatives, or the Caucus, shall be the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of every member of either House.

The Congress shall have power to do anything.

A tax or duty may be laid upon articles exported from any State; provided that preference shall be given by all commercial regulations to the ports of the States of Massachusetts, Maine and Rhode Island.

The Congress shall have full authority over the lives, liberty, and property of the people of the various States.

Old States may be excluded from this Union, at the pleasure of the Congress, whenever their population or wealth may be; but no offense shall be considered sufficient to work perpetual exclusion, except the offence of perpetual hostility to the Radical party.

THE EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.
The executive power of the United States shall be vested in Congress.

There shall be an officer, to be known as the President, who shall hold his office during the pleasure of Congress.

The duties of the President shall be to sign all bills and resolutions that may be passed by Congress, and to appoint to the various subordinate administrative offices such persons as may be designated therefor by the Congress, or by Congressmen individually, or by prominent members of the Union League.

THE JUDICIAL DEPARTMENT.
The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in the Congress. The tribunal hitherto known as the Supreme Court is hereby abolished, and the persons hitherto acting as Justices of the Court are hereby declared null and void.

Trial by jury is hereby abolished.

Treason against the United States shall consist in opposing the Radical party, and adhering or giving aid and comfort to the enemies thereof, ridiculing the Radical party, and in such other things as the Congress or the Union League may declare treasonable.

The religion of the residents of the United States shall be worship of the negro. There shall be, hereafter, an anti-slavery Bible and anti-slavery God.

MISCELLANEOUS PROVISIONS.
Freedom of speech and of the press shall be controlled exclusively by the Congress. Any person who shall publish a newspaper in opposition to the Radical party may be jawhacked at sight.

No resident shall be scarce in his person, house, papers and effects, against seizures and searches commanded by Congress. Warrants may issue upon any case.

Persons arrested may be tried at the convenience of the parties procuring their arrest.

Nothing in this Constitution contained shall be held to affect the supreme power of Congress over all persons and things. This Constitution may be amended at the suggestion of the Caucus, and in accordance with the desires of a majority of the House of Representatives.

The right of suffrage, commonly known as the right to vote, being an inherent and inalienable right in every person, and coming, like reading and writing, by nature, shall be enjoyed by every resident of the United States, without regard to the age, sex, race or color of the suffragan; and this right shall never be abridged, except in the case of such persons as may willfully and unconstitutionally oppress the radical

party, who shall only vote upon consent of the Congress, and whose votes shall not, under any circumstances, be counted for or against anybody or anything.

Among the signers to this "Constitution" are: Thaddeus Sumner, Butler T. Spooner, Robert C. Skunk, Edwin M. McCullagh, Wendell Wilson, Hunniet, Am Dickinson, Serono Howe, and Elizabeth Keckley.

TRY YOUR KEROSENE.—Under this heading the *Scientific American*, of the 21st ult., in view of the many lamp explosions resulting almost invariably from the use of the bad kerosene, urges the importance of testing their oil before use in the lamp. This, it says, may be readily done by any man, woman and child, by means of a thermometer; a little warm water and a tablespoonful of the oil. Fill the cup with warm water, the temperature of which is to be brought to 110 deg. Fahrenheit. Pour the oil on the water; apply a flame to the floating oil by match or otherwise. If the oil is unuseful it will take fire, and its use in the lamp is dangerous, for it is liable to explode. But if the oil is safe and good, it will not take fire. It is worthy of remembrance, too, that all persons who sell kerosene, that will not stand the fire test at 110 deg. are liable to prosecution.

We may here add that late accounts deny that there is any truth in the assertion that salt put in coal increases either economy or efficiency of its use. On the contrary, it is asserted with at least some plausibility, that the addition of salt to the oil could only result in giving such a character to the flame as would impart a horribly ghastly hue to the countenances of those sitting within its range.

Milton Chronicle.

Origin of the Names of the Days of the Week.—The week was unknown to the Pagans of the Classic Ages, and was gradually adopted in the Roman Empire, along with Christianity, by the latter Emperors. The origin of the names of the days may have been lost sight of by many of our readers, and might not prove uninteresting to all. We find that Sunday is so called from the fact that it was anciently dedicated to the Sun. Monday means the day of the moon. Tuesday was dedicated to *Tuisco*, the Saxon Mars, the god of war and litigation. Hence in England, and in several of the United States, Tuesday is *Assize Day*, or, as it is generally called with us, *Court Day*; the day of beginning litigation. Wednesday takes its name from *Woden* or *Odin*, a hero or deity of the Northern nations. Friday is from *Friga* or *Frea*, a Saxon goddess.—Saturday means *Saturn's day*.

W. J. Journal.

The Eastern Terminus N. W. N. C. R. R.—The citizens assembled in the court house, on Wednesday evening, to hear the proposition of the Directors through their President, Mr. H. Price, of Salem. It was stated that if we would grade the road located to this place. After some remarks from Mr. Price, Col. Shoher, D. F. Caldwell, and C. P. Mendenhall, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the subscribers to the stock of the North-Western N. C. R. R. Co., do agree to guarantee the grading of the road from Greensboro to the Forsythe County line, in the direction of the town of Salem, as the same shall be located upon a survey of the said road; and that each subscriber sign a bond to secure the same, in proportion to the subscription made by them respectively, on the book, whereupon the subscribers present came forward and subscribed their names to the bond.

C. P. MENDENHALL, Ch'm.
WILL U. STEINER, Secretary.
Greensboro Patriot.

A test of sincerity was curiously applied the other day by an eccentric old gentleman who, directed by his will, that his funeral should take place at 6 o'clock in the morning, if he died in the Summer, and at 8 A. M., if in Winter. He left a list of 400 persons who were to be invited to his obsequies, as all of them had shared his benefits in time past. All who came were to inscribe their name in a register to be kept at the door of his residence. Of the entire number of invited, only 28 came at 8 o'clock on the morning of Feb. 20th, when the old gentleman was buried. Afterwards all who had attended and put down their names as required, found that each of them had sapped a legacy at the rate of \$1000 for each gentleman, and \$1600 for each lady. Thus those who staid away lost something by their indifference.

A LITERARY HER.—Miss Pittard, of this county has sent us through the hands of Mr. Thos. C. Pass, a couple of eggs of flat shape and rough shell, one of which has the word "Wa" distinctly formed in the shell. The other has "W" on it. The eggs are at this office, and can be seen by the curious.

We cannot account for this egg phenomenon upon any other hypothesis than that the hen had been chased by J. W. Stevens, the radical candidate in this county for the Senate, or, that she stood in dread of a war upon her roost, by the aforesaid candidate.—*Milton Chronicle.*

The aforesaid year locusts have made their appearance in the northern part of Frederick county, Va., and a number of hogs have been killed by eating them.

SPEECH OF MR. GROESBECK.
WASHINGTON, April 27.

There is but little difference of opinion about the argument of Mr. Groesbeck, of counsel for the President, before the High Court of Impeachment Saturday. Men of all shades of politics agree that it evinces ability of a superior character, and that it will rank with the ablest, clearest, and most logical arguments ever presented to any tribunal. The extreme Radicals—the men most anxious for Mr. Johnson's conviction—the men whose minds are already made up, and who have determined not to be convinced, (and this is not intended to apply to Senators but to gentlemen outside and to members of the House,) all say it was the best argument yet presented for the defence but they do not attempt to gainsay any of the points presented.

Since the commencement of the trial no man has been listened to with such marked attention, both from Senators and others upon the floor and spectators in the gallery; and this, too, in spite of the fact that it was a great physical labor for him to speak, and that his voice, from bronchial hoarseness, was anything but pleasing to the ear. But after his first sentence the voice was forgotten, and the closest attention was paid to his sound, forcible reasoning.

He was decidedly original in manner, matter, and form of expression, and threw a flood of light upon the case. The lawyers of the Senate—the men of acknowledged legal ability—such as Johnson, Fessenden, Trumbull, Grimes, Sherman, and others, seemed to be particularly interested; and there was hardly one but who noted the points now and then used. Senator Howard, who has throughout the trial occupied his own seat on the outer circle of desks, on this occasion, and after Mr. Groesbeck had spoken a short time, moved near to him, and more than once orally explained the case cited by the speaker.

It was manifest that the Ohio lawyer was giving the Michigan Senator some points and decisions which were entirely new to him or which had escaped his attention. Mr. Sumner, too, seemed to be more interested than he has yet been, except, perhaps, since Mr. Manager Butler's opening. Senators Drake and Cowler occupied seats near the table of counsel, and listened attentively. Senator Conkling kept his seat upon the outer circle for a time, but after awhile became so much interested that he moved nearer, and occupied a seat beside Senator Johnson. The latter, as is his custom, paid the strictest attention.

Of all the Senators, he is the only one who has, throughout the trial, taken careful notes of the proceedings, and of the authorities referred to by the Managers and counsel, whether upon the admissibility of testimony or in the general discussion of the issue. Senator Chandler alone did not seem to be at all interested, for he was not in the chamber much of the time, and the argument was, therefore, utterly lost upon him.

At the close of his remarks, Mr. Groesbeck was congratulated by several of the Senators, and the Chief Justice engaged in a short conversation with him, but whether to congratulate him or not could not be determined from the galleries. One thing is certain that Mr. Groesbeck gave the positions assumed by the Managers some ponderous blows, and utterly demolished their reasoning, and furnished much food for the serious reflection of each and every member of the High Court of Impeachment. Mr. Groesbeck is a native of the State of New York; went early in life to Cincinnati. He was a representative in the Thirty fifth Congress, and a member of the Peace Congress in 1861.

After all the croaking about the Abyssinian expedition, its fruitlessness and the enormous expense it would entail, it has achieved a brilliant success. The imperial barbarian has been vanquished and killed, the English captives are all recovered, and the army has not suffered anything like the hardships predicted, and is safely making its way back to the coast.

John Guisner, a German Democrat of Hartford, Connecticut, was too ill with rheumatism to walk to the polls at the late election, whereupon his wife (a notable helpmate, indeed,) took him upon her back and carried him up amid the cheers of the crowd. A purse of \$300 was made up for her on the spot.

The New York *Express*, commenting upon the various plans that are proposed to keep passenger railway conductors from stealing, says that the best way to prevent them from pilfering from their receipts is to pay fair wages for their services.

GOV. WORTH.

It is a little remarkable that the name of Gov. Worth has scarcely been mentioned in the late campaign in this State. We never voted for Gov. Worth, but it is due to him to say that he has discharged his duties so faithfully and fairly, that neither party could find good cause for complaint. The fact is, Jonathan Worth is an honest man; and although he is an old-line Whig of the strictest sect, while we claim to be nothing but an old-line Democrat of the original panal, we cannot but admire his straightforwardness in acting as the Chief Executive of North Carolina.

We presume that Gov. Worth has but little faith in the ability of the new parties that have sprung up during and since the war, to settle national difficulties, and probably believes that things will never get right until the country acts upon and adopts the principles of the old Whig party, (for the Whig party was a party of principle,) while we believe that the rights of the States and the people will never be respected and maintained until the principles of the old Democratic party are engrafted on the policy of the Government.—We mean the principles of that party in regard to States Rights, Tariff, Banking and Expenditures by the General Government. The war settled the question against the right of a State to secede and against slavery, but not against the general rights of the apocryphal States.

But it was not to talk about old parties that we commenced this article. (We may have something to say on that subject hereafter,) it was merely to pay what we consider a deserved compliment to Gov. Worth for the faithful manner in which he has discharged his duties as Governor in times of great trial and perplexity.—His term of office may soon end, and therefore we do not consider it improper to allude to him at this time as an honest, pure minded public officer. We have received no favors from Gov. Worth, and don't ask or expect any, but as a man who always differed with him in politics, we are disposed to give him (or any other man) the credit he is entitled to.

No man deserves more the complimentary paid him above, by the Charlotte Democrat, than Gov. Worth, North Carolina never had a better Governor. The State possesses no truer citizen, no "nobler Roman," than Jonathan Worth, and time alone can fully develop the wisdom and success of his administration, during the critical period he has administered the Executive office. His duties have nearly exhausted and worn out a constitution, which a life of sobriety and integrity and a good conscience had made capable of great endurance. Now, at a ripe age, he is encumbered, and will retire when he can lay aside the cares of office, to recuperation in private life and quiet. May Heaven long preserve his valuable life! He is one of the few left among us, whose integrity and virtues connect us with the better days of the past, and such constitute the jewels of the State.—*Sentinel.*

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.
Dickens wrote: "There is nothing—no, nothing beautiful and good, that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, play its part, though its body be burned to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here."

Dead! oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful could even death appear; for how much charity, mercy and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!

HOW TO STAMP LETTERS.
An exchange has the following article on stamping letters:

"Many persons instead of wetting postage stamps wet the letters, but it is a bad plan, as the saliva is a powerful solvent, and in the act of dampening it with the tongue, the size is softened or wholly or partly removed from the paper. At once the moisture begins to sink into the absorbent surface, which in three seconds becomes so dry that a stamp will not stick firmly and completely to it.

The four divisions of the Presbyterian church in Scotland have had under consideration, for some time past, the question of a general union, and it is thought that some decisive action will be taken, thereupon next week.

The Charleston *Mercury* says: Gen. Hancock seems as likely to get the Democratic nomination as any name mentioned, and availability will determine the man, whether Seymour, Hancock, or Pendleton, either acceptable.

A representation of a flute and a harp has been found on a tomb near the pyramids, which is considered to prove that those instruments are at least four thousand years old.

FLORA MACDONALD.
The Tory Heroine of the Cape Fear.

BY MONSIEUR.

IN TWO PARTS.—I.

And I marvel, sir, By heaven! I'd almost said the blessing— That circles round the fair and virtuous woman.

To trace the time and the passion which controlled the mind of men; to connect the whole as one thread, and weave into a simple web, will be our present aim. We shall run over much historical ground, tear down many a historic barrier, and many old landmarks.

Electoral is an act Of will, not force.

And we therefore single out this field. The eighteenth century has long since passed away, but it has left behind, in its history, pages of romance, full of daring and noble exploits. Here fancy can roam and dream of lovely visions, and conjure up thoughts of never-ending bliss. Here fame can wonder and sound her horn over the conqueror's tomb, and tell of his past glory and greatness. Or, she may sit down by the grave of honest deeds, and tell the passer by how much worth is buried there. Here glory can find a crown and find a name, and none brighter, more fair or more famed than Flora Macdonald!

The sweetest tales of human weal and sorrow, The finest trophies of the limner's fame, To my fond fancy, Flora, seem to borrow Celestial hales from thy gentle name.

In it nations were crushed, nations were born, and nations were remodelled. From the creation of the kingdom of Prussia in 1701, down to the storming of Singapore in 1799, lies before the student of history a vast accumulation of interesting matter. The Mississippi bubble excited the French as much as did the South sea bubble the English in a subsequent year. Poor Poland was broken into fragments, and the exiled Irish lost their own down-trodden land, but saved France from the bloody field of Fontenoy. The United States struggled through seven weary years for freedom, and won it after a glorious contest. Amidst the many revolutions and counter-revolutions which distracted the French people, across the greatest warrior of modern times. This century then can claim many brilliant things. However, it is not our province to say why empires fell and republics rose, nor to strictly adhere to the causes that troubled the civil and political polity of the era, but it is ours to blend the *utile* with the *dulce*, history with romance. Now, to do this, what analogous theme, fictitious or real, could be possibly selected more truly worthy the pen of any writer in prose or in poetry than the one here proposed? She belongs to Columbia as well as to Great Britain, and to the House of Hanover as well as to the House of Stuart. The latter she loved with woman's love, while to the former she became attached from a strange current of human events, based upon the stranger tide of human ideas, and so to say human instincts. She figured on this continent and in Europe, but in each hemisphere she was the advocate of Tory principles. Her heroism was not less conspicuous in the one than it was in the other. Her life from infancy to maturity was obscure, but from womanhood to the grave an almost unceasing storm, full of adventure and notoriety. In Scotland she was the brightest object among a stern host of "lairds." Her devotion to "Dear Charles" has immortalized her name, and in the fulness of her heart she might have truly exclaimed: "I will not wholly die." In America she arrayed herself in common with her countrymen against the cause of freedom, forgetting that it was not for the cause of Prince Charles Edward, but for that of his enemy, the elector of Hanover. With all a woman's charms and her enthusiasm, she unfurled on high his battle-flag and fought for his supremacy.

We have anticipated this much, and yet a notice on *passant* of Toryism and Whiggism will not, we hope, be considered trifling. The clans of Scotland, and especially those of the Highlands, submitted reluctantly to the act of settlement of King William, and in silence deeply lamented the adverse fate which drove into exile the old royal line. The restraint imposed upon them by the heartless conqueror daily increased the gloom which hung over them. Consequently, after the treacherous and cruel massacre of Glen-Coe, those who could do so with safety, abandoned their *sword crags* and *peaks*, and sought the distant transatlantic wilds. They not only turned their backs to the shores of the St. Lawrence, but they took a more Southern track, steered for a more genial, more torrid clime, in the upper region of the river Cape Fear. Here we will leave them to pursue the art of husbandry, and gain for themselves, their children, and their children's children, the sweets of honest toil, the fruits of patient labor and industry.—They forgot not the ties of kindred that still bound them to the present country, and they watched, not without some feeling of hope, the quaggy foundation on which they considered the House of Brunswick to stand.

Year followed year down the flow floating stream of time, and no change came, no reformation. It was looked for by anxious eyes at home, and by anxious hearts was it everywhere desired. London was then, as it is now, rotten at the core. Cruelty, dishonesty, avarice, and profligacy, were at a par. Bribery extended an itching palm. Mammon was its deity, and on his greedy altar was sacrificed a pure, trembling, bleeding victim—liberty. Fire and sword laid waste and decimated Scotland in the attempt to foist on that unflinching people the tatterdemolions of the Episcopacy, while vanquished Erin found not a *plucking hand*, a generous foe. Old castles and manors were pillaged; shrines and churches were crumbled to dust; their riches—golden and silver ornaments, were taken to decorate those of the established religion. England was all powerful; her canvass whitened every sea; the sun never set on her empire, and it was therefore, in her philosophy, but just and proper so to do! Her sword and her six-penny theology were opposed to everything not Saxon. It was therefore the highest wisdom to scatter destruction broadcast! Brave people were most cruelly butchered or impoverished, and chained down in the vilest slavery. All this, forsooth, too, to bring joy and gladness, and wealth and dominion, to the few in the great metropolis. Was the spirit of liberty broken? No. Like embers on the hearth it shot forth scintillations of vitality. It was merely dormant, waiting the opportunity to burst out anew into a conflagration more sweeping than ever. This despotism was galling, and to none more than to the brave, brotherly Highlanders. They hated the new sovereignty. They blushed with shame at their humiliating condition. Daily in intensity grew the feeling, until finally words gave expression to the thought: "The emanculating, contaminating loathsome must be removed and spurned." Had that auspicious moment arrived? Were the pibroch heard on the heather? Were the clans of the Macdonalds, the Campbells, the Maclellans, the Macraes in battle formed? A natural event timely happened to postpone this threatened outbreak. *William the Third* was no more.

Before the accession of Anne, and while yet a princess, a lady in wait gained her love and confidence. This was the notorious Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough. She was avaricious, ambitious, very vain. Understanding that her mistress would wield the sceptre, she made use of every device to ingratiate herself into the good graces of the future Queen. Like the witch in "Macbeth," she stirred round and round the boiling cauldron in which her glowing fancy had placed all opposers of the Whig party.

It was midnight, and a pale moon moon lit up the spires of London. The Tower stood gloomily against the sky, a terror to a crocheting race. In it Marlborough had been immured by William. The streets were deserted, and on the great bridge quietude reigned supreme. No footsteps pattered on the side-walks; no hilarity proceeded from the ale-house; no jocularity rang its merry peal in the club-rooms—the coffee-houses, the *Scotchmen's clubs*—of England's golden age. All was solemnly still. The palace was dissolved of its pageantry, hollow pomp. No liveried man was visible. No dragon, spurred and belted, trotted along the avenues; nor did the sheen of a helmeted sentinel appear anywhere. In one of the kingly halls lay the King. Not a whisper of the air was audible. The uniformed parasites of that great man had all vanished. None stood there to do him honor. What cared they, he was no longer of this world. His victories in behalf of the Prelacy were forgotten; anyhow, were not sufficiently resplendent to bring a smile to his bier. There he lay, powerless, in the cold embrace of all-powerful death.—He was the bitterest enemy of Louis the Fourteenth. He is nobody's enemy, unless before the judgment-seat his own. A side door is cautiously opened, a deeply veiled head is slowly introduced; two eyes glisten and stare to the right, to the left, to the bier. Noiselessly the door turns. Tiptoe approaches the enveloped form; a delicate hand steals out from the folds of the black domino; diamonds flash, the figure starts. The embroiled guish covering the pallid face is with much trembling turned down, and the dead is gazed upon by the living. "Thank God for this," muttered the Duchess. "You are dead! dead! dead! You cannot terrify me. Your eyes are cold. Where now is their fire? Who now will obey your behests? Who will cover before you? I can deem every obstacle in my path as a mere trifling, easily overcome. I will gain wealth, and friends, and distinction, and power. My ambition will be satisfied." With these words she covered the inanimate visage, and more like a spirit than a human being, glided from the chamber. Soon all England was convulsed with joy.

The Princess Anne succeeded the throne and became the good Queen Anne. The Tories participated, perhaps from policy; the Whigs, from evident success. From Cheviot Hills to Land's End, if not from Dunbar head to Port Patrick, the name of Anne was glorified, and her enthronement was proclaimed amid the booming of cannon, and the acclamations of millions.—She was the daughter of James the Catholic, but she was not a Catholic. She was of the House of Stuart, that pleased the Tories; she was a Protestant, that pleased the Whigs. Beneath all this accumulating confusion ran something deeper still. That same unanimity of feeling was not so enthusiastically displayed in Scotland. How could the Tories there love the Whigs? The ghosts of their murdered fathers would arise from their bloody graves and cry out, "For shame! for shame!" However, the fact that Anne was a Stuart tended to keep in submission their aroused nature. They saw one gleam of hope—the ejection of the opposing faction from every office in the kingdom. The fact of her espousal to the union of the crowns of France and Spain secured in some degree the threat

ered a pure, trembling, bleeding victim—liberty. Fire and sword laid waste and decimated Scotland in the attempt to foist on that unflinching people the tatterdemolions of the Episcopacy, while vanquished Erin found not a *plucking hand*, a generous foe. Old castles and manors were pillaged; shrines and churches were crumbled to dust; their riches—golden and silver ornaments, were taken to decorate those of the established religion. England was all powerful; her canvass whitened every sea; the sun never set on her empire, and it was therefore, in her philosophy, but just and proper so to do! Her sword and her six-penny theology were opposed to everything not Saxon. It was therefore the highest wisdom to scatter destruction broadcast! Brave people were most cruelly butchered or impoverished, and chained down in the vilest slavery. All this, forsooth, too, to bring joy and gladness, and wealth and dominion, to the few in the great metropolis. Was the spirit of liberty broken? No. Like embers on the hearth it shot forth scintillations of vitality. It was merely dormant, waiting the opportunity to burst out anew into a conflagration more sweeping than ever. This despotism was galling, and to none more than to the brave, brotherly Highlanders. They hated the new sovereignty. They blushed with shame at their humiliating condition. Daily in intensity grew the feeling, until finally words gave expression to the thought: "The emanculating, contaminating loathsome must be removed and spurned." Had that auspicious moment arrived? Were the pibroch heard on the heather? Were the clans of the Macdonalds, the Campbells, the Maclellans, the Macraes in battle formed? A natural event timely happened to postpone this threatened outbreak. *William the Third* was no more.

Before the accession of Anne, and while yet a princess, a lady in wait gained her love and confidence. This was the notorious Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough. She was avaricious, ambitious, very vain. Understanding that her mistress would wield the sceptre, she made use of every device to ingratiate herself into the good graces of the future Queen. Like the witch in "Macbeth," she stirred round and round the boiling cauldron in which her glowing fancy had placed all opposers of the Whig party.

It was midnight, and a pale moon moon lit up the spires of London. The Tower stood gloomily against the sky, a terror to a crocheting race. In it Marlborough had been immured by William. The streets were deserted, and on the great bridge quietude reigned supreme. No footsteps pattered on the side-walks; no hilarity proceeded from the ale-house; no jocularity rang its merry peal in the club-rooms—the coffee-houses, the *Scotchmen's clubs*—of England's golden age. All was solemnly still. The palace was dissolved of its pageantry, hollow pomp. No liveried man was visible. No dragon, spurred and belted, trotted along the avenues; nor did the sheen of a helmeted sentinel appear anywhere. In one of the kingly halls lay the King. Not a whisper of the air was audible. The uniformed parasites of that great man had all vanished. None stood there to do him honor. What cared they, he was no longer of this world. His victories in behalf of the Prelacy were forgotten; anyhow, were not sufficiently resplendent to bring a smile to his bier. There he lay, powerless, in the cold embrace of all-powerful death.—He was the bitterest enemy of Louis the Fourteenth. He is nobody's enemy, unless before the judgment-seat his own. A side door is cautiously opened, a deeply veiled head is slowly introduced; two eyes glisten and stare to the right, to the left, to the bier. Noiselessly the door turns. Tiptoe approaches the enveloped form; a delicate hand steals out from the folds of the black domino; diamonds flash, the figure starts. The embroiled guish covering the pallid face is with much trembling turned down, and the dead is gazed upon by the living. "Thank God for this," muttered the Duchess. "You are dead! dead! dead! You cannot terrify me. Your eyes are cold. Where now is their fire? Who now will obey your behests? Who will cover before you? I can deem every obstacle in my path as a mere trifling, easily overcome. I will gain wealth, and friends, and distinction, and power. My ambition will be satisfied." With these words she covered the inanimate visage, and more like a spirit than a human being, glided from the chamber. Soon all England was convulsed with joy.

The Princess Anne succeeded the throne and became the good Queen Anne. The Tories participated, perhaps from policy; the Whigs, from evident success. From Cheviot Hills to Land's End, if not from Dunbar head to Port Patrick, the name of Anne was glorified, and her enthronement was proclaimed amid the booming of cannon, and the acclamations of millions.—She was the daughter of James the Catholic, but she was not a Catholic. She was of the House of Stuart, that pleased the Tories; she was a Protestant, that pleased the Whigs. Beneath all this accumulating confusion ran something deeper still. That same unanimity of feeling was not so enthusiastically displayed in Scotland. How could the Tories there love the Whigs? The ghosts of their murdered fathers would arise from their bloody graves and cry out, "For shame! for shame!" However, the fact that Anne was a Stuart tended to keep in submission their aroused nature. They saw one gleam of hope—the ejection of the opposing faction from every office in the kingdom. The fact of her espousal to the union of the crowns of France and Spain secured in some degree the threat

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