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From the Maryland Journal.

TILDEN, HENDRICKS and REFORM.

From mountain, gorge and valley
There comes the thrilling cry,
Reform, the nation's watchword,
In places low and high.

'Twas not, my boys, 'till Tilden
Made war upon the ring,
And drove it from its kennel,
A loathed and loathsome thing.

'Twas not 'till he unfolded
The gross abuse of power,
Which wrought such fearful havoc
Each fleeting, passing hour.

O'er all the marts of business,
The workshop and the field,
The anvil and the ploughshare,
The country's strongest shield;

And tolled the bell of warning
From freedom's lofty tower,
To tell of coming danger,
The tyrant's crushing power;

That we, a band of freemen,
Saw peril close at hand,
Our ship among the rapids,
Though well and nobly manned,

Then gather round the flag, my boys,
'Tis floating on the breeze,
His hand is firm that grasps it,
A rainbow span he sees.

He stands beside the cradle
Our fathers rocked of yore;
He drinks anew the music
Attuned to golden lore,

The thought of Cowpens kindles
His mighty soul to flame;
Her Howard and her Morgan,
Who to the rescue came,

No bloody shirt is flaunted
To rouse the nation's rage;
Old Tilden seeks sublimely
All passions to assuage.

He knows no other country
But this our fathers made,
Where each bright star is shining
Safe in its orbit laid.

The nation sees the crisis,
Her pulse is beating high,
Reform is on her standard,
It flashes in the sky,

The Germans vote is changing,
For none more quickly see
The need there is for wisdom
And stern integrity.

For patience and true courage,
The mind from passion free,
The will to guide in grandeur
This glowing galaxy.

The German, in the mandate
For arms in time of peace,
Sees causes of distrust
That grow and never cease,

They know full well that freedom
Loves balloting as free
As is the flight of sea-gull
When gliding o'er the sea,

They know that every warder,
Who walks a sentinel,
Should rally to the rescue,
And save the citadel.

We have no fear of failure,
No dread of sad defeat,
Who march in solid column,
And on our march repeat

The watch-cry of our leader,
The signal of success,
A never failing symbol
Of succor in distress,
With Tilden and with Hendricks,
We shall our banner plant
On every dale and mountain
[illegible]

No [illegible] will dim our vision,
No wheeling on the way
Will hinder us from marching
In triumph on that day.

No "Boys in Blue" deter us
From action bold and free,
No sullied hand [illegible]
Her sons of liberty.

Old Hickory in the vanguard,
McClellan by his side,
With Hancock and other brayes,
To meet oppression's tide.

We'll storm the fort and take it
On this November day,
When Grant and Mayen retreating,
Are vanquished in the fray.

[illegible]
One struggle more, and Tilden
With Hendricks wins the day.

☞ A minister, who has succeeded in [illegible] instruction of young ladies in the art of [illegible] "The future of Europe."

☞ If all tastes are the same [illegible] would be no accounting for them.

☞ A [illegible] is just like a [illegible]

THE WHITE LILY.

I am eighty one years old to-night when the clock strikes twelve. My name is Ezra Steele, and I was born in the city of New York. It was a different place then from what it is now, the people walked in the Bowery for fresh air, and thought Pearl street pretty far up town.

Our home was almost out of town—nearly where Canal street is to-day. We had a garden about it and our garden touched that of a neighbor, who was a German by birth, and fond of his flowers as a German can be.

He had beds of great gaudy tulips and wonderful roses and enormous double poppies, but I used to think the sweet white lillies the prettiest of all and I always thought little Gretchen just like one of them.

She never had much color, but her forehead was like snow and her hair long, and light, curled down to her slender waist.

She used to come to her side of the fence and look over and talk about such things as we were interested in. Sometimes she came in to play with me, but my mother would never allow me to go into neighbor Warner's garden for fear that I should injure the flowers, through which I could never learn to walk quietly reverentially as Gretchen did.

Indeed neighbor Warner was not fond of children, and not one to tempt them into his garden or his house, or anywhere they would be apt to meet him: a gruff, oldish man, who had lost his wife years before, and had no one in his house to care for his little girl, who was quite left to herself, and had a womanly way with her at the age of ten that some have not at sixteen.

She knew even then how to make her father's soup and coffee, and how to put the buttons on his shirts. Work which was too much for her little hands he must have done himself: but the house was very clean and bare and tidy, not a carpet on any floor, and not a blanket for—as my mother said, she had seen—they slept between feather beds as though they wanted to smother themselves.

But such as the house was, little Gretchen took more and more care of it as she grew older, and helped her father with his flowers and knew each individual blossom. It used to seem to me that knew her.

While I was very young, a mere child in years, I used to say that Gretchen should be my little wife, my mother always answering:

"I couldn't wish you a better, if she grows up what she is now."

When I was older I stopped saying this out of shame, but I thought so more than ever. I knew before I was old enough to be called a man that I should never love any one but Gretchen Werner. She never thought about it until I put it into her head by making love to her.

For a while she was very shy and would not listen to me, but at last she told me that she liked me better than any one else in the world and let me kiss her.

I had not known her before since I was ten years old. Then I was one-and-twenty. I have seen young men kiss the girls they love in a light, careless way. I felt that night as though I were touching something holy with my lips.

A fewdays after this I gave her a plain ring with our names upon it, and the date of the day on which she told me she liked me, and it seemed as though that bound her to me.

I was not as good as I might have been, and did not go to church always when my mother wanted me to do so: but I prayed that night as earnestly as ever man prayed that I might always know what to do to make her happy, and always be able to keep her from any of the troubles and trials of poverty.

After this, in our American fashion, which seemed so wrong to Englishmen and Europeans, I asked her father if I might have Gretchen.

"She has told me that she will be happy with me," I said, and stood there fidgeting before him, hat in hand, for I saw a cloud upon his forehead, and saw him take his pipe out of his mouth in a hurried way, which always showed that he was very angry.

"You speak to Gretchen first!" he asked in his strong German accent. "You dare do that?"

"We always do it here, sir," I said, "We try to find out whether the young lady is willing we should speak to her parents, and then—"

But neighbor Werner stamped his foot angrily.

"I am a German," he said. "My daughter obeys me. She will not marry a poor man."

"I am poor yet," I said, but I will make my fortune some day. I will indeed I—"

He laughed.

"You are not worth being angry with, boy," he said. "All I will say to you is, you cannot have Gretchen. I have other plans for her."

Then he turned his back upon me, and walked about tieing his tulips, leaving me angry and defiant.

I never thought of asking Gretchen up. Never, even when for days she did not look her way, and do what I might I could catch no glimpse of her. I wanted to speak with her and marrying her secretly by running away with her and marrying her [illegible]

termined to force an entrance: but at last she come to me one sunny afternoon and looked over the fence with her arms folded upon it, as she used when she was a child.

"Gretchen," I cried and ran to her and put my arms about her. "Gretchen my darling, you have come to me at last."

She gave a little sigh, and drew herself away from my embrace.

"It is for the last time, Ezra," she said, "father told me I might bid you good-bye."

"Good-bye," I faltered.

"Yes," she said, "I must never talk, to you again.

"You have promised to be my wife," I said. "You have said you loved me.—What do you mean! He has frightened you by locking you up. You think his power is absolute."

"No one locked me up," she said quietly. "I have been told to stay within the doors out of your sight, and I obeyed. It was wrong of me to promise anything without father's leave. I thought it was different in such a case and I liked you so but I know now how unmaidenly it was, Father has told me."

"You stayed from me of your own free will," I said. "You were not restrained. O, Gretchen."

"Father gave me his order. One must obey one's parents. It is God's law she said.

"Easy to obey when you are willing," I said bitterly. "Parents could not keep me from you if you wanted me, Gretchen."

The tears were falling fast over her cheeks. She sobbed heavily.

"O, Ezra, if you only knew," she said. "I must obey."

Then she drew the ring I had given her from her finger.

"Father says I must return this," she said, and it seemed as though she could not speak for weeping.

But I was cruel to her.

"Of your own free will, because you do not care for me?" I asked.

"I cannot change my feelings," she said. "Perhaps they are wrong, but I must always like you better than any one else. But father says I must not marry you, and that I must give back the ring."

I felt it drop into my palm. I clutched it fiercely. There was a flat stone close by the fence, and I dropped the ring on that and ground it to atoms beneath my heel. She only sobbed the more.

"Don't be angry with me, Ezra," she said. "It is not my fault."

But I would not listen to her. I turned from her and walked away. Judging by myself, she could not care for me if any thought of obedience could stand between us.

That night I packed my portmantau and left home. I could not stay there so near and yet to have nothing to do with her.

I never forgot her for a moment, but I did not talk of the past to any one.

I had an uncle in Detroit, and I went to him. He was a farrier and he taught me his business, and soon I was able to make money at it. But money was nothing to me now, except so far as it was needed to enable me to live from day to day. I sent it to my parents, and they, needing nothing, put it away in the bank with the little store the were saving for my good.

"But we are glad to have such an industrious son," said my mother, "and when you bring home some pretty Canadian girl, you will be glad to have a nest egg to start with."

I had no thought of any girl, however pretty, for a wife; but mother could not guess how deeply I had been wounded.

Day and night I kept thinking of Gretchen, and always I kept on my bed room window sill, in a china pot, one of those pure white lillies, which always reminds me of her. But I never asked a question about her, and five years passed by—five anniversaries of our betrothal day, and I did not know even whether she had married, or was yet Gretchen Werner.

It was the sixth anniversary of that day when I went home to my little room earlier than usual. I had been strangely nervous all day, starting at any sound, and feeling as though every time the door opened, that some one had come to bring the evil news. And I had thought of Gretchen a great deal, and it seemed to me that writing a long letter home to my mother would comfort me.

I sat down to my desk near the window the shadow of the lily I always mentally called Gretchen falling over the papers when the evening wind swayed it. The sun was going down, and all was very calm and peaceful. A kind of Sabbath hush seemed to have fallen on everything, and I wondered why it was.

I told you I had never asked a word about Gretchen before; this day I added a postscript to my letter:

"Is Gretchen Werner well, and living near you?" I said. "Tell me something about her."

Just as I said these words the lily shadows swayed more darkly over my paper, and I looked up. Beside the lily stood Gretchen, white as the flower itself, and robed in white. Her long, fair hair dropped over her bosom, and between her outstretched hands lay a bunch of lily flowers as they are laid on the bosom of the dead.

She smiled as I looked at her, [illegible]

"Gretchen!" I cried. "Gretchen! Gretchen!" and she smiled again, and seemed [illegible]

—a letter from my mother.

"How strange it is that you should have spoken of Gretchen Werner in your last letter for the first time," she wrote. "My son, I am afraid the news will grieve you. On the day on which your letter is dated she died, just at sunset. I think she must have always been fond of you, for she never seemed to think of any one else, and declared that she would never marry. But a few months ago neighbor Werner actually went so far as to command her to give her hand to a friend of his, a rich old Geaman. She pleaded hard, but he was not to be moved, and she thought she must obey, poor child. The wedding dress was made, and all ready for the nuptials, when they found her dead.

I think her father killed her as much as if he had stabbed or poisoned her. The doctor called it heart disease. She was lovelier than anything I ever saw when I saw her last, in her coffin, white lilies on her bosom. She was good, and pure, and true, and she has always loved you, my child. I am a woman and can read another woman's heart. She has always loved you."

I knew it then. I went home to my parents very soon, and never left them again. I live in the old house now, and on my window sill there always stands a white lily. Believe it or not, once a year at sunset, on the anniversary of our betrothal eve, I have ever since seen Gretchen standing near it, smiling upon me.

I think it is an omen that God will reunite us in heaven, where, though there is no marrying or giving in marriage, I may still call my white lily, my pure, true hearted darling, my own, still wed her in the spirit, and dwell with her through all eternity among the angels.

KATY DID.

"No, I will never do it!" Katy said to herself, as she stood under the great oak tree, that grew at the foot of the lawn, and watched the moon rise over the wooded hill beyond. "No, I will never do it!" she said again, and emphasized the declaration this time with a stamp of her tiny foot upon the sward.

Pity that there was no one there to see while the girl looked so bewitchingly pretty, with the flash in her bright eyes, and the angry glow upon her cheeks, and her lips set in a very rosebud of a pout.—Whatsoever it was that she would never do, she was at all events quite decided upon it, and the determination on her face grew stronger, when presently a step—a man's tread—sounded behind her.

"Miss Katy!"

Her lips were still moving, as she turned to meet the newcomer.

"What are you saying, Miss Katy?"

"Was I saying anything? Oh, I was only making a vow all to myself!" she answered, with a fine assumption of carelessness, although her color heightened.

"What sort of a vow, Miss Katy? Is it anything a true knight might help you to do?"

Katy had seated herself upon the mossy root of the old oak, and the young man threw himself on the ground at her feet, like a true knight, as he asked his question.

A little flash came into her eyes as she returned, quickly:

"It is something that I will—not—do!"—with an emphatic pause upon each word.

"Take care!"—he put in, laughingly. "Listen! do you hear that warning voice? 'Katy did'—right up above you in the tree."

And in truth, "Katy did! Katy did!"—broke vehemently upon the stillness from a gossiping insect in the very branch overhead.

But Katy put out a little hand upon the trunk, and the gossiping voice ceased all at once.

"You see, the insect knows that Katy won't!" the girl said, triumphantly.

The young man hardly heard. He was leaning on his arm, his face turned toward her in the moonlight. It was pale and set with earnestness, she saw.

"There was one thing," he was saying —"there is one thing Katy might do if she would. She might make me happier than I could ever tell her if she would but promise one day to be my wife!"

There was a pause. It had come more suddenly than Katy had expected. Was that the reason why the color left her face? But she had her answer ready.

"No, I will never do it," she said, for the third time that evening, but for the first in these set terms aloud.

"Katy—dear Katy, do you know your own heart so certainly as once? Is there no hope for me—none?"

In his eagerness, he possessed himself of the soft little hand she had rested on the rough bark of the tree; and as he drew it away, the silenced insect burst forth in full force again—"Katy did! Katy did!"—until Katy felt a smile flashing in spite of herself over her pretty face.

John Dallas was the kind was not slow to take advantage of it. He imprisoned both her hands in his.

"The kind little insect shall go on with its prophesy," he said. "You shall not lay your hand upon the tree to silence it again. Darling, hear how it declares Katy did' promise to try to love me—'Katy did' promise to be my wife. I know you have been angry with me, Katy; I know that [illegible] have whispered to entice you to Katy darlings, if you would have [illegible]

[illegible]

MRS. SMITH.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"My health requires it," said Mr. Barnaby, sighing. "Otherwise I couldn't find it in my conscience to leave you in the city, my dear."

"And why couldn't you go when I did?" said Mrs. Barnaby. "It does seem too bad. Here I've been all by myself with the children, and no one to drive us, no one to row us, or anything; cast away, as it were, without a soul to speak to me; and just as I come home *you* go."

"All the fault of business, my dear," said Mr. Barnaby. "You can't regret it as much as I do."

Then he kissed his nine responsibilities, embraced his wife, caught up his handsome traveling-bag, and hurried away to play bachelor for a fortnight at the pretty seaside hotel. It was one of his treats, something he indulged in every year, as Mrs. Barnaby shrewdly suspected.

Mr. Barnaby was a handsome man and a favorite with the ladies. It pleased him to shake off the burden of wife and children for a while and to indulge in innocent flirtation with pretty women. Wife and children had enough to eat meantime, and had nothing to complain of. Mrs. B. never guessed, he said to himself; then he wondered whether pretty Miss Millet would be down at ——'s, and whether the handsome widow, Mrs. Grey, would bring her full-blown charms to the seaside that season.

——'s was full. So, at least, the proprietor declared; but he found room, *of course*, for Mr. Barnaby; and Mr. Barnaby, in the latest styles, (of course Mrs. B. had not required the latest styles in the quiet country,) sauntered into the parlor after the evening meal, with the conscious air of a lady-killer.

He looked about the room. There sat the usual groups, chatting, flirting, or yawning. And there sat Miss Millet, in blue, and the widow in violet. But there sat also a lady in costly black silk, with diamonds in her ears, who struck him at once as something uncommon. She wore blonde hair, crimped to the last possibility, and leaving half an inch of forehead. Her eyes were black and her face very fair. To be sure, the powder was plainly perceptible, but she was only in the fashion there. She seemed quite a stranger to every one, and Mr. Barnaby had never seen her before; but as he looked at her she smiled faintly and softly, but still positively.

Mr. Barnaby returned the smile. *Was* he mistaken? *Had* he ever seen her? But no; none of his lady friends had golden hair and black eyes; of that he was positive.

As he laughed with the widow and grew sentimental with Miss Millet, Mr. Barnaby could not help glancing at the unknown lady, and great was his delight, when, shortly after the usual 'hop' began, the hotel proprietor, an intimate friend of his, touched him on the shoulder and whispered:

"Mr. Barnaby: you've made a conquest. A lady requests me to introduce you."

"A lady?" said Mr. Barnaby, and his eyes involuntarily turned toward the black-eyed blonde.

"You are correct, sir," said the other.

"That is the lady. Introduced by one of our first patrons; husband abroad or somewhere; a stranger here. Come."

Mr. Barnaby needed no persuasion, and in ten minutes, to Miss Millet's great disgust, he sat beside the lady to whom he was introduced as Mrs. Smith, engaged in the most interesting conversation.

"Alone here, ma'am?" Mr. Barnaby had said, and Mrs. Smith had replied:

"Oh, yes, I always go every where alone. I might as well be a widow. My husband could be with me if he chose, but he don't choose." Then the lady sighed softly.

"How any man who *could* be with you always could find it possible to refuse himself that pleasure, I do not understand," said Mr. Barnaby, with a look into Mrs. Smith's eyes.

Mrs. Smith returned it, and so it began.

Mr. Barnaby enjoyed himself amazingly.

Never since his bachelorhood had he been so gallant. Never had he spent so much money. He drove Mrs. Smith out: he rowed her on the lake; he went to the nearest town and brought back the latest publications and the costliest flowers. He said sentimental things, and she went further than he did. Indeed, after a fortnight of this amusement, and when Mr. Barnaby had actually decided to stay two weeks more, Mrs. Smith began to go so far that he grew frightened.

The whole hotel was talking of them. That he rather liked, the penalty of such 'talk' falling always on the woman, especially when no one knew that the man was not a bachelor. But doubts began to assail him. Mrs. Smith was too much in earnest, and a vision of Caudle in a passion rushed across his fancy. He tried to think of Mrs. Smith [illegible] and was naturally a selfish [illegible] but it is [illegible]

name, and in public. Poor Mr. Barnaby resolved to fly. He asked for his bill, and engaging a seat in the hotel stage for next morning, sauntered out upon the balcony to bid good-by to Mrs. Smith. She was there alone. The golden hair caught the moonlight. The diamonds glittered in it. She looked at him and sighed.

"Tired?" asked Mr. Barnaby.

"I am aweary," sighed Mrs. Smith.

————"'She said:

I am aweary, weary,
I would that I were dead.'"

"I hope you don't feel that to be true in your case," said Mr. Barnaby.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Smith, "No one to love, none to caress. Can you wonder?"

Mr. Barnaby looked uneasily over his shoulder, but it was a cool evening, and every one else seemed to be dancing.

"I've had a very charming time here," said he. "So delighted to have met you; and now it is all over. We must part. I'm going to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" said Mrs. Smith. "Oh, no! What shall I do?"

"These things must be. Fate, you know. What the Turks call a Kismet," said Mr. Barnaby. "I shall always remember you. Had we met in by-gone years, you know—but we weren't intended to. So farewell."

Mr. Barnaby thought he was getting nicely out of the affair. He was mistaken.

"Not farewell," said Mrs. Smith.—"Where you go, I will go!"

"Oh, dear!" cried Mr. Barnaby, involuntarily. Then he added in a hurry: "Mr. Smith, you know."

"My soul revolts at the thought of Mr. Smith," said the lady. "I never cared for him or he for me. You are the only one, and I will never say farewell to you."

"What shall I do?" thought Mr. Barnaby. "This horrible woman."

Then he said, not so tenderly as before:

"Madam, you are a married woman!"

"Does that matter if I do not care," said Mrs. Smith.

"Yes, madam," said Mr. Barnaby.—"There's your husband and the law; and, besides—besides—besides, I am married also. There—I don't want to hurt your feelings. I'm flattered by your esteem, but I'm married; I've a wife; you understand."

"What do I care for her?" said Mrs. Smith. "Where you go *I* go, until one of us dies!"

Mr. Barnaby started up in a sort of terror.

"I'm very much attached to my wife," he said. "I've been a fool. I advise you to be sensible and return home. I'm going at once."

"Not without me," said a voice.

It came from Mrs. Smith's lips, but those were not her affected tones. Mr. Barnaby stared at her.

"It's well you've behaved no worse, Mr. Barnaby," said the voice again. "It's bad enough at the best. I hope you've enjoyed yourself as well as I have."

"Who *are* you?" whispered Mr. Barnaby.

"If I could take off this golden wig, you'd soon see," said the voice.

"Emily!" cried Mr. Barnaby.

Then there was silence.

"What an idiot I've been!" said Mr. Barnaby.

"You see, your wife was the last person you expected to meet," said the lady. "I had this on my mind all along. It's wonderful how a golden wig, powder, a line under the eyes, and pomades on the eyebrows, does alter one. As for me, I've enjoyed myself. I have never had so much attention paid me since I was married.

"Emily," whispered Mr. Barnaby, "how dared you make such a disgraceful exhibition of yourself?"

"Mr. Barnaby," said Emily, "last year I presume it was Miss Millet, or the widow, or both."

Mr. Barnaby was silent. At last he said:

"Go as you came, for heaven's sake, and keep the secret. After all, my dear, you know I couldn't see you under any disguise without falling in love with you."

Perhaps Mrs. Barnaby was appeased by that speech. Perhaps she believed it. Women like to believe such things. But Mr. Barnaby never left home alone to play bachelor at the watering places again. Thenceforth he traveled as a married man—guardian of trunks and valises, and the small army of young Barnabys.

☞ The fractional currency is steadily diminishing at the rate of two and three million on dollars per month. For a while after the silver subsidiary coin was put in circulation there was an apparent dearth of small change as there was considerable hoarding both of the silver coin and the fractional currency. The latter seems so be gradually finding [illegible] as other matter [illegible] change is now [illegible] [illegible] tickets, but it is not [illegible]

RUSTIC QUOQUETRY.

Nonsense! How stupid! Why, John, you are dreaming;
You surely can't mean in the least what you say.
Go on! In the barnyard the cows are all waiting;
The calves must be fed, and the milk put away.

Let them wait? No, indeed. Why, John, did I ever!
I thought you were always so steady at work;
For three years you've been held as picture to others,
And never was known the least duty to shirk.

So you mean to remain till I tell you I love you?
How tiresome you are, John! I love you, of course.
No—stay where you are; as I love all good people.
Now don't look so cross, John; I might have said worse.

You'er going away now to leave me forever?
Stay, John, just one moment; sit down again, please.
You know that for six months, like true lovers,
We've been, and I—well, I was always a tease.

Love you best? Be your wife? Let us wait a few years, John;
There's time enough yet; we'er both young, you know.
Hark! the clock's striking six, and my supper not ready;
Let go of my hand, sir; how can you act so?

You *will* have the words from my lips?
Well, then take it;
How wilful you are, John; how bold, I declare!
There's a footstep! Thank goodness that is somebody coming;
It's Miss Kate! Now kiss me again, if you dare!

A FASHIONABLE WOMAN'S PRAYER.

Strengthen my husband, and may his faith and his money hold out to the last.

Draw the lamb's wool of unsuspicions twilight over his eyes, that my flirtations may look to him like victories, and that my bills may strengthen his pride in me.

Bless, O! Fortune! my crimps, rats and frizzes, and let thy glory shine on my paint and powder.

Enable the poor to shift for themselves, and save me from all missionary beggars.

Shed the light on my camel's hair shawl, my lavendar silk, my point lace, and my necklace of diamonds, and keep the moths out of my sable, I beseech thee, O, Fortune!

When I walk out before the gaze of vulgar men, regulate my wriggle, and add new grace to my gait.

When I bow to worship, grant that I may do it with ravishing elegance and preserve unto the last the lilly white of my flesh and the taper of my fingers.

Destroy mine enemies with the gall of jealousy, and eat up with the teeth of envy all those who gaze at my style.

Save me from wrinkles, and fo[illegible] my plumpness.

Fill my both eyes, O Fortune! w[illegible] plaintive poison of infatuation, [illegible] may lay out my victims—the m[illegible] dumb as images graven.

Let the lily and the rose strive to [illegible] in my cheeks, and may my neck swim like a goose on the bosom of my crystal water.

Enable me, O Fortune! to wear shoes still a little smaller.

Save me, I beseech, from all corns and bunions.

Bless Fanny, my lap-dog, and rain down hail stones of destruction upon those who shall hurt a hair of Hector, my kitten.

A NEGRO VOTER AGAINST THE REPUBLICANS.

From the Petersburg [illegible]

It was at the old [illegible] day morning. Uncle [illegible] of Prince George and [illegible] were discussing [illegible] eulent watermelon, [illegible] of the day. Said Uncle [illegible]

"I ain't [illegible] ter vote dis Radical ticket any mere."

"Why," said Cæsar.

"Well," said the old man, "I dreamed I was in hell last night."

"Did you see any [illegible] there?"

"Yes, I did," [illegible] hell was full of) [illegible] had a nigger [illegible] and do [illegible]

A Rev's [illegible] there in the [illegible] to the New [illegible] and [illegible]

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