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A DEMOCRATIC PAPER,
FOR THE
Business Man, the Farmer
And the FAMILY CIRCLE.

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Tennessee Terrors

SHOCKING OUTRAGES SWIFTLY AVENGED—A DOG SAVES HIS MISTRESS—JUST LYNCHING.

From the Nashville Banner, Oct. 17th.

Two of the most diabolical outrages ever perpetrated in a civilized community occurred last week near Shelbeyville. The victims were two of the most respectable white ladies of Bedford county, and the guilty parties two notorious negro desperadoes named Samuel Gilliland and Henry Williams.

Miss Susan Patterson had gone a short distance from her dwelling, scarcely out of sight of it in fact, when she met Henry Williams, who addressed her in language of the most insulting nature. Before she could utter a cry for aid, the villain seized her by the throat and threw her to the ground. She now shrieked for help at the top of her voice. In the meantime her watch dog, which had followed her, pounced upon Williams, and in his efforts to bite him tore a piece of cloth from the right leg of his pantaloons. The ravisher not being able to manage both, as his intended victim resisted with all the desperation of despair; while the dog was harrassing him with fierce and desperate attacks, he jumped up and attempted to make his escape, without having accomplished his brutal purpose. At this instant Miss Patterson's brother came upon the scene, immediately gave chase, and ran him into Shelbeyville, where he was captured on Saturday, while hiding under the house of John D. Fuller.

Williams was committed to jail, and was not only identified by Miss Patterson, but the piece of cloth which the faithful dog had torn from his pantaloons was found to match it exactly.

A day or two after this attempted outrage, Samuel Gilliland went to the house of Mrs. Rogers and asked her if any one was at home beside herself. Frightened at his menacing manner, she replied that she thought there were others around the house, whereupon he told her that she lied; that he had been watching around the house for some time, and that not a soul was there beside herself. He further informed her that he had driven the hearse in which her husband had been conveyed to the grave, and that he had his eye upon her ever since. Suspecting now what was his foul intention, Mrs. Rogers commenced to scream, when the fiend clutched her by the throat, threw her to the floor, pulled out a dirk and gave her to understand that if she made any noise it would be her death. Notwithstanding this murderous threat, she resisted him with all her unequal strength, and, in her struggles, scratched him on the nose with her finger-nails. After having satisfied his brutal desires, Gilliland went to the door to see whether any one was approaching, returned and, with his dirk ready to murder his victim if she made further resistance, again outraged her person and rushed out of the house. Her brother, John Johnson, a constable, happening to come up at the time, chased the negro down and brought him back. Mrs. Rogers immediately recognized him by his peculiarly repulsive face, by the scratch upon his nose, and by the shoes which he wore, they having belenged to her deceased husband.

Gilliland was committed to jail at Shelbeyville, and was, with Williams, taken out last Saturday to the district where the outrages had been perpetrated, for examination before Joseph M. Ogsley, a Justice of the Peace. The magistrate not being at home, the prisoners were detained there by E. W. Rainey, the Deputy Sheriff, in whose charge they were, until dark, when the officer started back with them to Shelbeyville.

Not long after dark, and about three miles and a half from Shelbeyville, on the Tullahoma road, they were met by about five hundred men, none of whom, it is important to state here, were in disguise. The prisoners were seized by the indignant citizens and hung to the limb of a treee. Upon their bodies were placed placards warning no one to remove them until the next evening unless by legal authority, on pain of sharing the same fate. The Deputy Sheriff, F. F. Fonville, to take a guard along and not allow the prisoners to be harmed or taken away from him, protested against the course of the law being interfered with, but he and his guard had to yield to superior numbers. The night was so dark and the execution so summary that not one of the avengers was recognized, though, as before stated, none of them were disguised.

It is said that one of the negroes had been connected with some circus, and was exceedingly supple and active. When his executioners had hung him up, he turned a complete summersault, catching hold of the rope above with his feet. Some of the citizens, however, pulled his feet down and finished him by attaching to them several large stones. He never kicked again.

The coroner of the county had the bodies cut down on Sunday evening. An inquest was held, but no evidence was elicited as to the identity of the persons by whom such a swift vengeance had been visited upon the ravishers.

Henry Williams was arraigned before the jury of the Circuit Court of Bedford county some time ago, instance of several other negroes, on the charge of being a Ku-Klux, and although some very positive evidence was produced against him the testimony was so conflicting that the trial resulted in his acquittal.

Gilliland was for some time driver of the Shelbeyville omnibus, but resided, at the time of the perpetration of the crime above detailed, about seven miles from that town. It is said that on the very day he outraged Mrs. Rogers, he had gone to the house of another lady with the same intent, but that she was fortunate enough to escape his clutches. This lady having told of his conduct to some of the neighbors, one of them kept a watch over her house for fear he would return again.

Both Williams and Gilliland were a terror to the whites and blacks of Bedford, and all rejoice at having been rid of their presence.

A bill is now before the Legislature making rape a capital offense. We hope that it or some similar measure will be speedily passed into a law. The crime is one which has been committed with fearful frequency of late, and no offense against the law of God and man more richly merits the heaviest penalty that can be inflicted. Pretexts for interfering with the due process of law can be no longer offered when the severity of the law is made equal to the enormity of the crime.

HOW IS THIS FOR HIGH?—How is this for a scene in church? The place is a sacred edifice in Bath, Maine. The pew is crowded. The sermon is long. A respectable citizen goes to sleep. In close proximity to him is a lady. The preacher was in the midst of the closing prayer, when the slumberer astonished the congregation by grunting in a tone of complaint: "Come, come, Sarah! lay along; don't crowd so! lay over! lay over!" "Sarah," who was fortunately in the pew also, never for a moment lost her presence of mind, but administered a timely poke with her parasol, which awakened her dormant lord, and prevented any further remarks on his part. A warning to sleep auditors or long-winded preachers—no matter which.

LOVE BEST OF ALL BLESSINGS.—A woman may be surrounded by all the luxuries that money can buy, and have the fawning friendship of people whose smiles only live in prosperity; but if she feels herself unloved and alone to her heart, the crown jewel in the diadem of happiness is lost, things lose their value, and life becomes insufferably monotonous. The honest, tender love of two brave hearts who have started out, and are struggling to get a home for their little ones, and money enough to feed, clothe and educate them, make life a thousand times more attractive and inspiring.

An Atlanta paper has the following statistics: Of the sixty-nine young ladies who have fainted away in Atlanta during the summer, fifty-seven fell into the arms of gentlemen, eleven fell on the floor, and one into a water bucket.

AUTUMN.

Fading, trembling, fluttering leaves
 In rustling clouds go by.
Bruised and torn by the pitiless winds,
 And left on the ground to die.
Alike the gorgeous robe that hung
 Upon the kingly oak.
And the delicate frill of the daisy
 Have sunk beneath the stroke.

No longer laughs the mocking bird
 Within the dreamy dell.
When through the Summer days
 He played the mimic well;
To warmer climes and brighter skies
 The jocund warbler flew,
Before the envious frost betrayed
 The fairest buds that grew.

Low-whistling quails still haunt the field
 Where late the waving grain
Upreared its myriad golden spears,
 The glory of the plain.
The dotard year now idly twines
 A crown of yellow leaves,
And laughs to see the shadows dance
 Among the sober sheaves.

Before the blaze the farmer basks,
 From harvest toil set free,
And in the wood the squirrel peeps
 From out the hollow tree.
While one complains of scandy yield,
 With all his barns aglut,
The other in his sunless lodge
 Contented cracks a nut.

Along the roofless woodland aisles
 The robin's note resounds,
And elfish shapes go in and out
 Among the leafy mounds.
But palsied beach and naked elm
 Will stand in silent woe
Till scowling clouds grow pitiful
 And cover them with snow.

Yet every change that nature brings
 With deeper good is fraught,
Though oft her motive lies beyond
 The grasp of human thought.
When Winter rears his icy throne,
 And tips the trees with snow,
In lands beyond the burning zone
 The fairest roses blow.

Greeley's Game.

A COMBINATION TO DRAG SCHUYLER COLFAX FROM RETIREMENT.

From the New York Standard, Nov. 6.

The readers of the *Standard* know that we have always insisted upon regarding the Hon. Schuyler Colfax as a candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Colfax has denied this, saying that under no circumstances would he remain in public life at the end of his present term, to which we have replied that the Presidency is an office neither to be sought nor declined, and that when a grateful people tender him or anybody else the office of Chief Magistrate he will accept it.

We are confident that Mr. Greeley, for instance, has a programme for the canvass of the Presidency, which will open after our coming election, involving the nomination of Mr. Colfax. He intends to defeat General Grant, if he possibly can, very much as he defeated Mr. Seward in 1860, to nurse into life as many candidates as possible, and to fall back upon Mr. Colfax as the popular and available man. A more pertinent illustration perhaps, would be that afforded by the nomination of Mr. Polk in 1844 and Gen. Pierce in 1852. It will be remembered that Mr. Polk was thrown into the convention, after the enemies of Van Buren had worried his friends and threatened to defeat the party by withdrawing from the convention and supporting Cass. In 1852 the friends of Van Buren and Mr. Buchanan retaliated upon Gen. Cass and nominated Gen. Pierce, assisted as they were in New York by Mr. Dickinson and Gov. Marcy. The policy of the opponents of General Grant is to defeat him in detail. They intend to build up the opinion that Gen. Grant is not the strongest man in the Republican party, and if this opinion can gain ground (and there are many able men in the country who are steadily fanning it into life), the defeat of Gen. Grant will be possible and the nomination of Colfax almost inevitable.

Whether Mr. Colfax is aware of this combination or not we cannot say; but it is certain that he does not mean to be forgotten by the country. For a statesman yearning for private life he gives the world his views and suggestions about platforms with singular pertinacity.

PUMPKINS FOR INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—At a recent meeting of the New York Farmers' Club, a correspondent wrote of the virtues of the pumpkin, giving the following instance of its value for inflammatory rheumatism: A woman's arm was swelled to an enormous size and painfully inflamed. A poultice was made of stewed pumpkins which was renewed every fifteen minutes, and in a short time produced a perfect cure. The fever drawn out by the poultices made them extremely offensive, as they were taken off. I knew a man cured of severe inflammation of the bowels by the same kind of application.

DOUBTLESS.—Mr. Wm. Ink of New Hampshire is now one hundred and three years old. If his parents ever dreamed that he was going to be so hard to rub out they would have doubtless have named him indelible.

Analysis of a Little Man.

The following is an extract from the very elaborate, powerful and remarkable speech of Senator Davis, of Kentucky, delivered at Louisville a few weeks ago:

I would desire to give a true analysis of President Grant, "naught to extenuate nor to set down aught in malice." Endowed by nature with

A NARROW AND STERILE MIND;

slenderly educated because of indisposition and incapacity to learn; a very small amount of reading, and a shallow understanding of what he did read, and consequently no general knowledge or information; a stranger to every just, magnanimous or kind sentiment; callous, selfish, and malicious; brave, because of the absence of intellect and sensibility; his persistence was obstinacy, for he had no power of inductive reasoning to free himself from a false position or conclusion. He pledged his word and his honor to President Johnson when he accepted the position of Secretary *ad interim*, as he admitted in the presence of the Cabinet; and having violated the pledge, to escape the consequent shame and dishonor, he publicly and falsely denied having made it.

While holding a military position subordinate to President Johnson as Commander-in-Chief, he entered into

THE FOUL CONSPIRACY

to have him removed by impeachment, and used his influence with the Court to procure its judgment of conviction. He is the only President of the United States who has ever accepted the scandal of allowing himself to be subsidized, and he has given the offices and trusts of the people to his subsidizers and their friends as *quid pro quo*. He was a pauper when he entered the public service during the war, and his wealth no amounts to hundreds of thousands. The means by which he has accumulated it has prepared the public to believe the charge made against him of belonging to a ring for gigantic plunder, connected with the acquisition of Dominico, to be true. He has appointed more of his kindred and connections to office than all his predecessors together, with a general unfitness of his appointees.

HE HAS BEEN MORE ABSENT

from Washington City, and has given far less attention to the duties of his office, than any former President, this resulting in part from his greater ignorance of them. During the vacations of Congress, he is rollicking about at the watering places, large cities, and other points, in quest of fast men and fast horses, boon companions and sensual life, and there is no prudent man, well acquainted with him, who would confide to him any important private business. He has no proper comprehension of the great principles of our Government; no appreciation of its true dignity and value; no knowledge of or taste for the details of its administration; no fitness for his office, or interest in it, except for the adulation and subsidies and revelry and opportunities to enrich himself, his relations, and flatterers which it brings to him.

HOW TO QUARREL.—The way to quarrel with your wife is to wait until she is at her toilet preparatory to going out. She will be sure to ask you if her bonnet is straight. Remark that the lives of nine-tenths of the women are passed in thinking whether their bonnets are straight, and wind up with the remark that you never knew but one woman who had common sense about her. Wife will ask who that was. You will, with a sigh, reply: "Ah! never mind." Wife will ask you why you did not marry her. You say, abstractedly, "Ah, why indeed!" The climax is reached by this time, and a regular row is sure to follow.

AN EXACT MATCH.—Two friends met, not long since, after a separation of thirty-five years.

"Well, Tom," says one, "how has the world gone with you, old boy? Married yet?"

"Yes, and I've a family you can't match; seven boys and one girl."

"I can match it exactly," was the reply, "for I have seven girls and one boy."

THEIR OATH.—The women of Chicago have founded a new government, of which this is the oath: "We, of planet earth' solemnly promise to honor and obey the new Government—the Theocratic and Democratic Government—man the State—woman the Church—the Church controlling the State."

IRREGULAR.—An old lady, hearing somebody say that the mails were irregular, said "it was just so in my young days—no trusting any of 'em."

Practical Hints.

Cider Without Apples. — To cold water one gallon, put dark brown sugar one pound; tartaric acid, one-half ounce; yeast, three table-spoonfuls, and keep these proportions for any amount desired to make; shake it well together. Make it in the evening and it will be fit for use the next day. If it is desired to bottle this artificial cider by manufacturers of small drinks, you will proceed as follows: Put into a barrel, hot water, five gallons; brown sugar, thirty pounds; tartaric acid, three-fourths of a pound; cold water, twenty-five gallons; hop or brewers' yeast, three pints; work the yeast into a paste with flour, three-fourths of a pound; shake or stir all well together; fill the barrel full and let it work twenty-four or forty-eight hours, or until the yeast is done working out at the bung, by having put in a little sweetened water occasionally to keep the barrel full. When it has worked clear, bottle it, putting in two or three broken raisins to each bottle, and it will nearly equal champagne.

To Make Vinegar in Three Weeks. — Molasses, one quart; yeast, one pint; warm rain water, three gallons. Put all into a jug or keg, and tie a piece of gauze over the bung to keep out the flies and let in air. In hot weather set it in the sun; in cold weather set it in by the stove or in the chimney corner, and in three weeks you will have good vinegar.

Burns and Scalds.—A poultice of tealeaves applied to small burns and scalds, affords immediate relief. The leaves are softened with hot water, and, while quite warm, applied upon cotton over the entire burned surface. This application discolors and apparently tans the parts, and removes the acute sensibility and tenderness.

Gargle for Sore Throats.—Very strong sage tea, one-half pint; strained honey, common salt, and strong vinegar, of each, two table-spoonfuls; cayenne, the pulverized, one rounding tea-spoonful; steeping the cayenne with the sage, strain, mix, and bottle for use, gargling from four to a dozen times daily, according to the severity of the case.

Health and Success.

It is no exaggeration to say that health is a large ingredient in what the world calls talent. A man without it may be a giant in intellect; but his deeds will be the deeds of a dwarf. On the contrary, let him have a quick circulation, a good digestion, the bulk, thews, and sinews of a man, and the alacrity, the unthinking confidence inspired by these, and though having but a thimbleful of brains, he will either blunder upon success or set failure at defiance. It is true, especially in this country, that the number of contours in every community—of men in whom heroic intellects are allied with bodily constitutions as tough as horses—is small; that in general, a man has reason to think himself well off in the lottery of life if he draws the prize of a healthy stomach with a mind, or prize a healthy stomach without a mind, or the prize of a fine intellect with a crazy stomach. But of the two, a weak mind in a herculean frame is better than a giant mind in a crazy constitution. A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent with an ounce of energy. The first requisite to success in life is to be a good animal. In any of the learned professions a vigorous constitution is equal to at least fifty per cent more brains. Wit, judgment, imagination, eloquence, all the qualities of the mind, attain thereby a force and splendor to which they could never attain without it. But intellect in a weakly body is "like gold in a spent swimmer's pocket." A mechanic may have tools of the sharpest edge and highest polish; but what are these without a vigorous arm and hand? Of what use is it that your mind has become a vast granary of knowledge, if you have not strength to turn the hay.

An attorney named Else, rather diminutive in his stature, and not particularly respectable in his character, once met Jekyll. "Sir," said he, "I hear that you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel. Have you, sir?" Jekyll, with a look of contempt, replied: "Sir, I never said that you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel, but I said you were *little Else.*"

The rising generation in Iowa is hopefully bright. At one of the Sunday Schools in an Iowa town, the superintendent reviewing the lesson asked the question, "Why are we commanded to 'gird our loins?'" One sharp little shaver sung out, "to keep our breeches up."

"Here and There."

We find the following remarks in the Stockton *Republican*, of the 7th ult., than which nothing can be more true, and no subject should enlist the attention of Americans more readily than the matters brought to their notice. That Americans are paving the way to the establishment of a monarchy to take the place of our Republican form of government by their indifference there is no denying, and the sooner they wake up to a realization of the true condition of things and prepare to throw off the yoke of despotism that is being prepared for them, the better:

In the Old World while monarchies are trembling and thrones crumbling; while nations of people with whom Democracy has been but a dream and liberty a hoped for blessing; while the spirit of freedom is growing, expanding and spreading over lands where "Royal Blood" has ruled and ruined since the dark ages; while the men are asking themselves why they should bow to the dictation of self elected rulers and while the principle of human rights and individual liberty is slowly and surely writing the death warrant of Kingcraft, in the very strong hold of the Tyrant; the land of the people—the home of civil liberty, the country toward which have been turned the eyes of the world's liberty lovers for more than three quarters of a century, and from which has been drawn the inspiration which fired the minds of the eloquent pleaders for the rights of man—is as surely drifting backward. Her people are forgetting their rights, yielding their privileges and surrendering their liberties. And while the people of Europe are advancing toward that point where monarchy ceases and Democracy begins—where the right to govern is derived from the consent of the governed—the people of America are receding and with the listless indifference which like the rust of inaction is more dangerous than feverish excitement, look calmly on at the work of centralization—of the accumulation of power at the nation's capitol. Already the Chief Executive may, at will, suspend the civil functions of the Government and declare the entire country under martial law. He has this power in the United States. The Czar has no greater over Russia, and yet we call one a republic and the other a monarchy.

The Republic Gone.

[From the Greensboro Herald.]

The American people no longer live under a Republican form of government, but a military despotism. This is no sensation or idle assertion, but a stern undeniable fact. That it does not startle the public mind beyond measure, is because an unprincipled and selfish partisanship blinds the people to a true condition of things. There is not a State in the Union, so-called, but is in federal bonds. The citizens of all the States, by the monstrous usurpations of power, are virtually slaves—for, upon the mere whim or caprice of the President, they may at any moment be deprived of the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus, a trial by their peers, and court-martialed.

These statements are verified and illustrated by events that are constantly transpiring all over the country, and especially at the South. Martial law in Texas; martial law in Louisiana; martial law in South Carolina; martial law in Georgia. If necessary to secure Radical success, New York and other Northern States will have a taste of military rule in due time. At present the weak and prostrate reconstructed States are the principal sufferers. But the more powerful commonwealths will, in due time, feel the tyrant's heel. Under the most frivolous pretexts a considerable portion of South Carolina was by Executive proclamation, a few days ago, put under martial law, and many of her best citizens placed under arrest. The consequence is that hundreds are fleeing to other States, and poor Carolina is likely to be given up to the moles and blacks. And yet the American people are singing hosannahs to the men who have destroyed the Republic, and vote them a lease of despotic rule. Verily, whom the gods wish to destroy the first make mad.

The Amherst *Standard* is responsible for the following: "One of our sophomores has devised a new way of telling bad news. He writes home to his father: 'I came near losing $37 last week.' Anxious parent writes back that he is thankful that the money was not lost, and wants to know how near. By return mail. 'Came within one of it—lost $36.'"

For the Srong-Minded.

At a recent meeting of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod in Philadelphia, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, The cry for woman's rights has been renewed by a few strong-minded women of frosty sympathies and unnatural ambitions and aspirations; and whereas, these aspirants for political suffrage do not understand that equality and diversity do by no means necessarily exclude one another, or how woman can equal man without becoming man, or how the sexes can stand on the same level without standing in each others' shoes; and whereas, we believe that the appeal to Congress for political equality, which has been demanded, and which will be renewed at the next Congress, if successful, would be prejudicial to the true and dignified influence of woman, as well as subversive of the divine economy of the household; and whereas, this claim to political suffrage is prejudicial to the great majority of the sober and thoughtful of that sex, who concious of the true dignity of woman, choose that separats path in which from Eden she has walked side by side with man; therefore.

Resolved, That, in the opinion of this Synod, the present movement for female suffrage is a reform against nature and the Bible, and counteractive of the Divine economy of the household.

Resolved, That we recognize primordial and beautiful law of heaven which assigns to woman a different sphere from man; that law of duality which runs through the Divine economy; the duality of day and night, of leaf and flowers, of the hand and of the heart.

Resolved, That in the name of the great majority of women who repudiate this woman's rights movement, and who do not wish nor ask for political suffrage, we express out protest against the existing and persisting appeal for political equality.

The Oldest Inhabitant Gone.

An old lady named Mary Jackson died at the County Infirmary at Dayton, Ohio, recently, who, it is stated on reliable authority, had attained the remarkable age of one hundred and nineteen years, and was doubtless the oldest person living in that part of the country. The records of the Infirmary show that Mrs. Jackson was admitted to that institution October 23, 1837, her name being third on the list of its inmates after its opening at the present location, and her age at that time was registered at eighty-five years. She was born in New York City, and emigrated to the West some time previous to her admission to the Infirmary. Very little is known of her early history, as for many years the old lady has been in her second childhood, and entirely unable to give any intelligible account of herself. Until within the last three weeks she has been able to walk about the place, and was always remarkable active and lively for so aged a person. She had attained her "second sight," and was able to see to her last days without glasses. Her health has been remarkably good, and she took to her bed without complaining of being sick, neither was there any indication of disease to the last, and she died literally of old age, her life going out like a candle burnt to the socket. It is not known that she had any relatives living in this country. She has been heard to say that her maiden name was Polly Mount, and that she was born in the city of New York, but no information could be obtained from her as to whether she had any relatives or friends living. If the entry upon the record is correct, Mrs. Jackson was born in the year 1752, and was therefore one hundred and nineteen years old at the time of her death.

SOMETHING ABOUT PERSPIRATION.—The unpleasant odor produced by perspiration is frequently the source of vexation to persons who are subject to it. Nothing is simpler than to remove this odor more effectually than by the application of such costly perfumes and unguents as are in use. It is only necessary to procure some of the compound spirits of ammonia, and place about two tablespoonfuls in a basin of water. Washing the face, hands and arms with this leaves the skin as sweet and clean as one could wish. The wash is perfectly harmless and very cheap. It is recommended on the authority of an experienced physician.

A woman lecturer says woman's sphere is bounded on the north by her husband, on the east by her baby, on the south by her mother-in-law, and on the west by a maiden aunt.

COURTESY OF BANCROFT LIBRARY,