

# THE DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN.

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## Select Poetry.

### MY WIFE IS A WOMAN OF MIND.

My wife is a woman of mind,  
And Deville, who examined her bumps,  
Vowed that never was found in woman  
Such large intellectual lumps.

Identity big as an egg,  
With Casualty great was combined,  
He charged me ten shillings and said—  
Sir, your wife is a woman of mind.

She's too clever to care how she looks,  
She will horrid blue spectacles wear;  
Not because she supposes they give her  
A fine intellectual air.

No she pays no regard to appearance,  
And combs all her front hair behind;  
Not because she is proud of her forehead,  
But because she is a woman of mind.

She makes a bushel of verses,  
But never a pudding or tart,  
If I hint I should like one, she vows  
I'm an animal, merely, at heart.

Though I notice she spurns not the pastry,  
When 'e's at a friend's we have dined,  
And has always had two plates of pudding;  
Such plates—for a woman of mind!

Not a stitch does she do but a dithyramb,  
Kinds her pen, instead of my clothes;  
I have not a shirt with a button,  
Not a stocking that's sound at the toes.

If I ask her to darn me a pair,  
She replies she has work more refined!  
Besides, to be darning of stockings—  
Is it fit for a woman of mind?

## Miscellaneous.

### SOLDIER FRITZ.

A certain bright-eyed boy, whose history I wish to relate, was known throughout the whole city of Brandenburg by the name of Soldier Fritz. He looked for all the world like a little general, and was always chosen one of the commanders-in-chief when his little friends had mock battles. In fact, every body said that Fritz was born to be a soldier.

When he was in his thirteenth year, the war with France broke out, and the Prussian regiments, in one of which his father was an inferior officer, received orders to march to the river Rhine. A sad day was it when that man took leave of his family and kissed them all good-bye, perhaps, the last for life. Fritz cried to go with his father, but that could not be; he was too young and weak for such an undertaking.

Six months passed away without a word from the distant father and husband. But one morning shortly afterwards the family received a letter from him, containing intelligence that he had been in good health, and had been raised from his humble position, and made a sergeant. "But what is the use of this new honor," he continued in his letter, "if one has nothing to eat? Oh, if I only had a single peck of our splendid potatoes! How delicious they would be!—We have to hunger here on the Rhine for three days together; and, indeed, I have not had a single potato since I left home."

This part of the letter aroused Fritz so much that he stood up in the middle of the floor, and would not let his mother read another word until she had read this over again three times, nor did he seem to forget it. It pained him severely to think that his father had no potatoes to eat, while their cellar was full of the choicest kind.

Several days elapsed and Fritz could think of nothing else. So, on one occasion, he said to his mother:

"Mother, give me a sack and I will take two pecks of potatoes to my father."

"Are you not dreaming?" replied his mother, smiling, "just think of it. You would have to carry a sack of potatoes four hundred miles on your shoulders! Away with such a thought!"

These words were much quicker said than obeyed. Soldier Fritz tried very hard to forget the potatoes, but he could not. Wherever he went they would come afresh into his mind. Even when he lay on the bed at night he could get no rest; and often he would start up in his sleep and say to himself:—

"Father, you shall and must have some of the potatoes in our cellar."

One bright morning everybody wondered why Fritz was not down to breakfast. He was always an early riser, and no one ever thought of waking him. By-and-by his mother went up stairs and knocked at his door. But she received no reply. So she went in; but her boy was not there. She concluded, however, that he had gone out into the meadow for a morning walk, and would be home again some time during the morning. But time passed on and Fritz did not come home. The clock struck twelve—once—two; but he was still absent. Finally high came on; and the only news they had concerning Fritz was that he had been seen on the road about the middle of the afternoon with a large sack on his shoulders!

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed his mother. "I shall not see my son again! What madness to think of taking potatoes to his father!"

Then she went up into his room, and found

that his Sunday clothes, his new boots, and a sack he had begged from her three days before, were all gone. "He is gone! May the Lord protect him and bring him safe home again!" After this short prayer she wept as if her heart would break. It was the beginning of many a sorrowful day to her.

Now I must tell you how Fritz succeeded in his travels with the sack on his shoulders. He did not know the way to the river Rhine, but made inquiries of everybody whom he met. He had no money; in fact he had started from home with only nine cents in his pocket, and it did not take long to find some use for that. But he thought to himself, "Wherever I go the people will surely give me a loaf of bread. I need only tell them what I have in my bag, and to whom I am carrying the potatoes. Everybody will be glad to help me. And after a while I shall reach my father. What a surprise it will be to him! Then will I say to him:—'Father, I have picked out the best potatoes in our cellar for you, and here they are.'"

The hopes that Fritz had of being assisted by other people were all realized, though it was not a safe plan for him to depend upon them. He found benefactors in the inn where he stopped on the first night of his journey; for when the morning came the guests made him up a purse of eight dollars. By means of this he was enabled to ride two days in the mail coach. But when it was all gone he shouldered his sack of potatoes again, and trudged on in the direction of the river Rhine. At another hotel where he halted to spend the night the landlord asked him where he was going. Fritz replied by telling him that his father was in the Prussian army, that he had written about his having eaten no potatoes for six months, and also that he had said in his letter he would like so much to have some of the good ones he had left at home. "Here's a boy who loves his parents!" said the landlord; whereupon he took a paper and pencil, and raised from his guests a subscription of twenty-eight dollars. But Fritz would only take seven dollars, for he said he would not have a cent more than would carry him to the Rhine where his father was.

Finally, after Fritz had journeyed many a long mile, he saw in the distance the first sentinel that kept guard around the Prussian army.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me where my father is?" was the question he asked of the soldier.

"Foolish boy," answered the long-whiskered sentinel, "how do you suppose I know who your father is, or with what regiment he is connected?"

"I beg your pardon," replied Soldier Fritz, hurriedly. "My father's name is Martin Bellefonte, and he is a sergeant in the Brandenburg regiment."

"All right, my young friend, you can pass on."

Then Fritz walked as fast as he could, until he came to the second sentinel; then to the third; and finally to the adjutant, who took him by the hand, and, after placing himself right in front of him, made a strict examination of him. But the more he questioned the boy, the more friendly and pleasant he became.

"Come along with me," he said, "I think we shall be able to find your father without much trouble."

So they walked on until they came to a magnificent tent, from the top of which there floated a beautiful flag. It was made of fine silk, and Fritz's heart bounded for joy as he saw it streaming in the wind. He went into the tent with the adjutant, and only took his sack of potatoes from his shoulders when invited to take a seat. He was surprised to see in another corner of the tent, a man clad in brilliant uniform, who was sitting at a large table with maps and plans spread out before him. When the adjutant went up to him he slowly raised his head; as he did so, Fritz was convinced that he was the general of the army.

After a few words of conversation had passed between them, the general motioned to the adjutant to leave, and beckoned to Fritz to come up to the table where he was.

"What is your name?" he asked, as he looked at the boy from head to foot.

"Fritz Bollerman, but everybody calls me Soldier Fritz," was the prompt reply.

"The general smiled, and inquired further:—

"Where did you come from?"

"From Brandenburg."

"What brought you here?"

"I wanted my father to have some of our good potatoes, and here is a bag of them for him."

"Do you say you have potatoes in that sack for your father?"

"Seeing he is believing, respected general.—Here they are, as smooth and round as pebbles from the brook," answered Fritz, as he untied the mouth of the sack.

"Very well, my son. They are indeed excellent potatoes, and sharpen up my appetite amazingly. But do you go in the little room yonder, and stay until I call you. Leave your bag here; it will be safe in my care. So Fritz lifted the little curtain that served for a door, and entered the room at the back of the tent. As the large arm-chair was

empty he sat down in it, and being weary, from his toilsome journey, he soon fell asleep. He was snoring loud enough, I can assure you, when the general went in and looked at him half an hour afterwards. But while he was sound asleep, the general was busy in arranging for a supper. He invited Sergeant Bollerman, and all the highest officers in the army, to come to his tent that evening for tea. Then he gave the necessary orders to his cook, as to what to eat and his guests would have to eat.

The hour for supper arrived. All who had been invited came in good time. It was a matter of surprise to the high officers to find that Sergeant Bollerman had been requested to take supper with the general, as he had never before received such an honor. Indeed, the sergeant himself was almost overpowered when he read the invitation, and at first thought there must be some mistake.

The most remarkable thing on the table was a large covered dish. Everything else was handed round, but this was not touched.

Occasionally some of the officers glanced at it in curiosity. The general noticed it and smiled at his adjutant, who was the only one besides himself that knew the secret. Finally the order was given to the waiter to take the lid of the dish. What should everybody see but potatoes with the skins on them! Truly this was not expected. Some greater luxury was looked for. But you could not have pleased Sergeant Bollerman better. He would rather eat a good potato than the richest dainty.

"Thus far in our supper, my friends, you have been my guests," said the general, as a smile played on his lips. "But for the remaining part of our meal—that is for the potatoes—you are the guests of Sergeant Bollerman!" The officers inquired, with one voice, how this could be. "Tell us," said they, "how this comes to pass."

"I? Oh, no. I can't tell a story well," answered the general. "But I have a good historian near at hand. He will satisfy your wishes." Adjutant, call our little friend from my private room."

Everybody was on the tiptoe of expectation. Just now the sergeant seemed to have caught the whole idea; and he first turned pale and then red, as the eyes of the general rested on him. The adjutant entered the little chamber and in a few minutes he lifted the curtain, leading out by the hand a bright-eyed boy—Soldier Fritz.

"Fritz, my dear Fritz! How did you get here?" exclaimed the sergeant, quite undecided if the company in which he was, had not rushed to his father's arms, that were stretched out to receive him. The scene was really affecting. Even the general himself was moved to tears. When some minutes of silence had passed by, the general told Fritz to relate the history of his journey, to the company present. I would have been delighted if you could have heard him. He told everything so truthfully and earnestly. When he had finished, the general made a signal for the company to retire from the tent. But as the sergeant was about leaving with the rest he was told that his presence was further needed, and was requested to go into the little room of which I have spoken before. So he and Fritz went in there together.

By-and-by the general came in, holding a large piece of parchment in one hand, and a long paper full of gold pieces in the other.

He then said to Sergeant Bollerman: "My friend, here is your discharge from service in the army, together with the guaranty of a pension as long as you live. And this purse contains a little present for your faithful son. It will help to educate him and fit him for usefulness."

"General, you are so kind! I have not deserved such favors as these," replied the sergeant, so delighted that he hardly knew what to say.

"Yes, you have. In the last engagement with the enemy you fought bravely, and received a wound which will follow you to your grave. More than this, you have a son whose affectionate heart and active mind will need a father's sympathy and care. Go home, old comrade, and bring all your children up as you have done this one, to respect, and love and labor for their parents."

The sergeant was deeply affected at these words. He kissed the general's hand, and thanked him for his kindness and attention. Then the general turned to Soldier Fritz, and after kissing him several times he said:—"Be good and industrious, and you will become an honored man. God always loves a child who honors his father and mother; and he invariably makes such children successful and respected. Farewell, and may thy Heavenly Father bless thee!"

I will not weary your patience by describing the journey homewards, nor by dwelling upon the joyful meeting with the loved ones again. A I when everything was revealed, it was to Fritz that all eyes were turned.—They heaped praises upon him, but they did not make him vain or proud. His answer to his parents when they spoke well of him was:—"My dear parents, you have prayed much for me. It is no wonder then that God has made me instrumental in doing some little

good, not in paper promises, but in hard cash, which would go as far as five hundred millions of representative capital, even tho' the latter were nominally at par. The fear to levy such a tax, which has been manifested at Washington, has done more to weaken the confidence of capitalists in our cause than could have been done by a dozen defeats of our army. Who will believe that the people are willing to be taxed for the war if their own representatives dare not meet them upon such an issue? And if the people will not bear their just proportion of the expense of the war, they cannot desire its continuance. This is the inevitable conclusion of the argument, and Congress has deliberately sanctioned it by its evasion of the policy recommended. It has nominally passed a direct tax bill, but like the money it proposes to issue, the measure is only a shadow of what it professes to be, and lays its burden only upon those who are supposed to be incapable of resisting it. It now remains for the Secretary of the Treasury to carry out these measures; and all that we can hope is that this will be done in a way to disturb as little as possible the financial relations of the country. After the best has been done, consistent with the radical changes proposed, we see no way of avoiding the ultimate disaster.

## SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENT.

The *Journal of Commerce* reviews the act of Congress levying a direct tax of twenty millions and repealing the Sub-Treasury system, which has worked so beneficially for both the people and the Government, and returning to the old system of depositing the public money in private banks. That paper remarks: It is probably known to most of our readers that an immense volume of paper money in five, ten, twenty and fifty dollar notes is now prepared to issue from the Treasury Department, and that the country will soon be flooded with this representative money. Already notices have been issued to pay no salaries in gold and silver, and Government contractors are to be paid wholly or in part in this paper currency.

The object of this issue is not simply to furnish means to carry on the war. It is well known that the addition of a large amount to the circulating medium produces a sudden and rapid inflation of prices, and multiplies the apparent evidence of prosperity.

It is proposed to break in upon the general discontent, everywhere prevailing throughout the country, with this universal specific. Trade is depressed, and industry clamors in vain for employment; but here is a remedy. The stimulus will be immediate and irresistible. Capital will be abundant, for it can be made by the bushel, and these paper promises, soon broadcast over the country, will spring up in a rank growth, that will cover the present desolation even if it yield no harvest. But what a mockery of hope will be found in this great promise of abundance! What a depth of disappointment is hidden under all such seeming luxuriance! Apples of Sodom, and grapes of Gomorrah! Have we not tasted this paper money—this "expanded currency" theory—and know something of its bitter fruits? Do we not know how surely its promised lucidness turn to ashes on the lips? Are we never to learn anything by experience, but go on cheating ourselves with these old lies, even after their specious falsehood has passed into a proverb? We may obtain, it is true, a temporary respite by the experiment; but when while the unthinking are clapping their hands and rejoicing over the exhilarating prospect, the shadows will be gathering about us, and the day of reckoning drawing to a close.

We do not regard the depreciation likely to take place in such a currency as its chief evil. It will drive the gold steadily out of our reach, and leave us nothing but the hollow semblance of a grand capital, swelling like an air bubble larger and thinner every hour, and ready to collapse at the slightest touch.

As a fitting accompaniment to this paper money scheme, Congress has, in a few brief hours, enacted a statute to break down the Sub-Treasury system, which has been strengthening each year of its existence in the public esteem. It is provided that "instead of gold and silver being immediately paid into the Treasury, as now acquired, the money derived from the loan may remain in solvent banks until it shall be drawn out in pursuance of law." Of course, all banks in which these large amounts shall be deposited, will be solvent, until the money is drawn for, when they may not be able to respond. But it is not of this that we propose to speak. The risk of loss would be reckoned by many to be of small account. Nor do we care to dwell upon the demoralizing effect of such a provision; the scrambling among a variety of hungry institutions for their share of the deposit, or the greedy partizanship clamorous for reward out of the public funds. The very thought of such a scene is too sickening for comfort. But we may look for a moment at the object of this disposition of the loan: It is doubtless to provide a reserved fund as a basis for the immense paper superstructure of which we have spoken. The banks may subscribe to this loan, take their bonds in payment, draw interest on the same, and still retain the money for their own use, as a government deposit.—Of course it will not lie idle. The inflation once begun, they will be besieged by borrowers, and the capital soon be lent out to their customers. The Government will not want it until the pressure comes, and that will be the very moment when the banks cannot pay it. Then look out for the bitter end.

But, it may be asked, what is the Government to do? It must have a large amount of means, and if it cannot grasp the substance, why blame it for making shift with the shadow? We answer: because the illusion is worse than a vanity—it is absolute ruin. Who says that we cannot secure the substance? If the States remaining in the Union were called upon in plain terms to pay into the Treasury a tax of thirty to fifty million dollars, the sum of three hundred millions could be borrowed here and in Eu-

rope, not in paper promises, but in hard cash, which would go as far as five hundred millions of representative capital, even tho' the latter were nominally at par. The fear to levy such a tax, which has been manifested at Washington, has done more to weaken the confidence of capitalists in our cause than could have been done by a dozen defeats of our army. Who will believe that the people are willing to be taxed for the war if their own representatives dare not meet them upon such an issue? And if the people will not bear their just proportion of the expense of the war, they cannot desire its continuance. This is the inevitable conclusion of the argument, and Congress has deliberately sanctioned it by its evasion of the policy recommended. It has nominally passed a direct tax bill, but like the money it proposes to issue, the measure is only a shadow of what it professes to be, and lays its burden only upon those who are supposed to be incapable of resisting it. It now remains for the Secretary of the Treasury to carry out these measures; and all that we can hope is that this will be done in a way to disturb as little as possible the financial relations of the country. After the best has been done, consistent with the radical changes proposed, we see no way of avoiding the ultimate disaster.

## THE NEW PARTY DODGE.

We observe, says the *Harrisburg Patriot and Union*, that an effort is being made in different quarters of this State to organize a new party, under the name of the "Union Party." The leaders in this movement are either the open and avowed enemies of the Democratic party, or its secret foes, who have, for years past, been engaged in the work of disorganization. We warn Democrats against being misled by this scheme of Republican leaders to escape responsibility for their misdeeds, and to perpetuate the disastrous rule of the party now in power. It is not surprising that they should conceal their transgressions under the regalia of a new organization, for that would be characteristic of party which changes its name and its principles periodically—but we will be surprised if Democrats are duped by the machinations of their wily enemies.

If the Republican party and the Chicago platform had not become odious to the people we would hear nothing of the organization of a new party. That its leaders have become satisfied that their short, brilliant and fatal career is already run affords gratifying evidence of a great reaction in public sentiment. That they are ready and anxious to abandon it, shows their settled conviction that it can never carry another election.—We will denounce them to repair their shattered fortunes!

The last and only hope of the country is in the maintenance of the Democratic organization. Bitter experience has already sickened the people of Republican domination. That party has been in power four short months, and within that period our national prosperity has been destroyed, business has been prostrated, civil war rages, the incompetency of our leaders has caused the humiliating defeat of the Federal army, and the future presents the terrible prospect of fruitless war, crushing taxation, and the utter prostration of every industrial pursuit which renders a people prosperous and happy. Such are the consequences of the triumph of a party that refused to comprehend the whole country, and insisted upon forcing narrow sectional issues into the Administration of the General Government. The evils which it contributed to bring upon the country are aggravated by the dishonesty of its leaders, who divert a large share of the money, wrung from the people for the maintenance of the Government, into their private pockets. Blundering and plundering is the order of the day. Disaster in the field and corruption among the rulers are the visible fruits of the administration of a party that promised peace and prosperity to the country.

Democrats are now asked to resume the Republican party from the destruction to which it is rushing, and to contribute to its perpetuity by uniting with its leaders in the formation of a new party based upon pretended devotion to the Union. They will catch at no such glittering device. The Democratic party has been sneering at as a "Union-saving" organization, and it will wear the epithet, intended as a reproach, as a badge of honor. Let the salvation of the Union be henceforward, as heretofore, its cardinal principle. At the call of the Government, Democrats entered the ranks of the army in the proportion of two to one of their opponents to aid in the prosecution of a war they had no hand in inaugurating, and which they strove by all peaceable means to avert. And how they have been requited for their loyalty to the Government? By insult and derision—by denunciation as traitors and secessionists—by studied exclusion from public position. Let them now encourage this scheme to save the Republican party from the responsibility of its transgressions, by co-operating in the formation of a new party, and they will discover that they are used to cover up the defections

of wily and artful emmies, and to impart a fresh lease of power to the authors of our troubles.

No—the Democratic party must make a decided stand for the Constitution, the Union and the laws. Unless this is done the very foundations of public liberty will be undermined, and power be wrested from the people and vested absolutely in our rulers who may go on blundering and plundering until misgovernment and despotism shall have accomplished the total destruction of our constitutional form of government.—When laws are openly disregarded and the Constitution boldly trampled upon, freedom of speech and the press assailed, Senators and Representatives threatened and denounced in Congress because they dare to oppose these usurpations of power; when a consolidated government is advocated by the President and Cabinet Ministers; when to stand up for the Constitution and the inalienable rights of the States is to be a traitor, it is time to inquire, where are we drifting?—time for the Democratic party to take a firm stand in defence of constitutional liberty.

We utter what we know to be the prevailing sentiment among the Democrats of Pennsylvania when we counsel them to stand by their organization, in a spirit of patriotic devotion to the Constitution and the Union. Let a clear, distinct, unmistakable issue be made against the usurpations, the blunders and plunderings of the party in power. Show our ruler that while Democrats will sustain the Government they will not endorse its misdeeds and its corruption. Let the despised "Union-savers" rally to the defence of the Constitution, nominate candidates for the Legislature, and the people are ready to come to their support.

## A NOBLE YOUTH.

The following anecdote was related to a gentleman during a night he spent in a farmhouse in Virginia, some years ago:—

In December 17—, toward the close of a dreary day, a woman with an infant were discovered half buried in the snow by a little Virginian seven years old. The promising lad was returning from school, and hearing the moans of some one in distress, threw down his satchel of books, and repairing to the spot where the sound proceeded, with a firmness becoming one of riper years. Raking the snow from the benumbed body of the mother, and using means to awaken her to a sense of her deplorable condition, the noble youth succeeded in getting her upon her feet; the infant, nestling on its mother's breast, turned its eyes toward their youthful preserver, and smiled, as it seemed, in gratitude for its preservation. With a countenance filled with hope, the gallant youth cheered the sufferer on himself, bearing within his tiny arms the infant child, while the mother leaned for support on the shoulder of her little conductor. "My hero is hard by," would he exclaim, as off her spirits failed. And thus for three miles did he cheer onward to a happy haven the mother and child, both of whom otherwise must have perished, had it not been for the humane feeling and perseverance of this noble youth.

A warm fire and kind attention soon relieved the sufferer, who, it appeared, was in search of her husband, an emigrant from New Hampshire, a recent purchaser of a farm in the neighborhood of —, near this place. Diligent inquiry for several days found him, and in five months after the identical house in which we are now sitting was erected, and received the happy family. The child grew up to manhood—entered the army—lost a limb at New Orleans, but returned to end his days a solace to the declining years of his aged parents.

"Where are they now?" I asked the narrator.

"Here!" exclaimed the son. "I am the rescued one; there is my mother; and here, imprinted on my naked arm, is the name of the noble youth—our preserver!"

I looked and read, "Winfield Scott," now Lieutenant General of the United States Army.

Oh! marry the man you love, girls, if you can get him at all; if he is as rich as Croesus, or as poor as Job in his fall. Pray, do not marry for pelf, girls; 'twill bring your soul into thrall; but marry the man you love, girls; if his purse is ever so small. Oh! never marry a fop, girls; though he's little or tall; he'll make a fool of himself and you; he knows nothing well but to draw. But marry a sober man, girls; there are few left on this ball; and you'll never rue the day girls, you ever got married at all.

In a back township of Upper Canada, a magistrate, who kept a tavern, sold liquor to the people till they got drunk and fought in his house. He then issued a warrant, apprehending them, and tried them on the spot, and besides fining them made them treat each other to make up the quarrel.

A Canada paper alluding to the bloodless battle Sumter, profanely says: "The reason 'nobody was hurt' at the siege of Sumter, is because it was too far South for 'charging.' Did you ever?"