

The Democratic Watchman

VOL. 7.

BELLEVILLE, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 12, 1862.

NO. 23.

Select Poetry.

SINCERITY.

Oh! that thou wished the mistle friend,
To give a page to thee—
One word alone to be my theme—
That word, Sincerity.

Say, has some hope in life been crossed,
Some trial been severe,
Some high ambition and lost,
Some lover sincere?

What'er the cause, thy secret keep,
I do not seek to know;
I would not wake from memory's sleep
Thy hidden source of woe.

Would I could show how much of crime,
How much of sorrow here,
Were blotted from the page of time,
Would man but be sincere.

While sailing o'er life's stormy sea,
By many a tempest tossed,
The man who enters falsehood's maze,
Is surely wrecked and lost.

While he who nobly speaks the truth,
Though it may cost him dear,
Finds, by the peace within his breast,
'Twas well to be sincere.

Oh! what a world would this become,
How changed our lot would be,
Could we but trust without a doubt,
All men's sincerity.

Miscellaneous.

Army Correspondence.

HEADQUARTERS THE REGT. P. C.,
NASHVILLE, TENN., May 1862.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I have nothing of interest to communicate to you at this present time, but will endeavor to give what I have. We are still encamped upon the same ground that we look possession of on our arrival here last March—about three miles south of Nashville. Three companies of us and the regiment of officers only remain. The First Battalion, commanded by Major John E. Wynkoop, are attached to General Negley's Brigade, and are stationed at Columbia, a distance of about forty miles from here. The Third Battalion at Murfreesboro, thirty miles distant, and are attached to Gen. Dutton's Brigade. One company of our Battalion (the 2d) are at Franklin, and attached to the 78th Regiment P. I.—We are left here to guard the city, and are under the command of Gen. Dumont, who is commander of the post. Every night a detachment of us are sent out to guard the different roads leading to and from the city, and sometimes are from three to five nights without sleep and obliged to make it up in daylight, notwithstanding the annoyance of flies and the oppressive heat.

About 2 o'clock on the morning of the 3d inst., our Battalion was aroused from their slumbers by the sound of the bugle to boots and saddles, and were ordered to feed our horses and take two days rations in our harnesses and be prepared to move as soon as possible. Long before daybreak we were on the way to Shelbyville, where we were ordered to a distance of about sixty miles from here. When we arrived at Murfreesboro, or a few miles beyond, we met by Gen. Dumont with detachments of the First and Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, and were ordered by the General to accompany them to Lebanon, where he expected to overtake the notorious John Morgan and his band of marauders, who have been stealing and plundering through that section of country for some time.

Gen. Dumont's entire force did not exceed six hundred, while that of the enemy's were over eight hundred, who were completely routed after a hard fight of one hour and a half. They were pursued by the gallant Pennsylvanians and Kentuckians to the Cumberland river, about eighteen miles. The enemy, assisted by the disloyal citizens fired from the dwellings and public buildings, where they had taken shelter for the night. Our loss was about six killed and thirty wounded; that of the enemy much greater, and one hundred and eighty three taken prisoners, who were sent to Columbus, Ohio, for safe keeping. Col. Woodford of the First, and Col. Smith, of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, were wounded. Gen. Dumont, in his report, gives the officers, as well as the men, all who were engaged under him great praise for their gallantry.

Our Regimental officers showed themselves to be men of the right stripe. Our Colonel (Wynkoop) rode at the head of his men, exposing himself to every danger wherever his presence was required. Adjutant Mason was wounded in the arm and nineteen balls pierced his clothing. He is now at his home in Schuykill county. I am informed he has received a captain's commission.

I will now speak more particularly of Company E, as no doubt many of your readers will be somewhat interested in the welfare of this company.

In the skirmish above alluded to, Captain J. B. Schaffer and Lieut. James Allison, were engaged (Lieut. McChesney being left in command of the camp) and endured themselves more than ever in the hearts of the men under them (if it were possible) for their courage and daring exhibited on that occasion.

The loss of Captain Schaffer's company was one man killed (Adam Winklebeck) none wounded. Three horses were killed and disabled, and a number slightly wounded.

Our company has been considerably reduced since we left Pennsylvania last fall,

A KEEN PICKET, ENCOUNTER OF WITS.

At times, as I said before, the rebels are quite communicative, as the following dialogue, which occurred at Yorktown, between Jos. D., of Leeds, Wis., and one of them, within ten rods of each other, will show:

The parties were separated by a low deep swale, covered with water and thick trash, and were unable to discover each other's person. Joe hearing a noise on the other side, yelled out in a loud voice:

"Hallo, Mike! Have you got any tobacco?"

Secesh—(with a strong Hibernian accent)—"Yes, he jabsers, and whiskey, too."

Joe—"Come over, we'll have a quiet smoke."

"I'll meet you half way."

Joe agreed to do so, and advanced some distance through brush and water, and then stopped.

Secesh—"Where the devil are ye? Are ye comin'?"

Joe—"I'm half way now. Can't go any further without swimming."

Secesh—"Haven't ye a boat?"

Joe—"No, I have not."

Secesh—"Where's yer gun-boats?"

Joe—"Down taking care of the Merrimac."

Secesh—"Then come over in that big halloon."

[Much laughter along the rebel lines.]

Joe—"Have you a boat?"

Secesh—"I have sure, and I'm coming over."

He then inquires the news of the day, and if his companion had a Norfolk Day Book.

Secesh replied—"I have. Have you got a Tribune?"

Joe answered that he had not.

Secesh—"Where is General Bull?"

Joe—"Buell's all right, and surrounded Beauregard."

Secesh—"Where's General Prentiss?"

Joe—"Where's Johnson?"

Secesh—"Another rebel laugh."

Joe—"How about Ireland No. 10?"

Secesh—"That's evacuated."

Joe—"How is it that you left 100 guns and 6,000 prisoners?"

Secesh—"Sure, they (the prisoners) were not of much account."

Joe—"How about Fort Pulaski?"

Secesh—"That's blown! It was only a rebel sand bank. But tell me what made you leave Ball Run?"

Dick B. (Union)—"We had marching orders!"

This caused great laughter among the rebels, some exclaiming, "Bully Boy!"

Dick B.—"Where's Zollicoff?"

Secesh—"Gone up the spout."

Joe—"Why don't you come over?"

Secesh—"Can't get through the brush!"

At this moment a rebel bullet came whizzing over by our men, and Joe angrily inquired who fired.

Secesh—"Some fool over this way."

An order was then issued to cease firing.

Joe—"Ain't you coming? What regiment do you belong to?"

Secesh—"Eighteenth Florida. What regiment do you?"

Joe—"Berdan's First Regiment Sharpshooters."

Some of his comrades here warned him to look out.

Secesh—"Would you shoot a fellow?"

Joe replied—"No; but I will stack arms and smoke with you, if you will come over."

Here a rebel officer ordered him back, and the secessionist refused to communicate further.—*Cor. Milwaukee Sentinel.*

ORIENTAL WIT.—A young man going on a journey, entered a hundred dollars to an old man. When he came back the old man denied having had any money deposited with him, and he was hauled up before the Khazee.

"Where were you young man, when you delivered this money?"

"Under a tree."

"Take my seal and summon that tree," said the judge. "Go, young man, and tell the tree to come hither, and the tree will obey you when you show it my seal."

The young man went in wonder. After he had gone some time the Khazee said to the old man—

"He is long. Do you think he has got there yet?"

"No," said the old man, "it is at some distance. He has not got there yet."

"How knowest thou, old man," cried the Khazee, "where that tree is?"

The young man returned and said the tree would not come.

"He has been here, young man, and given his evidence. The money is thine."

I never (says Quill) bear any malice toward the man who, without malice says an ill thing of me with no intention that I shall hear of it. I do the same thing to others—perhaps to him. In fact, with exceptions, everybody talks about everybody whom he thinks worth mentioning. And what of it? Nothing—unless some tale, bearing on such a case, my quarrel is with him who brings me the news. I set him down at once for my enemy, or the weakest and most troublesome of friends, whom I am to cross out of my books as soon as possible.

BIDDY'S TROUBLES.

"It's thru for me, Annie, that I never seed the like of this people afore. Its a sorry time I've been having since coming to this house, twelve months ago this week Thursday. Yer honor knew that my fourth cousin, Kate Macarty, recommended me to Mrs. Whaler, and told the lady that I knew about genteel housework, and the likes—while, at the same time, I had never seed inter an American lady's kitchen. So she engaged me, and my heart was just ready to burst with grief for the story that Kate had told, for Mrs. Whaler was a wate spoken lady and never looked cross like in her life; that I know her by her smooth, kind face. Well, jest the first thing she told me to do after I had dressed the children, was to dress the ducks for dinner. It stood looking at the lady for a couple of minutes, before I could make out any meaning at all to her words. Then I went searching a fer clothes for the ducks; and such a time as I had to be sure. High and low I went till at last my mistress axed me for what I was looking at; and I told her the clothes for the ducks to be sure. Och, how she screamed and laughed till my face was as red as the sun did shine, and she showed me in her kind swate way what her meaning was.—"This she told me how to air the beds, and it was a day for me, indeed, when I could go up to the chamber alone and clear up the rooms. One day Mrs. Whaler said to me: "Biddy, an' ye may give the baby an airin' if yees will."

"What should I do—and its thru what I am saying this blessed minute—but go up stairs wid the child, and shake it and then howld it out of the window. Such a screaming and kicking as the baby gave—but I was out on the harder. Every body thin in the house looked up at me; at last my mistress came up to see what for so much noise: "An' I'm trying to air the baby," I said, "but it kicks and screams dreadfully."

"There was company down below, and when Mrs. Whaler told them what I had been after doing, I thought that they would sear the folks in the strait wid their screaming."

"And then I was told I must do up Mr. Whaler's shirts one day, when my mistress was out shopping. She told me repeatedly to do them up nice for master was going away; so I take the shirts and did them all up in one paper that I was after bringing from the old country wid me, and tied some nice pink ribbon about the bundle."

"Where are the shirts, Biddy?" axed Mrs. Whaler, when she came home.

"I have been doing them up in a quar nice way," I said, bringing her the bundle.

"Will you ever be done wid your grameness?" she axed me with a loud sneeze.

"I can't for the life of me, be telling what their talk means. At home, we call the likes of this fine work starching—and a deal of it I have done too. Och! and may the blessed Virgin pity me, for I never'll be cured of my grameness!"

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

Why should not a child's fancy in the way of food—we refer to its intense dislike of certain things—be regarded as well as the repugnance of an adult? We consider it a great piece of cruelty to force a child to eat things that are repulsive to it because somebody else wrote a wise saw to be set before them. We have often seen the poor little victims shudder and choke at the sight of a bit of meat, or a little scum of cream on boiled milk, or toothsome enough to those who like them, but in their case a purgatorial infliction. Whenever there is a decided antipathy nature should be respected, and he who would act otherwise is himself smaller than the child over whom he would so unjustly tyrannize.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—Miss Fanny Fern, in the Olive Branch, says, the only way for the female community to obtain their rights is to pursue the "Uriah Heep" policy—look humble and be slightly cunning. Get on with submission, and then throw the noose over the lid. Appear to not have any choice, and as true as gospel you'll get it. Ask their advice, and they'll be sure to get for you. Look one way, and pull another. Make your reins of silk, keep them out of sight, and drive where you like! Good for Fanny.

"LOVE IS LIKE A DIZZINESS."—Sir Walter Scott in one of his songs, gives the following rather pathetic description of his "feelings" once, when in love.

"I tried to sing, I tried to pray,
I tried to drown 'em drinkin' on't,
I tried to go to bed, I tried to drive away,
But n'er can sleep for thinkin' on't,
"Oh, love! love! love! laddie,
Love's like a dizziness,
It wants a pair boddy
Gang about his business."

TIME FOR ALL THINGS.—"Mrs. B." and a neighbor who stepped into the house of the former, just as she was in the act of seating herself at the table. "Have you heard of that dreadful accident?"

"Why no—what is it?"

"Mr. B. has fallen from his wagon and is killed."

"Is it possible? Well just wait till I have finished my dinner and then you'll hear some crying."

NEVER PUT OFF.

When'er duty waits for thee,
With sober judgment view it,
And never idly wish it done—
Begin at once and do it.

For sloth says falsely, "By and by
It's just as well to do it;"
But present strength is present strength,
Begin at once and do it.

And find not time in the way,
Nor faint if thou'st bestow it;
But bravely try and strength will come,
For God will help thee to do it.

A REMEDY FOR SMALL POX.—Dr. Frederick W. Morris, resident physician of the Halifax Visiting Dispensary, N. S., has written a letter to the American Medical Times, in which he states that the 'Sarracenia Purpurea,' or Indian cup, a native plant of Nova Scotia, is the remedy for small pox in all its forms in twelve hours after the patient takes the medicine. That however alarming and numerous the eruptions, or confluent and frightful they may be, the peculiar action of the medicine is such that very seldom is a scar left to tell the story of the disease. If either varioloid or variolous matter is washed with the infusion of the sarracenia, they are deprived of their contagious properties. So mild is the medicine to the taste that it may be largely mixed with tea and coffee and given to convalescents in these beverages to drink without their being aware of the admixture. The medicine has been successfully tried in the hospitals of Nova Scotia, and its use will be continued.

WELL DONE.—In a car on the Reading Railroad, the other day, the seats were all full except one which was occupied by a pleasant looking Irishman, and at one of the stations a couple of evidently well bred and intelligent young ladies came in to procure seats. Seeing none vacant, they were about to go into a back seat, when Patrick arose hastily and offered them his seat. "But you will have no seat for yourself," responded one of the young ladies with a smile, hesitating with true politeness to accept it. "Never mind that!" said the gallant Irishman, "yes welcome to me. I'd ride on the cowcatcher to Pottsville any time for a smile from such jentilly ladies!" And he retired hastily on the next car, amid the cheers of his fellow passengers.

"I was at a negro—1 leg pardon, a colored—camp meeting, a few years since, and some six or seven miles north of this city. One afternoon a colored brother took the stand and discoursed upon the 'Millennium.' In his remarks he had occasion to refer to the prophecies. 'Yes, my brethren, said he, the swords, and the spears, and the guns, and everything of that sort, as the Scriptures says, shall be turned into plowshares and something else. I disremember what—and the whole artillery into railroads. Amen, that's all it is."

"He was only carrying out a little more, in extent, the figure of the prophet. The prospect, however seems to be that just now we need more artillery than rail roads.—Harpers Monthly.

We have found somewhere an entirely new mode of shaving, and herewith present a part of the 'crooked back' first soliloquy, slightly Teutonized, for the special consideration of the oratorical Strobil:

"Now fish de vinder of my diskontent
Made funny by my leetle son, Shake.
Vot I ish yumpen up and down on
My knee mit—Dunder und blitzen!
Catarine, here I take de shild, kwiek!
I dinks I use shange de leg
Von mine breeches."

A little girl on hearing her mother say that she intended to go a ball, and have her dress trimmed with bugles, innocently inquired if the bugles would all blow when she danced.

"Oh, no," said the mother, "your father will do all that when he discovers I have bought them."

"Wife I thought you said you were going to have a goose for dinner."
"So I did and I've kept my word."
"Where is it?"
"Why my dear, sint you here?"
Smith couldn't see the point of the joke.

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AN OLD TIME SCHOOLMASTER.

There are many persons now residing in the city of Philadelphia, who remembering back some thirty years, can recall the honest face of a sturdy pedagogue from the north of Ireland, by the name of W——, a stern disciplinarian of the old school, who believed that learning as often went with a "thwack" as with an inclination. Among the pupils of the honest old W—— was one who has since risen to some distinction, but who during his schoolboy days, was generally regarded as a thick-headed, lazy fellow, and as sure to get old W——'s attention in the warming way, very occasionally.

One day, when Johnny had forgotten to study his lesson as usual, the old domineer blandly requested him to take his place on the floor as he had a few words to say to him. Johnny of course stepped out with fear and trembling, and was greatly astonished to find his stern teacher address him in a very kind and gentle tone.

"Johnny my son," said W——, "ye're of good family so you are."

Johnny, who was expecting a pretty severe punishment, and had already begun to whine and dig his knuckles into his eyes looked up in the greatest imaginable surprise.

"I say Johnny!" pursued the domineer, "ye're of good family—d'ye understand?"

"Ah thank you, sir," replied the lad, with an air of confidence.

"Yes Johnny I repeat, ye're of good family as good as my own. I knew your father, Johnny in the old country, and this as a lad and a man—and a better and honest lad and man, Johnny, I never knew, ayther side of the big deep."

"Thank you sir," said Johnny with a pleasant smile and a fugitive glance of triumph at some of his playmates.

"And I knew your mother too, Johnny, and a dear sweet little girl she was afore she grew up and married your father, Johnny and also that she was a blisid bride, and as kind hearted and love'y a mistress of a family, Johnny, as iver left the shore of old Ireland."

"Yes, sir—oh, thank you, sir," responded the delighted Johnny.

"Ah Johnny, your father and mother and meself have seen some happy days across the great seas," sighed the sentimental schoolmaster; "days that I'm knowing now will never return to me again. And then your sisters, Johnny,—you've got fine sisters, too, that I have known since they were toddlers, and which same now are ornaments to innys society, Johnny."

"Oh, sir, I am much obliged to you!" responded the happy pupil, scarce knowing how to express the joy he felt at finding himself such a great favorite with his heretofore stern master.

"And then there's your's if Johnny, that I've known since your birth—the son of me old friend and the companion of my youth."

"Oh thank you sir,"

"Ah yes Johnny," went on the domineer, with something between a groan and a sigh, and some slight indication of tears: "it's the whole blessed family that I have known so long, so well and so favorably, Johnny; and now that I look back with pride on those by gone reminiscences, I think I would not be doing justice to your noble father, your kind mother, and your lovely sisters nor to meself and the rest of mankind, if I were to let such a lazy good for nothing rascal go without a good thwack ings. Hould out yer hand you young rascal!"

And before Johnny had time to recover from his astonishment, he found himself in the process of a 'whacking' that he never forgot to his dying day.

A paper can publish the appointments at the coming in of a new administration, but what paper in the world is large enough to publish half the disappointments?

The Best Haddam Journal speaks of the finding of a skull on a well in the doorway of one of the citizens of that town, and innocently remarks that "the person to whom the skull originally belonged is dead."

"Is Mr. Brown a man of means?" inquired a lady visitor of Aunt Betsy. "Yes, I think he is," replied Aunt Betsy, "as every body says, he's the meanest man in town."

Some graceless scamp has presumed to say that "it is woman, and not her wits, that should be re-dressed." The rascal ought to suffer the torment of being invited out to tea, or to a sewing party.

A gentleman who had a scolding wife in answer to an inquiry after her health, said she was pretty well, only subject at times to a "breaking out in the mouth."

Ladies prepare for an extreme change of habit! for the Paris correspondent says the ladies are coming out without hoops, bustles wadding or anything else!

Who feels love in his heart, feels a spur in his limbs.

Why is a man paying his note of hand like a father going to see his children? Because he meets his responsibilities.

The power of sympathy on children is wonderful. No one can do anything with them, who does not know how to awaken it.

The circumstance which make the shallow misanthropic, incline the wise to be benevolent.

REPUBLICAN GOSPEL.

"And they took it in their vessels with their lamps."—
My BRETHREN.—We will open upon this occasion, by singing to the long metre, what the Democrats (who can't go to heaven) might call a negro song, but which my brethren, is properly a colored Sam. And while your preacher lines out, you will please sing, particular the sisterhood, as all like to hear their voices all!

From Africa the negro came,
Arise my brethren, bless his name!
Stand up, my brethren, bless the day
The negro came from Af-ri-ca.

He is the object of our love,
In him we live, in him we move,
For him we preach—for him we pray—
For him we meet from day to day.

Remember 'twas the white man's sins
Which spayed his feet and bowed his
shins,
His shins were straight as straight
could,
Till they were bowed in sla-ve-ry.

Then brethren, let your blessing rise
Upon his brethren, bless his eyes—
Upon his feet upon his shins,
Both spayed and bowed for white man's
sins.

REPEAT.—
Upon his feet upon his shins,
Both spayed and bowed for white man's
sins.

My BRETHREN—Your minister intends to show, on this occasion, that there is only one scriptural party, and that is the G-re-a-t Republican party. If any man can rebut your minister let him make an endeavor.

I will prove that there is only one scriptural party by a text from the New Testament scriptures. And my text from the New Testament scriptures is in these words,—
And they took it in their vessels with their lamps.

Now brethren, here's a plain scriptural rule:—And they took it in their vessels with their lamps." Who was it, my brethren that took the it in their vessels with their lamps-ah? Who?

That was the Douglas party. They held great meetings; and they carried a banner with thirty four stars, and on the banner was written "Popular Sovereignty." But what was the it? and what was the yes, said? and what was the lamps! They war no what. All their cry was Popular Sovereignty. But you can find Popular Sovereignty from Dan to Bardsheba, so to speak, and from kiver to kiver, and you can't find Popular Sovereignty.

And that was the Bell party. And they met in great meeting and carried a banner with thirty four stars, and on the banner was Constitution and Laws. But what was the it my brethren? and what was the lamps! All their cry was Constitution and Laws. But you can find Popular Sovereignty from Dan to Bardsheba, so to speak, and from kiver to kiver, and you can't find Constitution and Laws.

And then that was the G-re-a-t Republican party. Ah my brethren in fancy I see them now ah! I needn't ask what was the it, and what was the lamps, and what was the vessels, for they was every whar. Ah, my brethren they did't carry thirty four stars, ah! They did't no banner with Constitution and Laws on; but they took it in their vessels with their lamps. Now if any man think he can rebut your minister let him make the endeavor ah!

We will now sing a sociological, after which the audience will please disburse and go to their respective places of abode ah!

Accounts from Texas represent that the Union feeling is becoming so strong among the inhabitants that the secession force in the State will soon be compelled to evacuate or surrender at discretion. The people have become sick of the war, and the medicine that is daily administered to them will be likely to make them worse.

A queer looking customer inserted his head into an auctioneer's shop, and gravel inquired:

"Can I bid sir?"

"Certainly," said the auctioneer.

"Well then," said the wag, walking off, "I bid you good night."

"The rebels have appointed a day of humiliation and prayer. We don't believe they will make anything by that. They can no more outpray the Federals than they can whip them.—Pretence.

Somebody has discovered the art of extracting gas from vegetables. We expect soon to see carrots substituted for lamps, posts—the latter producing the gas and posts both in one.

A clergyman once professed his person with 'my friends, let us say a few words before we begin.' This is about equal to the gentleman who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

At the recent grand volumer review in Brighton, England, the London lawyers formed a splendid-looking regiment, which they appropriately designated as "The Devil's Own."

If a man is murdered by his hired man, should the coroner render a verdict of killed by his own hands.