

The Democratic Watchman.

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NO. 3

Select Poetry.

ONLY
By
Only another word
Dripping with human blood;
Only another drop
Swelling the crimson flood.
Only another tear
Wiped from the face of time;
Only a brother dear
Lost in his manhood's prime
Smoothly the garments fold
Over the silent breast.
Only another soul
Gone to its dreamless rest.

Miscellaneous.

[From the Crisis]
IS IT NOT ENOUGH?

Mr. Editor:—Governor Seymour stated in a speech made a few months ago, that about 250,000 of the troops which had been furnished by the loyal States to put down the present rebellion, had fallen by the accidents of war. Since this estimate was made it is safe to say that those who have died in the military hospitals throughout the country, together with those who have been slain in the various battles since fought, in Tennessee, Mississippi, Missouri and Virginia, would add 75,000 more to this number, making an aggregate of 325,000 Union troops who have perished in little over a year. On the other hand, the South has lost perhaps 175,000. Thus making a grand total of 500,000 lives which have been sacrificed to a blind fanaticism, which is about fifty times as many as were lost in battle during the seven years revolutionary war, which resulted in the achievement of our independence. In addition to all this, the country has been precipitated into a state of financial ruin, from which fifty years of prosperity cannot extricate it. And yet this is not all. These are not even the greatest evils which have been brought about by this war. When as Christians and philanthropists we survey the moral degradation which has been inflicted upon the country, it is absolutely appalling, and beyond computation. Reason has been de-throned. Civilization has been retarded. The altars dedicated to the worship of the great Creator have been profaned. The benign influences of religion, have given place to those malignant passions, which, until now, were thought to find lodgment only in savage tribes. Helpless females have been violated. And yet abolition fanatics look calmly on, contemplating, without dismay or perturbation, the ruin which it has wrought; and actuated by that same puritanic spirit, which, a century ago, possessed their fathers, who with a calm deliberation, would consign the helpless victims of savage lust, to the flames, and would do good service. When we contemplate the magnitude of the civil, political, moral and religious, which this war has brought upon the country, and then reflect that all might have been avoided by a spirit of conciliation and compromise, founded upon principles of justice and equality, we have some faint conception of the fearful responsibility which attaches to those who refused that justice to the South, which was proposed by the Crittenden compromise, and who would listen to no terms but such as were dictated by Republican fanatics—now the complete overthrow of Southern institutions. As we now look upon our bleeding and dismantled country, with her broken laws and violated Constitution; as we listen to the plaintive cry of tens of thousands of helpless widows and orphans; as we look upon the maimed and mutilated soldiers, cry where to be seen upon our streets; as we think of our sons and brothers, whose bones lie unburied upon many a battlefield; as we behold the gloomy and lathsome prison, which shuts the light of heaven from those whom envy and malice have hunted down; as we think on these things, we may well ask ourselves, Is it not enough? Is it not enough? Or shall that blind fanaticism, which actuates such men as Beecher and Parker and others, who prostitute their holy calling to the basest purposes, continue to rule. Shall the voice of fanaticism alone be heard? Shall the freedom of the press through which the people find utterance, and which the Constitution declares shall not be abridged, continue to be fettered by military despotism? Surely it is time we should awake to a realizing sense of our condition. For eighteen months we have waged a civil war against our brethren because they have unwisely separated from us! Not, however, without cause. For we have persistently withheld from them what they have a constitutional right to claim. And Northern aggression has constantly indicated that they should yet be more and more restricted! We have boasted that by our superior numbers and less effeminate sons we would whip them into obedience. We have raised vast armies, with which we have overrun their country, and devastated their homes. Our Government has issued proclamations by which their property has been confiscated, and their slaves declared free. And yet we have accomplished nothing toward restoring the

Union. The results of eighteen months have only demonstrated what many saw at the beginning, viz.—that the means which have been employed, are not only not the best to restore the reunion of the States, but that it cannot be accomplished by such means. To Garrison and hold so vast a country as is possessed by the South, would require 1,000,000 of men, hence our superior numbers and other advantages cannot avail us.

In August last, I addressed a manuscript letter to Mr. Seward, from which I extract the following:—

"Sir, more than a year ago you gave assurances to the people that within three months from that time our national difficulties would be brought to an end, and that peace and prosperity would be restored throughout the land. And though the people had nobly seconded the efforts of the administration, and the nations of Europe had stifled the cry of her starving subjects, what do we now behold? Twelve months have passed away, and the rebellion, instead of being subdued, has assumed yet more fearful proportions. The rebels, so far from being dispirited, are more hopeful and sanguine. Their necessities have not developed their resources, while the sacrifices they have put forth have challenged the admiration of the world. The South has not only resisted all our efforts at her subjugation, but put forth on the most magnificent scale—but to-day she presents an unbroken front, while we have been thrown upon her defensive. Thus far she has sustained herself by her own unaided efforts. What, then, may we expect when foreign aid is no longer withheld? And as rational thinking men, how much longer can we expect the nations of Europe to resist the cry of her people for bread through courtesy for us?"

See Mr. Adams's correspondence with Mr. Seward, in which he says he feels it his duty to inform the Secretary that unless important results are achieved by the first of February, intervention must follow. "And we cannot close our eyes to the fact that when recognition does come, it will bring with it the gravest complications. Sir, I repeat it, our difficulties cannot be brought to a happy settlement by the means now in operation." Since the letter from which the above is extracted, was addressed to Mr. Seward, four months have passed away, and I am but more confirmed in the position then assumed. It is true that since then Mr. Seward has addressed a circular letter to the European powers in which after his peculiar felicitous style, he sets forth the straightforwardness of the rebels, and refers to the newspapers of the country to prove our great financial prosperity. But, unfortunately for Mr. Seward, the report of the Secretary of the Treasury—Mr. Chase—does not exhibit this financial prosperity, nor do subsequent facts sustain him, as to the condition of the rebels. We have shown our capability to collect together vast armies, 600,000 more troops have been called into the field, by which we have been able to secure our Capital from falling into the hands of the rebels, but we have made no progress towards ending the rebellion. We have, in obedience to the demands of a blind fanaticism, removed our most able commanders, because they had not accomplished impossibilities, and those who have been called upon to take their places have been galled on by a besotted faction to lead our sons and brothers on to slaughter. General Burnside yielding to outward pressure, has made an other "forward movement" toward Richmond, and with what results! The groans of the dying, and the lamentations of mothers and sisters, weeping for their sons and brothers among the slain, answer. One of the finest armies that the world ever saw, has been broken and despoiled, and again driven toward Washington, while thousands of our brave troops have been uselessly slaughtered. Is it not enough? Or shall we collect and organize another vast army and place it under General Fremont or some other impetuous leader, that the work of slaughter may still go on. Is it not enough? Mr. Editor, is it not belittling that those whom God has called forth should cast themselves in the breach and stay the tide of desolation. O! that God would inspire those not yet bereft of reason, with moral courage to meet the exigencies of the times, and enable them to stand forth and while pouring oil upon the troubled waters, cry peace, peace. Then would the voice of the nation, from North to South, from East to West, catch up the glad sound which would re-echo from the rivers to the ends of the earth, peace, peace. The hopes of the country are now directed to the Democratic party, which has shown itself to be a national conservative party. In two months from this time I trust the voice of reason will again be heard in the halls of Congress, unless, indeed, the administration should decide to thwart the hopes of the people, by refusing to call Congress together after the first of March. Surely what the Republican party has accomplished in eighteen months, is enough for all time. May God ever afterwards deliver the nation from Republican rule.

OLIVER.

Becher, of the Independent, and Wilkes, of the Spirit of the Times, having discharged their batteries at McClellan, are now bombarding Seward. It is a curious combination—a religious organ and the organ of horse-jockeys and thimble-riggers—black-leg and puritan.

NO HOPE FOR AMERICA AS LONG AS THE REPUBLICANS ARE IN OFFICE.

Except in the event of death or of a revolution, Mr. Lincoln will continue to hold the office of President until the beginning of 1865, and may, notwithstanding the opposition of his Congress, pursue whatever course he or his advisers may think best. As, however, we are reluctant to believe that the war will be protracted until the President's term of office expires, and as we are not less confident than heretofore that the effort to subjugate the South must prove futile, we anxiously seek an indication of a change in the present policy. The position of the ex-officio Commander-in-chief of the Federal forces is perplexing in the extreme. With a large and well-appointed army within a few days of the Confederate capital, he feels ashamed of withdrawing it after winter quarters, or disbanding it by agreeing to terms of peace, without previously attempting to inflict some damage on the rebels. It has become an article of belief with Mr. Lincoln's advisers that a conflict of hostilities is essential to the retention of power. Nor are they mistaken in this respect. They have gone too far now to retreat, and the frank avowal of having misled the public, long after their own eyes were opened to the folly of the enterprise in which they were engaged, would of necessity incur their overthrow. For months past it has been a struggle between selfishness and patriotism, in which the former has been predominant. Now, however, a plausible pretext is afforded to the government of retreating with the semblance of dignity, though with the loss of power, from the false position in which they have placed themselves. If the vote or want of confidence which has been passed at the recent election, was received and acted on by them in a becoming spirit, they might consider themselves with the reflection that they had done all in their power to retrieve their past errors. War is an evil to whose magnitude the American nation is now enabled to bear strong testimony, and to have shortened the present unhappy struggle, even by a few months, would in itself entitle the outgoing Government to no little praise. The army which is now anxiously reading its way through the valleys of Virginia might yet be saved from the indiscriminate slaughter for which it seems to be intended. We fear, however, it is vain to expect that those who at present direct American affairs will spontaneously acknowledge the errors they have committed. Until the Government are forcibly ejected, we can entertain no hope of the war being brought to a close.—London Morning Post.

A PRAYER FOR STANTON.

We find the following telegram in the Tribune of Saturday:—

"A number of prominent gentlemen from the different parts of the North and West, representing the intelligence as well as the wealth of the country, are here, bent upon the common object of insuring a more vigorous prosecution of the war. They declare a change of men in high places to be the necessity of the hour."

Of course this means that the friends of the administration are bent upon the removal of Stanton, who now rules the war, and through the war the nation.

Against this removal we do most earnestly protest.

When the tyrant Dionysius was reveling in the hey-day of his power to which he had climbed with so much art and so much pain, pushing innocent jukes with a severity which would have made Mr. Lincoln's life a burden to him had he dwelt in Syracuse, and crowding his enemies almost as full as Fort Lafayette, he was one day made much astonished to find an old woman devoutly praying before his statue as Mr. Stanton would doubtless be to find the World denouncing his departure from power.

"Why do you pray for me, my good woman?" said Dionysius.

"I pray for you," replied the pious old soul, "for this reason: Before your time I prayed to the gods to remove your predecessor, who was a very wicked man, and used the people cruelly. The gods, alas, heard my prayer, and sent you, who are infinitely worse than he. Should you now be removed, what might they not inflict upon us?"

The country was weary of Cameron, Cameron went, and the republicans gave us Stanton. Were the Tribune's prominent gentlemen now to displace Stanton, what might they not inflict upon us?—N. York World.

The experience of the old woman of Syracuse should not be lost upon us, and there is food for reflection in the fear which the language of the World implies. Nevertheless we vote for Stanton's removal, willing to risk much on the chance that even the gods would be puzzled to find a worse, or even as bad a man.—Harrisburg Patriot & Union.

Prentice says: "The difference between a pig and an abolitionist is that the one's ink is in his tail and the other's in his head. Between an abolitionist and a nigger that difference does not exist."

The substance of a verdict of a recent coroner's jury on a man who had died in a state of insurrection, was, "Death by hanging—around a rim shop."

HON. C. R. BUCKALEW.

The Legislature yesterday elected Chas. R. Buckalew, of Columbia county, United States Senator for six years from the 4th of March next. The election was made on the first ballot by a strictly party vote—67 for Buckalew, 65 for Cameron and one for Wm. D. Kelley.

We make the announcement of this great Democratic triumph with no ordinary degree of pleasure and pride. With pleasure, because—contrary to the expectations of our political opponents—the result was attained without disturbing in the least the harmony of the party, and without prolonged strife; with pride, that a gentleman whose ability, honor and purity are unquestioned, was chosen, as a critic's nomination, to represent this great Commonwealth in the higher branch of the National Legislature, the most distinguished honor to which a citizen can aspire.

The United States Senator elect, Hon. C. R. Buckalew, was born in the year 1821, in Columbia county, in this State. In 1845 he filled the office of prosecuting attorney, and in 1846 he was elected to the State Senate, to represent in the State Senate, the district composed of the counties of Columbia and Luzerne, and in 1853 was re-elected. In 1856 he was a Democratic senatorial elector from this State. In 1857 he was again sent to the State Senate from the district composed of the counties of Columbia, Montour, Northumberland and Snyder, and filled, in the same year, the position of chairman of the Democratic State Committee. In 1858 he resigned his seat in the State Senate as well as the appointment of Commissioner to revise the criminal code of the State, and accepted the post of Minister Resident to the Republic of Ecuador. In August, 1861, he returned to his home in Bloomsburg, Columbia county, where he has remained up to the time of his election.

Mr. Buckalew is the author of several amendments to the State Constitution adopted in 1857, and of numerous published reports and speeches, as well as many popular and political addresses. In 1855 he was the Democratic candidate for the U. S. Senate against Simon Cameron, at which time the election was postponed by the action of the legislative body.

In Mr. Buckalew's career as a public man, his rising genius inspires the undivided confidence of the whole Democratic party in the State, who look to his future career with unusual interest and expectation.

We congratulate the party and the State, upon the elevation of a man, so worthy in all respects, of the high position to which he has been chosen. Above all, we feel the deepest rejoicing at his success, as a pure, disinterested, capable statesman, over the arts and deceptions of corruption, and corruption.

The election is all, in a result we could have wished. We look upon it as upon the dawning of a better day in the history of this Commonwealth. The power of a temperate gold has lost its prestige, and we hope passed away forever. Pennsylvania may well be proud of her redemption.—Patriot & Union.

MAJOR GENERAL BENTLEY.

The appointment of this gentleman to succeed Gen. Butler at New Orleans, is putting the right man in the right place. He has been, theoretically, in favor of letting "the Union slide," for a number of years, and from the position he now holds, he will be enabled to learn the practical part of his theory. The theoretical and the practical Union Sliders have brought face to face, and the future will reveal to the world the results.

The appointment is proper in another light. New England, though slow in furnishing her quota of troops and enforcing the draft, is far in the advance in the way of contracts and plundering the Treasury. For all such purposes their patriotism is not equalled by the balance of the nation. If the reports in Administration circles are true, the firm of "Gen. B. F. Butler and Staff" have realized, while they inhabited New Orleans, by dealing in cotton and confiscating property, the sum of \$5,000,000—this in all conscience for one firm of this size. This is no doubt the view the Administration has taken of the matter.—hence the removal of Butler and the appointment of Banks—another New Englander—in order to divide the profits of confiscation among a new class of corporators, and that class is consequently rendered less numerous about Washington.—Clearfield Republican.

The Postmaster General, Mr. Blair, has rescinded all the orders heretofore made excluding from the Post Offices and mails of the United States, certain newspapers presented by grand juries and otherwise represented as disloyal to the Government.

Do you want your audiences attentive? Then give them something to attend to.

A HORRIBLE SPECTACLE.

The Mankato (Minnesota) Record brings us full details of the execution of the thirty-eight Indians at that place on Friday, Dec. 26, by order of President Lincoln. So great was the excitement in the vicinity and so large the crowd of spectators flocking to the scene, that martial law was declared as early as Wednesday. On Monday before the execution, Colonel Miller read to the condemned Indians the death warrant of the President.

The day before the execution, the Indians were conversed with as to their past crimes and coming death. Some of them were much affected, and many of them protested their innocence, claiming that they had been falsely accused, or misinterpreted when on trial. They said that the guilty had generally escaped, while they, relying on their innocence, had been left to die.

The general justification urged by them was that they were compelled, in order to save their own lives, to accompany their chief in his attacks upon the whites, and of this there seems to be no doubt.

At ten o'clock the condemned were marshaled in procession and marched through files of soldiers to the gallows, which had been so constructed that all the culprits could be hung at once. They marched eagerly and cheerfully to the fatal spot. As they ascended the scaffold they chanted a death song, which was truly hideous, although it seemed to inspire them with fresh courage. One young fellow, who had been given a cigar by one of the reporters, had been smoking it from their quarters, was smoking it on the scaffold, puffing away very coolly during the intervals of the hideous "Hi-yi, hi-yi-yi," and even after the cap was drawn over his face, he managed to get it up over his mouth and smoke. Another was smoking his pipe. The noise having been promptly adjusted for the necks of each, all was ready for the fatal signal. The sword at this juncture was one of awful interest. A painful and breathless suspense held the vast crowd which had assembled from all quarters to witness the execution. Three slow, measured, and distinct beats of the drum, and the rope was cut, the scaffold fell, and thirty-eight lifeless bodies were left dangling between heaven and earth. One of the ropes was broken, and falling runner fell to the ground. The neck had probably been broken, as but little signs of life were observed, but he was immediately hung up again.

The bodies were then cut down placed in four wagons, and taken to the grave prepared for them, among the willows on the bank, nearly in front of the town. They were all deposited in one grave, thirty feet in length by twelve in width and four in depth, being laid on the bottom in two rows, with their feet together and their heads to the outside. They were simply covered with their blankets, and the earth thrown over them.

Among the patients in the general hospital, at Philadelphia, is a seaman soldier. He was very sick when first brought here, but is now doing better. He is a crabbled customer. Now that he is recovering, his swiftness begins to show itself in a manner that his comrades don't care about putting up with—at any rate from a seaman.

In the same ward with him is a Union soldier—an adopted citizen from the land of kraut. The other day Union German said something to seamen. Seamen vouchsafed only in reply,

"Go to."

"Do you?"

Seaman repeated his remark.

The German was not at all exasperated. "Ah!" said he, "mine friend, you ish too kind. I cannot go to dat place."

"Why not?"

"It ish now full. It ish very crowded dere. Sigel he fill it up mit dead rebels. Even der tyufel has to sleep out o' doors."

The laugh came in here from the boys who were lounging around. Seamen had nothing more to say.

A country school teacher, preparing for an exhibition of his school, selected a class of pupils, and wrote down the questions which he would put to them on examination day. The day came, and so did the young hopefuls, all but one. The pupils took their places as had been arranged, and all went on glibly until the question came for the absentee, which the teacher asked: "In what do you believe?"

"Napoleon Bonaparte."

"You believe in the Holy Catholic Church, do you not?"

"No," said the boy amid roars of laughter, "the boy who believed in the Church didn't come to school to-day; he is at home sick."

A certain divine who was more eminent in his days for the brilliancy of his imagination than for the force of his logic, was preaching on the "Ministry of Angels," and in the peroration he suddenly observed: "I hear a whisper!" The change of tone startled the deacon, who sat below, from a drowsy mood, and springing to his feet, he said, "I guess its some of those boys in the gallery."

Since the removal of McClellan the Army of the Potomac has moved, according to the Venango Spectator, on an average, about twenty-two inches and a half per week.

CROSS READINGS.

These must emanate from an honest man!—Honest, Honest Abe!

I do not want to issue a document that the world will see most necessarily be inoperative, like the Pope's Bull against the comet.—LINCOLN.

I declare that I have no purpose directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists; that I believe I have no lawful right to do so and have no inclination to do so.—ABE'S PROCLAMATION.

On the first day of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or any part of a State, the people whereof shall be in rebellion against the United States, will be thenceforward and forever free.—ABE'S PROCLAMATION.

Any people, anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing Government and form a new one that suits them better.—This is a most valuable, a most sacred right—a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world. Nor is this right confined to cases in which the whole people of an existing Government may choose to exercise it. Any part of such people that can, may revolutionize, putting down a minority intermingled with, or near about, another, who may oppose their movements.—ABE'S SPEECH IN CONGRESS.

After reading these extracts, who will call in question Abe's honesty?

STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION.

If the people stand fast upon the rock of the Constitution, the country is safe, the government is safe, the Union is safe, liberty is safe. The waves of popular commotion can never overthrow us while we stand there firmly. Light-headed men may get confused with the noise of the waters foaming madly about—and tumble overboard. The venal and corrupt may be lured by the rainbow lights that flash upon the spray of the turbulent sea around—and be lost. The wrecker flames may tempt the credulous to steer for dangerous ports in their anxiety to escape the dangers and duties of the hour. But those who shall cling to the nation's great law of peace and liberty shall alone be finally recorded as the true mariners who saved the ship in its peril.

Stand fast then by the Constitution! It is God himself who commands it. It is a holy and religious duty. It is a duty we owe to unborn generations of our own land to the oppressed millions of other lands. Stand by that party which makes the Constitution its platform. By the men who were its saviors and perpetual law. Let that instrument be the pillar of fire to guide our wandering feet through this darkness. Let its sacred provisions brighten our pathway to unity, Union and perpetual liberty and peace. Refuse to do this and our own bayonets become blunted before used; the ears of the civilized world will daily thicken upon our path; the arms of our enemies will be served to sterner resistance, and we shall become a divided people and a terror to nobody but ourselves.—Milwaukee News.

WHAT MUST BE DONE.

There is an honest candor about the abolition organ at Washington, the Republic, which compels our admiration. It has a fashion of speaking right out what it means and ought thus to put to shame those who seek the same end by indirection. Here is a specimen:

"The slaveholding aristocracy are, by position, our implacable enemies. We must crush them by liberating their slaves, and by a pecuniary among the poor whites. We must carry revolution into the very bosom of Southern society. We must confront revolution by revolution, fire by fire. Nothing short of this will save us, and if we hesitate much longer we are lost. That lullaby of knives and forks, 'the Union as it was,' has outraged the common sense of the country long enough. The Union, as it was, is buried in a grave from which there is no resurrection. No Union is now possible, except of free States."

Gen. PORTER ACQUITT.—The court martial which has been sitting at Washington for some weeks past, trying Gen. Fitz John Porter on charges preferred by Gen. Pope, has finished its labors and sent its decision to the President. The rumor is that the court entirely exonerated Gen. Porter from all the charges preferred.

This Wayne county, (O.) Democrat, of the 25th publishes a list of the names of seventy-six negroes who voted the Republican ticket at the late election in Oberlin, and challenges a denial of the assertion.

GARRISON'S "LIBERATOR."—The John Brown school of Abolitionists will be grieved to learn that Mr. Garrison's organ, the Liberator, is much distressed by loss of patronage.

A farmer likes cold weather at the proper season, but an early frost in autumn goes against his grain.

A man without some sort of religion is at best a poor reprobate, the foothill of destiny, with no tie binding him to identity.

WHERE WE STAND!

By "we" is meant not the editorial "we," but "we the people" of the late United States. "We" editorial, in the FREEMAN'S JOURNAL, need no further instruction to know that the "truth is to be spoken at all times." It is always wrong to tell the truth, but it is right and proper, at times, to renege the truth. It ought not to be spoken when it is sure to do harm, and not likely to do any good.

But, as "there is a time to be silent," so "there is a time to speak." The time to speak some things, has come. Our politics, are the politics of truth, not of cunning.—The crisis now on us cannot be met by cunning. It has need of broad truths. We propose, in this article, to put some of these broad truths—indisputable truths, before our readers.

The Federal Union is disrupted. It was formed by the free consent of sovereign States. It continued and prospered by free consent of a sovereign States. It has been disrupted and dislocated by the resolute and concerted withdrawal of a potent number of sovereign States. In this respect, that is where we stand.

The dislocation of the old Union has thrown the States into a fever. Here in the North—especially in the North East—there is an excitement produced by the war, which stimulates the strength of health. The people are busy; paper, called money, is freely circulating, many are amassing fortunes, and these latter cry out that we, the people, are actually prospering by the war! To dissipate this delusion, it is enough to recur to first principles, and to call to mind that this tremendous energy of a war, a terribly prosperous people, is exerted in the work of destruction. War is simply destruction. Somebody must pay for this destructive array. The abolition scheme of New England was to over-run, and confiscate the property of our late fellow-citizens at the South—and to pay for the war.—But, events prove, that, however we may affect, or damage, the people of the South, the abolitionists will never succeed in getting them to pay the expenses of this war. It remains, therefore, to be decided whether those who have trusted the agents of Government—the Executive and Legislative—in a debt not authorized by the Constitution are to pay the forfeit of a misplaced confidence, or whether the people—the hard-working farmers—the day laborers—the poor women with fatherless children, sewing day and night for their scanty bread—and classes such as these, are to be taxed and burdened for all coming time to pay interest on the huge debt created in favor of the few capitalists. Plainly, it becomes a simple question as to whether the people are to re-entire on a system of self-government, or whether our government is to be re-organized, and the masses of the people be reduced to the condition of serfs, wearing themselves out in the production of rents, taxes, interest money, &c. for the benefit of a favored class—the favored class enjoying their benefits by a large standing army whose business, as in Europe, will be to stand with loaded muskets and bayonets pointed at the breasts of the 1,000,000 people, to keep them at work! It is not soon to begin to present this pregnant question. In the great North-West the people already recognize it, and they have, even now, taken their stand. In the Central States, the labor, and the industry and enterprise, have no interests different from the North-West.

What things the Northern people produce are now, nominally, about the same price as they were two years ago. Really they are lower, because the price must be taken in a wretchedly depreciated and fluctuating currency. What things they need to support for consumption have gone up fabulously. Cereals and fish-meals—the necessities of Northern soil—are hardly higher than two years ago. What a currency that was then \$7, is now \$3.—Is a currency that, if exchanged for gold, would, this day, be only some \$5.50. Indian meal that was \$3.50 has not increased nominally to \$4 in the same depreciated currency. Pork in most places, commands a lower price than two years ago—because the Southern demand for it is gone—and beef is hardly higher.

In the meantime, coffee has gone from 18 cts to 50 cts, or for Rice, from 12 cts to 36 cts. Molasses has gone from double its former price, while cotton has run from 12 cts to 67. With a currency constantly depreciating, and which no wise man wishes to hold even from day to day, it is not hard to see that we stand on the very verge of universal ruin, if we do not, already, unwittingly, slipping down the ravine—sides of the gulf. A single week saw 700,000 of the green-back paper to a discount of over fifty per cent.—it has already depreciated 42 per cent.—and, paper that is worth only fifty cents on the gold dollar, every business man knows, cannot be used, and will not be taken. In a financial point of view, this is where we stand.

If we stop short now, and act with cool determination, aided by the marvelous resources of Northern soil, we may escape untold disasters. If we go on, recklessly destroying, nothing but a horrible ruin can await this whole North. Only suppose one short crop of cereals next year! Men, women, and children, would perish of hunger, gnawed in the very streets of New York! The supplication is not impossible. We should order when we think how nearly it may be considered as very possible. Let us cease being called out to stop the process of gigantic destruction—let us call out for PEACE! Soon money will be too late.—Freeman's Journal.