

The Democratic Watchman.

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BELLEFONTE, FRIDAY MORNING, JAN. 30, 1863.

NO. 4

Select Poetry.

Written for the Democratic Watchman.
**MY HARP HATH LUNG ON WIL-
LOWS HUNG.**

DEDICATED TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
BY JOE LUTTLE.

My harp hath lung on willows hung,
In grief for human wrong,
Its sweetest notes have been unstrung,
And hushed its softest tones.
But now, while bitter tears are shed,
It wakens a solemn strain,
And chants a requiem for the dead
Who lie in every plain.
O' cursed day for Freedom's sons,
When over all the land,
The sabre's clash and thundering guns,
Are heard on every hand!
From Ball Run's field to Malvern Hill,
The blood from manly veins
Hath poured, till earth hath drunk her fill,
And left but crimson stains.
South Mountain, too, and Antietam,
Their tales of horror tell;
How from the brave hearts, now so calm,
The hoarse, hoarse life did well.
And Frederick'sburg, O' fearful day!
Great God! what a carnage there!
Well might the homeless orphan pray,
The mourning wail despair.
For men, like sheep in shambles led,
Were there sacrificed to die,
Though vain was all the blood they shed,
And vain their battle cry.
'Twas politicians urged them on,
Though well they knew the cost,
For them ten thousand lives are gone,
For them a nation's lost.
Oh, then be still the grief and weep,
Which woe and sorrow feel;
And may their hot hearts never know
The bliss of human weal!
And thou, O' ruler of our Land!
Thine was the power to stay
The tide of blood, on every hand
Which flowed that fearful day!
But yet thou didst not—and the cries
From broken hearts to-day,
Avenge the wrongs of yesterday,
And cheer thy hapless way!
Oh, crying done! Oh, fearful guilt!
Are human lives so cheap?
And can our nation be rebuilt,
On tears that widows weep?
Will heaven's blood so freely given,
Bevent our broken land?
Or bid the cloud of blood, now risen,
Fly as a light breeze?
Ah, no! the heart grows sick and faint,
At thoughts of scenes like these;
And as their woe we witness,
We pray that they may cease.
Oh, bitter day of bitter death!
O, rulers, most unwise!
Will you not see our nation's need?
Nor hear her solemn cries?
Why ye, perchance with beautiful pride,
Her warnings still despise?
Will you not see our vessel guided,
So day from night arise?
Also, to his holy bow,
Aphraim his God led!
Let him alone, and with the sound
The guilty rebel led.
And ye like Ephraim, soon will be,
Preceded of that old man;
Thy, gods of your idolatry,
May save ye if they can!
Ain't throughout the land's gloom,
And grief and dark despair,
For death has entered every home,
And left his living there.
Then, O, my harp, while tears are shed,
Awake and retain,
A requiem for the giant dead
Who lie on every plain.
Let all thy saddest tones be strung,
To ring the notes of woe;
And songs of gladness be unstrung,
Like dreams of Long Ago.
Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 24th, 1863.

Miscellaneous.

For the Democratic Watchman.

OUR PROGRESS.

It is comparatively but a few years since this vast continent lay, like a gem within the deep, unknown to all save the rude savage and the wild bear. The waves of the Atlantic which three thousand miles distant were lashing the shores of old Empires, where man had for ages been acquainted with the laws of science and of art, where government had made many advances towards perfection and where free struggles were in progress between various members of the European family, on this side held a forest-covered shore where man was still pursuing the primitive forms of government, where the grand old order of nature was unbroken and supreme, where civilization had never caused the inhabitants to seek each other's lives; yet the voice of the great deep bore to and fro no tidings of the different races of men its waves divided. The waves of the Pacific thundered upon the golden beach of California; its mighty trees were reflected in its bloom; the shadow of the majestic mountains which divide our Eastern and Western shores fill upon its waters, but bore back no tidings of the beauties that slumbered in our hemisphere any to the North but a hand's breadth dis-

covered, yet the inhabitants of our soil heard not the din of the onward march of humanity; they knew not the progress of science had begun in a land but a Sabbath day's journey from their own, which was to surge Westward through long ages and find its greatest ornaments in the land of the setting sun! They heard not the crash of falling empires; knew not that human beings were conquering the world, two-thirds of which they knew nothing of. They knew not that their more advanced fellow-beings had made for themselves gods, but in their primitive ignorance worshipped the great God of Nature.
But while countless millions were struggling and dying in the Eastern world for principle or ambition; while gorgeous temples, vast pyramids and magnificent cities were rising up, crumbling to dust and rot; while the Hannibal and the Cæsar were paving with human hearts the road to human greatness; while the Old World was being rent and torn with revolutions and wars, the New World slept on in the lap of Nature, undisturbed by all the clamor of the rushing tide of humanity. Its grand forests flourished and passed away; its mighty rivers poured their tribute into the ocean without hearing to its bosom a single evidence of the supremacy of man; generation after generation grew up, lived and passed away without leaving upon the shores of time a single trace of their existence. Down in Mexico and Central America some works of art were reared; rivaling in magnificence the best of the old world, but huge forest trees bent above them now, imbedding their roots in a soil that must have been the deposit of countless ages. Not a single tree remains by which to trace their origin, and while we wish to speak of this as the New World, we must take no note of these mysterious relics.
Long and deep had been the slumber of the, by far, most beautiful portion of the globe, and science, who has explored the mysteries of the Old World, has extended her researches to the heavens and wrenched secrets from the abyss of space, now stretches her scepter across the great deep, pointing to the shores on which it is to be reared a government, the greatest ever built by man and which, in a short time, is to be the very palace of art, the refuge of the oppressed and the wonder and admiration of all mankind. The superhuman efforts of Columbus and his friends to obtain permission to discover a continent are successful, and ninety-one years in these regions the world not now deemed fit for the navigation of our lakes, start from Europe on the dangerous and uncertain quest, risking life and fortune for chains and imprisonment. But surely the land of God guided that lit le squaaron through the perils that beset it and led Columbus to the green shores of that spot in the ocean, if ever he condensed to assist man in any enterprise. How often have we tried to imagine what the results would have been had not that little island been discovered. Had they missed the little group lying between North and South America, the great Gulf of Mexico would have been before them, and long before it could have been crossed man would have sealed the fate of the expedition and our continent would have slumbered on in possession of the red-man. If they had strayed in a more Southerly direction, the stormy coast of the Carolina would probably have borne the only vestige of the fate of Columbus and his crew. Whether Providence or accident was the cause, a more fortunate point could not have been discovered than that island paradise of the Atlantic where white men first looked upon this hemisphere.
Columbus returns to Europe and starts the civilized world with the tidings of his discovery—a new land beyond the waters more beautiful than any yet dreamed of, and inhabited only by a feeble race of men who did at the very voice of a white man need we recount the passion which seized all the monarchs and capitalists of Europe, to make new discoveries and plant new colonies, to outvie each other in the magnitude of their expeditions and to coin money from the newly discovered world? Like before in a life when a sweet treasure is discovered, first, the solitary expedition of Columbus starts from European shores, battles with the unknown deep, finds the reality more than science ever dreamed of, and returns. Then another and another spread their white wings and span the ocean. New discoverers cover themselves with glory scarcely less than that of Columbus, and a thousand names are crowned with immortal honor by the efforts of Europeans to gratify the manifold passions which led them to these shores. Cortes, De Soto, Coligny, the Cabots and a host of others thronged hither and all searching for a passage to India, little knowing that they had discovered a land in comparison with which India in her brightest days, sings into nothingness. But men were not going to leave the shores of Europe to which every emotion of the heart clung, for many a man in a howling wilderness, with thousands of miles of unathwartable waves rolling between the land of their nativity and that of their adoption, without powerful inducements. The motive was not wanting; the tide of progress which began away in Asia, had been for many generations surging Westward until now it was stayed by the great ocean, and like water,

long obstructed, when the barrier was removed, streamed towards America. Persecutions most dire behind, the waves of the ocean and an unexplored wilderness in front—on the one hand civilization and persecution; on the other freedom and a forest thronged with savages and wild animals.—Did our ancestors hesitate in their choice?—With an unflinching faith in the Being they wished to serve, they trusted their lives and fortunes to the waves and in due time reached this land in which they were to hew out for themselves a name and home. What must have been their reflections when they first stood upon these shores! Behind, the tempestuous waves of the Ocean; before, a vast wilderness unexplored, but known to contain for them life and death, weal or woe for the future. Surely the stern hearts of those who had risked a monarch's displeasure without fear, must have felt the awful situation, when in the bleak, desolate winter of 1620 they landed at Plymouth Rock. But the love of liberty sustained them, and sent through a thousand dangers they are compelled to pass, they are upheld by its inspirations, and before their sturdy strokes the forest disappears, and soon the foundation is laid of the great nation of which mankind can boast. But why attempt to paint the horrors our sires are compelled to meet or the dangers they encountered and overcome? Years roll away. Europe is agitated by fierce convulsions, while here, in quiet, is being reared the temple of Liberty to which the victims of the world's revolutions may flee for refuge.—A century is gone. We turn to America again, and lo, what a change! The majestic trees of the forest have melted away and thriving settlements are flourishing upon their site; civilization has breathed upon the sea-coast and in the magic of her breath the rude red man has passed away; the fierce hunter is upon his track; and he has departed towards the setting sun; where his humble wigwam was reared, the stately mansion of his spoiler finds a foundation; where his council-fire was kindled, the church-spires towers heavenward. Everywhere where the Anglo-Saxon has trodden, the order of nature has passed away and the European finds another mark for his ambition.
"We see the living tide roll on,
It flows with fiery tones,
The key-stone of the arch,
The Spaniard's land of flowers;
It spans beyond the splintered wreck,
That parts the Northern shores;
From Eastern rock to western wave,
The Continent is ours."
The basis of a mighty Republic has been laid, but long years of privation and blood are required for its perfection. Need we attempt to follow our fathers through the sanguinary scenes of the Revolution? Is there an American who has not followed the illustrious pen through that period fraught with such great interests for this nation and mankind? Need we tell that tyrants learned to tremble when our ancestors east of the chains that bound them to Europe and began the upward march to the head of nations? It is useless to attempt a recapitulation of the fiery proofs we furnish to the world, of our ability to maintain a government against every assault.
Half a century rolls away, and we look again. A mighty giant our Country has grown and dictates terms to all mankind.—The spirit of improvement has been every where and everywhere is the growth of the nation unequalled. Cities count their population by hundreds of thousands and rival in elegance and wealth the most renowned of the old world; towns have grown into cities, villages have sprung into populous towns, and a while but a few years ago some solitary settler reared his rude cabin, far remote from the haunts of his fellow-beings, humanity has thronged, and smiling farms everywhere greet the eye and bless with their productions, the land that won them from the wilds of nature. The Atlantic sea is crowded with emigrants from all nations and groans beneath the weight of wealth the interior is purging forth. The Pacific coast has made a stride in the onward march unequalled in the annals of time. Where but a few years ago the rays of the setting sun fell upon the barren mountains and desolate coast of California, his light is now reflected from the spires of a great city; where then the Indian only dared to tread, a now men of every tongue have congregated and the six hundred of States stretch forth their hands to grasp that of their new relative beyond the mountains. The spirit of the fierce lightning has been called down to carry messages for the American and the slender paths over which it travels, traverse every part of the continent. On our Rivers where but a short time ago, the waters were unbroken or stirred only by the rude bark of the red man, now the mighty steam vessel rushes along bearing untold wealth to the ocean for transportation to other lands. The spirit of steam has been compelled to our bidding and the iron horse thunders through our valleys dragging its vast loads of freight to and fro. Our sails gladden upon every sea, and it is every dime the energy of our people has been felt, all acknowledging the supremacy of the star-gemmed flag of the United States of America. We gaze in wonder and exclaim, whence comes all this greatness and why the unparalleled rapidity of the march of our nation in the path of honor, improvement and freedom? The answer is, adherence to principles—the prin-

ciples upon which this greatness and happiness are based are these:—
"Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religion or political persuasion, commerce and honest friendship with all nations, engaging alliances with none; the support of State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for domestic concerns. The supremacy of the civil over the military authority; a jealous care of the right of election by the people; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority; economy in the public expense; that labor may be lightly burdened; the honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture, and commerce as its handmaid; the diffusion of information, and arrangement of all abuses at the bar of public reason; freedom of religion, freedom of the press and freedom of person, under the protection of the Habeas Corpus; and trial by impartially selected jurors. These, and these only are the great principles which guided our sires through the smoke and blood of the Revolution—that reared the arm of freedom and struck off the fetters with which England had bound them—that guided their descendants through the fierce convulsions in which old Empires sunk down to destruction and an adherence to which led our country to the proud height on which we have just beheld her.
A few more years glide away. The flag of the free still floats on every sea. Let us look again upon the nation. What a wonderful change is here! Mighty armies have sprung into existence like the visions of the night; great iron-clad ships are upon the ocean; the busy ingenuity of the people is turned to the manufacture of weapons of death; brothers meet in the hook of death, and the tide surges to and fro; the fate of the government is shaken to its foundations and threatens to topple down upon the contending hosts; human liberty trembles upon a hair and the fate of mankind is being decided by that terrible scourge of nations—civil war. Five hundred thousand citizens of this once prosperous, happy Republic, have allured up their lives to stay the fell spirit of destruction, and still red-handed murder trails his work. The star-gemmed flag is trailing in the dust; the light of American Government, the result of the world's experience forages, the existence of which has cost millions of lives, threatens to go out and leave the world in eternal darkness. Havoc, devastation and ruin are on every hand, and the evanescent nations of Europe have lost the opportunity of revenge.
What means this fearful change which a few years have wrought? Whence comes this desolation and woe? We answer a departure from the principles on which the government was established; the triumph of a sectional minority over a majority; a departure from sound Democratic faith, and an administration of evil, blight and death. The question may be asked, why have we kept the wonderful progress of our nation to this dark hour, and what conclusions are to be deduced from the circumstances of our birth, growth and present fearful condition, on the very brink of death? These: That Democracy made us what we were—its opposite what we are; that the principles of Democracy were gathered from the councils of every nation that ever existed; that they were picked up in the ruins of Egypt, in the blood and dust of old Carthage, within the walls of Rome; strengthened by the fires fired to which they were exposed upon the oft-contested plains of Europe; gauded by the awful perils of our fathers on the raging deep, in the forests of the new continent, through the carnage of two wars, and finally condensed by the founders of this Republic, making us the admiration, the terror and hope of mankind. That a departure from those principles has made us the scorn, the pity and contempt of the world; and that a return to them is our only hope of salvation, the only hope of preserving to mankind the prize for which the world has been deluged in blood, and the bright blessing of which we have, for a brief space, enjoyed—the right of self government.
HOWARD, PA.,
Jan. 20, 1853.
A lady refused her lover's request, that she would give him her portrait. 'Ah, it matters not,' he replied—'when blest with the original, who cares for the copy.' The lady, both ignorant and malignant—'I don't think myself more original than any body else.'
The editor of the Lawrence American having enlisted in the nine months quota, publishes a portrait of his editorial substitute while absent in the war. It looks very much like a pair of scissors.
The chairman of a political meeting threw a rowdy who was raising his arm to throw a stone at him, cried out, 'Sir, your motion is out of order.'
A California man recently wrote to a friend in the east—'You had better come out here, for mighty mean men get in office in California.'
The man that smashes the end of his finger with a hammer does not hit the right nail on the head.

THE NEWSPAPER.

There is "more truth than poetry" in the following article, which we clip from an exchange, and which we hope will be read and heeded by many readers of the WATCHMAN, who are not subscribers:
A man eats up a pound of sugar, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended; but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up in the mind, to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it; for the newspaper is not the wisdom of one man or two men—it is the wisdom of the ages of past ages. A family without a newspaper is always behind the times in general information; besides they never think much or find anything to think about. And then there are the little ones growing up in ignorance, without a taste for reading. Besides all these evils, there is the wife, who when her work is done, has to sit down with her hands in her lap, and has nothing to relieve her mind from the toils and cares of the domestic circle.
The newspaper is the cheapest luxury in existence. From no other source can so much pleasure and profit be obtained at so little cost. Think of it! the history of the world's life for a week; intelligence from every event worth putting into print; accounts of war and accounts of peace; the rise and fall of dynasties; the fluctuations of the market; the incidents of commerce; casualties by fire and flood; robberies, and murders, and defalcations, and elopements, and suicides, and hangings; deaths and births, and marriages; scraps of wit and humor, tales and poems, speeches and essays, recipes for making pudding and antidotes for dyspepsia; hints upon love and matrimony; confessions and moral precepts, apophthegms and *finis d' esprit*, puns and pasquinades—and all for four cents a week! Think of it! the faithful chronicler of universal affairs—for the price of one cigar—or a single glass of brandy!
The newspaper is the greatest reformer. It revolutionizes the household. It does more to educate the family than all the schoolmasters that ever swayed the rod. It carries life and light with it wherever it goes. It stimulates the husband to sturdier efforts, sends the housewife singing to her work, and leads the children by flowery paths up the height of knowledge. It is a friend that does not betray, a mother that does not whisper evil counsel.
It is the best mental tonic. It arouses the slumbering energies of the soul, and makes the contents of life flow more freely and healthily. Deprived of its more genial influences, society would go to rust, the wheels of progress would be arrested, and the world relapse into the darkness of the Mediæval times.
The Great Fight between Halleck and Stanton.
Stanton Aboard when the Police Latefired—A Brilliant Passage at Arms—Strategy Nooked.
Our special correspondent at Washington sends us a somewhat full account of the late light between Stanton and Halleck, mentioned in the last letter of the *World's* correspondent. The affair took place in the War Department buildings, and was an exceedingly spirited one. But for the timely interference of the authorities, it might have resulted in the utter extinction of the combatants. It had no connection whatever with political or warlike matters, having grown out of a little misunderstanding in regard to a commercial transaction.
It seems that Halleck and Stanton traded jack-knives 'unsigh and unseem,' and Halleck being cheated thereby, wished to trade back. To this Stanton would not agree, and consequently Hal. got mad all of a sudden, and told Stanton that if he would not trade back he'd whip him. Ed. retorted that Halleck was a coward, and would not fight yet born in the world, and followed this assertion with a sound kick in the rear of the enemy's works.
The battle now became general, Halleck commenced operations by throwing out skirmishers in the shape of a "bunch of fires," that were landed under Ed's left peeper. Ed. then opened on his adversary an enfilading fire of inkstands and paperweights, which, however, were aimed too high and did no damage beyond the demoralizing of a few lights of glass. At this moment there was a temporary cessation of hostilities, Ed. mistaking a portion of Hal's shirt, that dropped from the rear of position, for a flag of truce.
Hal. took advantage of this mistake to undertake a flank movement; but by so doing he unwittingly exposed his rear to another terrific attack, and was forced to make a precipitate retreat. Fortunately, at this moment the police arrived upon the spot, and put a quiescent on further operations, otherwise there's no knowing what might have taken place. The parties were just about being lodged in the stationhouse when Lincoln "went ball" for their appearance on duty, and thus the matter ended for the time being. Both sides were badly cut up.
Why is a man's coat larger when he takes it out of a carpet bag? Because he finds it in creases.
Why is a mouse like a load of hay? Because the cat'll eat it.

Speech of Adam V. Larrimer, Esq.

The following eloquent address, delivered on the occasion of the death of Joel Tuttle, Esq., a member of the Putawatimie (Ia.) Bar, will be read with interest by the people of this community, coming as it does, from the lips of one who was formerly a citizen of this county, and who was born and bred amid the mountains around Pleasant Gap. Ad's old friends are glad to hear from him and to know that he is making his mark in the world. Here is the speech:
I arise, may it please the Court, to announce here, that since the adjournment of our last term of Court, the Putawatimie County Bar, has lost one of its members, and this community one of its most valued and promising young men, by the death of Joel Tuttle, in May last, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. I rise also to ask, that I may pause for this day at least, in our deliberation in the affairs of this life, to devote it to the memory of one, who in life was so worthy of our regard, and whose death we cannot but mourn.
It is the first occasion of the kind since I have been a member of this Bar, but although we as a class, have been peculiarly favored, during the time we have been associated together, it has been none the less true that
There's not a wind that blows but bears with it
Some rain or promise—no a moment dies
But puts its sickle in the field of life
And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares.
Less than a year ago, Joel Tuttle was here in our midst, in the vigor of youth, in the strength of manhood, and it is hard for us to realize that one so young, so promising, so endeared to all who knew him, by a profusion of many virtues, to-day is numbered with the dead. But a thought ad he is not forgotten. The part he acted in the drama of life was such that his name survives his death, and may be remembered by posterity.
With many this is an honorable ambition, and he who would succeed in being thus remembered, must have labored creditably in the fields of literature; or have done some act worthy of being recorded by the historian. If he has written nothing that will be read by posterity; if he has done nothing worthy of being a part of his country's history, then so far as this world is concerned, death is a finality.
The frost of his sun may destroy the vegetation of Summer, and winter leave no trace thereof, but the re-juvénescence of Spring again clothes the earth with verdure and beauty, and all appears as if once was, but it is not so with the life of man—when he yields at last, as yield he must, to that voice from the spirit land, whose tones are heard by the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the soldier and the civilian, echoing the summons
"Child of earth come away," it is with all but a few indeed, the last of earth.
But it will not be so with the memory of our friend Tuttle. It cannot be that one upon whom nature had lavished with an unsparring hand, the insignia of her nobility, with his eventful life, shall, with his death, be consigned to the oblivion of forgetfulness. No, his virtues and manly bearing, like the last, as well as the first rays of the sun, that tinge the mountain top with golden hues, have enshined his name in our affections and memories, there to remain, as long as we venerate and regard the best order of talent, used in the exercise of the highest attributes that elevate and adorn humanity.
Mr. Tuttle, I believe, was a native of the state of Indiana, a graduate of the Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, and afterwards the student at law of Judge Wright, of this State.
In the spring of 1859, he located in this city, and here commenced the battle of life on his own account, by the practice of his profession.
Soon after he came here, I became intimately acquainted with him, and often sympathized with him in his despondings of success of which he was not so hopeful as he might have been, with the talents he had to command—which only required time to make him an honor and an ornament to the profession of his choice. He continued the practice of his profession with more than the ordinary success of young practitioners—until September or October, 1861, at which time he went to Burlington, Iowa, and joined as a private, the 2d Regiment of Iowa Volunteers, then under the command of his brother, now Brigadier General Tuttle. He afterwards became Adjutant of the 2d Iowa, and was for some time Post Adjutant at Benton Barracks. After this his regiment was ordered to Tennessee, and he accompanied with it to the more active and dangerous fields of the conflict to which he had devoted his life.
He led a portion of the Iowa 2d in their gallant charge at Port Donelson, and afterwards participated in the ever memorable battle of Shiloh, and there amid the conflict, fierce and wild, all unmoved by the dead and dying as they fell around him, he thinks but of victory, and when night, for the time, puts an end to the strife, and that battle-field is enveloped with the darkness of night, contemplating the more imminent dangers of the morrow, he may have thought *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, and on the renewal of the struggle at early dawn have sought new posses of danger; but up-

on that battlefield he did not die.
The prayer of the soldier when he knows he must encounter his last enemy is, that he may die upon the battle field, and the cannon's roar may be his last requiem. The low tedium of disease he contemns as with scorn. But the armor once on to do duty to the service of his country, willfully he encounters danger and death, feeling that
"Oh! if there be on this early sphere,
A boon, an offering that heaven holds dear;
'Tis the last libation that Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her case."
Soon after the battle of Shiloh, Mr. Tuttle being prostrated with typhoid fever, sought to return to his friends and kindred in Iowa, but when he reached St. Louis, he was so much reduced that he was unable to proceed on his journey, and there at half past 6 o'clock, on the 13th of last May, the brave and gallant Adjutant of the Iowa 2d, laid down to the field of intercessory strife, while his spirit winged its way to his father and his God. Yes, here the accomplished scholar, the reserved yet courteous gentleman, the lawyer, the officer, the dutiful son, the affectionate brother, the true friend, without father, brothers or sisters around him, laid himself down to die.
But such is war. I it is our hope that the time for a demand for such costly sacrifices will soon be over—that hereafter all may regard finally to the Constitution and laws in pursuance thereof, of a common country, as the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, which is to direct us in the paths of peace and prosperity, and thus shall we form a more perfect Union, and establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. Then shall our Government, if not at peace with the world, at peace with itself, be established upon a basis firm and enduring as the wave encircled rock, which moeth not as ocean's storms pass over it.
May it please the Court, I offer the following resolutions:
Resolved, That we, the members of the Bar, and Officers of the District Court of Putawatimie County, Iowa, deeply lament the death of Joel Tuttle, Esq., a member of our Bar, and cherish in affectionate remembrance, his many virtues and eminent worth as a lawyer and a citizen; and that we deeply sympathize with the relatives of the deceased, in the loss they have sustained in the lamented death of a dutiful son and an affectionate brother.
Resolved, That the above resolution be entered upon the Minutes of the Court—that the Clerk be requested to forward a copy of the same to the relatives of the deceased; and that as a further mark of respect, that this Court do now adjourn.
HOW HE GOT HIS WIFE.
John W. — was, or is, a genius. He would quit a pile in the Mexican war, and invested it in a canal boat running on the Ohio Canal. John was a bachelor, but in course of time was smitten by the little god, an old farmer, who lived in a "head" path near Massilon, had two rosy-cheeked daughters, but all attempts to gain an introduction by their admirers, were foiled by the old man. A large chunk of beef bought of the massiff, and John proceeded to deliberately appropriate the various articles hanging on the clothes line. Chemists and stockings, breeches, shirts and things were crowded in haphazard confusion into the capacious bag carried by John on this occasion. They were brought aboard the boat and placed in the "bow cabin," to pave the way for an introduction to the return trip.
A week after, the boat passed the farm house on its way south; and John jumped ashore and went to the house. He represented that one of his drivers had stolen the clothes; that he had disappared him, and desired to restore the articles. The ladies were delighted, as the sack contained all their "Sunday fixings." The old man said:
"I always thought that all the best men would steal; and I am delighted to find one honest one. You must call again, captain."
The captain did call again, and soon after married the "youngest."
On the wedding night, he told his wife the case he had to gain an introduction, and the old man gave orders that no more clothing should be out of nights.
AN INTELLIGENT CONTRABAND.—AMY Chaplain—My young colored friend can you read?
Contraband—Yes, sah.
Chaplain—Glad to hear it. Shall I give you a paper?
Contraband—Sartin, Massa, if you please.
Chaplain—Very good. What paper would you choose, now?
Contraband—Well, massa, if you chews I'll take a paper of treracker, Yah! yah!
Second thoughts are best, man God's first thought; woman his second.
Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard? Because neither of them is satisfied with the moderate use of the glass.
What an obstinate man," said the second, "if my life is spared I will.