

The Democratic Watchman.

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NO. 4

Select Poetry.

MY HARP HATH LUNG ON WIL Lows Hung.

DEDICATED TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY JOE LUCKY.

My harp hath lung on willows hung, In grief for human wrongs...

O'er the land of Freedom's sons, When o'er all the land...

From Ball Run's field to Malvern Hill, The blood from manly veins...

South Mountain, too, and Antietam, Their tales of horror tell...

And Frederick'sburg, O, fearful day! Great God! what a catastrophe!

For men, like sheep in shambles led, Were there restrained to die...

'Twas politicians urged them on, Though well they knew the cost...

On then they all the deed and see, Which woe and death felt...

And thou, O, ruler of our Land! This was the power to stay...

But yet thou didst not—and the cries From hallowed hearts to-day...

Oh, crying, 'Oh, fearful guilt!' 'Are human lives so cheap?'

Will heaven's blood so freely given, Content our broken land?

Oh, bitter day of bitter death! O, rulers, most unwise!

Why ye, perchance, with beautiful pride, Her warnings still despise?

Also, to our his-lobe boast, 'Iphigeneia his God led?'

And ye like Iphigeneia, soon will be, Preside of that old man?

Then, O, my harp, while tears are shed, Awake and rejoice!

Let all thy saddest tones be strung To ring the notes of woe!

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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...

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...

Long and deep had been the slumber 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 sceptre across the great deep...

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...

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clips upon which this greatness and happiness and happiness are based are: Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religion or political persuasion, commerce and honest friendship with all nations, engaging ally 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 expenditure; 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 law; the free trade of the world, and the free navigation of the seas. 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...

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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 Putnam (La) 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 Putnam 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.

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 is not a wind that blows but bears with it some promise—not a moment flies but puts its sickle in the field of life. And we 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 endowed 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 finally.

It is the best mental tonic. It arouses the slumbering energies of the soul, and makes the contents of the brain 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 Mediaeval times.

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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 horror. 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 her lot. 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 defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

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 made quite 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 with the little girl, an old farmer, who lived in a 'head' path near Madison, had two rasy-cheeked daughters, but all attempts to gain an introduction by their admirers, were foiled by the old man. A large chunk of beef bought off the mastiff, and John proceeded to deliberately appropriate the various articles hanging on the clothes line. Chemist and stockings, breeches, shirts and things were crowded in inglorious 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 dispatched 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 bottom world 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 'young gal.'

On the wedding night, he told his wife the reason he had to gain an introduction, and the old man gave orders that no more clothing should be 'out of night's.'

AN INTELLIGENT CONTRABAND.

My young colored friend can you read? Chaplain—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, mass, if you cweus 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...

Why is a mouse like a load of hay? Because the cat'll eat it.