

The Democratic Watchman.

VOL. 8.

BELLEVILLE, FRIDAY MORNING, FEB. 20, 1863.

NO. 7.

Original Poetry.

[For the Democratic Watchman.]
LINES TO MISS S. J. P.
(Originally Intended for Her Album.)
BY CAPTAIN JAMES H. LARSEN.

The following beautiful lines, written by Captain Larssen, of the 5th Pennsylvania Reserve, were originally intended for the album of a young lady of this place, (Belleville) in whose family he formerly boarded for several years. The reader will observe that the Captain makes allusion to the changes which have taken place since then, and speaks feelingly of days long gone by. These lines are the production of an accomplished gentleman and gallant soldier, and are full of the spirit of true poetry.—Ed. Watchman.

Though small may seem the boon you ask—
A line to deck your album's page,
To me, it were a lighter task,
To lead the way where battles rage,
Than, by the camp-fire's flickering rays,
To write a soldier's clumsy page.

And but each thought that battles play
Among the chambers of the brain;
Or, be the battle lost or won,
Perform another still more trying.
After the fearful strife is done,
View, unmoved, the dead and dying.

A soldier true—and well 'tis known,
Whose duty all his thoughts engage,
A brave and loyal heart may own,
And yet be neither hard nor sage;
But since I feel, though true and true,
And with your light and quiet company,
To find a theme to suit my lay,
I must on days long gone go by.

And there from memory's gathered store,
Beneath a heap of gloomy scrolls,
That many a hapless grief destroyed,
A sweet domestic scene unfolds;
And on the cheerful faces there,
How bright and pleasant scenes are seen,
Now dead a happier age than we,
Than living, roaming, woe-stricken men.

A few brief years, did thoughts pass,
And then, alas! that change had changed;
Deep sorrow had those smiles o'ercast—
Relentless Death its bliss deranged.
Fellow, mother, taken away,
Three tender orphans left to mourn,
Who ne'er had known a joyous day,
Nor seen a banished one return.

A few brief years, 'twere hard to tell,
To parents' nobles' hearts given;
To their dear babes the truth disclosed,
That wing'd way from Earth to Heaven;
Their offspring they had needed well,
In life, from every care and ill;
And when the babe, unlooked for, fell,
They bowed submissive to his will;
Consoling with the guardian care,
The orphan loved one left behind,
Trusting the seed might flourish there,
Implanted in each infant mind.

Life's drear life must all be borne,
The fairest flowers must fade and die,
The loved ones from our side be torn,
In death, the warmest heart must lie;
Yet orphan's tears may soon be dried,
The cares of life be boldly met,
The foot tread firm the path untrod—
The heart is grief no more to fret.

'Tis thus, my Jean, with you and I,
That you have had a peaceful part,
While I have sought a noisy day,
Amid contending passions' strife,
As hangs dark melancholy o'er us,
When foes are pleasures, vain and brief,
Still come ever up before us,
Our early love, our early grief.

Adieu! Adieu!—My tenderest love,
Who now would gain her way to you,
Will I be or complete of refuge,
And yet you out a useless song.

These lines, too long for Album's leaves,
May still a pleasant thought invoke—
'Tis more than every pen achieves,
And few have read'er echoes woke.
Belle Plaine, Va.,
January 16th, 1863.

Miscellaneous.
ALL FOR LOVE A FIDEL OFFICER
EDUCED.

From the Lincoln (Ill.) Herald.
Many of our readers will doubtless recollect a Mr. J. J. Seagriff, who, some time since, was engaged in the grocery and provision business in this place in partnership with Mr. William B. Barlow. It will also be remembered that, at the commencement of hostilities, he enlisted in a company forming in this county for the 23d Regiment Illinois Volunteers, and received a Lieutenant's commission. He was generally esteemed as an excellent officer, and did his whole duty in several of the sanguinary engagements in the Southwest. In an unlucky hour he met a young lady of a rebel proclivities but extremely beautiful, at her home, near Nashville, Tennessee. Suffice to say that they met and loved. All the time that the Lieutenant could spare from his duties was spent in the society of the charming sweetheart, and she as eagerly returned his burning passion. Lieutenant Seagriff then and again offered his resignation—he wished to leave the tented field, and dwell in the rosy bowers of love—but, unlike his love, he was not accepted. Love at length conquered all his scruples—he deserted and succeeded in escaping beyond the Federal lines with the young lady. The southern belle, who thus seduced the Lieutenant, is enormously wealthy being the possessor of an ample fortune in sterling gold. They also succeeded in running the blockade at Charleston and arrived at Havana last Christmas day, when they were married, and are now living, it is said, in happiness and elegance.

Secretary Chase gave a dinner on Saturday. Among the guests present were Gen. Canby.

"THE HORRORS OF SOUTHERN SOCIETY."

[For the Democratic Watchman.]
"UPON MY WORD IT'S TRUE—
MR. BARLOW: In the Central Press of the 6th inst., my attention was directed to an extract suspended under the caption of 'The Horrors of Southern Society.' I read it as given by this Charlestonian itinerant School-Master, who out-Herods Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and with great gusto relates the lascivious conduct and inequitable practices of Col. Richardson, of South Carolina, with his own daughters, and for a period of six years, all of which time this veritable Mary F. Clark says she 'was Governor in Col. Richardson's family, having the education of his daughters in charge. And from her position she says, 'I wish to state that it is the custom of the South Carolina Aristocracy for fathers to have criminal intercourse with their own daughters.' All must admit that Mary F. Clark, as Governor, must have winked at these 'Southern customs' for six years, while she was instructing Col. Richardson's daughters, and that for herself she came out of this lewd and pure and unadorned. But hear her again:

"Some may say that they cannot see how Slavery is responsible for these family evils, of which Gen. Butler speaks and of which I affirm. The secret is just here: From very infancy the planters sons are gratified in everything they desire. I could tell you some startling facts of the boyhood of these planters' sons!"

Ah! why did she not tell us? Was it that she would have proved that there was in the South as well as there was in Putnam's time? Homer tells of a certain lady of the name of Scenobee, a daughter of Jobates, King of Lycia, who became enamored of Hellenophon, and when he refused to gratify her criminal passion, she accused him before Pallas. And why should not this very Pallas of chastity, after six years experience, accuse the Southern Fathers before Fred. Douglass and Thaddeus Stevens? I regret that the Press gave publicity to such a base, vulgar and infamous article. It could do no possible good. I carried out my falsest wish, as it is a notorious fact and well known to all who read the religious press, that the Church South is as pure as a lily in its teachings as is the North, and that the Southern planters are as religious, virtuous, humane, and as parental and fraternal in their domestic relations as any people in the world and are noted for their kindness and affection to all for their children; and it was with pleasure that I saw the good lady of the house, when this article in the Press was read, take it, declaring it was a slander and a falsehood, unfit to be read in a brother, and cast it into the fire. That is the effect it had in our neighborhood.

HARRIS TWP., 10th Feb. 1863. BETTA.

A CONFLICT IMMINENT.

It seems impossible, says the New Hampshire Patriot for the National Government to avoid a serious conflict with the State authorities of various States, except by yielding obedience to the Constitution, which it is so grossly outraging in these arbitrary acts. In Wisconsin, the Supreme Court, composed entirely of Republicans, has decided that the President has no power to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, and has ordered the release of fifteen persons arbitrarily arrested by order of the Government. The same decision will doubtless be made in nearly every State where the issue is made and if the Government persists in arresting and imprisoning persons without warrant and in often violation of the Constitution, it will find itself forcibly resisted by authority of State Governments in the hands of its own political friends. The question of personal freedom and constitutional rights is so vitally important to every citizen to admit of its being given up without a struggle. It overrides all mere party questions and feelings, and brings home to every one the momentous issue of liberty or despotism for himself or his posterity. It is impossible that intelligent and patriotic men can be so blinded by party prejudice and so swayed by political feeling as to justify or submit to such palpable and repeated violations of personal liberty as demonstrate the determination of the Government to sweep away all safeguards of the Constitution and all guarantees of the common law, and our own institutions, and establish itself a despotism as arbitrary and unfeeling as ever existed in the world's history.

For some weeks past there has been quite an excitement among nervous females in Philadelphia, over a report that there is an organized band who go about the streets at night with sticking plasters in their hands and India rubber shoes on their feet, the first to put over the mouths of their victims and the last to destroy the sound of their approach till they come close enough to gag the women. The cause has been to terrify timid women and girls, so that many of them are afraid to appear in the streets at night, and are ready to run if a man comes within a dozen rods of them in any place not well frequented.

GOOD FOR ILLINOIS.

There is a time when "forbearance ceases to be a virtue," and tame submission craven cowardice. Judging from the patient endurance of the Northern Democrats, while abolitionism has been robbing them of their political and religious rights—plundering them of their property, and murdering their own sons in an unholy crusade against the institutions of the South, one would be led to believe they were either all cowards or all slaves. It was for the sake of peace that they suffered so long in silence, and that peace being denied them, like men they are now ready to offer up their lives, if it need be, in order that their privileges shall be protected. Read the following resolutions passed by the house of representatives in Ill. They are "true grit." Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York will sustain them. Then let to Abraham and his New England friends if they attempt to carry out their infamous usurpations any farther. Niggers won't save them.—Ed. Watchman.

Mr. Walker offered the following preamble and resolutions, and moved their reference to committee on federal relations: "Whereas, Abraham Lincoln, at the commencement of the present unhappy war, declared in every official paper that came from his hands, that the sole object of the prosecution of the war, was and should be, for the restoration of the Union and the laws as our fathers made them; And,

"Whereas, by his subsequent acts he has proven to every unbiased mind, that such notion is not the intention in the further prosecution of the war, and that he has willfully deceived the soldiers, by inducing them to take up arms in (as they supposed) an honorable and just cause, which he has turned into a dishonorable and disgraceful crusade against the established rights of the States; "He has declared martial law over every loyal State in the Union;

"He has without authority of law or right, imprisoned our citizens in loathsome dungeons, and refused them the right of speedy trial;

"He has sanctioned the taking of the lives of innocent peaceable, and respected citizens of these States, to atone for the acts of others;

"He has, by his proclamation of January 1st, 1863, disregarded the reserved rights of the States, and attempted by that proclamation to equalize the white and black races; to excite servile insurrection in the southern States, thereby involving the innocent with the guilty, without reference to age or sex;

"He has persisted in listening to and carrying out the counsels of men, whose avowed doctrines are inimical to free government;

"He has divided a State without the consent of her legislature;

"He has degraded the Union army by receiving negroes into the service of the United States;

"He has forced negroes upon us against our often expressed wishes, and the Constitution and laws of our State;

"He has squandered the national wealth, and made us a bankrupt people;

"He has suppressed the liberty of the press, and free speech—a liberty feared only by tyrants;

NEW ENGLAND THE GREAT OBSTACLE.

The two things that are the objects of the supreme desire and that evoke the best efforts for their attainment, of all good men and patriots at the present time, are peace and Union. How are these to be achieved? Is the question that presses upon the heart of every true American. The most direct way of getting at an answer to this question we believe to lie in the answer to another question:—What is it that prevents peace and Union? If we were to be called on to answer this question, we would sum it all up in this—the great obstacle that stands in the way of a restoration of the former relations of amity and union between the two sections of the country, is New England. New England fanaticism and cupidity gave cause for the war, have kept it up, and are now standing in the way to prevent its termination.

We have read with great carelessness the articles recently published, upon the questions of peace and reunion, in the Richmond Enquirer—a paper that is not only the organ of Jefferson Davis, but a much better representative of Southern popular sentiment than any paper in the North can be of Northern popular sentiment. Taking the Enquirer at what we have stated, we believe the feeling of the South to be about this:—Under no mentionable circumstances will they agree to go back into a Union of which New England shall form a member.

They have so completely lost confidence in the honor and justice of the Puritan character that they can trust New England no longer—not with the most solemn pledges against the most humiliating concessions that can be made. On the contrary, the South, we understand, would be willing to lay down her arms and return into a Union with the remaining Middle and Western States, if fair and just terms of peace and union are offered her.

The result of the elections in the latter mentioned States indicate two things. First, that peace and reunion are desired; second, that they would be willing to do all that is fair and just in order to secure those objects. They would be willing to secure to the South an equal share in the control of the Government and her fair share of the benefits derivable therefrom—with a restoration of all those rights and privileges that have been wrested from her through the influence and management of New England. For instance, a strict and faithful execution of the Fugitive Slave Law would be guaranteed; the right of the Southern man to go into the common territories of the Union, upon an exact equality with the non-slaveholder, would be restored; and the right (which was unjustly withheld from them at the very formation of the Constitution, through the same influence) of a full representation for their negroes, might be conceded to them.

We would infinitely prefer seeing "New England still a member; but if the choice is to be made, we could not hesitate about how we would make it. Our selfish and mercenary interests, alike with those nobler instincts that look to social as well as political happiness, would dictate a preference in favor of the Southern States. The commercial interests of the Middle and Western States are indissolubly connected with those of the South, and these interests are reciprocal; whilst with New England they are not so. New England is vastly interested in still maintaining her national relation with us; for by that means she gains the advantage of using us to build up her wealth. The interest, however, is not mutual; for whilst she becomes rich through her connection with us (and the South) we derive no special benefit in return, except the benefit of buying manufactured articles at a low price that they could be purchased from foreign countries. So far as social interests are concerned, the South is very much to be preferred. There is more congeniality of character between us and the Southerners than between us and the grasping, penurious, selfish, bigoted and fanatical Puritans of New England. We repeat it, therefore, that if a choice must be made, and that choice lies between New England and the Southern States, we say, give us the South!"—WASHINGTON (Pa.) EXAMINER.

MICHIGAN is three thousand behind on her quota under the two last calls of the President, and an immediate draft has been ordered to supply the deficiency. Massachusetts is nineteen thousand behind on her quota, and a draft has been ordered to supply the deficiency. However, Michigan has been an apt pupil of Massachusetts in policies which provoked the war, and she has recently renewed her devotion to those policies,—it is therefore fit that three thousand of her people should be dragged from their homes to fight in a war exclusively for the benefit of Massachusetts ideas and Massachusetts shoddy manufacturers, but to fight in which Massachusetts has no more white people to spare—only niggers.

The draft will do infinite good in Michigan. It will bring a good many thousand of her people to their senses.—Chicago Times.

Once give your mind up to suspicion and fear, and there will be sure to be found food enough for it. In the still night the air is filled with sounds for the ear that is resolved to listen.

NEGRO REGIMENTS.

Let us look at this matter of negro soldiers with calm and serious attention.—It is a much more important subject than our Washington legislators appear to imagine.

1. What is the object of the proposition? Do we need the negro help? The total available military force of the free negroes in the North, if every man were called out by a draft, is less than twenty thousand men! Is the hope of the country so forlorn that it rests on this small contingent? It is of course impossible that our legislators have any such idea. They will never succeed in enlisting ten of the thirty thousand.

2. Is the promise of nine hundred thousand, and volunteers, which the Tribune school of politicians made us, so complete a failure that this paltry contingent is necessary to supply it? We fancy no one imagines that the blacks will fulfill the abandoned promise.

3. Is the Southern slave to be used for military purposes, and is it expected that an army will be made up of negroes fresh from the plantation? Thus far the contrabands have not furnished four thousand men capable for military duty, and if the war lasts two years longer the number will not be eight thousand.

What practical good then, is anticipated from the bill now before the Senate? None whatever. There is no man in congress who has any common sense who expects any material aid from the blacks. It must be then, that they anticipate a moral effect. That must be of a twofold character. It must operate at the South, and also at the North. At the South it may possibly be expected that the proposal to enlist and arm negroes will produce apprehensions of insurrection among the negroes, or perhaps will produce actual insurrections. The idea is illusory, if indulged at all.

We have an ample proof within two years of the entire failure of such hopes.—terrible as they are, disgraceful to our very civilization as the idea is, it remains true that instead of finding the slave population of the South a powder magazine which, would explode, as some of the ardent wishers for the horrors of servile war, promised we find that it is a harmless element, unserviceable for such purposes, and we have recently heard the President's proclamation urged by the same men on the ground that very slave population is a source of strength instead of an element of danger.

But what of the moral effect at the North? We include in the North the border States. They are with us, heart and soul, noble and faithfully. Is the negro regiment bill likely to encourage enlistments at the North? We think not. It is likely to strengthen the stout hearts of loyal border-State men? We think not. It is likely to cheer the soldiers in our gallant armies now in the field? We think not.

What is it likely to do? There is no wisdom in attempting to conceal the strong feeling of disapprobation which this proposal meets with in the entire North.

The Baltimore American, which has been so stout an administration paper that it has been called radical in some quarters, shrinks upon an exact equality with the non-slaveholder, would be restored; and the right (which was unjustly withheld from them at the very formation of the Constitution, through the same influence) of a full representation for their negroes, might be conceded to them.

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SMART WOMAN.

A nice respectable lady, not a thousand miles away, had long noticed, to her dismay that her "worse half" was growing foolishly suspicious and jealous of her. She resolved to teach him a lesson.

Some evening since, as he was leaving she told him he need not hurry back—she would not be lonely—she wished her ducky to enjoy himself, etc. Benedict smelt a veritable mice, under that hypocrisy, and resolved to be avenged. About 8 o'clock, an individual, about his size, might have been seen creeping cautiously along the door, and noiselessly Benedict peeped in. Just as he expected, there they were—a pair of boots—on the back of a chair, and a hat on the table. Benedict shivered like an aspen leaf, as he stooped, pulled off his boots, and drew a pistol from his side pocket. With resolution flashing from his eye, he made tracks for the bedroom.

There he was kneeling at the bedside, "coast and vest off," and his head on the pillow. Miserable villain—his time had come.

"Say your prayers villain—your time is short,—and a flash and a report told that the bullet had sped on its fatal mission.

"Help! murder! watch! Oh, is that you? and Madame popped her little head up from the foot of the bed.

Benedict seized the body, and it was a miscellaneous collection of old coats, vests, pillows, handkerchiefs, and the like, made up for the occasion.

I say, my dear, what does all this mean? exclaimed the husband, with a bland sheepish look.

"Well dear," replied the wife, I did get lonely after all, and just amused myself by dressing up the puppet, and asking believe me, were at home. I'm sure, I didn't think you suspected."

"There, there," said the chagrined husband, say no more about it! I thought it was a robber; dear creature, I'm so glad it didn't hurt you."

Benedict repeated, "Now I lay me, etc. and went to bed, resolved not to watch any more at present.

The Republican idea of making us take Abraham Lincoln, and swear fealty to him right or wrong, instead of the guide our predecessors gave us, wise, great, good men—the constitution and laws, is so utterly absurd and ridiculous, that no sane man could do otherwise than smile at the ineffable impudence of the silly proposition, and so it will be viewed by all ere many months or years pass away.

As a free people—the rightful sovereigns—we owe allegiance to no man—Men in power are our servants, slaves if you please and we the people, the masters. We do the voting, we do the fighting, we do the tax paying, and we sit as the Judges of our servants' labors. As honest Judges, and the true sovereigns, we express our assent or dissent, and he who sets himself up as a Dictator of how we shall think and how we shall speak, or what we shall publish, and where and by whom our papers shall be read, is simply making a ass of himself for the time being to be hated, despised and punished in after time. The very absurdity of the thing destroys itself without the trouble or unnecessary of argument. When the reaction fairly comes, the veriest numskull will startle at his own impudence and folly.—Crisis.

DATE OF AN AUTHOR'S.—Mrs. Catharine Thompson, the authoress of many works of biography and fiction, died at Dover, Eng., on the 19th of December.—Among the most extensively known of her early productions are "Constance," "The Life of Raleigh," "Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Eighth," and the "White Mark." Her late works, written conjointly with her son, and published under the nom de plume of Grace and Philip Wharton, were: "The Queens of Society," and "Wits and Beaux." The "Literature of Society," only just given to the world, was Mrs. Thompson's last work.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The following extracts are but a fair sample of the feeling of the whole army. Many a poor fellow was deluged in this wicked butchery by the false cry of "support the Government!" "save the Union!" and fearful will be the account the "whitewashers" and others who hoisted "War! War!" will have to render up when these desecrated and wrong'd men are permitted to return home.—Ed. Watchman.

"Dear C.—I am sick of this war so sick that I do not care upon what terms it is settled. I have seen thousands of men lying mangled on fifteen or sixteen different battle-fields—all for nothing. Wives, sisters, mothers and children, losing their husbands, brothers, sons and fathers—all for nothing! For here we have been fighting over a year and a half, and we have not gained one particle. We have lived and are now living on nine or ten crackers, a piece of raw pork, and some miserable copperas-water called coffee, per day, all to fill the pockets of a lot of thieves, who are trying to make all they can out of the people and the Government. The soldiers are all discouraged, and will not fight as they would once on the Peninsula. All we hear from Washington is the nigger, the nigger, the—back, filthy nigger. One nigger is thought more than twenty white men who have left home and all that is worth living for to come and lay down their lives, if need be, to save their country, while the leaders are doing their best to ruin it. It is not because we can't beat the rebels that the war is not over by this time; for we can beat them. But it is because the government is too busy thinking of the nigger to see that the men are where they ought to be when they are wanted. You must not set me down as a growler. I have good reason for my growling. Almost every man in the army thinks as I do. If Job had served in the army of the Potomac, he would have sighed, and most fearfully, too."

The following extract is from a letter written on the 23d of December, near Farmington, by a member of one of the regiments raised 1862. The writer has been known for several years in the village of Woonsocket as an active Republican politician, and was a vote distributor at the polls at the last town meeting which he attended.

"Had I known as much of the management of things six months ago as I know now, I think you could not have drawn me out here. It is all a d-d political humbug, and got up to make offices for lazy old seekers. I wish the leaders were as far the other side of purgatory as they are this side. It has turned out to be an Abolition war, and ninety-nine soldiers out of one hundred say that if the Abolitionists are going to carry on the war, they will have to get a new army. They say they came out here to fight for the Union and not for a pack of d-d niggers. These niggers are lazy and dirty; they will lie and steal, and they are snaky when they dare to be. If a soldier touches an officer's rag, he will get court-martialed and hanged in a month's pay. A nigger is thought more of by the government than the soldiers are. They get as much or more to eat, get as much pay and don't have to fight any. A curse on such things! I hope something will turn up before to-morrow night that will settle this war. We got whipped at Fredericksburg, and we shall get whipped every time we fight in Virginia! I don't think the North is right, any more than the South."

A SHORT METRIC PRAYER.—We have heard of an old Deacon, who, on being asked by a pastor to close a meeting with a prayer, replied, "I am very willing to pray, but don't like to be lectured." The minister mentioned before must have belonged to the same family, for he had the same aversion to being straightened in his communication with God. The story has a good moral.

The Rev. Mr. Derwell, a pious and curious old Methodist minister, went from Tennessee to Kentucky, in 1812, to visit his relative, the Hon. Wm. Bolton. The man was not a religious man, but he was a gentleman, and invited the minister to have family worship every evening. While he was visiting there, Judge Come and his wife, from Na Brille, arrived here to pass the night, and Mr. Bolton, being a little embarrassed, said to the minister, as he bro't out the bible, that he had better be short, as the Judge was, probably, not accustomed to such things.

"Very well, very well," said he, and reading a single verse, he knelt down and prayed: "O Lord, we are very poor and needy creatures, and we know that there art able to supply all our wants, but Cousin William says that Judge Come and his wife, from Nashville are here, and are not used to family worship, and, however needy we are, there is no time to spare in telling them our wants. Amen."

The Judge was taken all aback, and so was Cousin William. They both pressed the old gentleman to conduct the service in his own way, which he did, to their great edification.

Gov. Parker of New Jersey, was inaugurated on the 20th inst. The largest crowd ever assembled at a reunion was present, and the greatest enthusiasm was manifested. His inaugural took strong against the administration and in favor of the rights of the people.