The Democratic Watchman.

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The Muse.

THE TEMPTATION OF CHTIST.

BY JOE W. FUREY.

Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.
And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward an hungered.—MATTHEW IV—1:2.

Behold! the Tempter came and said,
"If thou be CHRIST, the SON,
Command these stones be turned to bread,
And lo! it shall be done!"

A beam of heavenly glory shone
About the Saviour's face:
"*Man shall not live by bread alone,*
But by the FATHER'S grace!

The 'Word of God'—a morsel rare,
Shall cheer his drooping soul,
Help him his weight of sin to bear,
And blessings round him roll."

Once more the devil tries his power
To tempt our blessed Lord;
And to the Temple's topmost tower,
Leads him with specious word:

"If thou be CHRIST, the Lord of Heaven,
From hence thyself cast down;
For to thy hands all things are given,
Need'st fear no Father's frown.

For it is written, 'He shall give
His angels to his own,
And in their hands thou'lt surely live,
Nor dash against a stone.'"

Unheeded, the seductive words
Fall on the Saviour's ear:
"*Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God!*"
He spake distinct and clear.

Again Apollyon leadeth him
Unto a mountain high,
Whose towering peak did seem to reach
Even to the azure sky:

"Behold, the Kingdoms of the World
Their grandeur and their might!
If thou wilt down and worship me,
All shall be thine this night!"

"Go, get thee hence!" the Saviour said,
"And blasheme thou no more;
GO, GET THEE HENCE—back, to thy den
Where hell's fierce burnings roar!

There is one path—a righteous path,
Woe be to them that swerve—
The Lord thy God shall worshipped be,
HIM ONLY shalt thou serve!"

The baffled devil slide away
While angel-harps attuned to play,
Were heard far upin Heaven,
Rejoicing at the victory won
By CHRIST-IMMANUEL, God's own Son,
To whom all praise be given.

Miscellaneous.

[Written for the Watchman.

ABOLITIONISM THE CAUSE OF THE WAR.

In 1819, Missouri came "knocking at the door" for admission as a member of the national family. It appears that a portion of the house-hold objected on account of a certain kind of *property* that the young lady wished to bring with her, which would'nt be profitable much farther North. But the young Miss being one of the "strong minded," insisted on bringing all her "dud" with her, such as her oxen, cows, horses, sheep, swine, mules and *niggers*, or she would live in 'single blessedness' all her life and raise tobacco, mules and niggers instead of children.

The house-hold became seriously divided on the subject; one portion being eager to have her taken into the family, for she proved good-looking and possessed withal a goodly portion of this worlds goods, which was not objectionable by any means, believing at the same time that there could be no reasonable objection to her 'stock in trade' as it could'nt possibly interfere with the business of the other members of the family.

But the other side of the house knew that there were other young ladies not far away who would become "candidates, in a few years, and the thought of admitting them with the 'chattle' hinted at, and being obliged to protect it when it would be of no '*profit to themselves*', was preposterous and could not be thought of for a moment. Consequently, the house-hold became divided hard words passed on both sides and all the freaks of passion indulged in consequent upon a "family jar."

Just as the dispute reached its highest, and about to break up in a row, a keen, shrewd chap came along and seeing the state of affairs, called an "*Armistice*" and proposed to "*mediate*" for the parties. He proposed that they should "*Compromise*." He proposed that the damsel should be admitted as a member of the family, to enjoy all its protecting benefits, and all her rights as an individual, to buy and sell, or any manner use such property, as in her judgment she might think would conduce to her comfort, happiness and prosperity, *provided* such property should be kept within such a specified limit. This was agreed to, the chalk line made and everything amicably adjusted, and Missuori became a wealthy, prosperous and happy State, and an honor to the National family. This was called the "Missouri Compromise" of 1820, with that far-seeing Statesman, Henry Clay for its author. This being as far back as I can remember, (being born some years afterwards,) is consequently the

FIRST WEDDING WITH SLAVERY

that I have any knowledge of. Then commenced that characteristic meddling on the part of persons in the North; but nothing serious occurred for some years, though there was a simmering kept up and the fires were industriously stirred which in time were to burst into a flame and set the great National pot boiling.

It progressed slow at first, but sure, for it would,nt do to heat up to sudden as it might boil over and extinguish the fire, and another thing, the son of man was'nt prepared to sell his bith-right for a mess of abolition potage at that time, and so it was kept to a boil gradually.

After soaking, and simmering, and stewing and boiling for a long time, it was at last pronounced "done," by Lincoln's chief cooks, Mons, Garrison, Phillips, Greely & Co. and served up with the usual condiments of Africa and nicely seasoned with Abolition Proclamations.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

Lecturers were sent through the free States preaching the abolition faith; debating societies were formed in the rural districts where the abolition question was principally discussed, and negro equality impressed upon the minds of the youth.

Impostors, in the shape of illiterate negroes were taught their lessons as the child is its catechism, and sent forth through the country representing themselves as having once been slaves who had bought their freedom, or by some bold exploit had escaped from a cruel master. They would repeat the dreadful story of the scourging they had received from the "cat-o-nine-tails," every "tail" armed with a wire—but never showing the stripes. They would tell us of the horrors of the "branding" operation, but never showing the "brand."

And then we would hear the affecting story of how they were torn from their 'hubly dinah,' and how she was sold to a Southern planter and how the baby was wrenched from the Mother's breast and sold to a great Monster away off in some other part of the globe, and that he (the lecturer) was endeavoring to raise funds to purchase their freedom. This affecting recital would cause old women to clench their bony fists for very rage, Mothers would press their babes closer to the breast, while it was certain to bring forth torrents of tears from nervous old maids, like a second deluge. These gentry generally went by the name of 'George Washington Smith,' or 'George Washington Jones,' or 'George Washington Brown,' always the 'George Washington,' which proved there was something in a name and had the desired effect of causing a generous deposit in the 'hat,' and a seat along side of some white 'Brothers,' daughter at the table, which was sure to be well laded with sweet-meats and 'yellow legged, poultry. These events happened when I was a boy, and how well I can remember the impression it made upon my mind.—These things were not only carried on Where *I* was born, but all over the free States; Pennsylvania New York, the New England States, Ohio—everywhere.

At last the preachers took it up, and hurled it from the pulpit, and finally it became so engraven upon their gospel visions that 'nigger' must be incorporated in the 'Articles of Faith,' and a preacher couldn't get a situation to preach the Gospel till he first agreed to preach 'nigger and him crucified." The disease of "nigger on the brain" became "epidemic" and went first through families, neighborhoods, towns, counties and at last States, and finally the wheels of government are threatend to be clogged by it.

"Blue Lodges" (or blacks) were formed and the "Under-Ground Rail Road" constructed. Emmissaries were sent through the Southern States in the disguise of preachers and school masters, whose business it was to run off slaves, taking them to some designated point near the borders where other parties in the garb of Quakers would receive them and fun them to Canada. So great was their love for the African, that all the affections and tender feelings of these negro philanthropists seemed to be centered in the poor black. But I am inclined to be charitable, even toward an abolitionist, and believe that it is not that they "love themselves less, but that they love the nigger more." At last these theiving bands of marauders became so numerous, and so bold, the people of the Border States would lose their slaves by dozens without the possibility of recovering them, as they would be run from one strong-hold to another, and if the owner should presume to appear and claim his slave, he would be glad to get away with a coat of tar and feathers. Our inland villages were filled with 'contrabands' who were armed and instructed to resist any attempt to arrest them, and assured of assistance from their white confederates. Finally so bold and defiant had this Abolition raid become, that it became necessary for the people of the South to ask aid from the government to protect them from these bands of robbers; and for that purpose the

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

was enacted. Stung to madness, the whole fanatical horde poured out their trade of abuse upon the Government, the Constitution, the President who signed the Act, the the Statesman who voted for its passage, and on down to the 'good citizen' who wished to be 'law abiding'—none escaped; our Chief Justice's came in for a large portion for declaring the law constitutional even if it was so, and all the epithets were applied to them that could be found in the vocabulary of an abolition black-guard. They even met in secret where they took upon themselves oaths to resist the Law to the extent of their power, even should it become necessary to take life, and prevent others from enforcing it wherever and whenever such a thing should come to their knowledge, ending with a horrible penalty for the violation of their solemn obligation. At Boston, that Bethlehem of abolitionism, the negroes were incited to form a mob and to release a fugitive even should it be necessary to kill those having him in chagre. It was a very unusual thing for an escaped slave to be taken back to his owner by process of law, for the moment the marshal got possession of the body, a writ of *habeas corpus* would be issued, (a thing now denied to a white man) and then would be heard the voice of some profane Abolition Orator urging his hearers to rescue him at all hazards, the officer threatened with violence should he attempt to carry out his instructions and perform his sworn duty. Secession was strongly talked of and advocated by abolition orators and their journals and one State Legislature passed a *Resolution declaring the Union dissolved.*

I have taken up more space than I intended and have only got fairly started and will be obliged to continue it in another letter.

MAJOR JONES.

WEST UNION, IOWA
February 24, 1853.

[For the Watchman.]

OUR POLITICAL TROUBLES.

MR EDITOR:—I very rarely go out in the country or go home, that I do not hear dreadful forebodings about our political affairs. And even in our school-room my ears are frequently assailed by exclamations of this kind: "Have you heard the news?" "Pope defeated!" "McClellan discharged!" "Burnside resigned!" "Another victory for the South!" "Our Army, in many instances, freezing and starving!"—Every person appears terrified and awe-stricken. What induces men to gather in squads and talk so earnestly in quiet and subdued tones? What is all this about?—Why are the school-room and our homes invaded by such doleful forebodings? I am well aware that we girls have but little to do with politics, but we cannot help hearing these things. And as we love newspapers for their poetry, anecdote and romance, we are forced to learn the distracted nature of things from our favorite papers, where romance, poetry and anecdote have, pretty nearly, all disappeared, giving place to prophecies of evil and frightful anticipations of war and its outrages. Some say this was caused by Mr. Lincoln being our President, and that if Mr. Douglas had been elected, our country would now be at peace. Now, we girls cannot exactly understand this, for our logic has taught us that it is not very reasonable to expect the same conclusions from so many different sources.—When again we ask, in our simplicity, for other causes, we are very gravely told that the politicians are gone crazy and that all the public men are insane. This we cannot believe, for some of our very best young men are politicians, and they are anything but insane; and the older ones are very agreeable. Then again, we are told that the ministers of our holy religion have forgotten the precepts of their Divine Master, and are stirring up the passions of their flocks, and perverting the great tidings of salvation into appeals to fanaticism and false humanity. Now, bad as all this is, we cannot appreciate its force. Again, it is said that we have too much prosperity, and such evils are sent to warn us of the folly of human wisdom, and to remind us that no nation has ever been allowed, in the pride of its power, to forget the great Author of its existence. But, be the causes what they may, there is great danger of the dissolution and downfall of one of the greatest governments that has ever existed on the face of the earth. Everybody is seeking a remedy. We hear some urging a more vigorous prosecution of the war. Another suggests a Convention of the States; another conciliation and concession and amendments to the Constitution. Now, will you hear our remedy? It is simply this: Let the gentlemen stand aside one year and let the ladies of the land take the government into their own hands. And why not? Other countries have been ruled by females. Every school-boy knows that to the energy and good sense of Queen Isabella, we are indebted for the discovery of America. The men say they are unable to control the national affairs. Then is it too much for the ladies to ask a trial? I do not like to speak of my own merits, but I really do think I would make a good Secretary of War. The first thing I would do would be to burn up all the powder, and then get my fair neighbor, the Secretary of the Interior, to convert all the cannon-balls and guns into plows and railroad iron. The Attorney-General, at my request, should bring suit against every paper that should publish abolition or secession doctrine; and, take my word for it, at the end of one year, we would have our glorious liberty restored, and we would have preserved for the world's model, the most beautiful fabric of government under Heaven. We would do all these things, and then you "Lords of Creation," when you come before us on your knees, in gratitude and love, will acknowledge that the women of your country have fully as much wisdom, and far more *patriotism*, than its men.

ELLIS.

PLEASANT GAP, PA.,
Feb. 27th, 1863.

[For the Watchman.

BOMBAST.

MR EDITOR:—In my last letter I gave you my views on the great and startling growth of infidelity. We, of the southern part of old Centre, have come to the final conclusion that we shall just take matters and things as we find them, and feel well satisfied that they are no worse. Notwithstanding you people over in the north are pleased to call us all manner of hard names such as rebels, traitors, secessionists, &c.—But if my mind serves me right, it is not long since the great I AM told us that the citizens of the German townships were composed of a people that were intelligent and influential. This, if I mistake not, was just before he put his *heel* upon the Irishmen's necks. Many were not only pleased with his eloquence and the sweet style of his oratory, but followed him many miles to hear his most paricular friend fiddle "Jim Crow," and many other good nigger songs, well adapted to an electioneering occasion. I will give you more about this buncombe music which we had in Rebersburg, when the proper time arrives. Although it was admitted by all hands at the time, that he was a "bully fellow" and done it buncombe, the whole country is now full of buncombe bombast, and it has been nothing but bombast from Alpha to Omega. These are big words, and I scarcely know their meaning further than they refer to a great and mighty question—the all-absorbing question.—Like a sponge in a small tumbler of water,—they suck up everything.

We stand on this side of the mountain with our weapons prepared to defend our rights under the Constitution, and nothing shall deter us from that duty which we owe to posterity. They may preach and talk their 'black-jack buncombry, green back buncombe, nigger buncombe, and the devil and his grandmother knows what other kind of buncombe. The Democracy of this side of the mountain, will, at the ballot-box, roll up fifteen hundred majority in October next.

Father Abraham, Greely, and others of the same ilk, are begging, for God's sake, let us be united or all will be lost. (I suppose they mean the Administration.) Just give them a little Southern soap and Northern water, and with the slab dabs they are cutting, they will soon make lather enough to drown the whole nation. I want to say to those carbonified gentlemen, that these demonstrators of philanthropy and freedom-screechers of Abolitionism have so frequently told us that the war was about over, during the last year, that we do not believe them any sooner than we would believe *Simon*, the *wig-wag*.

But "how have the mighty fallen!" in the language of the Poet. We have lost our proper position through the agency and instrumentality of our present rulers. We have assumed a kind of *slantindicular* (pardon the big word) position. And what is the cause of all this? Echo answers, "Oh it is all for buncombe."

The people have been fed on buncombe, such as great battles fought and victories won, green-backs plenty, whilst the goose is eating the golden eggs, your wife and children will be well cared for during our stay in the army. All this and more has been promised, whilst a lot of spavined, ring-boned crib-suckers, split-hooped politicians have had their noses in the public crib, until there will soon be not enough fodder left to make gruel for a sick grasshopper. These hungry brats are still tugging away at the public *teat*. They say, "Let down your milk, Sukey, or you will have a *spilt bag*. Do you think, for a moment, that we can believe such buncombe as this? No—not if the great Ruler of Abolitionism himself, would swear to it.

The public grindstone is a great institution, probably the greatest that ever rose reigned, or fell. But we think, and not without some reason, that there is entirely too much private cutlery ground on it. Occasionally there is a big axe brought in to be fixed up to hew down the great trees of error, and clear out the brush-wood of ignorance and folly that have so long obstructed the progress of our army. The machine whirls; the axe is applied; the people look in amazement; the tool is keen-edged. The people stare in gaping expectancy of seeing the work go bravely on. What is the result? The obstruction remains unmoved. The people curse because the car makes no progress, or, if it does move, it is at the expense of a broken wheel. I tell you the thing won't pay. The time will come when these heartless grinders will be put to the stone themselves, in the place of the hardware. You will not be much surprised if I tell you that this Republican machine will soon stop, for how can it go for want of grease? Black wool, in particular, being a non-conductor, will soon absorb the whole thing.

These dandadical, supersquirtical, mahogany-faced gentry, are the very ones that have got our liberty-pole off its perpendicularity. 'Tis they who would rend the stars and stripes and who commenced the same in the town of Bellefonte in '56. That glorious old flag—the blood of our revolutionary fathers emblemed in its red, the purity of the cause for which they died, denoted by the white, the blue, the freedom which they attained. May it ever be secure from all the assaults of Abolitionism and Infidelity.

The day is not far distant when our newly discovered African friends will find that it is entirely out of the question for them to nestle so closely in the bosom of their father Abraham. Much as they may say, "we have prophesied in thy name, eat and drank in thy name, and have cast out many Democrats for the cause of Republicanism, and have done many wonderful and strange things," so certain as the morning of the second Tuesday of October shall come, so sure will the death-bell ring over the grave of Abolitionism and Republicanism—buried so deep that neither will evermore arise.

CENTRE HALL.

For the Watchman.

CHANGE AND TRIUMPH.

Much as has been said upon the subject of the War, we cannot avoid expressing our determination to stand by the Constitution, as framed by our fathers. If the South has done a great wrong by rebelling against the Government, is that a just cause why the people of the North should allow Mr. Lincoln to destroy the government by trampling the Constitution under foot? Is it not public opinion that has controlled and ever will control the Government? Can a Union ever be cemented by the shedding of our brothers' blood in civil war? Can we dwell together in any other way than that of friendship? The moment we lose that, we must fall. Secession is wrong, Abolition is wrong, and Violations of the Constitution either North or South, are wrong. And who has ever heard of two wrongs making one right?

It is thought by many that Mr. Lincoln was placed in the Executive chair as our Commander-in-Chief alone, and in an attitude which cannot be controlled by any other power. Now, I am no lawyer, but will, on a venture, say, that when he assumed the duties of his office, his oath was that he would faithfully execute the duties of the office of President of the United States, and to the best of his ability, *preserve, protect and defend* the Constitution of the United States. This is his obligation—nothing more, nothing less. Has he done so? No, far from it; but on the other hand, the *Abolition* Congress pass such laws as they deem proper, and Mr. Lincoln, in the goodness of his heart, or, may be, the evil, (as the case may be) tries to comply with their requirements. We Democrats hold that the Constitution is superior to the law, and of paramount importance whenever it becomes a question as to *which* shall be preserved.—Then it follows, as a matter of course, that every protection shall be thrown around the Constitution regardless of law. If the law is contrary to the Constitution, it must be rejected; if such laws are passed as are contrary to the Constitution, they *ought* to be rejected; and if incapable of sustaining it, must be disregarded or have them repealed. If a poor and insignificant Congress pass weak and inefficient or unconstitutional laws, is it not the imperative duty of the President to ignore them? He is thrown back upon the responsibility of his official oath, and it then becomes his duty to *preserve, protect and defend* the *Constitution*, independent of Congress or law, simply by virtue of his oath. Upon Mr. Lincoln is devolved the responsibility of the *protection, preservation, and defence* of that Constitution which alone is the only safe guide for our national well-being. If the means of preserving that Constitution be placed with in his control, from whatever source, he is bound to accept those means.

Ah, but, says one, things have changed very much since Mr. Lincoln came into office. A portion of our people is now in open rebellion, and the Constitution as it is and the Union as it was, will never do to subdue the rebellion. I tell you, dandadlers, charcoal, and mahogany-faced gentry, that it is by the Constitution that we live, move and have our being as a nation. You have had the power and control of the government sufficiently long to convince every man that you are not competent to administer the affairs of the American nation, from the simple fact that you have trampled underfoot the Constitution, and taken the Chicago Platform in its stead, preaching change of administration, change of government, change of laws, and change of the slave to be free. All this you have accomplished in the short space of two years. You have brought about that great change, and such a change as it will take centuries to obliterate from the minds of the American people. This is not all. You have had your triumph—and what a triumph! You American-Republican-Abolition-People's party, and the Lord only knows how many other aliases, have had to accomplish your greatly wished-for triumph. You have triumphed over the Democracy, and this day many of you would much rather triumph over that principle, than over the 'rebels.' You have triumphed over the Constitution and the Union with all its mighty interests—triumphed over its great and glorius name and even its strength and pride—triumphed over its peace and prosperity and even its future hopes—triumphed over justice, equity and fraternity—in a word, triumphed over everything sacred, noble and valuable to a nation.

Now, what is the result of your great change? Discord and disunion; the ruin of trade; the arrest of industry; the production of want, destitution, poverty, demoralization, humiliation and shame.—What is the prospective result of your *change?* It is civil war, fire and sword, blood and tears, the cries of the wounded and the groans of the dying, the lamentations of the fathers and the weeping of the mothers over their slain sons, and the sighing of the patriots over their once united, but now ruined country! What a change—what a change!

CENTRE HALL.

[Reported for the Watchman.]

SPEECH OF DR. CANFIELD.

Formerly of Walker Township, at the Celebration of Washington's Birth-Day, on the 23d of February, at Scott's Hall, Lock Haven, Pa.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Why is it, and how is it, that so much discord at present exists in our once prosperous and happy country? I will tell you. The body politic is afflicted with a sore disease, and if we find out the cause, the remedy will find out itself. Slavery is *not* the cause, but the infernal intermeddling with that institution and going counter to the advice of Washington, is the true cause of all our difficulties. You have heard read to-day his Farewell Address to his Countrymen, in which he says we should never draw any geographical lines in this Union. The Missouri Compromise Line was of that character, and therefore wrong, because it was against the advice of Washington. He also said we should beware of all secret political societies as the bane of all Governments. Men met in secret conclave in stables, in waste places and other dens of darkness as a secret political society of Know-Nothings, which was wrong, as it was against the advice of Washington. He also advised us to beware of foreign influence, and you see now that influence at work. Away with it! We want none of it—for it is against the advice of the immortal Washington, the founder, under the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, of this mighty Republic; and if we come back and adhere to his counsels and advice, all will yet be well. But if we persist and continue in worshipping an Abolition God, an Abolition Bible and an Abolition Constitution, we will fall with Burlingame, Wendell Phillips, Horace Greely and all the rest of the Union-sliders, like Lucifer, never to rise again.

One word more to my lady friends and I have done.

You see there (pointing to a picture on the wall) a representation of the Goddess of Liberty. Cherish her in your hearts, 'for she is the spirit of Washington.

You all admire the science of Botany and are fond of the smell of the sweet and fragrant flowers. Then, never go to Africa, for there is but one fragrant flower in Africa—and that is the Rose—the Negroes.

JEFF. DAVIS.

This President inhabits an unpretending residence in Richmond, in which he passes a few hours of his daily life not occupied by affairs of State. It is retired and simple and the household arrangements are conducted on an economical scale. He keeps a plain carriage, and but few servants. He gives no receptions, and, with Mrs. Davis, discourages the untimely revelry which occasionally breaks out around them, by abstaining from visiting places of amusement, and accepting invitations to private entertainments given by the nabobs of Richmond. He is a regular attendant of the Episcopal Church, of which he is a member.

His official duties are, as must be known, varied, pressing, and of the gravest responsibility; and, though his mental faculties seem equal to the strain, that he suffers physically can be seen in his wasted body care-worn features. One of the principle objects of his late tour through the South was to recruit his health, and it is said he returned to Richmond much the better for it in mind and body. He gives full play to the military genius, and is literally the Commander-in-Chief of the army. Every leading General coming to Richmond is closeted with him more or less times and when he leaves, the President always shows that he is better posted on the military situation in the General's Department than any one about Richmond. Lee is his adviser and confident in all military matters, and the two spend much time together plotting campaigns and determining military operations.

"ORFUL SOOTHIN."

A handsome young lady in our town was sot up with one night by a noble young specimen of the true American, with scissors in his pocket—I mean a dry good clerk; and the young gal's mother, herin' somethin pap, arose from her couch under the impression that her oldest boy, who was given to friskiness, was holding a wild revel on the root beer in the west room. But on opening the door, she discovered it was hugging and kissing which had awakened her from her peaceful repose.

"My daughter, Oh my daughter!" this parent did cry. "Oh! that I should have lived to see this doing in my own house."

"I know my dear mother," the sweet village maiden did unto her mamma reply, "that it is quite unproper, but it is orful soothin."

The above is A. Ward's joke, not A. Lincoln's.

THE FIRST GREAT NEGRO BATTLE.

The Richmond *Examiner* gives the following laughable discription of the first great battle to be fought, it is supposed about the middle of June, by the colored army now being recruited to supply the places of the 300,000 white soldiers whose term of sevice will expire in May:—

"The fate of the negro, of the white population at the South, and of the northern army respectively, will be decided in a brief contest, which will occur about the middle of next June, and which we will describe as gravely and succinitly as possible.

On the first of April fifty thousand negroes, who have been previously drilled in various camps of instruction, will be debarked at Aquia creek. Pugnacious Joseph Hooker, foaming at the mouth from long delay, will organize them into brigades and divisions with the velocity of frenzied impatience. But it will require six weeks of incessant toil to perform this simple feat.—It is at last accomplished. The pontoons are laid safely and crossed without opposition. To prevent accident, the Grand Colored Division is put in the van. Greeley, its commander, remains at Aquia creek 'with a powerful glass,' after the manner of Burnside. The skirmishers of the Grand Colored Division are thrown out. They deploy.

"The voice of an overseer calling hogs is heard in a distant field. They rally on the reserve. No rebels being visible, they are again thrown forward. They fire at nothing, fifty feet in the air, and hit it every time. The rebels being thus driven to their earthworks, the Grand Colored Division advances at the *pas de charge*, to storm the enemy's position and to carry the crest' at all hazards. Of a sudden, the Artillery of A. P. Hill's command belches forth a hurricane of shell and shrapnel. There is a rising of wool, as of quills upon the fretful porcupine, under the caps of dusky brigadiers and sooty major generals; there is a simultaneous effusion of mellifluous perspiration from fifty thousand tarry hides; there is a display of ivory like fifty thousand flashes of lightning fifty thousand pairs of charcoal knees are knocking together, and one hundred thousand eyeballs are rolling madly in their sockets, like so many drunken and distracted moons dancing in an ebon sky; the Grand Colored Division trembles like a mighty pointer dog on an icy pavement—there is a universal squall, as if all Africa had been kicked upon the shins, and at the self same moment a scattern, as if all the blackbirds, crows and buzzards in creation had taken wings at once. To a man, the northern army lies prostrate in the field, asphyxiated by the insufferable odor bequeathed to the atmosphere by the dark, departed host. For a like cause, the rebel army is in full retreat to Richmond. Solitary and alone, with his nose in his hand, A. P. Hill surveys the silent scene."

NEGROES vs. DUTCHMEN.

The Black Republican party have for the last two years, at least since the leaders have abandoned Know Nothingism, pretended to have great respect for the German citizens of the United States. They do this for the purpose of securing what they call the "Dutch vote."

But when the leaders are pushed on account of their negro equality principles they then show the cloven foot, and declare a negro to be as respectable and as much entitled to the privileges of a citizen as a Dutchman.

A few days since an exciting discussion took place in the Ohio legislature upon a bill to prevent negroes from becoming citizens of that State. In the course of the discussion Mr. Hitt, a Black Republican-Abolition member, from Medina County, remarked:

"I WOULD AS LIEF BE AN AFRICAN AS SOME DUTCHMEN I HAVE SEEN."

Here we have it in plain English. Notwithstanding, the leaders pretend great friendship for our German citizens, they are ever ready to compare them to, and equalize them to the negroes.

Give the Republican party full control of the country, and they will soon revive their old Know Nothing dogmas, and then, not only Germans, but all foreign born citizens would be degraded to an equality with negroes.—*Bugle, Council Bluffs, Iowa.*

☞There is some reason for believing that the pretended French defeat in Mexico is only "a blind" by the Emperor, under which to get more men and ships into that section, with the intention of ultimately taking Texas as well as Mexico into his "care and keeping." It is not to be credited, that 800 Mexican cavalry could defeat 4,000 French infantry.

THE DIFFERENCE.—The Democracy are in *favor* of the government, but against its executive and legislative administration.

The abolitionists are in favor of the administration, but against the government.

This is the difference, in brief, between the two parties.—*Cin. Enq.*

☞A little boundary war has broken out between California and Honey Lake Valley. Resistance was made by arms to a service of process by a California sheriff, six of his men being wounded. At last accounts, both parties were unconquered and defiant.