The Democratic Watchman.

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The Muse.

(For the Children's Corner of the Watchman.)

CHICKADEE AND CHARLIE.

BY MRS M. G. BARNHART.

A Chickadee sat on an old apple tree,
And said, as he sang in the height of his glee,
"Fiddle-de-diddle de, little Charlie, [me."
With your bows and your arrows you cannot shoot

Then Charlie to Chickadee sent him a note,
"I accept of your banter, you rascally bloat;"
Chickadee only answered and said in reply,
"On your bows and your arrows your cannot rely"

"Taunt me, Chickadee, and this arrow so fleet,
You a message of death shall unwelcomly greet:"
But Chickadee answered him—"Fiddle-de-dee,
Little Charlie would shoot all his arrows at me."

So Chickadee sang, quite determined, if wrong,
To give little Charlie the best of his song;
But, alas, for the song! the poor bird gave a jump,
An arrow brought Chickadee down with a thump.

THE WAR, WHO PAYS THE COST.

Who pays the cost? Ask the sister
Sorrowful she sits and sighs—
Mourning for an only brother,
"*The cost is mine,*" the maiden cries

Who pays the cost? Ask the father,
Grieved, but silent, quelling grief,
That swells his bosom for his boy,
"*I've dearly paid,*" his answer brief.

Who pays the cost? Ask the mother,
Bent with sorrow as with years;
She weeps a son in battle fallen—
"*The cost is mine, I pay with tears.*"

Who pays the cost? Ask the orphan,
Sad and friendless now his life;
His father in the conflict fell—
"*'Tis mine the cost of this fell strife.*"

Who pays the cost? Ask the widow,
Broken-hearted lone and poor—
Her husband slain, she doth bewail,
"*I've paid my all, I have no more.*"

What is the cost? Bank bills and gold!
The dross that misers hoard and hide?
These tears of grief, a thousand fold,
Out-weigh all other cost beside.

Miscellaneous.

(From the New York Herald)

THE WEST AND THE WAR.

The Farmers Can't Stand it Much Longer.

Every day that the war is prolonged the daily debt is being increased, and it must be paid by taxation in some form or another. The government is spending at a fearful rate the accumulation of former years of prosperity.

Already the tax is beginning to be felt by the people; but as the war is procrastinated and the debt is increased, the burden will become more and more grievous, till at last it is intolerable. The present taxation can be paid with comparative ease, "running along, as we are, at forty miles an hour, under the pressure of irredeemable paper."—There is now a seeming prosperity in the eastern and middle States, but a day of reckoning will surely come.

In addition to the financial difficulty of carrying on a long war of such magnitude, there is another difficulty which is looming up in a very alarming shape, and that is the position and attitude of the north-west.—Without the hearty co-operation of that section of the Union the war would soon be brought to a dead halt. But it cannot be denied that in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and the north-western States, a feeling of general discontent has grown up, arising from the military blunders at Washington resulting in the failure of campaign after campaign and from the political blunders perpetrated in the same centre, appearing to change the legitimate objects of the war as announced in the beginning by congress and the president, and to turn the struggle into a fanatical crusade for the abolition of negro slavery—a policy calculated to unite the people of the Southern States as one man, to render their resistance desperate, and to protract the war to an indefinite period.

The northern States entered with enthusiasm upon the war, under the idea that it was to be a short one, and that it would result in a speedy restoration of the Union under the constitution as it has come down to us from the founders of the government. They cared nothing about the negro. Their interests and their patriotism combined for the Union. Their interests lay both with the east and the south, but far more with the south, the chief and natural market for their agricultural produce. By the war that market was closed against them. It was their interest to have it speedily opened, by bringing the war to a rapid conclusion by the triumph of the Union arms.—Their patriotism tended in the same direction. Hence their zeal. They went heart and soul into the war, in order to make it short. One of their main reliances that it would be of short duration was that the peculiar institution of the South would not be meddled with, except so far as the military operations rendered it necessary, and that the Union sentiment in the Southern States would be developed with the progress of our arms. The north-western men believed that the Unionists were really in the majority, as would be seen if they had only an opportunity to declare themselves. But if that was the case in the beginning of the war, the course of events has completely changed it, and there is now no real Union sentiment worth speaking of anywhere south of the Potomac. Hence the north-western men are disappointed. They account for the change, and for the determination of the Southern men to fight it out to the bitter end, by the change in the political programme at Washington. This change they think separates their patriotism from their interest; for while the voice of patriotism prompts them to battle on and battle ever for the Union, the voice of interest whispers that a long war would ruin them even if it should be successful; for it would consume all their property, while at the same time it would destroy the goose of the South that had laid golden eggs for them.

Already the patriotism of the States of the north-west has been severely tested.—We of the Atlantic States can hardly appreciate their situation. We are a commercial trading and manufacturing people. We are making money by the war This is particularly true of the New England States. The people of the north-western States have no present compensation whatever for the loss of their blood and treasure. On the contrary, they are losing money so rapidly that if the war continues long they will be beggared. Those States, bordering, as they do, upon the Upper Mississippi or its tributaries, sent their agricultural produce down the Father of Waters to the plantations bordering on the Lower Mississippi and its tributaries—corn, wheat, flour hogs, bacon, hams, beeves, butter, eggs, horses and mules, for which in return they received either sugar and molasses, or the gold, poured into the planters' coffers from every nation in Europe. Not that the Southern States in the valley of the Mississippi could not have raised for themselves, as they now do, the products sold them by the north-west, but that it was more profitable to grow cotton and that the transportation down the Mississippi of cereals and animals was so cheap and convenient, the navigation being open at all seasons of the year. Thus the people of the north-west fed and supplied with mules three millions of negroes employed in raising the great southern staples—sugar, rice, tobacco and cotton but particularly the last named product. Before the war the price of a mule in Illinois was one hundred and twenty-five dollars in gold. At present notwithstanding the great demand for the animal in our army, the price is only sixty dollars in depreciated currency. The same is true of other agricultural products. A late number of a Minnesota journal quotes prices there as follows:—Flour, five dollars per barrel; corn, forty-five cents per bushel; dressed hogs, three dollars and twenty-five cents per pound; hams, four cents per pound; butter, ten cents per pound; eggs, eight cents per dozen, and other articles equally low. In the river counties of Iowa beef is only two dollars and fifty cents per hundred, or at the rate of two and a-half cents per pound, and in the same State, last winter, not a hundred miles from the Mississippi, pork sold, dressed, at less than a dollar per hundred. It is certainly not cheaper now. What is the cause of this, while the same articles are so high in New York? It is the increased cost of railroad transportation. Owing to the closing of the Mississippi by the blockade, the freights of fered to the railroads exceed their capacity, and the directors have enormously increased their rates. Flour, which used to be transported from the towns on the Mississippi by railroad through to New York at ninety cents per barrel, now costs to move it thrice that sum; and as for corn, it costs the price of five bushels to send one to market.

It will be impossible for the western farmers to stand this very long; for hard as is their case how much harder would it have been had not the demand for our breadstuffs in Europe been so great during the past two years. But, as this arose from the accident of short crops, it is not to be depended on hereafter, and the prospects for the agricultural interest of the north-west in the event of a continuance of the war, are gloomy in the extreme.

ETERNITY.

O eternity, without all bounds! O eternity that can be measured by no spaces of time! O eternity that can be understood by no understanding of man, how much dost thou increase the punishments of the damned! After innumerable thousands of years they shall always be constrained that this is to them only the beginning of torments! How grievous a thing is it to lie in a most soft bed for thirty years! What will it be to burn thirty thousand years in that lake of fire and brimstone! O eternity! eternity! thou alone beyond all measure, dost exaggerate the torments of the damned.—Grievous is their punishment by reason of the *sharpness* of their torments; it is the more grievous by reason of the *diversity* of their torments; it is the most grievous for the *eternity* of their torments. There shall be death without death, end without end, defect without defect, because death ever liveth, and the end ever beginneth, and the defect knoweth not how to fail. They shall seek life and shall not find it; they shall seek death, and death shall fly away from them; after an hundred thousand, thousand, thousand years, without any end, they shall return to renewed torments.—*Gerhardt.*

A SMART SCHOLAR.—"Toby, what did the Israelites do when they crossed the Red Sea?"

"I don't know, ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves."

DISCHARGED CURED.

The Rev. J. H. Cleveland of the army of the South West, writing from Napoleon Arkansas, to a friend in Providence, R. I. confesses his sin, repents and promises future amendment. It would be well for many more professed ministers of the Gospel, to follow the example of Rev. Mr. Cleveland. His letter is dated January 16, 1863:

I am about to do what will probably cost me your friendship—write an honest letter. Not that I have hitherto written dishonestly, nor that you are accused of bating candor, in itself considered, But candor upon the theme I shall treat of, differing, so widely as I now do, from your well known views upon the same topic, cannot fail to overtax your patience, involving writer and epistle in one irrevocable anathema. But the fact is, I can't write at all without being true to my nature, which became deeply stirred with shame and indignation by my country's follies; how deeply stirred this letter will prove, since even your good will is not a bribe rich enough to prevent my writing it

Like many other republicans, who, loving the whole country, and deprecating coercion as the most likely means of sundering it forever, were yet firm in their allegiance to the old flag, however loth to see it committed to a wrong policy, I long strove to justify this war, employing for that purpose all my little stock of learning and skill, both as a theologian and an amateur politician, though I had the decency always, as my friends all know, to keep politics entirely out of my Sunday lectures. When the increasing needs of country seemed to demand the sacrifice, I heartily threw my person, as well as my voice, into the tide of carnage, willing even to die that the Union might live, and ready for any policy looking to that end, in the spirit of the dangerous maxim, 'all's well that ends well.' The negro—having suited him in real life, not in the pleasing fictions of the Beechers—I knew too well to care about disturbing him, unless as a convenient make weight, to be thrown into the scale when better means should fail. I was proud of our regiment—had some lingering faith in the President—and somewhat more (though hardly full confidence) in the wisdom and virtue of our Generals. Thus I went forth in hope, trusting mainly in God and our vast number of for success, and proud to find so many old friends rushing with me to the field.

This was six months ago. Anybody with open eyes, campaigning even three months in the Southwestern army, ought to learn something that could not well be learned at home. Our boys have been learning, and I don't claim to be duller than the the rest.—*Ergo* my faith in President Lincoln has changed from a grain of mustard seed to a perfect nonenity; my trust in the Union Generalship has dwindled to the verge of despair, as the machinery by which soldiers are made becomes more bare, and their characters, when made, more visible and notorious.

Noble exceptions there are, but these are the men that soon resign or find themselves court-martialed. My sentiments touching the black idol have changed from good natured indifference to downright disgust; and I need barely add, my hopes of the Union are reduced to a mere hope in some new political dynasty, which I shall now pray and toil for with all the zeal and industry my nature is capable of.

Were I alone in these painful discoveries I might be inclined to distrust my own judgment, or at least to repine in silence.—But when I find the same views and feeling pervading our whole regiment and every other we are brought in contact with, vented in louder and still louder whispers, burdening the letters to every home, seasoning the broth at every mess table, and deepening the murmurs around each bloody grave—when I *know* all this, I have no longer a pretext for feigning ignorance of facts which if men could ignore them would cause the stones to cry out.

What are we fighting for? In the name of reason and humanity, what is the sublime result, which can justify a year after year of sackcloth at home and butchery here, of neglected fields but thick strewn Golgothas, of empty churches cramed hospitals, deferred bridals, accelerated bankruptcy, and the ever-lengthening line of pensioners who for a paltry stipend and a puff of praise, must hobble armless, eyeless, footless to the pauper's grave,

For what were these things begun, for what must they continue, without even the remotest prospect of an end Nobody knows. But from the conflicting rumors on the subject, we may examine four of the more common and plausible, each and all of which, instead of justifying the war are conclusive reasons why it should be condemned, and at once abandoned.

Firstly. We are fighting, it is said, to cram the pockets and wine cellars of a commissioned aristocracy, whose reign and revelings must end when peace removes their shoulder-straps. Gladly would I pronounce this a mere slander, but—I promised to write an honest letter. Doubtless there is just enough truth in it to demand this one remark namely: That such cause of war fare agreeably to the privileged class alluded to, can not always satisfy the rank and file on whose blood they are supposed to fatten. Even glory grows irksome at last when consecrated by no higher aim than the aggrandizement of tyrants. I have heard the bayonets could be turned upon their employers, but I never believe that.

Secondly. We are fighting to abolish slavery, the Union to survive or perish as emancipation may direct. This too has truth in it for a large class in New England, and for a few in the West. To them Caucasian blood is so inferior, when compared with Africa, that we can afford to drain its richest arteries that Pompey may call himself free, though notoriously incapable of true freedom (which implies self-government and self support) as the parrot is of true eloquence. Theorists may whitewash as they will. Our army has seen the black elephant as he is and we are forever cured of Uncle Tom's Cabin. To fight in such a crusade is a freak worthy alone of idiots and madmen.

Thirdly. We fight *to restore the Union*, slavery to stand or fall as the interests of the Union may demand. So we were told, and so we believed six months ago. Grant that such is indeed the fact. We shall best succeed by conquering ourselves—in other words, by throwing down the sword and fire-brands, trusting to the listening ear, the instructive tongue and the faithful breast.—No Union can be valid or lasting until cemented by the union of hearts; and to say that we can rivet Southern hearts to us by hacking them to pieces, is absurd in terms as well as in fact. A nation as great as ours in wealth, population, art, arms and commerce, can afford to be equally so in magnanimity. And a Christian nation might as well set an example to the world by dealing with her unruly children upon Christian principles.—Rom. XII. 17-21.

Finally, we fight simply to humble and circumscribe the South, whose growing wealth, power and territory, excite the jealous fears of the New England States. This opinion, though held by very many in the South and West, I cannot entertain for a moment. If in this I am deluded, and such be the real origin of our troubles, then the Union army is sure of defeat; for crime cannot prosper, and war from such motives is crime of the most damnable type. Better share amiably the glory we cannot prevent, than to play the part and share the doom of Haman.

I will not speak of the demoralizing effects of war, nor even enlarge upon its physical horrors, as a further cause for being sick of the present struggle. Mercy to the anxious hearts at home, already convulsed at the bare suspicion of the hell behind the scenes, forbids us all to unfold the secrets of our prison-houses—even if human language could unveil the worst, as, thank God, it cannot. Leaving such gleams of Pandemonium for the hollow eyes that are compelled to bear them daily, or to close on them only in the last chill sleep, I confine this letter purely to the intellectual phase of the war questions, where we find enough and more than enough to justify the almost mutinous anxiety for peace that fills, as I have said, the heart of the great South western army. You may say we are homesick. I trust in God those of us who have homes, love them too dearly even to forget what we have sacrificed, or to forgive the Administration that could so needlessly, yea wickedly, tear us from their hallowed circle. For me, however, the taunt is powerless, death having left me no earthly home to sigh for. You may call us cowards. Our blood has washed out the foul aspersion upon every field where we have been brought to the test. Indiana, especially, has no indulgence or partiality to crave at the hands of history. Her record in this war is one blaze of heroic deeds, only dimned by the want of cause equal in splendor to the conduct of her sons. The Eighty-Third Regiment, in its brief but arduous career has won absolutely, the finest reputation in the service, so acknowledged by older regiments and by Generals in nowise predisposed to flatter us. Personally, I am not very brave, but my place now is at the Quarter-master's desk, where, except by sympathy, I have no concern about the dangers of the van.—Yet I am a man with friends in the ranks and a heart in my bosom; a man to whom the mothers, wives, sisters and children of those friends look for news from the fray, and whom they justly hold responsible for at least the mortal welfare of many who came with me to the field. O, God! that I should ever have aided, even by a breath, to rush into the shambles so much good material for so poor a cause.

If this expiatory offering—for I shall make the confession to them all—can lessen even partially, the guilt of the past, I shall die content even though hung for saying what we all do know. If spared to reach home, however, I shall devote myself, with wiser and humbler zeal, to the gospel of peace, leaving war to brute beasts, and striving, in deep contrition, to "go and sin no more."

As ever, your friend,
J. H. CLEVELAND.

☞ "Sambo, do you know the difference between a mason and an anti-mason?"

"Yes, sar. I belieb I does."

"Well, what is it?"

"If my brain tells me de trut, and it nebber fails, de mason is de man what lay de mortar, and de anti-mason de man what carries de hod."

☞ Jeff. Davis has issued another proclamation, appointing a day of fasting and prayer. The 27th is the day fixed upon.

(For the Watchman.)

AN APOLOGY.

EDITOR WATCHMAN;—While confined to my room in consequence of a fractured leg, I learned to my surprise, that a little article which appeared in the *Watchman* over my signature, headed "A Dun and its Answer" gave offence to a little fellow of this place, one P. F. Sturgis, (we call him "Emperor,") related by marriage to some of the parties mentioned in the article.

The persons whose names I noticed were formerly old residents of Bellefont, and who I hold in the higest estimation, and with whom I have been on terms of the closest intimacy ever since they first landed at this place, and of course the liberty I took in making mention of them, was only intended as a *friendly* mention of their names to their friends in Bellefonte. But true to his meddlsome propensities the "Emperor" noted for his low cunning, tho't it a good opportunity to vent his spleen by getting somebody else mad at me because *he* was, That's the way with some folks.

What makes it worse, the Emperor and myself have always kept sociable terms until I returned from the war last Fall, having been discharged on account of wounds received in battle, when I flatly renounced allegiance to "Old Honest," for his wickedness and refused to associate myself with him (the "Emperor") as a spy upon the actions of honest and Union loving Democrats. Consequently the "Emperor," true to the precepts and practice of his lord and master took advantage of my crippled condition and blew the hot breath of jealousy and revenge into the ears of some of the female portion of the families mentioned and pursuaded them that I was "*slandering*" them, which certainly, was the furthest from my thoughts.

This shows the heartlessness of the Abolition party, and the spirit of revenge with which they seek to persecute those who are bold enough to show up their rascality, and corruptness to the public view, and the low cunning that possesses pimps of Abraham Lincoln. The astute "Emperor" being the cowardly to fight for his country in the field, takes it upon himself to abuse his neighbors and returned soldiers who do'nt happen to agree with him, that "Abraham" is great, and *Allah* is his Prophet, and do'nt like to swallow a nigger whole.

As it was, the treacherous ink that *spread* the effusive article before the readers of the *Watchman*, and your wicked little "*imp*" that "spread on" the ink, I will say to his Majesty the "Emperor," that if this explanation does'nt appease his wrath, why then he can just go to the——*devil*.

MAJOR JONES.

WEST UNION, IOWA.
March 12th, 1863.

Proverbs of the Billings Family.

Don't swap with your relashuns unless yu ken afford to give the big eend of the traid.

Marry young, and ef sarkumstances require it, often.

If you can't git gud cloathes and edication too, git the cloathes.

Say how are ye? to everybody.

Kultivate modesty, but mind and keep a gud stock of impudence on hand.

If you are angry never get beat.

Be charetable; threo-sent pieces ware maid on purpose.

Don't taik ennybody's advice but your owne.

It costs more to borry than it dus to buy.

Ef a man flatters yu, yu ken kalkerlate that he is a rogue, or yure a fule.

Keep both ize open, but don't cee mor'n haf you notis,

When yu pra, pra right tu the sentre of the mark.

Don't mortifl the flesh tu much: twan the soars on Lasarus that sent him to heaven.

Ef yu ich fur faim, go inter a grave yard and skrach yerself against a tume stone.

Beggars don't have tu advertise fer runaws dorgs.

"'Tis a long lain that never turns," and 'tis a good mill that alwas dus.

Sin is like weeds—self sone and sure tu kum.

Natur is natur. Yu kant alter the krook of a dog's tale much and preserve the length of it.

I wuld sa tu all the young men, "go in," and to all the old fellers, "kum out."

About as sure a wa tu get rich as enny I no of, is to get inter dedt for a hundred thousand dollars, and then go tu work and pa oph the dedt.

Filosophers tell us that the wurld revolves on its axes, and Josh Billins tells yu that full half the folks on arth think tha are the axes.

N. b.—these ar proverbs have stood for morn a hundred yeres, and haint gin out yet.

PUN UPON PUN.—Strange, Moore and Wright, the notorious punsters, were on a certain occasion, dining together, when Moore observed:

"There is but one knave among us, and that's *Strange!*"

"Oh, no," said Wright, "there's one *Moore!*"

"Ay," said Strange, "that's *Wright!*"

☞ "Don't think of me," as the man said who was on the point of being thrown from the gallery to the pit; but recollect those beneath me."

THE BALL IN MOTION.

Great Outpourings of the People.

The Friends of the Union and Constitutional Liberty Aroused. 500 to 700 Freeman in Council.

The citizens of Penn and surrounding townships met on the evening of the 16th inst., in order to effect a more perfect organization of the great Democratic party; to express sentiments of loyalty to the Constitution of the United States, and disapprobation to the course of the party now in power. From 500 to 700 people were assembled; the church in which the meeting was held being literally crowded; an evidence that the people an honest yeomanry feel deeply indignant at the manner in which our public affairs are mismanaged and our constitutional rights trampled upon. On motion John Hosterman was called upon to act as chairman of the meeting, also a number of Vice Presidents and Secretaries were appointed. On motion Rev. B. Musser offered a prayer. On motion the Constitution of the U. S. was read and commented upon by Fred. Kurtz, and its repeated violation by the present Administration shown. Spirited remarks were then made by the chairman, Thos. Ehrhart, P. Gephart, Dr. Dashler, Jno. Smith, defending free speech, free press and the right of the writ habeas corpus, followed by Rev. B. Musser, who spoke feelingly in favor of peace. On motion a committee of five, consisting of Fred. Kurtz, John Grove, Philip Gephart, H. Korman and Dr. Dashler, was appointed to draw up resolutions expressing the sentiments of the meeting, the committee reported as follows:

WHEREAS, The people of the United States have the constitutional right peaceably to assemble and express their sentiments in reference to governmental affairs, therefore

Resolved, that as true and loyal citizens we place ourselves upon the good old platform of the 'Union as it was, and the Constitution as it is."

Resolved, that as peaceable, loyal and lawabiding citizens we cannot, and will not, endorse the repeated violation of our cherished charter of liberties—the Constitution of our fathers—by the present Administration. That by its arbitrary arrests and a denial of the writ of *habeas corpus* it has robbed the citizen of his liberties, similar infringements in times past having cost guilty tyrants of the old country their crowned heads.

Resolved, that we are in favor of the passage of a law preventing the immigration of free Negroes into Pennsylvania: that we have no objections, and think it *right*, that Massachusetts and New England should receive and harbor them, in accordance with their pestilent Abolition professions of Negro Equality.

Resolved, that we are opposed to any infringement on the part of the general government upon the rights of the States as dangerous to our liberties and tending to a despotic and monarchical government.

Resolved, that we pledge ourselves, each to the other, to maintain and protect each other, in support of the Democratic faith by Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever persuasion, religious or political—peace commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none. The support of State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administration of our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-Republican tendencies. In State administration opposed to all monopolies and special privileges.—And the preservation of the General Government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home, and safety abroad—a jealous care of the rights of election by the people—a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped by the sword of revolution when remedies are unprovided—absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority—the supremacy of the civil over the military authority—freedom of religion, freedom of the press, freedom of speech, freedom of person under the protection of the *habeas corpus*, and trial by an impartially selected jury.

Resolved, that upon this platform we cordially invite all true and loyal people, to join with us for a change of Administration—State and National—and the election of men who will enforce the Constitution and secure us the blessings of peace, and a restoration of the Union.

Resolved, that the proceedings of this meeting be published in the *Berichter* and the *Watchman*.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted.

A meeting was appointed to be held at Wolf's Schoolhouse, on Tuesday evening, March 24th. Adjourned.

☞ "Father, what does the printer live on?"

"Why, child?"

"Because you said you hadn't paid him for two years, and you still take the paper."

"Wife, put that child to bed; he's an everlasting talker."

☞ When were Love's arms stretched so wide as upon the Cross? When did they embrace so much as when Thou, O Christ, didst gather within Thy bosom the spears and arrows of the mighty, to open up a lane for Freedom?

HOW SAL AND ME GOT TIED

Well, at last the night cum, that orful nite as was to fetch me into a new state uv bein and it feem me in a dredful fix. Fust I felt good then bad, first proud, and then skeered like five hundred. I went over the morning afore that everiffil nite too see Sal, and fou'n her taken it mity easy, rather in a hurry fur nite to cum I thought, as for me I was in a hurry wun minute, and the next, felt like I'd rather a little it had bin put off.

After supper I washed, then I put on the cleanest sort uv a shirt that Aunt Jane had fixed up mity nice and smooth, and then I drawed on about as nice a sett uv Sunday harness, as you ever seed, and arter mam an Aunt Jane had primped up an fixed my har and creevat, I was ready, so off I puts to Sal's dad's, an I reckin I dun about as much thinking a going over thar as was ever dun by any uther feller in the same time. At last I arriv, an was marched in too whar Sal was—she sorter blushed, and then sot her head on one side an looked about as sweet as enny flour you ever seed. I thought she was about as putty a creeture as I ever lade my ise on.

Directly Sal's sister ses, the passon's cum an in we marched whar thar was about fifty folks, and I felt mity skeered, but tried my very best to keep a stiff upper lip.—Well we took our places, Sal hangin on too my arm an me a lookin at the flore. Then the passon ses, ses he: 'Du you take this ooman' (he might a sed young lady) 'as you hold by the hand to be youre lawful wife too help her and too keep her, too luv and too nus her, tell death dus you part?' 'I'll du my best,' ses I, (standin fust on wun leg and then tother, fur all the world like a turkey on a hot rock)—

Then he looks at Sal an ses he—

'Du you take this man' (like he did'nt know my name) 'as you hold by the hand, tu be your lawful husband, tu nus him an tu help him, onor and obay him, tell death dos you part?'

'Yes sir,' ses Sal. Then, ses he, 'I pronounce yu both man and wife, salute your bride.' With that, I clinched Sal, and gave her about as hearty a buss as yu ever heard. Then the fellers all cum round and kissed Sal like blazes, yu could see it dun em good. Sal orter a stopped it, but she never said a word; as for me, I kissed right and left an cum mighty neer a kissin a nigger gal as was fechin in sum water, when everybody begins a giggling an I begins to feel mity mean.

After a while the kissin an foolin was all over and we all pitched in tu the goodies, and if I ever sot sweethings fly, it was then; I et tell I like tu a popped, and everybody else dun thar best.

About ten o'clock they all left, an sum of the boys ses, 'Peter won't you go home with us,' an all such things, a devilin of me tell I hardly noed what to du or whar to go. After they all left, thar I sot myself tell a niggar gal cums tu the door an ses—

'Mass Peter, miss Sal's a waitin for yu.'

'Whar is she?' ses I.

'She's in her room,' ses she.

'Well, tell her to come down,' ses I, 'I'm reddy to go any whar she wants.'

'But,' sas she, 'she's in bed.'

'Oh, yes,' ses I, 'I forgot,' but ses I, 'its erly yet, aint it.'

She seed I was skeered an begin a snigerin, tell I picked up my hat, an followed her, tel she cum tu a dore, and ses, 'That's youre room.' My hart jumped up to my throat, as I nocked agin, I was then a gittin despirit. I opened it, and je-whilikens, the cold chills run over me tell I felt like somebody was a pullin cedar brush up and down my back: Thar was Sal fast asleep, (or pretenden like, as I found out) *the candle shinnin as lite as day.*

I stood some time looking mity, foolish, an then puts my hat on a cheer—next I draws my coat off; it was mity hard tu git off—then I shed my jacket, and the balance of my harness, tell I cum to my boots, and ef ever I sot a pair of tite b'ots, them was the wuns; I pulled I tugged and jerked, but they would'nt nigh cum off, an happenin to look round I thought I seed Sal a peepin at me outer wun eye; so I blose the lite out, gits my boots off, an then——but it aint nobody's bizness, so I shant tell anymore.

Well I've tried maryin sum time, an must say that arter a feller gits ust to it, it aint a bad thing, in fact I filosofies as follers:

Maryin is a good thing, it is a great thing as Aunt Jane ses, a great institution, (how she nose I can't tell, for she never had a trial of it.) It's good for everybody—ar you old—marry it'll make you young, or you'l die a tryin to pear so. Ar you young? it'll make yu o'd. In fact it is sooted tu every an ennybody. Its a ten rail fence that society has built up tu keep fokes inside the bounds uv good behavior, an tho I've had my ups an downs in it, an no all about it, still I say—hooray for marry.

OLD ABE'S LAST JOKE.—When our good President heard of the recent rebel raid at Fairfax, in which a brigadier general and a number of valuable horses were captured, he gravely obseved, "Well I am sorry for the horses." "Sorry for the horses, Mr. President!" exclaimed the Secretary of War, raising his spectacles and throwing himself back in his chair in astonishment.—"Yes," replied Mr Lincoln; "I can make a brigadier general in five minutes, but it is not so easy to replace a hundred horses."

☞ Don't borrow your neighbor's paper. Take one yourself, and pay for it like a man.