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The Muse.

THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

A PARODY ON THE "SONG OF THE SWORD."

War, and wounded, and worn,
Wounded, and ready to die,
A soldier they left all alone and forlorn;
On the field of the battle to lie.
The dead and dying alone,
Could their presence and pity afford;
Whit with a sad and terrible tone,
He sang the song of the sword.

"Fight—fight—fight!
Though a thousand fathers die,
Right—right—right!
Though thousands of children cry;
Right—right—right!
While mothers and wives lament;
And fight—fight—fight!
While millions of money are spent.

"Fight—fight—fight!
Should the cause be just or fair,
Though all that's gained be an empty name,
And a tax too great to bear,
An empty name and a paltry wage,
And a thousand lying dead;
While ever glorious victory is won,
Must raise the price of bread.

"War—war—war!
Fire, and famine, and sword,
Desolate fields, and desolate towns,
And thousands scattered abroad,
With never a home and never a shod;
While kingdoms rise and fall,
And hundreds and thousands are lying dead,
All for nothing and all for naught.

"War—war—war!
Musket, and powder, and ball;
All, why have we battle to die,
The nation's honor to keep?
Alas! that justice should be so dear,
And human life so cheap!

"War—war—war!
Misery, murder and crime,
Are all the blessings that come in their train,
From my youth to the present time,
Crime, misery, murder and crime,
Ah! would I had known in my younger days
A truth of what was to befall.

"Ah! had I known in my happier days,
In my hours of bright joy,
A truth of the horrors and crimes of war—
Of wife and child, and of father and son,
And I had seen in my native land,
The blood of my countrymen.

"And many a long, long day of woe
And sleepless nights and drifting snow,
And dreary, dreary, dreary days,
And worn out limbs, and aching head,
And grief too great to tell,
And bleeding wounds, and aching heart,
Had I escaped full well.

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Miscellaneous.

PATRIOTISM.

MR. EDITOR:—The following remarks on "Patriotism" were made by DAVID CORAY HARVEY, at the schoolhouse in District number one, Green town, Woodford county, Ill., in the winter of 1861, just when the dark and portentous cloud of our national troubles was beginning to rise.

This young man then attended school, and had previously been requested by the teacher to define the word Patriotism, and give his views on it, which he did as follows:—

"Webster says that 'Patriotism means the love of one's country, the passion which arises to serve one's country either in defending it from invasion, or protecting its rights and maintaining its laws and institutions in vigor and purity. Patriotism is the characteristic of a good citizen, the noblest passion that animates a man in the character of a citizen. From the definition of this word now given, all sensible persons must admit that the exercise of Patriotism, or the love of one's country, is correct and proper at all times. But in the course of events there are periods in the history of states and nations when the public men and citizens generally are more particularly called upon to exhibit or show forth their Patriotism. The period before the Revolution, when the mother country taxed the people of the Colonies without representation in the British Parliament, and during that war of seven years, was a time that tried men's souls and tested their Patriotism to its utmost capacity. But thanks to our Revolutionary fathers, they were not wanting in this noble principle, and well did they maintain their rights, and besought to their posterity Liberty and Independence. But to be short: The time of the last war with England, and more recently, that with Mexico, were periods when the manifestation of Patriotism, or the love of one's country, was also highly becoming to all classes of citizens. In such circumstances as I have just mentioned, it seems to the people of this Republic will patriotically stand up to maintain our rights at home, and our honor abroad, and undisturbedly resist the invasion and insult of any foreign power. Such is our past history, and such may it ever be. If, in the former history of our progress, we have had times and seasons that tried men's souls and proved their Patriotism, methinks such a period has returned, or is about returning upon us again, when the trial will be more severe than ever.

Look at our great nation, for three quarters of a century the wonder and admiration of the world! but, alas, for the last few months the arena of contention and bitter strife, and this, alas, among ourselves, thus differing from any former great conflict in which our Government has been engaged.

Hitherto we have stood united against the world, but now a revolution has been inaugurated, and one member after another is seceding from this once prosperous, peaceful and glorious Union. What now is to be done? Some say one thing and some say another; as for myself, I feel as did the old Roman Senator, while some were for war, he declared 'his thoughts were turned on peace.' This is the sentiment of my heart, and in the present state of our national affairs, peace and concession, are the only means under heaven that can restore harmony to this divided and distracted country. Already have a number of the southern states formed a Confederacy and elected their President and Vice President. Under these deplorable circumstances 'coercion' means war, and will result in a war to the knife. I apprehend that a war between the North and the South will be the most disastrous calamity that can possibly happen to this nation, because it will be the most awful and bloody struggle in which man ever engaged. Remember that in such a conflict the combatants on both sides will be Americans, and we know their battle cry is, 'GOD AND LIBERTY, VICTORY OR DEATH!'

We, as a united people, could I believe, better contend against all the world in arms than we can succeed in subduing or conquering each other! From the renowned and valiant character of American soldiers, we may possibly conceive, but none can describe the wide-spread and fearful detestation that must result from a hostile meeting between those who were once brethren and freemen of the United States. Such fighting as will then follow was never witnessed by the sun himself, who has looked down from heaven and beheld every battle since time began its march! Such will be the sacrifice of life, blood and treasure, if coerced, attempted, that even our own will be astounded and other nations overwhelmed with amazement! Think of it, my schoolmates, a fellow citizen, millions of freemen north and south flying to arms to subdue their brethren in the tented field! Oh, my soul, who can contemplate the awful picture, who can recount the address that must come upon our common country, the sorrows that must fall upon parents, brothers and sisters, widows and orphans, consequent upon a war between Americans?

To prevent these innumerable calamities and sufferings, let us all abandon selfish and sectional principles, and, under the influence of true patriotism, hit our united voices for peace and honorable concession. Could my humble voice be heard in the Legislature, in Congress, or in the Cabinet, it should be raised to its full volume of peace and reconciliation throughout our vast republic. It should there be, as it is here, my pleasure to speak for the restoration of every member with all her legal rights to the old Union, for the perpetuity of the Constitution, and that the stars and stripes might now and forever wave over the United land of the free, and the peaceful home of the brave.

D. C. HARVEY.

Under the foregoing principles and views this young man remained at home until the false excitement about drafting, in August last, when he was persuaded by some jobber to enlist to avoid the draft. He joined Co. H, 4th Ill. Cavalry, and reached his regiment, at Trenton, on the 24th or 5th of October, and on the 24th of November they marched from there for the front of General Grant's Army in Miss. In a letter just received by the parents of this young soldier, from the Captain of the above named company, he says: "David Coray Harvey was a good soldier, there are none better. From the time he joined my company till the time of his death he was one of the most obedient, well behaved, and willing soldiers that belonged to my command. He was a brave man, often when others were detailed he would volunteer to take the place of some one and let him stay in camp. Such generous conduct on his part had bound him dearly to the officers and men of the company. He was with us in the central Mississippi campaign, and during the present one below Holly Springs. Every day found us early in the saddle, and night often failed to rest us from our arduous toils. Rain, storm, cold and hunger, we had to endure, without shelter by night, save that which heaven's wide canopy afforded us. All this worried and tried the constitutions of the men.

After a long toilsome march, fighting almost all our way, with the excitement of a rapid pursuit of the enemy, on the afternoon of the 4th of Dec., last, we entered the village of Water Valley on the Mississippi Central railroad, and, having lived on half rations for several days, I permitted my soldiers to get some refreshments in town. So one of them entered a Drug Store [your son with them] where they found some honey, butter, matches and liquors, and tasted of what they supposed to be wine, but which was pure Antimony. That night about 10 o'clock, it made Coray sick, and the next morning he was to go with the advancing column, but I ordered him back, and in an ambulance sent him 18 miles north, to the hospital at Oxford Miss., where he kept gradually sinking until the night of the 12th Dec., when he expired, and was buried in the cemetery. He was buried in his uniform, and wrapped in his blankets. The grave was dug with a vault in the bottom, and as it was impossible to

procure any kind of a coffin or box, he was laid into the vault and covered with boards to protect the body from the ground. His grave is on the north east of the town, and near the centre of the cemetery. A head board is set up with his name cut in, and regiment written on in pencil. His career as a soldier was short but glorious. May he rest in peace.

Now, to his parents, brothers, sisters and friends, let me say that you have the sympathy of all the officers and men of his company in your grief. We are all severely pained to lose Coray. Although he did not die on the field of battle, I repeat it, he was a brave and good soldier. May God's blessing rest upon you all. Truly Yours, FRANKLIN FISK.

Capt. Co. H, 4th Ill. Cavalry.

P. S. I think you cannot get his body at present, as it is buried at least fifty miles beyond our lines, and that the country is now overrun by the rebels, F. F.

Will the *Lycoming Gazette* please copy, that my numerous relations and friends in that section may learn the particulars connected with the melancholy death of my oldest son.

Very Respectfully,
J. J. HARVEY.

COMMON SENSE SPOKEN YEARS AGO.

Many years ago, the *Boston Post* published an article on "The Mission of the Democratic Party," which was so full of wisdom and sound common sense, that it attracted the general attention of the time. It was presented to the public. The article has been handed to us by a friend, with a request that it should be inserted in our columns, and we cheerfully comply with his wish.

"The great mission of the Democratic party at the North, is a great and glorious one. Bearing before it that principle of fraternal affection which the Father of his country has warned us to guard as the ark of our safety—inspired with that charitable spirit, which breathes from the lip of the great defender of his faith, the patriot Jackson, whispers to us from the tomb 'never for a moment believe that the great body of the citizens of any State or Nation, can deliberate do wrong,' and 'however mistaken the citizens of other States may be in their views, the great body of them are equally honest and upright with yourselves'—we have the sure means of benefiting our country and mankind, by the spread of that faith, and the conquering spirit of these principles.

"The great enemy we have in the midst of us, is the pharisaic spirit, that questions of us. Which is the great commandment in the law? It tempts us with the flatterer's assurance that we at the North are in the light, and that one brother at the South is in darkness; and therefore demands of us to hate these brothers as extortioners and unjust.

It conceals the truth, that though we bestow all our substance to the poor bodman and though we give our bodies to be burned in their behalf, through we do charity, the whole is good for nothing. It rails against the meek of our brother's eye, when the entire lack of charity is the beam in our own eye. This pharisaic spirit would persuade us, that if we kept the great duty of freeing, regardless of consequences, the black race, we shall perfectly obey the commandment of God—in his cunning selfishness keeping out of sight the great truth that we know but in part, and not until that which is perfect shall come, shall that which is part be done away; and that, therefore, until time, 'all things whatsoever we would that men should do to us, even so should we do them, for this is the law—the whole law—and the prophets.'

"The whole North is prevailed with this spirit. It is the lurking vice of puritanism feeling early planted here, profits in cant, and broil in works of common charity and brotherly affection. It boasts of its eloquence in denouncing those who have the guardianship of what it calls the oppressor, but, though it speak with the tongue of angels, yet it is as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. It boasts of its faith and orthodoxy, parades its deeds of kindness to the poor Indian and the black bodman, and talks loudly of its readiness to do and to suffer in their behalf. The sole result it has yet reached to practice has been an attempt to degrade the masses who labor with their hands, by introducing the institution formerly forbidden, of their intermarriage with the blacks—as if the black was of a somewhat purer source, from which to draw the human race and perfect our civilization than the white. This pharisaic spirit has yet to learn that 'obedience to the commandment of God,' of which Mr. Sumner talks so much, does not consist in doing one thing, but in doing in one spirit—the spirit of charity—everything. There is one great commandment in the law, no one thing to be done to fulfill it. Charity is the whole law, and is required in everything, even in our treatment of slaveholders.

"This law of charity bids us govern our own conduct by our conscience. The pharisaic sin, us bids us force others by malice and hatred to govern their conduct according to our conscience. Intermeddling in its whole office—self-government and self-education the last thing it dreams of. It tramples true religion under foot, and leads the foulest spirits from the gates of hell to

poison the public conscience. Because a merciful God has spared the North from a helpless and incompetent race of serfants, the proud heart of the Northern Pharisee beats with exultation as it boasts, 'by the strength of my virtue have I done this thing, and by my wisdom for I am wise and holy.'

"Shall these things continue? Shall the proud heart of the North continue thus defiled, and then boast of its arrogance? No! Let the North wash its own heart from the waters of bitterness and make it clean. And if this people obey the law, the law of charity, that looks to the heart, and not to acts, then, though our sins, as a nonfever, and as a nation, be as scarlet, they shall become as white as snow, though they be red as crimson, they shall become as wool. We, not the seed of Abraham, nor the children of the promise; we, heathen and Gentiles as we are, from the loins of Japhet, shall enlarge our borders and be led on by an overruling Providence until he gathers us in the nation under the tents of Shem, as his good servants, even though the children of Ham continue to be the servant of servants.

For the Watchman.

SCHOOL OFFICERS AND THE COUNTY SUPERINTENDENCY.

MR. EDITOR:—I want to say a few words to the School Directors on the Superintendent's duty.

Three years ago, I published an article in the *Press and Centre Democrat*, to prove that the law, as enacted, creating that office was incapable of improving teachers; therefore incapable of improving schools. The time had about arrived when the breath would be crushed out of them.

Then why do these Reverend Abolition scoundrels not crush the breath out of these papers and be done with it? If their policy is a war of violence, let them go on with their work. We are assured by several persons that one of these Reverend vipers was prowling about our office with his white cravat, the night that it was mobbed.

We claim just the same right to live in this country that these 'wolves in sheep's clothing' have, and if they dispute that point let them proceed. We ask no favors but those which the Constitution and laws give us, and when they are thrown aside as waste paper, then of course the fence is down and every man will go in as it may suit him.

There has been about enough of this kind of vaporing, and the sooner it is stopped or carried into effect the better. If there is neither decency or freedom left—if all law, order and Government protection is thrown to the winds, let us have fair notice, because we shall never ask the privilege of such men as make up the lazy lying tribe of abolition teachers, to print or to print *The Crisis* or any other paper.

We have just the same right to print a newspaper now that we had thirty years ago, and surely no abuse at the present day can well surpass the abuse we received in 1828 for supporting General Jackson against John Q. Adams. If this political abuse is now to be added to the destruction of our property and the personal sacrifice of our right to live and labor, why then we say let it come. We would scorn to ask mercy at such hands—we despise tyrants of all breeds and professions—we loathe the base and hypocritical follower of the Prince of Peace, who befools himself and his deluded Christian followers by this kind of 'fire and brimstone.' If the time has come when we were an Austrian Despotism still enthroned to crush the last spark of manhood and liberty, why then to ask favors or mercy would be of no avail if decent. If the sting of despotism has been struck into the nation's vitals by these clerical hounds, then let it stick there and we shall all go down together in one dead mass of rotten putridity—there to slumber and stink in the nostrils of an abashed world.

We should think it glory enough to contend single handed and alone with men infamous enough to make threats so cowardly and disgusting, just as though they left anything but scorn in the minds of sensible men.—*Crisis*.

"SER HIM AGAIN."—A very worthy fisherman, by the name of Grizzle, was drowned some time since, and all search for his body proved unavailing. After it had been in the water some months, however, it was discovered floating on the surface, and taken to the shore; whereupon Mr. Smith was dispatched to convey the intelligence to the much afflicted widow.

"Well, Mrs. Grizzle, we have found Mr. Grizzle's body."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, we have; the jury has set on it, and found it full of eels!"

"You don't say Mr. Grizzle's body is full of eels?"

"Yes, it is; and we want to know what you will have done with it?"

"How many eels do you think there is in him?"

"Why, about a bushel."

"Well, then, I think you had better send the eels up to the house and set him again!"

—Lawyer's mouths are like turnpike gates—never open except for pay.

UNION LEAGUE—THE REV. MR. AMES AN ABOLITION SCOUNDREL.

The *Cincinnati Enquirer* has been ventilating the Union Leagues of that city, to their annoyance and the public amusement. Among the latest feats of certain *Reverend* gentlemen, who frequent these Leagues to expose their abolition infamy, is the report of a speech by a Reverend Tyrant called Ames. Here it is:

"At the conclusion of his remarks, the Rev. Mr. Ames was called for and took the stand. He said he did not hold enmity against any human being, although he sometimes felt like that good old Methodist minister, who had his gun leveled and was taking down a rebel every clip, and at the same time praying to God to have mercy on his soul. He then went into a discussion upon the natural and moral condition of man, and made several points that were cheered by the audience. After the cheering, he said, now I can laugh at you—you have been cheering Wendell Phillips for what I have said in his language, and not my own. Now, said he, I inform you that I am an Abolitionist, and always have been, and turning to Judge Woodruff, he said: 'Mr. President, if any man undertakes to deny that I am not an Abolitionist, I authorize you to cowhide him and charge me with the expense. (The Judge nodded assent as though he would do it.) He then proceeded to say, that the President, in the goodness of his heart, had allowed many things to be done that ought not to have been done, and to permit the publication of such traitorous sheets as the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, *Chicago Times*, *Meadley's Crisis* and others; but the time had about arrived when the breath would be crushed out of them."

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THE NEGRO TROOPS INNOCENT ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING OF COLORED CITIZENS.

An enthusiastic meeting of our colored citizens was held, a few evenings since, in the cellar of Geo. Washington Jefferson, North street. They were called together by the summons of an influential Committee, for the purpose of considering the proposition of raising a colored regiment in Massachusetts.

Cesar Augustus Crow, Esq., was invited to the chair, and Julius Epaminondus Tooley was requested to act as Secretary. Upon taking the chair, Mr. Crow opened the Meeting with the following remarks:

"Fellow Citizens and Colored Brethren: We live in these yere spacious halls on a most momentous occasion? 'Billion has played hob with dis yere country, as de white folks all shudder, and now days calls on us to sab the nation, Brethren is we equal to do it? (Voice: 'We am! and vociferous cheers.) 'Yes, fallah citizens, is twenty five thousand niggers more ten hundred thousand white men? dat de question? (Voice: 'Dey is!') and renewed stamps on the cellar floor.) Dem ben yer sentiments, Mr. Tooley please read de resolutions which was drawed up."

Mr. Crow set down upon a barrel, amidst a storm of cheers pecuniary African.

The Secretary then read the following resolutions:

1. Whereash, looking back trou de vista of dis war we don see nothin encouraging and lookin trou de retrospect aheed things looks wuss'n never; resolved sumthin's got to be done!

2. Resolved, white folks havin done nothin.

3. Resolved, it takes culled folks to do somin'—

Resolved, How it is guine to be complete.

Resolved, dat's de question.

The resolutions having been read, there was a great rush for the floor, and gentlemen treading upon the elongated heels of each other, there was no little confusion and outcry. Order being at length restored, Pompey Cole, Esq., recognized by the—barrel.

Mr. Cole remarked: "Mr. Cheerman, I don't know but this yere thing, Yus place, afore we hicks de Souf I wants to know what we's got to do about? I read a story in de *Courier* t'other day 'bout some white fellah asking a culled gentman if he didnt want to list. Says de culled gentman says he 'Look yere here, white man, did yabber see two dogs fightin over a bone? Wall white man lowed he had, often. Berry well,' says de culled gentman, 'did tek bone fight?'

Now, den, Miss'r Cheerman on de barrel yonder, dey tell us dis's a way for liberty—for to set dem niggers out Souf free. Well who axed 'em to do it? Niggers out Souf didn't. He's better off afore den he is now, kicken 'bout 'bout two armies and kuteh' in it all 'round. Culled gentman here at de Norf didn't ax 'em. 'Pose we want dem dirty niggers circulation' round here a taken business out of our hands! Is we gwine to share for six cents an' black boots for two cents, like dey can? No sah, no! My sentiments is, dat if white folks had waited till culled persons and niggers had axed 'em to fight 'bout 'em dar would 'nt ben no fightin, no way! Gurner Andrew can't come it over dis child. If he wants a dinner, I'll give him one, like Mr. Hayden did, 'cause I ain't proud; but he ain't a gwine to get my shoulder behind a musket if he kiss it all day long. No sah! an' what's more, white soldiers don't run us no more'n we want to go.' Dis yere country 'll be safer to let de white folks fight it out, an' let de culled gentman stay at home an' mind dere own business!"

The speech of Mr. Cole had such a convicting effect upon the assembly, that the efforts of President Crow, who was the only darkey in the crowd who had received a five dollar bill from the Governor, were totally ineffectual for the preservation of order. The barrel on which he had mounted was kicked from under him, but as he fortunately alighted upon his head, he sustained no personal injury, so that he was not prevented from fulfilling an engagement to take tea with His Excellency on the following evening. His report of the proceedings of the meeting will probably be published at the expense of the State, unless it may be deemed inexpedient, as not comporting with the public welfare.

THE OATH OF ALEXANDRIA.—The *New York Journal of Commerce*, with great force remarks on this subject:

"The offering of a pledge of loyalty to the people was an invention designed to convey the idea that there was so much disloyalty in the North as to require every man to 'show his hand.' The suggestion was a false one, and so recognized by the country. It was very much like asking men to pledge themselves to honesty, or woman to form leagues for a public vow of virtue. The proposal itself would be ineffectual.

An editor says he has seen the contrivance lawyers use when they 'warm up with the subject.' He says it was a glass, and holds about a pint.

COPPERHEADS.—The name of Copperhead is not so debasing as one might imagine. There is a little bit of history connected with the comparison which half reconciles us to it. Before this infernal war was waged and when the honest descendant of the Mt. Vernon family, George Washington Parke Custis, was living, on gala days, at Alexandria, Virginia, headed by Custis, a delegation used to visit the sacred depositary and bring out for silent exhibition a little bit of soiled and defaced button, representing for its device a "copperhead" alarmed at danger, awaiting with head upraised, an expected attack, while underneath, the suggestive motto read "Don't tread on me." That little flag was not greeted with inlustrous shouts and cheers which often disadorned the want as well as the possession of feeling, but with a silent homage, too powerful for expression. As the venerable Custis, waved the war-worn emblem to and fro the audience seemed awed into a spirit of appreciation of what their ancestors had suffered for their freedom, and were strengthened in the determination to uphold it for themselves. For that tattered flag was the one, which, spiked to the mast, had waved over the Bon Homme Richard in her last sea fight with the *Scorpion*, and which, despite the attempt of cowards to pull it down, waved through the contest until the Richard had sunk in the watery abyss.—That flag was the flag of John Paul Jones, and its device a "copperhead," warning the intruder: "Don't tread on me!" It is the warning which the Copperheads of the present day give to those who would assail the rights that Paul Jones fought to secure.—*Dubuque Herald*.

ARMIES' OPINION OF EDITING.—Before you go for an editor, young man, pause and take a big think? Do not rush into the editorial harness too hastily. Look around and see if there is not a new coming to drive or some soil somewhere to be ill-cherished of some meat cart to be filled—anything that is reputable or healthy, rather than going for an editor, which is a bad business at best. We are not a horse, and consequently have not been called upon to furnish the motive power for a threshing machine; but we fancy that the life of an editor, who is forced to write whether he feels like it or not, is much like that of the steed in question. If the year and a half could be obtained, we believe that the intelligent horse would decide that the threshing machine is preferable to the sanctum, editorial. The editor's work is never done. He is drained incessantly, and no wonder that he dries up prematurely. Other people can attend banquets, weddings, etc., and see if there is not a new coming to drive or some soil somewhere to be ill-cherished of some meat cart to be filled—anything that is reputable or healthy, rather than going for an editor, which is a bad business at best. We are not a horse, and consequently have not been called upon to furnish the motive power for a threshing machine; but we fancy that the life of an editor, who is forced to write whether he feels like it or not, is much like that of the steed in question. If the year and a half could be obtained, we believe that the intelligent horse would decide that the threshing machine is preferable to the sanctum, editorial. The editor's work is never done. He is drained incessantly, and no wonder that he dries up prematurely. 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