The Democratic Watchman.

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The Muse.

A TRAITOR'S LYRIC.

BY WALTER ANONYM.

Do you uphold the Nation's cause,
And think—as Daniel Webster thought—
The Constitution and the Laws
With Union's life unwrought?
Does then your soul indignant swell
With scorn for the foul fiend who said
"Your Magna Charta is from Hell!"
You are a 'Copperhead!'"

Do you revere our chartered right?
And thus prove traitor—as they say,
Those Ethiopian Zoophytes
Who now hold sway—
Do you despise the vulture horde,
Upon the Country's vitals fed,
Who serve corruption as their Lord?
You are a "Copperhead!"

Do you revert to former days,
The days of glory and renown,
When patriots won the statesman's bays;
And wore the mural crown?
When not the place could make the man,
But aye, the man the place instead,
Where honor proudly led the van?
You are a 'Copperhead!'

Do you e'er pray that strife may cease,
That war may stay his crimson hand
And that the broad white wings of peace
May brood the land!
If such your prayer, for one, I say,
God's blessing rest upon your head!
Come share with me the 'asbrique!"
Of traitor! "Copperhead!"

When through these clouds the Union star
Shall struggle from its sad eclipse,
And the red meteor of the war
'Neath the horizon dips,
No higher eulogy be mine,
No epitaph—if haply dead—
Than this short, cabalistic line:
Walter, the "Copperhead!"

THE WAR DEMON'S SONG.

War, war, war!
With cannon, sabre, and gun;
War, war, war!
Hell's carnival is begun.
Ho! Wind God, wake your horn,
Ho! Sea king, chant your lay,
And ring the bells, from the deepest hells,
The Demon is happy to-day.

Blood, blood, blood!
What a joyous sight to see!
Blood, blood, blood!
My heart will burst with glee!
Let dotards sit at the wine,
And sip it and call it good;
Fill me a bowl from a wounded soul,
A foaming bumper of blood!

Death, Death, Death!
In camp, and forest and plain,
Death, death, death!
On Island, desert and main;
Pile up the dead to the clouds,
To rot in the scorching sun,
They need no coffins they need no shrouds,
For the Demon's work is done!

Miscellaneous.

THE EMANCIPTION OF THE NEGROES.

We find the following account of what abolition philanthropy is doing for the negro and invite the especial attention of the friends of "freedom" in Centre county to it It is part of a letter written from Helena, Arkansas, and describes the embarkation of several thousand "free Americans of African descent," for "de hebenly lands of de Norf." Let the false philanthropists and the deceitful humanitarians read it and then answer it Sambo and Dinah had better not be left in

"Their little cabin homes,
In the far far South,
Where they hoe the sugar and the corn."

ED. WATCHMAN.

Still they come till the wharf boat, Gen Prentiss' headquarters was full—the levee was full—the mud holes were filed up. Each one with baggage generally tied in little bundles and toted on the head. Such a pile of rags never before was seen. There were seen nearly three thousand niggers on hand; not one in twenty five of whom had even a quarter change of cloathing. Girls of marriagable age with nothing on but a coarse tow shirt with coarse shoes into which their gothic limbs desended looking like chair legs anchored in a dirty spittoon. The shirt was none too long, at either end, being more for inventory than use. There were little boys with clothes quite too big, the worn out hat of some planter dropping clear over their heads. Girls were dressed without regard to sex. We noticed in particular one who would weigh about two hundred pounds. She wore an old pair of boots, dirt colored shirt, old vest to small by a third, and a red handkerchief on the head. In one hand she had her baggage—little bunch of peacock feathers and two piles of candles. This lot completed her treasure if we except a little pup some three weeks old carried under one arm.

Others were dressed in cast off clothing of some former mistress, gay as blue-jays. Some were so ragged that their nakedness was the great source of remark of bystanders, yet they heeded not more than so many cattle would. The administrator of their effects would have a curiosity shop of worthless duds, quaint and numerous They carried off stuff of no use or account, simply because they had picked it up. We noticed old pans and basins, old boots and shoes boot jacks, brooms, dust pans, tea kettles, gridirons, snuff bottles, coarse combs, broken lamps, tin cups, worn out hoop skirts, old blackening brushes, old hammers, old stove pipe, hoes, corn baskets, old coffee mills, horse blankets, empty champagne bottles, dogs of all ages and colors, empty hair oil bottles, bundles of chicken feathers, strings of dried apples, boiled eggs, cotton pillows, pepper boxes, saddle bags, sauce pans butcher knives and a thousand indescribable articles in the crowd, guarded with the most zealous care. No two of the innocents were dressed alike. Coats made from horse blankets table covers and calico.—Noticing an old Auntie of at least seventy years we accosted her thus:

"Well, Auntie, where are you going?"

"Dunno Master, I gesss I'se gwan up norf"

"Have you a home in the north?"

"Yes Master, brother Sawyer says Father Lincum has a good home for us?

"Do you know where?"

"Wy—up norf."

Where is your old man?"

"He dun gone dead last fall in camp, Master."

"Who will take care of you up in the north?

"Father Lincum Master, and brother Sawyer says so?"

What a sermon was this on the cruelty of those who bring the gray hairs of ignorence in sorrow to a grave, or rather a ditch in the ground among strangers.

A thick lipped chap, black as a raven hair heavy enough for a mat; feet requiring shoes large enough for coal barges, sat on a cracker box whistling Kingdon Coming and winking at the fat lipped wenches squotted around.

"Hallo, boy! Where are you going?"

"Up norf."

"Where is your family?

"Haint got none."

"What are you going to do up in the North?"

"Nuffen! Dis 'ere nigger's dun gon an' stopped work.

"Where will you get clothes?"

"Massa Linkum gib 'em to us."

"Who says so?"

Massa Sawyer.

"Well boy, if Massa Linkum don't give you clothes, how will you get them?"

"Umph—umph! Dis nigger do like de soldiers—confiscate what he wants"

"Do the soldiers steal?"

"Golly massa, indeed em do! Dey stole all massa Culpton hak; den dey stole all Missus Culp an's clothes and litte tings out of her room and busted her trunk an' stole her diamonds pin and all de stuff they wanted. Umph—umph! Dis chile don't work after dis."

The boy had belonged as we afterwards learned, to a man named Culpton residing about six miles, back in the country. He came back into camp with a foraging party who had stolen, as he said, all the valuables they could lay hands on. One of the party, a lieutenant from southern Wisconsin whose name we know but do not care to mention got the pin (a diamond broach worth about one thousand dollars) and sent it home to his wife: Gen. Washburn who was in command here at the time compelled him to send for it, or be arrested. The pin was sent for came back by express and was after several weeks, restored to its owner, but other articles nearly as valuable were never heard of more. But we are diverging. There were in the crowd niggers of all ages—each a real object of charity—going off to starve to death among those who are not their friends, to take the place of northern sons and brothers lost in battle. Not one has the least idea of their destination—except that it was up "norf." They went almost empty handed. Thus health was in dirt and rags, filth and disease. It looked like the last end of hard times—the crop our army has gone forth to gather! Most of the able bodied men and women are kept here

The men to do teaming, dig ditches, wait on officers and &c., the wenches to do cooking, ironing and other work. Families are more wildly seperated than ever before,—The men are generally kept here—the women and children sent off to take care of themselves. And this is the new freedom.

Brother Sawyer flew around like a fly in a new pantry. He spoke words of encouragement to the wooly of Egyptians. The lambs he patted kindly on the head. Deeply realizing the importance of his position, he was earnest in the fulfillment of duty.—

He was in as great demand as a bottle of Scotch snuff at a nigger party. Old woman sat on their little bundless, waiting and wondering. Children picked their dirty noses, munched crackers and bacon rinds—and squalled a rich chorus to "Old John Brown."

Young wenches with legs like stove pipes in shape and color, sat idly around, lazily dreaming of the year of jubilee. Some were well dressed, some had on men's hats of all varities. Others had old breeches on their legs which was as full of architectural beauty as a fence post.—Some had stockings—some had none, most of them had clothes sufficient to cover their nakedness, while those who had appeared to feel quite as happy and to be as much at ease as their better dressed sisters.

At last the boat was crowded till there came forth the cry 'all full aboard. And it looked as if there was no room to spare. On deck, in the hold, in bunks and on planform over the horses—crouching around the boilers, hid in piles of rags; under the stairs in the way under foot. Not over half of them could go on this trip. Then came the cries of "good bye Aunt Dinah!"

"Take care of yourself, up dar Clem!"—"Umph—umph, honey dis chile am all right. The party with brother Sawyer moving around among them them resembling a green ape among a lot of black beans, was ready The bell rang. Niggers yelled. Horses on board "snuffed the battle afar" and wondered why they were so crowded. The crowd on shore to the number of a thousand or two, expressed various opinions, none of them complimentary to the flight of this second Moses—the engines began their work—niggers and horses swung their hats, and waved their tails, and the crowd of emancipated dorkiegs were afloat for the *land of the free and the home of the brave.*

Of every one hundred emancipated negroes of the South, ninety five have no idea of the future other than they are free, and that henceforth they will be fed and clothed by Massa Linkum? In the past their life was one of the entire dependence on their masters. The negro worked his allotted time. He had his chicken coop, truck patch where vegetables were raised for sale. His cabin, garden, clothes, food medicine &c, were always furnished by the master without charge. If the negro wanted cloathes he had medical attendance. If he died the negroes had a funeral, the corpse was lain in a coffin and given christian burial. What money he made from sale of eggs, poultry, trock or corn, cotton, or other staples raised on the patch of ground formed by the negroes in common for their own use, beside the garden patch was his own, to be used as fancy dictated. The relation between master and slave was simply of partnership. The slave worked for the master——the master cared for his slave.

When night came the slave could rest—When Sunday came he could bask in the sun, attend chuch, visit his wench or sweetheart, dress up in store clothes and make her presents with money made from his garden often amounting to from fifty to two hundred dollars a year.

Agents for the Government, anxious to do a big thing and acquire a reputation for much zeal, tell these poor people all sorts of trash, one word in twenty of which is truth. The great idea taught them is this:

"You poor slaves! Father Lincoln has liberated you at last! You have had to work all your lives. The year of Jubilee has come. You are now free. Father Abraham has sent me to take you north. The Government will now take care of you: will giv you a free ride on the boat—you shall have rations and clothes—your days of work and slavery are now over.

They believe that work is now ended,—Placing implicit confidence in what is told them by government agents, chaplains and others, they really think that in the future they will have their cabins furnished them—will have their poultry yards, and truck patches, rent free—will be fed and doctored in the future as in the past. They are told that all former masters are their enemies, all northern men are friends.

Already they are getting their eyes open to the humbuggery of freedom.—When the truth shall have more fully dawned on their dull brains—when they are compelled to pay rent, buy all the little articles heretofore furnished them; to work at such work as is afforded and to be cheated out of their pay they will look upon their blessed Father Abraham as a great deceiver. The idea of subsisting them by charity is sheer nonsense. We know their are in the north hundreds of liberal people who now give freely of clothes, provisions and money to aid these ignorant ones of earth.

But the novelty of liberatity will soon wear off and when the hundreds of thousands wives and orphans of northern soldiers slain in this accursed war shall stand in rags and tears, with outstretched hands on every street corner, what chance will the negro have? They will be cursed by Democrats, forgotten by Republicans—uncared by all. The people who now look upon the negro with pity will soon look upon him with contempt and finally with loathing and disgust. The laboring man of the north who now sees deprivations, hard times and incessant toil, weeded with the most rigid economy to escape starvation and the poor house will not consent to share his labor and pay with a nigger who will not work except when watched.

COUNTY SUPERINTENDENTS AND NORMAL SCHOOLS.

The following letter of the State Superintendent, copied from the School *Journal*, July No. 1860, p. 14, to County Superintendent Langdon, of Washington county, sets aside effectually the fallacy of those who are now seeking the votes of the Directors of this county in relation to that office. We trust that these guardians of our educational interest will give it a careful perusal.

HARRISBURG, June 23, 1860.

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 19th inst., presents a very serious question, and one of which it is somewhat difficult to answer.

In a community with, say 275 schools, and an average of about six months teaching, it is not easy to perceive how a County Superintendent, who devotes his whole time to the duties of his office, during the parts of the year when these duties require it, can have much time left for other purposes.—Those duties are:

1st. The eximination of teachers. This in forty-two districts will occupy at least two months, giving one day to each district.

2d. The visitations of the schools. I perceive that last year, several of your districts had two months teaching, and one ten months. Therefore, they were at least eight months within which visitation could be attended to.

Examinations and visitations will hence occupy ten months, leaving only two for the preparation of the annual report and other home work, connected with the due administration of the office, which have also strong claims.

I admit that efforts on the part of the County Superintendent to aid teachers in the business of preparation for the duties of their office, are laudable; and, when made in the right spirit and the right way, that he can devote his leisure time, if any, to no better purpose. But he is always liable to suspicions of personal or improper motives, if connected with a permanent institution, intended to effect this object. Money is necessarily to be paid for its benefits; and he becomes implicated in the minds of the people, in the suspicion at least of sharing the profits, and thus adding to his income; and if this is done, in a county requiring all his time for other duties, he is damaged and with him the cause is damaged, to that extent, by this state of things.

Though from the present necessities of the case, County Superintendents are, no doubt, compelled to aid teachers in their occasional efforts for self-improvement, yet it is not be forgotten, that our Pennsylvania system expressly assigns no such duty to the office. Regular Normal Schools and other means of professional education are ultimately to be relied on for this purpose. The proper function of the County Superintendent is, at present, to ascertain, by an *examination* of the teachers and the *inspection* of their schools, who are and why are not competent; not to leave these primary duties and devote himself to the business of training teachers.

These are my general views; and without giving, because I do not know enough of your local circumstances to give, more specific advice, you will be able to gather from them what the action of this Department would be in the matter, were it necessary to act on it.

Yours truly,
THOS. H. BURROWES.

Washington Co., Pa.

I. H. LANGDON, Esq.

ED. WATCHMAN:—We read the article on the Superintendency in your paper of the 3d inst., and are very much pleased with some of the suggestions. Suggestion first, is one which certainly needs but little comment. It is axiomate and all true friends of education must feel rejoiced that, thus far at least, Pennsylvania has kept her grand system of education free from the tarnish of political strife. As to suggestion second, we have all realized the great benefit derived from having a "conscientious live man" to fill the office since the present Superintendent, T. Holahan, has occupied it, When he entered upon his duties, it is a well known fact that opposition to it was the predominating feeling in almost every part of the county. Petitions had been circulated and freely signed in some districts, urging the Legislature to repeal that portion of the school law which had created it. This feeling was still more terribly shown by the action of the Directors themselves in reducing the salary three hundred dollars below that given to Mr. Burrell. This spirit has, in a great measure, passed away for reasons that caused it having ceased to exist, and those who oppose it, are either of the "perrywise" class, or else among those who wish to see a still greater number of paid officers under the name of District Superintendents. In the article alluded to, we find the sentence, "His labors shall be incessant, &c." We would refer all interested in the matter to the official report of the labors of the different Superintendents in the State, published in the March No. of the *School Journal*. They will find there that Mr. Holahan's name stands among those who have devoted the most time to the duties of his office. There are sixty-five Superintendents in the State and he stands fifth on the list. The Superintendent of Luzerne stands first, at a salary of eight hundred dollars, having devoted two hundred and ninety-four days. Of Huntingdon next, at a salary of six hundred dollars, having devoted two hundred and eighty seven days. Of Crawford next, at a salary of six hundred dollars, having devoted two hundred and eighty-six days. Of Bucks next, at a salary of eight hundred dollars, having devoted two hundred and eighty days. Of Centre next, at a salary of five hundred dollars, having devoted two hundred and seventy-seven days. Deduct the Sundays, and there remains but sixteen working days in which he has not actively engaged in official duties. Plain figures, when indisputable, are said to be the most effective logic, and we will indulge in no windy bursts of "rhetoric" to enforce our point. It is there—judge for yourselves. We would bring no objections to any one of the candidates, (for we understand there are several,) but surely when a man has been tried and found faithful he deserves to be retained. Such a man, emphatically, must be "the right man in the place." Suggestions third and fourth on the subject of Normal Schools betray a lamentable ignorance of the instructions of the department upon the subject We would refer all interested to the July No. of the *School Journal* 1860. p. 14. As for suggestion fifth. If a new and untried person is placed in office, it might be well enough to keep back part of the salary until the final settlement as a lash to spur him to action, if such a mode of procedure were legal, which we opine it could not be, if no change is made, we deem it unnecessary, as the present incumbrent has been tried and *not* been found wanting.

MANY CITIZENS.

GOV. CURTIN.

Speaking of Gov. Curtin's letter of withdrawal as candidate for Governor, the *Clinton Democrat* says:

Wise, thoughtful, and magnanimous Governor! Your patriotism is unbounded, your charity unlimited! That you will not curse the people of this State with another administration such as you have given them during your present term, ought surely and must command their most profound gratitude!—Uncharitably speaking however, the poetical fox may have been in the Executive mind and the grapes may have been esteemed sour:

"Those grapes up there which look so fine,
Which I so lately thought were mine—
Since they are now beyond my power,
I'll let "alone"—I GUESS THEY'RE SOUR."

But his Excellency also informs the Legislature in this official document that he has traded off the State to the Administration at Washington, for "*a high official position!*" It is well known that ever since the present internal war commenced, a constant struggle has been going on between the National and State Administrations as to which should dispense the army patronage amongst the Pennsylvania soldiers. Each power demanded all, but this was finally compromised by permitting the State authorities to appoint and commission all officers from Colonel down, the National authorities appointing all of higher grade. Yet a constant disturbance was kept up between them in referance to other matters of patronage and plunder. Now this is all fixed. Lincoln agrees to give Curtin "a high official position"—Minister to Spain, it is said—after his term of office expires! That is, Mr. Curtin must behave himself to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Lincoln, or else the "high official position" will not be given him.—"Be a good boy, Andy," says Abe, patting him on the shoulder, "and do every thing as I tell you," and after you have lost your present office I will give you a still nicer one." The Governor of the great State of Pennsylvania—the most powerful State in the Union and which never before brooked dictation—for the paltry consideration of an office, thus quietly and disgracefully surrenders his own honor and the dignity of the Commonwealth into the hands of the National Secretary at War, who desires to impose upon her the onerous burdens from which he unjustly intends to relieve New England! It is said of an Irish Lord that he thanked God he had a country to sell—and well may Governor Curtin repeat the infamous declaration of his National prototype. But we Pennsylvanians, who once were freemen, while we curse in our hearts the dirty bargain and the high contracting parties, must keep our lips closed and smoth our burning words of indignation, or else we will be officially denounced by President and Governor as *Copperheads* and *rebel Sympathisers!* We once had the privilege of denouncing fraud and rebuking official infamy without having our motives impeached, our characters villified, and our persons threatened wite Bastiles, but those halcyon days of undefiled freedom and official purity are gone. Then our officers were universally regarded and denominated "public servants"—now they arrogate to themselves the aristocratic title of RULERS, and so far as they dare they enforce their presumptuous pretensions. If a Governor of a great State—a State little less powerful than the Nation itself—is true to its people even in small things he is quickly quieted with the promise of a foreign mission, *when his term of office expires!*

Well, Mr. Stanton now carries Gov. Curtin in his breeches pocket, bound hand and foot, his menial. The people are sold and they can't help it. But another turn of the wheel may awaken them. Let us wait—and see whether New England and New York are to be made to fill the last draft before conscription is to be enforced in Pennsylvania.

For the Watchman.]

NORMAL SCHOOLS AND SUP'T BURROWE'S DECISION.

Mr. EDITOR:—The *Press* of last week had, and the WATCHMAN of this week probably will have, a communication entitled, "Normal Schools and the County Superintendency," which is prefaced so cunningly as to be calculated to mislead honest thinkers and to call in question the motives of him who has of late signed himself "yours truly." Let this specious stroke of policy then recoil on the head of him who thus misapplies the language of authority, while we invite all candid readers to a consideration of so much of the truth involved in the decision as pertains to us and not more.

The "gist" of the article was opposition to the endeavor that is now being made to establish a school for the instruction of teachers. To do this, the lame case of Mr. Langdon was cited and the Superintendent's decision in reference to do it. The case is this: Mr. L. while Superintendent of Washington county, he attempted to promote his private interests at the sacrifice of public interests He aimed at founding a school in California, in said county, *ostensibly* for teachers, but *really* for such as paid him best. His avarice caused him to neglect his official duties and rendered him insubordinate to the department. The result was first the decision cited above, and finally a dismassal of Mr. C from the office. The State Superintendent at the same time expressed his regret at the necessity of his interference in a work which was so popular and useful, namely, that of instructing teachers in the summer vacation. These are his words: "I admit that the efforts on the part of County Sup't., to aid teachers in the business of preparation for the duties of their office, are laudable, and, when made in the *right spirit*, and in the *right way*, that he can devote his leisure time, if any, to no better purpose." "

It is also asserted that the Sup't. will have no *leisure time* for this work. The alarm thus raised can have emanated only from a confirmed old fogy. Mr. L. of Washington Co. did find time, but abused it—Comparing our county with his county it will be seen that we have still more time. He had 270 schools and 42 districts, we have 170 schools and 24 districts. In the former numbers the difference is 100 schools, in the latter digits are inverted. His schools were in session 8 months, ours scarcely 6 months six of our districts continue in session later, but these can be visited while the normal school is open. The statistics of the several districts can all be collected in the same way, and the annual report made without the lose of one week. So far then as time is concerned the place is peasible.

If money, or the tuition fee is the root of evil in this case, the difficulty may be obviated in several ways: By placing the school beyond the reach of pecuniary motives in the superintendent by raising his sallary so as to enable him to teach gratis, or without charge for tuition. 2. The school may be placed under the control of the directors through a committee, and the Sup't. may teach when the tuition is voluntary or when the convention makes it definite.

Yours Truly,
THEOPHILUS WEAVER.

A CONTRAST.

We are apt to hear a great deal in our Northern Abolition papers (that are systematically employed in cultivating hate between the two sections of the Union) about the barbarity and tyrannical nature of the people of the South. Now, if there ever was a time that would call out all the bad feelings of the Southern heart, develope its viciousness, and make manifest all its fiendishness and despotism, that time is the present; when a powerful enemy presses them on all sides, threatening their subjugation, the overthrow of their institutions, and even environing them with the dread and fear of actual starvation. Yet we blush when we read (not from lying Abolition journals of the North but) from the Southern journals themselves, the real condition of liberty there, as compared with what it is with us. Circumvented with enemies, harrassed, distressed as the Southern people are, it has never been found either safe or necessary for them to mob newspaper presses, imprison without cause or accusation, or violate their established fundamental laws (so nearly identical with ours as they are,) as has been so much in vogue here, under Abraham. At least it has never been done in the South without a remedy being speedily applied, and the Government as well as the masses of the people pronouncing their condemnation upon any such act or acts.

For example:—it seems that Gen. Hindman, of the rebel army, having something of the spirit of Butler, Milroy and O'Neill in him, has been taking on himself certain despotic powers in his own command, and amongst other things has declared martial law, as Lincoln has done all over the North, where no war exists. Accordingly, his case has been brought to the notice of the rebel House of Congress. Mr. Foote, of Mississippi, pitched into him most unmercifully, and Mr. Russell, of Wheeling, Va., offers a series of resolution strongly denunciatory of martial law, except by special legislative enactment. Now, if such a set of resolutions were to be introduced into our Congress (as lately constituted) the author would be denounced as a most unmitigated "Copperhead" and "traitor," and they would not stood have as good a chance of being even considered as a resolution by Thad. Stevens, declaring that the Union with slavery should not be restored would of passing that wise and gracious body. There would have been something of that genuine liberalism something of Democracy, something of Republicanism in such a measure that would have inured its death in any deliberative body of Abolitionists, Yet the resolution of Mr. Russell passed the rebel Coegress.

Ought we not to blush when we read of how our despised "oligarchical," "slave-driving" enemies teach such lessons.—*Examiner, Washington, Pa.*

☞ An editor out West wants to know "what's to become of the women if muslin goes up much higher?" Our devil thinks that the result will be that they will turn out to be a poor skiffless set.

THE JOHN BROWN RAID—AN IMPORTANT DISCLOSURE.

Mr. Sumner was re-elected to the United States Senate, the other day, by the Legislature of Massachusetts. Mr. Swan, a member of the Senate of that State, although an Abolitionist, would not, it seems, vote for Mr. Sumner, and gave the following reasons or so refusing:

"I come now, Mr. President, to what is known in history as the John Brown raid. This expedition was planned and fitted out in Boston, and its expenses defrayed by subscription. The day he started for Harper's Ferry, on his deed of murder, he dined in room No. 4, Parker House, in company with some of the most ardent and zealous supporters of Mr. Sumner, and for this reason I allude to it. The Republican party now disown the act; they call him a monomaniac—an insane man!—but when the telegraphic wires, with lightning speed, brought the news of his death to New England, so depraved at that time was the public sentiment here, that the village church bells tolled out his funeral knell, and the ministers of God, with a few honorable exceptions, prayed in their pulpits that the departed spirit of the "patriot saint" might rest in peace. This act, Mr President was the death-blow to the peace of the Union.—Without it, Virginia would not have seceded—and God grant that we may yet recover from it. I know the names of the persons who were engaged in this transaction, and shall leave a record of them for history.

"Another deed of murder, Mr. President and I will not detain you longer. When Anthony Burns, the fugitive slave, was confined in the Court House in this city, a meeting was held at Faneuil Hall to consider the subject. Theodore Parker and the Rev. T. W. Higginson were there. Mr. Parker, in concluding an eloquent speech, alluded to the fact that a slave was confined in the Court House, and exclaimed, in substance, "Why stand we here idle? *To the rescue!*" A rush was immediatly made for the Court house, and at the door stood a poor laboring man, a Mr. Batchelder, a night watch. His wife and two children were probably sleeping at home, possibly dreaming of him as he was toiling for their daily bread. The crowd demanded admittance; he refused, and was immediately *assassinated upon the spot.* Who killed him, the world never knew. These men, Mr. President, were the confidential friends of and supporters of Mr. Sumner, and for this reason I have alluded to the subject. I vote against him."

HOW TO MAKE UNION MEN.

We are asked to put on record for future reference the following facts, which occured last Fall:

PLUNDERING GEN. TAYLORS PLANTATION. *Walton's Daily Montpelier Journal* contains a letter from a soldier of the Vermont 8th, dated Camp Allemands, August 29, in which he states that on the previous Thursday the property of Gen. Richard Taylor, a son of old General Taylor, (by whom it was bequeathed to him) was confiscated the son being now in the Rebel army. The slaves, one hundred and fifty in number, were all declared emancipated, while the plantation was plundered by the Union soldiers. According to the writer's statement:

"It is one of the most splendid plantations that I ever saw. There are on it seven hundred acres of sugar cane which must rot upon the ground if the Government does not harvest it. I wish you could have seen the soldiers plunder this plantation. After the stock was driven off, the boys began by ordering the slaves to bring out everything there was to eat and drink. They brought out hundreds of bottles of wine, eggs, preserved figs and peaches turkeys, chickens and honey in any quantity.

"I brought away a large camp kettle and frying pans that belonged to old General Taylor, and also many of his private papers. I have one letter of his own handwriting, and many from Secretary Marcy—some from General Scott, and some from Floyd. I brought four bottles of claret wine.

"The camp is loaded down with plunder—all kinds of clothing, rings, watches, guns, pistols, swords and some of General Taylor's old hats and coats, belts and swords—and, in fact, every old relic he had is worn about the camp.

"You and every one may be thankful that you are out of reach of the plundering armies. Here are whole familes of women and children running in the woods—large plantations entirely deserted—nothing left except slaves too old to run away—all kinds of the best mahogony furniture broken to pieces. Nothing is respected.

☞ In most quarrels there is a fault on both sides.

☞ A mischievous cur must be tied short.

☞ Why is a blush like a little girl? Because it becomes a woman.

☞ What kind of fruit does Tomb Thumb and his wife represent?—dwarf pear.

The shortness of life is often owing to the irregularities of the liver.

☞ It is better to meet danger than to wait for it. A ship on a lee shore stands out to sea in a storm to escape shipreck.