

The Watchman.

BY THE WATCHMAN BE STOPPED.

Within two or three weeks it has been penitent that evidences have accumulated in our hands of a different state of feeling at the South from what we had anticipated. We had come almost to receive the call and the fashion of the Pomeranians to press—the pantaloonsed bipeds at the South who stay at home and talk war, instead of going and fighting it out like gentlemen are doing—we had almost taken it for granted that this newspaper vaporizing was the universal sentiment of the Southen people.—Within two weeks letters have come to us and we have personally met more than one or two who have fought with heart and soul in the confederate army.—We have been surprised to find how much reason Vallandigham had for saying that it might not yet be too late to reconstruct a political Union between North and South, if the fighting could only be stopped for a while.

Let us learn that, in the army South, as in the army North, the overpowering desire is for an honorable peace.

2d. We know that many, though only a minority, of the men of influence in the army, are still Union men, are wise enough to see that, in a disrupted country, there is neither the prosperity, nor the security, nor the glory, nor the liberty, than the old glorious Union afforded.

3d. We do not learn—for we knew it before—knit wth knowing our countrymen—knew it by knowing the nature of freemen, that there will be no parity—not fitting down to discuss or to negotiate, on future political relations, till the hostile attitude has been abandoned.

Gallant and brave men at the South, are willing as we wish, for an indefinite postponement of further hostilities. They say that while they will never yield to *cessation*, they have not forgotten the glories, or the happiness, of our common past. The ranting recession, eternal separation, rebels of the Southern press, are like the ranting, no-man-with-slavery fellows of the North in press—mere windbags—writing, not fighting—little fight in them. On each side, these fellows are of no account. Every month, every day of hostilities, is in reasing the difficulties, and diminishing the hopes, of those true patriots of the South, as of the North.

There are, in reason, and in the construction of these states, lately unit, potent, and major reasons, for some reunion. It can, even yet, be brought about. But, it cannot be by any unauthorized and monstrous agreement for separation on the part of the usurpation that calls itself the Federal Government. It has no constitutional power to do anything of kind, any more than it has to carry on this unconstitutional war. The solution must be referred to the several States, and to their delegates selected, especially to that end. One plan—the true plan, is to be in no hurry about calling such a Convention of States, but to be in a great hurry to stop the horrible butchery, on both sides, and the horrible stealing and other outrages that have rendered the Federal armies a stench in the nostrils of the civilization of this age.—*Freeman's Journal.*

Why is a doctor's prescription good thing to feed pigs with? Ans.—There are grains in it.

Why is a reverse of fortune like cleaning glass?

Ans.—The scales are turned.

Why is a cross old bachelor like a poem on marriage?

Ans.—He is a verse to matrimony.

Why wasn't Noah the first person that came out of the ark?

Ans.—Because Noah came forth.

Why is a newspaper like the sun in a fog?

Ans.—It is universally read (red).

Why is a stingy man like a bird's foot?

Ans.—Because he has no soul (sle.)

Read our Advertisements.

MR. VALLANDIGHAM THE NEW PRESIDENT.

A FEW AND IMPORTANT WORDS.

THE FOUR ACTS OF DESPOTISM.

BY A. D. MAHONEY, OF IOWA,

Author of the "Prisoner of State."

This work contains full and *original* copies of the Four Great Acts of Despotism by which the constitutional government of Washington was subverted, and the irresponsible Lincoln dynasty installed in its place.

1. The Tax Bill, by which all the property and resources of the people are mortgaged to the recent administration.

2. The Conscription Bill, by which all the bodies of poor men not worth \$300 are placed in the hands of the Administration.

3. The Taxed Bill, which destroys the Banks and places the entire currency of the country in the hands of the Administration.

4. The Injustice Act (of course) which creates the most abominable freedom for all the slaves he emancipated in his past, or may continue in the future.

These four acts are each preceded by a carefully drawn map, showing the route of his march, and burnings indignation against his oppressors. His persecutors will direct attention to his merits will be likely to make him the next President of the United States. It will be considered the most fitting punishment to his enemies that he should be placed in power over them, and if he should meet out the same judgement to them they have done to him, who would deny its justice.

We consider Mr. Vallandigham now the most prominent candidate for the next Presidency, and we fully expect that in March 1865, his short sighted persecutor will have the gratification of seeing him change his quarters from Fort Warren to a more comfortable and fitting ones in the White House. Who will succeed him in his vacated cell in Fort Warren remains to be seen.

By FRANKLIN.—When quite a south, Franklin went to London, entering a printing office, inquired if he could get employment as a printer.

"Where are you from?" enquired the foreman.

"America," was the reply.

"Ah!" said the foreman, from America, a lad from America seeking employment as a printer.

"Well, do you really understand the art of printing?" can you tell me?"

Franklin stepped to one of the cases, and in a very brief space, set up the following passage from the first chapter of the gospel of John:

"Nathan said unto him, can any good come out of Nazareth? If thou say unto him, come and see."

It was done so quick, so accurately, and contained a delicate proof, so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him character and standing with all hands in the office.

Don't be bashful young man. Don't be like the person who rode ten miles in a sleigh with a pretty girl, on a bright moonlight night, with the intention of proposing the question, but all he said was:

"It's quite moony to-night."

"Yes," she replied, merrily.

And there was not another word spoken.

"Tap," observed a young man, in a great hurry to stop the horrible butchery, on both sides, and the horrible stealing and other outrages that have rendered the Federal armies a stench in the nostrils of the civilization of this age.—*Freeman's Journal.*

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Job Printing.

Job printing, Job printing.