The Democratic Watchman.

VOL. 8. BELLEFONTE, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 6, 1863. NO 41.

The Muse.

WELCOME TO RUSSIA.

BY W. T. URQUART.

"Our great ally, the Emperor of Russia, the only foreign Power that sympathizes with the nation—you have a rebellion in your own country."—RANDALL'S ISLAND.

Shout ye people, shout your welcome
To the Russian tyrant's slaves,
See, your flag, once borne by freemen,
With the despot's banner waves.

Feast them, fete them, cheer them onward
In their path of blood and shame;
Show them that ye spurn the record
Left by brave Kosciusko's name.

Tell the foe of down-trod Poland
Ye ignore the grand decree,
Written in your father's life-blood,
"Man's best gift is to be free."

What is freedom, what is honor,
What the memory of the brave?
What are all the tears of freemen,
Shed above Pulaski's grave?

Weep no more for Poland's sorrows,
Scorn her hapless children's cry;
Has not Russia "a rebellion,"
Is not Russia your "ally?"

Miscellaneous.

THE DEBT, THE TAXES AND THE RUIN.

AN INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLE.

The Secretary of the Treasury coolly announced, on the 1st of July, that the national debt is only "one thousand one hundred millions," and that it increases at the rate of two million five hundred thousand dollars per day, or one hundred and four thousand dollars per hour! without any prospect whatever of a cessation to that increase or indeed of any other result than an increased ratio of growth in the debt. The official returns of debt have been as follows for two years:

	Debt.	Increase.	Increase per day.
July, 1861	$ 60,189,406		
Jan'y, 1862,	267,540,035	$207,350,629	$1,330,000
July, 1862,	514,211,371	216,674,336	1,580,000
Jan'y 1863	819,407,831	305,196,814	1,956,000
July, 1663	1,197,274,365	377,867,180	2,422,225

For the last six months of 1862, the increase was $1,330,000 per day, and the ratio had nearly doubled. Every successive month the increase is greater, for the reason that more men and more supplies are needed at constantly rising prices. Those prices, as our readers have too much reason to know, are raised by the use of Government paper money, which depreciates in the double ratio of the quantity paid out and the decrease in the stocks of the goods required by the Government. The increase of debt in the last six months of 1863 will be $3,000,000 per day. It is to be borne in mind that these figures do not represent the whole expenditure of the Government, but simply what it borrows over and above the proceeds of the customs and taxes. The appropriations, or the amount authorized to be expended for the fiscal year 1864, is $1,000,000, even if the next Congress should not add a dollar to the amount.

We are now to remember that these debts are to be paid by the twenty millions of people of the Northern States, for the reason that—even in the event of the Union being restored—the commercial capital of the South and of the Border States has been so thoroughly desolated that they cannot pay, even if the whole Southern war debt is repudiated. We shall not now allude to the $2,000,000,000 of claims upon the Government already being made out, for damages in the Border States, but confine ourselves simply to the actual existing debt for which paper has been issued, and irrespective of the $300,000,000 of debt due the contractors and others, not yet adjusted.

We have stated that the prices of all articles purchased by the Government have risen in proportion to the depreciation of the paper, and the average is 40 per cent.—Hence of $700,000,000 expended for goods, ships, supplies, &c., $200,000,000 has been extra price caused by the depreciated paper and which would not have been paid had the money been regularly borrowed. Thus, if $500,000,000 had been borrowed at 6 per cent., it would have brought as much supplies as $700,000,000 of paper money, a pretty dear way of borrowing. The debt stands then as follows, July 1:

		Int'st.	Per cent.
Funded debt	$800 554.309	$48,278.000	6
Paper	399,721.957	200,000,000	50
Total	$1,197,274,366	248,278,000	22

If the paper money is ever withdrawn it will be by funding. If this can be done at 6 per cent., the interest on the debt now outstanding will be, with sinking funded, $83,790,000 per annum. We will compare this with the debts of England and France:

* * * * *

Thus the actual debt now exceeds that of France $1,15 per head and nearly equals that of great Britain. At the close of the present fiscal year, the debt, if the official estimates are not exceeded, will be $2,000,000,000, or $140,000,000, or $7 per head per annum! or $35 for every family of five persons. It will be borne in mind that these are the lowest actual figures, without taking into account threatened foreign wars, or possible new disaster to the army.

This immense debt is now in process of creation. The Government is paying out paper that is yet in good credit for labor and property. The people are giving their goods for the paper and investing it in bonds. Who is to pay that paper and bonds? The laborers of the country—precisely the people who are now in the grasp of the Provost Marshal, torn from their employments and families to go and destroy and devastate the property and means of industry which were once the source of our national wealth. It is not the property of the country that will bear the burden—it is the farmer and laborer. The present intolerable and vexatious income and interest tax yields very little in proportion to what was expected from it, and if ever the debt is paid at all it must be quadrupled: and what means will there be of paying? It will be difficult to show that there will be any.

Before the war the eight millions of people in the Southern and Border States bo't of the North, in round numbers, $700,000,000 per annum in food, clothing, manufactures, &c. They paid for these in an equal value of cotton, tobacco, naval stores, &c. The industry of the South produced equivalents for the industry of the North, and mutual interchange produced national prosperity. With the war, that ceased. The trade was cut off. Neither side could make its accustomed sales and purchases and on the first our trade was paralyzed. Gradually the expenditures of the Government have grown up to $900,000,000 per annum, thus affording a substitute for the Southern trade. The Government, however, does not pay—it only promises to pay. It does not give cotton, &c., for the goods, it only gives pieces of paper. These, it is said, answer the purpose of money; and pass from hand to hand. They do so, no doubt; but the real wealth of the country is thereby consumed. The wool, the clothes, the food, the ironware of the country, are consumed by the Government, and the owners hold paper in return, for which they can find no use, and they lend it back to the Government, which therewith buys more goods at higher prices. As long as this process lasts 1,000,000 men in uniform go on to destroy. The time must come when the process will cease. 1,000,000 men will be turned out of employ. The Government expenditure will cease. War business will be at an end—The blood-drenched fields and desolate homes of the South will offer no trade. The crippled troops, the idle manufacturers, the impoverished farmers and destitute laborers will be called upon to pay $2,000,000,000 held by a few New England States that have driven on the war for their own benefit.

It will be born in mind that the six New England States with their twelve Senators, have been the oligarchy which has driven on this war. Thus:

POPULATION.

Six New England States	3,135,283	12 Senators;
Six Middle and W States	13,370,734	12 Senators;

The Government of the country under our system, it is well known, exists in the Congressional committees, which govern in each department. These committees are controlled as follows—

Charles Sumner	Mass	Foreign Relations.
Henry Wilson	Mass	Military affairs.
James P Hale	N H.	Naval affairs.
Clark	N H.	Claims.
W. Fessenden	Maine	Finances.

Thus the New England Senators govern the Finances, the Navy, the Army, and the Foreign Relation. Under their government, the debt is rolled up $2,500,000 per day and men are dragged from their families to feed armies, whose mission is to desolate the best customer of the North. While the West is groaning with distress, under this expenditure of blood and treasure, how does New England fare—the home of the oligarchs who are driving on the Juggernaut of blood and rapine? Let the official report of the Massachusetts Bank Commission for 1863 reply:

"Seldom, if ever, has the business of Massachusetts been more active or profitable than during the past year. The war has brought into activity many mechanical employments, for which there is little occasion in time of peace. * * The necessity of transporting great bodies of troops from point to point along our seaboard, and of furnishing them subsistence, has called into the service of the Government a vast fleet of transports, for the hire of which owners have received rates of comprehension greatly exceeding the ordinary profits of commerce. Every steam vessel, capable of navagating either the ocean or harbor and rivers, has been thus employed, and many more, previously regarded as worn out and no longer sea worthy, having been flimsily repaired, and made to pass through a hasty or corrupt inspection, have gone out, laden with valuable property, or invaluable lives, to be wrecked or rescued, as the changes of the weather, or as skillful seamanship might determine. The ship-yards, both public and private, have been worked to their utmost capacity, in the construction of iron-clad gun boats and other vessels of war; while machine shops, rolling-mills and founderies have been equally busy in building their engines, rolling their armor-plates, and casting guns.

"The wants of the army have come in to make good the loss of the Southern market, [for shoes,] and the government has been a liberal and sure, if not a ready, paymaster. Labor has been in great demand; wages have risen, and the trade is again in a high state of prosperity.

"Wealth has flowed into the State in no stinted measure, despite of war and heavy taxes. In every department of labor the Government has been, directly or indirectly, the chief employer and paymaster.—Vast contracts have been undertaken and executed, with the use of no other credit than as such as is based on Government vouchers and certificates of indebtedness."

Thus the $2,500,000 per day that the Government borrows is poured into the lap of Masachusetts and the other New England States. Whole generations of Western farmers must toil hopelessly to pay that money since there is no possibility of paying the principle, Year after year $140,000,000 mostly earned by the Western and Middle States, to pamper New England wealth. The interest on the debt in ten years will amount to $1,400,000,000 which must be earned by the many to pay the few. The average amount of farm produce exported from the United States was, in ten years, to 1862 $63,814,379. This represents the surplus agricultural productions of the Northern and Western States. Under the existing debt more than double that whole amount of surplus will be required to pay the interest of the public debt, held mostly by moneyed autocrats, created by the extravagance and corruption of war expenditures. Very little of the debt is held by the agricultural sections, but it is those sections which must toil year by year, and hand over to the Eastern sections the vast sums we have mentioned. A very little reflection on the part of an intelligent man will convince him how utterly impossible it will be for our institutions to exist under double influence of that debt, and the intolerable burden of tribute imposed by the tariff on produces for the benefit of Eastern capitol. The operation of the two in a very few years will produce two classes—paupers and money aristocrats.

The amount of the present debt is as follows in Indiana and Illinois, compared with New England:

	Ill. and Ind.	N. Eng.
U. States debt	$171 208.101	$171,392.101
State debts	26,101.201	13.100,000
Total - - - -	$197,309.402	$184,492.101
Population	3,062.379	3.136 283
Productions per yr.	$100.000 000	$404.075 103
Assessed prop.	221,100.360	643,801,917

The burden of the debt upon the two States of Indiana and Illinois, which have about the same population as the New England States, is $66 per head; in New England $61 per head. The sum of the debts nearly equals the whole of the assessed personal property under the census in the two Western States, and is less than thirty per cent of that of the New England States.—The annual production of the latter, protected by tariff, is $165 per head. In Indiana and Illinois it is $33 per head. The goods made in New England are sold to the West, and are charged with all the taxes paid on them to the government, and with the protective tariff tax. Thus the whole of the outlay extorted from Western consumers comes back to New England laden with the interests of debts held and paid by Western farmers. This State of things is perpetuated by the fact that Indiana and Illinois, with the same population as the six New England States, have four votes in the Senate, while the latter have twelve. It is obvious to the most obtuse that such a state of affairs can not be perpetuated because under it, the impoverishment of the agricultural States will be complete and exhaustive. There is but one mode in which the terrible ruin evoked by this war can be allayed. It is by an entire abolition of the customs, duties and an assessment of the debt upon the country. This latter is not constitutional, since all taxes must be levied according to population. The alternative is entire repudiation.—*Old Guard N. Y.*

A jolly fellow had an office next door to a docters shop. One day an elderly gentlemen of the old fogy school blundered into the wrong shop.

"Is the docter in?"

"Don't live here," said the lawyer who was in full scribble over some documents.

"Oh! I thought that this was his office.

Next door.

Pray sir can you tell me has the doctor many patients?

Not living.

The old gentleman told the story in the vicinity, and the docter threatened the lawyer with a libel suit.

SHREWD.—Said an Irishman to the telegraph operator:

'Do you ever charge anybody for the address in a message?'

'No,' replied the operator.

'And do ye charge for signing his name, sir?'

'No, sir.'

'Well, then, will ye please send this? I just want my brother to know I am here,' handing the following:

'To John M'Flinn——at New York.

——(signed)——Patrick M'Flinn.'

It was sent as a tribute to 'Patrick's' shrewdness.

RECIPE.—Josh. Billings, in the *pokeepsian* gives the following "resipee" for making "Berlony sarsage:" "Take an eelskin and stuff it with a ground cat, sesin it with scooch snuff and persimin ile; lay it on to a hog pen to dri, and then hang it up by the tail in a grocery for eight months for the flies to give it the traid marks. Then it is ready for use, and can be cut into rite lengths and sold for police klubs."

CHANGED AT NURSE.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

A Par's letter to the London *Times* has the following:

"A singularly romantic case of two children claiming one mother has just come before the Imperial Court of Agen. In October, 1833, a widow named Francoise Beausoleil Dufour, gave birth to a female child, her husband having died on the 6th of February, in the same year. This child she put in the turning box of the Foundling Hospital of Marmande, having reasons which are not explained for concealing the birth. By the French law, the legitimacy of a child born within three hundred days of the husband's death, cannot be disputed. In the present instance the birth took place considerably within that period; but it is conjectured that the mother feared the opinion of the neighbors might not be in accordance with the legal presumption. However this may be, she presented herself at the Foundling Hospital a few days after the infant had been deposited there, satisfied the directors that she had means to support the child, and told them she intended to take it out very soon. In order to establish the identity of her infant, she mentioned that among its linen was a piece of printed muslin of a remarkable pattern, and this muslin the Lady Superior of the hospital admitted having noticed She succeeded, (contrary, as I rather think, to the rules of foundling hospitals) in inducing the directors to tell her where the child was. They said it was with a wet-nurse named Gaillard, in a village which they mentioned. To this village Madame Beausoliel (*Neuve* Dufour) repaired, inquired for Madame Gaillard, overwhelmed the infant which she found in her cottage with maternal caresses, and delighted the whole household by the assurance that she would augment the meagre pittance allowed by Government for bringing up a chance child. These promises were more than kept. Her visits to little Denise Achet—that was the name officially given to the child in the hospital, who was registered, as the custom is in such establishments, "born of unknown parents"—were frequent and every time she brought with her delicacies and comforts for the child and presents for the nurse. At the end of four years, she reimbursed the hospital the expenses it had incurred, and took the child to her own home, where she so managed that it was received without question as a sister by the four children who were born before her husband's death. Denise, brought up with unvarying affection, and well educated for a country girl of modest pretensions, was, at the age of five and twenty, respectably married to M. Caussade, and upon that occasion the register of birth at the Foundling Hospital of Marmande was corrected in her favor, pursuant to a judicial decree, and instead of being described as "born of unknown parents," she was stated to be the legitimate child of M. and Madame Dufour, Thus we find the heroine of this little story married and settled, and happy in the affections of a respectable family, of which she is a legal as well as an accepted and cherished member. But five years after her marriage and in 1862, a domestic servant at Agen, named Denise Achet, brings an action against M. and Madame Caussade and Widow Dufour, alleging that she, the plaintiff, is really the child deposited by Madame Dufour in the turning box of Marmande, and enveloped in the remarkable printed muslin; that the defendant, Madame Caussade, was never baptized or registered by the name of Denise Achet, and that she was an unknown child thrown into the box about the same time, and registered in the books of the hospital by the name of Isabelle Tolland. Extraordinary as this claim appears it was most conclusively made out by evidence. The explanation is that in the above mentioned village there were two women named Madame Gaillard, who had simultaneously received a child to nurse from the Foundling Hospital. Madame Dufour went to the wrong one. The consequence is that the register is again corrected, and the true Denise Achet, the maid-servant of Agen, is declared to be the legitimate child of M. and Madame Dufour, while poor Madame Caussade, the darling and pride of the family for the last thirty years, is judicially ascertained to be "the child of nobody." Madame Dufour says she cannot transfer affections in accordance with the law's decree, and that she will neither abandon Madame Caussade nor (otherwise than legally) recognize Denise Achet of Agen. The first use she has made of her parental authority is to refuse her consent to a marriage which Md'lle Denise has contracted. This refusal is, however, not meant to prevent the marriage, about which Madame Dufour is totally indifferent, but only because she desires to have nothing to do with her. Denise may marry all the same, being of full age, by serving her mother with the legal summons called *actes respectuex*.

☞ The soul of a young moman is a ripe rose, as soon as one leaf is plucked, all its mates easily fall after. And a kiss may sometimes break off the first leaf.

☞ Each day brings its own duties and carries them along with it, and they are as waves broken on shore, many like them coming after, but none ever the same.

☞ Time does'nt fight fair in his conflict with us. He pulls hair.

THE KISSING DEACON.

In one of our New England towns lived Deacon Brown, a staid, dignified sort of a Christian, a model of propriety. Deacon Brown had the misfortune to lose his wife, and at the age of forty found himself with a family of four small children, without a mistress to his farmhouse. As he could not immediately take another wife without exciting scandal, and could not get along without some one to take charge of the kitchen and nursery, he had recourse to employing a young woman as housemaid.—Nancy Stearns was a laughing, romping beauty, who delighted in experimenting upon the Deacon by way of testing the strength of human nature. For a long time the Deacon was invulnerable, but at last, in a moment of unguarded weakness, he was led into temptation and into committing a "slight indiscretion" with his beautiful housemaid. When in his wonted coolness and presence of mind he was horrified at the enormity of his sin. In vain he repented and grieved over lost virtue.

Finally, as a last effort for easing his conscience, at the conclusion of the services on the following Sabbath morning, he arose and requested the forbearance of the brethren and sisters a few moments, when he electrified them by making the following confession:

"My Christian friends, you all know that I lost my dear wife some months ago, (sobs and tears) and that Nancy Stearns has been keeping house for me; and you know that I have a little child not a year old. Well, that little child would cry in the night, and it would be a long time before I could quiet it; and last Tuesday night—God forgive me!—Nancy arose and came into the room, and leaned over the bed to hush the child—and, brothers and sisters, her leaning over me, made me forget Christ!"

Here the worthy deacon broke down entirely, and stood weeping, wailing and blowing his nose.

"What did you do?" sternly demanded the minister.

"I—I—I ki—ssed her!" stammered out the Deacon between his sobs, "but I have been very sorry about it and prayed to be forgiven—and I want you to forgive me and pray for me, brothers and sisters."

As the deacon bowed himself upon his his seat like the mighty oak before the tornado, Deacon Goodfellow arose and astonished the audience still more, by saying:

"Brothers and sisters, you have heard what Brother Brown has said, and now he wants our forgiveness. For my part, I think Brother Brown is truly penitent, and I am willing to forgive him with my whole heart. And, brothers and sisters, I will still add further, that if had I no wife and a pretty girl like Nancy Stearns should come to my room and lean over my bed and lean over me, I'd kiss her and abide the consequences."

☞ There's no humbug about these sardines," said Brown, as he helped himself to a third plateful from a newly opened box; "they are the genuine article and came all the way from the Mediterranean."

"Yes," replied his economical wife, "and if you will only control your appetite they will go a great deal farther.

☞ Rather unexpected was the reply of the urchin who, on being arraigned for playing marbles on Sunday, and sternly asked, "Do you know where those little boys go who play marbles on Sunday?" replied innocently:

"Yes; some of 'em goes down by the side of the river."

☞ The other day a father remonstrating with his boy upon his lying in bed, said that the sun had been up these three hours. 'That's no great wonder, father," replied the son. "If I had as many miles to travel to-day as the sun has, I would have risen as soon as he."

☞ There is an Irishman employed as a bridge hand down East who brags of having a time-piece that keeps correct time. He was heard to remark a few mornings since, upon pulling out his watch:

"If the sun ain't over that hill in a minute and a half, he will be late."

ABOLITION LOGIC.—Why is the nigger the equal of the white man?

Because God created them both.

On that principle a jackass is equal to a Brigadier General.

Of course.

☞ A bachelor editor, sensitive in relation to his rights, objects to taking a wife through fear that if she should have a baby his cotemporaries, who habitually copy without credit, would refuse to give him credit for it.

"Madam, a good many persons were disturbed last night at the concert by the crying of your baby."

"Well, I do wonder that such people will go to concerts."

☞ There goes a man, said a friend to another, who is worth his hundred thousand dollars.

Yes, quietly said the other, looking after the rich man, and that's all he is worth.

☞ In the souls of all good men there is a great crusade—for the spirit not the tomb of Jesus.

CASE IN CONSCIENCE.

'Friend Broadrim,' said Zepaniah Straitlace to his master, a rich Quaker, 'thou can'st not eat of that leg of mutton at thy noontide meal to-day."

"Wherefore not," asked the good Quaker.

"Because the dog that appertaineth to that son of Belial, whom the world calls Lawyer Foxcraft, hath come into thy pantry and stolen it! yea, and he hath eaten it."

'Beware, friend Zepaniah, of bearing false witness against thy neighbor. Art thou sure it was friend Foxcraft's domestic animal?'

'Yea, verily, I saw it with my eyes and it was lawyer Foxcraft's dog—even Pinchem."

Upon what evil times have we fallen? sighed the harmless Quaker as he wended his way to his neighbors office. "Friend Foxcraft," said he "I want to ask thy opinion.

I am all attention replied the scribe, laying down his pen.

'Supposing my dog has gone into my neighbors pantry and stolen therefrom a leg of mutton, and I see him and could call him by name, what ought I to do there by?"

'Pay for the mutton, nothing can be clearer.'

'Know then, Friend Foxcraft, thy dog, even the best denominated Pinchem hath stolen from my pantry a leg of mutton of the just value of four shillings and sixpence which *I* paid for it in the market this morning.'

O, well, then it is my opinion that I must pay for it. And he having done so, the friene turned to depart.

'Tarry yet awhile, friend Broadbrim cried the Lawyer. Of a verily I have yet further to say unto thee, Thou owest me ten shillings for advice.'

'Then verily I must pay thee, and it is my opinion that I have touched pitch and been defiled.'

THE Concord *Patriot* reports that Chief Justice Bell of the Supreme Court of New-Hamshire, has decided in the case of John H. George *vs.* The City of Concord, that United States "greenbacks" are not legal tender. The plaintiff held the City's notes for $2,000, for which United States notes were tendered and refused, and a suit brought for the debt, which action has been, for the present, decided as above. The case goes to the full bench.

The mother of a little boy who was about taking a ride in the Hartford horse cars, asked him as he crambled in, "Why arn't you going to kiss your ma, before you go?" The little rogue was in such a hurry that he could't stop and hastily called out 'Mr. Conducter won't you please kiss mother for me?'

☞ A stockbroker whose mind was always full of quotations, was asked a few days since how old his father was? "Well, said he, abstractedly, "he *is* quoted at eighty, but there is every prospect that he will reach par, and possibly be at a premium."

☞ "My turtle dove, I adore you!" said a gay young fellow to his lady love. "That's all very well," said she, "but I'm tired of this sort of billing and cooing. If you love me so much, why don't you take me to church and make me your *ring*-dove?"

☞ Old people are not frequently like ships, moving slower the longer they have been going, and on similar grounds—the adhesion of weeds and barnacles.

☞ Mercenary match seekers set up the flowers of love for sale as hay, there are no other trees in their paradise than boundary trees.

☞ Bread is the staff of life, and liquor, the stilts—the former standing a man and the latter elevating him for a fall.

☞ It is the pale passions that are the fiercest, it is the violence of the chill that gives the measures of the fever.

☞ Mo man ought to enjoy what is too good for him, he should make himself worthy of it and rise to its level.

☞ No support, when we are right, can be derived from those who are very ready to yield to us when we are wrong.

☞ A person of "genius" should marry a person of "character." Genius does not herd with genius.

☞ It is in seasons of sorrow that love more especially roots itself, as trees are best grafted in cloudy days.

☞ Theatres and balls are often the mere embroidery on the tattered cloaths of civilized life.

☞ The readiest and best way to find out what future duty will be is to present duty.

☞ In earthly governments "divine rights," so called, are generally the bitterest of human wrongs.

☞ We respect him who can more easily make a hymn than a joke, a grace at meat than a dinner-speech.

☞ There is no monarch's signet ring that is typical of as much duty as the wedding ring is,

☞ Cherish bounteously young shoots, for thorns and briers are but non-encouraged buds.

☞ With faint hands we hold the drained cup of joy, which, when empty, weighs heaviest.

☞ Lovers care not for places. It matters little to them *where* they love.

☞ Winter, cold winter, will soon be here.

HOW THE LATE ELECTIONS MAY SAVE THE COUNTRY.

Two great Democratic States having yelded to the illegitimate influence controlled by the Administration, and permitted a false record of their peoples' sentiment in favor of measures which the masses, with fair opportunity, would condemn, the radicals will now claim the popular confirmation of their policy. It must, therefore be expected that the projects of centralization will be pushed with renewed vigor, and that not only a war of Abolition and extermination will be prosecuted to the bitter end, but that also the despotism which has seemingly been accepted by the people, will seek new and broader channels in which to exercise its sway.

The unlimited issue of paper money, the infranchisement of slaves, the system of arbitary arrests, the Conscription, the Suspension of Habeas Corpus, may now be considered parts of the machinery by which this Government is to be conducted and we wait to hear of further assumptions of absolute power, designed to transform the Republic into a Dictatorship. It is not in the nature of men who have tasted with impunity of forbidden fruit, to deny their appetites the luxury of satiation. Whatever usurpations a people will permit, their rulers will not hesitate to practice, and successful ambition has the peculiar instinct to avail itself of all the stepping stones to authority, and while it never voluntarily recedes from a point attained, aspires always to ascend. Two wonderful examples have been chronicled in universal history of men who turned from the allurments inviting them to power, and their abnegation lends a lustre to their names that makes fouler by the contrast the selfishness of general humanity. But where is the Cincinnatus of our day, and where the Washington? Let circumstances bring a crown within the reach of Mr. Lincoln, and though, like Cæsar, he may thrice refuse it, be sure that like Cæsar, his eye will fasten on it, as if he longed to wear it, and only the dread of the retributive Ideas of March would hold it from his brows.

The people have been ruled with an iron rod, and they have bowed before it and permitted their own voices to be used as the conformation of their vassalage. On Tuesday last they lost an opportunity of disenthrallment, and allowed intrigue, power and patronage of an Administration to affix the stamp of black Republicanism to two great Democratic States. Look henceforth not only for the desolation of a cruel war, but for the destruction of State rights, the centralization of power, the violation of law and liberty that have already been perpetrated and not rebuked, and that, claiming their justification in a popular verdict will be repeated till the masses either become familiar with their enslavement or stung at least to phrenzy, appeal from the mockery of a ballot box to revolution.

We are destined to wade on thro' blood toward the Abolition goal. It is determined that the war proceed until the spirit of hate eternalized by the memory of innumerable battle fields, shall build its impenetrable home within the Southern heart, and forbid for ever, not only the Union of the Sections but their good will as independent powers. It is fixed that contractors shall grow rich and the country shall grow poor; that demagogues shall bask in political sunshine, and the people cower under the frown of authority, and crouch before military despots.—Well be it so.

Perhaps an all-seeing Providence has so ordained as the surest and swiftest means of national redemption. Perhaps the sway of error will be shortened by its own excesses. Perhaps the free rein that will now be given to fanaticism will hurry it to the precipice and launch it to annihilation. The time must come—it is inevitable—when the national delirium, now at its acme, shall decline. The judgement of the people will then prevail over the madness of the hour and the soul at least, of the Republic be rescued from the ruins of its material greatness. Let the goad be driven deep, let usurpations multiply, let passion violence and fanaticism hold their carnival. Let rapine, bloodshed, and incindarism desolate the homes of the South, and the Iron of tyranny be welded about the prostrate form of Northern liberty. If we must pass the ordeal, better endure to the worst at once, and perish in the trial or pass on to salvation. Should the Administration, inflamed by the result of the elections, dare that pitch of outrage that would quicken the popular apprehension and arouse the instinct of self-preservation among the masses, the defeats in Pennsylvania and Ohio will have proven the sweet uses of adversity; and out of the cloud will have fallen the blessed rain that brings forth wholesome fruit.—*New York News.*

A SAD PICTURE.—The abolitionists of Ohio and Pennsylvania are rejoicing that the theives and Government plunderers have been sustained in their infamy by a majority of the people; that violations of the Constitution, suppression of personal liberty, infringement upon the freedom of speech and liberty of the press have been sustained, that the people have voted for more drafts, more taxation, more Provost Marshal's and a continuation of the war until slavery is abolished. This is a sad picture, but it is a true one.—*Holmes County Farmer.*

☞ To him who has tears in his eyes, the earth and the heavens tremble.