Adam Hoy Esq

The Democratic Watchman.

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The Muse.

For the Watchman.

OLD LETTERS.

BY JOHN P. MITCHELL.

The treasuries of human love,
The index of the past,
The grave of vanished hopes and joys
Too beautiful to last;
As monuments which mark the sod
That wraps a loved one's clay,
Old letters tell of by-gone hours
Whose light has fled away.

Each time-stained page reveals a hope,
Or marks a thought of gloom,
And speaks sad mem'ries to the heart,
Like voices from the tomb;
As wizards call the sleeping dead
From out the dark domain,
Old letters speak to by-gone hours
And call them back again.

When daylight fades, the shadows point
Where morning's light was flung;
So, letters guide us to the past
When life and love were young;
When gloomy hours their sadness bring,
And teach the soul to sigh,
The letters of the loved will speak
Of joys which never die.

We turn the hallowed pages o'er,
And from the shadow steals
A hand which draws the veil aside
And all the past reveals;
A hand to force the lock of time
And swing the pond'rous gate,
And wrench the secrets of the past
From out the grasp of fate.

* * * * *

A package here, bound 'round with black,
Recalls the vanished joys,
When he who traced these lines, and I,
Were thoughtless, happy boys.
Beneath the Country's flag he fought,
Her honor to defend,
And now he fills a soldier's grave,—
My first, my best-loved friend.

And often, as I view the lines
Traced by the camp-fire's gleam,
And know that noble heart is laid
By old Potomac's stream,
The dreary past is draped in black,
Its shadows draw more near,
And, from the fountain of the heart,
Wells up a scalding tear.

Another package here, which tells
Of sorrow, death and woe,
Of love and hope, sent from above,
To perish here below;
The star that rose in splendor once,
Went down in darkest gloom,
When in my Mary's eye appeared
The shadows of the tomb.

The soul which breathes from out this page,
To happier scenes has flown.
While I, amid the world's cold hearts,
Must wander on alone;
The hand which delicately wrought
These words of hope and love,
Is tuning now an angel's harp
In brighter worlds above.

And here is one of later date,
Alas! it too brings pain
And tells of longings of the heart
As deep as life—but vain;
A bubble on the sea of time
Whirled downward by the tide,
For she who penned these lines to me
Now seeks another's side.

And here are letters, too, from friends
Who ne'er shall greet me more,
Until with them I stand upon
The Jordon's further shore;
'Tis sweet to see the thoughts they penned,
The hopes of by-gone hours;
When *Roses* grew without a thorn
And life was filled with flowers.

I'll fold these wizards all away,
Which 'waken from the tomb
The shadows of departed joys,
To fill my soul with gloom;
Life's pleasures transient are at best,
And all are doomed to die,
Except the hope of faultless bliss
In endless worlds on high.

HOWARD, PA., Nov. 5th, 1863.

Miscellaneous.

A MINNESOTA LAWSUIT.

In the semi-rural district of Winona, forty miles North of this city, on the Minnesota side of the Mississippi river, lives among several other people, a jolly good fellow of a justice of the peace, whose ideas of matters are much like the current of a deep river. Once started it was hard to them. On a fair day last week, after the 10x12 law dispensatory had been swept and the chairs set in a short row against the side of the office, and sundry whipped quids of tobacco and mutilated cigar stubs had been kicked under the stove, there was a wooden step on the stairs and a vigorous knock at the door.

"Come in," said the justice, as he settled into a legal look befitting a man of law, duly elected to dispense the favors of the blind goddess.

A stout woman entered. She had on a short woolen dress—wooden-soled shoes—sported red cheeks, black hair and eyes that snapped like the lock of a shot-gun. In a Portugese accent, and in the worst possible English, she said:

"You law man?"

"Yes, madam; be seated."

"Want paper. Want paper to take man."

Just then a stout French half-breed entered the room. He was unable to speak half a dozen words, and looked either scared or bashful. The judge saw at once that there was a marriage to come off, and said to the woman, who stood with compressed lips watching the justice and the door.

"Want paper to take this man?"

"Yes, want paper. Me teach him. (Nice woman, thought the justice.) He no good man. Me take him so quick as can."

"All right, my covies—fix you in the jerk of a lamb's tail!" said the justice, as he turned to the man and said:

"You know this woman—can you take her?"

The man shook his head and muttered unintelligible words.

'Ah, I see. Can't talk English. Well, never mind.'

He ran into the street, invited a few friends up stairs, and on returning with them said to the woman:

'You want to take this man for better or for worse?'

'Yes, me want to take him—me pay.'

'All right!' Then turning to the man who stood trembling—

'You take this woman for better or for worse, and promise to keep her, &c.'

'*Umph!*' and several nods of the head.

'Then, in the name of the law, and by virtue of the authority in me vested, I pronounce you man and wife!'

And he stepped forward before the woman could say a word, and kissed her red lips.

Slap! came her hand in his face, and she clutched his hair. The new husband jumped in to take the woman away, and to protect her, as the justice supposed, when, in self-preservation, she hit him a rap on the nose. The woman pitched into the new husband, who in turn, pitched into her, and for about five minutes there was a general hustling, and a display of legs, garters and—things—decidedly astonishing.

At last the parties were separated, when the man and woman took another turn at each other, the blood and hair flying in all directions. Down came the stove, over went the table, clatter went the chairs, and into the street like mad went the justice with a black eye, and the bosom of his shirt looking like a warranty deed covered with red seals.

A crowd rushed up stairs and found the man and woman lying on the floor hugging each other like young bruins, their arms and legs mixed up worse than tomatto vines, the woman on top!

The newly married couple were separated when, through the aid of two interpreters, it was discovered that the night before, the parties, occupying adjoining shanties in the lower part of the town, had got into a quarrel over a stove pipe, which was claimed by both, and from words they had come to blows. Each party had hastened to the justice's office in the morning for a warrant for the other, with the result as above stated. The last news from there was that the parties had gone in search of another justice to unmarry them, while the genial cause of their terrible squabble was "setting up the boys" and bathing his bunged eye with whisky: For an actual fact, it is the richest within our knowledge.—*La Crosse Democrat.*

"JOHN SMITHS."

John Smith—plain John Smith—is not very high sounding, it does not suggest an aristocracy; it is not the name of any heroes in die-away novels; and yet it is good strong and honest. Transferred to other languages it seems to climb the ladder of respectability. Thus in Latin, it is Johannes Smithus: the Italian smoothes it off into Giovanni Smithi; the Spaniards render it Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts it as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten it out into Jan Smeet; and the Russian sneezes and barks Jonloff Smittowaki. When John Smith gets in the tea trade in Canton, he becomes John Shimmit; if he clambers about Mount Hecla, the Icelanders say he is Jahne Smithson; if he trades among the Tuscaroras, he become Ton Qua Smittia; in Poland he is known as Ivan Schmittiweiski; should he wander among the Welsh mountains, they talk of Jibon Schmidd; when he goes to Mexico, he is booked as Joati F'Smith: if of classic turn he lingers among Greek ruins he turns to 'Ion Smikton; and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as Yoe Seef.

THREE IMPORTANT THINGS.—Three things to love—courage, gentleness and affection.

Three things to admire—Intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness and freedom.

Three things to wish for—health, friends and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to pray for—faith, peace, and purity of heart.

Three things to like—cordiality, good humor and mirthfulness.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to cultivate—good books, good manners and good morals.

Three things to contend for—honor, country and friends.

Three things to govern—temper, impulse and tongue.

GOOD FOR THE CONTRACTORS.—This war, everybody is willing to admit, is bearing very heavily on the great mass of the people, but there is one class who do not care how long it lasts. We mean the contractors. They are making fortunes out of it, and the longer it continues the more money will find its way into their pockets. It reminds us of the old story of the two boys with their pup. Having had a pup presented to them, they brought him home and determined to have him trained. They bro't the old man into the room and had him on his knees to help give their pup a training. Directly the dog saw the old man he struck for him and got him by the nose. The big boy said to the little one: "Why don't you call him off?" "I know it is pretty bad for the old man," the little boy arswered, "but it is the making of the pup." So it is pretty bad for old Uncle Sam, but it is the making of the contract pups of the administration.

☞ The son of Mayor Opdike, who was recently conscripted, but was too sick to go to war, has so far recovered as to be able to get married, and now believes himself capable of bearing *arms* without the sligtest difficulty.

A HARD HIT.

The wife of a Democratic soldier sends the following to the Editor of the Pittsburg Post:

"I have just cut from a Republican paper the two following items, which show at a glance the difference between a soldier's family and that of the office holder:

'TO THE CHARITABLE.—Mrs. J——, of Indiana borough, Penna., whose husband was killed in battle, and who has by her labor supported a family of small children, is now prostrated on a sick bed; and she and the poor orphans of the soldier are utterly penniless and suffering for the commonest necessaries of life.

Contributions from the charitable can be sent to Mrs. D. Stannard, Indiana, Pennsylvania, who has kindly consented to take charge of and properly apply all monies received by her.'

'SUPERB SHAWL.—Stewart, the celebrated importer of dry-goods, has now in his store a magnificent shawl imported by him at a cost of three thousand dollars, expressly for Miss Kate Chase, daughter of Hon. S. P. Chase, our distinguished Secretary of the Treasury. It is said that the young lady's whole outfit in all respects corresponds with this costly article of dress.'

"I am the wife of a Democratic soldier who volunteered at a time when the Administration pretended that the war was for the Union; and although he was promised one month's pay in advance, and his monthly wages regularly, yet for over seven long months he never received a dollar. Mr. Secretary Chase being too busily engaged in the rise and fall of stocks, to pay any attention to the wants of the poor soldiers—tho' he did take care that the officers of the regiment (140th Pa.) should get their pay while the men starved.

During these seven long dreary months, while Mr. Chase got rich enough to buy a three thousand dollar shawl, I, at the wash tub of my Republican neighbors, managed to earn a bare subsistence for myself and the helpless family of the neglected and starved Democratic soldier.

Out of my hard earnings I have saved the enclosed trifle, which I request you to send to Mrs. Stannard for the use of Mrs. J——. It is only a trifle, but if each of my Republican neighbors whos family is unrepresented in the ranks of the army, who daily ride past my humble home to visit their League meetings, and who uniformly denounce my husband and all who think with him, as traitors and copperheads, will contribute as much in proportion to their ability as I have done, while it may not enable poor Mrs J. to buy a three thousand dollar shawl for each of her daughters, it will certainly save her and her little soldier orphans from starvation; if Mr. Chase should again find it necessary to keep stocks and gold going up and down long enough for him to bag in the operation a three thousand dollar shawl for another daughter.

It should not be forgotten that few years ago this same Secretary Chase, who is now a *millionaire*, was a poor school teacher in Washington. It is not a bad business to be one of Lincoln's big officers, and it must be remembered that this big officer is not in a hurry to end the war.

A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

SHODDY.

We are informed by the shoddy newspapers of New York that cash is plenty in that monied capitol of the United States. It is said that the theatres, opera houses and other places of amusement were never so numerous, nor so well patronized as now; that the first class hotels and boarding houses are crammed and jammed full of guests, that six thousand private carriages are to be seen on a single afternoon on the "drive" of the beautiful park, and that the wealthy ladies sport thirty thousand dollar shawls. We are informed that army contracts, and speculations in stocks, bonds, bank notes and gold, in muslins and in sugar, in dry goods cotton, and groceries; in powder lead and and iron, have enriched the sharp-sighted and the enterprising. Such is one side of the picture; the comparatively few are enriched whilst the many about whom nothing is said are impoverished.

But all this prosperity, this pomp and show, and other evidences of wealth, all are shoddy. Contracts, stock, bonds, carriages shawls, theatres are alike, shoddy and all the value that is in them, "will fade away like the baseless fabric of a vision."

But will the fact of this hot hous prosperity in New York and other eastern cities—where speculators and manufacturers have been gorged with the plunderers of this war—will all this compensate the *many* for the evils and privations to which they are subjected will it comfort the widows and orphans, will it heal the wounded and maimed soldiers; will it bring back peace, union and happiness to this bleeding, distracted country, will it make the poor hail the draft with delight.—*Council Bluffs Bugle.*

☞ "Master, this girl keeps a sayin' I'm a thief!"

"What does she say that you have stolen?"

'She says that I stole her character."

At this juncture a little girl jumped up and said—"I geth he did—I geth he did—for I theen him behind the thcool house a eatin' thumthing."

IMPORTANT QUERY.—When Lincoln Abolitionism uses up the last man and the last dollar, the query arises, what is to become of the bondholder?

A SCENE ON THE BORDER.

A gentleman relates that whilst passing through Andrew county a few days ago, he heard a voice that sounded like a bugle, merrily singing:

"Ra'ly round the flag, boys,
Rally once again!"

On turning the corner of a road he discovered a woman weeping, with a child in her arms. Near by was a boy who was loading on a wagon that had a pair of cows attached to it, the last remnant of furniture that had been snatched from the flames of a handsome dwelling house the night before. The little boy kept singing:

"We're marching to the field, boys,
We're marching to the field,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom."

On arriving at the place, the gentleman inquired, "how did this accident happen?"

The boy replied:

"Accident h—ll! Some men come from Kansas last night and burned dad's house. They said he was a rebel, and it is a d—d lie. He has been for the Union all the time." And again the boy sang—

"The Union forever! 'rah, boys, 'rah!"

The gentleman still more interested, said:

"Don't you really know what they burned the house for?"

"Burnt it to restore the Union, I reckon, or because our folks owned a nigger once.—Dad is in the militia, and this is what he gets for it."

"Have you no oxen to hitch your wagon to?"

"Stole 'em last night."

"What has become of your horses?"

"Ask Jim Lane; I reckon him or some of his strikers have got them ported before this into Kansas."

"But," said the stranger, "they have to get passes to take stock over the river."

"Mr. you are not up to the way they do things in these parts. All these Kansas fellows want is a skiff and a rope. But perhaps you may be one of them chaps yourself, looking around for a chance."

To hear what this fellow would answer, our friend said:

"Yes, my son, I am really from Kansas, but I am not looking for plunder. If you have lost your stock why don't you go over the river and hunt it up?"

"No use," said the boy; "old Jake down there, lost his horse and went over there after him and they put him in jail, 'cause they said he was hunting niggers.—They tell me that you fellows have stolen two negro regiments, and the way the horses have left these parts I expect you have taken a dozen of them. But I don't care a d——n; our folks are going to Illinois, and I'm going with the soldiers."

The boy passed on and commenced singing:

"Down with the traitors,
And up with the stars!
For we'll rally round the flag, boys.
—*St. Joseph Herald.*

A Prophecy—Mr. Chase.

In a private letter, written the other day, Mr. Vallandigham says:

"I observe that Mr. Chase is making himself merry over my exile and defeat. Well, that is all right, too. But I remember when a few years ago, the name of Salmon P. Chase was the synonym of everything odious and vile; and when he was one of the leaders of a party not numbering in the whole United States one-tenth part as many as the votes which I received in Ohio, at the late election, and poor and humble enough to be content with the crumbs which fell from the colored people's table at the Baker street chapel. My friend Mr. Jas. Brooks, remembers, also, when he rescued Mr. Chase from the violence of a mob in Dayton, and led him, all trembling, by the arm to a place of safety. Now Salmon P. Chase is high in wealth and position, clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, while I am subject of his scoffs as an exile. But I shall live to see the time when Mr. Chase will be rent to pieces by the whirlwind which he has contributed so much to raise, and made the victim of the very mob before which he now triumphs and exults, as did Belshazzer at his feast, and when "Uncle Abe's pardon" will be of as little value to save him as one of "Uncle Abe's vulger jests." I may have to "watch and wait" for the time, but it will come, and I shall then be at home and in honor. Let him and his friends laugh now."—*Cincinati Enquirer.*

☞ A school ma'am in a district school was examining a class in orthography.

'Spell and define floweret,' she said.

'F-l-o-w-e-r-e-t, floweret—a little flower.' went off a tow-head in a perfect shriek.

'Wavelet.'

'W-a-v-e-l-e-t, wavelet—a little wave,' was the prompt return.

'Bullet.'

'B-u-l-l-e-t, bullet—a little—bull,' shouted urchin number three, who was innocence personfied.

THAT man was deeply, nay, terribly in earnest, whose coat of arms was a pickaxe and under it the motto—"Either I will find a way, I will make one."

AN editor says that a friend of his carries his sense of honor so far as to spend all of his time in perfect idleness, because he does not like even to take advantage of time.

☞ The long head is never headlong.

THE LAST HOURS OF JOHN J. CRITTENDEN.

The Louisville *Journal* says that John J. Crittenden spent in that city the greater part of the fortnight preceeding his death, and every friend who visited him at all on public affairs, can bear witness to his exceeding anxiety that the President should at once second the victories of our arms by a proclamation of amnesty or by some act of like effect, but it is not generally known, that, prompted by his absorbing anxiety on the subject, he had resolved to address a private letter to the President urging him without delay to take this step.

Yet such is the fact, as is well known to a number of the friends of Mr. Crittenden, including the writer of this article. In response to a very kind message from Mr. Crittenden, we called upon him the evening before he left for his home in Frankfort, when he introduced the subject of his resolution privately to address the President concerning a proclamation of amnesty, spoke of the deep interest he felt in the adoption of such a measure, in this hour of military triumph; declared his firm conviction that, more than all other agencies besides it would serve to bring the war to a speedy close, and at the same time pave the way to an early and permanent re-establishment of the Government in the hearts of the people; avowed his gratification at the reported discussion of a proclamation of amnesty in the Cabinet and dwelt with a mournful emphasis on the physical prostration which prevented him from immediately addressing the President concerning the subject. He added, however that he was on the eve of returning to his home, with the resolution to perform this task as soon as he should get a little strength. Such were the leading ideas expressed by the illustrious patriot during the interview. On the following morning he returned to his home, where a few days afterwards, in the complete possessin of his faculties, and nothing wanting to his pure and beautiful fame, he sank full orbed in his grave.

The views we have cited above constituted the dying council of the illustrous and lamented patriot to the chief magistrate of his country, in this crisis of her existence. We in all respectfulness and in all solemnity, commend the counsel to that high officer. Death, in arresting its utterance, has but consecrated and enobled it.

THE SOLDIERS AT HOME.

The Administration were at first ashamed of their course in picking out soldiers from the army, and sending them home to vote. When they first tried it, last spring, in the case of the Conneticut election, they denied the charge with much indignation, but now they no longer disguise the fact. It is estimated that no less than 2,000 men were sent home within a few days previous to our State election. The city seemed inundated with them. They poured into it by every train, until it seemed as if New York was half soldiers. As a general thing, all allowed that they came home under the promise to vote the abolition, or so called Union ticket. Scores of them would make affidavit to this effect, were they not afraid of punishment when they got back into the army for doing so. Few of them dared to disobey orders, for they were watched, and if they did not vote as required, they would be reported by the Loyal Leaguers. Is it not a splendid country, where an Administration uses the army to perpetuate their own power, and force men in their employ to vote as they dictate? Who shall say that we ought not to give such an Administration "more men" and "more money;" in fact, invigorate and sustain them to the fullest extent? Away with the traitor who says that Abe Lincoln ought not to have all the power he asks for.—*New York Day Book.*

THEN AND NOW.—Before this dreadful civil war, which would never have taken place had not fanaticism reared its bloody head and usurped the government of the nation we had peace and prosperity at home and abroad.

We were respected among the nations of the earth.

We had an undisturbed commerce throughout the world.

No foreign nation dared to tread upon our borders.

We had the perfect freedom of *habeas corpus.*

We had free speech and free press.

We had no Provost Marshals or bastiles.

We had no shoddy contractors or venal Governors.

We had no arbitrary arrests.

We had no banishment for opinion's sake.

We had no overwhelming national debt.

We had no oppressive tariffs, for the sake of Eastern manufacturers.

We had no government tax, nor army of tax collectors.

We had no large standing army.

We had plenty of gold and silver.

We had cheap living.

We had Union and prosperity everywhere.

We had not our fathers, brother and sons slain in battle. In fine, we had our liberties—what have we now but the ballot box?—*Detroit Free Press.*

☞ He who carries musical compositions in his pocket, puts on airs whenever he goes out.

☞ What is the largest jewel in the world? The Emeral Isle.

☞ Children are our idols through whom the heart ascends to Heaven.

HOW SAL DISGRACED THE FAMILY.

A traveler in the State of Illinois some years ago came to a lone log hut on the prairie near Cairo, and there halted. He went into the house. It was a wretched affair—an empty packing box for a table, while two or three chairs and disagreeable stools graced the reception room, the dark walls of which were further ornamented with a display of tin ware, and a broken shelf article or two. The woman was crying in the corner, and the man, with tears in his eyes and pipe in his mouth, on a stool, with his sorrowful looking head supported by the palm of his hand. Not a word greeted the interloper.

'Wall' he said, 'you seem to be in awful trouble. What's up?'

'Ah, we are almost crazy, neighbor, and we ain't got patience to see folks now.

'That's all right,' said the stranger not much taken back by the impolite rebuff; but can I be of any service to you in all this trouble,'

'Well, we've lost our gall; our Sal's gone off and left us,' said the old man in tones of deep despair.

Ah! do you know what induced her to leave you?'

'Well, we can't say, neighbor as how she's so far lost as to be induced but then she's gone and disgraced us,' remarked the afflicted father,

'Yes, stranger, and—not as I should say it as her mother—but thar warant a pooter gal in the West than Sal; she's gone and brought misery upon her own head now," followed the sickened mother.

Who has she gone off with,' inquired the the visitor.

'Well, there's the trouble. The gal could have done well, and might have married Martin Kehoe, a capital shoe maker, who although he has but one eye, plays the flute in a lively manner, and a good livin. Then look, what a life she has deserted; she was surrounded by all the luxury in the country, said the father.

'Yes, who knows what poor Sal will have to eat, drink and wear now?' groaned the old woman.

'And who is the fellow that has taken her into such misery?'

'Wy, she's gone off and got married to a *critter called an editor*, as lives in the village, and the Lord only knows how he is to earn a living.

BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS.

A pupil of Abbe Sicord, gave the following extraordinary answers:

What is gratitude?

Gratitute is the memory of your own heart.

What is hope.

Hope is the blossom of happiness.

What is the difference between hope and desire?

Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit.

What is eternity?

A day without yesterday or tomorrow—a line that has no end.

What is time?

A line that has two ends—a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb.

What is God?

The necessary being, the sum of eternity the mechanic of nature, the eye of justice the watchmaker of the universe, the soul of the world.

Does God reason?

Man reasons, because he doubts, he deliberates—he decides. God is omniscient: He never doubts—He therefore never reasons.

THE henpecked husband would be happy enough if he were only left alone. But he generally has some kind friend who is perpetually urging him, 'not to stand it.'

AN Irishman, illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, stated that out of one hundred persons sentenced to endure this punishment for life only fifteen survived it.

WE should not forsake a good work be-because it does not advance with a rapid step. Faith in virtue, truth, and Almighty goodness, will save us alike from rashness and despair.

☞ Gumbo, can you answer a question dis mornin?

Sertaine!

Why is de traitor and de *loyal* man all alike?

Can't tell dat; gib him up.

Because they bof is in favor of *dis* Union.

☞ Happiness is like a pig with a greased tail, which everybody runs after, but nobody can hold.

☞ A man in consumption has a hollow cough, but a broken merchant has a hollow coffer.

☞ "What a bird he is, sure," said Pat of a skunk; "and he perfumes like a dandy!"

☞ There is a ghost club in London, and they advertise for a haunted house.

☞ "Trust" is a good motto for a Christian; "trust not" is a good one for a tailor.

☞ Soldiers ought to be a quiet set—for every man of them is made to hold his *piece.*

☞ You are very welcome, as the empty purse said to the shilling.

WHY DO THEY FAIL?

Every one, even the least observing, must have noticed that whatever the claims or seeming claims or the public expectations of certain prominent generals in this monstrous war, they invariably break down after they become avowed Abolitionists.—Fremont, fifteen years ago, was the most promising man of his age in all this country. He was then a Carolinian, living in California, but, step by step, abandoning the Democratic principles in which he was educated, he became *artificially* great as the Abolition candidate for Presidency in 1856. Five years later he was sent to Misburi with (usurped) imperial powers, and the whole mighty Northwest in the hollow of his hand.

He built mud forts about St. Louis, raised big armies, flattered the Germans, was licked by Price, issued a proclamation of "freedom" and subsided into Major General Freemont, drawing a salary of $10,000, and making himself useful as chairman of league meetings &c. Gen Hunter, in other days a model soldier, succeeded him, did nothing, was sent to South Carolina, where he also issued a proclamation of "freedom" abolishing society in all the surrounding States, and ended with Jeff Davis setting a price on his head, which, if he returns close enough to the "rebels" to be caught, is pretty certain to be paid. Pope, the immortal Pope, was the next victim, and though he never was much of a soldier, he made a tremendous noise for a while and then exploded.

Ambrose Burnside followed him, did pretty well at Newberne and Roanoke, but ambitious, he also bit at the bait of the abolition mumbo-jumbo, fought on the wrong side of the river and knocked out the brains of ten thousand men against the entrenchments of Fredericksburg. "Fighting *Joe* Hooker," Gen. Pillow's old Adjutant General, was a strong pro-slavery and sensible fellow, sent back niggers who ran away from their homes in Maryland, fought bravely and well under McClellan, but he, too became a convert to the great cause of "freedom," and then, with 120,000 men the "best army on the planet," was beaten out of his shoes by Lee with 55,000 "barefooted and half starved rebels." Finally, the last and greatest "Old Rosey" who once, it is said, was too much for Lee himself, became the model hero, the exponent, the very "champion of freedom," who only wanted a chance to turn his bayonets on northern Copperheads, has failed worse than all his predecessors. They say he is actually a coward, and John W. Forney says that he fled from the field of Chickamauga to Chattanoogo, declared that all was lost, and then lay insensible from opium for four-and twenty hours. What a record! What a monument of dead reputations, of fallen heroes and miserable victims to the Abolition idol to the huge and hidious god of niggerism that now overshadows the land.

Such has been the fate of all, or nearly all, of those who prostrate themselves at the feet of the Abolition numbo-jumbo-ism of the day. Public men, generals, statesmen or politicians who are in harmony with the wants the instincts, the nature of masses, succeeded, do good, win honors &c, while those warring upon their wants, go under sooner or later. Thus Jefferson and his party, Jackson and his party, were honored, while the Adamses and their friends failed. And of all the contradictions or violations of the natural order, there has been nothing in all history so monstrous as the Abolition lunacy. Just think, twenty seven millions of white men forced *down* or four millions of negroes forced up to a common level on 'impartial freedom!' If the fofmer were to be made black, or the latter to be made white, or if "Honest Old Abe" stood, pledged to give them the same color, all would see the boundless and impious extravagance of his "mission," and yet that would be a single item of the *tout ensemble* of his present undertaking. This, then, is why our *Abolition* general miscarry, for if they could succeede and Old Abe fulfiled his 'mission,' equalize those God has made *unequal*, why, then it is obvious he would push aside the Almighty, and begin to make a new world altogether, for surely his ambition would not stop here, or a simply recreating negroes into whites.—*N. Y. Day Book.*

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.—Let those that now assail the Democratic party remember one fact—that history has vindicated every position and justified every important act of that party from the organization of the Government down to now.

Discreet men, who anticipate a future, and do not object to the enjoyment of self-respect in time, better ruminate a little on the significant truth. Without claiming absolute infallibility, the Democracy have a right to dwell with satisfaction and pride upon the fact that their success has been uniformly the prosperity and progress of the country and the happiness of the people; that their cardinal principles have passed into laws, that their theories of self-government have the well settled convictions of anti-monarchists all the world over.

They can, therefore, bear reproach with comparative indifference. They adhere still to their cardinal principles and rely upon the sober second thought of the people, knowing that their principles possess a vitality which can never be weakened either by calumny or defeat.—*Milwaukie News.*

☞ The most curious thing—a woman not curious.