The Democratic Watchman

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Select Poetry.

SHODDY.

I.

Terrible times of sorrow and woes!
Times to make people of sluggard blood;
Times that seem to have been decreed
To chasten our wayward nation;
Fathers and brothers thinning away;
Blood growing scarcer every day;
Famine to pinch and sword to slay—
'Tis a woful situation!

II.

But even on times, as days of old,
Dismayed, heard Roman fire-bells tolled,
And now and then a harbinger that rattled and
thrilled;
To the comm of the great disaster,
The world to mislead his saddle bow.
And played quoit quoits." Rob Ridley, Oh!"
So we take merry while all things go
To the dickens, faster and faster!

III.

Parties, assemblies, visits and calls,
Operas, hops, and Russian balls,
Mid broken pillars and tottering walls,
Enough to bewilder a body;
Silver and gold, and gems of the mine,
Satin to rustle and silks to shine,
Feathers and furs, and frippery fine—
The pharaphernalia of Shoddy!

IV.

Carriages flash through the crowded street,
Flunkeys in livery stiff on each seat,
Buttoned and capped from head to feet—
Most solemn majestical flunkeys;
And "tigers" to let down the steps with a bow,
Learned only by tigers, and heaven knows
how,
Dressed in a fashion, I must allow,
Like that of the organ monkeys.

V.

The ladies who walk when the weather is fair,
Show marvelous tastes with a marvelous air;
Nothing can be to splendid to wear,
Too gaudy, too fine, or too funny;
Pas sradic is good, if prices are high,
And a government nod or wink of the eye
Can pile up "Greenbacks" clear up to the sky—
"Greenback" being Shoddy for money.

VI.

So yellows and blues and scarlets gay,
Go sweeping the pavements every day,
Making a rainbow of poor Broadway,
With a glare that is really stunning:
And even the churches where fashion goes,
Are a mass of follies and furbelows,
Flirtation and foolery under the rose
Past even the serpents cunning.

VII.

While Shoddy over its turtle gloats,
Our soldiers shiver in rotten coats,
And our tars go down in their leaky boats,
The victims of contract building;
And poverty starves in its wretched slums,
Or freezes to death when the north wind
comes,
While Shoddy is picking the sweetest plums
From its bed of gingerbread gildinig.

VIII

But what cares Shoddy for all these things?—
Shoddy the richest of paper kings—
Shoddy, who dances, fiddles and sings
On the crater of wild inflation!
What does he care? Not a sou marquee;
He fattens and fattens in luxery,
As if his reign were a thing to be
Of eternal perpetuation.

IX

But Damocles sword hangs overhead;
Justice may sleep, but she is not dead,
"Vengeance is mine!" the Lord hath said.
And soon, at the end of the story.
Fruitless wine shall be bitterest gall,
Silk and satin make shroud and pall,
Truth shall arise and Shoddy shall fall,
To the nation's lasting glory.

Miscellaneous.

THE ARMY VOTE.

The New York FREEMANS JOURNAL, hits off the manner of taking the army vote in the following style. It is no doubt nearer the actual way of voting, when officers have a chance to force men into the support of a candidate they detest, than many of our readers will imagine. It was in this very manner that the Ohio soldiers voted at the last Gubernatorial election, which will fully explain the the one sided returns recieved from many of the Regiments.—ED. WATCHMAN.

THE ARMY VOTE FOR MC'LELLAN.

Camp Army of the Potomac—most devoted to McClellan. Tuesday, First Tuesday in November, 1864. Place, any Regiment you please.

Call up regiment to vote. The Colonel has already been talked to. He has promised obedience, or he has been replaced.—The submissive Colonel commanding takes the vote.

Col. "Men, you are called on to vote *freely* for electors for the next President. You who are in favor of the electorial ticket for Abraham Lincoln, our *honest*, our *great* our *glorious* commander-in-chief, say aye."

Fifty Soldiers, looking to be made sergeants and corporals, or for a leave of absence, or other favors: "Aye! aye! with great earnestness."

Col. "Now you who are in favor of a disloyal soldier, who is not trusted by *loyal men*, you who want to vote electors for G. B. McClellan—step three paces in front, *and stack till your name are taken down.* It will know what to do with you!"

Three Irishmen step forward, and say—"Sir, we always vote the Democratic ticket and as they say, Gen. McClellan is a Democrat, and he is the general we like too, we will vote, we three, for electors for him."

Adj. "Colonel, take a guard and hold those three men under arrest. Put ball and chain upon them till further orders. Now, Colonel, how many men are there here to-day?"

Adj. "Seven hundred and seventy-three."

Col. "All! Our returns from the Regiment are safe, for Lincoln electors seven hundred and seventy, for McClellan three. That will do."

Adj. "Now, Colonel, when you go up higher, say a good word for me to take your place at the head of the Regiment!"

—It is said that nobody now appear at the so-called Union meetings in New Orleans, except the northern disunion Abolitionists, who have been exported to that city by Mr. Lincoln. These wretches are unable to the number of a few hundred, and call themselves the *State of Louisiana*—elect members to Congress, and perform similar frauds and abominations, as they are instructed from Washington.

Liberty.

A Romance in Six Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

I am an intelligent contraband. I am forever free. Mr. Lincoln has said so. The *Tribune* has printed it in big type.

My master was a planter in Hoghole Swamp, Arkansas. He was a descendant of the Arkansas Traveller. When the Union Army arrived, he became a traveller also.—There is no law for the return of fugutive masters. I was left alone.

I went into the Union lines, and on New Year's Day, a General read Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation and told me I was a free man. Then he gave me some bacon that smelt bad and set me to work digging trenches. I do not like digging trenches. I told a soldier so. He laughed. I told an officer so. He said "go to the d——l." I told him I was free and wouldn't. Then he kicked me—the kick was of that character which makes sitting down uncomfortable.

I thought that my liberty was not properly respected, so I took to the swamp. A sentinel shot at me as I passed. What had I to do with the countersign! Am I not a free man?

CHAPTER II.

In the tangled swamps, I set upon a highly picturesque stump, and thought of Phyllis.

"O joy!" I cried in a sort of rapturous reverie; "Liberty is mine. I will fly to Phyllis, my dark eyed love of the slumbrous soul and the raven wool, and bear her far away with me, to lands where the mango apples grow."

So I rose and went to the plantation where Phyllis lived. She met me with a childish delight. I told her we were free.

'Oh golly!' said she.

At that moment her master appeared—I accosted him in a friendly manner, and informed him of my project concerning the isle above mentioned.

'There's where you'l get your mango apple-cart upset,' he replied coarsely, 'this yer is Union Territory. The proclamation dont take no effect here. Now you gist come aloafin' 'round my niggers agin, an' you'll git thunder.'

'Sir,' I responded, with dignity, 'I am a free man like yourself. That proclamation makes me your equal."

He called two large muscular slaves, ugly creatures without nobility of soul. They pumped water on me, and drove me forth, weeping, alone.

CHAPTER III.

Northward, over dreary plains of frosty herbage; through frosty deserts; among wild corpse of laurel and rhodondron that bruised my shins.

I trust I bear no shame for that. May not a free man's skin be the tenderest part?—Does a long heel necessarily accompany a feeble brain? I have not studied ethnology for nothing.

It was very cold. My race not fitted for low temperatures. My clothing was scanty and thin. I felt that I was free—yet somehow, loud memory would persist in reverting to the warm savannas of the old plantation.

Yet I toiled on. I had but little food. Nobody would employ me, and nobody wished to give me alms. Nor did I care to obtain work.

Why should I? Was I not free? I worked when a slave; where is the merit of liberty, if I must now work?

I knew that the North was full of philanthropic souls. Greely, Mrs. Stowe, Gerritt Smith, Lovejoy—these, at least, were my friends.

I arrived at length, in Washington—a city of intellect and power. I felt that I was one of the sovereign people, who own—and support that city. I stood before the Capitol and murmured:

"I am free."

A very tall, homely man, with black whiskers and honest eye, came down the steps—I caught his hand. He looked at me as if surprised and murmured:

'Well, what is it?'

"I am a free man. I came from Hoghole swamp, Arkansas. I am hungry and cold——"

"Oh go way!" replied the man. Don't bother me; I'm sick of the very sight of you niggers."

"Sir, you insult your equal. I am your peer. The proclamation——"

"Confound the Proclamation, I almost wish I had never issued it!"

CHAPTER IV.

A lot of Congressional magnates stood near chewing tobacco. I approached, to ask for a chew, and heard one addressed as Mr. Lovejoy.

"You are a friend at least!" I cried with real emotion; 'I was a slave. I am now at liberty!"

This gentleman drew down his eyelid with his finger.

'Do you see anything green there?' he asked.

"Mock me not!" I exclaimed, 'am I not a man and a brother?'

"Why don't you go to work, you lazy fellow!" asked another Congressman, who had a smell of coblers wax about him. "I used to work down at Natick."

"Sir," I answered sorrowfully, "I am free."

They laughed vulgarly, and I went away, with a heavy heart.

CHAPTER V.

Still farther Northward, Colder, more inhospitable. Vague doubts and half regrets crept into my brain. Is this liberty? Ah! poor heart take courage.

Still I was free; and free to confess that I had never suffered so much before.

Some one showed me to Mrs. Negrophilia's house. A splendid carriage stood before the door.

I rang. A servant came.

"I wish to see Mrs. Negrophilia. Tell her a newly freed slave wishes to see her a few minutes.

The lacky returned very soon.

"Your card, please."

"I have no card. I am cold and hungry."

The lacky went and came again.

"She doesn't see that kind," she said.

I shuddered and went to the office of the *Tribune*. I found two young men there with their feet on the desks.

"Hello?" said one, "here's a friend of Old Greely! Tapeer up, brudder! yah, yah!"

"Young man," I said "I'm a friend of all men."

"Has keeps the place next door," said the other.

"I came to you in the name of humanity——"

"Hold hold," said the first, "don't want any shovel nonsense round here. Clear out before I put you out."

"Is Mr Greely in?"

"Not for you. Leave."

He raised a paper weight threateningly. I departed.

A Democratic compositor gave me sixpence that night, and I had something to eat, for the first time in two days.

CHAPTER VI.

Northward still. I found Gerrit Smith at last. A large, white-haired man, with a restless, vacant eye.

"My friend, said he, "ethnological & sidereal influences are antagonistic in their magnetism. The arbitrary enunciation of a dogmatic allocution."

"I am cold and hungry I said."

"Certainly. Isothermal relations cannot be ignored with impunity. Whistle pipes and thunder! How's your mother? John Brown's body hangs a dangling in the grave! Talk'em away! Talk'em off!"

His eyes grew very wild, and he pawed the air vigorously. I was afraid and went away.

"*O Liberty Liberty combien des crimes sont commis sous ton nom!*"

A gang of laborers were at work upon a railroad near by. I went to them.

"What wages do you get?"

'Seventy-five cents a day in railroad script.'

'What do you do with it?'

'It passes at the store.'

'What store?'

'Railroad store.

'Any other place?'

'Devil a place else.'

'What does it cost you to live.

"All we got, jest barsin enough for a drunk, Saturday nights.

I reflected these were free men. They worked harder than I did when a slave, and for a bare living—worse food, worse clothes clothes, and more beastliness on Saturday night—for I had never been allowed to kill myself with bad whisky.

'And, if you are sick, or get old——?'

'Oh, then, we go to the devil.'

I thought of my father, who had food and raiment for five years of his dotage without a stroke of work.

'But your families are not separted from you?'

'No sich good luck. I havn't seen the old woman for three years, but she keeps diggin' me for money all the time!'

I was satisfied. I begged a few coppers, and set my face sternly Southward.

O' Liberty.

A PEEP AT YANKEEDOM.

A correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* is greived at two things that has come under his observation. First, the neglect by the Boston Yankees of the statue of DAN WEBSTER, and their adornation of that of JOHN BROWN, which has been put up in the Boston Athenæum. Second, the occupation of high official stations in Massachusetts by men, who, ten years ago, shot down, in the Court-house, a Deputy United States Marshal while executing a Federal law.

Therein is the explanation of the cruel war that is now lacerating the country. It is the culmination of New England fanaticism. JOHN BROWN is honored above DAN WEBSTER; the murderers of the officers who attempted to execute a Federal law are exalted to high official stations; and the land is drenched in fraternal blood, to bestow freedom and equality upon the negroes.

Yet these Yankees are not so keen as one might be led to suppose from their eagerness to get the country in a broil, to spill their blood or risk their lives in the strife they have provoked. Their patriotic impulses and practices in the line of "the last man and the last dollar," may be inferred from the following returns of the late draft, compiled from the recent message of Governor ANDREW, of Massachusetts:

Whole number required under the draft....	32,087
Exempted from cause shown,.....	22,343
Failed to report, (ran away),.....	3,044
Commuted for $300,.....	3,622
Substitutes, (negroes mostl,),.....	2,335
HELD FOR SERVICE,.....	743
	32,087

Thus, out of a call for 32,087, Massachusetts furnished but 3,078, substitutes all Instead of thirty-two regiments she furnished but three. And of those actually drawn but 743, out of the thirty-two thousand required, were held for service; and they, we suppose, were too poor—Irishmen of course—to run away, hire substitutes, or pay the $300 commutation.

JOSH BILLINGS ON PIGS.

As the white rose wakens into buty, so duz the white pig cum tew gladden us.—His ears like the lilac leaf, played upon by the yung zephurs at eventide, his silkaness is the will of buty, and his figger the outline ov loveliness. His food is white nectar, drawn from the affecknhun. He waxes fat and more slick evra da, and hangs from the bussum of his muther like an image of alabaster, he lafeth at forms, and curleth up his tale closur, as his feast goes on, and he liveth with gladness, and wandereth with his kindreid, beside the still waters. His brothers and sisters are liv like him as flak as ov snow' and all the day long beneath the white thorn and among the redclover, he maketh joy and leadeth a life ahotdish. His words are few musik and his language the untutord freshness of natur. His pastime is the histry of innocence, and his leisure is eleganse.—He walketh where grass leadeth, and gambles to the dalliance of the dewy fragrance. He gatherech straws in his mouth and hasteneth away on arrants of gladness. He listeth to the roboof of his parents: his sermons are the laws of politeness, and his logik the power of instinkt. His dastinu is peace, and his even is genale forgetfullness, As he taketh on in years, he laveth cool places, and delveth in liquids, and shunneth the sirth to a fatness, and painteth himself in dark cullers, a refuge from flies a torment of life. He forgetteth his parent and becometh his own master, and lameth the mystery of food and growth hugely. Man guzzels at his porkbarrels, and hount his value by pounds, and lay in wate for him, and giv his flesh salt for safety.

—An editor of a paper in Cairo, the other day put a young twenty-one years old who was the mother of eleven children. She was a refugee from Tennessee, married when she was fifteen years old, and in nine months after was the mother of three live healthy children. In the next twelve months she was the mother of triplets again, two boys and a girl—that is, after the birth of the second couple, the husband was arrested with another couple of children, two boys and a girl. Her husband has left the battle-field of Stone River.

—Subscribe and pay for the *Watchman*.

PRETTY PICTURE—AIN'T IT, NEIGHBOR?

When this cruel war is over,
And our friends all crippled are,
All the nigs will be in clover,
While white trash can work and swear.
Blacks at ease—whites at labor,
Pretty picture, ain't it, neighbr?

When this cruel war is over,
Many, many years from now,
And we the taxes then are paying,
Abe will catch it some, we trow!
Blacks at ease—whites at labor,
Pretty picture, ain't it neighbor?

When this cruel war is over,
And mid its past sad debt and taxes,
The politicians will be numbered
Who used our blood to grind their axes.
Blacks at ease—whites at labor,
Figure different—can you, neighbor?

LINES IN PRAISE OF THAD. STEVENS.

Part without fire, without experience sage,
Old with less sense than ought to come with age,
Too proud from pilfered greatness to descend,
Too humble not to fall a wench his friend!
In slimy dignity and moody state,
This new Octavius rises to debate!
In grinning guile he sees each burning brow
Of Sanfian traitors in fierce rapture glow,
He sees, convulsed with simpathetic throbs,
The scarlet women and the tinselled snobs!
No rum contractor thinks his speech to long,
While words like treacle trickle from his tounge!
O, soul congnial to the soul of hate,
The fox of virtue and the curse of state!

—*Old Guard.*

PRETENSION vs. REALITY.

There is point in the following stanza—Can any of our Republican friends "see it?"

'Union! a man may cry at every word,
With no more loyalty than other people—
A crow's not reckoned a religous bird
Because it keeps a-cawing from the steeple.'

EPIGRAM ON BEN. BUTLER.

Who, during three years of war, was never in but one battle, and ran away from that.

How kind has nature unto Butler been,
Who gave him dreadful looks and theivish mien;
Gave lips to swagger—eyes that look *which way*,
And kinder still, gave legs to—run away.

MR. LINCOLN'S TREACHERY.

The masses, generally slow to reflect upon their actual political condition. Absorbed in the occupations that yield them subsistence, they have often no leisure, and oftener no inclination to study the gradual changes that are being wrought in their system of government. They take a superficial glance at passing events, condemn or approve according to their hasty conceptions, but in most cases shrink from the labor of a thorough analysis, and avoid the responsibility of taking an active and conspicious part in opposition or support of the theories and measures adopted by those in power. Sometimes, upon the eve of an important election, they shake off their apathy, and give way to brief spasms of excitement: but rarely does the citizen take the trouble to explore the labyrinths of party action, or weigh in any exact balance the sometimes ruinous consequences of legislative or executive conduct. He reads in the public prints that his fellow countrymen have been dragged off to prison or sent into exile; he hears of the suspension of judicial writs; he is conscious that the Constitution and the law have been repeatedly violated by men in office and understands that his form of government is under going some mysterious process of mutuation; but, until the foot of tyranny is at his own threshold, until his own fireside is invaded, and injustice and oppression make him their victim, he fails to appreciate the extent of the wrong the imminence of the danger, the necessity for his individual exertions in behalf of the common weal. At last when despotism has completed its net, the masses awaken to the consciousness that they are in the meshes, Too late then to interrupt the action of the loom that weaves those tangles around liberty; or if interrupted, it must be by the application of the strong hand. The engine must be shattered, the web wrent assunder by the last terrible agency of political change, and armed revolution. When the people have endured beyond their patience, they appeal to that awful vindicator and are either confirmed in bondage or disenthralled.

When Mr. Lincoln commenced his official career as the Federal Executive, he was particularly careful to avoid startling the masses with the shadow of the coming policy. To have given even an intimation of the Abolition disunion purposes that has since been developed would then have aroused a popular resistance that would have been fatal to the realisation of the scheme. The design, undoubtedly already conceived, was veiled from public view by the most unequivocal assurance of an opposite intention. In his inaugural address Mr. Lincoln said:—"I have no purpose directly or indirectly to interfere with the institution of slavery in States where it exists, I believe I have no lawful authority to do so. I have no inclination to do so."

Compare these lines with the conditions of the Amnesty Proclamation, and mark the contrast and the contradiction. And again he alludes to "a proposed amendment to the Constitution, to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of the States including that of persons held to service," and says: "I depart from my purpose to say that holding such a provision to now be implied constitutional law, I have no objection to its being made express and irrevocable."—Well; in the face of the "implied constitutional law, then acknowledged, the Administration, chiefly by Executive Proclamation, constitutionally the weakest but by usurpation the most powerful element of our Government, have not only, interfered with the domestic institutions of the States, but have assumed for the federal authority the control of the very existence of the institution of slavery. The institution, too, which has hitherto been held sacred under the name of elective franchise has been tampered with in the North, and in Texas is made, and in the South, according to the intent of the Amnesty, has been withdrawn from the people, and given exclusively to a few thousand Federal retainers, sworn to the abolition creed. It is claimed by the partisans of the Administration that the terms of the "Amnesty" give the slaves themselves the privilege to reconstruct the State Governments according to their views; hence the following extract from a speech delivered on Monday last, at the Cooper Institute: "I hope that the Amnesty proclamation will be so construed as that any ten thousand black men may organize and demand and obtain a Republican form of Government." Yet this Executive, who now proclaims that no Southerner shall enjoy the elective franchise except on taking an oath to vote for the destruction of slavery, and who designs according to the interpretation of his adherents, to include the negroes of the South in that one tenth of the population to whom the right of suffrage is confined, asserted at his inauguration that he had "no purpose, directly or indirectly to interfere with the institution of slavery," and believed he had "no lawful authority to do so." What change has been made in the Constitution that now gives him the authority which then he disavowed? What power abrogated that "implied constitutional law," which he then admitted forbade Federal interference with slavery? This is the explanation: Mr. Lincoln in the first place appreciated the necessity of deceiving the people, because then he was unsupported in despotism by armies drilled into perfect subordination to his will. He deceived them by protesting his innocense of Abolition purposes; he deceived them by quoting the true spirit of the constitution, and afterwards acting in direct opposition to his own interpretation; he deceived them by luring them to arms with the battle cry of Union, and having reduced some half million of them to the condition of automatons by the restrain of military discipline, he renounces the old battle cry and boldly unfurls the flag of Abolitionism.

Meanwhile, while their kindred perish to serve the purpose of fanaticism, the masses of the North are witnessing the transformation of their Government to an absolutism. Their liberties vanish, their rights are ignored; the weapons bequeathed to them to keep tyranny aloof are snatched from their hands and turned against them; the ballot box itself, intended for their protection, is made the instrument of their destruction.—Therefore, we say, the masses are slow to reflect upon their actual political condition; or ere this they would have understood their peril, and have interposed the shield of popular moral resistance, without waiting to be goaded to the sterner remedy of revolution.—*News.*

A CHAPTER ON UNION LEAGUERS.

"Wicked men shun the light because their deeds are evil. [BIBLE.

Know-Nothingism was started under the plausible pretext that the Dutch and Irish were getting too numerous for the safety of American institutions, and they should therefore be excluded from the right of voting. The pretense was a false one, and the leaders of the Know-Nothings knew it to be false, but they resorted to it for the overthrow of Democracy. Under their dark lantern meetings and secret organizations, they for a while bid fair to control American politics. But the Democracy rallied, and in open fair discussions, soon drove them from their lurking holes, and *treed* them. After several years' rest they ventured into the political field again under another cognomen, but still as a secret organization called Wide-Awakes. Under this new organization they carried the Presidential election in 1860, because the Democracy had two candidates in the field. But with that success the Wide-Awakes fitted out. The Know-Nothing organisation and the Wide-Awakes have both died disgraceful deaths, but Democracy still lives stronger than ever. In the last State elections the Democracy polled one million five hundred thousand votes in the Northren States alone, which is 300,000 more votes than were polled for Douglas in all the States.

The old rotten characters who got up the Know-Nothing and Wide-Awake parties, having recently started another secret, oath bound, dark-lantern, crawl-in-the-hole disloyal organization, miscalled "*Union Leagues.*" When honest men are in their beds asleep, or at their firesides, in the midst of their families, instructing them in the way of morality, religion and truth, Know-Nothings, *alias* Wide-Awakes, *alias* Union Leaguers, crawl stealthily to their private assemblies They go one at a time: with their collars strait up and their hats drawn over their faces, they approach their *holes*. When they get there, like the forty thieves related in "Arabian Nights," they whisper "open sesame," and the door opens and in they crawl, and all again is dark behind them. But their fear follows their guilt for they close all windows and cracks with dark curtains and appoint one of their number to stand with his ear to the key-hole, to prevent surprise.

Such is the contemptable, mean, low flung, lying, rotten, corrupt, disloyal, traitorous, dark-lantern, ashamed-and-afraid-of-daylight party, *mis-called* Union Leaguers, which the Democrats have to battle against at the coming Presidential election.

Let every American born Democrat, let every European who came to this country for his love of Democratic institutions, let every honest man, let every true Union man, meet in open daylight assemblies, and by due consultation, be prepared to withstand the shock of those enemies of the Union and humanity.

Those enemies of liberty, under the name of *federalists*, held the Presidency for four years under the elder Adams, and their rule was so tyrannical that the American nation rose almost to a man to drive them from power. Before five years this day passes, it will become a matter of political infamy to have it charged against one that he was a member of the dark-lantern organization.—*Mark the prediction.—Exchange.*

A WIFE IN TROUBLE.—The following is taken from the Sandy Hill Herald;

"Pray tell me my dear, what is the cause of those tears."

"Oh, such disgrace!"

"What—what is it, my dear? Do not keep me in suspense."

"Why, I have opened one of your letters supposing it addressed to myself. Certainly it looked every like Mrs. Sink Mr."

"Is that all? What harm can there be in a wife opening her husbands letters?"

"No harm in the thing itself; but the contents! Such a disgrace!"

"What! has any one dared to write me a letter unfit to be read by my wife!"

"Oh no. It is couched in the most chaste and gentlemanly language. But the contents! the sentiments!"

Here the wife buried her face in her handkerchief and appeared to be much grieved, while the husband eagerly caught up the letter and commenced reading the epistle that had been put into his wife's hand. *It was a bill from the grocer for—five cents subscription!* Th. *Dunderhead.*

—A Frenchman, Mr. Blondy, is England, a tragedy; in Italy, an opera; in Germany, a melodrama; in America, a business affair.

Much in Little.

—It is better to be proud of our pride than vain of our vanity.

—Somebody says that birch rods make the best baby-jumpers.

—He who is controlled by the love of money obeys the *golden rule.*

—There is salutary censure; and there is envenomed praise.

—To what class of periodical literature do soldiers contribute?—To reviews.

—We generally prefer new articles to old ones—new maides to old maids.

—Love and discretion are sworn foes, the former is nearly always the conquerer.

—A young man's affections are not always wrong, but they are generally misplaced.

—Shakespeare advises actors to talk "trippingly." But it is not well to walk thus.

—The merriest people in the world are the Germans; they have always piping times.

—Topers should bear in mind that what they quaff from the goblet afterwards appears in the way.

—Why should you be justified in picking the pocket of a vendor of engravings?—Because he has *pockets.*

—The literary style of asking for a slice of ham at dinner is. "I'll thank you for an elegant extract from *Bacon.*"

—The more music you can make on one string, the less it will cost you to keep your fiddle strung.

—Hanging is not generally a fit subject of conversation. They are foul birds that light on the gallows.

—A thoroughly honest man will not lie even to his dog or in any way betray the brute's confidence.

—If you would render your children helpless all their lives, never permit them to help themselves.

—First do the duty that lies nearest you, which you know to be a duty. Probably your second duty will then have become clear.

—To him who has a butterfly-proboscis, enough honey cells are ever open in every blue thistle-blossom of destiny.

—A high life wedding lately took place at Richmond. A grandson of John Tyler and a sister of Jeff. Davis were the parties.

—A reward of one thousand pounds is offered by a philosopher for the discovery of one single man who ever asked for a "little good advice," and then followed it.

—It has been thought that people are degenerating, because they don't live as long as in the days of Methuselah. But nobody can afford to live long at current prices.

—There are fearful signs of another extensive outbreak in British India. In the hill counties there has been already armed resistance to the government.

—'My son, haven't I told you three times to go and shut that gate?' said a father to a four year old. 'Yes and haven't I told you three times that I wouldn't do it?—You must be stupid.'

—The raid of General Lee into Pennsylvania cost the State $700,000. The committee of Ways and means in Congress has reported a bill to reimburse the State for that sum.

—The Vanderbilt which arrived at New York on Sunday, has been out just one year and one week in search of privateers, but in all that time she has not yet been within a day's sail of any of them.

—Camp Curtin Harrisburg, has been abandoned as a military rendesvous. The camp has been removed to the western bank of the Susquehanna, and the name changed to that of "Camp Reynolds."

—Among the ladies who bewailed the ruin of their wardrobes by the recent precipitations of the baggage cars into the Susquehanna, Mrs. Bowers, the actress had the right to take the lead. She lost fifteen thousand dollars worth of dresses.

—We regard it as the hight of impudence for those who have been the cause of this war, and have hounded off to death those who had no share in producing it, to thrust themselves forward as the eulogizers of those whose blood is upon their skirts.

—Merry Jack Hale has offered a resolution "to suppress the rebellion by act of Congress!" That will be right. Mr. Lincoln has suppressed it a half a dozen times by *proclamation.* Now let Congress follow up his wisdom by *statue*, by all means.

—Senator Davis, of Kentucky, in a speech in the United States Senate, asked Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts whether, if the rebels in the southern States were to offer to come back under the Constitution, he would agree to let them come." The blustering traitor of Massachusetts was silent.

—In bull fight days, a blacksmith who was rearing a bull pup, induced his old father to go on all fours to imitate the pup. The canine pupil pinned the old man by the nose. The son, disregarding the parental roaring, exclaimed, "Hold him Growler! boy, hold him! Bear it father, bear it; it'll be the making of the pup!"

—The President says, in his message, that "the nation is entering upon a new life." It must be, if it lives at all, for he has killed the Constitution so dead as mackerel, and has killed about 600,000 citizens in doing it. The way he goes on, all life existing here will have to be new pretty soon. The old will all be gone.

—The Venango Spectator man, who is a volunteer assistant to the Provost Marshal General, informs his readers that amongst the citizens, who are liberally exempt from the draft are the following:

1. All cowardly fellows, whose every thought of home is associated with the idea of defending it.

2. The natural born fools, of which there are a few in every community, who fear service in the army may improve their intellects.

3. All drafted men who can raise the $300 commutation money.

4. Fellers of abolition proclivities and habits—lecturers on the Crisis, who have been in service over 90 years.

ANOTHER DRAFT.

Lincoln has ordered *another draft*, to take place on the 13th of next month—this time it is for half a million of men. This is interpreted, out of the African lingo talked by Lincoln, to mean, in English, that the postponed and unfilled draft for *three* hundred thousand is now substituted by a call for *five* hundred thousand. The one draft, with *two* hundred thousand added, is now ordered to take place on the 18th of March.

The period of exhaustion must come—some time! Besides the large Federal debt, each State has burdened, and is burdening, itself with enormous debts in the way of *buying* necessaries for soldiers, and buying off citizens unwilling to go. The State Comptroller of New York estimates the debt thus incurred in this State at over *fifty millions.*

The impoverishment and approaching exhaustion in *men*, will also soon tell its story. Half-a-million of the flower of the laboring men of the North are killed or, by disease or wounds, unfitted for productive industry. Half-a-million more are shut up in camps and "slaughter-pens"—all destroying and consuming real values, and producing nothing. Half-a-million more of the most active and energetic young blood in the country have fled—to canada and other British Provinces, to Spanish America, to Europe, to Australia, &c. Now another half million able-bodied men are called to the 'slaughter pen," to be attended by a new abandonment of the country by hundreds of thousands flying from a draft to which they are liable because they are healthy and strong. It prepares a glorious future for the country! A *vigorous* people will live her, when all is over!

Eighteen months ago people with baboon brains told us that nothing was really lost because the debt was contracted at *home* not abroad, and so MONEY was only changing hands! These very baboon intellects are beginning to see that "greenbacks"—*promises to pay*, are the "*monies*," that "change hands," but that the *real values*, accumulated capital, grain, cattle, hogs, sheep clothing, manufactured articles, roads, bridg's houses, and all that labor has produced in a century past, if not wantonly destroyed, are used up, or exchanged for "greenback" promises to pay, issued by an Administration of "government" that was, in the strict sense, no government at all, but a limited agency of Confederated Governments. They begin to study out the fact that the principles—the States are no further bound by the action of this Federal agency, than they have bound themselves by the Constitution they gave in writing—called the Constitution of the United States. They begin to open their eyes to the fact that, if nothing else did it, the frightful debt created, by this war, must dissolve the Federal Government, and that each State, with the exception that States always exhibit, will duly responsibility for debts, created by their Federal agency, outside of the authority granted to that agent by its constitution—the "Constitution of the United States."

But capitalists see this too, and have seen and felt it. Therefore it is that capitalists take sides with the projected Puritan Commonwealth of New England, and favor and aid the revolution any attempt of Lincoln Seward & Co., to plant a new government, a *consolidated despotism*, on the ruins of the old Union. Cowards are always short sighted, and capital is the most cowardly of things—therefore it is, as well as for the direct blight money cast on the minds of its votaries, that capitalists are the most short sighted class of men.

You can't collect taxes from labor as you can one per cent. interest on the funds you have sunk in the cause of Lincoln, Seward and the Puritan Commonwealth. Your taxes are all entire losses—or there is no such science as Political economy.

Whence is the re-action to come? It must come—*will* come, from the *people*. When? Not as soon as some opponents of this despotism imagine. A terrible chastisement is yet in store for the people of the North.—Out of the agony of that chastisement will arise the remedy. Then, as a people, humbled and rendered wise by adversity, the populations will gladly and earnestly join in the movement already progressing in the Northern States, of a broader and more systematic *organization of men by kindreds*, subdivided into tens, in their respect neighborhoods, pledged to each other for the maintenance of such traditional principles as Jefferson put forth in the Kentucky Resolutions—our *Magna Charta*. The people, thus organised will re-enter into all the rights of *organized communities* of freemen. Their traditional right of "keeping and bearing arms" will be among these rights—that is why the looming Puritan Commonwealth has hated and will try, to disarm the people. Because a people once swaks, and armed, will never be the slaves of any vulgar and despicable monied aristocracy.

Our road may be through blood and woe, but *there is a future for them* living yet. To work! Enroll! Organize! Who of you cannot find *ten men*, each of whom can find nine of like mind! Organize, *freemen*, in your *hundreds*, and let us understand each other by correspondence, that we may work together.—*Fremont Journal.*

—A negro presented himself before one of the provost marshals in Connecticut a few days ago and was rejected because he was too old. In a day or two after he again presented himself, with his head dyed and looking twenty years younger. He confessed that he had been fired up by the recommendation by some bounty broker.

—Somebody in Bangor has made an ice sofa and presented it to the Mayor. The *Whig* says it is formed of solid cakes of blue ice and is embellished with numerous fine pictures frozen in upon the back. One shut and the arms of the sofa and it opening as if they had grown beneath the influence of the transparent material.

—Trickier at the bar. When a judge in Indiana was asked to sentence a prisoner, "Providence has given him a good degree of health and strength to make a living, *instead of using which* you go about the country stealing. Mr. Lincoln would not divest the same remark to the majority of his official agents, without doing him injustice to their morals.

—The followers of Mahomet believe in the Koran of the Koran. They call it the "Book" by which they mean a work of more than ordinary excellence. The followers of the Union take the Constitution of the United States and construe it to suit their own purposes. Such a construction was given in Kansas, Arkansas, and Missouri.

—A British lord and a niece of the Confederate general, Magruder, were married at Montreal recently.