The Democratic Watchman

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Select Poetry.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

Within this sober realm of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low;
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter's log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in time's remotest blue.

On slumb'rous wings the vulture tried his flight
The dove scarce heard his singing mate's complain;
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew,
Crew thrice and all was stiller than before,
Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made garrulous trouble round the unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest
By every light wind like a censer swung.

Where sang the noisy artisans of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Forboding as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year.

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reapers of the rosy east,
All now was songless empty and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow, through all the dreary gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers,
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night,
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine sheds upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with his inverted torch.

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel and with her joyless mien
Sat like a fate and watched the dying thread.

While yet her cheek was bright with Summer bloom,
Her country summon'd and she gave her all,
And twice war wrapped the nation in its gloom,
And gave the swords to rust upon the wall.

Regave the sword—but not the hand that drew
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him, who to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathes thro' her lips a low and tremulous tune.

At length the thread was snapped, her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff thro' her hand serene,
And loving neighbours smoothed her careful shroud
And Death and Winter closed the Autumn scene.

NURSERY RHYMES.

Sing a song of Greenbacks,
Pockets full of trash,
Over head and ears in debt,
And out of ready cash;
Heaps of Tax collectors,
As busy as a bee,—
Ain't we in a pretty fix,
With Gold at fifty three?

Abe in the White House
Proclamations writing;
Meade on the Rapidan,
Afraid to do the fighting;
Seward in the Cabinet,
Surrounded by his spies;
Halleck with the telegraph
Busy forging lies.

Chase in the treasury,
Making worthless notes
Curtin at Harrisburg
Making Shoddy Coats;
Gilmore at Charleston,
Lost in a fog;
Forney under Abe's chair,
Barking like a dog.

Schenck down at Baltimore,
Doing dirty work;
Butler at Norfolk,
As savage as a Turk;
Sprague in Rhode Island,
Eating apple sass;
Everett at Gettysburg,
Talking like an ass.

Banks out in Texas,
Trying to cut a figure;
Beecher in Brooklyn
Howling for the nigger;
Lots of Abolitionists
Kicking up a rumpus,
In comes Parson Brownlow,
And [illegible]

[illegible]
Burnside at Knoxville,
In a kind of fix;
Dahlgren [illegible]
Pounding at the bricks,
Grant at Chattanooga,
Trying [illegible]
Is it any wonder,
The Union's gone to smash?

TALK ABOUT MARRIAGE.—In the Recorder's Court, recently, Alex. McMann was fined five dollars for stealing wood from the steamboat Hannibal, and was asked by his honor to fork over.

'C-c-an't do it,' [illegible] the pewter.'

'Are you a married man?' inquired the Recorder.

'N-n-ot exactly so far as I kn-ow.'

'Well, I will have to send you to the work house.'

'T-t-ain't nothin' to to go there,' said Aleck; 'I'm used to it; but when you talk about marriage, old fellow, you [illegible] me.'

COMPROMISE IS WISDOM'S DICTATE.

Compromise is written on the charter of success on all things earthly.... The Catholic religion—the grandest, intensest, even in a temporal view, numerically, or in point of influence—is itself a compromise. Considered in itself, it is a communion of saints,—of men and women, and little ones, who have left ALL to follow Christ, and to bear His Cross. The "hundred-fold" reward is promised by the Lord to those who have forsaken the ideas of house, and wife, and children, and possessions, for the kingdom of heaven's sake, and the Lord keeps his promises. Yet the bulk of the Church's communion is made up of those that cleave to houses and wives and children and possessions. It is a communion of heavenly grace with the infirmities of human nature. Nay, the majority of this communion, thus tempered to human infirmities, are sinners against the mitigated law thus set forth.—And yet sinners in pardon. God compromises with man, through His infinite mercy.

Compromise is the only law of success for fallen and infirm humanity. We all err. Charity is our safeguard. A willingness to pardon. *Dimitte nobis debita nostra, sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris!*—For weakened and hurt human nature, it is strong it should be so, but so it is from the primeval curse of pride—it is easier for peoples in an imperial union to compromise with strangers than with peoples of their own flesh and blood. It is therefore an advantage for an empire that it be composed and balanced between heterogenious States.

[illegible] the bloodiest of all modern wars [illegible] our own! Had we understood from the beginning that we were different people, could this war ever have been carried to such a point of mutual exhaustion as it has been? Its pertinacity is [illegible] proof that we ARE, yet, one same race and people. Were the curse of war removed, it would be [illegible] so.

What is the weakness of the South? Want of men? The Southern States have more than enough [illegible] for the support of [illegible] yield [illegible] while our Northern fields yield grudgingly for our [illegible] populations [illegible] hard [illegible] vorable [illegible] not ask you to look at Southern newspapers.—We suspect them, as we know most Northern newspapers, to be a mercenary and beggarly [illegible] bought and sold—babbling, not fighting—not daring to fight—begging off from the draft, or buying out. Ask honest Southern men, if we have, and they will tell you, what intellect can discover and demonstrate, that the weakness of the South is in that same mercenary spirit that is destroying the North! The blood of the same 'shop-keeping' English runs in the veins of each section, and, in each, infects the men of other bloods. On each side men not of that blood fight, and want their fighting stopped. On each side, men of the 'shop-keeping blood, or who have assimilated its vices, shout 'on with the war!'—while they keep at a safe distance from the carnage, and horde the gains of the butchery. The degree is far less at the South than at the North, because the Irish, Scoth and French elements are larger, proportionately, at the South than at the North—while North and South, there are some Irish, Scotch, Jews, and christians! who are among the worst of the traffickers.

The weakness of the South is in the mercenary disposition of men who possesses valuables, and are trying to save them. Besides this, there is the ditiable imbecility of the Confederate Treasury department, that has created a paper currency that every body knows to be worthless—just as every man versed in true political encomomy knows that all of Salmon P. Chase's Federal greenbacks and other paper will prove in the end to be shoddy paper, and not money.

There are men enough and provisions enough—corn, pork, and beef, with homely clothing—to continue the war on the part of the South, on the defensive, till it breaks down, on the part of the North, the aggressive. We said and thought this at the beginning of the war; we have said and thought this ever since, and now we know it.

Wise men, North and South, want this exhausting war stopped, because war and fighting will never settle it. The Confederate Government never can settle it. It will have to be settled, when it is settled, between the several sovereign States. They are the only real Governments left us. They are our only rock of safety to which we must resort.

Let the fighting cease, and not only North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Louisiana, Arkansas, but Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Texas, will declare themselves not any longer members of a Southern Confederacy, created by the pressure of a Northern hostile aggression—but sovereign States.—These States will insist on determining for themselves their future relations. Virginia, so generous in her sacrifices for the old Union, now wasted and devoured by a most cruel war, will be the Virginia of old. Mississippi will find her interests to lie with the States that surround her. Even South Carolina will know that dissolution is not her strength.

The Northern States have shown their power for hurt and for aggression. This power will not suffer [illegible] respite from strife. [illegible] honest men possessed of [illegible] problem is not to accomplish all we desire, but to accomplish what we can.

True statesmen are never slaves to [illegible] ism, nor to personal passions and prejudices. On the other hand, [illegible] [illegible] if in power [illegible]

On general principles, we hold [illegible] fully convinced, that these American States possessing one language, being of one common [illegible] fundamentally one same system of traditions and of laws [illegible] in peace, being what they are [illegible] basis of one [illegible] general agreement of fundamental political propositions, with acceptance and recognition of the peculiar [illegible] tions of [illegible] We [illegible] [illegible] will be an ideal and [illegible]

[illegible] the people of these various [illegible] [illegible] compromise. The Southerners do not like [illegible] Yankees both are [illegible] as they do [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] they are carrying on. After all, we are a good deal mixed up, as peoples of these States lately united! Many a protesting Southerner there is, who cannot say, as we can, that our grandfathers, and our great grandfathers, lie in the soil of America, and that there is not a drop of Yankee blood in our veins, and that we can count on our fingers all the nights we have happened to sleep within the jurisdiction of New England States.

We began this article with the title of "compromise," [illegible] and it with the same. What we all ought to pursue, are not our personal preferences, but the good of the several communities to which we belong—let us have, that personal and local right of self-government to which we are entitled, and we can choose our personal friends, and our personal relations according to our own taste.

As to any political discrimination among the white races, it is too late, for Northern or Southern Americans. In both sections, Yankees, Irish, English, Germans, French, &c. &c. are too much mixed up to do it. Let us compromise.—*Freeman's Journal.*

MANTLE OF OBLIVION.

The Romans, whenever a civil war terminated, exercised the utmost clemency and mercy towards those who had been induced by artful speakers to take up arms against the government to redress supposed wrongs magnified by ambitious and unprincipled men. The mantle of oblivion, to use one of their figures of speech, was thrown over the past for the sake of the Empire. This was undoubtedly true wisdom. A few of the leaders were punished, but [illegible] were held to be proper subjects of clemency, and were reinstated, as nearly in their old positions as possible. Such changes as the war had actually effected remained, but the triumph of the government was never used to make the province feel that it no longer had equal privileges with every other part of the Empire. The rulers never acted in passion, never made such terms of submission as would degrade a Roman citizen in his own estimation, and make him feel that he was no longer the equal of other Roman citizens. Such a policy, instead of securing a lasting peace, would have kept alive a feeling of discontent; there would have remained a sullen feeling of resentment, ready to break out at the first favorable moment. Would not this policy, proved by experience to have been so wise by the Romans, be a judicious policy for our government to pursue? If the mantle of oblivion could be thrown over the transactions of the last three years, would it not be far better for us as a nation?

It is seldom there is a quarrel without some wrong on both sides, and this is true in this difficulty. The mass of the people in the South believe, they are right; they have been told so by those they look up to and respect. The foundation of their ideas of their duty as citizens of the national and State governments. Once admit that a citizen owes allegiance in all questions to his State government, and the wonder which now exists through the North, of how it has happened that all classes in the Southern States have taken up arms, is easily accounted for. Men of no ordinary abilities have been led astray by this doctrine. They looked around them and saw and felt the State government alone—that alone taxed them, made their laws to punish crimes, to protect life, liberty and property, [illegible] and established their social system, decreed that the blacks were slaves and the whites free, and framed the code of laws necessary to carry this into effect; it determined the relations not only of the master to his slave, but the husband to his wife, the parent to his child. Their system of canals, of roads, of schools, in fact every law regulating the ordinary routine of life, emenated from the State government. Is it strange, then, that that government should have been looked upon by most men as paramount, and is it remarkable that when that State government demanded the services of her citizens, as she stated, to protect her rights, to maintain her power, that few dared to disobey. We state this to bring to the minds of our readers the process by which these men were misled, and the vigor and pertinacy with which they have fought, and the sufferings they have endured as proof sufficient of the sincerity of their belief that [illegible] are right.

The important question arises [illegible] how are they to be convinced of their error? Will the strong arm of power alone do it? Can they be conquered in spirit? Is there no great and imminent danger if the national government acts in passion, if it undertakes to overturn their social relations, interfere with their domestic institutions, deprive them of their property, and make them feel that they are no longer American citizens, with all the rights and privileges of citizens of other States. Will not such a policy, we say, foster and keep alive a feeling of hatred towards the national government, which sooner or later, will break out into open hostility? Suppose our country in war with England or France, would not they soon find this weak spot, and strike a blow which would destroy the Union at once? This danger can only be guarded against by throwing the mantle of oblivion over the past, and make them feel the full power of the government as long as they are in arms.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A CAUTIOUS NIGGER.

Last summer when it was expected that the enemy would make a bold demonstration on our lines, near the Rappahannock, the army was formed in line of battle, and not a word could be heard from the soldiery; but there was a darkey who kept running from one little point of a hill to another, apparently in a state of great excitement. He finally hid himself, but on his face, [illegible] commenced working himself [illegible] a good deal of energy. One [illegible] what he was about, he replied:

"I is [illegible] copperhead [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] part [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Colored Demman, [illegible] [illegible] "Free American of African Descent" will take care of himself during the war.

PORTRAIT OF A WAR ABOLITIONIST.

[illegible] in the society of [illegible] japan-black, double-dyed, [illegible] exterminating Abolitionist is no [illegible] [illegible] Cheever, Hatch and [illegible] You are introduced to a gentleman with a beneficent countenance and manners as soft as [illegible] who, [illegible] Your Christian friend holds the bible in one hand and a six-shooter in the other. [illegible] brother, but he is another brother, [illegible] the others whose bowels he longs to rip up [illegible] He will pray for you; but for the other brother he supplicates that are famine and slaughter may be his portions and cling to him unrelentingly. He would give him his State rights in brimstone and burning marl. He would hurl him over the battle of a Niagara of [illegible] God, the God of battle, of wrath and of vengeance. He doesn't care about fighting himself; but he will open his purse-strings liberally to swell the bounty which shall induce Pat from Cork, or Hans from Bremen, or, better still, the athletic, bony, valiant men from the east and west of the Union, to become food for powder. There is a story of a Quaker tradesman in Philadelphia, who says to his assistant, Samuel, if thee is determined to go to the war, thy salary will be continued during thy absence, but if thee has made up thy mind not to go, I have no further occasion for thy services." This is your Christian friend's way of thinking.—It may almost without exaggeration be asserted [illegible] the war to be prolonged in order that he may have more blood, [illegible] meat and drink to him. There are [illegible] millions of Americans [illegible] bound to whip the South because they've been saucy. They must be respected. But let them come back, and there's our hand. And we'll see what we can do in making the best of a bad job, and arranging the slavery difficulty." This by no means suits your Christian friend.

The chase of the white man is with him of no account in comparison with that of his ideal black man. I say ideal, for the genuine nigger he is slightly more [illegible] affection. He desires to exterminate the South; he damns the South from the pulpit, for your Christian friend is frequently dubbed reverend. He stamps his foot on the platform, and wishes the South to be crushed under his heel. Rights? they have no more rights. Rights! they are no longer States, but must be reduced to the condition of territories. They are to be rooted out, exiled, the unappeased civilly killed, spoiled, and when Georgia has been made into one vast slaughter house, your Christian friend, will be ready to mount the butcher's block and preach about crowning mercies and saving grace.—*London Times.*

THE DEMOCRACY MUST HAVE NEW LEADERS.

We have contended ever since the commencement of the present civil war, that the country would not enjoy peace again nor the Union be restored until the Democratic party should succeed in the elections and once more wield the power of the Government. We have also contended that the party would never succeed while the leaders made it a war party, and so far our predictions have proved true.

The Democratic party has been led for the last few years by men, who did not care a straw whether the principles laid down by the party at its conventions tended to the continuance of our free institutions, or to their overthrow and the establishment of a monarchy.

They never asked the question, whither are we tending? nor did they care, so long as they saw a chance for office, through the adoption of a wishy-washy, non-committal platform, upon which they could safely ride into the heaven of a good fat office.

If we will look back but a few years, we will not fail to discover the class of men who were always on hand at Democratic Conventions, and who shaped the *policy* of the party regardless of *principle*, so that the policy adopted gave them a prospect of obtaining, or getting into office. We believe that the men, with a few exceptions, who claimed to be most intensely Democratic, and who had been supported and paid the best by the Democratic party, proved to be the most faithless when the day of trial came, and were the first to show the white feather when the minions of fanaticism made a vigorous charge upon the Democratic ranks. So long as they were permitted to shape the policy of the party, and so long as patriotism consisted in the adoption of resolutions, they were, so far as outward appearance [illegible] especially [illegible] sound, but when the time came for them to show their faith by their works they proved to be perfectly rotten.

When the day of trial came—when the Union was to be saved or [illegible] or destroyed by Civil War, they either fell over into the Abolition party, or, standing non-committal, showed themselves to be both cowards and traitors—cowards, because they dare not maintain the right, and traitors, because they submitted to and defended the wrong.

These men still claim to be Democrats, and so far have succeeded in engrafting their cowardly and [illegible] policy upon every Democratic platform adopted by our State Conventions, and so far the Democracy have been overwhelmed with disgraceful defeats. This has convinced us that the party must have new leaders. Men must be selected as leaders of the party, who will boldly proclaim the will and wishes of the masses [illegible] and will [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] the Union, and will [illegible] upon every stump throughout the broad land, that WAR IS DISUNION, FINAL [illegible]

With such leaders, and selected [illegible] the Democracy will ultimately succeed, and then, and not until then, will the Union be restored.

[illegible] manifestation [illegible] Louisville, Kentucky, on the 22d of February. What is remarkable about the [illegible] the people of the State. It seems to have been called at the instigation of B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, and [illegible] of Arkansas. Thus [illegible] Abolitionists [illegible] Horace Greeley, and Theodore Tilton and we shall read in loyal prints that Kentucky is pronounced in favor of the [illegible]

Multum in Parvo.

—If you want a good paper subscribe for the Watchman.

—A detective attending the reception at the President's house had his pocket picked of forty dollars, in greenbacks.

—An "undoubted Unionist" is now understood to be a man who won't have the Union except upon condition of Abolition.

—The Treasury Department is now running its printing presses night and day on the new five per cent. interest bearing notes.

—The Albany *Journal* publishes a letter from a soldier in the Libby Prison, which was brought home in a plug of tobacco.

—The parties at work on the wreck of the Golden Gate, at California, have recovered $80,00 of the treasure sunk with her.

—Jim Lane has gone up in Kansas.—He has been beaten for the U. S. Senate. Gov. Carney takes his place after the 4th of March, 1865.

—Gen. Spinola declares that the kidnapping of negroes is done exclusively by Loyal Leaguers, who make large sums of money by the infamous practice.

—The sum of nearly four millions of dollars was expended in New York State upon the education of children in the public schools last year.

—Insanity is alarmingly prevalent in the army, induced by exposure. Twenty-five insane soldiers were sent to Cincinnati a few days since.

—The rebel Forrest has been made a major general, and placed in command of a department, comprising North Tennessee, North Mississippi, and a portion of Kentucky.

—Joe Lane, formerly United States Senator from Oregon, and candidate for Vice President in 1860, is in the cattle trade in British Columbia.

—The Philadelphia *Ledger* states that some persons, with more zeal than discretion, harassed a number of bakers in that city to be fined for baking bread on Sunday.

—[illegible] says that the whole negro question is in a nut shell. If he himself isn't a nut shell, he might well be, for he is a nigger.

—ARTEMUS.—Artemus Ward seems to have succeeded well in California. He lectured [illegible] nights, the proceeds of which netted him $8,000 in gold—equivalent to $12,000 in currency.

—Indianapolis is excited at the discovery of a sad case of demoralization, where a deacon of sixty-five years, and a young lady of twenty-three or four are involved.

—John Morrissey, the pugilist, of New York, won $34,000 in betting on King's head against Heenan, in the late prize fight in England.

—Gen. Rosecrans, it is officially announced, has been assigned to the command of the department of Missouri, and Gen. Schofield has been ordered to report to Gen. Grant.

—The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says that the prize for the handsomest "Baby" at the Glass Blowers' exhibition last Saturday, was awarded to a nigger child. Things is working.

—Pocket picking is unusually brisk in New York.—*Boston Post.*

Yes, unusually; and no pockets suffer so severely as Uncle Samuel's.—*Jour. of Commerce*

—Some disloyal wag propounds the following:

When Lincoln Abolitionism uses up the last man and the last dollar, the query arises what is to become of the bond-holder.

—Here is a queer bit of information:—Bishop Ames has been empowered by the War Department(?) to take charge of the Methodist Church in New Orleans.

RESERVE YOUR FROST BITES.—Cotton and castor oil have restored frostbitten limbs when amputation was thought to be necessary to preserve life. The cure is said to be infallible.

—Marcus Morton, twice Governor of Massachusetts, and noted for having beaten Edward Everett [illegible] by one vote, died in Taunton, Massachusetts, on Saturday, aged 79. Gov. Morton was also a member of Congress from Massachusetts for two terms—1817–21.

—Gov. Stone, of Iowa, in his late message, says: "There is no longer any middle ground where loyal men can stand." But there is a middle space between the ground and a cross-beam, where thousands of you ought to stand.

[illegible] A neglected cough, cold or sore throat which might be checked by a simple remedy, like "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," if allowed to progress may terminate seriously. For Bronchitis, [illegible] Consumptive Coughs, the Troches are used with advantage, giving oftentimes immediate relief.

—The May flower, of which we have heard so much in connection with the Pilgrims [illegible] brought [illegible] Plymouth Rock, she went to Africa after a cargo of negroes for the Virginia market.

[illegible] to keep down this growing [illegible]

[illegible] discussing Presidential prospects, says, Mr. Lincoln is a strong man. [illegible] Chicago *Times* says, [illegible] will [illegible] warm weather. There is nothing that would so much [illegible] [illegible] than traitors [illegible] take [illegible] justly, but Ben Johnson said of [illegible] reply to Sam [illegible] rhyme, but it is truth. [illegible] Secretary Chase [illegible] the President. It [illegible]

ABOLITION CORRUPTION.

The many so-called frauds, corruption and falsehood which have marked every step of the Administration, are at length forcing unfavorable comments from some of the leading presses of that party. Greely says:

"As to the corruption which [illegible] has stalked shamelessly through our legislative halls, [illegible] should [illegible] whole land [illegible] [illegible] failure.

The Cincinnati *Gazette*, the leading administration paper in Ohio, in [illegible] recent exposure of [illegible] at Washington, [illegible] remarks:

"It disheartens the people in support of the war for the preservation of the government, when they see the public officers turning it to profit, and rapidly accumulating fortunes out of it. Extravagance and speculation, and suddenly acquired wealth in the government officers, are more depressing to the patriotic people than the deadly hostility of the rebel enemy."

The Albany, New York *Statesman*, a regular blackamoor press, makes this candid confession:

"Chase is bitterly complaining of [illegible] his Banks and Butlers, his Cornwalls and Calicots, his Revenue and Confiscation agents; and Mr. Lincoln is complained of for custom house and contract swindling, yet there is not the first move in Congress, or out to expose or arrest the fraud. There seems to be a perfect carnival of corruption and crime in every department of government, and little or no effort to stop it. By and bye, unless there is a change, it will be found that republican nominations as well as republican institutions are a failure."

This is All enough; but when we add the remarks of Senator Hale, made more than a year ago in his place in the Senate, we complete the picture. He said:

"The liberties of this country are in greater danger to-day, from the corruptions, and the profligacy practiced in the various departments of the government, than they are from rebels in the open field."

SCENE IN AN ARKANSAS HOTEL.

A contributor to the Spirit of the Times thus describes a scene at the Anthony House, in Little Rock, Arkansas:

Late one bitter, cold night in December some eight or nine years ago, L—— and I, the bar room, as usual, to take part in whatever was going on. For some reason the crowd had dispersed sooner than was customary, and but two or three were there together with a strange man who arrived half an hour or longer before, and who, tired, wet and muddy, from a long Arkansas stage ride, his legs extended and shoes off, was consoling himself with two chairs and a nap opposite the centre of a blazing fire. Any one who has traveled until ten o'clock in a rough winter night, over an Arkansas road, can appreciate the fruition before that fire place. The drowsy example of the stranger had its effect on the others, and L., who took a seat in the corner, for lack of conversation was reduced to the poker for amusement. He poked the fire vigorously for a while until it got red hot, and becoming disgusted, was about to drop it and retire when he discovered the great toe of the stranger's foot protruding through a hole in one of his socks. Here was relief to L. He placed the glowing poker within a foot of the melancholy sleeper's toe, and began slowly to lessen the distance between them. One by one the others, as they caught the joke began to to open their eyes, and being awakened, mouths expanded into grins and grins into giggles—and one incontinent follow into a broad laugh.

Closer and closer the red hot poker neared toward the unfortunate toe. The heat caused the sleeper restlessly to move his hand. L. was about to apply the poker, when a sound of click! click! arrested his attention. He looked at the stranger—the latter with both eyes open, had been watching the whole proceedings, and silently brought a pistol to bear upon L., in a voice just audible, muttered in a tone of great determination:

"Just burn it! *Burn it* [illegible] Just burn it, and I'll be d——d if I don't *sit you* up with ten thousand pokers in two seconds!"

L. laid down his poker instantly, and remarked:

"Stranger, let's take a drink—gentlemen, all of you."

L. afterwards said they were the cheapest drinks he ever bought.

—We have before us Wilmington and Raleigh (N. C.) papers, with dates to the 13th. Union papers, and North Carolina as a Union State, ready at a moment's warning to come back and join the North in battling for the old flag, but we have been unable to see any of the signs which, like coming events, cast their shadows before. The Standard opposes many of the measures of the Confederate President, but beyond this it denies the soft impeachment, and we have its own denial of the charges now being made in Northern Abolition papers, in the words: "We have said no proposition to go out of the Confederacy." Upon its opposition to some of the acts of the Confederate Congress, the charge is based, and if [illegible] North Carolina is [illegible] to submit to the emancipation schemes of Mr. Lincoln, then will the war be an eternal one.—*New York News.*

[illegible] nominating [illegible] willingness for some [illegible] what is called [illegible] policy of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] whether the Constitution [illegible] That is just as [illegible] to say [illegible] doctors [illegible] The Constitution [illegible] Union [illegible] truth [illegible]

[illegible] constitutional measures of the Administration. And party sympathies are both them and us much trouble.

"WHAT LOYAL LEAGUES ARE."

[illegible] who declared Loyal Leagues [illegible] tionary we give them the following:

L[illegible] Opposition to white men,
Y[illegible] our $300 or your body,
A[illegible]
[illegible] malgamation.
[illegible] green paper.

TROUBLE IN JOHNSTOWN.—The citizens of Johnstown [illegible] a few days last, by a painful domestic tragedy. It appears that Mr. Joseph Moore, [illegible] of Johnstown [illegible] term of service in the army, ascertained that during his absence a criminal intimacy had existed between his wife, a lady of very prepossessing appearance, and Mr. Jordan Marbourg, a wealthy merchant of Johnstown. Moore at once called upon Marbourg, the result of the interview being that Moore informed him that he would shoot him the first time he [illegible] Marbourg, hearing of Moore's threats, appealed to [illegible] but the [illegible] husband would not listen to her.

On Friday morning last, Moore [illegible] grocery store [illegible] remained [illegible] o'clock, when Marbourg passed by. Moore started out immediately, and [illegible] [illegible] told me [illegible] [illegible] Marbourg fell [illegible] [illegible] which took effect [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] surrendered himself and was committed to jail to await the action of the [illegible] The deceased leaves [illegible] eight or nine children [illegible] years old. Moore has a wife and one child, a boy of fifteen.

[illegible] CURRENCY [illegible] showing [illegible] an account of the presses which Chase has for printing off his currency. Lincoln (the Kernel) shows him through the apartment. [illegible] the Kernel, this [illegible] to pay off General Grant's troops; this one runs to pay off General Meade's troops; this one runs for [illegible] [illegible] more's machem [illegible]

"Wall," ses I, "Mr. Sekretary, do you have a macheen for every General and everyone of my [illegible]"

"Yes," ses he, "about that."

"Wal," ses I, "what do you do about the contractors?"

"Oh, I ain't showed you them yet. They're in another room."

It was nigh about ten time as big as the first one, and there were hundreds of presses running as fast as they could [illegible]

"Therefore [illegible] of these machines were to stop one day, it would set Wall Street into a panic. Sometimes, when the [illegible] give out, or the bolts break, [illegible] [illegible] good deal of trouble, but I've got it so fixed now, that I keep 'em purty well supplied."

[illegible] ses I, "[illegible]

"Wal," [illegible] "that's a trustworthy man."

"But," [illegible] "suppose he should [illegible] yer biler. What would [illegible] a bend?"

"Wal, I never thought of that, but I guess there ain't no danger."

"Wal," ses I, "steam is mighty uncertain."

THE VANDERBILT AND ALABAMA.—A letter from Cape Town, Africa, quotes the following as one of the exploits of Capt. Semmes, of the Alabama: [illegible] [illegible] the Confederate steamer [illegible] cruising about there. She took two Yankees in the Straits of Sunda, and [illegible] [illegible] of the Vanderbilt [illegible] [illegible] ahead, and under cover of darkness she unshipped her funnel, put out her [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in the direction of where they had last seen the Vanderbilt. At daylight she [illegible] in a mile of the Vanderbilt [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] quietly shipped his funnel and bore away on an opposite direction [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] in Charleston [illegible] [illegible] Hall [illegible]

"It was a bogus [illegible] [illegible] the abolition party [illegible] [illegible] such as never before disgraced the civilized world. [illegible]

[illegible]