BUSINESS CARDS.

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Offers his professional services to the citizens of Pinegrove and vicinity.

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Will visit Bellefonte professionally when specially retained in connection with resident counsel.

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Will practice in the several courts of Centre and Clinton counties. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly attended to.

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John D. Wingate Dentist, office in the Masonic Hall. At home, except perhaps the first two weeks of each month.

HARRY Y. STITZER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
SHERIFF'S OFFICE, BELLEFONTE PA.
May be consulted in English or German.
March 1864.—tf.

JOHN H. ORVIS. C. T. ALEXANDER.
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Will attend to professional calls as heretofore. He respectfully offers his services to his friends and the public. Office at his residence on Allegheny street.

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Respectfully offers his services to his friends and the public. Office on Mill street, opposite the National Hotel.
Refers to Drs. J. M. McCoy, S. Thompson, T. C. Thomas.

BANKING HOUSE
—OF—
WM. F. REYNOLDS & CO.,
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.
Bills of Exchange and Notes discounted.—Collections made and proceeds promptly remitted. Interest paid on special deposits. Exchange in the Eastern cities constantly on hand for sale. Deposits received.

MISCELLANEOUS

JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT.
G. W. PATTON, *Proprietor.*
Having purchased the extensive Jewelry Establishment of W. J. Stein, and largely increased the Stock, the Proprietor will keep constantly on hand, a splendid assortment of
AMERICAN WATCHES,
PATENT LEVER.
ENGLISH LEVER.
CYLENDAR ESCAPEMENT
WATCHES.
WATCH CHAINS OF ALL KINDS,
VIOLIN BOWS,
GOLD AND SILVER THIMBLES,
SPECTACLES,
&c., &c., &c. &c.,
which will be sold cheaper than at any other establishment in Central Pennsylvania.
Watches, clocks and jewelry repaired, and all work warranted.
Jan. 29, 1864—1y.

IMPORTANT TO ALL!!!
—SINCE THE FIRE—
W. W. McCLELLAND
has removed his large and splendid stock of
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
AND
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
to the ARMORY BUILDING, on the north-east corner of the DIAMOND, where he will be happy to see his old friends and customers. His stock is comprised in part of
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, TRIMMINGS
COLLARS, NECK-TIES, HATS AND CAPS,
and in fact, every article worn by well-dressed gentlemen.
CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER
on the shortest notice and upon the most reasonable terms, and satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call. Jan. 29, 1864—1y.

ARCH ST. CARPET WARE-HOUSE.
No. 832 ARCH St. two doors below Ninth, south side, Philadel'a.
The subscriber has just received for *Spring Trade* a well selected stock of English and American
CARPETINGS,
embracing all the new styles of the best makes bought previous to the late advance for cash, and will be sold at *low prices.*
Velvets, Brussels, Three-ply, Ingrains and Venetians Carpetings,—with a large Stock of
OIL CLOTHS, DRUGGETS, MATTINGS,
&c. &c.
Persons who are about furnishing, are requested to make an examination of the above goods previous to making their selections, as such inducements will be held out as cannot fail to please.
JOS. BLACKWOOD,
March 13, '61—3mos. 832 ARCH St. Phil'a.

The Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

Vol. [illegible] BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1864. No. 22.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HALT! LISTEN! STOP AND READ!
TO THOSE WHO WOULD
PRESERVE YOUR HEALTH,
SAVE YOUR MONEY
AND LIVE HAPPY AND CONTENTED,
SHOULD PURCHASE YOUR LIQUORS
AT THE WHOLESALE
WINE AND LIQUOR STORE,
ON BISHOP STREET
directly opposite the old Temperance Hotel.

ABRAHAM BAUM &Co.

Notwithstanding the enormous taxes imposed upon all articles in his line of business, he still continues to sell the purest articles at the very lowest figures. Every discription of,
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC LIQUORS,
wholesale and retail, at the lowest cash prices, which are warranted to be the best qualities according to their respective prices. His stock consists in part of

OLD RYE,
MONONGAHELA,
IRISH,
WHEAT,
CORN,
NECTAR,
and others whiskies, at from 37½ cents to $2,00 per gallon. Also,
ALL KINDS OF BRANDIES,
from 75 cts., to $8.00 per gallon. Holland Gins *pure*, from 75 cts., to $2,50 per gallon.
PORT, MADERIA, CHERRY, BLACKBERRY and other wines—the best articles—at as reasonable rates as can be had in the city.

CHAMPAGNE, BLACKBERRY, GINGER, AND CARAWAY BRANDIES, PURE JAMACA AND NEW ENGLAND RUM
CORDIALS OF ALL KINDS,
all of which will be warranted to be as represented, and sold at prices exceedingly low.
All the liquors offered for sale at this establishment have been purchased at the United States Custom House, and consequently must be pure and good.
Physicians and others are respectfully requested to give his liquors a trial. He has the only article of
PURE PORT WINE JUICE IN TOWN.
May, 28, 1862. tf.

THE WONDER OF THE AGE!
EVERY BODY ASTONISHED
AT THE PURENESS AND CHEAPNESS
OF THE ARTICLES SOLD AT
NEFF & ETTELE'S
WHOLESALE
WINE AND LIQUOR STORE.
BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE PA.
The proprietors of this establishment take pleasure in informing the public that they have constantly on hand a supply of choice foreign and domestic liquors, such as
Old Nectar,
Old Rye,
Monoongahela,
And Irish Whiskey;
Cognac,
Blackberry,
Cherry,
Ginger,
And common Brandies;
Port,
Maderia,
Cherry,
And Lisbon Wines,
Scotch,
And Holland Gin;
New England Rum,
Jamaica Rum.
CORDIALS Peppermint, Anniseed and Rose.
The attention of practicing physicians is called to our stock of
PURE LIQUORS,
suitable for medical purposes. Bottles jugs and Demijons constantly on hand.
We have
ONLY PURE NECTAR WHISKEY
in Town.
All liquors were bought when liquors were low, and we sell them accordingly.
All liquors are warranted to give satisfaction.
Confident that we can please customers we respectfully solicit a share of public patronage
Liquors will be sold by the quart, barrel or tierce. We have a large lot of
BOTTLED LIQUORS
of the finest grades on hand.
Ppril 1st, 1863.

FASHIONS' EMPORIUM.
MAIN STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.
W. W. MONTGOMERY, *Prop't.*
Has received a large invoice of
CLOTHS
CASSIMERES,
VESTINGS,
etc., etc.,—
Which will be manufactured in the
LATEST STYLES,
and in a manner that cannot fail to prove satisfactory.
A large assortment of
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
Consisting of
Collars, Neck Ties,
Suspenders, Hosiery,
Hankerchiefs, etc.,
Exactly suited to this locality and intended for the
SUMMER TRADE.
His shelves present a greater variety of plain and fancy goods than can be found elsewhere in Central Pennsylvania.
Call and see that,
Montgomery is the man that can make
Clothes in the fashion, strong and cheap;
All that has ever tried him yet,
Say that he really can't be beat.
2teJa5th '63—1y

NEW BAKERY!
MATTHIAS SCHMUCK,
Would respectfully inform the people of Bellefonte and vicinity, that he has opened a new and
COMPLETE BAKERY,
in the old Temperance Hotel, on BISHOP street where he will keep constantly on hand all kinds of
BREAD, RUSKS,
POUND-CAKES,
SUGAR AND GINGER CAKES,
CRACKERS, CANDIES
&C., &C., &C.,
which he will sell at a reasonable and satisfactory price.
Families will find it to their advantage to get their baking done at this establishment, as they can always get pure, wholesome bread and cakes just when they need them. Sept. 12, 1862—1y

The Muse.

HURRYING ON.

Hurrying on in the midst of excitement,
Pushing extravagant objects through;
Few of us know or pause ever to question—
Ever to ask where we're hurrying to;—
Hurrying on over blessings unheeded,
Chasing some joy, like the butterfly, gone,
What is the good of our wonderful frenzy?
What is the use of our hurrying on?

We have been hurrying on from our cradles—
What but its shadows have we for the past?
We are still hurrying on as expectant—
What shall we get by our hurry at last?
Graves are so thick that we cannot well miss them,
Going with only the clothes we shall wear?
Where shall be, then, all we're hurrying after?
What shall we have with our hurry when there?

Hurrying on in the wake of the phantoms
Conjured alone in the fever of haste,
Hurrying on with extravagant projects,
Little we look of treasures we waste;
Little we know of the diamond moments,
All to be gathered and garnered in store,
Mining our worthy or worthless possessions,
Up in the land where we'll hurry no more.

Treasures that lie all around us in plenty
We never heed as we are hurrying on,
And when in heaven our coffers are empty,
We shall first know how they're lost and are gone;
Then we shall know how our spirits have wasted,
Weeds of Eternity planted in Time,
The soil for its seed growing barren as ashes,
While we are hurrying out of its clime.

God works but slowly—but slowly, my brothers,
Not hurrying onward in passion and strife—
Works with love only, and only for others,
Not for himself in the green fields of life;
Let us sit down, and be calm and be thoughtful,
Lifting our hearts to eternity's brink—
Let us cease living alone for the present,
Let us cease hurrying—what do you think?

—*Charleston Mercury.*

New Orleans, Oct. 23.

Miscellaneous.

THE PRESENT JUDGED BY THE PAST.

We are told that if we capture Richmond, the rebellion is at an end. We are also told that if we fail in this campaign, the Union is finally dissolved, and the independence of the South will be recognized as an established fact by all nations, ourselves included.

Those who believe in either theory will be disappointed if events shall put their opinions to the test. The life of the rebellion does not depend upon the successful defence of Richmond by the rebels, nor is the dissolution of the Union a necessary result of Grant's defeat.

The war, as now carried on, is a war between peoples and not between armies.—It is a war of institutions and ideas, and not a war of mere technicalities or individual interests, like the most frequent wars of Europe. The right to thrones, the fortunes of royal families, the boundary lines of nations are questions often decided by single battles. The subjection of a people is a work never so accomplished.

A cotemporary cites the so-called conquest of England by William of Normandy as a proof that nations sometimes submit to superior numbers. The defeat of Harold at Hastings was not a conquest nor did it result in a subjugation of the English people. No such question was in controversy. In the present sense of the expression, William never conquered England. The word conquerer, as then applied, did not imply subjugation. It was simply a conflict over the right to the throne. It was barely a personal issue. The local institutions of the country were not to be changed by the result, and the English people themselves were supremely indifferent to the termination of the conflict. In any case, they were to remain their own masters, subject only to their own laws, and King William at his coronation took precisely the same oath to execute and defend the laws of the Kingdom that had been taken by Harold.

The history of England records many attempts at conquest, but every attempt was a failure. No part of the kingdom was ever conquered. No portion of the people in rebellion ever submitted unconditionally upon being being beaten in battle. The present political structure of the empire is a complete patchwork of local sovereignties, illustrating the unconquerable tenacity with which the people have adhered to their immemorial rights, in face of defeat in war. The Saxon did not conquer the Celt, but compromised with him, after a contest of eight hundred years. To this day, Wales, as to its local power, is deemed an independent principality. Alfred, after centuries of war, failed to conquer the Danes, but compromised with them. The Isle of Man has resisted subjugation from the earliest ages, and to-day has its independent parliament. Ireland was never brought into subjugation to the British government by arms, but by its being sold, formed a legislative union with the English government. The same is true as to Scotland. Even in the county of Kent, some old Breton laws still prevail—monuments of the unconquerable will of her population. The British crown itself is a bundle of emblems signifying, not victory over races in battle, but dominion by conciliation and compromisse.

There is everything to learn from history like this. It ought to teach us not to contend with populations and social institutions, but with the enemies of the old government only. We may and must preserve the past; but more than this is a task too great for our armies, though they number millions of the bravest men the continent can produce.—*Milwaukee News.*

—A "bad egg" thrown against a building, will be dashed in pieces, but leave forever its foul mark, in proof that it once existed. Thus it is with Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet, who have opposed their rottenness to the fabric of the government, and their foul will to the good sense of the people. And their only hope of perpetuating their is in the disguising stains they will leave upon the hitherto fair structure of liberty. Mr. Lincoln remarks that history will "write him down." As boys write their resentment against haunted buildings by pelting them with mud, so will his name be written down by history, and stand a spotted and disfigured with curses and malediction, until, if his soul should wander from the darkness of his final home, to view this vile per earth, he would be ashamed to own the bespattered signature of A. Lincoln.

IS ABOLITIONISM SINFUL IN THE SIGHT ON GOD.

Countless times it has been asserted that slavery is a sin—even the sum of all villianies. So often has this been repeated that multitudes, without thinking, have accepted it as the truth. I am glad that of late people are being forced by the "inexorable logic of events," to reconsider their conclusions. Now, the question is, "Is not Abolitionism a *sin against God*, as well as a curse to men?

What is sin? Transgression of the laws of God. These laws are embraced in the Ten Commandments. The first law is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul, and strength, and mind." Obedience to this, is manifested by a humble acceptance of the revealed will of the law-giver, as the right. Above this will Abolitionism set itself. It says, "My God must be antislavery, my will must be right. If God and His Bible don't conform thereto, I spurn and trample both."—Hence I hazard nothing in asserting there is not now living an abolitionist who does not in whole or in part reject the Bible.

The second Law, in subsistance is, "Thou shalt not make an idol, nor bow down and worship one." The besotted Israelites made a golden calf and bowed before it, saying that "this be thy God oh Israel." Infidel French Revolutionists placed in their temples for worship, the image of a prostitute, dignified as the goddess of Reason. It remained for infidel Abolitionism to surmount the dome of the Capitol in Washington, with the image of a negro wench, as the goddess of Liberty, and by every act say to all, "bow down and worship; swear there by; whoso dares to make mention of any other God during my administration, shall be cast into—Fort Lafayette, or Alcatraz, or banished beyond my realms.

The third Law is, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Abolitionism has made this the age of profane oaths. It swears to support the Constitution—and turns round and declares that it is treason to prate about it. The Constitution guarantees the possession of all their property, to slaveholders; Abolitionism calls upon God to witness its devotion to said Constitution, and immediately proclaims slave holders outlaws worthy of death, and accordingly goes to work to murder them. Is there an unpurjured Abolition official living? Not satisfied with sinning itself, it compels others to forswear themselves, until an oath (which is an awful solemnity) has come to be considered by multitudes as the veriest farce.

The fourth Law is: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," ect., yet the "Government convenes his cabinet on the Sabbath to consider of state affairs" while the Government's better half makes splendid turnouts in carriages drawn by eight horses, to the admiration of fools and disgust of the thoughtful. But it is as well, perhaps better, to spend the Sabbath thus than to listen to falsehood and blasphemy from the alter of Abolitionism, and see the pulpit, from which words of love and good will to men were wont to be utterfed by ambassadors of the Prince of Peace, converted into a recruiting office, by those who have "stolen the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in."

The fifth law is, "Honor thy father and mother," etc., In Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri, Abolitionism has forced sons to take up arms and go forth to shoot down their own fathers, and has thrust daughters into loathsome prisons for daring to express sympathy for their suffering parents. And it is preparing to do the same thing in California.

The sixth Law is. "Thou shalt not kill." Abolitionism has murdered at least half a million American citizens. And when it is remembered that the law is spiritual—that he who wishes another dead, or hates his brother without a cause, violates it, I hazard nothing in affirming that I believe that there is not now living, in all this broad land, an Abolitionist who is not a murderer before God—I mean in heart. For, in his eyes who looks looks upon the heart, I believe the butcher of Fredericksburg and the assassin of New Orleans, are no more guilty than the sanctimonious hypocrite, who in the name of Jesus, counsels war murder, death and desolation; and goes into raptures when he hears that cities have been sacked and women and children turned out into the cold peltings of the pitiless world to die.

The seventh is, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." We read that such is the state of morals in Washington, that men and women openly glory in their shame, and unblushingly commit uncleanness. Even the poor school girls—at Athens—will have cause to remember their "gallant Abolition defenders!" Lust was gratified; the poor victim besought; her cries and entreaties were unavailing—and Abolitionism should "thank God another city is taken! "Thank God, for such heroes;"

The eight Law is, "Thou shalt not steal." I read to-day an estimate that Abolition officials steal annually $300,000,000. Jewelry, pianos, furniture, carpets, etc., adorn the persons and homes of many Abolitionists, who never paid for them. Books, with the names of the owners from whom they have been stolen, even fill the libraies of Abolition preachers.

The ninth Law is, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." This requires absolute truthfulness. Abolition was born of lies, and lying is its vital breath. In its hands, the telegraph, the press, and even the pulpit, groan with falsehood. In San Francisco and Sacramento, telegrams have been read on the Sabbath from the pulpits, when the readers knew that they were prostituting their office and position to the dissemination of lies. By such a course the world has been brought to look upon us as a people in the same light that St. Paul did upon certain ancient islanders. Said he:—"The Cretans are all liars."

The tenth Law is, "Thou shalt not covet." Abolitionism says, "The earth is the Lord's, and we are His saints: therefore the earth belongs to us. Yonder are fine vineyards and cultivated fields. True, we neither planted nor cultivated them, but we want them and must and will have them, if to get them, we have to exterminate their owners."

The thing required is done. The breaking of one of God's laws is sin. Not one only, but all of them have been broken by Abolitionists. Therefore he that runs may read that Abolitionism is sin against God.—It remains to show that it is a curse to mankind. But enough for once. You may hear from me again.

—A cotemporary says, naval contractors seem to think this is the time to build vessels of iron—and steel.

—"You're upset chicks," as the hen said when she hatched out the duck.

HOW POLICY DEMOCRATS AID ABOLITIONISTS.

Last week we attempted to show that the adoption of a "policy" for the purpose of securing the votes of weak kneed changables, would tend to weaken us, instead of giving us strength. Among the reasons we assigned was this: that such a course must be more or less deceptious, and the exposure of such deception by the Abolitionists would ruin us. We met with a telling example of this kind last week. The Pittsburg *Dispatch* of last Friday exposes the following extract from what it calls a "leading copperhead writer:"

"The best plan is to recognise this fact, and strike boldly for popular favor with the weapons which are readiest for our use. A declaration for peace in advance of a successful campaign or in the midst of it, would bring, for example, nothing but derision about our ears. The country is demoralized, and we must make the best of it. Whatever is available to political success is what must we need. Until we have the power in our hands we can do nothing but chafe at our weakness."

Now, we do not know who is the author of this sentiment, nor do we care. We trust we have independence enough to condemn any expression we dislike, without waiting to ascertain who made it. The sentiment expressed in this extract is unprincipled and very wrong. What has the only historic party in the land got no principles?—nothing but a truckling to 'popular favor' in search of an "available" candidate?—We protest against giving such a bald policy the name of democracy. The Democratic party has always been a party of positive affirmative principles. It never subsisted on mere temporary issues. It had its birth with the celebrated and sacred Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions: those liberty fostering resolutions have been incorporated into every Presidential platform, from that upon which Thomas Jefferson was elected to that upon which the candidates of 1860 were defeated. In clinging to the noble principles laid down in those resolutions and the remainder of the Cincinnati Platform, the Democratic party has become permanent, historic, honorable; let us dare to yield those successful principles, now, for the sake of a temporary "policy," and as sure as the sun shines we will meet with a deserved and an ignominious defeat. It will not do to put our honored party name to the coats of unprincipled policy shrinkers.

The name of democracy represents great principles; and it was in accordance with those principles that our once happy country prospered and grew great. The people saw the good intentions of our principles and the good results of carrying them out, and they rallied in irresistable masses to their support. It was by long and close connection with such principles that the name of democracy became the watchword of liberty, of honor, of success. Those who label an unprincipled, truckling policy with the name of democracy, are guilty of a base and infamous forgery. If men are determined to pursue such an unprincipled course, we protest most earnestly against them stealing our honored party name. If they are determined to sail their sluggish, sinking craft under false colors, we do not wish to take passage.

If we declare for a "vigorous prosecution of the war," &c., the abolition leaders will accuse us of practicing a mere clap trap deception, and their blind followers will believe it. They put the democratic party down as opposed to the war, whether they really are or not. As far as we individually are concerned, they put us down correctly, and we believe such to be the case with the honest masses of the Democratic party. Why, then, would any one have us put on the red garments of war? Such a dress does not fit a principle-governed Democrat. Do not attempt to force such to appear in a suit that is becoming only to those who are more or less tinged with Abolitionism.

The great aim of the abolitionists is to show that the democracy are opposed to the war; if we attempt to deny it, they can prove it against the reliable masses of our party; but if we acknowledge it like honest men, we take the wind out of their sails. They give us credit with being opposed to the war, let us so far acknowledge the correctness of their book keeping, and it will be the most valuable as well as the most honorable credit, that was ever set down in our favor.

But if we foolishly deny it, and they arraign us for trial before that great political tribunal—the people, the verdict will unavoidably be given against us. Let us boldly declare our old-fashioned Democratic principles, and if we can succeed at all, it will be in that way; if we are defeated, it will be no disgrace to us; but for the sake of the sacred memories of the past and hopes of the future, let us not disgracefully go down (as we surely will if we attempt it) in an effort to deceive. Let not our epitaph—our disgraceful, odious epitaph be: Starved to death for want of nourishing principles while on a fruitless chase after a visionary policy.—*Washington Examiner.*

Union.—Do the men who demand that the "war power" is greater than the Constitution, desire to save this Union? No.

Do those who demand that the Federal Government shall destroy State institutions mean to save it? No.

Do those who assume that they do not want the Constitution as it is, intend to save it? No.

Do those who propose to exterminate the Southern people, want a Union with them? No.

Can they drive a community of white folks from their houses, and parcel out their land to negroes and then make a Union? No.

Do those politicians who now control the Government, and who opposed the admission of Texas, want the State back? No.

Do those, who have opposed Florida, Louisiana, ect., want back any Southern States, unless it be to oppress and humiliate them—not to deal with them as equal States of a common confederacy? No! They are disunionists.—*Hartford Times.*

Death of Gen. Sedgwick.—A correspondent announcing the death of Gen. Sedgwick, says he was shot through the head while superintending the mounting of some heavy guns. There was no skirmishing at the time, but an occasional sharpshooter put a bullet in that direction, which caused the cannoneer to wince and dodge. Gen. Sedgwick was near by, with some of his staff, and twitted the man about his nervousness. "Pooh man," he said, "they can't hit an elephant at this distance." Immediately after the ball struck him, and the blood began to ooze from his nostrils, and he fell dead in the arms of his Assistant Gen.

—Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked up in strangers' gardens.

A BOSTON CAROUSAL OVER THE WAR.

Several days ago, while our armies were engaged in a bloody and desperate struggle a jovial party assembled in Boston over luxuries and wines and rare delicacies, to celebrate an anniversary. In the chair was Wm. Loyd Garrison. George Thompson, the English Abolitionist who, thirty years ago prayed for the destruction of our Union, was an honored guest, and Triton, Phillips, Mrs. Mott and Susan B. Anthony were mingled up in the company, the blacks and whites all interspersed. It was emphatically a miscegenation meeting. It was the theory of amalgamation reduced to social reality at least.

It seems to have been a very pleasant meeting. They had gathered together in honor of the anniversary of the establishment of an Abolition society in this country, and it was fit and appropriate that the gay assemblage should take place amid the thunders of hostile cannon and the blood of wounded and dying fellow-citizens. It was right that in such a moment of triumph they should hold their fiend-like orgies and rejoice over the havoc and death they had succeeded in producing.

Any other party than the Abolitionists could not rejoice at such a time; any other party would feel more like lamenting over the wanton blood-shed of the war. But this one party can triumph and exult in the carnage it has caused. It was to bring about this terrible and melancholy strife that they labored so persistently for thirty years and gave to the demoniacal work every energy of their lives. They had advocated it in public addresses, in the pulpit and in the school room. They labored for it in seditious publications, by prostituting the Sunday School and educational instrumentalities of all kinds. They have spared nothing to gain their ends, and have even defied religion in a cry for an Anti Slavery Bible and an Anti-Slavery God, in order that this dreadful civil conflict might be brought about. The agonized wailing of wounded and dying soldiers and of their bereaved and broken-hearted relatives are to their ears but as ravishing strains of triumphant music that tells them their wicked victory has been won.

How the friends of the two hundred thousand dead and crippled soldiers will bear this insolent exultation is something more than we can well understand. They are more patient than they could be expected to be, or, in the midst of greater interests have overlooked this wicked little Boston dinner party.

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO.

This is the mournful question asked by nearly every working man in our large towns and cities of a Saturday night, when compelled by the calls of hunger and necessity, he puts his arm through the handle of a market basket and sallies out to throw himself upon the tender mercies of the butcher, grocer and huckster. He knows that he must eat—that his wife and little one must have food and raiment—and that to be enabled to provide for them, the necessary funds to supply the wherewithal must be in his breeches pocket. And then the momentous question arises—how in the world is he going to make the small stipend he has received for his week's hard toil, hold out long enough to fill his basket? He goes to butcher and find that meat, enough for two decent meals for himself and family costs one day's labor; a pound of tea ditto; and then butter, and small at ceteras demolish the third day's earnings. He finds that a head of cabbage, that a few years ago would have cost him but three cents, now fetches a ten cent shinplaster in the market! that in fact almost everything has tripled its former value; and if the idea occurs to him to treat his little nick-nacks in the shape of winter preserved fruit, he is horror struck when he demands their price, and concludes this is no time for luxuries. In fact before the basket is half filled, his purse resembles that historic one which was trodden on by the elephant, and he can only draw a long breath and sigh, "What are we coming to?" Next—he remembers that coal or wood must be bought—that has only doubled in price; that dry goods are needed—they have only trebled; in fact, that the price of everything, except labor, has doubled, trebled, and in many cases quadrupled, and the only satisfaction he can get in answer to his mournful inquiry as to the "motive why," is that "it is owing to the war!" to shout for the war—to screech for the party in power that brought the war about; in fact to endoroe everything that is done by the Administration to increase the price of the necessaries of life, and lessen the prospect of labor by depreciating the currency.—Well may the poor man inquire, "what are we coming to?" and his answer can be found by consulting the market quotations.

The Forged Mallory Report.—We leave it to the Northern Government to deny, if it dare, that the *chevalier d'industrie* who fabricated this atrocious lie, was a paid agent of its chief Secretary of State.—Meanwhile, whether it was so or not does not matter so much. It would require an expert casuist to distinguish between the comparative guilt which attaches to one who suborns a falsehood. No one is better informed than Mr. Seward on all matters which concern the Southern Confederacy. A glance at the fictitious report would have satisfied him as to its nature. Further, it purports to have been intercepted by an agent to the Northern Government. If so it would have come into Mr. Seward's hands first of all, and it would have been for him to have sent it to the papers if he pleased. If he had not seen it until it appeared in The Sun, by that circumstance alone he must have known it to be a forgery; and that he imposed it upon the British Government.

The matter cannot be suffered to rest here; it must be sifted to the bottom. We would wish all men to know how far they can trust in the word of this Government with which we continue to be in friendly relation. If Lord Russell suffers by these disclosures, Mr. Seward suffers more. Simplicity is a fault which rouses laughter rather than anger. For mendacity we have no feeling but one of contempt. To Lord Russell the history of the spurious report is humiliating; to Mr. Seward it is disastrous.—The latter stands accused of having imposed upon the British Government a forged document, knowing it to be forged. The other presuming on this falsehood, has strengthened himself in the task of prosecuting the most unjust claims against the subjects of the Queen. In the relations between the British and the Federal Governments the effect of this disclosure cannot fail to make itself felt, as its destructive to all confidence and all respect.—*London Standard.*

—Good people's already. We understand that strawberries are selling for thirty years or further it is said a few

"The Vallandigham peace men of to-day are the counterparts of the Tories of the Revolution."—*Commercial.*

The above furnishes us a fit opportunity for saying something [illegible] we have long been disposed to investigate. It is this: The Vallandigham peace men, that is, the Democrats—who are more than one half of the people of the North, stand precisely upon the same platform, advocate the same doctrine that Washington, Sullivan, Hancock, Adams, and the American patriots adhered to in 1776. They are the lineal descendents, the true representatives, are, in fact, the true patriots of our day, while their opponents are the Tories, the British Tories of their Times. These propositions we propose to defend by arguments that cannot be gainsayed.

The Whig parties of 1776 believed that the only true, the only legitimate basis of government, was in the consent of the governed. This is the Democratic doctrine of 1863. The Tory doctrine of 1776 was that governments did not rest upon the consent of the people governed, but they relied instead upon the bayonet and the sword to hold them in subjection. The Tories of our day believe in the same thing. The Patriot Whigs of 1776 favored a voluntary Union between the States. They were in favor of no other Union. This is the Union the Democrats are for to-day. The Tories of 1776 were not for a voluntary Union, but for a coerced one, and so are the Tories of 1863, alias the War Abolitionists. The British Tories of 1776 claimed that the King had the right to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, proclaim martial law over all the country, arrest and throw into prison, or transport into a distant land, anybody he saw fit, without any legal process but his own will. The Abolition Tories of 1863, in America, defend the President in the exercise of the same usurpations.—The American patriots of 1776 protested against them; so do the American Democrats of 1863. The British Tories of 1776 sustained the King in endeavoring to excite a domestic insurrection among the negro slaves. The Abolition Tories of to-day are in favor of the same measure. The Patriots of 1776 protested against it in the Declaration of Independence. They denounced it as a high crime against mankind. So do the Vallandigham Democrats of 1863. The Tories of 1776 called themselves "King's Friends," "Exclusive" Loyalists. The Tories of to-day flaunt under the same designation of "Loyalists," and tell us that the President can do no wrong, and that we must not oppose any of his enormities. They were "loyal" to the monarch, but traitors to liberty. This is the position of the War Abolitionists of 1863. The British Tories believed the King could set aside the Constitution under the "war power." So does the American Abolitionist.

We could follow the analogy much further, but it is needless. British Toryism in 1776, and American Toryism in 1863, are identically the same. Had the latter lived in 1776 they would have taken sides with the British King, while the Democrats would have been with Washington and Hancock. In view of the surprising analogy between the parties, we suggest to our Democratic friends of the press whether it would not be well to call the Abolitionists the British Tories of 1863. They are the Tories—the Democrats are the "Patriots." They are the disciples of the old idiot King George III and his unscrupulous Minister, Lord North, while the Vallandigham Democrats are the disciples of Washington.—*Cin. Enquirer.*

The House that Tom Built.—Where is the House that Tom built?

Where is the Gold that lay in the House that Tom built?

Chase is the Rat that Cribbed the Gold that lay in the House that Tom built.

Abe is the Cat that winked at the Rat that cribbed the Gold that lay in the House that Tom built.

Long is the boy that worries the Cat that winked at the Rat that cribbed the Gold that lay in the House that Tom built.

Old Colfax with the crumpled horn tried to toss this naughty Long that worries Abe, the winking Cat, that slyly whispered to the Rat to crib the Gold that lay in the House that Tom built.

Anna's the maiden all forlorn, who urges Kol. with the crumpled horn to toss this naughty, naughty Long, that worries Abe the winking Cat, that slyly whispered to the Rat to crib the Gold that lay in the House that Tom built.

Poor Horace Greeley, all tattered and torn, would kiss the Maiden all forlorn, who urges Kol. with the crumpled horn to toss this naughty, naughty Long, who worries Abe, the winking Cat, that slyly whispered to the Rat to crib the Gold that lay in the House that Tom built.

Beecher's the Parson, all shaven and shorn who will some contraband all tattered and torn, *miscegenate* with the Maiden all forlorn, who urges Kol. with the crumpled horn, to toss this naughty, naughty Long, who worries Abe, the winking Cat, that slyly whispered to the Rat to crib the Gold that lay in the House that Tom built.

Democracy is the Cock that will crow in the morn and awaken the Parson all shaven and shorn—who'll banish all contrabands tattered and torn, and punish *miscegenation* with Maidens all forlorn—he'll silence Colfax with the crumpled horn, and extol the bold out spoken Long who worries Abe, the winking Cat, who would not chase away the Rat the that cribbed the Gold that lay in the House that Tom built.—*Sunday Mercury.*

The Word with the Hare on it.—Wm. Marshall Anderson, a brother of General Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumpter, and also of Charles Anderson, Lieut. Governor of Ohio, was nominated by the Democratic State Convention at Columbus as President elector for the 12th district. He declines to accept the honor, and in a letter to the Columbus Crisis says:

"I do not accept this nomination for one or two reasons—either I did not understand the feelings and convictions of my nominators, or they did not understand mine. It is not my wish or intention to deceive, or be deceived. I desire every voter to know that I am diametrically opposed to the continuance of this war; I will not, and cannot consent to advocate and sustain any man, be he soldier or civilian, who is in favor of its further prosecution."

A New Feature.—Switzerland, famously rich in beautiful scenery, has had a new feature added to its wonders of nature. Near St. Maurice, in the Canton de Vaud, a grand crystal cavern has been discovered, which one arrives by an cost on glaciers near Lake. The cavern lies 400 [illegible] 1,800 feet below the [illegible] and is said to be [illegible]

[illegible]

Lozenges are prepared [illegible] recipe for all [illegible] Affections, Asthma, Hoarseness, Coughs, Colds, and Irritation of the Throat [illegible]

[illegible]