The Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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[illegible]

[illegible] sat on a pile of bricks,
As the rain was pattering down;
His shoes were worn, and his coat was torn;
And he had not a cent in his pocket
He looked the clouds and he viewed himself,
And he shook the wet from off his head,
And a tear dimmed his eye as he saw go by
A boy with a loaf of bread.
And he raised his voice in a doleful tone,
Thus mounted like a gong,
While the rain came down on his happy crown,
And he sang to himself this song:

De wind blows cold, but I'se done wid toil,
And lef de cotton patch,
I guess old Massa tink he count
De chickens 'fore day hatch.
I totes no more de heavy load,
Nor drives old Mistus round;
I wonder who Sey's gwine to get
De work de patch of ground.
Den fling away de rake and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee;
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I'e free.

But I tink last night as I tried to sleep,
Upon de muddy ground,
While the rain was trippin' on my head,
And de wind was whistin' round,
I'd like to hab my light 'ood fire,
And my cabin back again,
For de wedder's gettin berry cold
Out here in all dis rain.
But den I's done wid rake and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee;
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I's free.

I's got all ragged 'bout de knees,
My shoes is worn out, too;
My coat's so old dat from each sleeve
De elbow's coming froo,
And dere's de children dat once played
In shirt tail 'bout dis yard—
I cannot buy a shirt for dem,
De time's so berry hard.
But fling away de rake and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee!
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I's free.

De odder day when Pinky died,
I tink it berry good,
Dat de dear Lord should take her off
Before dis cold wind blowed;
But den 'twas hard to see her die—
I wish she'd not been born—
I'se 'frald, she perished, for she asked
About the rice and corn.
But den I's done wid rake and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee;
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I's free.

And Dinah sits dere on de ground,
And looks so thin and poor;
She cannot sing the song she sung
About the cabin door,
Her poor old limbs are almost bare,
Her cheek bones comin' froo,
I almost wish de Lord would come
And take her up der too.
But den she's done wid rake and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee;
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord she's free.

I dream'd last night old massa come
And took us home wid he,
To de log cabin dat we lef
When first dey set us free;
And der I built the light 'ood fire,
And Dina cooked the yam—
Dey say dat dreams are sometimes true,
I wonder if dis one am.
But den I's flung away de hoe
To hab a jubilee;
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I's free.—*Exchange.*

BILL ARP ADDRESSES HIS CONSTIUENTS.

Respektabul People:

I address you on this okkashun with a profound admiration for the great consideration and the nice discrimination which caused you to honor me by your votes with a seat in the Sinate of Georgy. For two momentys and inspirin weeks the Legislature have been in solemn session, one of whom I am proud to be which. For several days we were engaged as skouts, makin a sorter of reconnoy stize to see whether Georgy was a State or Injun territory—whether we were in the old Union or out of it—whether me and my fokes and you and your fokes were somebody or nobody, and lastly, but by no means leastly, whether our poor inno cent children, born durin the war, were all illegal and had to be born over again or not. This last pint are much unsettled, but our women are advised to be kalm and sereen.

My friends, our aim hav honestly been to git you back into the folds of the gloryous old Union. Like the prodygal son, we have nuthin to live on, and feelin lonesome and hungry, have been bowin and scrapin and makin apologys for five or six months. We have been seen standin afur off for weeks and weeks, but durn the cat do they kill for us. They know we've got nothin for they eat up our substance, and as for puttin rings on our fingers, we couldent expekt it until they bring back the jewelry they carryed away. I cannot say in the language of the post, that our labor hav been a labor of love, for we've had monstrus poor encouragement to be shure; but we had all set our heads towards the stars and stripes; and we jintly determind that, come wool come wo, sink or swim, survive or perish, thunder or lightnin, we'd slip back, or sneak back, or git back somehow or somehow else, or we'd stay out forever and ever amen and be hanged to em, so called, I golly.

Up to this time it hav bin a up hill business. The team was a good one and the gear all sound and the wagin greased, but the road was the ruffest, rottenest, cordyroy in the world. It's pull up and skotch, and pull up and skotch, and ever and anonymous the skotch slips out, and the tang onts round and away we go in the gully! Andy Johnson is the driver, and he says, "Go slew," and he hollers, "Wo! wo!" and loses the road, and we then have to go back to the fork and wait till he blazes the way. He seems to be chin, his best, but then there is Sumner and Seian and Stevens and Davis and other like gentlemen, who keep hollerin at him and crackin his whip and confusin his ideas, so that some times we don't know whether he's gee-in or haw-in. My friends, about these fellars, I don't know what I ought to say. If you git it anybody else, I wish they would say it, for I don't encourage sussin in nobody else at all, and if you know a man that can't be broke at his durin his natural life, it mout be well to hire him by the year.

If then is in all history a good excuse and a proper subject, it is upon them heartless, soulless, bowelless, gizzardless, heartless, subjidus, contemptible, disgustful, individuals. I sometimes think of em till my brain gits sorter addled, and I feel like mebbe I'm a volunteer myself, or the humbugs are growing. Charity lendeth me to the opinyun that old Satan do the most. I think he has been illtreated ever since he took Brooks and Keitt under his wing. Yes, Pardner Lincoln, I know dat the disease have [illegible]

standin, for we can't fathom it in these religious. They fout us to free the poor nigger but dident keer for the Union. The Western boys fout us for the Union but dident keer for the nigger. By double teaming on us they licked us and we gin it up, but now the one don't want our niggers and the other don't want our Union, and its the hardest skedule to pleas em both that a poor vankished peepul ever undertook. Its the most hardest war to wind up that history rekords. Sumter, Satan and Company are still a fussin and fumin about the everlasting nigger—want him to vote and make love, and repeat on a jewry, and want to prohibit us Rebels from doin the same thing for 80 years to cum! Jeerusalem! where is the cussin map? They say its all right for a nigger not to vote in Connecticut, bekaus there aint but a few of em thar; and its all wrong for em not to vote in Georgy bekaus there's a heap of em here, and they talk Logik and Retorik amazin to prove how it is. Well I haint got a whole passel of sense like sum, but as shore as I'm two foot high a nigger is a nigger I don't keer whar you smell him, and a vote is a vote I don't keer whar you drap it. I golly! they can't git over that.

The truth is, my feller-sitizens, I sometimes feel like we dident hav no Government. I felt that way sorter when Mr. Gibson appointed me a committee on the state of the Republik. When the Sekretary read out my name all mixed up with the Republik, I felt that I was obleeged to resing. Risin majestikully to my feet, says I, "Mr. President I beg to be respectably excused sur, if you please. If thar is any Republik on this side of Jordin I cant perseve it at this time with these speks. Thar was a place in old Virginny called Port Republic, but Mr. Rebel General Stonewall Jackson wiped out its contents generally in 1863, and I havent sinse heard of it in Northern literature. I have heard of a skrub consarn over about Washington they call a Republic, but, sur, it are likely to prove the grandest imposture that ever existed on a continent of freedom. If sure, sur, it are to be moved to Boston or the infernal regions in a few days and I want nuthin to do with it. Exkuse me, sir, but I must insist on bein respektably discharged." I took my seat amid the most profoundest and tumultuous silence ever seed, and Mr. Gibson remarked that he woudent impose the Republic on no respektable man agin his wishes. He then transferred me to the Finants Committee, and sed he hoped we would take immediate action, for the State had no money, as well as himself, and board was high and eat seteras frequent.

This may not hav been his exaktual langwidge, but is anglin toward it. I bowed my head and said, "Ditto, exsept that I don't eat seteras." Forthwith I telegrafed varyous gentlemen for a temporary loan, but they woudent lend a dollar until Mr. Jenkins wer purgated, for they wanted his name to the note. Thinks, says I, there's a tap lost about the wagin. If we are a State, we can borry money in Augusty. If we aint a State, its none of our bisness to borry it at all. If Andy wants to run the machine his own way, let him pay his own expenses. What in the dickens is a Provision Government for, if it aint to get up provisions and previde for a feller generally. I made up my mind that perhaps we had been humorin Andy about long enuf. We had as much right to a Governor as Alabama or South Carlina. He wants us back about as bad as we want to come back, and a little badder, *perhaps;* and he needent put on so many unnecsary airs about this Senator bisness. If he fools with us much, we won't elect nobody—I golly! we'll take the studs and go backwards. I forthwith returned to the Capitol, and stretchin forth one of my arms, ses I, "Mr. Gibson, sur—I'm your friend—I'm the friend of your wife and children; but of Mr. Jenkins aint norgorated soon the State will collapse; a bright and glorious star will be obliterated from off the striped rag, and the President will lose about nine supporters in the Federal Congress. I move sur, that of we can't git our Governor at once like a *sine qua non,* we break up in a row and depart for Mexiso." It took like the small-pox, and were carryed tumultuously.—*Metropolitan Record.*

SOUND DOCTRINE.

The following extracts from a speech of the Hon. Geo. H. Pendleton, delivered on the 8th instant, we would commend to the careful perusal of *every* reader of our paper:

You ask me to speak a sentiment in honor of the Constitution. I scarcely know in what sense to respond. Know the views and hopes and aspirations and efforts of these gentlemen, but if I should look out into the country—beyond the limits of this hall; beyond the circle of opinions which we have heard to night, I should scarcely know whether I ought to speak of it, in admiring praise, as an existing, active, efficient beneficence, or see the terms of eulogy, fitted for the ends of a new made grave, wherein lies prostrate a lifeless form slain by the hands of pretended friends. But thank God! the principles of the Constitution can never die! It may be neglected and violated; its application may be suspended; its benefits, and Congressman may prove faithless to its trust; the people may become degenerated and unable or unwilling to maintain it as their organic law; yet the principles embodied in written forms shall remain for the hope of all good men hereafter, illustrated by the history of seventy years of happy living which these States enjoyed "under the tranquility," and their people enjoyed "the blessings of liberty." Like the words of the Almighty, they shall not return void. Like the faintest sounds whose utterances causes the oscillation of the atmosphere to the utmost limits of space and affects its action and position in all time, so these principles, once having been in action, shall, with their influences, reach the nations throughout the ages.

What gave novelty and value to the Federal Constitution? It was not the guarantees of personal liberty—nor yet the prohibitions of invasion of individual rights. These had been declared with equal clearness and vigor five centuries before in the Great Charter at Runnymede, and transmitted from "sire to son;" they had been engrafted upon the Colonial Governments, and were the recognized muniments of American liberty.

It was the nice adjustment of the relations of the State and Federal Governments by which they both became co-ordinate and essential parts of one harmonious system. It was the nice adjustment of the powers of the State and Federal Governments, by which was left—I do not say given—to the States the exclusive guardianship of their domestic affairs, and of the interests of their citizens; and was granted to the Federal Government the exclusive control of their international and inter-State relations.

It was the parsimonious economy of the powers of the States with which the Federal Government was endowed. It was the paucity of subjects and of powers, withdrawn from the States, and committed to the Federal Government. It was the fewness of ends to be attained and of means wherewith to attain them, entrusted to the Federal Government. It was the recognition of the idea of Confederation—the appreciation of the value of local self-government. It was the recognition that the States were the creators and their powers were inherent and that the Federal Government was the creature and its powers were delegated. It was the definition of Federal authority and of State rights contained in those clauses of the Constitution and the laws passed in pursuance therof are supreme, and that all powers not delegated to Congress, not prohibited to the States, by the Constitution mark the words—are reserved.

It was this which made Union possible by reconciling Union with Liberty—which endued the Government with all needful vigor, and invested it with all the powers necessary for either peace or war, without communities or the rights of individuals.

This spirit animated those who held authority for a quarter of a century after the second Administration, and with rare exceptions, until lately, have held it ever since. And just in proportion as the Federal Government has been held strictly to this idea or its original formation, has it secured "domestic tranquility and the blessings of liberty."

It must be so. Reason and history alike—not only the history of our own brief life, but also the history of dead and living Empires, teach us that consolidation is despotism—that confederation is the only hope of liberty.

The tendency of your day is towards consolidation—and there is from this tendency, more danger to the Constitution—to the cause of the Republican Government—to the cause of territorial unity of the States, than from all the ordinances of secession or from all the armed hosts of the Confederates. I believe there is more danger in the single proposition, broached not long since in Washington, and more lately *here in this city, that the Southern States* shall be denied representation, nay, that their very Statehood shall be denied them until they shall assent to changes in the Constitution, than from all other causes together.

"MODESTY."

Friday's proceeding of the Senate branch of the Rump Congress discloses three cases of modesty that might be mistaken by old fashioned people for unusual effrontery.

The first was a case of negro "modesty." Mr. Sumner presented a *protest from the colored citizens of Colorado against the recognition of that State, on account of injustice to their race in the newly formed constitution.*" That is they are not allowed to vote. When it is considered that the *white* population of Colorado is only 34,231, and the negro population as many as 46, the pertinence of the darkies' "protest" is fully apparent. Stop that State at once from coming into the Union until those *forty-six negroes shall have adopted a Constitution!*

"Mr. Morgan offered a memorial from the New York Union League Club, asking that Mrs. Lincoln be paid the full Presidential salary for four years." It was stated a few days ago, by a "loyal" journal that the advocates of that measure held claims against the Lincoln estate. A year or two ago it was stated that heavy presidential bills for quicksware, &c., were owing in New York. Will not the $25,000, already donated, teach the claims held by the Club membership?

Mr. Trumbull, offered a bill to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau."—This is about as cool as the memorial of the Baltimore Quakeresses asking Congress "to do something for the freedmen."—*Patriot and Union.*

Q. What is the lowest depth in humanity?
A. Brownlow.
Q. What compensates for my vote for the wicked?
A. Plenty of arrests for the [illegible]
Q. Why should the Abolitionists get [illegible] the Democrats?
A. Because they got a bad Holt of the latter.

A CRISIS IN THE CHURCH.

It appears that the financial condition of the American Board of Foreign Missions is not encouraging. At a recent meeting, the Rev. T. L. Cuyler, the man who marries people "for fun," stated that "a crisis was upon the church and missions." He declared that the prevailing weakness of Christian churches was their becoming fashionable and worldly. "The atheism of fashion was greater than that of rationalism, and the church would go to pieces." This has reference only to the Protestant churches, for Mr. Cuyler declared that the church of Rome was extending. Why is it that the Roman Catholic church is thus progressing and the Protestant churches are declining? One reason is very clear, the majority of the Protestant churches have ceased preaching the gospel of love and charity, or even civilization. They are simply the temples of hate and barbarism. The clergy are mostly a young set of politico-theologians, with a good deal more of the politician than the preacher in them. They are all disseminators of Abolitionism, and as that is simply fighting against God, he has left them to work out their own destruction.

Poor deluded creatures! when their eyes are opened to the enormous sins they are guilty of, the agony which Cotton Mather underwent after his craziness about witches was over, will be no comparison to theirs. Talk about evangelizing the world! They better first evangelize themselves, and then set about restoring religious toleration in America, before spending their money abroad. Let them send some missionaries to the benighted heathen of Missouri, who are now incarcerating ministers of the Gospel because they will not take oaths contrary to their consciences. It is enough to make the blood boil with indignation to read the atrocious course of the Abolition tyrants in Missouri, towards the clergy of that State, who simply desire to preach the Gospel and nothing more. And all this in that boasted "free country" which President Johnson so grandly describes! Bonds, fines, imprisonment, for worshiping God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and that, too, under a party that claims to be the depository of freedom *par excellence.* No wonder there is "a crisis in the church."—*Day Book.*

VIEWS OF HON. JOHN BELL.—The Louisville *Journal* publishes the first of a series of letters by the Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee, on the issues of the day. Mr. Bell was a candidate for the Presidency in 1860, in conjunction with Mr. Everett, on an avowed Union platform; But when Tennessee seceded, he identified himself with the Confederacy, and continued to support it until the last. Mr. Bell now discusses the questions of the day from a Southern point of view. He heartily accepts the legitimate results of the war, and devotes himself to the important work of reconciling the Southern people to an unreserved endorsement of President Johnson's policy of reforation and generally adopts a line of argument consistant with the soundest statesmanship. He deprecates, with great force, the dangerous policy of the radicals, who are striving to defeat the President's plan, and points out the importance of baffling the schemes of Southern dismemberment by a consistant support of the constitutional policy of the administration.

WHO'S HIT!—The Columbus (Georgia) *Sun says:* All of our citizens who take the oath of allegiance are required to state their political opinions in 1860. On the books in the commandant's office, the Union signers largely predominate. Capt. Globe, so the story runs, was looking over the list when he would see for a whole page the names of secessionists as scarce almost as hen's teeth. "My God! exclaimed he, after reading a while, "if those few 'secesh' caused us all this trouble for the past four years, what couldn't they have done if all these Union men had joined them." We give the story as we heard it.—*Ex.*

A NEGRO WOMAN ABDUCTS A WHITE CHILD—For some time past C. S. Gay, esq., who resides at the corner of Fourteenth and Market streets, has had in his employ a negro woman, who left the house on Saturday, taking with her Mary, a daughter of Mr. Gay, five years of age. What object the girl had in carrying the child, unless it was to seek some revenge against her mistress, is not known. The parents of the child are in great distress about the matter, and any information in regard to the child will be gladly received by them.—*Louisville Democrat.*

—A gray contraband from down South was lately inspecting a horse power in operation, when he broke out thus: "Massa I has seen heaps of things in my life, but I nebber saw before anything whar a hoss could do his own work an dribe himself too."

—Mrs. Patterson, daughter of President Johnson, is reported to have lately said to a very prominent and fashionable woman: "We are plain people from the mountains of Tennessee, and we shall not put on airs because we happen to occupy this place for a short time.

—A lady walking on the promenade deck at Brighton, asked a sailor whom she saw [illegible] a ship was called a "she?" The son of Neptune unpromptly replied that it was because the [illegible]

—A great fire took place in Copenhagen lately.

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

The report of Major General Howard, the Commissioner in charge of the Freedmen's Bureau, which was sent to Congress with the special message of the President on the subject of reconstruction, calls for an appropriation of $11,745,950 (nearly twelve millions), for the expenses of the next year. Of this amount $4,106,250 is required for commissary stores, $4,750,000 for clothing, $3,000,000 for sites for school-houses and asylums, and $280,000 for salaries of assistant commissaries and clerks. Gen. Howard says he does not consider the problems given to him to have been solved yet, and that he does *not* hope for a complete and satisfactory result; but he nevertheless trusts to Providence to bring the negro question to some good result.

No fewer than eight hundred thousand of these poor negroes are said to have perished miserably already, from the suffering and exposure incidental to this abrupt and violent manner of giving them their "freedom." It is a costly business, too. To manage the remaining three millions of these negroes, the sum of *twelve million dollars*—or half the entire annual expenses of the Government in the country's better days—is called for to go through with the first year of the experiment. This is additional to the already severe taxation growing out of the war.

The sum spent in carrying on the war would have *purchased* the freedom of every negro—man, woman and child—in the slave States; given every negro family land enough to support them; and furnished every individual among them with as complete an *education* as he or she was capable of receiving. This plan, however, is open to the objection that it would have shed none of the blood that has flowed in the sacrifice of 300,000 lives; and hence it would never have recommended itself to the good graces of the ferocious philanthropists of the day.

A PARTY QUESTION.

At length universal negro suffrage comes up fairly and squarely before the people in every State of the Union. The passage of the negro voting bill for the District of Columbia, by the House of Representatives at Washington, has made up the issue. To use the language of John W. Forney, in his *Press* of Saturday last, it is "made a party question," and as he urges "it should be met with equal unanimity by the Union (Abolition) party everywhere." He says he does not "know a better time to meet this issue than the present," and urges his political friends to prepare themselves for the exciting controversy at hand. In short, he goes the whole animal, tail and all, for universal negro suffrage and equality, and is already applying the lash to the backs of timid and hesitating Republicans to force them into a compliance with the odious measure.

This thing of negro suffrage and negro equality *is* a party question. It has been made so by the present Abolition Congress, and even the low cunning and duplicity of that arch little demagogue, John Cessna, cannot blind the people any longer to the fact. He denied it during the late political campaign in this State, but he can deny it no longer. The question is now one of color. It is *white* or *black*, and every white man in Pennsylvania is called upon, at the next election, to range himself on one side or the other. If he wishes to make the negro his equal and his associate, he will vote the Abolition or Republican ticket; but if he is opposed to elevating the negro and degrading himself he will vote the Democratic ticket.

Choose ye between them, fellow-citizens. Upon you rests the responsibility. The issue is made up, and you must meet it *nolens volens.*—*Lancaster Intelligencer*

—The *Omnibus* of Naples relates the following story of a man who found means to turn to account the popular apprehension of poisoners, which has prevailed there.—The individual in question, being exceedingly hungry, and having only a single coin of the value of a sou, laid it out in the purchase of powdered sugar, and as he passed by the stand of one of those open air cooks who make a kind of pancake called *frittale,* he dropped, apparently by accident, some of the sugar in the frying pan. He was instantly seized by the bystanders as a poisoner, caught in the act. He denied vigorously the truth of the allegation and at last, to prove his innocence, offered to eat the contents of the pan. This proposition was accepted, and he accordingly despatched the pancake with great relish, and then walked off well satisfied with the success of his trick.

THE BLACKS IN RICHMOND.—In speaking of the crowd of hungry blacks at the Freedman's Bureau in Richmond, Va., once or twice a week to draw rations, the *Enquirer* applauds the benevolence of the government in thus preventing a great deal of suffering, but thinks at the same time that most of the two or three hundred able bodied negro women who in this way manage to obtain food for nothing are fully able to work. It says that many of them are able to earn a livelihood by their own industry, if they were only made to do so. Many a white family would willingly take some of these women for their board and clothes, if the women themselves could use a little energy and industry in the performance of desired duties. They are to lazy, however, to deserve the confidence of an employer, and will not improve so long as rations are given them.

—Don't read this line.

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

BY LAVINIA.

From the broad and calm Potomac,
To the Rio Grande's wave,
Have the brave and noble fallen—
And the earth is strewn with graves,
In the vale and on the hill side,
Through the woods and by the streams,
Has the martial pageant faded,
Like the visions of a dream.

Where the reveille resounded,
And the stirring call "to arms,"
Nod the downy heads of clover
To the wind's mesmeric charms;
Where the heels of trampling squadrons,
Beat to dust the mountain pass,
Hang the dew-drops' fragile crystals,
From the slender stems of grass.

Where the shocks of meeting armies,
Roused the air in raging waves,
And with sad and hollow groanings
Echoed earth's deep hidden caves;
Where the cries of crushed and dying
Pierced the elemental strife,
Where lay Death in sick'ning horror
'Neath the maddened rush of life.

Quiet now reigns, sweet and pensive,
All is hushed in dreamless rest,
And the pitying arms of Nature
Holds our heroes on her breast;
Shield them well, oh tender mother,
While the morn and tender breath
Whispers to the sad survivors,
Of their victory in Death.

What, though no stately column,
Their cherished names may raise,
To dim the eye and move the lip
With gratitude and praise—
The blue sky, hung with bannered clouds,
Their solemn dome shall be,
All Heaven choiring winds shall chant
The anthem of the free.

The Spring with vine-clad arms shall clasp
Their hillocked resting-places,
And summer roses droop above
—With blushed and dewy faces;
Fair daisies, rayed and crowned shall spring
Like stars from out their dust,
And look to kindred stars on high
With eyes of patient trust.

And vainly shall the witling's lips
Assail with envious dart
The fame of our heroic dead,
Whose stronghold is the heart—
The Nation's heart—not wholly crushed,
Though each throb be in pain;
For Life and Hope will still survive,
Where Love and Faith remain.

—*From the Macon Journal.*

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

—Seventy five million dollars in specie are in the vaults of the Treasury Department.

—Five cows died recently in Vermont of a disease which is supposed to be the cattle plague.

—Nearly $267,000,000 were disbursed by the Treasury Department During the last quarter of 1865.

—A New Bedford merchant offers to subscribe $25,000 towards starting a cotton mill there with $150,000 capital.

—A man ceases to be a good fellow the moment he refuses to do precisely what other people wish him to do.

—"Are you the mate?" said a man to an Irish cook of a vessel. "No," said he, "but I'm the man as boils the mate."

—It is reported that fifty-eight sea-going crafts were lost, or missing, in the month of December, of which sixteen were steamers.

—The Indian delegation have had another interview with the commissioner on their grievances. Their chief want appears to be money.

—The steamer *Atlantic,* from Aspinwall 21d, has arrived at New York. She brings California mails of the 9th, and $876,010 in treasure.

—What is that process by which twenty women, assembled in one room, can be made equally handsome at the same moment? Putting out the light.

—It is stated that an appropriation of $10,000 will be required "to replace things at the White House which have been removed by somebody."

—The Bishop of Lincoln has come out against the pew-renting system. He thinks that the possession of pews, "heavens devotion with selfishness."

—"If she had only poisoned Jenkins," says the New York *Post* in disgust at a newspaper writer's highfalutin description of the death of the murderess Mrs. Grinder.

—Many persons have their best society in their own hearts and souls—the purest memories of earth and the sweetest hopes of heaven; their loneliness cannot be called solitude.

—The Richmond (Va.) *Enquirer says:* "Our former slaves will, with the exception of a slight proportion, become paupers." This will be the upshot and end of Abolition philanthropy.

—What is a coquette? A young lady of more beauty than sense, more accomplishments than learning, more charms of person than grace of mind, more admirers than friends, more fools than wise men for attendants.

—The Treasury cotton agents in the Southern States are likely to come to grief, as Assistant Secretary Chandler and Hon. Harvey Watterson have been sent on a special mission among the Treasury cotton agents in the Southern States to investigate many charges of fraud against them.

—Early last month, at Jefferson, Texas, the military rescued by force, in open District Court, from the Sheriff, two treasury agents, who were indicted by the Grand Jury for swindling. The Court rescinded the agents under a threat of punishment if he disobeyed. The Judge declined obeying the order.

—Senator Wilson, Republican United States Senator from Massachusetts, and one of their wildest and most knowing men, lately delivered a speech in the Senate, in the battle of Waterloo when, if I mistake not, your ancestors in Spain were then in their court and the history as hade in [illegible]

—A writer beautifully remarks that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. His fortune and name attest no barrier between her and her children. Wealth the mother has none to give, all earth wealth is dross when he is needy. Her affection is a pure fountain, and deep only in the depth of sanctity.

[illegible]

The *Springfield Republican,* one of the ablest papers in New England commenting upon an idea advanced by a physiological writer, in the following graphic style:

But he advanced one doctrine which, with certain limitations, and under certain qualifications, we feel disposed to adopt. As nearly as we could get at his idea, it was that nothing stands in the way of a man being good but indigestion—that the hope of mankind lies in the stomach and bowels—that salvation effects only in assimilation—that man's highest relations are those which he sustains towards his dinner table, and that the road to Heaven passes through the alimentary canal. Now we will go so far with the gentleman as to admit that the bowels really deserve a place among the great moral agents. We have no doubt that many of the gloomiest passages of religious experience originate in the liver, that conscience is harassed by the passage of calculi through the biliary duct; that coldness between friends is frequently not only coincident with, but dependent upon, constipation, that love wanes with a relaxed habit of the mucous membrane, that anger and irritability are the direct result of mince-pie and lobster salad, and that conjugal infidelity may be produced by ill-feeding, perhaps more readily than by spiritualism. We believe that the care worn and haggard condition of the American people result from dyspepsia, rather than from any other cause, and that the natural bowels need only to be kept well and regularly open to lighten the general load of care fifty per cent.

We have seen cases in this poor world that would sufficiently illustrate the basis of our belief. We could lay our hand upon the arm of many a friend who would not only be startled, but offended, by the insinuation it would convey. We know a calm and patient woman whose religious exercises are one continued trial. Her heart is hard, her sensitive conscience is her persistent accuser, the heavens are brass above her, a cloud rests upon her worldly circumstances, she looks out upon the future with fearful forebodings, friends are fickle or cold, death stands always knocking at her door, and everything goes against her. She thinks that all is meant to wear her from a world of sorrow, and yet she cannot perceive that she is becoming better fitted for that land:

"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

Now, a little judicious hydropathic treatment would do this woman's world of good. It would lift a load from her conscience, open the way for her heart's highest communion, fill her future with rosy light, and make her merciful, in a sense that could not call for the corrective agency of the electro-chemical bath. This woman is the type of a large class; and, if any of them read this article, we hope that their next period of self-examination may be devoted to a careful consideration of the condition of their *digestive organs.* We know a man who has the reputation of being high tempered and irritable, crabbed and cross. That man's mother will take his oath that he was the best baby and pleasantest child she ever had. But he eats too much. His stomach is sour; the tides of life flow laboriously, his alimentary passages are irritated by pepper and mustard, and the consequence is that he acts as if he were possessed with the devil. This man cannot be peaceable and amiable with his stomach in a perpetuable growl. Let him, by accident, get into a good physical condition, and he will greet you as pleasantly as a summer morning. He wants exercise on a good trotting horse, a farinaceous diet, coarse bread, and a limited number of Carlisle potatoes, with nothing stronger for drink than cocoa and cold water. No essential amelioration of his moral condition can be achieved until these things are attended to. The preacher will preach, the friend remonstrate, and the wife caress in vain. We remember once seeing a very thick-headed little urchin struggling to keep his eyes open before the school mistress, and tell the name of the letter *a.* At last in the very abandon of despair, he exclaimed: "I can't read with this darn great apple in my pocket." Comment is unnecessary. It is utterly impotent, it seems to us, for the full millennium to come until a healthy digestive apparatus becomes a universal possession. We say this in no spirit of levity or irreverence. It is impossible to feel good when one is miserable, to be amiable with a cannon ball in one's stomach. Therefore let us all do what we can to advance the great cause of human progress and sound and healthy morality, by frequent bathing, daily out of door exercise, simple and wholesome diet, and regularity of habits. Under this regimen, crime will become unfashionable, pauperism go out of date, and the great religious agencies of the world have a fair chance and a clear field.

THE WIND AS A MUSICIAN.

The wind is a musician by birth. We extend a silken thread in a crevice of a window, and the wind finds it and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and Paganini must go somewhere else for honor, for lo! the wind is performing upon a single string. It tries almost everything on earth to see if there is music in it—it persuades a tune out of the great bell in the tower, when the sexton is at home asleep; it makes a mournful harp of the giant pines and it does not disdain to try what sort of a whistle can be made out of the humblest chimney in the world. Hawk will play on a tree until every leaf trembles with the song of it, whilst a river runs at its base in concert of murmuring accompaniment. What a melody it sings when it gives a concert with a full choir of the waves of the sea, and performs an anthem between the shores of worlds that gave up perhaps to the stars which have never sent back a song to Art. There are now forty thousand old houses, mourning under the cares singing in the table, opening doors without keys, and filling a measure of time and old song to the grandest and deepest hearts.

—An old gentleman of good appearance says he is never allowed to sit in a pew with a lady, unless he can have a full view of her face during the sermon.