The Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

Vol. 11. BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1866. No. 7.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY MOLLIE E. MOORE.

"To err is Human—to Forgive Divine."

I

Mercy for a fallen chief!
The Angel, Peace, hath stilled the mighty storm,
But a deep and restless grief
Stirs the mute heart and urges the warm
Lips to plead for that bowed defenseless form!

II

Upon his captive head [wrath?
Must the strong arm of vengeance wreak its
Alas! if his hands are red,
Ours are no less so; we trod the path
He trod; we followed where he led!

III

We know that blood hath poured,
We know that voices have been stilled, know
Among ye the cold sword
Hath made sad havoc, that the golden glow
Hath faded from many a warm heart and board!

IV

But have we not bled [strewn
And suffered too? are not those dark fields
With our unmonumented dead?
Did we not feel the dark clouds overhead,
And the sudden midnight that overtook the noon?

V

And if you call it sin
The Past—are then our sufferings less? But oh,
As if it had not been
The past appears while we with grief and woe
Plead for your captive—he has ceased to be
your foe?

VI

The little child
Robed for his couch at night, lifting his brow
In supplication mild,
Whispers the honored name; a hallowed glow
Seems to enwrap him as his accents flow!

VII

The young girl trimming her wreath,
Pauses among her heap of dewy flowers,
And reverently breathes
A Prayer for the great heart whose weary hours
No love may soothe, for whom there springs no
flowers!

VIII

The winter head [knell
Of the heart-broken sire who has heard the
Of his first born dead
On the field where his friend and brother fell,
Bows while he names the captive in his cell!

IX

Behold!
Bitter with grief and stung with gnawing pain
Which never can grow old!
And crossed with many a bloody stain, [slain!
A nation's throbbing heart upon the shrine is

X

And by the brave red streams
That mingled when the strife was hot and high,
And by the flashes and the lurid gleams
That shot up from our burning houses, and by
The pleading hearts that mount towards the sky.

XI

And by those memories
Common to us all, for friend or foe,
Yes, by the dear, dear eyes,
Hidden forever 'neath the clods that know
No bond or barrier 'twixt the hearts that sleep
below.

XII

By the tender hearts that grope
Vainly after the lost, and by the lone
Proud souls that yield all earthly hope,
By that sad past o'er which all true hearts moan,
"Mercy" we plead for that loved and honored one!

XIII

Behold!
Shaken with tears, as by the rain a leaf, [old,
Filled with sad tho'ts that never can grow
But wreathed with sweet flowers of sympathy
and grief,
A fallen Nation's heart pleads for her fallen
Chief!

THE END OF FANATICISM.

Very many newspaper writers profess themselves seriously alarmed by the revolutionary attitude of the Republican party. They affect to think that the political salvation of the country now hangs doubtful upon the utterance of the President. That so shallow an opinion should find such general credit is in itself no favorable foreshowing for the powers that be. The truth is that the end of the war brought with it the end of the party that made it. It now holds power by succession and not by consent.—Its leaders are stricken dumb and blind by the exigencies of their present position. To deluge the country with debt and blood was a task as easy as it was congenial.—When the necessities of the Treasury were the only measure of its authority any dabster in finance could pay his way. Every gap between end and means was bridged by a note of hand. The determined spirit with which the nation defended its unity and the passionate ardor of war gave support and immunity to a weak and cruel administration. New measures of exasperation and new levies of men followed each other like the thrusts of a weaver's shuttle. The historian will trace the fatal thread with horror. But Mr. Stanton's past time is over; the day of passion is past, and pay day is fast approaching. To reunite the lately belligerent States in the bonds of political fraternity; to devise an equal system of taxation adequate to the payment of the interest upon our frightful debt; and to solve the problem of what to do with four millions of ignorant negroes, thrust from their homes and occupations by the fate of war, incapable of citizenship and emancipated from compulsary usefulness—are the questions upon which the Republican party are now called to act; and on every one of the questions they find themselves split into contending factions. They can only agree upon measures calculated to gain time by prolonging a state of war. The soft pated fanatics of New England are at their wit's end; and the most crafty as well as the most able and thinking men of the party are casting their lines near the President, in the hope under the shadow of his wing to form a new political organization. Some feeble attempts have been made to confront the imperative demand of the country by a show of change. "Old Greenbacks" has shifted his seat from the Treasury to a more secure sitting. The chairmanship of the committee of Ways and Means, and the virtual leadership of the most important branch of the legislature, has been entrusted to the most pre-eminently stupid of the Republican financiers. The west is to be conciliated by modifications of the internal revenue laws, and eastern manufacturers remunerated and pampered by a tax on cotton. Were it not for the awful import to the country of the political situation, the spectacle of the present Congress, sitting stale-mated on their haunches and, like idle boys, passing Constitutional amendments which will never be ratified, would be infinitely ridiculous. The fear of death is upon them; and it is too late for President Johnson to save them or even to save himself. Such blatant and blood-thirsty patriots as Stevens and Sumner are yet permitted to six their rhetoric and spit their spite. The nation looks quietly on. It is the farce which succeeds the tragedy, and finishes the performance. A glimmering of this truth seems to have reached the mind of Mr. Stevens—who, after all, is more knave than fool—for in his late speech in favor of an amendment to the Constitution making representation in Congress on the basis of negro population dependent upon the grant of the elective franchise to negroes, he declared that he preferred the Southern States should continue to disfranchise the negroes, and lose the additional members of Congress their negro population would entitle them to under the amendment rather than by "copperhead assistance" to attain a majority in Congress. Mr. Stevens would and he wouldn't. He loves the negro theoretically; but he hates the Democratic party practically. Mr. Stevens knows that in 1864 the Democratic party in the Northern States counted the startling aggregate of 1,800,000 votes. Mr. Stevens also knows that in 1860 the Southern States polled 800,000 Democratic votes, which added to the vote of the Northern Democracy leaves the utmost stregth of the Republican party in a minority of over 300,000. It is this fatal predominance which paralyzes the arm of the Republican party. They stand aghast before the apparition of a united country. Petty men among them run hither and thither with their tinkering pots suggesting and attempting alterations in the fundamental law which shall make the future life of their party possible; but the patient is past recovery. Until we have another civil war there will be no necessity for another Republican party.

The great questions which gave rise to the war are now remitted to the coming statesmen of our time. It can hardly be said that the war has settled anything. It has brought us face to face with a new experiment in the treatment of the African race. It has also put us to the proof of how a burdensome government may be made tolerable to a free people. To wisely solve the questions must tax the courage and capacity of our wisest and best men. The party in power stand confessedly incapable, divided and distracted. The opportunity and the responsibility of the future will fall into other and stronger hands. Meantime, we can well afford to let Sumner strut and Stevens bluster. They sing an appropriate funeral chant over the grave of fanaticism.—*Lock Haven Democrat.*

SIR MORTON PETO.—The subjoined brief sketch of Sir Morton Peto, the leading spirit in the Atlantic & Great Western Railroad Company, will be read with interest:

Morton Peto commenced life a mechanic, and by dint of honest industry and enterprise, has gained the title of "The Railway King of the World." He is represented as being a talkative and agreeable person, careful in his bearing and speech, and a devoted member of the Baptist church. He heads the railway interest of England, and is largely interested in several American lines, prominent among which is the Atlantic & Great Western. He controls the employment of *one hundred thousand men*, and his speculations embrace the United States, Canada, Russia, Austria, Italy, Peru, New Zealand and Australia. The laborers on the lines he regulates are said to really outnumber the fighting British army. He is largely interested in the operations of subterranean London, where his workmen are "picking" night and day, and his engines rumbling under the foundation of quiet houses. It is said that in the empire of Austria alone, eight thousand men eat his bacon, and this is but a small portion of his army of laborers. His late visit to the United States will likely result in still larger investments. He is certainly entitled to the name Railway King, though his habits during his visit have been of rigid republican simplicity.—*Ex.*

IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.—Dr. Nichol, in his work describing the magnitude of Lord Rosse's celebrated telescope, says that he has looked into space a distance so tremendous, so inconceivable, that light, which travels at the rate of 200,000 miles in a second, would require a period of 250,000 of solar years, each year containing 32,000,000 of seconds, to pass the intervening gulf between our earth and the remotest point to which this wonderfully powerful telescope has reached. How utterly unable is the mind to grasp even a fraction of this immense period! To conceive the passing events of a hundred thousand years only is an impossibility; to say millions and hundreds of millions of years. The sun is more than 90,000,000 of miles distant from the earth, yet a ray of light will traverse this immense distance in eight minutes. Long as may seem the distance passed in so short a time, what comparison can the mind frame between it and the greater distance which Dr. Nichol and Lord Rosse demonstrated would require every second of that time to present more than 500,000 years!—*Ex.*

COPPERHEADS AT A PREMIUM.—One of our country exchanges—the *Jeffersonian*—calls attention to the fact that, here in the city of the League, in the recent great railroad argument, of the counsel engaged, five, Messrs. Biddle, Wharton, Black, Church and Cuyler were thorough out-and-out Democrats, and but one, Mr. Charles Gibbons, a Republican, nor would he probably have been retained but for his early and consistent affection for the great corporation he represents.—*Age.*

TO YOUNG MEN.—Two young men commenced the nail-making business at Philadelphia. They bought a lot of duck from Stephen Girard on credit, and a friend had engaged to endorse for them. Each caught a roll and was carrying it off, when Girard remarked:

"Had you not better get a dray?"

"No; it is not far, and we can carry it ourselves."

"Tell your friend he needn't endorse your note. I'll take it without."

SOUTHERN TRIBUTE TO GENERAL GRANT.

General Grant grows upon us in his character of a wise man and a conservative statesman. From the moment he overwhelmed General Lee with the irresistable force of numbers, wielded by his indomitable will and untiring perseverance, he dropped the character of a military conqueror, and all his utterances have been those of a patriot and a statesman, who saw that the sword had done its appointed work, and the policy of conciliation was the duty of the hour. The honorable terms he awarded to General Lee and his veterans, who had opposed him with determined and bloody resistance, struck a chord of sympathy in the Southern breast, the intonation of which was in exact proportion to the singular rarity of deeds of generosity up to that time from the Federal commanders. Grant was essentially a "Union General." He fought in sincerity and in earnest for the preservation of the "Union"—not as a pretext of ulterior views, not as an excuse for slaughter, plunder, confiscation and subjection, but as a reality. And when the first step in his object had been accomplished, in dispersing the armies organized to break it up, he proved his sincerity by acts and efforts to bind up the political wounds inflicted by the war, and by immediately dropping the sword to sieze the olive branch. He has thus shown his want of sympathy with the radical plan of continuing the war in time of peace, and of rejecting the Union which they had fought for.

His conservative tendency and his love of justice and truth have been recently manifested in the report he made to the President of the condition of things in the South whence he had just returned. He declared the people sincerely and heartily desirous of restoration, and in earnest in their professions and vows of allegiance to the Government of the United States. He told the truth, also, unpalatable to the negro worshippers, that the "Freedmen" were for the most part, idle and unwilling to enter into labor contracts for the coming year. In this, he has performed a valuable service to the South, for his testimony will outweigh upon the Northern public mind, the reports of a thousand such *ex parte* witnesses as Carl Schurz, John Covode and General Banks.

In his late admirable report of the operations of the great armies under his command, he gives another proof of the generosity of his spirit and the broad nationality of his feelings, in a grateful passage of tribute to the gallantry of the South. After doing justice to the equal bravery of the troops of the East and West, who had fought under his eye, he adds: "Let us hope for perpetual peace and harmony with the enemy, whose manhood, however mistaken, drew forth such herculean deeds of valor!"

A man of General Grant's stamp is invaluable to a country in an epoch like this.—Events may take a shape to open to him even a wider and grander field of patriotic effort than that in which he has already earned so distinguised a reputation. He may yet have to marshal parties and policies as he has heretofore done battalions and armies. A Democrat in political faith and education, and a Conservative in sentiments and principles, who knows but that he is the coming man to rally the hosts of his political persuasion to the defence of the rights and liberties guaranteed by the Constitution of the Union. The duty of a great leadership has to develop on some strong patriot.

Fortune has placed President Johnson in the gap of freedom, but he may fail, or trying, fall like Leonidas and his little band at Thermopylæ. In either event General Grant possesses the great qualities and rare gifts to fit him to take up the flag of the Constitution and bear it in triumph. The Douglas Democrat of 1860, the first soldier of the United States, after four years of fiery ordeal, the idol of the army and the object of high esteem and respect in the South as well as in the North, where could the Democratic conservatives of the nation find a worthier leader, or the restored United States a more honest President? As political currents are now running, these tho'ts may become prophecies before three short years roll away.—*Mobile Register & Advertiser, December* 18, 1865.

"WARN'T THAR."—The following is told of the "Hard-shell" Baptist preachers:

Two of them were in the same pulpit together. While one was preaching he happened to say, "When Abraham built the ark."

The one behind him strove to correct his blunder by crying out aloud, "Abraham warn't thar."

But the speaker rushed on heedless of the interruption, and only took occasion shortly to repeat, still more decidedly, "I say, when Abraham built the ark."

"And I say," cried out the other, "Abraham warn't thar."

The Hard-shell was too hard to be beaten down in this way, and, addressing the people, exclaimed, with great indignation, "I say Abraham war thar or thereabout."

——A California paper is responsible for the following "gosh:" "A candidate for office came upon 'a poor white man,' who had a vote to give, if he did have to do his own milking. The candidate asked if he should hold the cow, which seemed to be uneasy; and the old man consented. He took her by the horns, and held her fast until the operation was done. 'Have you had P——r (his rival) around her very lately?' he asked. 'Oh, yes, he's behind the barn holding the calf!'"

WHY?

Why don't the abolition papers publish Senator Cowan's speech in support of the President's Restoration Policy?

They are opposed to the President and his policy.

Why don't the abolition papers publish the President's Special Message to the Senate in regard to the condition of the South?

They think it a "white washing" Message, and say so.

Why don't the abolition papers publish Gen. Grant's Report on the same subject?

They think it a white washing report, and say so.

Why don't the abolition papers disapprove of the action of Congress in giving votes to the negroes in the District of Columbia?

They are at heart in favor of it—their principles being social and political equality of the negroes with the whites.—*Lebanon Advertiser.*

ASTRONOMICAL FREAK.—It has been noticed as a curious astronomical fact that in January there were two full moons, in February there will be none, and in March two. It occasionally happens there are two full moons in one and the same months; for as the time between one full moon and the other one next following is shorter than the length of the time of the different months of the year, with the exception of February, such an event must occur as often as a full moon happens to be in the beginning of a month, at such a moment there is time enough left for the moon to repeat her course of twenty-nine days, twelve hours, forty-four minutes, and three seconds in the same month. But that a certain full moon or full moons repeat at the same day and at the same moment is a rare occurrence. They will be repeated in the course of time, but never witnessed a second time by mortal men. If the time between one full moon and the next following were exactly twenty-nine days, and our year exactly three hundred and sixty-five days, your phenomenon would occur every twenty-nine years; but as the time from one full moon to another is, as above stated, twenty-nine days, twelve hours, forty-four minutes and three seconds, and the length of our year three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, forty-eight minutes and forty-eight seconds, the event in question can only occur again after 2,551,443 years.—*Louisville Courier, January* 27.

LET HIM DOWN EASY.—The manner in which our military heroes are let down to their original level, on their return home, is something more amusing to the lookers-on than flattering to the subject. A case in point: Gen. Sam. H., went out in a regiment from the Badger State as captain.—Before he left the rendezvous he was promoted to colonel, and for gallant conduct in the field was brevetted Brigadier General. On his retirement to civil life he told a friend "they let him down easy." At Washington it was Gen. H.; at Madison, Colonel H.; at the town where he organized his company it was, "How are you, captain?" and when he got up to S., where he resides, every boy with freckled nose was shouting, "Hallo, Sam!"—*Wabash Herald.*

——The Cincinnati *Commercial* is responsible for a sensational story, in which it is stated that Louisa Black, a girl of "sweet sixteen," was taken out of a haystack recently in Petersburg, Ohio, where she had lived twenty three days. "All this time she was without nourishment of any kind, excepting hay, and some grass that the frost had not nipped. Once or twice she moistened her mouth with snow as it fell. She was not so much emaciated as might be supposed, but she said she had lost a great deal of flesh, as she used to be fleshy." We should think that the *calves* would flourish exceedingly well upon such diet. Where is Barnum? As he could never succeed in getting hold of Hayman, let him obtain the Hay woman and his fortune is made.

——Three young conceited wits, as they tho't themselves, passing along the road near Oxford, met a grave old gentleman, with whom they had a mind to be rudely merry:

"Good morrow, father Abraham," said one.

"Good morrow, father Isaac," said the next.

"Good morrow, father Jacob," said the last.

"I am neither Abraham, Isaac nor Jacob," replied the old gentleman, "but Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, and lo! here are three of them!"

——Thursday last, was the day appointed by Secretary Stanton for fulfilling the contract for Ford's Theatre, but the contract remains unfulfilled. It is said that the Claims Committee have been considering the matter and that they object to the agreement. Meantime Mr. Ford has not received the money, nor the possession of his theatre.

——At a young ladies' seminary, recently during an examination in history one of the most promising pupils was interrogated:

"Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?

"No," was the prompt reply, "he was excommunicated by a bull."

——Three hundred and forty nine houses are to be taken down in the old part of Paris before the 15th of April, which will cause ten thousand families, comprising forty thousand souls, to be displaced, and compel them to seek other lodgings.

IMPUDENCE FROM THE IMP.

One of the last jokes of the season is Bottle-Imp Butler's refusal to "keep company" with General Grant. It seems that the Lieutenant General had a house-warming the other day, to which he invited some thousands of persons, without regard to politics or to antecedents of any kind. An odious discrimination (we may remark by the way) was made between whites and blacks, none of the latter race being on the list of guests. Let Mr. Sumner look to this Are new military dignities to be heaped on a man who is wedded to the odious prejudices of caste—who flings open his doors to fair-skinned traitors and shuts them in the face of loyal freedmen? This matter is worthy of investigation, and we trust that a Congressional Committee will "sit on it" without delay. The Lieutenant General probably by way of showing beyond all dispute that he "wasn't proud," sent a ticket of invitation to his old acquaintance and quondam associate in the tented field, B. F. B. The Beast perused the document with wonder, held it at the angles proper to bring its contents within range of his strabismal orbs, and read it over at least six times before he fully comprehended that it was a genuine paper. He was suspicious that it was some vile sell—a "copphead," contrivance, likely, to expose him to the shame of an affront in the saloons of Grant.—Having at length satisfied himself that it was an authentic missive, he endorsed the following reply on it and returned to the Lieutenant General:

I have the honor to receive your card of invitation. I beg to decline as politely as I may, and I would further state that in no event would I be willing to hold personal intercourse with yourself or any member of your family. B. F. BUTLER.

This is rich—positively creamy. The idea of the Bottle-Imp undertaking to resent with the pen the exposure of his failures with the sword is not a strange one. But people fancied that he meant to prepare an elaborate reply to the report of General Grant—indeed, we have heard that such a paper was actually in the hands of the printer. And now, instead of the ponderous and crushing document, we are presented with three poor, pitiful, spiteful lines, conceived in precisely as exalted and enlarged a spirit as the invitation which one little boy gives another to remove a chip from his hat, or the imputation of canine maternity which is bandied about so freely among the ragged youth of the land. We have an idea that General Grant will survive this affront and prove as impregnable to the attack of the Beast as he was deaf to the appeals of the same vicious animal to be retained at the head of the bottling and corking department of the army at Bermuda Hundred. Moreover, this lucky non-acceptance had one positive and substantial advantage attendant on it—it saved Mrs. Grant the anxiety of watching her plate while the Imp was present, and *the labor of counting her spoons after he had left.*—THE AGE.

LOOKING FOR A BERTH.—While the boat was lying at Cincinnati, just ready to start for Louisville, a young man came on board, leading a blushing damsel by the hand, and approaching the clerk, in a suppressed voice: "I say," he exclaimed, "me and my wife have just got married, and I'm looking for accommodations." "Looking for a berth?" hastily inquired the clerk—passing tickets out to another passenger. "A *birth?* thunder and lightning no!" gasped the young man," "*we ain't but just got married!* we want a place to stay all night, you know, and—a bed."—*Ex.*

ITEMS OF NEWS.—A fire broke out in Franklin, Pa., on the morning of the 1st inst., which resulted in the destruction of half a million dollars worth of property.

A fire broke out among the oil wells on Bennerhoof Run, Venango county, on the 31st ult., which communicated to eight wells, and destroyed property to the amount of $100,000.

Two steamers on the Mississippi river exploded on the 30th ult., in which two hundred lives were lost, and over $800,000 worth of property destroyed. Thecause of the explosion was racing boats.—*Ex.*

——The war between the clergy of Philadelphia and Forney's *Sunday Press* continues with unabated fury. The majority of the clergymen of that city have been desecrating the Sabbath for years by preaching politics, and, as a consequence, their remonstrances have not much effect. Heretofore, Forney has been one of their greatest pets.

The Richmond *Dispatch* informs us that an invitation was given to the negroes and colored people of Richmond on Sunday last, at the African church in that city, to send a colony North to obtain employment, and to take the place of the "Irish" and "Dutch" as the speaker said.

——A Southern man of Beaufort, South Carolina, is boarding at his own house at three dollars a day. The war has floated his property into the possession of a Yankee man, who believes that a rebel has no rights that a "loyal" man is bound to respect.—*Ex.*

——The property of the late Senator Douglas, in Chicago, which at the time of his death was considered mortgaged far beyond its value, increased so much in value during the war as to pay his debts and leave a large surplus for his heirs.

——Horses in some parts of Vermont have been ill with a mysterious disease, from which few recover. The disease appears like poison, and by many is so considered; but possibly it is an epidemical disease that needs to be investigated.

LOVE NEVER SLEEPS

Love never sleeps! The mother's eye
Bends o'er her dying infant's bed;
And as she marks the moments fly,
While death creeps on with noiseless tread
Faint and distressed she sits and weeps,
With beating heart. Love never sleeps!

Yet e'en that sad and fragile form,
Forgets the tumult of her breast;
Despite the horrors of the storm,
O'erburdened nature sinks to rest,
But o'er them both another keeps
His midnight watch: Love never sleeps!

Around—above—the angel bands
Stoop o'er the care-worn sons of men;
With pitying eyes and eager hands
They raise the soul to hope again;
Free as the air their pity sweeps
The storm of time. Love never sleeps!

And around—beneath—and over all,
O'er men and angels, earth and Heaven,
A higher bends. The slightest call
Is answered; and relief is given
In hours of woe, when sorrow steeps
The heart in pain—He never sleeps!

O! God of love! our eyes to thee,
Tired of the world's false radiance turn!
And as we view thy purity
We feel our hearts within us burn;
Convinced, that in the lowest deeps
Of human ill—Love never sleeps!

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

——It is easy to say grace—but not half so easy to possess it.

——When is a lover like a tailor?—When he presses his suit.

——A thousand laborers have been engaged to rebuild Charleston, South Carolina.

——It cost the Federal Government last year, $2,783,010,78 to do the public printing.

——The new census of Illinios shows a total population of 2,126,000; an increase of 414,000 in five years.

——The receipts of the city railways in Chicago last year were $650,000; number of passengers, 13,000,000.

——Warren Newcomb, of New York, has given $10,000 towards the endowment of Washington College, Virginia.

——General Woods has ordered the discontinuance of the military districts in the Department of Mississippi.

——The report that Juarez has fled to Texas is repeated. It is stated that he brought a great deal of silver with him from Mexico.

——War Detective Baker has been found guilty of false imprisoment in the Cobb brokerage case. He is acquitted of extortion.

——The war debt of New York is $111,000,000; of Pennsylvania, $54,000,000; New Jersey $26,000,000. The aggregate war debt of all the Northern States is $500,000,000.

——Undoubtedly women suffer great wrongs, but when we look at the dear creatures, we often think they need to be redressed quite as much as their wrongs.

—War and love are strange compeers,
War sheds blood, and love sheds tears;
War has swords, and love has darts;
War breaks heads, and love breaks hearts.

——"Ike," said Mr. Partington, "how do they find out the distance between the earth and sun?"—"Oh" said the young hopeful, "they calculate a quarter of the distance, and then multiply by four."

——Joe and Bill Benton went to New Orleans with a flat boat of corn. Joe writes to his father thus—"Nu Orleans, June 5—Dear dad markets is dull and corn mighty lo and Bills dead. J. B."

——A would-be wit, having fired all his stale jokes without effect, at last exclaimed, "Why you never laugh when I say a good thing." "Don't I?" retorted Jerrold, "just try me with one."

——It is rumored in Washington, that if the Freedman's Bureau bill which has just passed the Senate, passes the House, the President will restore the writ of *habeas corpus* in the Southern States.

——The merchants of Matamoras, together with the French, British, Spanish and Prussian Consuls, have published a protest against the conduct of the United States troops and officials on the Rio Grande.

——Thaddeus Stevens has made a vehement speech against President Johnson, saying that if a king of England, some centuries ago, had acted as the President has, it would have cost him his head!

——Four Pennsylvania gentlemen, who recently visited John's Island, near Charleston, S. C., to purchase land, were obliged to fly for their lives from the negroes, who claim the ownership of the island.

——Complaint is made by papers of York, England, that at concerts given there the ladies take their crochet and tatting work with them, and the gentlemen seduously read the newspapers throughout the performances.

——Women have been detected in smuggling whisky from Canada in cans, made in the shape of babies, which hold four or five gallons each! About thirty women, each with a bogus baby of this sort, were captured in one day not long since.

——Sixty-nine members of Congress have prepared speeches on the "reconstruction" question. Their names have all been entered for "delivery" and they will have the floor in rotation for that purpose. "Linked sweetness long drawn out!"

——Judge Patterson, Senator elected from Tennessee, has been examined by the Reconstruction Committee. He thinks no Freedman's Bureau is needed in East Tennessee, and that all the national troops may safely be withdrawn from the State.

——An exchange says it understands that a "guard of honor" is still kept up around the remains of Mr. Lincoln. It is true? Will the shoddy politicians never cease their clap-trap by which alone and fraud and corruption they and their party are maintained?

——An inventive Yankee has produced an apparatus which he says is a cure for snoring. He fastens upon the nostrils gutta percha tubes leading to the tympanum of the ear. Whenever the snorer snores, he himself receives the first impression, and how disagreeable it is, goes of course without saying.

WHY BREVET-BRIGADIER BAKER WAS DEGRADED.

The ridiculous government detective, General L. C. Baker, ceases to be a brigadier general with this day. By the terms of an order from the War Department his commission was cancelled on the 15th inst., and he is mustered out of service. It should be borne in mind, however, that the military officers here disclaim Baker's right to recognition as of the military service proper, since he did not receive his title of brigadier general by reason of meritorious conduct in the field, nor on account of service in the army of the United States. His "promotion" to a brigadiership was the work of Stanton, upon importunities of Baker, who, asked the distinction as a sort of healthy covering to hide his disreputable conduct whilst acting in the capacity of chief-thief-catcher, etc., for the government. This detective has had his day; now his trouble will commence, for he can no longer, at his own bidding, bring to his aid the strong arm of the government to protect him from the vengeance of outraged citizens who have been sufferers in person and property from the unconstitutional and utterly illegal acts of this man.

Baker had become so impudent, and felt so entirely secure from the reach of all men save the Secretary of War, that he actually attempted to play the detective upon the President and his household some weeks ago. There is scarcely a doubt, however, that this last specimen of indecency and wonderful impudence was encouraged, if not suggested, by some of the President's "Radical friends." The "Great Detective" made an utter failure of his espionage upon the executive mansion, for it was somehow discovered by Mr. Johnson, who sent a messenger to bring Baker immediately in to his presence. The detective dropped every other consideration, and repaired with all haste to the White House, totally at fault as to the purpose of his summons from the President. His name being announced, the President directed that he be at once admitted, notwithstanding the presence of several gentlemen then engaged with Mr. Johnson. The later most unceremoniously charged Baker with his villainous espionage, and informed him that if he again heard of his presence in or prowling about the White House, or if he permitted any of his creatures to sneak around the premises, the "Great Detective" should himself lodge in some one of the dingy cells in the Old Capitol, where so many had been incarcerated upon the simple order of Baker himself, without warrant, or the semblance of law or justice.

The "Great Detective" was amazed at what he heard, and remained speechless while the President scored him. Upon the President's command, "Go, sir," Baker hastily moved towards the door; but before he quite arrived there, Mr. Johnson added, "Hold, one moment, sir. I desire that you now go to Secretary of War and tell him every word I have said to you; and (shaking his finger at him) don't you ever let me see you here again!"

The "Great Detective" left instanter, and has obeyed the last injunction of the President most religiously.—*Washington correspondence Richmond Examiner.*

NO USE FOR TROUSERS.—On the morning of the meteoric showers, in 1832, old Peyton Roberts, who intended making an early start to his work, got up in the midst of the display. On going to his door, he saw with amazement the sky was lit up with the falling meteors, and he concluded at once that the world was on fire and the judgement had come. He stood for a moment gazing in speechless terror at the scene, and then with a yell of horror sprang out of the door right in the amidst of the falling stars and there in his effort to dodge them, he commenced a series of ground tumbling that would have done honor to a rope dancer. His wife, being awakened in the meantime, seeing Peyton jumping and skipping about the yard, bawled out to him to know "what in the name of common sense he was doin' out thar dancin' around without his clothes on." But Peyton heard not. The judgement had long back accounts he would have to settle, made him heedless of all terrestial things and his wife by this time becoming alarmed by his behavior, sprang out of bed, and running to the door shrieked at the top of her lungs:

"Peyton, I say Peyton, what do you mean jumping about thar? Come in and put your trousers on."

"Trousers! what the d—l's the use of trousers when the world's on fire!"—*Ex.*

CAN A MOTHER FORGET?—Can a mother forget? Not a morning, noon or night, but she looks into the corner of the kitchen where you read Robinson Crusoe, and thinks of you as yet a boy. Mothers rarely become conscious that their children are grown out of their childhood. They think of them, write of them as though not full fourteen years of age. She cannot forget the child. Three times a day she thinks who are absent from the table, and hopes that next year, at farthest, she may just have her own family there; and if you are there, look out for the fat limb of a fried chicken, and coffee which nobody but everybody's own mother can make. Did Hannah forget Samuel? A short sentence, full of household history, and running over with genuine mother love, is telling beautiful; "moreover, his mother made him a little coat and brought it to him from year to year when she came with her husband to sacrifice."

A mother mourning at her first born's grave, or closing the eye of the child after death, displays a grief whose very sacredness is sublime. But, heavier than the death stroke is the desperation of a son who rushes over a crushed heart, into vices which he would hide from even the abandoned and vile.

Napoleon was once asked by a lady what France needed for the education of youth and the short, profound reply was "Mothers."—*Ex.*

——Mind your steps. A clergyman was depicting before a deeply interested audience the alarming horrors of hell, when he astonished the hearers by exclaiming: "A young woman in my neighborhood died yesterday suddenly last Sabbath while I was preaching the Gospel in a state of beastly intoxication!"