The Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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[illegible]

BY A. E. V.

They are ringing Peace on my weary ear,
No Peace to this heart;
They are ringing Peace. I hear! I hear!
Oh! God! how my hopes depart.

They are ringing Peace from the mountain side,
With a hollow sound it comes;
They are ringing Peace o'er the sea-girt tide,
While the billows sweep our homes.

They are ringing Peace, and the springtide bloom
Like a garden fresh and fair;
But our martyrs sleep in their silent tombs,
Do they hear? O God, do they hear?

They are ringing Peace, and the battle cry,
And the bayonet's work is done,
And the armour bright they are laying by,
From the brave sire to the son.

And the musket's rattle and the soldier's drill,
And the tattoo's nightly sound,
We shall hear no more with a joyous thrill.
Peace, Peace, they are singing around.

There are women still on the startled ear,
On the burning desert's track,
Not a cry of joy, not a welcome cheer,
And their brave sons coming back.

There are fair young heads in their morning pride;
Like the lillies pale they bow;
Just a memory left to the soldier's bride;
God help, God help them now!

There are martial steps that we may not hear,
There are forms that we may not see,
Death's minster-roll they have answered clear,
They are free—thank God, some are free!

Not a fetter fast, not a prisoner's chain
For the noble army gone,
No conqueror comes in the heavenly plain,
Peace, Peace to the dead alone!

They are ringing Peace, but strangers tread
O'er the land where our fathers trod,
And our birthright joys like a dream are fled;
And thou, where art thou, Oh, God!

They are ringing Peace. Not here, not there,
Where the victor's march is set.
Roll back to the North its mocking cheer,
No Peace to the Southland yet.

—*Staunton (Va.) Vindicator.*

PEN AND INK PICTURE OF THE CAPITAL.

The city of magnificent distances, as *Randolph called Washington, has* nearly doubled in population since the war commenced. New streets have been opened—horse railroads have been laid down, speculators have gathered here to fatten upon the corpse of the country, and money making is the order of the day. The time was when Washington was a desirable place of residence—when the society here was of the best order—when some of the first and best families of the nation made this their residence and brought up families of respectability. There are a few such here now, but as a general thing, licentiousness and drunkenness are the prominent features of Washington life this season. Members of Congress spend their afternoons and evenings in billiard and drinking saloons, and their nights in houses of ill fame or assignation. Five-sevenths of the Republican members of Congress spend their nights in licentious dissipation. While a majority of the Democratic members are working for the good of the country, the opposition, relying on its majority, goes in for a "good time," so called. The "private" announcement that a new lot of girls have arrived at ——'s, or ——'s, or ——'s, is sufficient to fill the places named with Abolition members of Congress—"living lights and pious members of the "God and morality" party that they are. Washington under Abolition auspices, is the most licentious, depraved city in the Union. Drinking saloons, gambling houses, houses of prostitution and assignation are about the Capitol as side-shows are about a circus.—Harlots and niggers occupy the galleries, smile on their pet members on the floor, and throw kisses to the "God and morality" representatives of honest constituencies. Prostitutes stop on the streets to chat with members of Congress for a few moments, then walk off together, disappearing in the seemless entrance" of some "eating house" or "European Hotel." We have been in Washington many times before now, but never saw so much dissipation. Money is no object. Members spend five times their incomes. Drinking saloons are like palaces—prostitutes dress better than queens—thick tongues, red eyes and private doctors are the order of the day.

And this is legislation! Bargains are made at Faro Banks or in parlors of houses of assignation. "You tickle me—I'll tickle you. A fresh girl "from the country" with a neat ankle, a pretty leg—a stylish wardrobe, a pouting lip—a saucy toss to her head and a watery eye will carry a measure through Congress after arguments have failed. If the devil should come to Washington and establish a first class palatial house of prostitution, filling it with wine and beautiful women, he could legislate this country into hell in fifteen minutes.—The member of Congress who has not a half-dozen mistresses, is called a "copperhead," and kept out of the political ring. It may be that our readers will not relish these facts—that is their business, not ours. We publish a plain, honest newspaper—we have suffered in person, reputation and business for telling the truth—we have won a right to speak of things as they are.—Washington is a city of magnificent distances—of niggers and speculations—of whisky and Abolitionists—of dust and Harlots.

There is more drunkenness, filth, corruption, drunkenness, dissipation, extravagance and licentiousness in Washington than in New York and Baltimore combined. If a man walks out with a lady here, no matter if she be a sister, people think her a prostitute, so common are the class of women here. If a man comes to Washington with his actual wife, it is looked upon as a pleasant "gag"—the clerk of the hotel winks as if to say "all right, my covey—I know my business!" the best dressed women are the prostitutes—pensioners for the nonce of Abolition money wrung from the vitals of the people, sycophants, lickspittles, niggers to the bone—who pray to God in the usual distinct way for their party, Abolition principles—Hell has but one hot house—Washington! And this under the rule and administration of the party which came in power on a cry for retrenchment and reform, and claiming to be the great "God and morality" element of the country.

We well remember when there were but two gambling places in Washington, and we knew men who frequented such places, but it was done and enjoyed as the secret pleasure of a few. Now the case is different. We have been in such places on our tour of observation. They are now kept open day and night. Sons of well to do, young citizens of the army, clerks of Departments and other young men, hardly out of their teens and with crowds around their backs, fill up the Faro Banks, and gambling houses that dotted the plane sinking down rapidly on the roof of hell.

Washington is full of drunkards, dust, evil women, speculators, niggers, lies, office seekers and thieves. The Treasury Department is the finest house of ill fame in the country. Members of Congress keep their mistresses, along with a few respectable women. For a few hours labor each day the girls who are generally handsome, receive good pay, half of which or half of their pay for "night work", is given to the radical gentlemen to whom they owe so much for position, and thus members of Congress who are basking in the sunshine of abolitionism can manage to live on three thousand dollars a year, and have something over—more than they get at home. Of course there are exceptions to this wickedness, but they are few in the dominant party.

Palatial dens of infamy are under the special patronage of many prominent Republicans. To these places the country friends of these members are taken—their expenditures are liberal—the inmates "dead head" the Honorable gentleman who brings them custom, and all goes merry as a horse down hill. How in the name of God, or the devil, honest Christians in the country can vote for the class of men now making laws in Congress, for the ruling of the country, is more than we can tell. Verily the difference between the voters and the members is more than strange

There seems to be little value attached to money here. The cost of living is exorbitant One member of Congress, with his family, servants, horses, lives at one of the hotels, and pays for his living one hundred and eighty dollars per day. He has a large suit of rooms, and indulges in much style, but is not half as good a legislator as the honorable gentleman (Mr. Brooks) who was ousted to make room for him.

We looked in vain in the different departments for the one armed, crippled or veteran soldiers, who were to be rewarded by the Republican party. The one-armed heroes are not popular. The left-handed writers are not there Once in a while we found a poor widow in some of the departments—merely to build a newspaper article on for country consumption. But we found hundreds of negroes swarming about these offices—opening and shutting doors, as if those who passed through could not wait on themselves—we found these dusky lambs of Abraham answering bell calls everywhere—we saw them in the gallery of Congress, scratching their dirty heads, chewing pea-nuts and smiling approval on their Radical deliverers. And we saw one-armed, one legged and otherwise mutilated white soldiers, selling apples, pea-nuts, papers and such stuff on the streets—generously provided for by—themselves.

Looking over and about this city we feel more than ever to thank God that we are not office seekers, and that we are not afraid to write of these things as we find them. If God cursed us with the last war for our national sins, He will annihilate us as a nation for the sins, wickedness, extravagance, corruption, licentiousness, drunkenness and dissipation now marking life in the Capitol.

M. M. P.

ELEVEN MILLIONS FOR NEGRO PAUPERS.

The bogus affair that calls itself a Congress has just voted eleven millions for the "Nigger Bureau," to establish schools and support nigger paupers in the South! Just think—the negroes of the South produced some three hundred millions of surplus or real wealth, nearly all of which was finally secured to the people of the North, who built their Fifth avenue places and voluptuous churches on this result of "slavery," and in 1860 there was not one single pauper among all these four millions of negroes. Now this labor and all this mighty production of wealth is abolished, for the time being as absolutely so as if the negro himself was stricken out of existence, and the northern laboring classes are loaded down with a debt of three thousand millions to accomplish the stupendous crime.—Counting in the negroess of the South, who produced as much cotton as the males, perhaps, the producing forces of the two sections were about equal, therefore it comes to this, not only is the labor of the negro lost to the whole country, but every laboring man in the North must hereafter give a very considerable portion of each day's toil to destroy the former. The emigrant, the Irishman, the farmer, the mechanic, every man who adds to the production of the country, must first give up a portion of each day's toil to pay the interest on the debt contracted to "abolish" the labor of the negro in the South, and what is left he may spend on his wife and children If his children have not quite enough to fill their bellies or to cover their nakedness, why he can only reply to them: Be patient, for though you suffer for food and clothing, and I am giving my sweat and very life-blood, and will doubtless die in the almshouse, it is in the glorious cause of emancipating negroes from labor. But since this unapproachable crime of abolition, the negroes are not only lost to production, but Northern laborers are to be taxed eleven millions more to support negro paupers. Well, why not? Since their hand is in, why not complete the job? Why not, indeed, give every negro a white laborer to work for him hereafter? It would simplify the matter mightily, and be the same thing in fact.—*N. Y. Day Book.*

——The Philadelphia *Daily News* (Republican) says Geary cannot be elected upon the Harrisburg platform, and adds: "It is folly for any one to flatter himself with the belief that the radical element alone can carry an election in Pennsylvania, even if the conservative Union men should simply refrain from voting." The Republicans of Pennsylvania cannot and will not support Geary upon that platform. He will be beaten, therefore, before the election, he repudiate it, and join in support of the President's policy or make up his mind to almost fearful defeat at the polls. Geary has no popularity of his own—civil or military. He is known throughout the State to be just what he is, and, under the most favorable circumstances, would find it difficult to get a respectable support. With the Philadelphia traition clog at his back, he does not stand the ghost of a chance. This is written to be committed on all hands.

A Washington writer tells a droll story of the President, by which it would appear that he will being shaved the other day, when the barber, accidentally twitched his nose a little in the shaving. "Pardon me," said the barber very humbly. "Put your hand on my side pocket and pull out my wallet," replied the President. "I'll fill it out for you when you've done."

THE BOYS IN BLACK VS. THE BOYS IN BLUE.—Gen. Geary, the Disunion candidate for Governor, is now the leader of the "culled brigade," he has deserted the "boys in blue," in order to take charge of the *boys in black!* He is the candidate of the Rump Congress which does nothing but legislate for the negro, and which declared the Union to be composed of but *twenty-five States.* Grant and Sherman, Meade and Hancock stick to first principles; they are for the flag with *thirty-six stars* upon it and for the Union with *thirty six States* included *within its limits.* They, also, stick to the boys in blue and disdain to lay off their battle harness to clothe themselves in *black* to serve the purpose of office getting. Not so with Geary. He is for the Thad. Stevens Rump Union of twenty-five States, for the Sumner multilated flag of twenty-five stars. He has laid aside his uniform of true blue, and donned the black of the *Freedmen's Bureau and the saddle color of* the Negro Civil Rights Bill. While Grant and Sherman, Meade and Hancock stand by Andrew Johnson, who is the Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, Geary opposes him and suffers himself to be used as a tool in the hands of the Disunionists. Thad. Stevens is in the interest of the conspiracy of the Rump Congress against that noble patriot. There is a direct issue, therefore, between Geary, *the leader of the boys in black,* and the friends of the patriots who fought for a *Union of thirty-six States* and under a flag of *thirty-six stars,* the soldier citizens, *the boys in blue.*—*Bedford Gazette.*

THE KIND OF ORGANIZATION WE NEED.—The Democracy should organize clubs immediately in every election district in the State. The object of these clubs should be organization. There is no special necessity for much speech making just yet. That will be done in due time and done with effect. When the appeal comes to be made to the people of Pennsylvania on the great issues now agitating the nation, we have no doubt as to the response which will come swelling up from the great popular heart. *The stump will be more potent than it has* ever been before. The Radicals cannot defend their policy, and it will be repudiated with scorn and loathing. We shall have the masses with us in sentiment.

But enthusiasm alone never yet accomplished great results. We need organization—close, perfect, working organization. There is much other work to be done besides making and listening to speeches. In the New England states and in New York the Republicans have had an efficient organization for years, which reached to every school district in those states. Every voter has been registered and marked as with them, against them, or doubtful. They could count up and ascertain very nearly what the result would be before an election occurred. Such organization as that is a most potent engine of power. *That is just what the Democracy must do* in Pennsylvania and elsewhere if they would win. The time has gone by when elections can be carried without organization. We have a clear Democratic majority of votes in Pennsylvania if they are all polled. To do that must constitute the chief work of the Democracy.—*Gettysburg Compiler.*

A LESSON FOR DAD.—An old gentleman farmer, who had two or three very pretty daughters, was so very anxious of his charge that he would not permit them to keep the company of young men. However, they adopted the following expedient to enjoy the society of their lovers, without the knowledge of their father: After the old man had *retired to rest, the girls would* hang a sheet out of the window, which was quite a distance from the ground, and the beau would seize hold of it, and with the assistance of his lady-love, who tugged lustily at the end above, would thus gain entrance. But it so happened that one evening the girls hung out the sheet rather early: for the old gentleman, by some ill wind, was blown around the corner, and spying the bed-covering, could not conjecture, the meaning of *its being there.* He took hold and endeavored to pull it down. The girls, supposing it to be one of their beaux, began to hoist, and did not discover their mistake until the head of the old man was level with the window-sill, when one of them exclaimed, "Oh! Lord, it's dad!" and letting go their hold, souse came the old man on the hard stones and ground below, dislocating one of his shoulders, which convinced him that his efforts to make old maids of his daughters was not a matter so easily accomplished, and, withdrawing all opposition to their keeping company, he was soon a father-in-law.—*Ex.*

——McClure's *Repository* says Bergner's "*Telegraph* takes occasional spells of malignity toward *Gov. Curtin,* and as it cannot safely attack the Executive manfully, it assaults him indirectly." Bergner said Secretary Stifer was opposed to the signing of the disfranchisement bill. The *Repository* says this is not true. Bergner says Attorney General Meredith has pronounced that bill unconstitutional. McClure says this ain't so; that Meredith has never expressed any opinion upon the subject. Then Aleck goes on to read the Deacon a lecture about his "perversions" and "suppression," and his many and general wickedness, all of which we are prepared to believe as being, as near "gospel truths" as one of his political family can get. As it ain't our fight, they can wollop each other as much as they please, and when they get through their sanguinary exercises we shall make an effort to draw a very shabby Curtin over the scene.—*Patriot and Union.*

QUERY.—The La Crosse *Democrat* says: "We believe the country would be better off to-day if every republican, and abolition traitor, meddler, sycophant, apologist, thief traitor or tool of traitors, were in the bosom of Abraham." An emigration of that kind would be such a blessing to this country as has never been visited upon any people, but what kind of a place would it make of Abraham's bosom for any one else to locate in?

——Gen. Rosseau, of Kentucky, applied a rattan to the hide of the Reverend blackguard Grinnel, of Iowa, at Washington, on Thursday morning and laid it across him in Congress on Monday last.

——The man who takes thing easy—the city pickpocket.

BANKRUPTCY AND RUIN MUST FOLLOW.

The wasteful extravagance of the Rump Congress has been the theme of many a condemnatory article in the newspapers, and the subject of much animadversion among the hardworking tax-payers. Among many other useless or questionable expenditures may be mentioned the following: $75,000 to Mrs. Lincoln; $40,000 for daubing some perishable caricatures upon the ceiling of the rotunda; $25,000 to the vagrant negroes lying around the capital; $15,000 to Clara Barton for making lists of missing soldiers, &c.; $6,000,000 to Missouri for imaginary war expenses; $12,000,000 for the Negro Bureau; $100,000 to carry Thad Steven's resolution of congratulation to the Czar of Russia; and several more million to build and arm a lot of forts in New England.—Among other projects of expenditure only yet partially acted upon or attempted and defeated, are the Niagara canal, $10,000,000—all for private pockets; the Pacific railroad, *several hundred million—a grand field* for private plunder; the soldier's bounty bill, $200,000,000—one fourth for the veterans and the balance for "loyal" thieves; the air-line railroads and telegraphs, millions more for plunder; the negro bureau, $75,000,000—vetoed, &c Besides all these, several million dollars have been wastefully spent in smelling and white washing committees, sent out to manufacture disunion capital. These and hundreds of other expenditures and projects of expenditures show how recklessly the money wrung from the people in taxation is squandered.

But the wasteful extravagance of the Rump Disunion faction might, in time, be remedied. That is not the worst feature of their acts and schemes. Their course of captiousness, hatred and injustice toward the whites of the South and their patronage of the black race is keeping alive distrust and ill feeling, and so greatly unsettling the business and financial prospects of the country that the weekly loss to the people in general prosperity may safely be estimated at millions of dollars. The country cannot endure this state of things much longer. It is almost as devastating as war itself. Although peace has reigned for more than a year, there is no hope or confidence at the South. Confiscation is sweeping away the lands from the original owners into the possession of Northern Yankees and thriftless negroes. Punishment for rebellion, by hanging, imprisonment, banishment, loss of property, denial of the right to hold any office or to vote, is hanging over the heads of thousands and thousands of Southern men, depressing and crushing them as with a mountain. Over all hangs the sword of Damocles—negro suffrage—by which, should they escape the other impending dangers, they may be buried beneath the political tyranny of an ignorant and brutalized race—the willing tools of Yankee Disunion politicians

Consequent upon this state of agitation and danger, there is no planting of cotton, of cane, of tobacco; there is no gathering of rice; no manufacture of turpentine, pitch and tar, commensurate with the demand for these articles, or with the desire of the people to labor and produce them. "Reconstruction," that foul scheme of darkness, with its latent curse of disfranchisement and political tyranny, stands in the way not only of the restoration of the Union but it is withering and blighting our country's prosperity and happiness Not the South alone, however, is suffering. Every city and town and township in the Northern States is sharing in the general depression. The Southern people are merely cultivating wheat, corn, vegetables, fruits, &c., and raising such stock and fowls as are necessary for their subsistence until the troubles now encompassing them shall be settled. Consequently there is no market there for the surplus corn and pork crop of the Western States, as there was before the war, and ought to be now. The same influences have combined to prevent a demand upon our Northern workshops for plows, harrows, mowers, reapers, steam engines and boilers, cotton gins, crushing mills, baling presses, refining machinery, and the thousands of Northern manufactures of household comfort and luxury, which a *prosperous* South would have demanded to the extent of many million dollars during the time the Rump Congress have been engaged in their self-*aggrandisement schemes.*

Every man can see how much has been lost to the Northern business and working people by the agitation in Congress. The closing up of numerous workshops throughout the country devoted to the manufacture of agricultural implements and useful machines is significant. But a few days ago our citizens saw the extensive manufactory known as the Novelty Works go under the Sheriff's hammer in this city. Every observer is cognizant, moreover, of the stagnation of business in the manufacturing cities and of the decrease in the demand for and remuneration of labor. It does not require a very close reasoner upon cause and effect to trace the source of all these obstacles to our prosperity to the persistent disunionism of the political demagogues now dominating and legislating for continued supremacy. If the people are wise, *therefore,* they will at once out loose from entangling alliances with Thad Stevens and those who go on with him for their private gain. No one endorsing his views should be elected to any office, for so sure as his plans are carried out so sure will general bankruptcy and ruin result to the people of the North in return for imposing political slavery upon the South.

Let the Union be once restored, however, and the *Southern people admitted to representation,* with a fair opportunity to retrieve the past, and a new era will at once dawn upon the South and the North. Plantations will spring from fallow into productiveness—from Maryland to Texas; cotton, sugar, rice, turpentine, &c., will flow upon the market; Western corn and pork will take their pristine voyage down the Mississippi, and every Northern workshop, furnace and manufactory will rattle with the noise of active and remunerative industry.

The people have it in their power to bring prosperity or ruin. Which will they choose?—*Patriot & Union.*

THE CHOLERA.—It is now pretty evident that the cholera will not spread over the country to any considerable extent this season. The Lord cannot be so angry with this people as to plaster them with cholera and the rule of the abolition party, at the same time.

HOW TO KEEP A HOTEL.

Robison, in the New York Saturday *Press,* says: Having traveled considerably in my time, I have thought some brief suggestions, short, perhaps, of a perfect manual on the subject, might be useful.

Procure a well dressed clerk, with curly black hair, if possible, to stand at the desk, and by all means insist on his wearing diamonds.

Seedy visitors will take no liberties with such a man.

When a traveler comes in he is not to notice him for the space of five minutes at least; it puts the obligation at once where it belongs

You take him in, not he you.

It is an excellent device to have the numbers of your chambers reversed from the old plan, i e, let them begin to count from the roof.

Thus, when the guest sees the clerk put "No 10," for instance, opposite his name on the register, he departs satisfied, and is too much exhausted and cowed by the time he discovers its whereabouts to make any complaint.

Instruct your clerk that it is not his business to know anything about departing cars and steamboats

Also, if your house happens to be in a country town, to add one dollar a day, invariably to all New Yorkers' bills.

They will not think much of your house otherwise.

When a guest has paid his bill, and is about to depart, let the clerk ask cheerfully "which way do you go, Mr. Robinson?"

Some persons are so easily imposed upon that the extraordinary fact of a highly bedizened clerk knowing their names two minutes after reading them on the register, tickles them tremendously.

In regard to the dining room you cannot have too impudent a man as head waiter

It should be his duty when a guest enters the room, no matter how empty it may be, to take him in convoy, and make him walk the entire length of it before assigning him a seat.

It not only serves to impress the grandeur of the apartment upon him, but invariably disconcerts bashful men, so that they devour their meals meekly and make no troublesome requests.

Ladies should be served in the same way for exactly contrary reasons.

It affords them a very fine opportunity for to display their clothes, and puts them in a good humor.

Let the sexes be kept religiously apart while feeding, unless it should be in the case of husband and wife

Married men traveling alone will suffer so much from the dearth of female society, that the next time they will probably bring their wives.

It will scarcely be necessary to make any suggestions in regard to extra charges in the bill, as they will naturally occur to the feeblest of landlords.

You should, however, in winter, charge for a fire in every room that has conveniences for it, and if remonstrated with, reply that it is the "rule of the house," and that the guests might have had it.

This phrase you will find of immense service on all sorts of occasions.

Produce the largest Chinese gong you can find to awaken your guests in the morning and call them to their meals. They will conclude that your house is a stunning affair.

A negro will probably beat it more thoroughly than a white man.

Also, on the counter in the office, keep an immense hammer bell.

A judicious clerk will produce a very humbling effect upon a modest guest by striking it rapidly four or five times when he is asking absurd questions.

THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.

We did thank God for calling Lincoln home. If Lincoln is in Heaven, as Abolitionists say, he is better off than he was in Washington, beset by thieves, Abolitionists, army-contractors, office-seekers and gaping listeners to his smutty jokes. As a *friend of Lincoln we thank God for calling* so great and good a man home before he should become disgusted with the Annas, the Janes, the Thaddeuses, the Benjamins, the Charleses, the Freds, and others of the leaders of the God and Morality party.

We thank God for calling Lincoln into the presence and company of Democrats, as he is if in Heaven. The poor President suffered enough from being with *Abolitionists* on earth, and we thank God for calling him *beyond* their reach or influence here or hereafter.

Whatever is, is right. God, who rules us all, wanted Lincoln removed—He made Booth his agent; no one but God is to blame for Lincoln's death. God is never to blame; we, who are Christians, should thank him for everything; we do *so thank him;* he who does not thank God is no Christian;—*those who assail us are* no Christians.

We believe the country is better off now than when Lincoln was alive.

We believe more in statesmanship than in nigger songs, or in humorous yarns in time of war.

We believe Lincoln was a mere man of putty in the hand of traitors and thieves, known latterly as Abolitionists.

We believe that God saw that he was not useful, even if ornamental, and removed him to make room for a better man.

We believe Johnson is a better man than Lincoln—if he had not been, surely the great Republican party would not have gone out of the Union for a candidate for the Vice Presidency, when they had so many good, pure, honorable statesmen in the North!

We believe the country would be better off to-day, if every Republican and Abolition traitor, meddler, sycophant, apologist, thief, traitor, or tool of traitors, were in the bosom of Abraham.

We believe, further, that the Abolition party is going to the devil, literally, and we do not care how quick.

And we still further believe that "Brick" Pomeroy has more true friends in the country than ever Lincoln had—that we do not care the snap of a finger for the good or ill opinion of all the Abolition editors in the land—that we shall write this paper just as we see fit, and do what no one of our assailants dare do—tell the truth without fear or favor.—*Democrat, La Crosse, Wisconsin.*

Mrs. Gen. Tod Thomas is said to be again in an interesting condition.

THE LATEST INFAMY.

We take the following despatch from the columns of the New York *Tribune* of yesterday:

The Constitutional Amendment—Proposition for Immediate State Action.

PHILADELPHIA, Thursday, June 14, 1866.

After the Senate adopted the Constitutional amendment, just concurred in by the House of Representatives, Governor Curtin addressed a circular letter to the Governors of all the loyal States, suggesting the propriety of Union in action in calling together their legislatures for the ratification of that amendment. It is now understood that such uniform action will be had and that before the adjournment of Congress a ratification of the amemendment will be made.

We had more than once heard a hint that a scheme, of the kind here boldly avowed, was in contemplation and had long been a matter of secret discussion in the councils of the radicals. But we did not believe it. It seemed incredible. There was nothing in Governor Curtin's recent political course on which to ground a suspicion that he would lend himself to such a shameless work, but, on the contrary, there were many things to justify an assured conviction that he would spurn any connection with it. But it seems that we were mistaken. We honored him overmuch He has not merely given his assent to this base scheme for forestalling the judgment of the people upon a question of vital interest to them and their posterity, but has taken the initiative in it, and appears before the public as its author Let us consider what it is he proposes to do.

It will be remembered that the Legislature of Pennsylvania, which he proposes to convene in special session, was not chosen by the people in anticipation that any such amendments to the Constitution as those which have recently passed Congress would be submitted to it. We venture to assert that not a single candidate for a seat in that body dared to avow himself, pending the election, an advocate of negro suffrage We know positively that every Republican who was chosen did his best to convince his constituents, when he solicited their suffrages, that no such purpose as that of enfranchising the blacks was in contemplation by his party. There cannot be a doubt that had the people understood that this question was an immediate and practical one, that it would come up for settlement by their representatives before another election and that by choosing a Republican Legislature they would give their assent to the establishment of negro equality within their own borders and throughout the land, they would have cast such an overwhelming Democratic vote as would have left their opinions in no doubt. But they were deceived, and the party which got control of the Legislature got it on a false pretense. Their hypocrisy was all along manifest to us, but we did not suspect them of a design so outrageous as that which Governor Curtin's circular foreshadows.

It is now proposed to take away from the people the opportunity to say "yea" or "nay" to questions of nearer concern to their rights and interests than any that have ever been presented to them since the Constitution was formed Their judgment is to be anticipated. A partizan Legislature is to be called together, in special session, to hurry through a work which dare not be trusted to their successors, who will be elected with open eyes and a full knowledge on the part of their constituents of the interests which will depend upon the choice they make. The Washington *Chronicle* declared last winter that if the Republicans should go before the people of Pennsylvania upon the issue of negro suffrage they would be beaten hopelessly and everywhere. In this declaration lies the secret of Governor Curtin's haste. It is hoped by giving a speedy ratification to the amendments not only to assure their adoption, but to take the questions which they involve, and which the radicals dare not meet in the campaign, out of the arena of discussion.

No grosser violation of the spirit of the *Constitution than this was ever conceived,* even by the party which have distinguished themselves by their contempt for it. The provision which requires amendments to be submitted to the Legislatures of the respective States is, of course, designed to secure an expression of the sense of the people of each State, speaking through their representatives. But, here, the Legislature is summoned to Harrisburg to decide a question of vital importance upon which the people of Pennsylvania have not passed, and have had no opportunity to pass, judgment. This is a fraud—a gross and palpable fraud—one which must rouse the indignation of every honest breast. We hope that it will be exposed and denounced as it should be by the whole Conservative press of the Commonwealth. It is the latest and basest of those multiplied outrages upon law, justice, and *decency,* by which the Republican party has hitherto managed to maintain its power. We protest against it, not merely because of its intrinsic wickedness, but because of the strife it promises to engender—the stormy future which it forbodes for this country. Because we would not see revolution, we protest with all the might that is in use against an outrage which it would almost seem is *intended* to provoke it.—*Age.*

THE GARDEN SPOT OF AMERICA.—I heard the love of home oddly illustrated in Oregon one night in a country bar room. Some well dressed men, in a state of strong drink were boasting of their respective places of nativity."

"I," said one, "was born in Mississippi, were the sun ever shines, and the magnolias bloom all the happy year round."

"And I," said another, was born in Kentucky the home of impassioned oratory; the home of Clay; the State of splendid women, of gallant men.

"And I," said another, was born in Virginia, the home of Washington; the birth place of statesmen; the state of chivalric deeds and noble hospitality.

"And I," said a yellow haired and sallow-faced man, who was not of this party at all, and who had been quietly smoking a short black pipe by the fire during their magnificent conversation—"And I was born in the garden spot of America."

"Where is that," they asked.

"*Skoodagan, Maine,*" he replied, "kin I sell you a razor strop?"

Madura publishes a queer thing. Her instance, that eminent lover of his country, H. Stanley, said as recently as 1860: "If nations have their superstitions, and that of our people is the Constitution,

OVER THE WAY.

Gone in her childlike purity
Out from the golden day;
Fading away in the light so sweet,
Where the silver stars and the sunbeams meet,
Over the silent way.

Over the bosom tenderly
The pearl white hands are pressed;
The lashes lie on her cheeks so thin—
Where the softest blush of the rose hath been—
Shutting the blue of her eyes within
The pure lids closed to rest.

Over the sweet brow lovingly
Twineth her sunny hair
She was so fragile that love sent down
From his heavenly gems that soft bright crown,
To shade her brow with its waves so brown,
Light as the dimpling air.

Gone to sleep with the tender smile
Frozen on her silent lips,
By the farewell kiss of her dewy breath,
Cold in the clasp of the angel Death,
Like the last bud of a faded wreath,
Whose bloom the white frost nips.

Robin—hushed in your downy bed
Over the swinging bough—
Do you miss her voice from your glad duet,
When the dew in the heart of the rose is set,
Till its velvet lips with the essence wet
In orient crimson glow.

Rare bud—under your shady lea,
Hid from the sunny day—
Do you miss the glance of the eye so bright,
Whose blue was heaven to your timid sight?
It is blossoming now in a world of light
Over the starry way.

Hearts where the darling head hath lain,
Held by Love's shining ray—
Do you know that the touch of her gentle hand
Doth brighten the harp in the unknown land?
Oh, she waits for us with the angel band,
Over the starry way!

—*Exchange.*

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

——There is a very large emigration to Colorado this season.

——The Johnson men in Iowa are about to hold a State Convention.

——The wheat harvest was commenced in North Carolina last week.

——Young men who idolize young women always long to be joined to their idols.

——Swimming is one of the regular branches of a Honolulu female boarding school.

——There were 800 divorces in Ohio last year. Good many for a "Union" State.

——Colonel W. W. Seaton, of the National *Intelligencer,* died on Saturday, aged 81.

——The Paris Conference has been broken off, and a European war is considered inevitable.

——The gold mines at Dahlonega, Georgia, are about to be worked with improved machinery.

——The steamer Magnolia was burned at St. Louis on Tuesday morning. The loss is about $100,000.

——The wave on which many a poor fellow has been carried away, is the wave of a lace handkerchief.

——A boy, twelve years of age, stabbed his mother, in Reading, on Friday, while she was punishing him.

——The Eight-hour League of the New Orleans workingmen rigidly excludes negroes from membership.

——Hon. James Humphry, member of Congress from Brooklyn, N. Y., died in that city on Saturday.

——James W. Patterson was on Friday elected United States Senator, by the New Hampshire Legislature.

——There is a report that Fredrick A. Seward is to be the Republican candidate for Governor of New York.

——The merchants of Savannah, Ga., are making arrangements to celebrate the Fourth of July in grand style.

——The Postmaster-General refuses to increase the pay of New England railroads for carrying the mails.

——Why is a dog with a broken leg like a boy in arithmetic? Answer, Because he puts down three and carries one.

——It is rumored that the New York Legislature will be convened in August to ratify the Constitutional amendment.

——The employees of the revenue offices in Georgia and South Carolina are resigning, being unable to take the test oath.

——Colonel Roberts, of the Fenian Brotherhood, was in Washington, on Saturday, and was visited by several Congressmen.

——A destructive fire occurred at Newberry, South Carolina, on Monday. A number of stores and dwellings were destroyed.

——The Montreal *Gazette* asserts that those opposed to confederation are scarcely in favor of annexation to the United States.

——A female writer says the "nation wants a man." Perhaps she has confounded her own personal want with that of the nation.

——A wag, attempting to quiz an Irish depot tender inquired, "Has the railroad got in?" "One ind has," was the prompt reply.

——The St. Cloud *Democrat* states that a train of one hundred wagons recently left St. Cloud, Minnesota, for the gold mines of Montana.

——Brigham Young's sixty-fifth birthday was celebrated in New York on Friday last by the Mormons now stopping there, in a dinner at the Metropolitan Hotel.

——At the recent trial of Gallaher, in Boston for murder, the first juror that was called was a negro. It was supposed that the negro would be challenged, but he was not.

——"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Wiggins?" "Yes, to the bone." What is his character? Didn't know he had any. Does he live near you? So near that he has only spent $5 for fire wood in eight years.

——Senators Doolittle and Cowan, O. H. Browning of Illinois, Green Clay Smith of Kentucky, and W. A. Burleigh of Dacota Territory are members of the Johnson Club Executive Committee at Washington.

——His (Jeff. Davis') health is failing rapidly. It is stated that the incessant *heavy tramping* and changing of the guards around his cell has prevented him having more than two hours of unbroken sleep at any one time during the past year.—*Official Report of Jeff. Davis' health.*

On Thursday night he (Probst) slept soundly. Nobody disturbed him. The night watchman, *in cloth slippers,* kept up his freaky walk outside.—*Account of the treatment of Probst.*

——The following, dedicated to "Thad. S." appeared in a late number of the Norfolk *Virginian*:

Whose venomed tongue is ever spitting
Ravings mad?
Whose wrinkled brow with hate is knitting?
Black heart Thad!
Whose fevered brain is ever teeming
Hell-born schemes?
Who's love to see our blood in streaming
Our bright streams?
Who preached idle from hatred insane,
Black fling wars?
Who kept aloof from muskets rain,
Dyending scars?
Who stalked in distant veiled palace
Boys in blue?
Who's words now also rife blatant treason?
Thad! 'tis you!
Who sees not his course of evil
Darkest red?
Ask who's the best friend of the Devil?
His brother! Thad.

"WILLIAM AND" IN EARNEST.

Mr. Charles W. Saville ("Bill Arp") friends have prevailed on him to allow them to collect and publish his famous letters in a book. This book will be forthcoming in about a month from this date. From a letter to his publishers, which is to form the introduction to the book, we make the following extracts, in which it will be seen that 'William' gives the Radicals "pieces of his mind," in words "with the hickory."

Conquered, but not convinced, we have accepted the situation, and have pledged ourselves to abide by it. We have sworn to do so. We have declared it most solemnly in convention. We have asserted it in every act and deed; and the blood-bought, which our enemies cannot appreciate, but which is untarnished and imperishable, is the seal of our good faith. Whoever testifies to the existence among us of an association designing a renewal of the rebellion, is either the victim of his own cowardice, or else the author of a selfish and heartless lie. I say this with feeling and indignation, for we see in such testimony a willingness, nay, a desire, on the part of our military rulers, to retain over us their power and their tyranny for malicious or avaricious ends. We have long felt, and we are still feeling their insults, their black mail, their robberies. Ours is the stranded ship, and the Federal officers among us are the wreckers; ours the carcass and they the vultures who are picking our denuded bones. The little that was left our people is seized, and released upon paying a part into private pockets. They get rich and resign, and a fresh corps of vampires take their places, to renew the operation. They have even been known to steal by night, and haul away the poor pittance of damaged corn that our generous (?) Government had stored for distribution to our starving poor. It is for such purposes that military dominion is to be continued. Would that this were all! But not content with even this exhaustion of our scanty means, they are annulling our contracts made with the laborers who were content to work in our fields for fair wages, and are telling them off to parts unknown under false pretences. Our ploughs are standing in the fields idle, our farms will go unfilled, and the land swarms with agents who are bribing the poor negroes away under promises of higher wages, and under the sanction of a Bureau as rotten as the promises of Pharoah.

Væ victis. But still we abide all these sad results, and look upon it as a part of the war, and in keeping with the character of those who have so long been our enemies. They but exhibit the animus of a people whose hate and avarice induced the rebellion. Such oppression has turned from them almost the last opponent of secession, and caused them to regret that they did not throw their lives and fortunes into the fight. Perhaps this is all for the best. We cannot tell. We have almost ceased to philosophize upon it, for we have no time to think. The work of actual re-construction absorbs our time and energies. I mean the reconstruction of our individual fortunes, our houses, our fields and farms, our railroads, manufactures, graveyards, schools and churches. We have no time to stop and mourn over the loss of liberty.

But I find time to ask: What has the North gained by the war? What principles have been established? What great or vital questions have been settled? Is the sovereignty of a State forever annulled? Then let Illinois take down her deceitful sign, obliterate her great seal of State, and choose another, for the one she has is obsolete—an eagle proudly postured under a scroll with "State Sovereignty" upon it. Is it the freedom of slaves that has been accomplished? Alas! the one and a half millions who have perished in the war are certainly free; the remainder are rapidly realizing the same liberty, or finding a new bondage in other climes. Like the poor Indian, the race is doomed, and the mighty North still triumphs in the glory of its accomplishments. But I will not speak more of this. To the charitable reader let me say, Forgive me if you find something to condemn in the following pages. It is not in my heart to offend a good man, whether he live North or South; and there be better judges than I of what should have, or have not, been written. It may be said that the character of these letters has no tendency to soften the animosities engendered by the late unhappy strife. I can only answer, that it is not in