

The Democratic Watchman.

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Written for the WATCHMAN.

THE BUILT CASTLE.

(An Allegory.)

BY WILLIAM W. WASHINGTON.

Built by the hands of our patriotic sires,
An edifice of Right, to God ordained,
With walls of marble, granite and steel,
Loft in the height of Fame which they had gained.

And here, in gentle breeze, and Justice reigned,
And Mercy smiled above his white-voiled throne;
Here blazoned Peace, a prosperous rule maintained
Till half a century had come and gone.

The hand of Plenty, on his altars raised,
With lavish dowers, wealth and joy unceasing;
And Patriotism's holy seal and true
Fanned the bright flames that round its center glowed.

And e'er continued, with ardor uncontrolled,
The rich libation. Then up coming tongue
Poured the swift libation, with intent bold,
To rive the heart-strings which around it clung.

Men loved to call it Temple, then their home;
And hallowed were the days of its repose;
When blood lay curdling in its mooried folds,
Of those who fell to win the bliss of home.

And hallowed were the days of its repose,
When blood lay curdling in its mooried folds,
Of those who fell to win the bliss of home.
Its inmates gathered in the council hall,
And owned the struggle common; and the price
Well worth the blood and treasure of them all.

And independence—nobler friend of man—
Wiped the red stains from each survivor's brow;
While Liberty schooled the sweet refrain
Of Freedom, which rang with weird enchantment now.

The sword slept in its sheath, until a foe,
With lavish dowers, wealth and joy unceasing;
And Patriotism's holy seal and true
Fanned the bright flames that round its center glowed.

And then it came—the hour of pain and trial—
O'er its walls a midnight darkness spread;
The light of Freedom fled the flames of war;
And hallowed were the days of its repose.

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DISBAND THE DEMOCRACY.

NEVER!

Why should this grand good old party be disbanded and its brave members left to rally under banners of their enemies or to fight by the wayside? What good can come of giving up the name, the principles we have fought for so long?

In this State as in others, leading (so called) Democrats are in favor of disbanding our party organization, forming a union, or a Johnson, or some other kind of a party, and to this move, be it here or elsewhere, we wish to say a few words, earnestly and candidly.

In the name of two million democratic voters, North and South—in the name of one million and eight hundred thousand democrats in the North who voted for McClellan, we arise now to ask what good will come of this forsaking principles?

We respect Andrew Johnson, President of the United States. We have great faith in him. We are willing he should lead and form a Johnson party, if he wishes to, but will never consent to see the democratic party of the country disbanded and carried together on his platform. Mahomet may go or come to the mouth—the state ship may enter the harbor—the eagle soar to the earth—Johnson may come to the Democratic party, and it will shelter him as long as he is true to the Constitution—when he is not, he will be spewn out of the mouth.

The harbor cannot go out to shelter the ship, no matter how brave it be. The great curlew dome cannot and will not come down to meet the eagle, no matter how bravely he soars aloft.

The beautiful earth will never go up to claim the rain drops from the clouds which are of its own making.

The Democratic party of the country should never disband and go straggling out to meet Johnson or any other man, for its principles are not beyond the reach of any one's malice.

We are willing Johnson should come back. We are willing to endure him in what is right—and assuredly shall denounce him when wrong. But we are not in favor of this forming Johnson clubs of Democratic timber. The great trouble in this country is that people think in droves, and accept all sorts of statements as facts.

We object to placing two million Democrats under the influence of Seward's bell cord. We object to being blinded when going into a fight. We dislike forsaking the general principles of Democracy for an individual name. If Johnson, and Seward and others are tired of Republicanism, let them come out from the Rump disunionists, and stand up for the principles of that great democratic party which has no apology to make for the ruin our enemies have wrought over the land.

We do not wish to enlist under men who will soon want us to fight under abolition, republican, disunion banners—men who will in a year or two go laughing home showing the fish caught in the Johnson net, and claiming high reward for their strategy and impudence.

It may not be fashionable to speak thus, but we cannot help it. Five years since Democrats were caught by chaff. Let us not be taken in that manner again. What! Disband the Democracy?

Never!

While there is one Democrat in the country that party must not be disbanded. The hopes of millions—the happiness of the people—the future glory of America—the guardianship of the Constitution—the honor of our laws—the restoration of our bleeding Union is in the custody of the Democratic party, and it lives in its bosom.

Eighteen hundred thousand Democrats in the North protest, and will hurl you over the battlements if this thing be forced upon them.

ABOUT FACE!

Men of pluck and nerve to the front! Close ranks—steady—shoulder to shoulder, head to head—forward to death or victory! The battle is won already.

Give up now!

Disband now, when the enemy is divided? Disband when the country is on its knees; and with tearful eyes and uplifted hands, firmly clasped looking to us for aid and happiness?

Disband when to do so would be to bring more ruin on the land?

You men who think of this, come with us for a moment. Take off your hats. Forget your pockets and step carefully.

Do you see a disorganized Union, broken by the men who ask you to disband us?

Do you see those prisons filled with innocent Democrats, kept there till agreed with lies, filth and mud, with no other music to gladden the hearts than the tinkling of the little bell in the hands of the cunning man who wants us to kiss the dagger which stabbed me?

Do you see those mobs, beating the brains out of defenseless Democrats, while the President was telling his little jokes in the White House?

Do you see the paid soldiers of the republic, by order of the little bell turning their bayonets upon Democratic voters?

Do you see the cowardly tools of tyrant tearing down printing offices and battering the presses into splinters?

Do you see the party in power proscribing men in business and social circles for being Democrats?

Do you see the sneaks and blue coated minions of the pro-vice pro-seeking under your windows?

Do you see postmasters opening your letters and retarding the circulation of your papers, because you will not shout in praise of wrong and corruption?

Do you see half a million of widows standing in tears over soldiers' graves—widows who were made by republicans in a Republican crusade for cotton, mules and negroes?

Do you see the orphans in rage, the honor men in shame, the untendered heads of soldiers' graves, the homes of those made poor by Lincoln's minions; the jewels, the mistress, the houses, the lands, the bonds of Lincoln's thieves, the mobs of his friends and supporters beating the brains out of, or suspending to trees, the Democrats who would not forsake their principles?

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THE "LOYAL" ROAD TO WEALTH.

1 Get a position as agent in the Freedmen's Bureau. Previous thereto, or subsequently, assume the name of Rev. or get yourself dubbed that by parson friends. This is essential, because it will inspire all Republican editors, strong-minded women, and radicals generally, with a faith in you which can not be shaken, no matter what you may do.

2 Select a nice place to live in, and rent yourself a plantation on "easy terms."

3 Contract with yourself for the requisite number of able bodied freedmen, sugar, part of the crop of rice, sugar or cotton, when made, you to feed and clothe them measurably.

4 Supply them liberally with rations and clothes from the Government stores and at public expense. This will add largely to your profits, though it helps to swell the taxation at the North.

5 When the crop is harvested, sell the whole of it, pocket the proceeds, and leave without paying your laborers. Conscience need not trouble you in that, as you will have them so weak of plan you found them.

6 Return to your native village and as you are prepared to lecture Democrats on their sins. These lectures, if well spoken with a "good head," "displays," and like epithets, with now and then a donation to the society for the prevention of the reconstruction of the Union, will so relieve your mind, that you can pass quietly down the vale of life with the odor of hypocrisy, and finally die the death of the pious, according to the profitable doctrines of the Republican Church—*Alms for Aches.*

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