The Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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"THE TWO ARMIES.

As Life's unending column pours,
Two mighty hosts are seen,—
Two armies on the trampled shores
That Death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
And bears upon a crimson scroll,
"Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,
With and yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banners bear the single line,
"Our duty is to save."

For those no death-bed's lingering shade;
At Honor's trumpet-call,
With knitted brow and lifted blade
In Glory's arms they fall.

For these no clashing falchions bright,
No stirring battle cry;
The bloodless stabber calls by night:—
Echo answers, "Here am I!"

For these the sculptor's laurelled bust,
The builder's marble piles,
The anthems pealing o'er their dust
Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossom-sprinkled turf,
That floods the lonely graves,
When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf
In flowery-foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,
And angels wait above,
Who count each burning life-drop's flow,
Each falling tear of love.

Though from the hero's bleeding breast
Her pulses freedom drew,
Though the white lilies in her crest
Sprang from that scarlet dew—

While valor's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
To sit beside the throne!

—*Exchange*

JOHN QUIN ADVERTISETH FOR HIS DOG.

The dog is a very useful animal

That is, when he is active in the pursuit of rodent vermin, and don't bite.

As the high school compositions always say, "he is the friend of man," and of woman too, for that matter, and boys and girls and children in arms, and every variety of the human race. I am partial to dogs Always like to have them about the house. They have such an intelligent way of running right into the entry, and letting you know when anybody is lurking around, and then they "bay a deep mouthed welcome home," when you've been out, which is very refreshing. To be sure, they sometimes howl a little to much at night, when you chain 'em up in the back yard, but this is easily remedied by a proper application of boot jacks and paper weights. I own a dog, black and tan terrier Has his ears clipped to a sharp point and his tail amputated. Tail points straight upwards now, when it was first out it was inclined to curl. Tendency was so strong that it threw the dog into a frightful series of back somersaults, that must have ended his existence if I had not tied him down. After that I put the fragmentary caudal in splints, and he gets along now with only a slight hitch in his hind legs, that gives him the appearance of traveling in a continuous canter.

He was a nice dog, used to look very ferocious and fly around the room when any body said "rats," although I never knew him to catch any. But he was great at raw beef. In that respect I never saw his equal.

He answers to the name of "Jack" I suppose there must be several million dogs who rejoice in the same corrupted cognomen. Jack strayed away a week or two ago, left the manna of my house for the flesh pots of some beguiling stranger, I suppose Missed him when I came home. House seemed empty without him, His "bark" wasn't "on the sea" or in the parlor, or in the second story front, or any where else. Children cried for him, while our Thomas got no longer mounted hurriedly on the chairs and tables as he approached. I was distressed. I consulted my wife, I advertised for him, offered five dollars reward. Advertisement appeared in the morning papers.

Ring at the door bell about 6 A. M.—Whole family in bed. Rose and put my head out of the window. Man with two spotted dogs, that looked as if they had just recovered from a severe attack of the measles Fellow looked up and wanted to know "if either one of them was him." Don't use profane language, so simply said "no," and shut the window.

Door bell rang eighteen times within the next hour Got up at last and dressed. Began to eat my breakfast Another ring at the bell. Short man with shiny hat. Wore what my oldest girl called "spittoons" Had a bull dog, with a head like a cast-iron water spout, and crooked legs. Said he'd found my dog. Told him that wasn't him. Said he knew it was, rather savage Dog began to growl and look hard at me. Assumed a mild, persuasive tone, and described my lost canine. Fellow said, anyhow he was a better dog than mine, and he guessed that he would leave him. I said I wouldn't have him under any circumstances Fellow pushed the dog, and said "S-s—ketch 'em" Dog made a dash at me. Sprang inside and shut the door in his face. Went into the parlor, and watched him leave through the front gate. Saw another man coming in. Had a ridiculous poodle with a brass collar around his neck. Threw up the window, and told him that wasn't my dog, so he needn't bring him. He eyed me with a satanic smile, and said I couldn't afford to own a dog like that. Told him I didn's want to, either. Said that dog had killed his nineteen rats in four minutes, he had. Said I wouldn't believe him if he crossed his breast to it. Fellow then dared me to come out. Said he would poke me in the nose, or something of that sort.

I didn't go out.

Another ring at the bell. This time a fellow in a fur cap, and a yellow mongrel that had but one eye. Asked me if I had lost a dog. Said yes. Fur cap said he had found him, and wanted the reward. Told him that wasn't my dog. Fur cap wanted to know if my dog wasn't named Jack. Said he was. He then called his billious looking canine by that name. Dog flapped his attenuated tail against the pavement three or four times, and flung his undamaged-optic around in a wild sort of style. Wasn't convinced, however, and the fur cap left, after breaking the third commandment in a most horrid manner.

Hadn't got fairly in the house before there was another call. This time a chap in tattered raiment, nothing purple about him but his nose, and no fine linen on him, or course either, as far as I could see. Had a big black and tan tarrier with him. Dog looked a good deal scared. Had away of putting his tail between his legs. My impression is that the fellow went out and hunted up a dog to get the reward Didn't seem to take kindly to his education. Syntax was defective. Said he had "fetched back that dog of yourn." Told him that he was not the one I had lost. Fellow insisted that it was. Seemed rather downhearted because I wouldn't take him. Asked me if I didn't observe how glad the dumb beast was to see me. Said I hadn't observed it. Fellow said I'd regret it if I let such a chance slip to get a valuable beast. Said I guessed I'd have to let her slip. Then he tho't awhile, and asked me if I wouldn't lend him five dollars anyhow, and take the dog as security Told him I was unable to perceive it precisely from that standpoint. So he went away, looking as if he felt hurt.

Then another man came with a fierce looking hound, with hairless tail Hound rushed right at me, and commenced exercising his olfactories up and down my trowsers. Looked as if he might bite with very little provocation Man said he'd brought my dog Told him rather sharp that my dog was a terrier Said so was this one. Caught rats before his eyes were open, and had been engaged in that blood thirsty occupation regularly ever since. Told him I couldn't take him Man said he wouldn't leave without the five dollars Said I would see him in the tomb of the Capulets first Fellow thought I was swearing at him, and struck at me Dog took it up right off, flew at me and tore my trowsers, besides tasting my flesh. I escaped into the entry, shut the door and locked it Determined not to answer any more rings Bell was pulled two hundred and seventy five times more. Didn't answer it Understood afterwards that several of my friends had been to see me, and gone away offended About dinner time went up and looked out of the window Found seventy five or eighty men there, all of whom had dogs Bull terriers, spaniels, setter pups, bloodhounds doubled nosed pointers, Newfoundlands, lap dogs, whiffits, greyhounds, mastiffs, mongrels. Dogs with straight tails, curly tails, bob tails, and no tails at all. Yellow, black, white, brown, spotted and flea bitten, I suppose that every variety of dog that ever went on four legs, or three either, were gathered in my front yard. Put the sash up and attempted to disperse the crowd. Crowd all commenced to talk at once. Dogs all howled, yelped, barked and snarled Couldn't hear my own voice, and shut the window in disgust.

Haven't seen my dog yet. Don't ever expect to see him. Don't want ever to see him, or any other dog Have seen enough of dogs to last me the balance of my natural life

Horrible stories are in circulation, connecting dogs with restaurant sausages.—Hope my dog is tucked away in some sausage skin Wish all the dogs were made into one large sausage, and the fellow who owns the dog with the hairless tail, that bit me, had to eat it at one sitting.—*Ex.*

THE OBJECT IS CONSOLIDATION.

It is useless to argue the reasonableness or unreasonableness of any of the plans of restoration proposed by the Rump Congress. It is not a question of the propriety, to the constitutional amendments, of the justice of negro Suffrage, or the wisdom of the quack prescriptions given by the Radical doctors. The objection to them is final and unanswerable. Congress has no power to impose conditions embracing the government of States to their representation in the Union. However unobjectionable in itself any proposition might be, it should not be admitted in the form of a condition Congress attempts to dictate terms of representation to Virginia. It is not seen that the right in the case once admitted implies the right to shut the doors of Congress against the representatives of Missouri, Illinois or Iowa? Negro suffrage to cite but a single instance is not insisted upon as a penalty to the South. The law for the punishment of treason, or rebellion or whatever you may choose to call it, does not prescribe such a penalty, nor do the leading radicals as Stevens and Sumner, announce this as the object of the enforcement of negro suffrage They have obtained the consent of their party to demand the enfranchisement of the South When Nebraska asks admission they at once make negro suffrage a condition. If it is right in the case of South Carolina, why not in the line of consolidation, and we shall have Congress shutting out the representatives of every State at the North who cannot show that negroes ever voted for them.

The leaders of the radical party are at work for something more than the temporary advantages of success upon any one of their articles of party faith. The ballot is to be given to the negroes because, as Sumner says, Radicalism "needs the votes of the blacks." But back of that is the one idea at the foundation of radicalism—the idea of consolidation of government, centralization of power, recognition of the right of Congress to enter States, and prescribe the manner of administration of local laws, dictate their provision, and in all things have absolute power, from the exercise of the functions of a constable, to the administration of office of the President; from regulating municipal and county affairs to legislating for States and for the nation.—*Jackson Patriot.*

How to Get Rid of the National Debt.—"There are twenty millions of people in the North. If each one of these would destroy a five cent currency note daily, it would amount to a million of dollars in a day toward the removal of the National debt. If this were done every day for a year it would diminish the debt by three hundred and sixty-five millions of dollars yearly, which is more than the whole internal revenue produces."—*N Y. Evening Post.(Rad.)*

Thereupon the Rochester (N Y) *Union* (Dem.,) discourses:

"There are twenty millions of hairs on one or more yellow dogs. If each of these hairs could be made to yield a dollar a day every day for a year, there would be enough realized by this time twelve month to pay off the entire debt and leave several thousand millions in the treasury. We presume it will require no very elaborate argument to prove that this plan of getting rid of the National debt beats that of the *Post* all to pieces. Any one can see at a glance that it yields and pays off more rapidly, and, what is best of all, leaves a handsome surplus for somebody to steal"

——A Story is told of a Soldier who, about one Hundred and fifty years ago, was frozen in Siberia. The last expression he made was, "It is ex—." He then froze as stiff as marble. In the summer of 1860 some French physicians found him, after having laid frozen for one hundred and fifty years. They gradually thawed him, and upon animation being restored, he concluded his sentence with "ceedingly cold."

THE RADICAL REVOLUTION--ANOTHER STEP FORWARD.

The Jacobins, it will be seen from our Washington telegrams to-day, have hit on a simple mode of dealing with the South than any that has yet been hatched in the Ashley, or Philips, or Butler's brain. A bill has been prepared which merely provides that military governments shall be established in the several States, under General Grant, without reference to suffrage, Congressional representation, or anything of the kind.

We are not informed whether this military dictatorship is to be perpetual, or, intended only to prevail until the Radical plan for attaining possession of the government by carrying the next Presidential election is *au fait accompli* In either case it will answer the Radicals' purpose—the keeping of the South out, and the keeping of themselves in

To remand those ten Southern States to martial law, of course necessitates a great army to enforce the law,—and as a great army means the appropriation of millions and millions of money to support it, we, the people, may as well get ready for the extra burthen There are many good souls who think the country is taxed already as much as it can bear—but the Radicals evidently think a good many more feathers can be placed on the Camel's (or rather the Public Goose's) back—without breaking it At any rate they are going to try it.

So far as the South itself is concerned, we do not know that it need complain of this new scheme of "destruction" Better be under General Grant and the military than under such creatures as Parson Brownlow, Jack Hamilton, and J Madison Wells "Shoulder Straps" would be a sort of white man's government, after all—and that would be an improvement on the hybrid mongrel Freedmen's Bureau Loyal-League-systems, them are now obliged to endure

But—no matter about the South, or the "rebels"—nor the "ex-rebels." This new scheme is one that, as we have shown, will affect every tax payer, North, East and West It will be one more step towards enslaving the laboring population, and reducing the masses of the people to the same level with the tax-burthened serfs of Europe—all for the benefit of a fanatical Puritan high-tariff, big-bounty Oligarchy—nothing more—nothing less—*N Y Express*

THE BLOWING-UP OF THE MONASTERY IN CREECE.

The late tragedy enacted by the Greeks in the Island of Crete, in blowing to atoms a convention in which some hundreds of them—men, women and children—had taken refuge, carrying with it instantaneous destruction to themselves, in order to prevent being taken Turkish prisoners, and to involve their enemies, who were crowding in, in a still greater catastrophe, is one of those sublime and heroic acts of desperate valor that will shine resplendent in history in all time to come. Not in the annals of Greece in its palmy days of glory, when it was superior to the rest of the world in arms, as well as in literature and science, can there be found any thing that surpasses this remarkable act There is in it the same spirit that conquered at Marathon and Thermopylæ three thousand years ago. It is the spirit which enabled Alexander to make the circuit of the known earth in his extraordinary series of conquests Centuries of servitude the most degrading, of oppression the most unexampled, have not stamped out of this race those qualities which in other days made it so renowned. This late tragedy which they have performed is worthy to be celebrated in verse like that of their ancient poet, Homer, whose immortal pen could not give birth, even an idea, to greater human resolution and courage. There is life indeed in the old land yet, vitality strong in its purpose! How intense must be the hatred toward, and how great the despotism of the Turks, which led to such an awful immolation.—How monstrous that communities which are thus antagonistic, and which cherish such feelings, should be coerced and bound together in one political system! What a union is that between these populations, the attempted maintenance of which is the cause of such atrocities.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*

No Offence to Call a Man a Traitor.—A most extraordinary decision was made on Saturday in the House of Representatives. While it was formally pronounced that to charge a man with asserting "a base lie," was an offence deserving of the censure of the House—a decision of itself to which no one desirous of preserving the order of a deliberate body objects—it was virtually declared also that it is no offence to call a man a traitor. The impropriety of which Mr. Hunter, of New York, was guilty, was expressly based on the previous allegation of Mr. Ashley, as quoted by Mr. Winfield If Mr Hunter deserves censure for permitting an honest indignation to get the better of his sense of parliamentory decorum, surely the man who could charge his peer on the floor of the House of Representatives with being guilty of treason is no less censurable. His charge, indeed, was as offensive as it could well be made It implies cowardice, perjury and treason. In declaring that there were "men there who, during the entire war, were in secret alliance with the rebels," he made the charge of treason that violated an oath of fidelity to the Constitution, and that was too cowardly to permit its dark workings to come to light. The dominant party, however, that was so grossly offended at the amputation of falsehood on one of its members was unaffected by the grosser imputation of treason, perjury and cowardice made upon several others

More "Grand Moral Idea" People.—Mrs. Annie Ashley, the wife of Ashley, the member of Congress who preferred the "treason charges" against President Johnson, and asked for his impeachment, has been arrested in Washington, charged with threatening to shoot a woman who gave the name of Martha Cunningham The complainant alleges that Mrs. Ashley threatened to shoot her if she saw her walking with Ashley, M. C. and afterwards said that she would shoot her wherever she met her. It is alleged that the cause of the difficulty was a not altogether unfounded jealousy on the part of M. C.'s wife Mrs. Ashley gave bail to appear in Police Court and answer to the charge—*Ex*

WHAT OF THE NIGHT!

The war of swords has ceased, but the country has not yet found repose The winds of conflict no longer bellow over the deep, but the waves are still running mountain high.

Antagonistic principles are at work in the American community,—principles as old as the world itself All societies that ever existed have fallen under the dominion of one or the other of these principles, or have divided their forces between them One is the principle of Conservatism, the other that of Innovation The one is only solicitious to retain present possessions, and cares not to risk them in the chance of getting more; the other values what it holds, only as capital for future acquisitions The one has prudence for its motto; the other, enterprise The one steers by the past; the other looks to the future The one is cautious, and desires rest and security; the other is bold and sanguine delights in achievement, and revels in the turbulence of agitation to the enjoyment of the *otium cum dignitate*

These warring principles have each its officer to fulfil in the economy of society, and when duly acting upon and restraining each other, the combined effect is highly advantageous to human progress They are the centripetal and centrifugal forces which restrain society from the dark and dismal chaos of revolution, and guide it in swift and glorious career around the sun of civilization without the pause that perishes Take away either, and the result to society is *death*,—in the one case, death by inanition and decay, the death of the drivelling dotard,—in the other case, death by violence and tumult, the death of the strong man writhing in agony and expiring in convulsions. The perfect example of unalloyed conservatism is China, the perfect example of unchecked and remorseless innovation, is to be seen in the French nation during that paroxysm of liberty whose frightful excesses caused Europe to blush its shame in blood.

The innovating principle is essentially aggressive, and is the stronger of the two; and but for the external aid which conservatism receives from the inorganic structure of society, it must always be vanquished in the end. Just as in a battle, it requires more courage to stand a charge than to make one; so in the moral world it is harder to maintain a conservatism position than to rush forward with shouts of anticipated victory, upon the already wavering line of antiquated customs and ancient institutions. When, therefore, innovation peals its trumpet for the charge, the stoutest soldier of conservatism may well look to his weapons! Happy if he be not trampled beneath the radical rush, pouring ruthlessly over his mangled corpse,—as Tarquinia of old drove her chariot over the prostrate body of her father

Our Constitution, which is our organic structure, does not present any adequate fortress in which conservatism may intrench itself. There *was* a check to the fury of aggression in the doctrine of State rights, which the South endeavored to maintain. But it has proved too feeble. The right of secession was not plainly inscribed in letters of brass on the pillars of the Constitution, as it should have been. It was only a matter of inference;—inevitable inference as *we* believe; but inferences have not yet been adequate curbs to the aggressive passion Logic has no bit for the mouth of that fiery steed.

The constitutional check, such as it was, has been swept away; and conservatism is left to its own resources. Those resources, unaided, have never yet been able to bridle the storm of revolution It remains to be seen whether executive power and judicial decisions will be able to restrain the ambitious Titans who are piling Ossa upon Pelion in their frantic eagerness to scale the Olympus of the constitution Will the President and the courts rule the storm,—or be its sport, and its trophies? What Neptune is there to lift his placid head, with composed and godlike mien, above the surface of the billowy deep, and rebuking the presumption of the winds, remand them to the caves whence they had escaped? When the revolutionary forces of society are swoln into wild and resistless flood, the conservative man has often nothing left him but to fold his arms and drift with the current, though it bear him to a Niagara

The revolution in the government has, perhaps, not yet run its full course. *All* revolutions have a central idea, a controlling, vital principle,—not always understood, but always present. The central idea of the present revolution is national consolidation. In defence of its opposite, the *sovereignty of the States*, the South took her stand, and resisted even to the sword But she was overwhelmed. Her banner, alas, bathed with the blood and the tears of a gallant people, is now laid away to moulder in dark corners, and the spider is weaving its shroud The sword, in vain victorious on many hard fought fields, has been returned to the rust of the scabbard. The last argument, the *ultima ratio*, has been exhausted; what further logic remains? None The vital principle which gave birth to secession perishes with the failure of secession, and the rights of the States lie prostrate before a consolidated despotism, built on the ruins of the Constitution, and wielded by the passions of an absolute, unchecked revolutionary majority Where will they stop? Revolutions run their course, as the stars run theirs.

But will their be no reaction? All history proves that there is an ebb as well as flow, in the question of society. The heresy of one generation becomes the truth of the next. The martyr of one age is the saint of the succeeding; and the traitor of the nineteenth century may be the hero of the Twentieth. We believe there *will* be a reaction, even though the process through which we are now passing should first crush the States as grains of wheat are ground between the upper and the nether millstone The Northern people, bred, from the infancy of the republic, in the Hamiltonian philosophy, and viewing this country as a *nation* instead of a *confederacy of nations*, are still busy in crushing every trace of the doctrine of State Rights beneath the heel of power They sacrifice their own liberties in thus destroying ours; we have that drop of consolation. And there is a drop of hope at the bottom of the cup. Ideas are, by their very nature, imperishable The armies arrayed in its defence, may be scattered and disappear like the pageantry of a dream; but the idea remains long after the smoke of the conflict has passed away There is no weapon that can spill the life blood of an idea. Revolutions have their *souls* as well as individuals: and "dust thou art to dust returnest, was not spoken of the soul." The echoes of war may sink to whispers, and finally be heard no more among the hills and hollows of a distracted land; the waves of revolution may pass away in ripples along the boundless beach of time, the all beholding sun may "see no more in all his course" the heroes who once figured so largely in the world's eye, mere events may be cast far back into the night of ages; but the souls of great principles, *are immortal*; and, by metempsychosis, they descend to other generations, dwell in other bosoms, direct the movement of other societies

The idea of State sovereignty may sleep for a hundred years, such is frequently the case with those great ideas which are the parents of revolution. The idea, for example, which expelled James II, from the throne of England, was born long before James II was born; and that idea, after having produced the "great rebellion" of Cromwell's time, *slept* during all the reign of Charles II So, too, it will be, we trust, with the idea of State sovereignty It may slumber for a century, but it will not be the slumber of decay It will resemble rather the calm repose of the sleeping Beauty in the fairy tale, who retained all her freshness and all her youth for a hundred years, until a passing Prince became enamored of her beauty, and the spell was broken So, too, shall it be with State sovereignty. Some future generation will become enamored with its loveliness, and will marry it again to that constitution from which, in our day it has been so unhappily and rudely divorced.—*Richmond Enquirer*

THE BRAVE BOYS IN BLUE.

We all remember

It seems but yesterday, that all over the land hereaway newspapers were praising the Brave Boys in Blue, while children, minstrels, deacons, divines, rich and poor, were loud in their professions of love to the defenders of their homes.

When iron-shod and cannon-belching war held the country as in a vice, the Brave Boys in Blue were all the rage. They were feasted, toasted, praised, kissed, caressed, coddled, jellied, and decked lambs for the sacrifice Mid the sobs of women, wives, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, they were sent to the front, escorted to the cars and boats by bands of music, and promised all sorts of honors on their return

Every Brave Boy in Blue was a shield to the loyal stay-at-home agitators. Every one sent by money, entreaties, appeals to patriotism, or other lingual device, was a safeguard to those who remained behind. Whining canters, pulpit-routers, stay-at-home bawlers of loyalty, mobbers of Democrats and Democratic printing offices, negro loving old maids, and others of both sexes, had much to say for the Brave Boys in Blue, and come the shoddy-cum-shoddy over the victims they had dressed for mutilated honors to a wonderful extent.

He who would not join the blue mass was called a traitor, coward, and hater of his country He who would forsake friends, property, and the comforts of the family hearth to join the abolition crusade for power, cotton, negroes, snakes, silver-ware, and other disguised objects of the late war, was hailed as a brave man.

He was to be loved and honored.

His family was to be cared for

His children were to be educated

His wife was to be waited upon to the replenishing of larders, and a fuel pile

His grave, if he fell, was to be decked with flowers at all seasons of the year.

His stumps were to be supplied with wooden limbs

His hospital bed was to be supplied with delicacies

He was to be welcomed home by girls with garlands and wreaths of roses

He was to be nominated for office, and voted for

He was to be the returned hero—savior of his country, and the chief among ten thousand abolitionists And we remember that those who questioned the honesty of those who made all these professions of goodness, and who asked respectfully that the warfare be hurried to a close, were denounced as cowards, traitors, and enemies to the soldiers When we chided those who prolonged the war and turned it from its original course, when we objected to having thousands of brave men sacrificed by incompetent officers, in raids for property, and who said the object of the war was not to divide rather than restore the Union, the Brave Boys in Blue were filled with lies and evil spirits, and urged to destroy at once those who were their best friends.

The past came and went.

The professed patriots swept the land of volunteers The brave Boys in Blue have returned; but they come not as the conqueror comes. They were not welcomed back—no arms of girls, garlands of roses, fancy balls, and avalanches of kisses greeted them One by one, two by two, well and sick, whole and shattered, lame and dying, they came to their homes as stragglers in blood go to the rear after the agony of battle

The loyal shouters have forgotten the brave Boys in Blue. They have no offices for them. They have no votes to give them. Officers rich from their stealings, able to buy and control delegations, receive nominations. They are the favorites of the ranters and the canters and the rumpsites; while the true brave Boys in Blue, who fought the battles, are forgotten already. They are not wanted now. The negro and the bondholder are now worshipped, and the soldiers of the land can work one leg, or two, with one hand or both to redeem their farms from taxes heaped thereon by the stay-at-homes, while they were fighting, and to support the negro, the bondholder and the thieving officer, who enriches himself and relatives at the expense of the blood and bravery of the country.

Brave Boys in Blue, as you gather your half-clad little ones about you—as you labor to pay taxes—as you go steadily to your graves with heavy hearts and calloused palms—think of these things, and tell us if those who made you such specious promises have kept faith with you or the people!

Brave Boys in Blue—soldier—workingman—tax-payer—think of these things, and think of them well.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

ORIGIN OF ALMANACS.

As the time of year has come for selecting an almanac for 1867, a brief history of the origin of this indispensable fireside companion will probably be acceptable

The word almanac, which is almonack in French, is compound according to one authority, and of German origin—*al-mon-acht* Others say it is derived from the same compound, but is Saxon Until a very late period it was always spelled almanack Pulleyn attributes the word to the Germans, and accounts for the origin as follows: They formerly used to engrave, or cut upon square sticks about a foot in breadth, the courses of the moon for the whole year From this they could tell when the other lunar changes would occur, as also their festal days Hence, they call this arrangement "al-acht," *all must heed*

The Egyptians are said to have computed their time by intruments

In the middle ages the monks were the almanac makers

The first printed almanac which has come down to us appeared at Augsburgh in 1491 It is entirely in rhyme, as was the early style It is computed for several years instead of one, as now, and goes on to tell how it was formed to describe the months as they are made by nature and the influence of the stars; to give instructions as to meat and drink, on physicing, bathing, and the management of health, to teach how a child ought to be educated; also how the plague is to be escaped, etc It is a curious evidence of the little depth that popular education has reached in England, that the great and wealthy corporation of the Stationers' Company should continue to publish and sell every year some hundred thousand copies of "Moore's Almanac," the chief attraction of which consists astrological predictions and hieroglyphics, savoring more of the spirit of the fifteenth century than of the nineteenth.

It is a singular fact that among the first almanacs computed in this country, was one by a colored man in Maryland, named Benjamin Banneker This descendant of African, although self-taught, gave this as one of the numerous proofs of rare scientific acquirements, which caused even Thomas Jefferson to think it no dishonor to own and cherish him as a correspondent

Learn All You Can.—Never omit any opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said even in a stage-coach, he always found somebody who could tell him something that he did not know before. Conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge It is therefore, a mistake to be morose and silent among persons whom you think to be ignorant; for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment.

Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description respecting their particular pursuits Hugh Miller, the Scotch geologist owes not a little of his fame to observations made when he was a journeymen stone mason and working in a quarry. Socrates well said, that there was but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance Every grain of sand goes to make the heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away because he hopes to find a huge lump sometime.

So in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising, If there is a moment's leisure spend it over good instructive talking with sthe first you meet.

What the Japanese Jugglers Do.—One of the feats of the Japanese jugglers now in San Francisco on their way to the Paris Exhibition, is thus described.

"An old man lies upon his back with his feet in the air, a little boy mounts and stands upon them, An oval tub is passed to the boy, which he places under his feet and upon the man's another is given to him which is added to the first, and so on until the little fellow's head touches the proscenium from the top of the tottering pile which is all the time supported by the strong and muscular chap below

"The little fellow makes his salaam to the audience from his dizzy height, coolly fans himself as he surveys the situation, and appears as unconcerned as if reposing on terra firma. Suddenly one of the performers utters an exclamation in Japanese which is responded to by another The old man, the foundation of the pile, takes up the chorus, the little fellow at the top jerks it out like the snapper of a whip, the "foundation gives his feet a kick—things looks squally for little Tommy—the audience fears that he will fall and break his neck or be terribly bruised among the boxes; the old man beneath appear in imminent danger also from the falling tubs, but no, he gives his feet a kick, throws the tubs entirely from him, and Tommy drops like a cat, a lighting with his feet upon the old man's and in an upright position."—*Ex.*

A Return to Monarchy.—Mr Horace Greeley has always been the boldest and most advanced of his party, and has generally defined more clearly its objects and purposes, than any other of its leaders. Recently, he loses no occasion to hint that *he* has no objection to return to monarchy or the rule of classes, in other words, to the very Toryism which he so grandly declaims against in England. In a recent issue, he says: "If it should be deemed fit that a portion of the more ignorant, vagrant, irresponsible southerners, *white* or black, should be denied the right of suffrage, *we* have no protest to make." The Tory villainy of this paragraph is plain as a pike staff. Its essence is as essentially monarchial as the inveterate stickler for "divine right" could wish. "Take the ballot from the poor whites," says Greeley, and we have no protest to make" Mark, this deprives of "ignorant southerners" of the ballot, has no reference to what is called "loyalty" or "disloyalty," but solely to their ignorance. This is the ground upon which they are to be disfranchised. And if men in the South can be refused the ballot upon these grounds, how long before the rule will be applied to the North?

The negroes of Jamacia are on a "strike," refusing to work without an increase of pay.

AN OLD STORY.

This is the name of the following beautiful piece, which we selected from a number of clippings

Lovely, the sun's last rays are glinting
Over the hillside, over the sea
Flushing the fleecy clouds, and tinting
With gold and crimson the purple sea,
While hand in hand they wander together,
Youth of twenty and child of ten—
Across the sea-beach, over the heather,
By sloping hillock and shady glenn,
A breeze is stirring each rippling curl
On the sunny head of the little girl,
And her eyes, from the shading hat's broad brim,
With innocent love look up to him

Ten long years—and the mellow gleaming
Casts its glamor o'er glen and lea,
And gilds the sands where a maid is roaming
With eyes that wander beyond the sea.
Ten long years—and that daily glory:
Has dawned and darkened on wood and grove,
Lighting the page of a lasting story—
The old, old story of maiden's love.
But duty severed those clasping hands—
As the pitiless ocean severs the lands—
And the heart grew sad and the eyes grew dim,
Wearily waiting and watching for him

Ten years more—while the restless billows
Fret and foam on the patient shore,
And red beams slant through the drooping willows,
And write strange words on the greensward floor:
But far from nigle, and glen and heather,
From the purple hills of their native land,
Wander those two, as of yore, together—
Heart answering heart, hand clasping hand,
No more watching through weary years,
No more waiting through weary years,
But eyes that in radiant love-light swim,
And life long devotion, look up to him!

—*La Crosse Democrat*

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

——Played out—Our Devil.

——A Nashville paper speaks of radical blood pudding.

Why is a lady's dress like a roasted goose? Because it has been basted.

——A colored poet is giving readings in Washington.

——One of the State Senators of Virginia owns 100,000 acres of land

——A western paper dubs Thad Stevens the Great Vulgarian.

——A young man in Iowa, after his father's death married his step mother.

——Joel Lindsley, the child murderer gets only four years and three months in prison.

——During the past month there were 7,907 rations issued to the Mississippi negroes, an increase of 139 over the previous month.

——Cameron was indelicate enough to occupy Senator Cowan's seat in the Senate, the other day, during the temporary absence of the latter.

——P. T. Barnum is a candidate for Congress at the approaching Springfield election in Connecticut.

——The Republicans in Washington say the impeachment furore will amount, in the end, to nothing.

——Mr Gravier, French savan, says the greatest meteoric shower will come off next November.

——A woman has been brought into court in Northampton, Penn, on the charge of being a common scold.

——A woman in Chicago, on visiting her husband's office, discovering long hairs in his hair brush, has sued for divorce.

——A wag says he prevented a case of hydrophobia by getting on a fourteen rail fence and staying till the dog left.

——It is estimated that since the close of the war the colored population of Virginia has been reduced one hundred and ninety thousand.

——John McDuff, of Marietta, committed suicide, last Saturday, by taking poison. Whisky caused him to commit the rash act.

——Hon John Morrissey is said to have lost $100,000 by the Cumberland corner smash, in Wall street, last week.

——Miss Gustina Bartlett died at Bartlett's Island, Me, on the 18th ult. She was but 15 years old and weighed 400 pounds.

——A bill levying a specific tax on old bachelors, to support a bureau of emigration, has been introduced in the West Virginian Legislature.

——An unwashed street boy being asked what made him so dirty, his reply was, "I was made, they tell me, of the ground, and I reckon it is just working out."

——At recent fashionably receptions in New York several young men appeared in maroon velvet coats and breeches, with silk stockings—a sort of court costume.

——A bill has been introduced in the New York Senate, providing for convention to amend the State Constitution, so as to secure the franchise to colored persons.

——Speaking of impeachment, Mr. Greeley says no patriot will wantonly or lightly shake the twin fabrics of Public Order and Public Credit.

——The Radicals have no objection to their membership of Congress lying, but only to their being told of it.

——Carpenter's Death Bed of Lincoln represents Schuyler Colfax, who wasn't there, as one of the chief mourners over the couch of our martyr President.

——Never despise counsels from whatever quarter they reach you. Remember that the pearl is keenly sought for in spite of the coarse shell that envelops it.

——A Colorado woman eloped from her husband and three children. Adding insult to injury, she left a note behind imforming her husband that not one of the children were his.

——The Tennessee Legislature—so called—which represents about one eighth of the people of the State, has passed a negro suffrage bill with which to prop up the Radical usurpation.

——The Reds of the Nevada Legislature have passed a resolution asking their brethern of the Rump to give them State jurisdiction over the territory of Utah. Quite a modest (!) request, truly.

——The Harrisburg *Telegraph* complains that certain parties steal its subscribers' papers. Any fellow who can bring himself down to stealing that sheet must be a "mean cuss" indeed.

——The Maine House has refused to join in the action of the Senate in amending the law so as to permit white persons to intermarry with the negro, Indian, or mulatto. The vote stood 45 yeas, 75 nays.

——A number of boot blacks were arrested in New York yesterday for violating the Excise law. They polished boots for twenty five cents and gave drinks of whiskey to their customers from small bottles which they had about them.

——George W. Ellery, the last of seventeen children of Wm. Ellery, signer of the Declaration of Independence, died at Newport last Monday Deceased had been Collector of the Port of Newport for forty years.

——Bob Schenk wants to have the military academy removed from Annapolis, Maryland, because the "femail sect" are likely to work upon the impressible "feelinks" young sons of Mars. Guess Massachusetts wants the school.

A GRAPHIC PICTURE OF A SAD REALITY.

A writer for the Albany (N. Y.) *Argus*, in course of an article depicting the present unsettled state of the country, the depression in trade, the stagnation in business, and the grinding taxation resting upon every branch of industry, says

"We are told that when a certain personage was buried alive with his dead wife in a large cave, he had a pitcher of water and a loaf of bread let down with him on the coffin of his wife, upon which he sat, that he might now and then take a crumb, and sip a drop to prolong his life a while. When the mouth of the cave was shut upon him he was wrapped in utter darkness, and had to feel his way from his mouth to his bread and water Thus was he left to his fate One day he heard a noise among the bones of the cave, and in an effort to see from whence it came, he discovered through the damp darkness, far in the distance, a faintly twinkling light Inspired thus with hope, he started for that light, stumbled over coffin after coffin, pile after pile of bones, until he rejoiced to find the light to be from a hole in the bank of a river, through which a monstrous serpent entered to feed upon the dead Thus he found relief and made his escape.

"The people are now literally buried beneath a crushing burthen of debt and taxation, as within a cave of which the faction are the keepers. It is true that in their funeral rites they allow the buried, or most of them, a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water, but sad to say, many before going down have to sell their loaf of bread to pay their taxes, and descend with only a pitcher of water. But it must not be understood that all the people are as those in the cave, or bearing burthens of taxation.

"These keepers of the cave visit no such burial upon their favored few Their special friends have dispensed to them $3,000,000,000 of bonds exempted from all taxation, producing an income affording luxury and ease But, alas! let us lift the iron door of the cave and look down, and whom do we see sitting upon the stone coffins of their own destinies? It is the millions of our laboring and industrious classes; the very life and hope of our people, for whom the political rulers of the day have no more feeling and sympathy than they have for beasts of burthen. There they set with but a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water to sustain their lingering lives, while bearing upon their shoulders the crushing weight of a nation's liabilites. If they turn an eye toward the faction that controls, and hope for relief, they behold only the insulting guilt of voting $2,000 a year more into their own pockets to be added to the burthens of the tax payers of our country. These dwellers in the cave may, in their surrounding darkness, hear the rattle of the serpent among the bones, and feeding upon their muscles; but as yet it is vain that the least ray of light is seen to awaken a hope of relief If they listen to what is said above, they only hear it declared that 'Democracy is dead,' and sink back to their bread and water as their only fare of life."

Where, tax-payers may well be asked, is their least possible hope, under the present reign, from the pressure of $3,000,000,000 exempted capital; a debt of that amount to pay, or its annual interest; a high tariff sure to be imposed; a tax upon every sheet of paper upon which a contract is drawn, or a scrap upon which a note or receipt is given; State, county, and municipal debts; ten States to be governed by military authority at an enormous expense; a perpetual Congress; conflicts of authority between the Departments of the Government, leading, I, may be, to armed conflict? The question is a very grave one, and should set every friend of the country and humanity reflecting, for the end is not yet.

THAD. STEVENS IN ONE OF HIS ROLES.

A Virginia correspondent of the *Catholic Mirror*, who seems to know Thad. Stevens well, is after him with a very "sharp stick" in the form of the following reminiscence:

Thaddy ought to read history. He is an apt scholar, and might derive some profit from the study Yes, he is quite apt, and, wherever he has found it, has all the cuteness of a Y