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"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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WHY?

BY ETHEL LYNN.

How kind Reuben Esmond is growing of late,
How he stops every day as he goes by the gate,
Asking after my health. 'Tis a good hearted lad,
To think of the soldier so lonely and sad;
The school children hail me as "Grandfather Brown,"
Because I'm the oldest man left in the town;
But when the slant sunbeams come hither to lie,
Reuben Esmond comes to—I cannot tell why

For I am a tedious and stupid old man,
Quite willing to do all the good that I can;
But a crutch and a pension will tell you the tale
Of the warm work I had in the Beech-Forest vale.
I've told it to Reuben—well, ten times or more—
I, sitting just here, little Jo in the door,
(Jo is poor Mary's child, she that came home to die,
God knew it was best, I couldn't say why)

And Reuben and Josie, they sit very still,
When I tell how I fought over Hazleton Hill;
But the child turns away if I chance to look round,
And stares at the apple-blooms strewn on the ground
Then she says I must move when the sun light is gone.
She isn't afraid to be left here alone,
And Reuben springs up so cheerful and spry,
To help me in doors—I do wonder why.

He don't go away—*he* isn't afraid
Of the dew on the grass or the deep falling shade.
It must be very tedious for Josie to stay,
But she says she don't mind, 'tis the girl's pleasant way.
She knows I like Reuben; and so every night
She pins up her hair with a posy so bright.
'Tis strange—in the morning the red roses lie
All crushed on the step—I do wonder why.

There's neighbor Grey's son, he acts very queer,
He used to be always so neighborly here,
When I call to him how he grows white and red,
Never asks me if Josie is living or dead
He don't seem to like her, I thought he did once,
But perhaps the old soldier is only a dunce
He won't speak to Reuben when passing him by
Nor stop at his call—I do wonder why.

There's Reuben to day. He looks round my chair
In the doorway for Jo. The child isn't there,
And the lad looks abashed. "I called—Captain Brown,"
And then he stops short, looking awkwardly down.
"To ask you for Josie." The lad lifts his head,
While his cheek, like a girl's, flushed all over red
"I will, love her and guard her until I shall die,
And she says she, she says, I cannot tell why."

I have surely forgotten how Time never stays,
How the wave of the year gulfs the drops of the days
Little Jo seventeen! Ah, yes, I remember,
Just seventeen years the eighteenth of November
Little Josie a bride! Take her Reuben, and be
Very tender and patient." More clearly I see
Why Reuben should call every day going by,
To ask for my welfare. Grandfather knows why.

—*Exchange*

[Written for the Watchman."

THE SEARCH FOR A WIFE.

BY "VIRGINIA"

Reader, I am going to tell you how it is I happened to be a married man, and not the independent old batchelor I had pictured in my boyhood, as the acme of masculine felicity.

I had lived to the advanced age of thirty, and not one fair being had bewitched me into the idea that she was the angel, novelists and poets rave about. Indeed, I found them "of the earth, earthly," and most of them very commonplace on an intimate acquaintance, not that I supposed myself so perfect, that none would suit me; but I was afraid that beautiful idea I would worship might crumble into dust when I pressed her in my arms. To be less poetical, I feared the disenchantment which too surely follows the honey moon

I sat, one beautiful morning, *in my office*, smoking, and pondering these things, for, although my friends called me a confirmed old batchelor, I had lucid intervals of matrimonial reason, and I presume this was one of them, caused by sight of a pretty girl, who had passed that morning my office as I stood in the door talking with a friend.

I am a susceptible man, and as I sat there alone, my thoughts wandered back to the sweet face, I had seen—I had seen thousands as beautiful, but there was a peculiar charm in this, and I suddenly came to the conclusion that I had, that morning seen my fate. Then, too, I remembered that the face was not the only agreeable part of the picture. There was an exquisite form, and the short walking dress (I think the present fashion, is a most sensible one) displayed, the prettiest of feet and ankles. Ye Gods! if 'tis true, that "all's well, that ends well," then my divinity of the jaunty little hat, short walking dress, and fairy feet (encased I must admit in most substantial walking boots) was sufficient to shake my bachelor principles, to their very foundations. My cogitations would have lasted as long as my cigar, I have no doubt, but they were interrupted by the entrance of Tom Harrison, one of my married friends. I offered him a cigar which he lit, and placing himself comfortably on the sofa, settled himself for the morning. I saw that the building of my air castle must be interrupted for the time, and asked Tom what the news might be.

"Nothing," he replied, without taking the cigar from between his lips, "nothing," except that Congress is fighting over the 'Reconstruction Bill,' and wasting gas, figuratively, and protracting their sittings all night.

"Curse Congress," I muttered, "the less I hear of it the better. How is your wife, and the babies?"

"Are you partial to details," he said lazily, "if so here goes.—Kate I left, in secret counsel with her prime minister, discussing the relative merits of pink silk, and white satin, in which to appear at madame B——s', to-night. The baby practising the most difficult air from the opera of Screechinani, while my hopeful heir I left deeply absorbed in calculating how many feet of the nursery floor, a pint of milk, and a plate of molasses, was capable of covering."

I laughed, "your picture is inviting, but insufficient to pursuade me to become any thing more than a disinterested observer of domestic bliss."

"Come old fellow, don't get sarcastic, it interferes with my digestion, and I tell you there is nothing like marrying after all. It polishes and softens the rough side of man's nature. In fact a man is not thoroughly respected, and appreciated until he becomes the head of a family. A single man is imposed upon in society; he becomes a prey for designing mamas—a mark for bright eyes, smiling lips, and all the weapons used by the little god—and this you know, is a most charming, yet tantalizing state for a poor fellow." 'Tis like a disease in fact, a man in care, *is nothing more* than a monomaniac. If he surrenders at once to the disease, he becomes paralized, and then some strong-minded woman seizes on him, and *takes care of him for life*. If not paralized, the disease takes a more fearful turn, and he become a maniac, and these maniacs, my dear fellow, are called bachelors."

"Stop! I cried" just say, and don't waste your eloquence, to which class of patients I belong, and I am willing to take the remedy, be it what it may, for *entre nous*." Tom, I've seen my fate, and it was this morning, in the form of a fairy dressed in a drab walking-dress; black hat, and the daintiest of lace veils, which only lent an additional charm. Tom, my boy, I am going on a pilgrimage to worship at this shrine, and as I've not lived in this world thirty years to be fooled at last, I shall start out, with you for my pilot.

"You know every one, and as a married man, have the entre into every circle. I shall devote one week to this pilgrimage, and if, at the end of that time, I find her not, then, I forswear marriage".

"All right, Frank, we will start to morrow evening, I propose going to the opera first, and should we not see her there, we will resort to our visiting list. Once seen, you are a made man, and wish your personal attractions, can exclaim *'veni, vidi, vici'*."

He left soon after, promising to call that evening for the opera, previous to taking his wife to the party. For the first time, in ten years, I made an elaborate toilet, and that afternoon paraded the fashionable promenade where the fair sex "do most congregate," and there was not a drab dress, or black hat, that did not elicit an extra amount of admiration from me.

Three days had passed, sixteen visits had been paid, the opera visited twice, the promenades searched—dry good stores, and milliners establishments visited; but all in vain. The amount of exercise I took would have exhausted the energies of any other man,—but the subject had become a monomaniac with me, and as Tom insisted, one of the worst cases within his recollection

Three days had passed, but they seemed months instead of days. When on the morning of the fourth, as I stood on the steps of my hotel, I saw coming down the avenue, the identical drab walking dress.

I could have sworn to it; but the sweet face, and jaunty hat were enveloped in a thick veil. I drew on my gloves, determined to follow, and keep her in sight until she reached home. Passing the hotel with a quick step, she entered a bookstore near by, and I waited until she came out, which was in a few moments, and I prepared to follow, when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and a—

"Hello! Frank, you are the very man I was looking for. I've an invitation for you from my wife to spend to morrows evening with us.. You'll come, will you not?" and Tom Harrison handed me the invitation, on which the Harrison monogram was most elegantly executed.

"Certainly, with pleasure; but Tom, you rascal, you deserve a thrashing. Here I was on the track of the mysterious walking dress, and your appearance has caused me to lose it, look!" and I pointed to a young lady in the act of entering the street cars.

"Never mind you'll see her again, in the meantime we hope to see you—*au revoir*.

The next morning, on rising, I found upon my table a most exquisite little boquet of heliotrope, and violets, and accompanying it a card, on which was written in a most delicate female hand

"With the compliments
of
Drab walking dress"

I rang the bell,—the waiter appeared; but my cross examination of him elicited no information whatever, as to the origin of the mysterious little boquet, and I dismissed him, with the compliments of the morning, which were "that he and his fellow waiters were a set of fools".

"Yes, sir," he replied with a bow, and left the room—to convey said compliments to his comrades. After he left, I stood gazing upon the flowers. Suddenly an idea flashed across me, and I exclaimed aloud—"Frank Carter you are a fool—some one is playing you a joke, and I'll bet a thousand to one Tom Harrison is at the bottom of it all, but don't let him know it. He'll enjoy it too much".

With a despairing sigh I resigned myself to adverse fate, and—my cigar, and for the remainder of the day, buried myself in the dry depths of law.

Evening came, and I had almost forgotten my engagement for the evening, when the entrance of an acquaintance in full evening dress, recalled the accepted invitation. After he left, I returned to my Hotel, and made my toilet for Mrs Harrison's party, and at a fashionable hour rang the bell, for the carriage which was to convey me thither.

Mrs Harrison's saloons were well crowded when I entered, with pretty girls, handsome matrons, and some few of the possé feminine known as old maids. I met many acquaintances, and had engaged myself for the first dance, when Tom came up.

"Frank I hope you have made no engagement for the next dance? as I have made one for you—"

"No, and thank you, I dislike looking for partners; but look here old fellow, make no more engagements for me, I dance very little, you know, and I hold to the opinion that if a man's heels are apt to be light, his head is also, and the few brains I have, I don't carry in my heels".

He went away with a laugh—and I offered my arm to the pretty girl who had consented to waltz with me. During the dance I came in contact with Tom more than once, whirling through the waltz with a fairy-like little body—

There was something about her figure that recalled my dream of the last few days. Her face, by some chance I could not catch a glimpse of, and my curiosity was excited to the highest pitch. My companion could not inform me of her name, *and* I thought the waltz a most interminable one, notwithstanding the pretty little graces of the girl whose slender waist my army encircled.

It ended at last, and Tom, coming up, introduced another applicant for the hand of the lady on my arm. He hurried me off through the saloons into the music room beyond, which was comparatively deserted. Near a large, bay window, stood his companion in the dance. Her face was turned from us, as she bent over a *vase of flowers*—

"Cousin Kate," and the lady turned turned towards us. Heavens! was I dreaming? t'was my dream. The beautiful bright face, and brown hair, was the same that had looked from beneath the jockey hat, and the fairy robed figure, the same that had graced the drab walking dress.

"My friend Frank Carter," and "Cousin Kate Harrison," was all I heard, and we were alone. I stood for several moments until the rising blush on my companion's face, recalled me to myself.

"You will excuse me, I know, when I tell you how very much surprised I was to find in you Miss Harrison, the realization of my dreams of the week," and I bent eagerly forward.

"Yes I know now all about it; but believe me, I knew nothing of it until this evening 'Twas Cousin Tom's doings," she added apologetically.

"I believe you" I replied earnestly, "and that blush confirms it".

"I think," she said, "we are engaged for this dance, but I fear we are too late. The dance, a gallop, has begun some time ago".

"I much prefer this quiet nook, and the dance of your bright eyes".

My compliments seemed to embarrass her, and she turned the topic of conversation.

How long we occupied the bay windows I cannot tell until the hum of voices gradually died away, and looking at my watch found it near morning. I made a hasty adieu, begging permission to call again, which was gracefully granted.

In the hall I encountered Tom Harrison who gave me a pressing invitation to call again.

There was a merry look in his eye as he gave the invitation, but I cried:

"I see your game, my fine fellow; but *nous omnes l'ank a l'ank*. I intend to make the invitation a standing one".

I dislike long courtships, and I carried my theory into practice this time by hurrying matters up, and in six weeks I was a married man—"Cousin Kate," consenting on consideration of the trouble I went to catch her, to make me a happy man, and as I write she looks over my shoulder, and laughs at what I have written of my experience while in search of a wife

THE COMING POVERTY.

Business men are looking forward with fear to the future. No prudent man possessing capital, except under peculiar circumstances, wishes to enter into business, if he is out of it now. This arises, largely out of the political disquietude, and out of the results of substituting government paper for real money.

But there are some special causes not sufficiently attended to, that are helping on the impoverishment of the country. The miserable character of the currency, and its inflated bulk, promotes extravagance. This is understood. But it is not understood that the greenbacks that are afloat, and their shadows, the National Bills, are *not* money, but evidences of *debt*. Every man of fixed property in this country, when he puts in his pocket a roll of greenbacks is pocketing a *discounted note*, on which his name might be written as one of the endorsers. There is a *first mortgage* on all his property, to secure the payment of these, and thousands of millions more of *evidence of debt*. The *people*, as a whole, are in the ruinous position of a man sporting himself on borrowed money. Many millions of gold are going out of the country to pay the interest on bonds, held by European creditors, because of the exorbitant rates of interest!

But, again, has it ever entered into the minds of the people to think of how many rich families of these States find it *cheaper* to live in Europe than in this tax burdened country? Taxes and tariffs, as they imposed on this country, make this the *dearest* country to live in, on the globe! Steamers for two years past, have gone out *loaded* with rich passengers, who find it a *saving* to turn greenbacks into gold, and to go to Europe to live on funds drawn from here! How many millions in gold, is drawn annually from this country, by these absentee landlords and bondholders? If we named half the amount that we have reason to believe is constantly drained from here to Europe, by these absentee Americans, it would astound those who have not been thinking on it. The dearness of living, here, in consequence of these taxes and tariffs, makes it *cheaper* to import from Europe than to manufacture here—notwithstanding the high tariffs. The madness of Congress increase this disease, by increasing the tariff. The necessary result of this course is the general impoverishment of the country, and the squandering of the property of the people.

These are but some of the causes that are bringing chaos and ruin on the financial condition of the country. The result may be fought off for a while by farther expansion of the currency, but the more of that is done the worse it will be in the end.

And, now, comes the Military Despotism Bill for the Southern States. This puts an end to any hope of settled and quiet times in that region. The cotton raised at the South the coming season, will be next to nothing.

Truly this land seems likely to make a *long fast*, in revenge of its extravagant dissipations! "Let it come"—*Freeman's Journal*

NEW ENGLAND SLAVERY.—Read the following, and say if it is not about time for the exhibition of some sympathy for the poor whites of the North. A child of eight years, "beaten by an overseer in a cotton factory! Talk about "slavery in the South!" God never before permitted such cruelty as is practiced in the cotton mills of New England.

"The Fall River News says that Kate Lyon, a little girl aged eight years and seven months, employed in one of the mills of that city, had her arm fearfully lacerated a day or two since, so that amputation will be necessary. She had *just been beaten* for carelessness, and soon after the sleeve of her dress caught in some of the gearing, and her arm drawn in.

MEAT BEAR IT.—An indignant planter tells the Mississippi *Index* something of his experience with freedmen as laborers. "If Cæsar," says he, "complains of a slight pain in his misery, and refuses to work, *Cato straightway* declares he'll not go to the field unless Cæsar does. This demoralizes John, who demoralizes Bob, who begets dissatisfaction in Jeff, who keeps some other hand back, until sometimes the whole set are at a stand still on account of the delinquency of one. We are not allowed to whip them, sir, and to see the lazy rascals standing like posts over land that need every hour of their time—why, sir, old Job himself couldn't hold his temper under such aggrivations. The country's gone up, sir—gone up!"

——No man ever did an injury designedly to another, who did not injure himself the most.

AN ELOQUENT OPENING.

Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, recently made a powerful speech in the U S Senate against the radical measures for the destruction of the Union, opening with the following strong and eloquent language, but no more strong and eloquent than truthful Mr. Doolittle arose and said.

I rise to plead for what I think the life of the Republic, and for that spirit which gives it life. I stand here also to answer for myself because on a former occasion I foresaw what I believe would follow as a necessary and logical consequence of the adoption of certain fundamental heresies originated in the State of Massachusetts, and of which the Senator of Massachusetts, on my right (Mr. Sumner), is the great advocate and champion. I have been for more than eighteen months denounced in my State by many of my former political associates and friends for foreseeing these results which have now come; which are now pending before this Senate in the bills which have come from the House of Representatives, for denouncing them in advance, for asserting to the people of Wisconsin over and over again that yielding to these fatal heresies would of necessity dissolve the Union, and establish a concentrated military despotism.

I have, sir, I expect, been more severely denounced throughout the State of Wisconsin than elsewhere. That denunciation has been carried to such an extent as to culminate at last in the resolutions of the Radical Legislature of Wisconsin, instructing me to resign my seat in this body. I say, therefore, Mr. President, as I stand here to day, I stand to plead for the life of the Republic, to plead for the spirit in which it lives, and without which it is dead, and, sir, I am here to answer for myself, because I have been pleading for it with all the power God has given me for the last two years, in my State, and in this Senate and elsewhere. And if, sir, I shall in this discussion give utterance to deep and earnest convictions in strong and earnest language, Senators will understand it is with no disrespect to them. It is because my soul is filled with sentiments which language can hardly utter. Never before in my life, though I have stood in many a scene, and have often rose here, but never have I felt the weight of that responsibility resting upon me which is upon me now.

Never before in my life was there a time when my heart would go up and ask Almighty God to give the power to give utterance to the truth as it goes up now; no such measures were ever before presented in an American Congress. What are they? Call them by what name you will, they are in substance a declaration of war against ten States of this Union. They are nothing more—they are nothing less. We know sir, that the rebellion has been suppressed, we know *that every armed soldier* from the Potomac to the Rio Grande has surrendered his arms, and pledged anew his allegiance to the Constitution, the Union, and the flag. We know there is not one armed soldier against this Republic throughout the whole of our vast domain. We know, sir, that in those ten States civil governments in form have been re established by the voice of their people, and that with all the machinery of their civil government they are in full operation. We know, sir, that peace has been declared by the authorities of this republic, pursuant to act of Congress conferring that authority. In a little States of this Union peace has come. But, sir, what do these bills propose? They propose open, direct war on every form of civil government within those States. They propose to supersede and annul them all; to take from all the people of those States all voice in the power which is to govern them. The bayonet, and the bayonet alone in the hands of the soldier, is to be law to those States, all resistance is to be overcome, the States are to be taken possession of, and all civil institutions are to be subsidized to the bayonet. That is war.

Mr Doolittle then entered upon a criticism of the details of the bill, and afterwards returned at considerable length to the resolution instructing him to resign, denying the right of the Legislature of Wisconsin to issue such instructions and reviewing the votes and speeches in the Senate, and the acts of his public life which caused those resolutions to be passed, by what he termed the Radicals of the Wisconsin Legislature

THE END OF THE WORLD.—Carleton, the obliging publisher, has assisted the Rev Dr Cumming to sound his warning cry in this country. The following are two of his most alarming notes

"As the great transformation draws nearer the groans of creation rise louder, and man feels less secure anchorage ground on earth. Our cattle have been smitten as with the return of the Egyptian plague, pestilence has decimated great capitals, and tens of thousands have fled as from the destroying angel; the last phial, as I have elsewhere shown, was poured into the air, and the lamentations of bereaved, and the terror of the fugitive, and the graves of the hastily buried dead, cry aloud 'It is done'.

"I stated in a previous work that if the last phial was, as I believed it was, poured out in 1848, and still runs on, we might expect those destructive blights on vegetables, on animals, and on men, which this very year have roused the fears of Europe. As if to justify the interpretation given, the press, the men of science and observation, and physicians, all attribute the visitation of this year to an abnormal condition of the air. These and similar disturbances of our mundane system are laid down by our Lord as premonitory signs of His approach.—Trumpet tongued they sound through our Christendom these warning words: 'Behold the bridegroom cometh.'"

A GOOD ONE.—A Galveston gentleman, lately stopping at the Nicholson House, Bastrop, was in a room recently occupied by the Agent of the Freedman's Bureau. One evening, Tom, a freedman, entered the room to make a fire, and after doing so sat down, crossed his legs and made himself at home, smoking and spitting in the fire place. The Galvestonian asked him what he meant by such familiarity: Tom looked up in evident surprise, and immediately arose, hat in hand, and in his politest manner, said: "Beg pardon, Massa! didn't know you was a *gemman*; thought you was do *Freedman's Bureau!*"—*News, Galveston Texas.*

THE INDISPENSABLE DUTY.

"It is in every sense, imperative, to test, at the earliest moment the validity of the Sherman Shellabarger law—if it shall become an act of Congress—by an appeal to the courts. The whole case lies there. While that law stands as authority, we can do nothing except in conformity with it. If, indeed, our State government is illegal and invalid, as therein alleged—if it is but provisional, and dissoluble at pleasure—it is at once bound by the instructions of the law, and liable to be swept out of existence at a word, if it depart from them. We will have no right to call a convention or hold an election of any sort, except in the mode and upon the terms therein prescribed, and to attempt to do so would be considered contumacious and rebellious, and would provoke and be alleged to justify, an instant sponging out of our whole system. We counsel no such collision. Let us ascertain if the proposed law will be recognized by the United States Courts as binding upon the obedience of citizens. If they so decide, we have nothing to do but submit to it. If they rule otherwise we stand as we are.

"The acceptance of the law without demur is to accept its suffrage tests and its proscription, is to acknowledge that the State is dead, that its laws are waste paper, that its decrees and judgement and title deeds are idle words; that its imprisonments were assaults, that its death sentences were murders; that its taxation are robberies. We repeat—the first question, and the vital and absorbing question until it is decided, is—will the proposed law be held as valid? Those entrusted with the affairs of the State are bound by all the honorable obligations of their trust, to test that question thoroughly. They have no right to concede that the State is dead, until they have exhausted every means of vindicating its vitality. Their duties are now narrowing down to that—or rather that duty now overrides all others; and its successful discharge is the condition of all others. It demands, therefore, then first and their most zealous attention.

"As soon as it may be ascertained that the passage of the law is consummated, the Legislature ought to appoint counsel, whose duty it shall be to retain the best legal talent that money can employ in the whole country; and under such advice to make up a case at the earliest possible moment for the decision of the United States Supreme Court. It is not necessary to suggest to the ingenuity of professional experts the mode of making up the issue. Force must be some mode, and they will best know what it is. That no time should be lost, is evident from the fact that negro suffrage and white proscription will be the law of the May elections of the proposed bill be authority on that occasion. We sincerely hope the Legislature will be able, for once at last, to name citizens *for tests most important truth*, without being embarrassed by petty personal jealousies and ambitions. Give us two men or four men to act in conjunction with the Governor in this truly vital duty. We implore legislators to allow no panics and no prejudices to come between the land that indispensable obligation.

"Give us a board of suitable men whose appointment would be expedient, and place the purse of the State in their hands where with to prosecute her suit for life, and for the right to live. It would be folly to spare effort or spare expenditure in a struggle, be it remembered, is comparatively the sum total of our present duties.—*Richmond Enquirer and Sentinel*

CURE OF DELIRIUM TREMENS.

We took occasion, some months ago, on the faith of good medical testimony, to invite attention to the beneficial effects of capsicum or red pepper, in delirium tremens. Since then some well marked cases have occurred in the practice of Dr Lyons, to whom we made reference at that time.—This gentleman lays descived stress upon the symptoms during a brief but variable period which precedes the fully developed attack of delirium tremens. These are often anomalous, unintelligible to the patient himself, and not always understood by his medical attendant. In this preliminary stage are met with tremor, sleeplessness and general distress and anxiety, without a trace of delirium. In other cases slight illusions prevail, without tremor, from which the patient, can, by an effort, arouse himself, and under strong exertions of the will, even command his faculties for a time and pursue his business avocations, to break down, it may be hopelessly for a few hours afterwards if his condition is neglected, misunderstood or mistreated. Under these circumstances, the treatment by capsicum comes in very opportunely, and by its employment we may cut short the disease, and save the patient from the consequences of this imprudence, and possibly restore him to a reformed life. In the case of an individual who had taken six grains of opium within a period of two or three days, without sleep being procured or any relief to the illusions, fremor and distress under which he labored, a twenty grain dose of capsicum in a large pill was followed by a deep and refreshing sleep for twelve hours. The patient awoke from this conscious and restored. In another case a thirty grain dose had to be given before full relief was procured, and in one or two instances of individuals of confirmed and intemperate habits, was found necessary to repeat the dose some three or four times. As at present employed, the capsicum is given in the form of a bolus made up with honey and roses, but Dr Lyons suggests the feasibility of its being conveyed to the stomach in a capsule.—*Ex*

——A young lawyer, who had long paid his court to a lady without much advancing his suit, accused her one day of being insensible to the power of love. "It does not follow," she archly replied, "that I am so, because I am not to be won by the power of attorney." "Forgive me," replied the suitor, "but you should remember that all the votaries of Cupid are solicitors.—*Ex.*

——A Western man speaking of the Pacific Railroad, says it is "one of the funniest coincidences in the world that almost every alternate section of land on each side of the road belongs to some member of Congress."

——Maidens should be mild and meek, quick to hear, and slow to speak.

A SMALL BOON.

We are not sure, but that the people of the South ought to be thankful to the new Rump Congress, for the passage of the Wilson supplement to the military despotic bill. By it they will be relieved from the disagreeable necessity of taking any active steps under the act, by which they are reduced to the condition of vassals to an unrelenting enemy. The whole work of perfecting the machinery of the despotism set up, will devolve upon their appointed rulers. They will now find it easier to be passive under the hands of their tyrants.—This to a high spirited people will be some slight relief.

It is as well, too, that the mad designs of of the radical desperadoes should be carried out with a high hand. Having violated every article of the Constitution, every principle on which republican institutions are founded, and every one of the great franchises of freemen which our ancestors rescued from the hands of kings, by a continued fight, which lasted through centuries, it is well, no doubt, that the last pretense of choice in the form of government to be established should be taken away from the people of the South. The despotism to be established is of the most grinding and galling character. Those who are to be its victims can never willingly accept it. It is well that it should be set up among them as a thing entirely foreign, and be recognized as simply the creature of a force which they have not the power to resist. If they must drink of this bitter political degradation, they will no doubt feel relieved when they are assured by this Wilson bill that they are to be spared the disagreeable necessity of lifting the cup to their own lips. It is a small boon, but it is something to be thankful for nevertheless.—*Lancaster Intelligencer*

A WESTERN WONDER.

The greatest wonder in the State of Iowa, and perhaps any other State, is what they call the "Walled Lake," in Wright county, two miles north of the Dubuque and Pacific railway, and about one hundred and fifty miles west of Dubuque city. The lake is from two to three feet higher than the earth's surface. In most places the wall is ten feet high, with at bottom fifteen feet, and at the top five. Another fact is the size of the stone used in construction; the whole, varying in weight from three tons down to one hundred pounds. There is an abundance of stone in Wright county; but surrounding the lake to the extent of five or ten miles there are none.

No one can form an idea as to the means employed to bring them to the spot, or who constructed it. Around the entire lake is a belt of woodland, half a mile in width, composed of oak, with this exception, the country is a rolling prairie. The trees, therefore, must have been placed there at the time of building the wall.

In the spring of 1855 there was a great storm, and the ice on the lake broke the wall in several places, and the farmers in the vicinity were obliged to repair the damage to prevent inundation. The lake occupies a ground surface of 2,800 acres, depth of water as great as twenty-five feet. The water is clear and cold; soil sandy and loamy. It is singular that no one has been able to ascertain where the water comes from and where it goes, yet it always remains clear and fresh.—*Ex*

THE "COOL OF THE EVENING".—Sydney Smith was complaining of a gentleman, who, although many years his junior, was in the habit of addressing him by his Christian name, a privilege, which, as Sydney Smith remarked, he only allowed his most intimate friends. Shortly after, the gentlemen in question entered the room, and familiarly addressed Smith as "Sydney," inquired how he thought of passing the day. "For my part," he added, "the Archbishop of Canterbury, (the then Dr Howley), has often invited me to pay him a visit at Addington Park, and I think I shall ride down and return in the cool of the evening".

"Ah," returned Smith, "then let me give you a piece of advice, I know something of the Archbishop, he is a very excellent man, but rather proud, don't call him William, he might not like it."

A roar of laughter followed this significant speech, and as the discomfitted youth left the room, Sydney Smith turned around and quietly remarked, "I think I have settled that 'cool of the evening' at last".

SO YOU WERE TOLD.—The Chicago *Post* (Radical) of the 4th has made a discovery. "It is important, though nothing new to Democrats and conservatives. Says the *Post*: The people are burthened with more taxes than they can pay. The industry of the country is stifled, the resources from which alone the payment of the National debt is to be expected are prematurely diminished and crippled."

When confessions are voluntarily made by the Republican press, you may accept the belief, without further questioning, that the taxation under which the people are groaning is excessive beyond computation. It stands to reason, then, that the people need relief, or "the industry of the country" cannot be released from the "stifled condition, which is playing the very deuce with it. Look over the proceedings of Congress and see whether you can find any measure either introduced or passed, that is in any way possibly calculated to lessen the taxes, which are now more than our people can pay. You'll about as quickly find a needle dropped into a haystack as discover any such legislation. Abundance of legislation increasing the taxes you can easily find.—*Ohio Statesman.*

LIBERTY IN TENNESSEE.—The following comes to us from good authority, and is a pungent satire on American Republicanism as administered by the revolutionists: A firm in Nashville, one of the largest and most respectable mercantile houses in the West, paying annually many thousand dollars of taxes, and, doubtless, well known to our Market street merchants, has, including clerks, six persons employed in the concern, besides the porter, who is a negro. The latter is now the only one of the whole concern who is allowed to vote under the present Brownlow Constitution.

The point of the joke is, that the negro was the bitterest rebel of all, and was an officer's servant in the late rebel army, and when fighting by his master's side, he was the third man over the ramparts of Fort Pillow, where he fell like an avenging thunderbolt upon the negroes—who, so gallantly surrendered that stronghold.—*Age.*

For the Watchman.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY WILLIS W. WASHBURN.

When toward yon azure realm I turn my eye,
As God's nocturnal beauty veils the hills,
With pure delight, I watch the "stars on high"
Float on their way, unmurmuring and still!
Methinks they speak of some infinite love
Diffusing, unto man, a radiance fair
To light his pathway, through the earth, above
And call his soul unto the peace that's there

The harmony that reigns amid the blue
Contrasts sublimely with the discord here
And makes us long to be where all is true,
Far from the scene of man's incessant tear
Oh, who would dread to die, with such a world
Inviting christian souls unto its shore,
From star to star, through boundless beauty hurled,
A "*spirit perfect made*" forever more.

Whence is the heart's involuntary flight,
On hope's swift wings, when chilled by human woe,
But to that region of celestial light,
To find that rest which dwelleth not below?
To join th' angelic choir, in songs of praise,
While winging 'mong those orbs on missions' all,
Of universal love, through endless days,
Enraptured to obey Jehovah's call!

Glen Hope, Pa., March 9, 1867

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

——A lawyer is always strongest when he is freshest.

——The young lady that kept her word has found it very useful.

——Gen John A. Logan is stumping Connecticut for the Radicals.

——One third of the nominees rejected by the Senate were soldiers.

——Powdered wigs are worn by fashionable New York ladies.

——Five thousand people in Cherokee county, Alabama, are wholly destitute of food.

——It is very curious that a watch should be perfectly dry, when it has a running spring inside.

——It is a part of the Boston creed that one who is born in that city does not need to be born again.

——An inveterate old bachelor says ships are called *she* because they always keep a man on the look-out.

——A man who had a scolding wife, being asked what he did for a living, replied that he kept a hot house.

The woman who never interfered with husband's affairs arrived in town the other day—She is unmarried.

——The Indians in Arizona and New Mexico are very hostile, and commit numerous outrages on the white settlers.

——Lansingburg, N. Y., elected Democratic municipal officers on Tuesday. It had previously gone Republican.

——During the recent flood in Cincinnati, people stepped from second story windows into boats, in some localities.

——In New Jersey last year, according to official returns, there were 5,355 marriages, 9,402 deaths and 15,133 births.

——George Washington Bonaparte Smith, of Louisville, Ky, has got into trouble in the county by having three wives.

——The criminal record of a town in Vermont last week has been declared by its own papers too filthy to publish.

——Harriet Beecher Stowe and her brother Rev Chas. Beecher, have sailed for Florida, where they will remain several months.

——The Japanese Ambassadors in Paris eat five meals a day, and go to bed drunk every night. So say the Paris papers.

——A man in Fredericksburg, Va, was knocked down by lightning and cured of rheumatism. He don't recommend the remedy.

——It has recently transpired that the balls and dinner parties given by the wife of the "late lamented" were paid for out of the public fund.

——A revolutionary mother in Westfield, New Jersey, celebrated the birthday of Washington and the hundredth anniversary of her own birth.

——Never set yourself up for a musician just because you have got a drum in your ear, nor believe you are cut out for a school teacher merely because you have a pupil in your eye.

——It is understood that the President has selected Generals Sherman, Meade, Hancock, McDowell and Schofield, as Military Commanders for the South under the Reconstruction act.

——Poultices made of stewed pumpkins are recommended by an agricultural doctor for inflammatory rheumatism. In Syria pumpkin seeds are eaten for their medicinal qualities.—They are diuretic.

——A boy in Chicago was bitten last November by a mad dog. The wound healed, everything went well, and he was thought out of danger: yet he died of hydrophobia on last Thursday night, after three day's suffering.

——A Stanza for Spring.—

See, now reminded by the weather,
The birds work hard their nests to feather,
And thou, my son, think not of rest
Till thou hast feathered well thy nest.

——Gov. Swann sent a message to the Maryland Legislature on Friday, stating that he should not accept the U. S. Senatorship, but would retain the Governorship of Maryland.—He did this at the solicitation of prominent citizens.

——A New York clergyman recently, in the course of a sermon bewailing the coldness of his flock in religious matters, said that the kind of conversion most sought after by church members of late had been the conversion of seventy-thirties.

——As a schoolmaster was employed, a short since, in Scotland, in his delightful task of teaching a chary urchin to cypher on the slate, precaucious pupil put the following tough question to his instructor: Whaur did a' the figures gang till when they're rubbit out?

——The last wife of Brigham Young is named Maria Folsom. Her former residence was at Council Bluffs, Iowa. She is an imperious looking beauty of the Grecian rather than of the Roman order, and is very imperious and jealous. Like all passionate and jealous women, she is noble hearted. Miss Folsom is Brigham's pet.

——It is announced that the rebel cruiser Sumter has foundered off the English coast.—Since the end of the rebellion, the Sumter, under the name of Gibralter, has been employed as a trading steamer by a Hull firm, and was on a voyage from Helsingfors to Hull when she sprung a leak under her boilers and sank gradually in smooth water.

——Only a Crier.—

A famous Judge came late to court
One day in busy season;
Whereat his clerk, in great surprise,
Inquired of him the reason.
"A child was born," his honor said,
"And I'm the happy sire,"
"An infant judge?" "Oh, no," said he,
"As yet he's but a crier."

SURROUNDED BY FLAMES.

While collecting natural curiosities, near the river Dnieper, in Russia, a gentleman suddenly noticed an immense volume of smoke rising in the distance, and soon he beheld the sky in his immediate vicinity becoming red with the glare of reflected flames.

The inhabitants of this part of Russia used to set fire to the woods in the beginning of spring, for the swampy forest thickets are the favorite resting places of wolves. When a fire occurs many of the beasts come to their end, and the rest find safety in flight.

My situation, says the gentleman, was very dangerous, for the only road leading to the plain was cut off, and from it an ocean of flames was driven by the wind directly toward me, and came every moment nearer and nearer. A thousand terrified animals filled the air with their cries, and I knew the beasts would be forced by the fire to fly to the peninsula where I was. I ran toward the spot on the shore where my boat was, to wait for me. Among the birds there was a general uproar, all kinds of sounds rose on all sides; voices cried, trumpeted, whistled, and grunted altogether.—Smoke and flame came nearer and nearer. The reeds on the peninsula where I stood were already on fire; the dry grass burned with a rattling sound and the sparks flew high up into the air, and the cinders fell round about me. I had cocked my gun, for every now and then fly-wolf would rustle past me through the bushes. I had now penetrated to the utmost end of the peninsula, and saw the opposite shore was likewise enveloped in bright masses of flame. The peasants had, systematically, laid fire to the woods on both sides, in order to cut off the retreat of the wolves. As far as I could see there was dense smoke, mountains on fire, flying ducks, wild geese, cranes, pelicans, swans and howling wolves, furious from fear, who moved from one thicket to another, until at last, forced by the flames and biting smoke, they made a desperate leap into the water. But here they only encountered their fellow sufferers, who swam towards them from the opposite shore. None of the flying animals threatened to attack me; fear seemed to have spoiled their appetite.

The fire approached me with great velocity; a few minutes longer, and I should have been obliged to leap into the water myself. I observed the quick approach of the horrible ocean of flames with a dead like fear. A pyramid of fire rose up in my immediate neighborhood, and at the same moment five wolves ran directly towards me, their mouths wide open, and their eyes wild with terror. An almost involuntary pressure of my forefinger on my gun, and the foremost wolf had the entire load in his head. He fell backward to the ground, while his followers leaped into the water, terrifying the pelicans, ducks, and swans helplessly congregated there", I now heard the rough voice of my fishermen. His hoarse "Hallo, there," sounded like music in my ears. Another second, and I stood in the boat, saved. Immediately behind us the last remaining reeds burned down, and the licking tongues of fire drove the last animal into its watery grave. Every living thing which could not swim nor fly was lost.—*Ex.*

HOW THE TARIFE KILLS USEFUL INDUSTRIES.

The Lake Superior region produces virgin copper of great purity, as everybody knows. California produces a copper ore—a very different thing. This ore is brought hither and reduced by smelting, and this is an important and useful industry.

But it happens, by some arrangement of nature—who is not a protectionist—that to make the smelting of the California ores profitable and easy, there is needed a certain proportion of Chili ore. This Chili ore contains about fifteen per cent. of copper; the Lake Superior mines yield, as we said before, virgin copper, which is reduced without smelting, and much of which is so pure as to yield eighty and even ninety per cent. of copper.

The Lake Superior copper men have induced the