The Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

VOL. XII BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1867. NO 28.

THE CRY FOR BREAD.

There cometh a wail on the ambient air,
'Tis the minor music of dark dispair;
The hopeless song of the breaking heart,
As when soul and body are forced to part,
Heavy and dread,
Comes the cry for bread.

It came on the winter's congealing breath,
When the violet's eyes were closed in death,
When the snow king stifled the sweet perfume,
That clung to the lily's pearly bloom,
From the orphan's bed,
Came the cry for bread.

From the earth enshrouding new made graves
From the treacherous surge of ocean's waves,
Which murmurs the knell of dear ones gone;
Protector, father, brother, they've none,
But left in their stead,
Comes the cry for bread.

From the fierce tornado's stormy keyed note,
From the ruthless fire-god's glowing throat,
Which swept the promise of food to come,
From the garners of many a happy home,
From their ashes dead,
Comes the cry for bread.

The infant has hushed its cherub glee,
As it nestles upon the maternal knee;
For lines of sorrow, and tints of care
Have colored the threads of the raven hair
Of the widow's head,
As she prays for bread.

Oh! ye who surrounded with comforts stand,
Possessing of wealth the magical wand.
That chases the wolf from poverty's door,
What thanks ye will meet from the suffering poor,
Should you hinder the tread,
Of that famine for bread.

And night when unfolding her curtain of gloom,
That star-broidered azure from heavens own loom,
Willbid yourefect that your kindness has driven

The spectre away from some hearthstone at even,
As with rapture they've said,
"You have fed us with bread."

Shall our land of plenty be sad with graves?
Is the Great Arm shortened that cheers and saves?
Say rather, we'll scatter that mercy and love,
Which droppeth unchecked from the coffers above.
Let us follow His tread
And supply them with bread.
—*Louisville Courier.*

A RECONSTRUCTED REBEL.—HIS ADDRESS TO CONGRESS.

A CAUSTIC, IF NOT ELEGANT REVIEW OF THE SITUATION.

To those saints pay-triots and heroes who were wont to ass-emble in the capital city of "the Empire."

BUZZARDS ROOST, On Owl Creek,
State of Misery and Tom Fletcher,
April 1st, (All Fools Days,)
A. D. (Abolition Dynasty) 1867.

Ah! congress, congress, you're a bird. And so is a skunk, a buzzard, a kangaroo, or a vampire. "I'll call thee pet names, fow one, call the a bird," a bird of Paradise, all vanity, feathers and tail a Madagascar Dodo, all rump, stupidity and greediness, an African ostrich, all callousness, veracity and paunch; a blear-eyed carrion vulture, all thievery, rapacity and rottenness. Yes, congress of the dis U. S. A. by the fragrance of Thad's leather-colored wife, you're a sweet thing. And so is a pole cat, a back alley in New York, a dead pig in the sunshine, a Cincinnati hotel, a decayed "hen fruit," or a nigger meeting in dog days.

Yes, great ass-embly of that heaven-born republic which is to strike the shackles from the captive, raise the fallen and enlighten the ignorant throughout the nations wide expanse; whose banner is to "make tyranny tremble," and whose mission is to set a pattern to the universe, to reclaim the heathen, to give light to all the "nations that sit in darkness," to buy out Russia' "annex" Canada, gobble up Cuba, "protect" Mexico, to spread the gospel of peace and love and philanthropy, to peddle patent rascality, cheap morality and second hand religion, and to propogate young spread eagles and *E pluribus unum's* till from the rising of the sun in the deserts of the Dahomey, till the going down thereof in the tea gardens of the long-tailed celestials, there is not a human or an inhuman being, man, woman or child, nigger, *baboon, dog* or radical, that shall not clap his hands on his pockets, or wag his cauda appurtenance and shout "Glory halelujah! It surely is the kingdom coming and the year of jubilo! *Vive la Republic.*" Yes, august representative of this "Star of the evening, beautiful star." This young Hercules among the nations, grave and potent signers! "Patres conscripti," sentinels on the watch towers of our political Zion, striving like Joe Brown, to "see some Rainbow of hope spanning the deep gloom of the night,' watching by the corpse of murdered liberty, you're a sweet, sweet! Yes, you are. But oh! just as I have begun to appreciate the fact, they tell me you're adjourned — Dear congress, immaculate congress, how could you do it? Why did you do it? Had all the doggeries in that city of doggeries run out of "rot-gut? Was the stock of all the brothels in that city of brothels worn out? Was there nothing left in that city of thieves, that you could steal? Were there no more lies that your investigating committees, judiciary committees, and 'reconstruction' and "redamnation" committees could concoct or have concocted to further blacken the character of the rebels or the president? Was there not some fragment of the constitution left, that you could trample or destroy? No faint vestage of liberty that you could obliterate? No lingering gleam of hope among the people that you could extinguish? No freedmen's bureau tinkering, no "presto pe-to change" nigger-into-white-man, or white-man-into-nigger operation, no works of the devil ingeneral for you to do, that you're adjourned? Oh congress! What's to become of us and the country while you are gone? Who's to superintend the great U. S. whitewash tub and green backs sausage mills while you are gone? And send forth *meek*-eyed evangelists in white neckties to 'run' nigger Sunday-schools and 'confiscated plantations,' and carry out our luminous Logan's idea of 'raising a more loyal breed of' pumpkin colored inhabitants for the rebellious territories. Who's to administer regular and bountiful doses of the devout daughters of New England, to train up our odoriferous young Ebonies, 'the nation's ward's,' in the pleasant paths of Boston loyalty, virtue and honesty, in the pure and beautiful misteries of miscegenation, and retail to the 'dear, confiding creatures,' vinegar-faced photographs of themselves at $100 a piece? Who's to smooth up and varnish over the daily occuring million and million and a half dollar frauds of radical military officers, speculators, assessors, collectors and thieves? Who is, through the instrumentality of hired and paid emissaries to get up our riots, massacres, and 'ass-ass-inations,' and then, by means of suborned and perjured villians like Holt and Conover to fix the blame upon a 'lurking spirit of treason' that must be exercised by the deep pocketed faith and earnest working of such saints as Sheridan and Thomas? Who's to manufacture brazen lipped tooting-horns to sound abroad the praises of our loyalty-progress-morality-and-humanity, latter-day statesmen and "heroes? Who's to smear the filthiest kind of filth all over the characters, souls, bodies, breeches and boots of 'rebels,' 'copperheads' democrats, constitutional men, the president, the supreme court and all other public enemies? And who's to do ten thousand other equally glorious and essential things that clearly come with in the scope of congressional labor? In a voice as loud as the roar of a donkey from *the cloud clapped summit of Olympus*, I repeat, *O Congress!* WHO? Then why, why did you adjourn? It's true you were rather an expensive item of national luxury. A half a million of dollars a day would hardly cover the cost, including salaries, bribes, 'perquisites' and stealage, of keeping you together. But what pay-triot, what truly loyal lover of his country would possibly object to a trifling little bill of fifteen million dollars a month for the continuance of so eminent a blessing? What of it any how? Don't it all come out of the vile miscreants of the South, and poor devils of the north—the merchants and grocers, the butchers and bakers and clerk, the farmers, mechanics and artizans who have to work for a living? Of course it does. Who cares for expenses? "Let joy be unconfined" This mighty mistress of a hemisphere, this magnificent child of the setting sun, this "Columbus the gem of the ocean' and the empress of the nation, need not biggle like a fish woman over a few paltry dollars. And poor as I am, with all my worldly possessions tied up in a yellow cotton handkerchief of home manufacture, I feel too deep an interest in the welfare and honor of the country not to be willing to have one more counterfeit fifteen cent shinplaster added to my taxes, in order to keep you together as a mammoth "curiosity shop," a national galary of fine arts, and a 'model artist;' as a perpetual lesson, perenial fountain of instruction to our ingenuous youth, a colossal guide-post to our rising generation of young Americas and young Americousses. But alas, alas! you've adjourned! If it be gratifying to statesmen and heroes and pay-triots to know that their arduous labors for the common weal are appreciated to those for whom they strive, then have you, O *Patres Patriæ*! unbounded reason to be gratified. For rest assured that admiring millions have noted and remember every act by which you signalized your virtue and exalted genius in the last few months, aye, till having grown too pure and good for earth, buggies and horses of fire, with a faint flavoring of brimstone, are sent to bear you away to a 'far more exceeding and internal weight of glory' than Thad, even in the arms of his nigger wife, has ever dreamed of. We remember that for half a weary century the south and west have groaned under the imposition of millions of dollars anually, which, in the shape of protective tariffs, have found their way into the pockets of psalm-singing skin-flints and scoundrels of New England. We looked to you for redress of this outrageous greviance; but like Rehoboam of old, 'whereas your fathers chastised with whips, you have scourged with scorpions. Where former congressess robbed us of one million, you have taken ten, fifteen, twenty or fifty. Money taken without the consent of the owner and given to another, is stolen. Congress, are you not, in your official capacity, a monstrous thief? We remember that, after a certain little 'stampede" in July 1861, a body known as the U S. Congress hastened to declare, by 'joint resolution,' with but one dissenting voice in both senate and house, 'that this war is waged for no purpose of subjugation or conquest but only to effect a speedy restoration of all the States to their places in the imperishable union' Two years ago the last tattered rebel grounded his arms—two years ago the last rebel banner was folded away as a sacred momento of the mighty struggle—two years ago, eight hundred thousand bayonets decided that the Union was preserved. And for two long years those very states which had been thus solemnly assured of "immediate restoration" have been beseeching and praying (till they've worn all the knees out of ther Sunday-go-to-meetin' trowsers, and had to have their shins half soled,) for the mere privilege of picking up the crumbs that fall from the sumptuous tabble of their conquerors. And they've been denied and spurned, mocked and spit upon—by you Congress, haven't you, in your official capacity, hed?

The constitution of the United States is the only authority under which you have a right to assemble at all. If it be abolished, or overthrown, or even lose its full force, there are no United States, to congress; and you are but usurpers liable to death at the hands of the first Wallace, or Bruce or Tell, who may raise the standard of resistance, and summon a band of freemen around him to strike for their liberties and the liberties of their people. We remember that the great foundation stone of that *constitution is* that "every state shall be entitled to at least one representative," and that "no state without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the senate." Each and all of you, before you took your seats, swore in the presence of high Heaven, God, angels and men, niggers, devils and your brother congressmens to 'support and defend' that constitution. And yet ten states, four of them members of the original thirteen, have for two years been excluded from all representation, and deprived of all suffrage in the senate—by you. Congress, when you took that oath, didn't you swear to a lie? We remember that one clause of the constitution commences with the declaration that taxation and representation shall always go together. Yet to-day, ten states whose voices are unheard in the council halls of the nation, are crushed under a mountain load of taxes to pay its debts, incurred without their consent. Congress, when you swore to support that clause, did you not commit perjury that should have sent you to the penitentiary instead of the capitol? We remember that one of the fundamental principles of the constitution is the 'guarantee to every state in the union of a republican form of government." You, the sworn supporters of that constitution, have swept away in ten sovereign states the last vestige of republican government, and erected in its stead the irresponsible rule of hostile, blundering military satraps. Congress, haven't you lied and sworn to it?—We remember that the constitution expressly provides that *'in all prosecutions the* accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury,' and that 'no citizen shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law.' You swore to support this provision, and yet by one fell stroke you've placed eight millions of citizens at the mercy of a drum-head court-martial, rendered them, their lives, liberties and properties, subject to the ignorant caprices or drunken whims of any *quandam* scullion or *horse boy who may* happen now to sport a corporal's stripes or a general's straps. Congress, haven't you lied and re-lied till you have become a 'reproach, a hissing and a byword among all nations?'

Hope sits straddle of a beer barrel and sticks cockle burs under the tail of despondency. Prosperity, plenty and happiness are universal, and all go as merry as marriage bells. And we owe it all to you. Yes, Congress, we'll remember you. And may God remember and reward you—as you deserve.

That (in your own choice phraseology) you'll *"catch h—ll,"* if He does, is the sincere though somewhat irreverent opinion of Yours

With all the disrespect,
All the destation,
All the loathing,
That one small carcass can contain,
R. E. BEL.

P. S. The lovely little object of my young affections requests me to present her dis-regards to Mrs Congress—if she's a white woman R. E. B.

BAKER, THE DETECTIVE, AND THE BOOTH AND SURRATT MYSTERIES—A PEN PICTURE OF THE LYING RASCAL.

The business of a detective, however necessary it may be, has never been regarded as the most reputable Whether it can be regarded otherwise than despisable, depends altogether on the character of the detective. In Europe, where the system, both political and of the police, has been carried to almost perfection, the first quality sought for in the detective is honesty.—He is intrusted with so much irresponsible power, that unless he is possessed of the highest integrity his office becomes the means of carrying out what it was created to suppress.

In this country, acting on the old maxim of setting a thief to catch a thief, we suffer more from our police, and especially the detectives, than we do from the rogues.—And in all cases where the honest man gets into trouble he had better go over to the enemy at once, and seek a safety among the thieves. He may in that case loose his property, but he will save his temper and be relieved of much aggravation and disappointment.

General Baker [Brevet Brigadier General—God save the mark] he is a representative man. He is the American detective From among the thieves he was selected as the chief to catch thieves. He has the distinctive features and qualifications of his calling. Of these he boasts. It is his pride of character. It is said that General Scott first appointed him, and if the general had been questioned why, he would have responded, "because sir, he is the most active, intelligent, adroit rascal that I know of." For the same reason the Secretary of War, Mr Stanton, continued him in office We can see the grim smile which the sardonic Secretary would call on his creatures utter want of confidence and honesty.

It was a grave error. A blot has been left on the fair fame of the Secretary, and a shame on our administration.

Brevet Brigadier General Baker has rushed into print. He has made a book. And since the publication of Barnum's confessions and Wykoff's courtship, no such shameless volume has appeared Recollecting Gen (Brevet Brigadier) Baker's qualifications as a detective, we may appreciate his qualifications as an author. How many lies are we to have to the square inch? That is the question that must animate the reading world on taking up his volume

We never could make out what the late and lamented Mr. Lincoln wanted with a detective system at all From the hour of his first inauguration up to that of his death, the thieves were all in office Excepting (?) Messrs. Chase, Stanton, and Holt, it was impossible almost to lay hands on an official and not touch a man not made rich through his position This was especially the case with the moneyed offices. Honest men stood aghast at the impunity with which stealing went on All cries of shame and outrage seemed unavailing All opposition was thrown away Thieves were turned out to be succeded by thieves, and collossal fortunes were made in an hour. The amiable old President cracked jokes over the rascality, and said that in his appointments he had to run his hand into a sack of fifty snakes to find one eel. Among the latter acts of the congress that preceded his death was an investigation of the cotton frauds, and out of a great number of 'permits to steal, three-forth were signed by the President

We know that any quantity of timid men will remonstrate at this, as likely to injure our party. We think differently, and firmly believe that the only hope we have to hold our Government in the hands of loyal men, is to expose the rascality and drive out the thieves. To remain silent is to connive at the frauds and protect the rogues.

To return, however, to our mutton—very tough and tainted is that. We open Brevet Brigadier Gen. Baker's book with the same feelings we take up a dying speech and confession, believing that all that is interesting is not true, and all that is true is not interesting, and we find from beginning to end about the dullest performance it has been our misfortune to meet with. We turn at once to that part which treats of the assassination. In it we find, if anywhere, the uses of our national police, and the net purport and upshot of the much vaunted detective system. And the result, to use a slang term is "nix." If, as is claimed, a great conspiracy, originating at Richmond, and encouraged in Canada, it went on under the nose of Brevet Brigadier General Baker and engaged his attention only when the President was killed in the presence of a great crowd, and the Secretary of State was hacked to pieces at his own residence. If, on the other hand, no conspiracy had being, *the subsequent* scuffle with the hanging of one woman and several imbeciles, were outrages on our common sense, to say nothing of that neglected goddess called Justice. This is all—and for this little all, we have paid dearly.

For the book itself few words are requisite. It abounds in barefaced lies. One requires little experience in this sort of literature to recognize the falsehoods at once. It reads very much like a second rate tale in the *Ledger*. It has all the marks of mean, poverty stricken imagination. Each series of adventures culminates in an impossible escape, where success turns on the not very brilliant smartness of the hero and the utter imbecility of the enemy.

To the escape from Richmond, for example, if we are to take as truth the account of Davis, Toombs and Brock, we must accept Davis, Toombs and Brock as the veriest jackasses the Lord ever set on end. Brock is unknown to fame, but Davis and Toombs have rather impressed this age with a confidence of their sagacity, and so long as this confidence continues Brevet Brigadier General Baker's attack on their brain must be at a discount.

The evidence of falsehood, however, is to be found in the fact that throughout the narrative the author not only gives the minutest details but the accompanying conversation. The moment a story teller undertakes to give the "says he," and "says she," and "says I," he passes into the region of romance Let any one try this for himself. Make an effort to remember the words of a conversation held yesterday, and mark the result; and then judge of the reliability of a conversation held yesterday, and mark the result; and then judge of the reliability of a conversation running through an entire volume and extended over years in the past

In this connection we call attention to the asserted confession of Mrs. Surratt. The simple rules governing evidence force us to a consideration first of the character of the witness, secondly, to the probability of the story In either view this proposed confession falls through. Our Brevet Brigadier General has been convicted of lying, and he tells us that a woman who made a hard fight for her wretched life, forfeited that life to a man that she loathed and despised. It will do for such noodles as the editor of the *Cleveland Herald* to reproduce this absurd story—but no man possessed of a thimblefull of brains believes it.

There is one thing that strikes us forcibly, and that is the remarkable similarity between the style of this book and that of the so called Booth Diary. To any one of ordinary sagacity it is difficult to distinguish one from the other In the history of this remarkable diary we learn that it passed from the hands of Brevet Brigadier General Baker to Mr. Stanton,

Of all the possessions found on the body of the assassin, the diamond pin and diary are the only two not accounted for. We recognize the distinguished detective in the fact But the world is puzzled to know why the able Judge Advocate General, in his efforts to identify the body of Booth, failed to produce the most positive evidence, and that was the note book or diary of the deceased Baker, the diary, and the diamond pin, all disappear to gether.

The wonder is solved in the fact, we suggest, that Judge Holt and Mr. Secretary Stanton discovered that eighteen pages had been cut from the book, and certain other entries made that could not be identified as the hand writing of the assassin This clears up the mystery that attached to this diary.

We now understand why Judge Holt failed to produce it at the trial, and why Mr Stanton treats with contempt all reference to it Without some such explanation the conduct of these two eminent statesmen appears inexplicable

This is the first and we fervently hope the last of political espionage in America It were born of Seward and his little bell, and dies in Baker It was conceived in sin, lived in shame, and died in general disgust. Let every honest man throw a stone on its decaying carcass, that a monument may remain to warn future generation to beware of such attributes of despotism In this way Brevet Brigadier General Baker may be of use to humanity, and in no other way — *Vac-a-check (Abolition) Press.*

ALARM OF THE PROTECTIONISTS.

In connection with the revision of the internal revenue system, which will undoubtedly occupy the attention of the next Congress, the subject of the tariff must claim consideration The protectionists themselves are getting somewhat alarmed at the state of things which exists at this time, and begin to think that we may have, after all, too much of a good thing The New York *Shipping List*, which has a leaning towards the New England idea of legislating for protection, instead of a revenue to meet government expenses only, says:—

"Confidence to the equitability of the revenue measures and their rigid enforcement, is absolutely necessary to insure a return of business prosperity, and the National treasury will be benefitted by a revival of trade and commerce, equally with the masses, This fact cannot be to strongly impressed upon the minds of those who are invested with authority to shape and administer the fiscal laws, in dealing with which, the sophistical arguments and stale platitudes of party leaders should be altogether ignored. These partizans are organizing their forces with the view of converting the voting people to their different theories. Free trade Leagues and Protection Leagues have been formed, and are forming in all the principal cities, and some of the partizan journals are, just now, engaged in illustrating the beauties of their favorite theories. That the principle of free trade is sound there can be no doubt, and that it will some day be nearly universally applied is highly probable; but it will only be, if nations are wise, when, in their intercourse with each other, it can be practised on equitable terms. After we grow somewhat older, as a nation—when the country becomes much more densely populated, and the accumulated capital has multiplied several fold, the United States may be ready to adopt the principle of free trade, but such a movement at this time is clearly not the part of wisdom, in view of the necessity of raising so large a revenue to meet the increased expenses of government and sustain our colossal debt, to say nothing of the feebleness of the greater part of the native industries. It would not be difficult to show that the present fabric of British manufacturing power is but the result of judicial applications, according to the exigency of the occasion, of what is called protection After she had built up her manufacturing interests on a secure foundation she wisely adopted free trade Mr Mill, the distinguished English economist, says that "protecting duties are defensible when they are imposed temporarily—especially in a young and rising nation—in hopes of naturalizing a foreign industry, in itself perfectly suitable to the circumstances of the country. The superiority of one country over another in a branch of production, often arises only from having begun it sooner. There may be no inherent advantage on the one part, or disadvantage on the other, but only a present superiority of acquired skill and experience. A country which has this skill and experience yet to acquire, may in other respects be better adapted to the production than those which were earlier in the field. Nothing has a greater tendency to promote improvement in any branch of production, than its trial under a new set of conditions. But it cannot be expected that individuals should, at their own risk, or rather to their certain loss, introduce a new manufacture, and bear the burden of carrying it on, until the producers have been educated up to the level of those with whom the processes are traditional A protecting duty continued for a reasonable time will sometimes be the least inconvenient mode in which the nation can tax itself for the support of such an experiment. But the protection should be confined to cases in which there is a good ground of assurance that the industry which it fosters will after a time be able to dispense with it; nor should the domestic producers ever be allowed to expect that it will be continued to them beyond the time necessary for a fair trial of what they are capable of accomplishing;"

"Other advocates of free trade, if we mistake not, have also made the same admission, and such doctrine cannot but be regarded as sound. But there is such a thing as carrying protection to a dangerous extreme, and this, we think, has already been done in some instances No policy, in our opinion, could be more fatal or wrong than that which tends only to increase the profits of a producer, already able to sustain himself by his own resources—it is clearly an injustice to the general public."

NEGROES IN OFFICE.

Satrap Sheridan, exercising the powers of a despot, has appointed a police force for the city of New Orleans, one half of which is composed of negroes, and the other half of the lowest order of white men. The satraps, it seems, are taxing their wits in their efforts to create heart burnings and ill-feeling between the white and black citizens of their respective "districts" Negro troops are stationed in all the principal cities and towns, to perambulate the streets and grin in the faces of white men and women' and, by a tap on the hilt of their swords, give them a gentle hint that they—the negroes—are their military guardians. A negro policeman shakes his fore-finger at a white man who happens to brush too near to his sable highness, as a warning to said white man to be careful to tip his hat to all negro officials. Negroes are on the juries to give judgment against the white citizens of their "district,' and, to all intents and purposes the white men are ruled by the satraps and the negroes Every negro is allowed to carry arms, but white men are not permitted to possess even common pocket knife Indeed, the whites of the South are in slavery, with the negroes as their masters

Now, we ask fair, honorable and candid men, if this State of affairs is not outrageous and intolerable? Is it not evident to every man, that this attempt of the miserable satraps and tools to degrade and insult the white people of the south is for the express purpose of preventing that section of our country from settling down into quiet industry? The negro-equality Jacobins are determined, at all hazards to keep up a feeling of enmity between the whites and the blacks, and we have no doubt that a general massacre of the former is in contemplation, and will be attempted before the end of another year We believe this to be the understanding now and hence it is that decent whites are not permitted to carry arms or hold any official positon, and that these privileges are granted the blacks Thad Stevens' "mild confiscation" scheme means murder, and nothing else—a general massacre of the white of the South Phillips, in one of his recent speeches to a pie-bald audience, said to them—"We (the Radicals) must make the South to hot for the late rebels to live in; we must make it a hell upon earth." The satraps are carrying out the suggestion of Phillips; day after day increases their brutalities by giving the Radical screw an additional turn, and if it don't create "a hell upon earth," it will not be because they do not try their best to do so.

Will the people of the mighty North continue passive, and with folded arms witness this devilry going on? Can they afford to do so? Let them bear in mind that the doings of the satraps and the Radical cowards who are hissing them on, costs millions of dollars every week before these petty military tyrants were sent into the South to harrass the people, the best understanding existed among the whites and blacks. As a general thing the negroes were at work, and the whites were doing all in their power to rescue the country from the dilemma into which it had been plunged. But now all is confusion; few of the the blacks are at work, and millions of acres of the best soil in America raise nothing but the thistle and prickly shrubs. As a consequence the South pays but little in the way of National taxation—the people have nothing worth mentioning to tax. The North is groaning and sweating under the weight of the National debt; her people are taxed more than any on the face of the earth are taxed, and yet people the Radicals, who could if they would relieve the people of the North of a portion of the burthen that is upon their shoulders, refuse to do so. By persecuting the South and lording it over her people with negro troops, they check emigration to that section, and prevent it becoming a large producer and large tax payer. We ask again can the people afford to put up longer with this wickedness and folly?—*Carlisle Volunteer*

REACTION AGAINST REBELLION.

An election has recently taken place in West Virginia, the results of which would indicate, though unheralded by telegrams, that proscriptive Radicalism is rapidly on the decline in that quarter, The days of bondage have been long and dark there as they have been here, and if the hour of deliverance cometh it may be a sign of more that is to come elsewhere The election was wholly a local one, being for county officers, but may be none the less significant on that account. The Wheeling *Register* says "The registration frauds, with whose details the State has wrung, have been rebuked. The test-oath abominations have been spit upon. The whole system of proscriptive legislation has been terribly judged by the people. The details of the election last Thursday week show that a remarkable revolution is taking place in the sentiments of the people of West Virginia. The expression is general and emphatic

We have already given the returns from Ohio and Brooke, showing the complete defeat of the Radicals in these two counties We have also information of handsome gains in Marshall, the Democrats having carried at least two townships in the county which have heretofore gone Radical by large majorieties In Monongalia County, the Democrats have not been idle They have made handsom inroads upon their opponents in various parts of that hitherto hopeless county, the gain in one township alone amounting to one hundred and twenty five

The Clarksburg *Conservative* says that in Marion County, which has heretofore been entirely radical, with the exception of two townships, the Radical ticket has been defeated in five out of the seven townships, notwithstanding the board of registration struck off, as they thought, enough voters in one of the Democratic townships to give them a clear majority. Yet in this very township the Democratic ticket was elected by a larger majority than ever

A correspondent states that in Taylor County "the Democrats have elected a large majority of the board of supervisors and other township officers, and have carried several townships which the Radicals have heretofore controlled" Jefferson County, which was regarded as Radical beyond redemption, has also gone back A large number of the citizens of Calhoun County were stricken from the register's books The unlawful despotism has had it effect At the recent election the Conservatives carried every township in the county. The election has taken place in Doddridge County also Last year the Radicals carried it and this year it goes Conservative Randolph County, where were struck off 192 Conservatives from among the best men has elected five or six Conservative supervisors in the nine townships Other reports of similar purport, though less minute, reach us from other quarters of the State

KIDNAPPED AND LOST!

Two children, belonging to Mrs Anna Hudson, of Marion county, Mo, were kidnapped by her husband the latter part of last September, (1866,) and have been taken, she knows not where Her husband, "Rev E. H. Hudson," left the "bed and board" of his wife, as is believed, without any just cause or provocation, *and ran off with a widow woman, and by fraud and force,* took these two children with him The last certain information of their whereabouts, they were in Galesburg, Illinois, since which, she has been unable to hear from them, They may be at Salt Lake, in California, Idaho, Texas, New Mexico, Canada, or in some of the Eastern cities All papers, and persons, friendly to the cause of humanity, are entreated to aid *a bereaved mother* in her efforts to ascertain the whereabouts, and to gain possession of her children—a son and a daughter

Edward S Hudson, her son, is aged fifteen years, blue eyes, rather dark hair, has a scar on the forehead, commencing at the edge of the hair and extending down across the eyebrow, and rather dividing the right eyebrow

Ellenor Annie Hudson, her daughter, is aged eleven years next july, dark hair, blue eyes, large front teeth, irregularly set, and a scar on her elbow, caused by a burn.

"Rev. E. H Hudson," her husband, who bereaved her of her children when he ran off with another man's widowed wife, had been an itinerant Methodist Preacher in the Missouri Conference, but had been granted a location—is thirty seven years old, dark hair, fair complexion, whiskers sandy, eyes blue, high forehead, a soft voice, rather feminine, and weighs about 180 lbs

Will the editorial corps of the nation show their sympathy for a poor, *broken-hearted mother*, by publishing the above? Those who are able to give the desired information, will please address Mrs. Anna Hudson, Nelsonville, Marion county Mo.—*Exchange.*

PROFANITY.

Why will men "take the name of God in vain?" What possible advantage is to be gained by it? And yet this wanton, vulgar sin of profanity is evidently on the increase. Oaths fall upon the ears in the cars and at the corners of the street. The *North American Review* says well:

"There are among us not a few who feel that a simple assertion or plain statement of obvious facts will pass for nothing, unless they swear to its truth by all the names of the Deity, and blister their lips with every variety of hot and sulphurous oaths. If we observe such persons closely, we shall generally find that the fierceness of their profanity is in inverse ratio to the affluence of their ideas.

"We venture to affirm that the profanest men within the circle of your knowledge are all afflicted with a chronic weakness of the intellect. The utterance of an oath, though it may prevent a vacum in sound, is no indication of sense. It requires no genius to swear. The reckless taking of sacred names in vain is as little characteristic of true independence of thought as it is of high moral culture. In this breathing and beautiful world, filled, as it were, *with the presence of the Deity*, and fragrant with its incense from a thousand altars of praise, it would be no servility should we catch the spirit of reverent worshipers, and illustrate in ourselves the sentiment that the Christian is the highest of man.'"

DEAD.

BY ISABEL FORGE

Fold the coarse shroud on her bosom,
Lift her with jesting and mirth,
Take the word ring from her finger
Little the *bauble is worth*
Tangled her curls, but no matter,
Push them all roughly away
Back from her passionless forehead,
'Tis but a Magdalen's clay.

Who will come forth to behold her?
No one—soon with the lid;
Press the face downward and firmer—
It looks as the poor mother did,
Just such faint lines on the temples,
Just so deep sunken the eyes.
Not their rememberance forever,
Living by craft and by lies

Lay her away from the sunlight—
Why should it rest on her face?
Put her pine box in the shadow,
Burdened with sin and disgrace;
Nameless the coffin—no matter;
Sleepeth she well enough so—
Dig her a hole in the corner,
Where the rank thistle-weeds grow

Stop! I bethink me a moment—
Pshaw! these are womanish tears;
I have a fair little daughter—
Lily, of tenderest years
What if—oh! horror to think it!—
Gently men, gently, behold,
Out on the rough side left hanging
One shining ringlet of gold.

Hush, men, this mirth is untimely;
Carefully bear her and slow—
Though a poor victim of sorrow,
She was a woman you know.
Hush, men, this mirth is untimely;
Cease your rude laughter and din;
Though full of fratfity, remember,
Man is to blame for her sin

Lay her in silence to slumber,
Evenly cover her bed:
For the sake of my one little daughter,
I will be kind to the dead.
—*Exchange.*

THIS THAT AND THE OTHER.

——Coffee is growing finely in Texas.

——Jefferson Davis was sixty years old on the 3d of June, 1867.

——On the 18th several grades of flower fell fifty cents on the barrel in New York.

——It is stated that reconstruction in Virginia alone will cost half a million dollars.

——A cotton factory in Greenville, N. C. turns out 120,000 yards of cloth per week.

——Prof. Agassiz has discovered that the negro and monkeys are second cousins.

——The famine in India continues. Whole nations have died of starvation.

——A fool's heart is in his tongue, but a wise man's tongue is in his heart.

——Give strict attention to your own affairs and consider your wife one of them.

——If you can express your self so as to be perfectly understood in ten words, never use a dozen

——It is said that every physician in Washington city has from twenty to fifty cases of tywhoid fever under treatment.

——The Boston *Post* compares the Republican party to a pawnbroker's shop, full of unredeemed pledges.

——The Fenians convicted of treason have been transferred from Ireland to England and placed in prison.

——A man in Orange county, New York, was found at night climbing the overshot wheel of a falling mill to get to bed.

——The greatest organ in the world—the organ of speech in women, an organ too, without a stop

——What is the difference between a pretty girl and a night cap? One is born to wed, and the other is worn to bed.

——One hundred clerks are about to be discharged from The treasury and Quartermaster's department, at Washington.

——To work our own contentment, we should labor not so much to increase our substance as to moderate our desires.

——'I have passed through great hardships,' as the schoonor said after sailing through a fleet of iron clads.

——A disease known as the milk fever, has broken out among the cows in Michigan. It attacks now milch cows and proves fatal in eight hours.

——A convention of Virginia farmers met at Alexandria, to devise means for the encouragement of emigrants to settle in the Old Dominion.

——Fortune-tellers and tilting hoops operate differently. The former reveal what a lady will be in the future—the later reveal what she is at present.

——A young lady, just married, in New York, had twenty four pair of shoes to match twenty four dresses. She was a whole-soled maiden.

——"You want nothing, do you," said Patrick. "Bodad, an' if it is nothing you want you will find that in the jug where the whisky was"

——California now exports ten thousand tons of copper per annum, which is five times as large as the produce of the whole United States only ten years ago.

——Governor Perry has written another letter, in which he says that confiscation is preferable to negro rule. So thinks every other respectable white man.

——A dying West India planter groaned out to his favorite negro servant: "Ah, Sambo, I'm going on a very long, long, journey!" "Never mine, massa," said the negro, consolingly, "him all down hill"

——Powerful Preacher.—"Ah, me," said a pious lady, "our minister was a very powerful preacher; for the short time he ministered among us, he kicked three pulpits to pieces, and banged the in'ards out of five Bibles."

——A young lady of Montgomery, who was recently caught smoking a cigar, gave it as her reason for the act, "that it made it smell as though there was a man around".

——Ninety three suits have been commenced by the claimants of the Savannah cotton alleged to have been captured by General Sherman The claims amount to some $4,000'000.

——The papers say waterfalls are going out of fashion. Hope it is true, They are the most unsightly invention ever gotten up. A woman looks decidedly better with a fish basket on her head.

——At a mass convention of the Alabama blacks they declared themselves a part of the Republican party of the United States, and demanded a standing army for their protection and confiscation as necessary for their support.

——It is said that fourteen thousand four hundred and twenty three tons of stone were thrown out by a single blast, with three kegs of powder, at a quarry in Middletown, Conn., on the 17th ult., the largest blast ever made there.

——The mayors of cities and villages generally are issuing proclamations requiring all owners of dogs to muzzle their canines. Down south the military satraps permit the dogs to go free and require the owners to be muzzled, if they are white men.

A MOCK EXECUTION.

A strange spectacle was witnessed recently at Arahem, in Holland. A Catholic priest, named Gepkens, having been condemned to death for assassination, the king commuted the sentance into perpetual imprisonment called the "brandishing of the ax," which consists in making a prisoner undergo a pretended execution A scaffold was prepared exactly as for an execution, and a coffin was on it, as if to receive the bloody and mangled remains of the condemned At twelve o'clock in the day Gepken was driven in a cart to the scaffold. His head and neck were bare, he wore no coat, his hair was cut very close, and his hands were tied behind his back Two priest were with him, giving him religious consolation, and two other carriages contained the officers of justice, and the executioner and his assistants, the latter carrying an ax. A strong detachment of soldiers accompanied the cart, and another surrounded the scaffold. Gepkens ascended to his appointed place with a tottering step. His eyes were then bandaged and his head placed on a block. One of the assistant executioners seized him by the hair to keep his head in the right position, and two other assistants held him by the shoulders. The chief executioner then took the ax, flourished it in the air, and let it descend on the prisoner's neck, so as to make him feel the cold steel The man who held his head afterward released it; and for about five minutes the executioner continued to brandish the axe around the prisoner's head so close that he could distinctly hear the whizzing. The emotion of Gepkens was so great that he fainted. When the ceremony was completed his hands were untied, and he was conveyed to prison in the cart. About 30,000 persons waited from daylight to witness this singular proceeding, the like of which had not occurred within the memory of man. Previous to the prisoner's arrival the crowd was very merry and boisterous, and roared forth several songs, but on the conclusion of the mock execution, dispersed in silence, and apparently feeling strong emotion.—*Ex.*

Vengeance Will Come.

It is claimed by a certain class of politicians that all their results, meaning negro suffrage, negro equality and superiority, a subjugated Constitution, power-trampled States, a large standing army, endless taxation for the poor, a favored bond-holding aristocracy, etc., are settled by the late vandal war and must be accepted as final by the people of this country. We beg to differ with these men, and to modestly suggest that the proposition is simply *a lie!* Nothing' except perhaps the change of ownership in the black men of the south and the defeat of Southern Independence for the present at least, is accomplished with any certainty, because they are acceptable to a majority of the people interested. Nothing beyond this is settled, and Democrats have sworn in their "heart of hearts" that nothing which is not fully acceptable to a large majority of the people—to be ascertained in times of peace, when reason and the "sober second thought" hold sway—will never be regarded by them as settled finally. No negro superiority, or even equality, will ever be tolerated in this country, "made by white men for the benefit of white men and their posterity forever." No minority, which in an unguarded hour may usurp the functions of Government to over throw its institutions for partisan aggrandizement, can do what may not, and what will not, be *undone*, if not acceptable to the majority. Let them not take the "flattering unction to their souls," that what they have dared to do, Democrats will not dare to *undo*! We defy them to do their worst; for by the Eternal God, vengeance cometh swiftly, the Democracy will ultimate right wrong, and redeem their land from the foul work of Jacobin Usurpation and Insanity!—*Sentinel on the Border* (Evansville Ind.)

WHITE SLAVERY.

There are twenty thousand white men in Pennsylvania, some of them carred and maimed soldiers of the late war, who have been reduced to political slavery by the tricks of the party in power. These men have no voice in the government of the State and are, politically, just as much slaves as were the negroes of the South five years ago There are about twenty five thousand of this class in the State of Ohio, and the same proportion holds good in every North ern State In the South including Tennessee and Missouri, two thirds of the white citizens are in the same condition. It may, therefore, be safely reckoned that about 700,000 white citizens of the United States are at present denied the right of citizenship. These figures can easily be substaintiated. Is this freedom? Is