The Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

VOL. XII. BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 7, 1867. NO. 35.

VIRGINIA FUIT.

The name of Commonwealth is past and gone,
—*Byron. Ode to Venice,*

Consummatum—the work of destruction is done
The race of the first of the States has been run,
The guilt of her *foes* finds its triumphs at last,
And Virginia, like Poland, belongs to the past.

How her story the heart's deepest reverence stirs!
What a stature, antique and heroic, was hers!
What a grace, what a glory, her presence adorning,
In the fresh dewy light of fair Liberty's morning!

In that day of her early espousals she came
With her dowry of empire, her birthright of fame,
To enrich and ennoble, on land and on sea,
The Republic her Washington's valor made free

And what greatness resplendent it won through her love,
Let the eloquent page of the annalist prove,
Wherein though the page is now blotted with tears,
Virginia but ever as Empress appears

The nation's decrees did her counsellors mould,*
And her orators' words were as apples of gold;
Her captains triumphant, afloat and ashore,
Gave the banner of Union the brightness it bore

And for this her children disgraced not their sires,
That they strove to keep lighted their liberty fires,
That they hailed her as rightfully wearing the crown,
For this have her enemies trampled her down.

How low lies she now, stript of half her domain,
Bewailing her sons who in battle were slain,
With the shade of an infinite sadness upon her,
And all she loved dearest, *all* lost, but her honor!

Thank Heaven! that is safe: with a madness accurst,
Let the tyrants that rule for the hour do their worst,
She may bleed 'neath the heel of the hireling invader,
They may spoil, they may rend, but they cannot degrade her.

Let them subjugate nature—enraged, let them seek
To drain the broad waste of the blue Chesapeake,
Let them seal up the sources whence rushes Bull Run,
And shut out from the Valley the face of the sun:

Let them falsify fact—without conscience or truth,
Let them paralyze Justice and manacle Truth;
Fair Truth, we accept of *their* post the lime
That the years of the Godhead eternal are thine.)

Yet the record remains:—in the garment of song,
The legend of Jackson her praise shall prolong,
And *Veritas Verum* crushed down though it be,
Shall spring to the light in the story of Lee!

From the anguish abysmal, where prostrate she lies,
Virginia the *Desolate* never may rise;
For already the iron hath entered the soul,
And behold at the fountain all broken the bowl,

But to just retribution there cometh the day;
The master hath promised—*I will repay*—
And we to the people He smites with His rod
In that terrible day of the vengeance of God!

—*Old Guard.*

* To mould a mighty State's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne.
—*Tennyson. In Memoriam*

"RECONSTRUCTION" AGAIN!—ITS IMPORTANCE!

We gave our readers, last week, a long article on "Reconstruction." We are a devoted friend of "Reconstruction." We think it is a thing, not only, that *ought* to be done, but that, if possible, *must* be done—a thing that must be done, *so far as possible.*"

We hinted, last week, that a new putting up of a narrow building was not a "reconstruction" of a broad one, nor a top lofty building a "reconstruction" of one not too far in the air; nor a brick building a "reconstruction" of an old marble one! Reconstruction supposes a reasonable conformity, in material, and form, to the thing of which it is a reconstruction.

We noted, moreover, that, with a most surprising unanimity, the people of the South are in favor of "reconstruction!" And that it is a *minority* of the whole people, taken North and South, that are against a "reconstruction" of the Union, on its old *white suffrage basis*, including Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, and the rest, now damned as a series of military perfectures.

We intimated, moreover, that President Johnson was not a merry-Andrew, only because he was a very *sad* Andrew—and that he was *not seeing the laws executed*, according to his oath. Well, we think it best to leave our last week's article to be digested a little longer, before giving a new instalment. We have so *much* to say in favor of "*reconstruction*" that we have a large option as to where to begin.

For this number of our paper, we think, perhaps, it will be enough to show how our *finances* ought to be "reconstructed." As to restoring anything like our old happy times, under Democratic rule, with a huge *paper debt* hanging over the people, it is *out of the question.*

We must get rid of the debt, but *how*? In *medicine*, we have been astonished at the effects of the treatment based on the principle *similia similibus curantur*. "A disease is cured by superinducing, artificially, a *like* set of symptoms." If an ear is frozen by contact with intensely cold *air*, cold *snow* is applied, to draw out the frost! If a hand be scalded in very hot water, exposing the part to the *dry* heat of an open fire is an admirable alleviative.

Accept, or not, the medical law, we want to see it applied in finance. We are suffering from too many and to heavy United States Bonds—most of them payable, interest and principal, in *gold*. We want to *cure* these *Bonds* with *greenbacks!* That will be, *similia similibus*! "Like by like!" That will, in a very short time, pay off the Bondholders "in their own coin," or in their own rage! Those of us who have never recognized these Bonds as a legitimate debt due by the people of the United States, will not have much trouble in helping thus to "cure like with like!" For others, who, in their innocence, ask if this is not a "*new* way to pay old debts," we have to show that it is simply an *old* way of paying *new* debts!

Here are proofs:

The widow of an honorable citizen of New York State, her deceased husband's estate having been settled up in 1859, found herself in possession of about twenty thousand dollars. She wished to invest it *safely*, as a fund from which to educate her fatherless children. Friends assured her she had better invest in *New York State Bonds!* She did so, and, her nearest friends living in Canada, she went thither, with her children. So long as these bonds paid interest in *gold*, she did very well. But when the glorious United States "Government"—Lincoln, Seward, Chase, and their Congress—made *greenbacks* a legal tender, this poor woman was overwhelmed. When it got so bad that it took two and a half greenback dollars to make one Canada, or *gold* dollar, she quits Canada, and came back to New York, to try and live on greenbacks.

Now, we *object* to this impoverished widow being forced to pay *taxes* on the remnants of her greenbacks, to make United States bondholders millionaries! The *United States government* made *greenbacks a legal tender* for her contract *in gold* with the State of New York. That Government did, thereby, impair the validity of contracts! It did make something besides gold and silver a legal tender for debts contracted in gold.

Now, whatever sympathy we may have for the creditors of governments that contracted debts with no recognition of any other "money" than *gold*—we have very little for any who lent money on faith of being paid in *gold* to a Government that *had just sanctioned* the paying off of *gold debts* with greenbacks!

From the day, in 1861, when the United States Government came into *violate contracts in gold*, and to declare *greenback paper a legal tender for debts in gold*, we leave the creditors of that government to some other resort than a plea of equity, to get anything but *greenbacks* for the loans made to such an administration of government!

Alexander Smith died in 1860. It was in the early spring of 1861, that his executors closed up his estate. The times were very gloomy. It was doubtful what real property, a year or two later, might fall to, in New York. A sale was made, on what was considered very advantageous terms, of real estate near this city. The property was sold for a certain amount down, and for *fifty thousand dollars*, secured on bond and mortgage, to be paid within five years, any time the purchaser chose to pay it. The purchaser elected to pay off the mortgage in 1864, at a time when greenbacks were worth less than forty cents on the dollar! The *nominal* worth of the property sold had, meantime, more than doubled. Its price, *in gold*, in which the transaction was made, would have been a little less than in 1861. But the government came in, and *compelled* a family of helpless orphans to take *greenbacks* as a *legal* tender for gold! It compelled them to take *twenty thousand dollars, gold value*, for what had been sold for *fifty thousand!*

The guardian of these poor orphans of Mr Smith, invested these twenty thousand dollars, of gold value—nominally *fifty* thousand (Greenbacks)—on bond and mortgage. But the *Bond-holders*, with their eyes open to the fact that the Government had *repudiated* payment of debts in gold, contracted with that government for Bonds to be paid in gold! "It is but the first step that is hard!" That is an old proverb! Bond-holders made a contract, on a gold basis, with a government that had just enforced the principle of *paying gold debts with greenbacks!* If the Bond-holders did not have their eyes open to the character of the party they were dealing with, it is their own fault!

But, this is not all! The fifty thousand greenbacks, of Mr Smith's poor orphans—paid to them when only worth *twenty* thousand in gold—is now *taxed to pay in gold* these *Bonds*, that were contracted by a government that had already avowed the power of making greenbacks a legal tender for gold!

To "reconstruct" the finances of the country, is a necessary step towards a "general reconstruction." So, however old Mr Moneybags may roll up his eyes at the proposition, we put it at the people, square—what the poor orphans had to take for the *gold* value of their deceased father's property—what the poor widow had to take for her *gold* investment in State stocks, Mr Moneybags, and Mr. Shoddy, and all that set, will have to take for their loans to a Government that, at the very moment these bonds were given, was enforcing the acceptance of a greenback only worth forty dollars as "legal tender" for the debt of one hundred dollars.

This *established custom* of the United States Government, is why we call it rightly "an *old* way of paying new debts!"

We submit this item of a true "reconstruction" to the meditation of those whose gold has, already, turned to greenbacks. Give us one currency for all!—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*

THE WIFE.

Only let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attention, let her feel that her care and love are noticed, appreciated and returned, let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgement respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short let her only be loved, honored and cherished, in fulfillment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, her children, and society, a well spring of pleasure. She will bear pain, and toil and anxiety, for her husband's love to her is a tower and a fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love I mean love expressed in words, in looks, and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in love that never crops out—is to a house without love, as a person to a machine; one is life, the other is mechanism—they unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but the the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness, an aggressive, penetrating and pervading brightness to which the former is a stranger. The deep happiness in her heart shines out in her face. She gleams over it. It is airy, and graceful, and warm and welcoming with her presence; she is full of devices and plots, and sweet surprise for her husband and family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She herself is a lyric poem setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes her calling high, and the end sanctifies the means. "Love is Heaven, and Heaven is love."

—The New York *Tribune* lately expressed a fear for the result of the coming election in Ohio, because some of the counties were settled, years ago, by a school-hating, rum-loving breed of Pennsylvania Dutch, "a class of people who, it says, are "fearful of amalgamation," and who "can't abide 'Nigger Equality." These are the utterances of the principal organ of Judge Williams' party, and is couched in almost the same terms used by the New England endorsers of Mr. Williams. The "Pennsylvania Dutch" will teach Judge Williams and their revilers among his friends that they have learned a "thing or two" in the "school of experience"—one of which is to select for office in Pennsylvania men who are identified with the laws, institutions and Constitution of Pennsylvania, instead of stray Yankees who have come into the State to propogate negro suffrage and other abominations.—*Patriot & Union.*

IMPORTING NEGROES TO GOVERN PENNSYLVANIA

When the Radical Abolition administration commenced negro emancipation upon the ridiculous plea of "military necessity," it was urged as an objection that Northern States would soon be over run with negroes. The Radical leaders, organs and preachers decarred in reply that the Southern negroes would forever remain in the South—that it was the only climate fitted for them, &c. No sooner was the Freedmen's Bureau established, however, than the shipment of negroes into the Northern States commenced. Offices were established in all the principal Northern cities, and agents were sent out in every direction therefrom to secure places for the surplus darkies who found their way into the Federal Capital. For nearly two years past the Bureau has been quietly driving this business. The weekly shipment has perhaps averaged two hundred—distributed in small lots to each of the Northern States, and each lot so divided and placed that the people have never suspected the movement. During that period not less than fifty thousand negroes have been scattered over the Eastern and Middle States—generally as hotel and house servants. The number distributed throughout Western and Northwestern States is largely in excess of that number. Philadelphia Pittsburg and Harrisburg have had hundreds of Southern negroes added to their population, whilst there is not a town or village in the State that does not contain one or more strange darkies.

The new Radical programme by which negro suffrage is to be forced upon all the Border and Northern States through an act of the Rump Congress, next winter, requires the presence of a large number of "colored citizens," if the Radical party are to reap any benefit from the measure. The native negro population of itself is not sufficient in any one of the Northern States to compensate for the loss of white votes which the Radical party is continually sustaining hence a great influx from the South is absolutely necessary to ensure Radical supremacy. New York, according to the census of 1860, (and it has lost in negroes since then,) can poll only 10000 black votes of native growth; Pennsylvania, about 11,000, Ohio, about 7,500; and New Jersey about 5,000. These figures, provided every vote is cast for the Radical party, would not balance the losses. The necessity for further importations is therefore rendered imperative, and we are assured the Bureau is using every exertion to induce Southern "colored citizens" to locate in the North, assuring them that, after one year's residence, they will certainly be allowed to vote, hold offices, sit on juries, and be invested with every other civil and political right and privilege possessed by the white citizens of the Northern States.

The *Village Record*, an influential organ of the Radical party of this State, lately stated that the Williamsport Convention, which nominated Henry W. Williams for the Supreme Court, did not declare in favor of an amendment striking the word "white" from the State Constitution because the Radicals of Congress had come to an understanding to pass a bill next winter to enforce negro suffrage upon all the Northern States. Not a single Radical leader or organ has denied the statement of that newspaper. The platform erected for Judge Williams bears internal evidence of this nefarious, underhanded scheme. In not one of its resolutions does it mention the word constitution, or anywhere pledge the candidate to abide by constitutional guarantees or obligations. It leaves him free to act as though the Constitution had not an existence. Whilst thus ignoring the organic law, it requires him to "place the Supreme Court in harmony with the political opinions of the majority of the people." That is, if elected by the Radical party, he must ignore all laws, and constitutions and decide every question and case in accordance with the partisan opinions of the leaders of that. If the leaders of that party in Congress pass a bill to enforce negro suffrage in Pennsylvania, in defiance of the State Constitution, he must place the Supreme Court "in harmony" with that bill, or act in bad faith to the majority which elected him. The platform further pledges him to make the Supreme Court "a faithfull interpreter of the liberal spirit of the age," ("the ruling negro mania,) and "an impartial and fearless exponent of the equal rights of men." These declarations and pledges to nigroism, in the absence of all obligations to sustain the State Constitution, need no elutidation.—They show most unmistakably that Judge Williams is a party to the base plot to destroy our State Constitution and to submerge the white vote of the State beneath that of a horde of ignorant Southern blacks who are sent into the State by the Negro Bureau for that purpose.

The voters of Pennsylvania must be on the alert. There are thousands of Southern negroes now within reach. Should the Radical plot not be over-thrown, *there will be perhaps fifty thousand within our borders in November*, 1868, *qualified with a years residence to vote, under the bill which the Rump Congress will certainly pass at the winter session, and which will as certainly be approved by Judge Williams, if elected to the Supreme Court!* Are you prepared for this, voters of the Old Keystone? Are you willing to give to a horde of Southern negroes the balance of power in this good old Commonwealth? If not reject Henry W. Williams and vote for Judge Sharswood, who is pledged only to the maintenance of the Constitution and the laws.—*Patriot & Union*

MARSHALLING HIS FORCES.—Wendell Phillips appears to have the undisputed leadership of the Jacobin party, since Greeley fell from grace. Phillips has made a speech on the crises, in which he predicts another civil war. The *Express* thinks he is a proper man to hold such opinions, as he was a peace man in war and a war man in peace, and never lost a drop of blood, or gave a dollar out of his abundance, to put down the rebellion.

The philippic Phillips informs his followers, that they will not do their duty until "the name of a black man has been placed upon the ballot for Vice President, for the purpose of strengthening the party." There can be no question but that this arrangement would make the Jacobins "strong." But his political pupils may inquire, why not put the strong man first, and so get the whole benefit of the infusion?—*Ex.*

"THY WORD, O GOD, IS TRUTH."

[For the WATCHMAN.

Not so, says the skeptic, who has merely stood by the fountain and tasted of the invigorating waters of science. Not so, he says, for the discoveries of science prove—if they prove anything—that many, very many declarations of the Bible are absurd, as well as untrue.

It is not my province—even if I had the ability—to pluck so much as one feather from off the wing of science, by which her upward flight might be retarded; nor is it my purpose, by ignorant and silly declamation, to raise the counter cry, beware of science, for her utterances are untrue. My object in the few, brief, articles that may follow this, is to call the attention of the honest hearted reader of scripture—though of the discoveries of science—to the fact, that the Bible *is not* and never was designed to be a text book on science; yet, whenever in the course of historical narration, or pious expression it notices the outward phenomena of nature, or nears the confines of science, its utterances are ever scientifically correct. Older, by many thousand years than the *discoveries* of science, yet, it is contradicted in no important fact, by a most rigid test of ascent, *establish it truth.*

The heading of this article, "Thy word, O God, is truth," is the key note, that has sounded—soft, clear and soul inspiring throughout the long successive ages of Patriarchs, Prophets and Apostles, and is now as an anchor to the soul, that waits and longs and hopes for the consummation of its bliss, beyond the scenes of time. Let it be proclaimed to the world that the word of God is not true—destroy this faith and what remains to man? Nothing. He may then eat and drink as the beast of the field, and lie down and perish the same. Let it go forth to the world, that even *a part* of God's word is a myth, a fable, a falsehood, and the anchor of man's faith is rudely torn away and he is cast adrift upon a cheerless, dreary and tempestuous sea. On such a sea—hopeless and desolate the enemies of faith in *divine* revelation would drive and imperil the christian world.

It may seem impossible, yea improbable that a time should ever come when the enemies of truth should so subvert the faith, as to cast a moral blight and desolation on our earth, yet it is none the less a fact that depraved nature has made the attempt, and by means of sophistry, ridicule and false accusation, has tried the faith of many. With what success has been seen and felt in every nook of christianity. But whether the moderately intelligent—puffed up with the *little* they know, and ignorant of the *great* unknown, or the profoundly learned bring their combined wisdom to search and find out the errors and absurdities of the Bible, or to hurl their sneers and scoffs at the ignorance of its authors, I apprehend we have as little to fear for the future as for the past. If the enemy have weapons of offence, we have weapons of *defence*. When they assail, we can defend.

If it be demanded that the statements of revelation *must* be consistent with the facts of science, we have an equal right to demand that the facts of science proclaim a conflict between revelation and science. We have a right to demand proof that there is a conflict, an irreconcilable conflict. One that no future investigation—no larger acquaintance with the subject—no future information, or rule of interpretation can possibly reconcile or harmonize. Every fact, alleged against any statement or revelation must be proved as clearly as eternal truth itself, *that it is a fact*, and that it cannot possibly be otherwise than it is declared to be.

Blatant declaimers of science lose sight of a very plain law of honest investigation. They grasp at some new discovery and call it a *fact*, then urge it against revelation. A new discovery proves the former false. The old is discarded and new the becomes the weapon of attack, and thus the assault is keptup, the former *presumed facts*, ever giving place to new ones.

This article is now longer than I intended it should be. In the following I will endeavor to illustrate what is here merely hinted at in a general way.

THE FINANCIAL QUESTION.

The radical leaders just now in trouble. They hardly know how to meet the financial question agitating the country.—The proposition to pay off the entire debt with greenbacks was assailed as impracticable, and denounced as indirect repudiation. But when they find the Democratic and conservative masses are in favor of abolishing the National Banks, and thereby saving twenty millions per annum, and substituting greenbacks to the full extent of the requirements of a circulating medium, and by that means eventually absorbing the entire funded debt, they have no objection to urge, but ignore the issue, and attempt to create party prejudice sufficient to secure them success.

This is no misrepresentation: we challenge any member of the radical party to meet the issue. So far they have failed to do it, and we venture the assertion that they will still fail to do so, for the simple reason that they dare not let the people look well to the issues. The radical leaders have forsaken them and have engaged in a cowardly and disreputable tirade of personal abuse.

Their arguments consist in foolish boastings of their valor, loyalty, and empty declamation about a Union that is heard of but no where to be seen. If the intelligent people of Ohio can be misled by the partisan harangues that are now being uttered then the Democracy will be defeated. But if the people act independently and intelligently upon the issues of the campaign the democracy will be triumphant. Will, some radical gentleman come forward and express his views upon this financial question?

Will Gen Hayes express his views upon this subject? Not by any means. It requires all his time to talk about past issues. He feels brave upon battle fields where the foe has been repulsed. He is charging around over the battle-fields of 1863, with courage that would do Falstaff credit. But when the General's war horse turns his head in the direction of the field where the present contest is going on, he recoils from the responsibility, and calls to his followers to rally around him upon the old field where they can claim a victory without a battle.—*Statesman.*

AN OUTRAGEOUS AFFAIR AT CLEVELAND TENNESSEE.---THE PULPIT ASSAILED BY BROWNLOW MINIONS---ATTEMPT TO SUPPRESS RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

An occurrence took place here this morning that is truly a sample of the spirit of Radicalism, and one that the people everywhere ought to hear of. It was an attempt to suppress religious services. The following is the true history of the affair:

Rev Thomas H M'Callie; a Presbyterian minister residing at Chattanooga, Tennessee, was invited by the members of the Presbyterian church at this place to conduct divine services here to day. Mr. M'Callie accepted the invitation, and accordingly came up on Saturday evening's train, to be ready to fill his appointment to day. At the depot he was met by Captain David M Nelson, a resident of this place and a member of Governor Brownlow's staff, who informed him that he could not preach here to day. M'Callie paid no attention to his remarks, but went directly to his boarding house. This (Sunday) morning, at the hour of service, the bell was rung for the congregation to assemble.

Very soon after, Capt Nelson and one James J Kelley came marching up the street at the head of about fifty negroes, all armed, some with pistols and knives, and others with sticks and rocks. After the grand army had arrived at the church, they opened column and formed on each side of the street, opposite the church, after which, Messrs Nelson and Kelley entered the church, fastened down the windows, shut the door, and then went to the gate, where they placed themselves on each side and awaited the approach of the enemy. Very soon they looked up the road, and at some distance they beheld two dusky forms approaching. Immediately the murmur ran along the lines, "she is coming." They seemed alarmed at once. Nelson would occasionally pass along the lines and speak some word to cheer them up.

What a grand sight to behold! A squad of about fifty men, well armed, awaiting the arrival of a meek, inoffensive minister of the gospel, who had come to spread that light before man which is indispensable to his soul's salvation. Slowly yet steadily these two objects approached nearer and nearer, when finally their features were plainly discernible, and sure enough it was the heinous monster (Rev Mr M'Callie) and Old Uncle Joe Swan, a plain inoffensive and christian farmer, who resides some one and a half miles north of Cleveland. Finally Mr M'Callie reached the gate leading to the door of the church, where he was rudely pushed back by Nelson, accompanied with an oath, "You can't preach here." Mr M'Callie wished to know what authority they (Nelson and Kelley) had to prevent him from preaching in that church. Their answer was that he could not preach treason there, neither could he convert that into a southern church.

Mr M'Callie informed them that such was not his intention, and, says he, "I hereby notify you in the presence of these witnesses, that if you forcibly protest against my entering the church to preach the gospel, I will hold you both responsible, and make you both account for it before the civil tribunals of our country.—*Nashville Union.*

A TEMPERANCE INFORMER.

In the winding up of the story of Oliver Twist, we learn that one of the meaner villains of the story, "Mr Noah Claypole, receiving a free pardon from the Crown in consequence of having turned States evidence against the Jew Fagin," went into business as an informer, in which calling he realizes a genteel subsistence. His plan is to walk out on Sundays, about church time, attended by Charlotte in respectable attire. The lady faints away at the doors of a charitable publican's and the gentleman being accommodated with three pennyworth of brandy to restore her, lays information the next day, and pockets half the penalty. Sometimes Mr. Claypole faints himself, but the result is the same. Claypole must have emigrated hither, to glean in the ample fields of New England.

In a recent liquor trial in Connecticut, reported in the Hartford *Times*, Trescot Barnes, a witness, swore that he was paid $2 a day and his expenses, by the Rev H S Platt, of Winsted, the agent of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars, that his business was to buy and drink liquor so as to procure evidence against liquor, that he was directed to drink by the agent of the Order; that he drinks from three to twelve times a day; that he has to lie by and recruit after his arduous labors, that he spend one day at a saloon gambling; that he is bound to obey the orders of the agent who appointed him; that he was pledged to secrecy and would refuse to reveal the works of his department in a court of justice; that he did not know that society had any protection against false and malicious charges, except his own integrity; that he did not think it wrong or dishonorable to ask for liquor, pretending to be in the habit of using it, and then to have the seller prosecuted for the crime he has induced him to commit.—*Albany Argus*

—Judge Williams, of Connecticut, the "nutmeg" candidate for the Supreme Bench is well known to be in favor of negro equality, and earnestly advocates the striking of the word "white from the Constitution of Pennsylvania. This famous Yankee jurist received his early training in the higher law doctrine of New England, and has always remained true to the faith of his fathers. He is a worthy disciple of that peculiar school to which the New York *Tribune* belongs, and doubtless shared in the opinions of that journal which recently referred to the honest German settlers of Pennsylvania as "the school-hating, rum-loving Dutch." How can the people vote for such a candidate.—*Exchange.*

—The Boston *Traveler*, an orthodox Republican paper, says: "The Government is swindled out of $100,000 annually by manufacture's of whisky. The greater part of this immense sum could be collected were our government what it ought to be; but as it is nothing but a political club it has to submit to the loss, and also has to plunder the poor because it cannot make the rich whisky manufacturers pay their just proportion of taxes. 'Tis a new and successful whisky insurrection."

MOTHER! HOME! HEAVEN!

Mother! Home! Heaven! the three beacon lights on life's ocean. Far out over the dreary waste of waters they shine with cheering light to the storm tossed mariner, and when sorrow's dark cloud hides the blue sky, and the troubled waves rise higher and higher, warring with fine winds, he steers his tiny bark to Memory's Isle, and fearfully avoiding the broken hopes that like rocks lie hidden beneath the treacherous waters, rests his tired heart in the golden rays of thy starlike words—Mother! Home! Heaven!

Rudely may the waves dash against the rocky coast below him, loud may the winds roar and chant their solemn psalm, and lightnings may flash and thunders roll, yet he lingers calm untroubled, in time's old castle, turning over the records of the past, and reading with serene eyes the dim prophecies of the future.

Far back to the beautiful days of long ago—he sees the form of his Mother, and feels the soft touch of her lips as she presses loving kisses on the baby brow, or, in the quiet of his loved Home, hears her sweet voice as she teaches him, with closed eyes and reverently folded hands, to repeat, "Our Father, who art in Heaven, and then looks far into the future, and fancies the time already at hand when he shall anchor his bark on the shore of Eternity, and tread with joyous steps the golden streets of the Heavenly City, or linger by the crystal waters of the River of Life with glad strains of welcome to him from the angel hosts gathered around God's Throne.—*Ex.*

THEY BEGIN TO COMPREHEND.

A portion of the Radicals are gradually awakening to a degree of consciousness that enables them to foresee the results of their policy. We quote from the *New York Herald* of a recent date.

"In view of this startling transfer of our national balance of power we are called upon to pause and consider the probable consequences. After a terrible civil war of four years, involving the bloody sacrifice of over half a million of able bodied men and putting upon the country the heavy burden of three thousand millions of debt we were relieved from the political domination of three hundred thousand Southern slaveholders. Heavy as were the costs of this liberation from a tyrannical and insolent oligrachy, the end achieved was still regarded with proud exultation, as amply rewarding us for all our contributions in men and money. But if the power wielded in their day by those three hundred thousand domineering white slaveholders is to be transferred to their four millions of ignorant, debased and credulous negro slaves, we may well inquire what have we gained or where are to be our compensations for all these stupendous efforts and sacrifices required to put down the slaveholder's rebellion?—Are we drafting from the excesses of liberty, equality and fraternity to a French reign of terror, or to the bloody reprisals of St Domingo, or to that fusion and confusion of races which culminated in Mexican anarchy?

Yes, which is it, sure enough?

EQUALITY.—On last Saturday night at the speaking on Broad street, we noticed a Radical who was talking with the negroes about equality, advising them to demand their social rights. A tall negro evidently from this country but sharp withal, said to him:

"Are you willing for us niggers to sit in your parlor, court your daughters, accompany them to church and balls, and marry them?"

Mr Rad commences to explain what equality was, and what he meant.

"No, no!" cried the negro, "what I want is an answer, yes or no."

"Well," said Mr Rad, "I was raised—"

"No matter whar you waf raised," interrupted the negro, "dat ain't got nothing to do wid it, you is either in favor or you ain't, and I would like you to answer my question."

Mr Rad tried again and again to explain his position on that particular feature of negro equality, and every time the negro would stop him and demand a "yes or no;" so he finally gave it up, leaving the negro master of the field. We believe in the old negro's manner of answering white Radicals when they preach up negro equality.—[*Nashville Gazette.*

NEGRO STATES.—Did any decent "Republican" ever dream that his party would make NEGRO STATES of ten States of this once free white Republic? Incredible as it may seem, *this has been done!* Tennessee is now ruled by a Governor elected by Negro votes. Every Southern State under the rule of the "re-con-struction" Satraps, is negroized, the greater portion of the whites being disfranchised and the blacks to a man, made voters. Negroes sit on juries in those States, to the exclusion of of the most intelligent of the whites. This is the God's truth, and no "Republican" of ordinary intelligence will attempt to deny that it is true. Is this what "Republicans" expected at the hands of their leaders? Did they vote for *Negro States?* Did the *two hundred thousand white soldiers who went from Pennsylvania to risk their lives and their all in the late war, fight for a* BLACK EMPIRE IN THE SOUTH? Let these questions be pondered and answered by the fair mind and honest masses of the "Republican" party, before they cast their votes once more for the men who have betrayed them.—*Bedford Gazette*

—The platform upon which Judge Williams stands does not contain the word "Constitution." It has not a word to say in favor of either the Federal or State Constitution. This silence is most significant of hostility, and should be a warning to the people. A State convention that neglects or refuses to base its principles upon the organic law, and at the same time, cats up "the liberal spirit of the age" in opposition to it, is unworthy the support of any man who regards time-tested precepts in better than the impulsive whims of the mob. Judge Williams is pledged to a false, heretical platform, which none but the anti-republican advocates of negro suffrage and a central imperiality despotism can stand upon or support.—*Patriot & Union.*

—A darkey preacher was telling how Adam was the first man created, and set up against the fence to dry. An old brother who sometimes had lucid ideas interrupted him and said: "If dat is true, who made de fence?" Pass around de sasser.

KNOCKING, EVER KNOCKING.

"Behold I stood at the door and knocked."

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking
Who is there?
I'm a pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before.
Ah, poor soul, for such a wonder
Undo the door.

Oh, that door is hard to open,
Hinges rusty, latch is broken,
Bid him go
Wherefore with that knocking dreary
Scares the sleep from one so weary?
Say him no.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking?
What! still there?
Oh, sweet soul, but once behold Him,
With the glory crowned hair:
And those eyes so strange and tender,
Waiting there,
Open! Open! Once behold him,
Him, so fair.

Ah! that door! why wilt thou vex me,
Coming ever to perplex me?
For the key is stiffly rusty,
And the bolt is clogged and dusty.
Many fingered ivy vine
Seals it fast with twist and twine,
Weeds of years and years before,
Choke the passage of that door.

Knocking! knocking! What! still knocking?
Hear it there?
What, the hour? The night is waning
In my heart a drear complaining,
And a chilly, sad unrest!
Ah, this knocking! it disturbs me!
Scares my sleep with dreams unblest!
Give me rest,
Rest—ah, rest.

Rest dear soul he longs to give thee.
Thou hast oft by dreamed of pleasure,
Dreamed of gifts and golden treasures,
Dreamed of jewels in thy keeping,
Wake to weariness of weeping.
Open to thy soul's one Lover,
And thy night of dreams is over
The true life we long have seeming
More than all thy faded dreaming!

Did she open? Doth she? Will she?
So, as wondering we behold,
Grows the picture to the sign.
Pressed upon your soul and mine:
For in every soul that liveth
Is that strange, mysterious door
The forsaken and betangled
Ivy gnarled and weed begangled,
Dusty, rusty, and forgotten,
There the pierced hand still knocketh,
And with ever pain at watching,
With the glory crowned hair—
Still a God is watching there.

—*Exchange*

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

—A burn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

—The cholera has become epidemic on the western plains, near Fort Hays.

—Grant must have a great deal to say, he has said so little in the course of his life.

—Law and love of liberty are given together; and the latter is the better gift of the two.

—Washington has a temperance newspaper. There is enough for it to do there.

—It is more difficult and calls for higher energies, to *live* a martyr, than to *die* one.

—How sweet to walk all day for God and then lie down at night beneath his smile!

—Let every minister while, he is preaching remember that God is one of his hearers.

—A garment may as soon be fitted to the moon as a system of laws framed to fit every man's conscience.

—Many people believe that where a great doubt said some thing must be true; they split the difference.

—Birds are the poor man's music; flowers the poor man's poetry, and the rich man is no better off.

—A small town is a place where there are many tongues to talk and but few heads to think.

—The anger of God is no furious agitation but the judgment which awards punishment to sin.

—The cross of Christ is the centre to which everything tends, the summary of the history of the universe.

—The number of emigrants that arrived at New York up to the 21st inst., this year, was 163,059.

—St. Louis has 280 miles of streets, 73 miles of sewers, 80 miles of water pipes, 86 miles of gas main pipes, and 36 miles of street railroad.

—Why does a person that is poorly lose much of his sense of touch? Because he doesn't feel well.

—A Maine Judge has decided that hop beer is not intoxicating. But beer drinkers are nearly intoxicated with delight at the decision.

—A divorce is hinted at between the Princess Alice of Hesse, Victoria's daughter and her husband, who is said to ill-treat her.

—A coroner's jury in Montana rendered a verdict "that the deceased committed suicide, and that he did so in self defence!"

—Satrap Dan Sickles has been removed from command of one of the Dependencies and Gen E R Canby takes his place.

—Briggs has a faculty for getting things cheap. The other day he had a beautiful set of teeth inserted for nothing. He kicked a dog.

—D B. Bonfoy, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second district of Texas, has been sent to prison on a charge of murder. He is a Northern man.

—A servant girl living in a family near Liverpool, has unexpectedly come into a fortune of $1,000,000 by the death of a relative in one of the colonies.

—A paper asks very innocently if it is any harm to sit in the *lapse* of ages. It depends on the kind of ages selected. Those from seventeen to twenty-five are extra hazardous.

—"Woman is a delusion, madam!" exclaimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady. "And men are always hugging some delusion, or other," was the quick retort.

—Six months ago a Boston house sent out to Japan; a cargo of hoop skirts as a venture. The Japanese put a cover on them and used them for umbrellas.

—"I wonder where those clouds are going?" sighed Flora, pensively, as she pointed with her parasol to the clouds that floated in the sky. "I think they are going to thunder!" said her brother.

—A very modest young lady who was a passenger on board a packet ship, it is said, sprung out of her berth and jumped overboard on hearing the captain during a storm order the mate to "haul down the *sheets.*"

—There is something exquisite in the Yankee's reply to the European traveler, when he asked him whether he had just crossed the Alps. "Wal, now, you call my attention to the fact, I believe I did pass thisin' ground."

—It is reported that Gen. Howard, the boss of the negro bureau, is to be removed. The Treasury would be greatly benefitted if both boss and bureau.

—Two negroes have announced themselves as candidates for Congress in the First and Fourth districts of Georgia. They claim that the right to vote carries with it the right to hold office, and that as the blacks are in majority, white men are not competent to represent them. The Rads will get enough of the nigger, presently.

JIM WOLF AND THE TOM CATS.

Here is one of Mark Twain's good stories. He knows how to make the reader laugh, and if the following does not provoke a smile, it is because there is no mirth in mankind during the hot weather:

I knew by the sympathetic glow upon his bald head—I knew by the thoughtful look upon his face—I knew by the emotional flush upon the strawberry on the end of the free liver's nose, that Simon Wheeler's memory was busy with the olden time. And so I prepared to leave, because all these were symptoms of a reminiscence—signs that he was going to be delivered of another of his tiresome personal experiences—but I was too slow; he got the start of me. As nearly as I can recollect, the infliction was couched in the following language:

"We were all boys, then, and didn't care for nothing, and didn't have no troubles, and didn't worry about nothing only how to shirk school and keep up a revivin' state of devilment all the time. Thish-yar Jim Wolf I was a talking about, was the 'prentice, and he was the best hearted feller, he was, and the most forgivin' and onselfish I ever see—well, there couldn't be a more bullier feller than what he was, taking him how you would, and sorry enough I was when I seen him for the last time.

"Me and Henry was always pestering him and plastering hoss-bills on his back and putting humble bees in his bed, and so on, and sometimes we'd crowd in and bunk with him, notwithstanding his growling, and then we'd let on to get mad and fight acrost him, so as to keep him stirred up like. He was nineteen, he was, long and lank, and bashful, and we was fifteen and sixteen, and tolerably lazy and worth less.

"So, that night you know, that my sister Mary give the candy pullin', they started us off to bed early, so as the comp'ny could have full swing, and we rung in on Jim to have some fun.

"Our winder looked onto the roof of the ell, and about ten o clock a couple of old tom cats got to rairin' and chargin' round on it and carryin' on like sin. There was four inches of snow on the roof, and it was frozen so that there was a right smart crust of ice on it, and the moon was shining bright, and we could see them cat-like daylight. First, they'd stand and e-yow-yow-yow, just the same as if they was a-cussin' one another, you know, and bow up their backs and push up their tails, and swel around and spit, and then all of a sudden the gray cat he'd snatch a handful of fur out of the yaller cat's ham, and spin her around, like a button on a barn door. But the yaller cat was game, and he'd come and clinch and the way they'd gouge, and bite, and howl; and the way they'd make the fur fly was powerful.

"Well, Jim, he got disgusted with the row, and 'lowed he'd climb out there and shake them off n that roof. He hadn't reely no notion of doin' it, likely, but we ever lastin'ly dogged him, and bullyragged him, and 'lowed he'd always bragged how he wouldn't take a dare, and so on, till bimeby he histed up the win