The Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

VOL. XII. BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY NOVEMBER 15, 1867. NO. 45

THE DEVIL'S DELIGHT.

To breakfast one morning the Devil came Down,
By demons and vassals attended:
A headache had darkened his brow with a frown
From his orgy last night, or the weight of his crown
But his presence infernal was splendid.

In a robe of red flame was Diavòlo drest,
Without smutch of a cinder to soil it:
Blue blazes enveloped his throat and his chest,
While the tail, tied with ribbons as blue as the vest,
Completed his Majesty's toilet

No masquerade devil of earth could begin,
With his counterfeit horns and his mock tail,
To look like his model, Original Sin,
As of lava and lightning and bitters and gin,
He sat and compounded a cocktail.

But to give, in all conscience, the Devil his due,
He seemed sorrowful rather than irate;
And his Majesty moped all the *dejeuner* through
with a twitch, now and then, of the ribbons of blue,
And the look of a patient pirate.

Then a smile, such as follows some capital joke
Of a Dickens, a Hood, or a Jerrold,
Sweet, playful, and tender, all suddenly broke
O'er the face of Sathanas, as turning he spoke,
"Go, imp! bring the file of the Herald!"

The papers were brought, and Old Nick ran his eye
(In default of debates in the Senate)
Over crimes—there were plenty—of terrible dye
Over letter and telegram, slander and lie,
And the blatherskite leaders of Bennett,

There were frauds in high place, official deceit,
There were sins—we'll not name them—of ladies;
There were Mexican murders, and murders in Crete,
By the thousand—all manner of villainies sweet
To the Hearld's subscribers in Hades

But the numberless horrors of every degree
Did not wholly dispel his dejection;
"The Herald's a bore—I'm aweary," says he,
Then, uprising, he added, "What's this? 'Tennessee'!
By jingo! here's Brownlow's election!

"Ho, varlet! fill up till the beaker runs o'er!"
Cried the Devil, growing joyous and frisky
A white-hot ferruginous goblet he bore,
And the liquor was vitriol "straight," which he swore
Was less hurtful than tangle-foot whisky.

"Fill up! let us drink," said the Father of Lies
"To the mortal whose claims are most weighty!"
And a light diabolic shone out of his eyes
That made the thermometer instantly rise
To fully five thousand and eighty.

"I have knights of the garter and knights of the lance,
Who shall surley hereafter for sin burn:
I have writers of history, ethics romance,
In England, America, Germany, France,
And a gay little poet in Swinburne

"Reformers, who go in for infinite smash;
The widows' and orphans' oppressor;
D. D.'s by the dozen, whose titles are trash;
To be written with two little d's and a dash:
And many a Father Confessor

"And besides all the hypocrites," chuckled the Devil,
"Who serve me with *Ave* and *Credo*
I have tyrants that murder, commanders that steal,
Dahomey, Mouravieff, Butler, O'Niell,
Thad. Stevens, Joe Holt, Escobedo

"But the man of all others the most to my mind
The dearest terrestrial creature,
Is the blaspheming priest and the tyrant combined
Who mocks at his Maker and curses his kind,
In the garb of a Methodist preacher.

"And so long as of Darkness I'm absolute prince
From his praise there shall be no deduction
Whose acts a most exquisite malice evince,
And whose government furnishes excellent hints
Opportunely for HELL'S RECONSTRUCTION."

Then the Friend, with a laugh no language that may tell,
Drained his cup, and abasing his crown low
Cried, "Hip, Hip, !" and a boisterous yell
Went round till the nethermost confines of Hell
Re-echoed 'Three cheers for old Brownlow'"

—Land We Love.

VOTES OR BAYONETS--- WHICH?

It was remarked by the learned author of "*Discourses upon Tacitus*," that "Laws and Constitutions framed by the best and wisest men, have first or last become the sport and conquest of the worst, sometimes of the most foolish." This melancholy thought is abundantly illustrated in the present condition of our country. The leaders of the faction in power do not hesitate to declare that they have "repudiated the Constitution." Their papers speak unblushingly of the "healthy progress of the revolution." They denounce a return to the Constitution and laws in force when they came into power, as "going back to the guilty past," and as "returning like a sow to her wallowing in the mire." The proposition of "restoring the old Union" is stigmatized as "rebellion and treason."

Now, who have wrought this fatal change? Are they men of character, of high social position, or of renowned statesmanship? Is it not rather true that a government which was "framed by the best and wisest men" has been destroyed by the "worst and most foolish?" Who were the architects of this inglorious revolution? In answering this question, we must, in the first place, soil our memories by a reference to such men as a Garrison, a Phillips, a Jim Lane, not forgetting "old John Brown"—men who were desyised and laughed at for a third of a centurp, as a set of foolish and disreputable fanatics; and who were rarely, if ever, invited to the houses of gentlemen, or even seen in the company of persons of any considerable respectability—men who, on the Fourth of July—a day sacred to the memory of our nation's birth—had committed such a public indecency as burning the Constitution of our country, in the midst of the yelling plaudits of the mob and who had all the time boldly declared their purpose to be "to break up the Union!" We must think of such men. The mind staggers under the effort to recount their follies and abominations. And then who was their first standard-bearer? Was he a man of character? Had he either culture or manners? Had the public even heard even a syllable to his credit? Was he known out of the slums where his ribald jests made him a welcome guest? The first and best thing his friends could say of him was, that he was a "*rail-splitter!*" In a previous campaign, the same party had christened the adventurous vagabond who was their nominee for President, "the mustang colt." But now they had a "*rail-splitter*," who was, take him in his orthography, in his syntax and prosody, as well as in his social character and statesmanship, about the sorriest specimen of a man who ever run for a high office—to a gentleman or lady of the least culture, a most disgusting agglomeration of mental and moral dirt? And he was the standard-bearer of the party which has "repudiated the Constitution," and overthrown the free system of government established by our wise forefathers.

And what is the character of the present active operators in this "revolution?" Do we exaggerated by answering, that among the most prominent leaders are the worst set of malcontents, agitators, drunkards, and malicious vagabonds, who ever set in a legislative hall before? And who are the tools to execute all the inhuman tyrannies of Congress? To begin, there is Grant, who, when the war broke out, was performing the duties of a lackey to his brother, in a tan-yard in Galena, most slavishly addicted to rum and tobacco. Next we have Sickles, long known in the places of vice as "Dan Sickles," who kept a disreputable sort of a house in Washington, and in a most cowardly and brutal manner murdered his best customer. A more dastardly murder was never committed in this country. Then follows a list of Popes, Schencks, Brownlows, Ben Butlers, Stantons, Holts, Sheridans, such as can be matched nowhere out of Newgate's wretched calendar! God help us! And these are the characters who have subverted the government formed by Washington and Jefferson! The proud tree of liberty destroyed by worms! The greenest and most fragrant of all the leaves of summer killed by vermin. But we speak too strongly; for it is not even now too late to save the tree of liberty. Already we hear the strong winds in the tops of the trees which will at length sweep down through the forest, driving the vermin into the sea. The fate of the Gaderean swine already menaces the malignant *repudiators* of their country's Constitution. The only hope of these wretches is in the supineness or discouragement of the friends and supporters of the Constitution. When these poorly exclaim, "all is lost!" the eyes of the conspirators brighten with hope; but every word of determination and defiance sends the chill of despair to their hearts. They have not one hour's lease of power beyond that instant when the Democratic party puts on the armor of war upon all their monstrous usurpations and tyrannies.

But we hear the plethoric voice of some bondholder, or some witless political octogenarian exclaim, "that is recommending revolution!" No, it is recommending resistance to revolution—resistance to oppression and despotism. We are already in the midst of revolution. We say stop it. Stop this African revolution, even though it require an everlasting check upon the respiratory organs of all the repudiators of the Constitution in our land. If it must come to that, it is a privilege they hold from the Almighty God, to have their breath stopped for the benefit of their country. The leaders of this African revolt, with the lungs of a *Stentor* boast their *revolution*. Even those who hold it unlawful to resist government, never imagined it to be unlawful to resist the deviation from government. Says one of the profoundest authors of the last century: "To resist the abuse of government, is to assist government." Was it wrong to resist such a bloody idiot as Nero, or such madmen as Caligula and Claudius? Why then can it be wrong to resist a Congress which is more brutal than a Nero or a Claudius? If it is lawful to resist one tyrant, is it less so to resist a hundred? If Congress had but one head, would it not be lawful and righteous for those who are cruelly plundered and murdered by it, to cut it off? Are the heads of a hundred tyrant more sacred than the head of one? The virtuous voice of mankind has applauded the expulsion of Tarquin. But was Tarquin half so black and odious as this illegal body that insolently calls itself Congress? Of what avail are laws and liberty, however excellently framed, if they are to be passively given up to the mercy of lawless rage and caprice? If we are forbid to defend the Constitution, and the liberties guaranteed by it, why have a Constitution? Unless it is unlawful to make a Constitution, it cannot be unlawful to defend it. If it be lawful to defend our Constitution from an invading foe, it must be equally so to defend it from a usurping Congress. What more right has Congress to strip people of their property than any other robber? What more right has Congress to destroy the governments of States, than Great Britian or France? Every State has the same right to hang a military governor sent by Congress, that it would hang one sent by England or Russia. No State has any more delegated to Congress the right to govern it by military rule, than it has delegated such a power to France; and all powers not delegated are eternally and inalienably the property of the States. It would be a perfectly lawful and a perfectly just thing for any of the States to hang every one of the military satraps sent by Congress to rule over them. Nay, every member of Congress who is a party to such an oppression, might be justly and lawfully hanged, whenever caught within the jurisdiction of a State so oppressed. This is law—and it is eternal justice. At least it will be so until the usurpers can produce an order proved to be infallibly from the Almighty, saying to these States, "*Touch not my anointed ruffians of Congress*." Those who consent to assume an office which is designed to debase and afflict their fellow-men, may be lawfully treated as wild beasts, which prey upon human beings. What better is a Stanton or a Sheridan than a tiger or a wolverine, since they are alike the enemies of the peace and happiness of their victims? What are the five military commanders, but congressional blood-hounds, to hunt down the southern people for words, conjectures, signs, and appearances, nay, for sympathies and affections? They are what Tacitus calls *instrumenta regni*; instruments of imperial rule, who were poisoners and assassins. By the ancient constitution and laws of Rome, usurpers were the only persons liable to be put to death without process or form of trial—and such laws were praised by Livy and Cicero. And conquest can in no shape give any better title to arbitrary rule than usurpation. If it be just for one people to conquer another, it must be just for a third to conquer it, and so on, until the world is filled with invasions and eternal encroachments of the growing power. If the northern States have a right to conquer the southern, then the southern States have also a right to conquer the northern, and so there is nowhere a principle of security, safety and rest. If we have a right to steal their spoons, and smash to pieces their pianos, to burn their dwellings and destroy their private property, they have the same right to do the same to us, and there the terrible doctrine hangs like a murderer's sword over our heads, and the heads of our children, for all generations. The people of South Carolina have as much right to burn Boston, as the people of Massachusetts had to burn Charleston. And notwithstanding the shallowness of such demagogues as Gen. Orr, the eulogiser of the murderer Sickles, it is presumable that no generation of South Carolinians will ever forget this eternal and terrible truth. Devouring the rights of others, as a rule, is equal during all times and generations. It cannot be right for one State and wrong for another. The sons of South Carolina may some day teach the sons of Massachusetts this awful lesson. Such has quite invariably been the revolving lesson of history. Justice is both the foundation and the bond of government, and maintains an equality on every side. It may be a terrible thought for the wretches who made war, not only on the institutions of our southern States, but also on their spoons and wardrobes. God is just, and there must some day come a settlement for all these things.

But in the meantime, our business is to stop the march of this revolution—of this Africanization of the United States. How is this to be done? By *voting* the President says. So say we, if voting is allowed according to the provisions of the Constitution. But if not, what then? Are we such fools as to rely upon voting where no legal voting is allowed, by reason of military interference? Or do we propose to permit white men to be disfranchised in one half of the Union, by negroes, used as congressional voting machines, worked by its own military tools? If that is our programme, we deserve execration here, and eternal damnation hereafter. To allow our country to be thus Africanized, to permit our own race to be thus trampled on, and liberty to be thus destroyed, would be a crime horrible in the sight of gods and men. Do we say *would* be? It is a crime. It is in the present tense. The Southern people are suffering oppressions and wrongs such as no people have endured since the dawn of civilization. The same people who, in the early history of our country, whipped the Quakers and drowned the Baptists, have their fangs, at this moment, in the very hearts of the Southern people. One of the New York dailies, which supported the war with all the malice of a genuine Puritan, in a recent issue says: "If the people of the North had any adequate conception of what is going on in the South, they would rise *en masse* and sweep the whole reconstruction scheme, with all its machinery, and all its doings, clean out of existence." And why have not the people of the North any idea of the horrible wrongs inflicted upon the Southern people? Because the Democratic press of the North fails to meet this wrong with a spirit of decent resentment. Such crimes against liberty are to be properly met only with an uplifted axe. No, say all the shallow brains, let us vote a little about it. The assassin's hand is on your shoulder, his knife is gleaming at your throat. Now take care! Don't be rash—don't be too fast! Above all things, don't speak too loud, for we are about to do a little *voting* on this distressing business. Ah, yes! we are to vote the assassin's knife out of his hand. And the voting against bayonets and bullets is a pleasant thing, and will, no doubt, do the business. Let us believe it implicitly that our poor country will be well *done* for as long as we allow the conspirators to understand that we mean to confront them with nothing but *votes*. They have fixed all the machinery to do the voting precisely according to their plans. But an axe! that is a disloyal and terribly rebellious thing, so they say. An axe would break this voting machinery of theirs into twenty thousand pieces, and possibly break themselves into twice as many. Ah! they are more afraid of an axe than of a million of votes. What are the votes of a hundred thousand white men? Have they not five hundred thousand voting negroes? True, the "black darlings" have rather short memories just now, so that they are unable to recollect the names by which they have been "registered," but "Congress" will only have to add some other screw to the *voting machine* to overcome that difficulty. The only thing which the conspirators cannot surmount will be pluck and determination on the part of the Democratic party. Whenever the leaders of that party can be inspired with the patriotic idea that the battle of victory over the *repudiators of the Constitution* must be fought on the open field of principle, with the weapons of truth, instead of the dodges of cunning and intrigue, there will come a very sudden collapse of all the portentious windbags of the African party. Nor need we seek to intimidate the "Radicals" with *Quaker-guns*. The strength is ours, whenever we sound the bugle. The threats of the conspirators to impeach the President, for the purpose of getting the executive powers in their own hands, will be held no more, if the Democratic party puts itself in an attitude of resistance to the further march of their revolution. An overwhelming majority of the people are to day on the President's side in his conflict with Congress. Or rather let us say, in Congress's conflict with him, for it is Congress which is burling itself against the President. One after another has it stripped him of the Constitutional powers of his office, until there is nothing left but the skeleton of executive dignity. Powers that no one can constitutionally exercise but the President, have been given to Grant, and to the five military satraps, and their subordinates. Grant and the satraps consent to exercise these powers, and are therefore in a condition of insubordination to their Commander-in-chief. "But," it is timidly asked, "what can the President do?" Were we in his place, we should not be one second in doubt what to do. The first moment that either Grant or one of the satraps undertook to exercise powers which the Constitution places clearly in the hands of the Executive alone, we would order him to desist. If he kept on, we would order a court-martial, and try him for insubordination and conspiracy, and have him shot so quickly that it would make the head of Congress swim again to read the news. All this would be legal and constitutional. But it is neither legal nor constitutional for the President to permit powers that belong to the Executive alone, to be exercised by military satraps. Congress has no more constitutional power to strip the executive branch of the government of one of the functions of its office, than the Parliament of England, or the Assembly of France has. Congress can no more exercise the powers of the executive, or strip the executive of its powers, than the executive has to exercise the powers of Congress, or to strip it of its powers. The powers of each of these co-ordinate branches of the Federal Government are clearly defined by the Constitution. The powers of the executive, therefore, can be neither increased or diminished by Congress. Nor can Congress increase its own powers. It is a body created and limited by the Constitution. Nor has the President any more right to execute usurpations on the part of Congress, than it has to execute the will of a mob. And if this be true of a legally constituted Congress; how much more so is it of the present *rump*, which is not a Congress at all! within the meaning of the Constitution of the United States. But, though all these propositions will be conceded by every truthful and competent lawyer, it will be asked, "how can the President help himself?" Now, in the first place, has he attempted to help himself? While under a solemn oath to "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States," has he not made himself a party to the usurpations of the *rump*, by executing acts which he has officially proclaimed "revolutionary," and "designed to overthrow the Constitution?" If that *rump* is an illegal body, *i. e.*, not constituted according to the requirements of the Constitution, which calls for representation from every State, and if, as the President has affirmed and proved, it is an insurrection or conspiracy to "overthrow the Constitution of the United States," or, as one of its leading members has confessed, to "repudiate the Constitution," then, instead of executing its revolutionary acts, it is the President's duty to suppress it, precisely as he would any other illegal body, or conspiracy, or insurrection, or mob. Nor need the question be asked again, "how the President can help himself?" He has but to call on the people to assist in arresting this "*repudiation of the Constitution*," and stop forever this Africanization of their country, and their response would be like the sound of a thousand earthquakes. Who doubts that, in such a conflict, Kentucky would furnish a hundred thousand minute men? Could Maryland send less than fifty thousand? And then, if you will call the genuine patriots of the land such names, at such a call the *Copper heads* would swarm in all the hills and vallies of the North and West, as thick as the leaves of the forest. The real *fighting muscle* of the country is altogether with the *repudiators of the Constitution*. He has but to call upon them, and their voices will answer as the reverberating echoes answer each other among the lofty peaks of Appennines. Then all the *Instrumenta regni* of the *rump* will be only so much chaff before the wind. The *power* of a Sickles, who unjustly escaped hanging as a murderer, and of Sheridan, whose fame solely rests upon a drunken and merciless march of house and barn-burning in the Shenandoah, when it was inhabited only by women and children, will find its level in the spent momentum of fustian and wind. And Grant, whose classical maxim during the unnecessarily prolonged siege of Vicksburg was, "*strategy be damned*," will find also the end of his "*line*," which is simply a record of *good luck*, without a single redeeming gift of great generalship, or high-toned manhood. None of these creatures, puffed into a fictitious importance merely for *buncombe*, by the *repudiators of the Constitution*, will survive an hour after real patriotism and true manhood lead the fervor of the American people. The fame of all these men was born of the passions and lies of propagandism. It is a *mush-room* which can last but a day. Grant will at last shrink back to a level with the bleached bark of a tan-yard, where the war picked him up. Sheridan will subside into the congenial haunts of prostitution, while Sickles, if he can cheat the mortgage which the gallows holds upon him, will fall again into his old ways of playing the part of Adonis to the successful but faded *nymphs de pave* of New York city. Good God! what a set of rulers! the filthiest sediment of society, have been thrown to the surface by the upheavings of this African crusade upon the civilization of America! It is in Mr. Johnson's power to snuff them all out like farthing candles. Are these hard sayings? But they are such truths that they must be spoken. They have been delayed too long already. It is an old trick of despotism to glorify the mean and guilty instruments of its power. And it is the duty of Justice to unmask the concealed visage of triumphant vice. The example has been set us by the Saviour of the World. Hear how He thundered into the ears of the leaders of the Pharisees those awful words: "Woe unto you, hypocrites and whore-mongers!" We shudder to think what His fierce indignation would be, were he on earth now, to look into the faces of the kind of men who are working up and executing the business of *repudiating the Constitution* of their country. Compare the character of the men who now rule, with that of the men who framed this government! Alas! poor country! Look at these creatures, who have, within six years, crawled up out of the deepest slums of social mire, now ruling with rods of iron over men and women of the highest virtue and intelligence, and answer if ever before, since the memory of man, such deeds were committed under the face of the heavens? The anger of the gods is slow; but, if it is not altogether dead and clean gone, a day of vengeance must be at hand!

We have painted the character of the men who have thrown down, one after another, the pillars of American liberty, not from any feeling of malice, or passion of resentment. The matters at stake are so vast, so grand, that revenge is disarmed of its sting in the magnitude of the interests involved. It is a conviction of sound policy, even more than of justice, that causes us to hold up to view the mental and moral deformity which seems to have the destinies of our country in its grasp. The terrible party in power seeks to make heroes of the most unworthy, if not, indeed, most profligate of men, for the purpose of giving the readier currency to its revolutionary plans. Sheridan was *fêted*, not by any spontaneous enthusiasm of the people—far from that. The whole thing was worked up in the secret Loyal League lodges, and managed precisely by tricks usually employed by mountebank showmen to draw people to their performances. It is for this reason that men, utterly unworthy of the respect of virtuous people, are puffed into heroes, and paraded before the crowd as patriots and gentlemen. The *repudiators as the Constitution* have cunningly raised such a deafening voice about the presence of the mere tools of their guilty designs, that it is difficult to make any counter voice of justice and truth heard at all. And there is but one way to be heard. That is to cry out, and to spare not the loud-mouthed impostors. Strip off the masks they wear. Tell the people in good round English who are the instruments of this barbaric crusade upon the Constitution of our country. It has been the weak and foolish policy of the Democratic press to answer the Tartarean thunders with nervous and mincing whispers. Rather let us say that it has become too much the fashion of Democratic editors to even join in swelling the Tartarean thunder of the African party. All praise, all respectful mention, even, of such men as Sheridan, Sickles, Grant, or Pope, is aid rendered to the *repudiators of the Constitution*. It is assisting to give respectability to the *tools* of the revolution, and thereby giving it the greatest help. Giving glory to Grant, is giving success to Thad Stevens and Brownlow. Every word of commendation of Grant is a new rivit in the fetters of our country. For the recent triumph of the fiend, Brownlow, over the last hold of liberty and law in Nashville, we have to thank Grant. It was Grant's tool that did the business. Could Grant have had his way, the whisky-soaked scavenger of the *rump*, Sheridan, would still be in New Orleans, worrying, like a dog, even the women and children of that region. Was there ever, since the world began, two heroes made out of such stuff before, as we see here in the case of Sheridan and Grant? Look at them! Did the hand of the Almighty ever label generous piece of humanity with such visages? Are not the very face of these men expressive of the mental and social condition which they were in before the war? Was not that condition the natural level of such men?—men below par in the gifts of intellect, and with moral habits and tastes, of, perhaps, a still lower grade, they are fitting tools for such a *rump* as Congress. And when the conflict at last comes between negro franchise, and all sorts of illegal voting, and between the bullets of white men, and the true heroes of liberty, the Democratic editors of the country will have to defend their own lives and property from these very wretches whom they have helped into places of unnatural and unmerited power. These men have no hope except in a condition of perpetual revolution and military rule. A return to a state of peace would instantly throw them back to their true level. They will cling with the grasp of despair to the kind of convulsion which threw them to the surface. It is military rule which the Democratic party has to confront as its only powerful foe. This is, indeed, the real fight now between liberty and despotism. But for the military satraps of the *rump*, but for these vagabond generals, these barbarous tormenters and butchers of their race, no one can doubt the greatest triumph of the Democratic party at the next Presidential election. If there is a grain of sense left in the Democratic press, it will lose no time in stripping these military baubles of all their tape and tinsel. But it will be answered by political shallowness, "these generals are representatives of our success." Of what success? Do you call this Africanisation of our country success? Is the godless rule of Thad Stevens and Brownlow success? Is despotism success? Is anarchy, and the torture of women and children success? Is the destruction of three-fifths of our commerce success? Is disfranchising white men, and making voting machines of negroes, success? Are taxes that amount to a confiscation to government of seven-tenths of all the property of the country success? Are three millions of idle and worse than useless negroes, dancing over the graves of a million of murdered white men, success? Is a *rump* Congress success? Is the triumph of spite and hate, and revenge, success? Are death and hell success? If all these things are not success, then talk no more. O, ye dolts, ye living abysses of shallowness of such creatures as Grant and Sheridan being "representatives of our success!" They are representatives of our shame—of our misery—of our despair! They are representatives of the triumph of old John Brownism, of Garrisonism, of Sumnerism, of Wadeism, of Ben Butlerism, and of the most abominable despotism the world ever saw. Woe to a people whose heroes are such men as Grant, Sheridan, Sickles, Pope and Schenck. Woe to a country whose statesmen are a Sumner, a Wade, a Stevens, a Chandler, a Stanton, and a Holt. Woe, woe, to the Democratic party, until its editors set to work with the blows of a Vulcan to hammer to pieces all the pretentials which support this inhuman rule. Instead of whispering, thunder! Instead of puffing Grant, hold him up as the tool of the *rump*. Instead of asking timidly, *what can be done?* fall resolutely to doing what *must be done*. Assail! Assail! Assail! While you fight on the defensive, you give the enemy the choice of battle-ground, and allow him to use your own ammunition besides. Begin an offensive battle at once. Attack him front and rear, and along his whole line, until he imagines himself standing upon earthquakes. In argument, you are a thousand cannon strong to his one. For every logic *buck-shot* of his, you have a hundred *forty-pounders*. Pour them into him straightway, instead of standing dubitant, asking *what can be done*.—*Old Guard*.

[For the WATCHMAN.]

THY WORD, O GOD, IS TRUE.

At the close of my last article, it was stated, that an examination of the *light* of the "*first day*;" and the *light* of the "*fourth day*", would evidence that Moses is correct even when tested by the severest rules of a sound criticism. I would here observe, that the friends of the Mosaic account of creation—believers in divine truth—needlessly attach too much importance to the objections made to that account; and that sceptics cry victory too soon, the trophies of victory being all on the other side.

Because some great man, of astute mind, comprehensive thought and profound learning, aiming at notoriety, tries his skill at tilting against the plain, honest and simple narration of Moses, it is no evidence, that, great as he is, he has overthrown that narration, or shaken the foundation of our faith. Great minds, not unfrequently, fall into great errors. Profound thinkers may sometimes wander in the maze of thought.

It is told of Sir Isaac Newton (I believe) that in constructing a house for a favorite cat and kitten, he cut a large hole for the cat to enter and then a smaller one for the kitten, perfectly oblivious of the fact, that the kitten could have entered the large hole. Now while we bow in deference to the great Newton, in matters of philosophy we can not but smile at his skill in architecture. And so it is with those who have waged war against Moses. There is generally a *hole* in their argument, that discovers simplicity or ignorance. I care not that all the great and learned thunder around the citadel of the truth he proclaims, and batter at the walls of divine revelation he narrates, while *his own account itself* remains, we may smile at such assailants and say, do your best, your labor is vain, your efforts are puerile.

I have said, while the Mosaic account of creation itself remains we may smile at all efforts to overthrow the truth, and this leads to the examination of the account of Moses in relation to the *light* of the "first day," and the *lights* of the "fourth day." In Gen. 1: 3, I read "Veomar Elohim yeehi Aor," "And God said let there be light" "Veehi aor," "and there was light." Here is his narration relative to the light of the first day. "Aor" is the word used for and signifies light. In Gen. 1: 16, I read, "Veasah Elohim ethsheni hamemaroth," and "God made two great *lights*." Here is the narration relative to the *great light* of the "fourth day," but the word used for the *lights* of the fourth day is "maaroth" a word distinct from "aor" of the first day.

Be it observed, the "the great lights" are not a plural form of *light* "Aor" in Gen. 1: 3, is a word distinct from "maaroth" of the 16th verse. "Aor" signifies *light* in the abstract, or the light universally diffused, the light of day. "Maaor," signified *a light or luminary* that gives light. "Aor" with one exception never admits of a plural form. The exception occurs in the 136th Psalm 7th verse, where "Aorim" is put by poetical use for "maaorim." This single exception, found in the whole Old Testament, proves conclusively the distinctiveness of the two words. By the "Aor" of the first day, we are to understand the *light* created at a pre adamite time and evolved at the birth of our world, and by the "maaroth" of the fourth day, the *lamps* or *bearers* of that *light*, and with this agrees the teachings of astronomy.

I say with this agrees the teaching of science. In proof I observe Moses is accurately critical in this choice of words—When in the course of his narration he comes to the transactions of the fourth day, he does not as in Gen. 1: 1, say "God (Bara) created" but God (asah) *constituted or established* two great lights, thus aking a distinction between creation and constituting. There is, therefore, no discrepancy between Moses and astronomy. For in his account of the fourth day he does not say one word as to what the sun and moon are in themselves; nor as to the *when* and *how* they were created. They may have been created, they may have existed long ages past. It does not fall within the scope of his narration to give any information on this point, hower much it might satisfy our curiosity. His account of them, on the fourth day is exclusively confined to what they are now about to be in their relation to the earth. In other words his account of those heavenly bodies is confined to what they are now to become—the two great *lights* to give light upon the earth. They are now for the first time the ordained, appointed rulers of day and night. What they were before, as to their capacities or end, when or how created, neither Moses nor Astronomy gives us any definite information. It was not the business of Moses to do so, and astronomy could only offer conjectures. They must have existed in pre-adamite times says astronomy, and here its knowledge ends. Moses is neither contradicted by, nor does he contradict this.—He says, that now, on the fourth day of creation, they are constituted *light bearers*, and their mission, in relation to the earth, as such, now begins. The light evolved on the first day is now to be from henceforth, under the control of these heavenly bodies these two great lights.

The foregoing may be sumed up as follows. Moses states the fact, that, on the *first day* light was created. To this fact he adds another, namely, that on the *fourth day*, bearers or holders of this light were constituted, established. Thus the sun and the moon of the fourth day, became to the light of the first day, what the candlestick is to the lighted taper. Astronomy teaches us that the sun is not, in itself a luminous body, but, that it is surrounded by a luminous atmosphere, by means of which, luminous atmosphere, it lights up the world.

Now there is certainly no discrepancy, between Moses and modern astronomy.—His statement of the fact that light was created, at an early period in the progress of creation, and that lights, or light bearers were constituted at a later period of creation involves no inconsistency of statement, neither is it an evidence of ignorance on his part.

I would conclude this article by saying in proportion as the Mosaic ritual, of creation, is fairly and impartially weighed in the ballance of sound criticism, two things force themselves on the mind, with all the power of a conviction. One of these is *admiration* of the extraordinary accuracy, and superior intelligence with which Moses expresses the great truths of creation. The other is *surprise*, that in the limited compass of a few verses, so many important facts, relative to creation, have been grouped together, yet, so plain, intelligible and full, that he who will but *look*, may see the whole creative act, as in panaramic view pass before his mind; and he may read as each scene passes onward "Thy word, O God, is true."

"ANY PORT IN A STORM."—It is wonderful with what unanimity the Radicals everywhere now agree, upon the necessity of nominating General Grant for the Presidency. A month ago, and before the "Manhood Suffrage" party could be made believe that their pet idea of negro equality and suffrage would be repudiated by the States of Ohio and Pennsylvania, they were not prepared to take "a pig in a poke," as they called it, but rather favored the nomination of a through-bred Radical like Stevens, or Kelley, or Sumner, or Wade—drunken Ben Wade, we mean—in order to compel the people of the North, as well as the South, to submit to negro rule. The late elections have convinced the wire pullers that they are on the wrong track, so they gracefully veer around in the face of the wind, and run off before it with a certainty, as they think, of making that haven towards which all politicians turn their longing eyes, success. In order to do so the more effectually they make a scape-goat of, and bawl lustily for the man who, of all others, they would not have chosen one month ago. If anything more was required by the people to convince them that the Republican leaders think more of power and patronage than they do of the prosperity and elevation of the country, this last dodge should be sufficient. Let the people take this matter of President-making out of the hands of such miserable pettifogging politicians as Bill Mann and others of his ilk in this city.—*Philadelphia Sunday Mercury*.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

It's the time of gathered grain;
The fields are full of stacks and sheaves,
The hills are bare, the first dead leaves
Fall, fluttering, 'gainst the window pane

Down through the mist the young moon peers
The harvest moon, so glad and fair,
But I am sad, for all things wear
Their autumn look of other years.

Upon me, with each falling leaf,
Fall thoughts of Autumns long ago,
Some tale of buried joy or woe
Is hid in every harvest sheaf.

Sweet morn! as fair as ever hung
O'er haze-wrapped field of gathered grain,
Glad earth! ye give me not again,
The joy I lost when life was young.

Leaves were we of one parent tree,
Rejoicing while our spring time shone;
But time its wintry wind has blown,
And swept us far o'er land and sea.

And some are in the wrangling mart,
And some are lost 'mid whirling wheels,
And oh, from each a false word steals
His childhood's faith—his childish heart.

Glad earth below—bright heaven above,
Bring back our childhood never more—
But, Lord! we cry "restore, restore!"
To him whose name is written "Love."

I hear the answer in my soul--
"Tho' black with guilt, and sore with loss,
The hands that bled upon the cross,
Are stretched out to make thee whole.

Though far in worldly ways beguiled,
Seek out the safe and narrow track;
Return—and He shall give thee back,
The pure heart of the little child.

Weak as thou art, and trouble tost,
His mercy reaches over all,
His arms are wide—thou cans't not fall
Out of the shelter, and be lost."

—Exchange.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

——The *Impeachment of the President* has been change into the *impale of Congress*.

——The hearse used at the funeral of Gen. Sterling Price was the same in which Lincoln's remains were carried.

——The Mrs. Lincoln $100,000 fund, to be raised in subscriptions of one dollar each, has already reached the handsome aggregate of $6.

——Avoid argument with ladies. In spinning a yarn among silks and satins, a man is sure to be worsted.

——He who marries a beauty only is like a buyer of cheap furniture—the varnish that caught the eye will not endure the fireside blazes.

——A Jerseyman gathering mushrooms was told they were poisonous. Thank you he replied. I am not going to eat them myself—I am going to sell them at the hotel.

——Horace Greely went peacefully to sleep on the stage of the Cooper Institute, the other evening, while Arnold, of Illinois, was telling stale stories about President Lincoln.

——In Tyburn Pennsylvania a negro named Brown sold a load of corn belonging to another negro named Hogan, and then murdered him for demanding the proceeds.

——One watch set right will do to try many by; and, on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood.

——The newspapers say that old Ben Wade cannot reconcile himself to the idea of retiring from public life. Of course he can't. How can a rascal who never tires, retire?

——When Dr. S, once preached at St. James's a bystander observed: He did better last year. He did not preach at all last year replied another. The very thing I meant answered he.

——The fact that the perjurer Sanford Conover, is in the penitentiary, and that Stanton Holt, and Ashley, who employed him, are still at large, strikes the public sense of justice as very singular.

——The New Albany (Indiana) Court lately granted a divorce to a man named Banks on the ground that his wife was a victim to klopemania—an irresistible desire to steal.—Why not call it Radicalism?

——Every stamp you put upon a deed, a check or a mortgage, is a sticking plaster to remind you of a war brought on by Abolition agitation, and of the immense debt piled up by the thieves.

——A Mongrel paper said the day before election "let every Republican go to the polls with the determination not to make a single scratch." That was a very silly and a very cruel determination for such a lousey set of radicals to entertain.

——Mr. Greeley comforts himself, in view of the sure triump of the Democracy in the next Presidential campaign, by saying "personally we have an easier time when our party is out of power;" so the tired philosopher has a good prospect for a very long rest.

——We notice that some of our Democratic exchanges continue to quote the foolish and lying telegram that "Grant says he will not accept the nomination from the Mongrels for President." Any man who thinks that is not in perfect accord with Congress is *green* enough to be eaten up for grass.

——The *Tribune* says—if the blacks are not enfranchised, Vallandigham could beat Grant for President. That is a fair confession that Vallandigham would get more white votes than Grant. The negroes are, therefore, the sole hope of the Mongrel party. It is a nice party for white men to belong to.

——A Radical paper triumphantly announces that ten thousand negroes in Virginia have learnded to read during the past year. Quite likely, but how much blood and treasure has it cost the country to learn these ten thousand negroes to spell their way through a congressional treat!

——The widow of the Mr. Mumford, whom Ben. Butler murdered in New Orleans, La., is living in a cellar in want and starvation, while the murderer of her husband is rolling in the luxuries of millions of money, and is the model man of the "God and morality party" of the North.

——The papers are at last bitterly complaining because Mrs. Lincoln carried away from the White House furniture that cost the nation $100,000. But her husband cost the nation not less than *four thousand millions of dollars*, to say nothing of the blood he caused to be shed. A Mongrel paper calls Mrs. Lincoln "a nuisance." What will history call her husband?

——Two men recently died suddenly at a Canadian tavern after drinking a cup of coffee. The landlady called the police, who suspected her of poisoning the men. She protested she had not, and to prove the harmlessness of the coffee, drank a cup herself, when she also fell down dead. An examination of the coffee-pot showed that a bunch of matches had been boiling with the coffee.

At Mason village, N. H., while some small children were at play, an immense golden eagle attacked one them. A woman ran from the house with a broom, when the eagle let go the child and attacked her with ferocity. At this moment a man gunning in the vicinity came to the rescue and shot the eagle, breaking a wing and captured him. He is the largest bird seen within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

ROMANCE OF A DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

The following tale—a sort of Enoch Arden romance—is told by the Chicago *Post*. It concerns one John Edwards, who married at the breaking out of the war, and shortly after enlisted and marched bravely South to escape domestic tyranny at home.

Of course she shed a few tears when he went away, and he very likely did the same. It is a sort of generally entertained sentimental belief that all soldiers are at one time or other the proprietors of popular tears which they wipe away, and that they talk a good deal about their mothers. However that may be in reality, certain it is that if Edward ever did think about his wife he took no steps to let her know it.—She came to the conclusion after a time that he was dead. At the same time that this comfortable assurance settled itself upon her mind, another tender appeal was made to her heart. Mr. Edward Walker saw her, was charmed with her, spoke orthodox nonsense to her no doubt, after the usual fashion, offered to take such care of her as had never been taken before, and at the same time promised to be a father to her boy.

He became consequently the husband of the blooming young widow, and the father not only of the boy to whose parentage he had really no very well authenticated claims, but also another cherub, also a boy, who he knew did owe his existence to the fact that he and the widow had come to a mutual understanding. There was no disagreements between the second husband and the very loving and estimable lady. Everything went in their household as merry as if there had been a perpetual chime going on in it of marriage bells. They never calculated upon the appearance of an Enoch Arden on the scene. They never thought, perhaps, of the soldier, who, though he was supposed to be respectably and honorably defunct, was, in fact, actually alive. He was happy. He may have called to mind at