The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 3, 1868

CARRIER'S ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS, OF THE DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN.

Again we hail the New Year's natal day,
Again behold the Old Year pass away,
Bowed with its weight of days, and grey with care:
Gone with it too, our country's sad despair,
For brightly glow the stars that once were dim,
While joyous voices shout the victor's hymn!
Come! let us, looking on the fearful past,
The future's horoscope essay to cast,
And wisdom taught, by sad experience, gain,
For time to come a guarantee from pain.

What say the stars? Shall we behold increase
The precious stores of pleasant visaged Peace?
See sweet Prosperity, that maiden bland,
Crowned the bright Queen of our united land?
A people gathered in the bonds of love
Anxious by deeds, their friendship's zeal to prove?
Or 'stead of these shall war with fiery mood,
Seek its hot hate to quench in pools of blood
And with its blazing brand, to madly, scourge—
Our bleeding country to perdition's verge?

Thank God, not so! The sky grows clear apace
That once was clouded, passed is our disgrace!
They who were sleeping have awoke to show
That yet Democracy defies each foe—
That yet its brawny arms have strength to wield
The old-time weapons, that it scorns to yield;
Though round it rave the dastards who would tear
From its proud form, the laurels resting there.

What of the night? Despair on every side,
A ghoulish bridegroom sought his shrinking bride,
While waiting patriots trembled with the fears
Born of the fertile womb of war's sad years:
But breaks the morn! Fast hies away despair
To the dark refuge of its native lair,
No more to fright the hearts that sought to stay
The bloody hand so madly raised to slay!

Let the mad tyrants who—so they but gain
Their end—care naught for right or virtue slain,
Take warning from the past! the fearful past!
Loaded with guilt—and in the furnace cast,
Where truth sits watchful of the rising flame—
The bloody record of their vaunted shame!

While madness ruled the people, there uprose
In all its hideousness, that worst of foes,
To Truth and Honor, blear eyed BIGOTRY—
Nurtured beneath New England's chilly sky—
That for a "*one idea*" would virtue sell,
Or Heaven transform into a blazing hell.
Long ruled it o'er the land—bloated with pride
It howled that nothing could its course betide,
That in its power secure no storm could break
Its arch's keystone, or its timbers shake,
But soon arose, that gallant host of Right
Arrayed and armored for the coming fight,
Which rushing to the charge, with blow on blow,
Beat to the earth its erewhile boasting foe,
MAINE, raised aloft her ponderous club of war,
And all the land responded to the jar
Then reeled old THAD, then KELLY with dismay
Heard how had gone the fortunes of the day,
Then CHASE like one who cannot keep his feet
Bent his weak knees, ce'n on the judge's seat,
Then STANTON, wild with undissembled rage,
With ANDY sought in battle to engage,
While rose at once from the whole dismal crew
Of trembling radicals one long drawn "pheugh"!
Dealt CALIFORNIA too upon the backs,
Of negro worshipers, its rousing whacks,
Till like Apollyon by the Pilgrim beat,
Each one sought safety in a quick retreat.
But when with Penn's grand state, New York allied,
Added their torrents to the rushing tide
Already rolling as if bent to sweep
The whole black horde into oblivion deep,
Then execrations blistered every tongue,
That Sambo's praise, and Freedom's dirge had sung!

Oh, glorious triumphs! that presage the doom
Of those who wrapped their country in the gloom
Of doubt and debt, and sought—and not in vain—
The South to fetter with a despots chain;
We hail the blessed! and glory in the hour
That proved the magic of thy living power!

We had our chart—laid out by wiser men
Than haunt the shades of Abolition's den,—
Which followed would, despite opposing fate,
Have safety brought unto the ship of State,
But when a herd of bigots,—bigot sent,
In deeds of hate find for their passions vent;
And led by blather from the men who sought,
In bloodshed profit, and from misery wrought
Their badge of power, when men like these have place
Within the Senate, who but sees disgrace
Marked for our portion! who, that trembles not,
When on our honor rests such fearful blot?

Bah! What is liberty to those who know
Naught of its beauty—blinded to its glow?
Who pledged by FATE, long ages past, to be
The faithful bondsmen of a race born free,
Fulfilled their mission till by devils driven—
New England's robber hords usurped their heaven;
Taught those to lie and steal who stood before
In love and duty faithful to the core!
Has PHILLIPS brought salvation for the race
And proved his fitness for a leaders place?
Aye, if relief from labor be a boon
When want must follow—let mankind attune
Their harps to sing his praises! SUMNER's sing—
The country's cursed Judas's—and fling
Along their path the branches that proclaim
"Here ride the causes of our country's shame."

And what have been their victories? Go see
Their degradation now, who *once* were *free*!
Deprived of every sacred right, bereft
Of that which war, more merciful, had left—
The soil, that gave them food—condemned to kneel
As servile slaves, at despots iron heel,
They feel the horrors of war's fearful blight,
And hopeful wait the dawning of the light
That yet shall round their ruined homesteads play—
The blessed light of Freedom's coming day.

Is that a hoop which paralyzes hope,
That bids a people in the darkness grope?
That rots the vessels whose white swelling sails
Once spread to catch the wide world's changing gales?
That clogs the wheels of industry, and bears
Aloft a banner stained with crimson tears?
That give to desolations grasp, the plains
Where plenty roved, the queen of her domains?
That on the poor, taxations weary load,
Piles, while applying wants destroying goad?
That gluts the rich, while they who work must strive
Doubly, to win the food that keeps alive
Their helpless little ones? If this can be
A boon in truth, let every freeman's knee
Bend to its gainers, and by their shouts attest
That tyrants are of rulers all, the best!

Down with the White man! Let the negro soar,
And they who were the masters, kneel before
Their quandom slaves; then Liberty indeed
Shall at her alters foot a victim bleed;
Then shall enlightenment and science fly
The course; or stricken in Columbia die:
And that dear soil, which by our father's won
For years has glowed beneath the warming sun
Of Peace and Progress, like the Haytian's land
Be made a desert 'neath war's wasting brand!

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Despite of all some little hope remains
For those now struggling in THAD STEVENS' chains,
But not in *him*, nor "reconstuction's" might
Rests the vast power that yet shall banish night
From the horizon of the suffering South,
Or scatter verdure where now burns a drouth!
That power is with the PEOPLE, and ere long—
Mark well the prophecy—one common song—
A song to thrill the world with joy, shall rise
To the far zenith of our country's skies,
Its burden this:—"The white man now is free"
For re-established reigns DEMOCRACY.

Even prim Boston, metamorphosed is,
And for the nonce has doffed its Yankee phiz,
Boston, the home of *isms* rare or common
Of men in petticoats and trowsered women,
Where witches once on broomsticks rode the air,
And amorous deacons wooed their wives with prayer!

Oh! change to be admired! the more that none
Had hoped to win the battle they have won!
The vilest sinners may repent, we know,
"And scarlet wool be washed as white as snow,"
But what converted Boston! What could win
Their hearts so steeped in every ism's sin,
Who taught by PHILLIPS and by SUMNER nursed,
The bonds they wore so daringly have burst?
Perchance, like others, they became dismayed
In counting o'er the profits of their trade,
For nothing is there to convince the will,
Like empty meal tubs, or an empty till,
And they who scorn all other reasons, may
When money's short, be quickly brought to bay!
If all true converts be, God speed the hour
When every heart shall own great reasons power,
And the fanatics who have ruled the roast
Be to the devil from their places tossed
While they who worshipped SAMBO, sick with shame,
Pale with disgust at mention of his name

Hail 68! and may thy advent prove
The opening of an era made for love,
Love for our own, our race—the men who bore
The old worlds knowledge to the new worlds shore
And reared where once, the forest spread its shade
The mighty pyramids of art and trade.

To all our patrons peace and happy lives
Obedient sons and daughters, happy wives,
All joys that halo life and crown with gold
The brows of youth, and glorify the old!
For us, and for our future, let our past
Be held a pledge! while life with us shall last,
As we have always done, so shall we do,
Ever to promise and performance true!
True to ourselves, our Country, and our God
Ready to spare the lash or wield the rod,
As duty bids, till time that works decay
To kindred dust consigns our perished clay

Patrons and friends the carrier bids adieu
To witless doggerel, as well as you,
And if when this, his annual song, you scan,
You think it poor, just beat it if you can.

CHARLES R. NOLAN.

Jan. 1 1868.

ANOTHER OF STANTON'S VICTIMS.—Mr. John W. Keyes, formerly editor of the Circleville *Democrat*, departed this life on the 25th of November, in the insane asylum in this city. This unfortunate gentleman is another added to the long list of brave, good men who have been murdered by inches by the Radical party. Mr Keyes was the editor of an independent newspaper, which defended liberty with fearless manhood. For this he was dragged off to prison and treated so brutally that reason tottered from her throne, and he became a raving maniac. All efforts to restore him failed; he sank down in childish imbecility into the grave. His family, left disconsolate and broken-hearted, and crushed with tyrant's stroke. He was imprisoned during the infamous reign of David Tod—under the terror of Mr. Lincoln's dynasty. He is gone; no more will the harsh grate of the prison door fall upon his ear; no longer will the shriek of his family pierce his ear, nor the rude touch of the sentinel drive him away. He has gone to meet his persecuters.—*Columbus* (Ohio) *Crisis*

——Maynard, a white negro of Tennessee, and one of Brownlow's Rump ruffians, has introduced a resolution, that negroes ought to be appointed on our diplomatic corps abroad. This would give us an odorous representation altogether in foreign lands—of negroes and such white men as would consent to serve with negroes! One instinctively stops his nose at the bare mention of such a crowd.

Gloomy Prospects for the Laborer.

We learn from nearly every portion of the country of distress [illegible] amongst the laboring classes [illegible] of labor, with no prospect [illegible]. A late number of the New [illegible] *Register*, says "More men are out of employment in that city at present than at any previous time in the last forty years. The leading manufacturers are reducing their force and it is a difficult matter for a mechanic or working man to obtain employment of any kind. In that city alone more than fifteen hundred laboring men are unemployed, many of whom depend on their daily wages to support their families." In Pittsburg, the proprietors of several of the glass factories have closed their works until their employers agree to a reduction of wages. Some of the factories in Delaware county, Pa., have reduced the wages, and the rumor indicates a further reduction or stoppage. The workmen in the machine works at Bordontown have been discharged, and thrown out of employment. The *Louisville Journal* says that there are more people out of employment in that city at present than was ever known before

We might extend this chapter to almost any length, and tell not the half. And yet with these facts staring in their faces the mongrelists persist in their destructive scheme of reconstruction, destroying the interest of the south and business and commerce at the north.

Fifty thousand men and women who have been accustomed to earn their living by daily toil are *now out of employment* in New York says the *World*.—Their wages in busy times average ten dollars per week for each person. Five hundred thousand dollars, which these men and women in mass are accustomed to receive every Saturday night, is therefore withheld from them In the meantime they must live. Those who are members of trades unions find that the union funds are altogether too small to afford them much relief A few who have laid up a portion of their earnings during the past summer against a rainy day, find that it never rains but it pours, and that a good deal more than these savings will be required to shield them from want The large number who have spent their all of money are compelled to pawn whatever dispensible clothes or trinkets they have kept, to mortgage their services next spring for immediate loans, to resort to every conceivable expedient in order that they and others dependent upon them may be spared from desperations, the poor-house, and wrong-doing, for the sake of bread and household fires. Some young men and young women are provided with homes among their relatives The last are the only blest

This condition of the industrial classes will get from bad to worse Very soon we shall hear of workingmen's and workingwomen's meetings Long processions, carrying flags with mottoes poetical, laconic, indignant, and perhaps threatening, will parade through the thoroughfares. Property owners will begin to feel uncomfortable. Meetings of another class, presided over by distinguished citizens, will in turn be held at Cooper Institute, the Acadamy, and elsewhere Temporary measures of relief will be adopted, and citizens at large will be called upon to contribute. There will be soup kitchens, lodging houses rented and thrown open, visits of members of societies to places of suffering, and instances of manly charity on the part of individuals All this will not allevinate more than half the evil. Crime will increase, just as it has in winters past, when *the state of affairs* was not quite so ugly as the present prospect. Thieving, burglary, highway robbery, arson, and murder—these last resorts of people who are willing to but cannot work, and have an equal aversion to starve or to beg, are the inevitable revenges that the city will bring upon itself for lack of instant precaution

Even prompt measures now cannot wholly sufice. But something may be done to keep the wolves, Hunger and Crime, at bay.—*Ex*

The Plunder and the Doctrines of the Mongrel.

The *Tribune*, and other Mongrel sheets of the extreme African complexion, are fiercely indignant that so many who have shared in contracts and enriched themselves out of the plenetous plunder of the Lincoln party, have at last gone back on their new friends and voted with the Democrats at the late elections. There is a sharp passage in classical history which exactly touches the case It is in a letter of Philip to his son Alexander, as follows "Plague on it, what consideration led you into the hope that you could imagine that they whom you have corrupted with money would be faithful to you?" The men of whom the *Tribune* complains went into the Mongrel party for what they could "make." They adopted the *plunder* of the party without adopting its *principles* The principles of that party are perfectly abhorrent to vast crowds who have been running with the *plunder machines*, with the greatest apparent zeal, for the last five or six years. It is the silliest delusion that could possibly take possession of the minds of the *Tribune* folk to suppose that the swarms who have been voting with them during their revolution have any faith in or respect for their doctrines. Could they make money out of the operation, they would see every negro skinned alive, and lend a hand at the business Now that the froth of the excitement has passed away, and they are let down upon the hard bottom of Mongrel politics, they make off as fast as flies from too near a proximity to a hot shovel Instead of getting back those who deserted this fall, greater crowds are yet to leave them. It is not enough to say that the principles of the Mongrel party are unpopular with the masses, they are odious and detested to the last degree. The next Presidential election will give their doctrines such a trying that there will be nothing but a few scraps left in the bottom of the caldron.—*Day Book*.

TO WHOM DOES THIS GOVERNMENT BELONG?—To the white man, who gives a portion of his earning to support and maintain its credit, or to the negro, who is fed and clothed by the Freedman's Bureau, for the support of which nearly a *hundred millions* have already been appropriated by Congress?

"What Shall be Done for New England.

Under this head the *Union Commercial Bulletin* of last Saturday, has an article, full of sorrows and complaints, pitiful to read, and more pitiful to contemplate. It says:

In no part of the country is industry at so low an ebb, capital so unremunerative in its investments, and their joint products so poorly paid for, as here in New England at the present time. The specialties of our skilled labor, which were once a source of wealth to the capitalists and profitable employment to the people, are now a drug in the market, and refuse to go into consumption at any price. They are relatively much cheaper than the agricultural products of the West and South, or the raw mineral products of the Middle States.

Not only are our manufactories closed, or running on short time, and our mechanics and laboring men by thousands thrown out of employment, but our commercial classes are suffering immense losses from the stagnation of trade and shrinkage in merchandise values. The latter are obliged to "carry" not only the products of New England commerce and industry, but also, to a great extent, those of every other section of the country. Hence, upon their shoulders the depreciation in prices principally falls And the situation with us is rendered still more severe and trying, from the fact that our foreign commerce and its dependent interests continue in a depressed and crippled *condition*. In fact, the noble race of importing and shipping merchants, once the pride and boast of our New England seaports, whose ships plowed the waters of every sea and poured into our markets the wealth of every clime, are now, alas, falling into comparative decay

Our mercantile marine, swept from the ocean during the late war, involving a loss of millions of capital not shared by any other section of the country, shows no signs of recovery from the blow. The high cost of labor, and the unfriendly policy of the government in indorsing a tax on tonnage, and discriminating against ship building materials, have prevented any attempt to repair that heavy loss Our shipyards all along the coast, once resonant with the lively chorus of the axe and the hammer, are now silent and solitary as our grave yards The Canadian Reciprocity Treaty, which once brought a large and profitable trade to our seaboard markets—including cheap lumber for ship building—has been suicidally abrogated, and the raw products of Canada and the Maritime Provinces, which were once sent here to exchange for our West India goods and home manufactures, now pass by us to other markets

This is a faint picture of the Eastern situation, and of what New England has been called to suffer on account of the war and its sequences.

A pretty picture indeed, and true to life But the *Bulletin* proposes no means of relief only it says it is "looking for a turn in the tide," and is "looking to Congress to remove all unnecessary obstacles which stand in the way of restoration" In other words, it is looking to rebuke sin and become pure and holy We suggest that it keep on voting the Radical Jacobin ticket in Massachusetts Keep Sumner, Wilson, Boutwell, Butler & Co., in Congress Keep up the "organized hell" in the South Keep the niggers up and the whites down. Stick to the nigger Bureau, go in for impeachment, give us a few more bonds, a little more tariff, a few more "great moral ideas," a few *more* "shrieks for freedom," a little more suffrage for Sambo, a little more "human rights"—in a horn—a few more suckers at the public teat, be more *loyal*, "trooly loil." Keep "outside the Constitution," confiscate, obfusticate and obliterate Keep up the fires of sectional hate and revenge, pile on the fuel Keep the wheel axes of the Rump well oiled, roll on their car, all aboard, put on the steam and drive straight along—to the devil, and we will have all the good times, the blessings, *prosperity* and honor described by the *Bulletin*, greatly increased In fact, we shall all soon be very happy in anarchy Confusion worse confounded will soon reign everywhere triumphant, old cloven foot will be chained for a thousand years, and we will have the millenium right off. The only obstacle in the way of this happy consumation is the stubborn, everywhere present "Copperheads" who, strangely enough, saw the whole from the beginning, and foretold exactly what would come to pass. They have stubbornly stuck by the country, and opposed its enemies in obedience to its only true God whose prophets they are. They intend to keep on, apply the brakes, reverse the steam, obstruct the Radical path and throw their crazy, bedlam train off the track. Does the *Bulletin* see the remedy for the evils of which it complains? If not, then let it keep on inquiring "What shall be done for New England?"—*N H Patriot & Union*.

JOHN POPE.—This man, who was ignominiously beaten by the Confederates during the war, is now bullying the people of Alabama and Georgia He is thus discribed by General Franklin, in a letter which we printed yesterday, as did the *Press* It is worthy of a special notice Gen Franklin no one will discredit. "During the trial, [Fitz Jhon Porter's.] I thought it proper to inform Porter that Generals John F Reynolds, George H Thomas and myself would, if requested, go before the court and swear that we would not believe Pope or Roberts under oath. I had consulted General Reynolds before I made the proposition He consented to go himself and thought General Thomas would have no hesitation in giving such evidence I was myself well convinced of General Thomas's opinion of Pope's veracity, from what I had often heard him say before the war."—*Age*.

——The hard times and crash of 1857 were brought on by the credit system and over-traping. The hard times of the present year, and the crash of next year are the result of Radical "reconstruction," which has destroyed industry in ten States of the Union; cut off all income from exports and destroyed the immense Southern market for the products of Northern workshops, mills and factories.

——Contradictory—How can a man be at once fast, loose, and tight?

Easy-Going Democracy.

We have a class of old p[illegible] among us, to whom Dem[illegible] were [illegible] have none of it. They [illegible] Christians, who [illegible] to the letter and the chur[illegible] but when it comes to the [illegible] going among the poor [illegible] and orphans, and [illegible] their neighbors, who they [illegible] anity tiresome, and it is easier to drift along the broad road of the world's people. So, too, with certain Democrats. When the territorial question came up, and General Cass invented "popular sovereignty," how easy it was, and how they denounced the Free Soilers, and all others who had some conscience, and saw at a glance the miserable sham of "popular sovereignty." Again when it became necessary to reject the vicious legislation of 1820, and repeal the Missouri restriction, and Mr. Douglas invented the "great principle" of the Nebraska bill, how these people jumped on to it, and sailed along with it until they were brought to the very edge of a frightful precipice by the election of Lincoln. But though startled and alarmed for a while, they soon fell into the old channel—they went with the war party—not because it was right—oh no, but to get control of it. That, they thought, was the popular current, and they drifted with it, and promised us that when secession was first put down, they would join us and put down Abolition. Well, secession is put down, and now will they aid us to put down Abolition? On the contrary, they declare that Abolition has conquered the South, themselves, everybody, and accomplished its object, and instead of putting it down, they actually propose to submit to it What then? If this is so of course there is no room or necessity for a Democratic party. What do they mean by the Democratic party, or an opposition party, or a party of any kind, if they propose to accept what the party in power have done? Why, forsooth, the States have a constitutional right to determine who shall vote Of course they have, and they have also a constitutional right to fix the *status* and determine the relations of their populations, as they think best, and it is absurd and dishonest to make a distinction of the former But again, it is said they are opposed to negro suffrage *per se*, but surely if the negro is to be free, he should be free, that is, he should remain in his own condition or he should be amalgamated in ours But the truth is, we have reached the utmost limit of *this easy-going Democracy*, that has brought such awful calamities on the country We must now become real, stern, sincere, hard-working Democrats, or loose everything, our civilization as well as our liberty We must grapple with the Abolition monster, or be ruined by him—in a word, we *must* have the white constitutional Union of 1860, or utterly perish as a nation.—*Day Book*

——The Norwich *Bulletin*, which oftener tells a good story than the truth, is responsible for the following

'Swapping an overcoat for a Steamboat' During the trial of the case of the Norwich and New York Transportation Company against the insurance companies for the amount of damage to the steamer City of Norwich by fire, the defendants undertook to prove that the loss was occasioned by the steamer sinking, and not by burning, making it a marine loss, against which the fire insurance companies did not insure. Tracy the pilot of the boat, being on the witness stand, was interrogated by Scudder of New York, counsel for defendants, as to his views.

It having appeared that Tracy was hanging on to the rudder just before the steamer went down, Scudder enquired

'Tracy, what do you think the boat was worth at the time you were holding on to the rudder?'

'I really can't tell'

'But what do you think?'

'I didn't think anything at all about it'

'Tracy, what would you have been willing to give for her at that time?'

'Well, I don't know, I was not buying steamboats very much about that time?'

'Tracy, would you have been willing to have given the old boat that you say you had on at the time, for the boat?'

'Well, I don't know but I should. On the whole, I guess I should, for I don't suppose I should have needed an overcoat where I was going'

Schudder gave it up, and called the next.

——When Aaron, Burr returned to New York city to practice law, after his voluntary exile in Europe, he found the late Rev Jedediah Burchard, then a celebrated revivalist, holding a series of protracted meetings in his family church He attended from habit, always went late, and disturbed the services by attracting to himself the attention of the audience on account of his infamous notoriety as the man who shot Alexandre Hamilton, and who had been tried for treason. Mr. Burchard resolve to rebuke him openly. The next Sabbath, when he came in and got about half-way up the aisle, the clergyman paused in his discourse, and pointing to Colonel Burr, said in the most scathing manner: "You hoary-headed old sinner, I'll appear against you at the day of judgment!" The proud defiant old man, standing as erect as ever, with that perfect composure which never deserted him, and fixing his fine grey eyes on the occupant of the pulpit, replied; "Mr. Burchard, I have observed through a long course of professional experience, that very meanest class of criminals are those who turn State's evidence!"—*Ex*

——Some of the Mongrel papers are in mental anguish with the idea that if they "do not nominate Grant, the Democrats will." But they give themselves unnecessary pain on this subject. The Democrats will nominate a statesman, a man of character, who will command the respect and confidence of all respectable people of all parties. There has been enough of blackguardism in Washington for the last six years. A Democratic President will restore society in that place to something like its former respectability. This is the last Congress where the negroes and their vermin will be the chief occupants of the galleries of both Houses.—*Day Book*.

The Valley and Pass of "Hell" in Montana Territory.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, writing from the "Headquarters of the Yellow Stone, Montana," gives the following description of the "Valley and Pass of Hell," in that Territory:

And here, from the spot on which I stand, with my companion on this exploring expedition, tracing my notes, I drink in the views, so weird, so passing strange, that even in my wildest dreams never aught like this was seen. As daylight is dying on the Yellow-stone hills, the sun melting down into the verge of the horizon, shooting his slanting rays far into the gloom of grotesque cliffs, and lingering upon the loftiest peaks, converting their rugged surfaces into purple and gold, the islands in the river swell bold and beautiful in the rosy light, while yonder distant cone like hill stands against the sky a conspicuous mass fringed with fire. The gigantic mountains to the west cast their shadows far down into the silent valley at our feet, while the silvery Yellow stone flows on its whispering way, breaking the sombre aspect of the plain with the line of its gleaming waters. In this valley mysterious wonders have been made visible from time immemorial, of which the mobile Saxon never heard. The Indians in the vicinity tell us it has always been thus. Out of this plain, or valley, rather, which extends over an area of fifty miles, issue a million sharp jets of bluish-white flame, interspersed with fitful puffs of pearly vapor, which sail upward in endless turbinated convolution, until reaching a high altitude, they dissolve and blended with the fluctuating cloud which hangs over the valley, as if to shield it from mortal eyes The plain is dotted with innumerable rumps, from whence these vapory and fiery columns are emitted In their formation they resemble minature volcanoes Fire-springs like these may be found in China; and the geysers of Iceland are but results of volcanic action of the same nature, though of greater force and power than the hot springs in the valley of the Yellow Stone. One cannot help thinking that fiercest fires rage somewhere below the external envelope of the plain, to furnish and force flames above the surface. A gentleman and a *savant* connected with our party ascribes these igneous streams to gases escaping from a "veiled hell" Another specialty of volcanic action may be observed by closer investigation of the conical hills which loom up from the surface in every direction Though there are no deep craters in their summits, it is an easy matter to detect a gentle hollow in each, more or less deep, covered with crumbling particles of lava like rock. The base and sides are also thickly strewn with the like porous deposits—some of very large size, like enormous cinder cakes, the refuse of a foundery furnace. A sulphurous odor is in the atmosphere, reminding one of our companions of his experience of a choke damp. Surrounding the entire plain are lofty calciferous rocks, eroded and skeletonized by action of rains or shifting bodies of water, which now bear the appearance of inverted pyramids, prisms, and various other configurations. Besides preparing *detritus*, which lay piled in heaps at the foot of the cliffs, frequent torrents had so corroded and dismantled the rocks that one would imagine that a destructive fire had waged and burned up a city, by the quantity of fallen columns which lay scattered around in the most indescribable confusion. In the insterstices of the *debris* there bubbled numerous saline springs, and, continuing our examination further, we discovered several hotwater springs from whence vapory columns continually ascend On testing the warmth of the water with Fahrenheit's thermometer, the mercury, which stood previously at eighty degrees, shot up to one hundred and eighty degrees. The tread of our horses feet sounded hollow, while the noise seemed to verbrate along the earth like an echo Not a blade of grass was to be seen, excepting along the margin of the tiny streams. The whole aspect of the plain was arid in the extreme—Ghastly relics of animal life covered the ground along the stream This was evidently caused by the gathering of the buffaloes in the fall to cross the Sweet Grass, where they luxuriant fore a season, protected by the rising hills from the bleak winds, which with the force of simoons sweep over the northern prairies, until the severity of the season and the scarcity of grass compelled them to leave, when they found their egress prevented by the deep snows in the passes, and they must have perished from hunger and cold, leaving their bones to be picked by hungry wolves, and to be bleached in the sun and rain—No language can give any idea of the fearful desolation of this wonderful valley. It struck our hearts with a nameless dread. Not a wolf infested the chambered cavities of the cliffs; not a buzzard hovered over the vicinity. All was silent in this Valley of Death One of the party of explorers bestowed upon it the significant appellation of "Hell" It is a rich field, however, for the geological *savant*, and though famous travellers love to describe the splendor of Alpine scenery, dwell upon the classic heights of Olympus, dilate upon Lebanon, Mount of Glory, and foster their imagination among the Scriptural mountains of Judah, there are grander scenes by far in this new-born world of ours—with valleys far more idyllic than any old Europe can boast, and rivers of greater depth and larger volume Travelers have descanted long enough upon the state and melancholy inanities of the Orient. Let him that suffers with *ennui*, and the soul that hankers after vitalizing realities, travel in the Iberean regions of the Upper Yellow-stone and mighty mountains, Savannahs of exceeding fertility, and valleys clothed with Eden loveliness, will be seen side by side with a plain teeming with diabolisms, from which you cannot emerge save through the "Pass of Hell."—Through such a pass did we grope our way in almost profound darkness, as night had set in long before we entered the lonely defile.—*Lancaster Intelligencer*.

——Ten little obscure weekly Radical papers in Alabama, were paid $125 each per week, for four successive weeks, by the Alabama black and tan convention, for publishing the so-called constitution.