

A Change of Masters.

Gen. Grant, by order of President Johnson, has removed "Lying Jack" Gen. Pope, from the command of "Military District No. 3"...

Gen. Meade, temporarily, takes the place dishonored by "Lying Jack Pope." Gen. Meade's personal records, and his antecedents, including his family training and traditions, ought to give hope of a great relief...

It is perhaps, in place, here to say something in reply to the angry remarks of a few papers about any commendations of a military man who accepts such an ungracious as well as unconstitutional position...

This is a fine, in theory, but setting practice is to follow theories we believe in, now that the war is over, were we in the military service, we would gladly accept any one of these Military Stratagems...

In such a position legalism has to yield to good common sense. There are nations in the history of every great nation, when constitutional law is so far knocked out of time, that the man is a dreamer who, in act, confines himself to the written Constitution, or laws...

Suppose that every high toned gentleman, in the Military service, were to refuse controlling positions, at the South, because they were unconstitutional...

And, it comes in aid of this, that the most gallant officers of the United States Army, knew precious little of Constitutional law. Grant, Hancock, Sherman, McClellan, have never really learned any more of the Constitutional law of the United States, than the excerpts found in the Articles of War...

Other questions will control, perhaps it is a game of the bondholders to run Grant on one side, and McClellan on the other, not caring which wins. If so, we are betrayed. But, without it, Democrats will only organize in their neighborhoods, perhaps we may, before the next General Democratic Convention for nominating a President, have such force that these tricks of the bondholders will not avail.

We do not want any military man for President. The highest interests of the country require we shall not have such an one. This has no regard to the side on which these Generals fought. It holds as good against Robert E. Lee, or Joe Johnson, as against Grant or Hancock. It is, for the future of the country, that the already exaggerated political power of the military shall not be increased, if we hope for a free government hereafter.

Butler on National Banks.

We copy the following extract from the speech of Gen. Benj. F. Butler, delivered in Congress, on the subject of banking and currency.

What is the next proposition? Why, it is said we must not interfere with the national banks because they patriotically helped us during the war. Upon that I take issue with each and every advocate of the banks. On the contrary, they helped themselves, not us. It is said they loaned money to the Government. How did they do it? Let me state the way a national bank got itself into existence in New England during the war, when gold was 200, five twentys were at par, in currency, or nearly that. A company of men got together \$300,000 in national bank bills, and went to the Register of the Treasury with gold at 200 and bought United States five twenty bonds at par. They stepped into the office of the Comptroller of the Currency and asked to be established as a national bank, and received from him \$270,000 in currency, without interest, upon pledging these bonds of the United States they had bought with their \$300,000 of the same kind of money.

Now, let us balance the books, and show how the account stands. Why, the United States Government receives \$30,000 in national bank bills more from the banks than it gave them in bills. In other words, it borrowed from the bank \$30,000 in currency, for which, in fact, it paid \$18,000 a year in gold interest equal to \$36,000 in currency, for the use of this \$30,000. Let me repeat. The difference between what the United States received and paid out was only \$30,000, and for the use of that the Government pay on the bonds deposited by the company, bought with the same kind of money, \$18,000 a year interest in gold, equal to \$36,000 in currency. But the thing did not stop there. The gentlemen were shrewd financiers; their hand was a good one; they went to the Secretary of the Treasury and said, "Let our bank be made a public depository." Very well; it was a good bank, the managers were good men; there was no objection to the bank. It was a public depository, and thereupon the commissaries, the quartermasters, the medical director and purveyor, and the paymasters were all directed to deposit their public funds in this bank. Very soon the bank found that they had a line of steady deposits belonging to the Government of about a million dollars, and that the \$270,000 they had received from the Comptroller of the currency would substantially carry on their daily business, and as the Government gives three days on all its drafts if the bank was pressed it was easy enough to go on the street if they had good security. They took the million of Government money so deposited with them and loaned it to the Government for the Government's own bonds, and received therefore \$60,000 more interest in gold for the loan to the Government of its own money, which in currency was equal to \$120,000. So that when we come finally to balance the books the Government is paying \$166,000 a year for the loan of \$30,000. And this is the system which is to be fastened forever on the country as means of furnishing a circulating medium.

Poverty and Misery at the South.

Numerous accounts from the Southern States concur in representing the destitution among the people as already thus early in the season, having reached a degree of suffering and want that is something terrible. A well informed correspondent of this paper, who traveled through large portions of Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi, describes the condition there as, in many places, very deplorable. The planters it may be said of all of them are bankrupt. Not one of them has made his expenses the last year in Northern Mississippi many of them, being unable to meet their obligations, have been sold out by the sheriff, and are utterly impoverished. In Alabama the case is much the same. In some sections the crops have been unremunerative, and the planters have been unable to pay their hands, nothing was done in the cotton fields many freedmen were unemployed—many of them from necessity, saying nothing of the many who preferred idleness to industry. From Arkansas and Louisiana there comes up a great cry of want and suffering.

Affairs in that stricken country are complicated and made more critical by reason of its negro population. The negroes suffer as well as the whites, and it is something which, now they are free, they cannot comprehend. Always, heretofore, provided profusely with the necessities of life, and expecting that emancipation would feed and clothe them even more abundantly, they wonder and shake their heads that everything should be reversed—and that, instead of being better, they are vastly worse off than they were before. What it means they cannot understand; and many of them can easily be made to believe the worst. Driven by want, partly the effect of their own idleness, chiefly, perhaps, owing to circumstances which neither white nor black can control, they resort to theft and robbing to supply their wants. It is, therefore, not surprising that we have reports of their "robbing and plundering throughout the country," killing sheep to feed upon, and entering houses to rob them of food and clothing. In Arkansas a grand jury of one of the largest counties has made a presentation of these outrages, and called on the military authorities for protection. Fears are entertained of a negro insurrection. Probably a general rising of the negroes, intent upon universal robbery, burning and massacre, aimed at the property and lives of the whites, is the only calamity, which would be really much worse than the distressing state of things which exists at the South already.—Sentinel on the Border.

Salem Witchcraft.

Charles P. Upham of Massachusetts, has written a history of the witchcraft delusion. It occupies two octavo volumes, of over one thousand pages each, and illustrated by maps, photographs, autographs or wood cuts of houses connected with the tragic events of which the beginning is described.

In the winter of 1691-2, a circle of young girls met frequently at Mr. Parris's house, ostensibly to practice palm singing, but their principal occupation was fortune telling and the various arts of necromancy, magic and ventriloquism in which they had instruction of two negro or Indian servants, whom Mr. Parris brought with him from one of the Spanish West India Islands, where he was engaged in trade. One of these girls was a daughter of Mr. Parris, 9 years of age. Another was Ann Putnam, 12 years of age. The ages of the other girls ranged from 11 to 18 years. They crept into holes and under benches, threw themselves on the floor, went into spasms, and uttered strange utterances. These proceedings were probably commenced in sport; but as the girls became adepts they began to attract the attention of the neighbors, and gave exhibitions of their new accomplishments. From day to day they learned new tricks. The village doctor was called in, who, with Mr. Parris, concluded that the girls were under an evil hand. The community was excited, and flocked to see their strange actions. Witch books were in Mr. Parris's house, and the girls probably learned how witches in England behaved. The girls were now questioned as to who had bewitched them. They named Sarah Good, a poor wretched out-cast, and Putnam, one of the Indian servants. Whether they named these servants under instructions cannot be ascertained. The time was not come for striking at higher game. The local magistrates inquired into the matter, and held a public examination of the two persons accused. In all these trials the guilt of the accused was assumed, and these simple people were plied with such questions as these by the magistrates: "Sarah Good, why do you hurt these children?" "I do not hurt them; I scorn it." "Whom do you employ, then, to do it?" "I employ no one." "The children then go into convulsions." "Sarah Good, do you see what you have done? Why do you not tell us the truth?" "I do not torment them." "How came they thus tormented?" "What do I know? After many inquiries of this kind, the wretched woman finds that her only refuge is in accusing some one else; then she says that Sarah Osburn had bewitched her. The girls also remember that Sarah Osburn had bewitched them. Osburn was arrested and brought in. She was asked: "What evil spirit have you familiarly with?" "None." "Have you made no contract with the devil?" "No. I never saw the devil in my life." "The afflicted children looked upon her, and go into convulsions." "Why do you hurt these children?" "I do not hurt them. Whom do you employ then?" "I employ nobody. I do not know that the devils go about in my likeness to do any hurt."

Sarah Osburn was committed and Putnam was brought in. The same scenes were enacted. "Who is it that hurts these children?" "The devil, for aught I know." "Did you ever see the devil?" "The devil came to me and bid me serve him." "Whom have you seen?" "Four women sometimes hurt these children." "Goody Osburn and Sarah Good; I do not know who the others were." She then confessed she tormented the children, and made some strange revelations. The devil, she said, appeared in black clothes sometimes, and sometimes in a surged coat of another color. She was asked how she went to witch meetings, and replied, "We ride upon sticks, a good and Osburn behind me. 'Do you go through the trees or over them?' 'We see nothing but what is presently there.' This woman was the servant of Mr. Parris, and the instructor of the afflicted children in their hellish arts. John Indian, the other servant, appeared as an accuser in a later stage of the proceedings.

The delusion was now under full head-way. The next victim was the wife of Giles Corey, a devout matron, eighty years of age, who spent most of her time in prayer. Her examination was a scene for the pencil of an artist. The usual questions were put to her. She denied the allegations, and asking leave to go to prayer, knelt in the presence of the court and offered up a fervent supplication. When she had concluded, the magistrate said: "We did not send for you to go to prayer; but tell me why you hurt these?" "I am an innocent person. I never had anything to do with witchcraft since I was born. I am a gospel woman." The girls go into fits, and declare that Goody Corey is pinching them and are no restored till they touch the person accused. These proceedings were enacted at every trial. The pious woman regarded the whole thing as a delusion, and to the question, "Do you not see these children complain of you?" replied: "The Lord open the eyes of the magistrates and the minister." She was hung September 22, 1692.

Outrages.—We heard last night of an infamous outrage committed by the late slave of Dr. Bradford, of Montgomery county. The doctor has allowed all his former servants to remain with him since their freedom, and has treated them kindly. Recently he leased his farm to a Mr. Porterfield, and surrendered possession of it to him. After the late election the negroes were notified, either by Mr. Porterfield, or Dr. Bradford, that they could not learn which, that they must leave, as their services were no longer needed. Incensed at this, they had recourse to the villainous expedient of taking revenge on the cattle, horses and implements of their former master, who had always treated them with kindness. A number of cattle were killed by them, plows and other implements broken up, and a fine thorough-bred stallion literally ripped open. Incredible as this statement may seem, it is nevertheless true, for we have it from indisputable authority. Such inhuman and fiendish acts are traceable to the devilish teachings of "Hunnicutt and his set." We hope the law will take the matter in hand, and visit on these savages such punishment as will intimidate others from like outrages.—Lynchburg Virginian.

Superstition Among the Negroes.

There is among the Southern negroes (and even the whites largely share in it), a most curious superstition; perhaps superstition is not the right word for it, as there is something very mysterious about it—it is the belief in "conjos," as they call it, "conjuring." The blacks tell with perfect good faith the most wonderful stories in relation to, and they have a holy horror, of it. How to explain is scarcely known to whites, as blacks all express ignorance concerning the causes, but seem fully to understand its effects. A black girl who was for years a good and faithful servant suddenly found that she could not lower her head; she held it stiffly back in a most painful position and insisted that she could not move it. At night the spell was off, and she could rest herself. The friends for whom she was working inquired in amazement the cause of her singular illness, and she told them "conjo." "Some conjo," she said, but given it, (so they always designate the disease when speaking of it,) either in food or drink. She finally recovered. Another woman, twenty-eight years of age, who had been married three times, and never had any children, attributed it to "conjo." She says the cook gave it to her when she was a child; ten years of age, and after leaving it on her for one year, she removed it by giving her a dish of onions and eggs. Another old woman says, that a strange woman, oversteering her husband and finding it impossible to tempt him, became so jealous of her that she "dne something" and gave "conjo" to her. This woman says she can feel snakes, lizards and other creeping things go from one part of her body to another, and has of ten seen them come and look at her. This last phrase sounds rather indefinite, being her own words. Many blacks say they have seen "the things" crawl under the skin of people thus afflicted. They say the spell is laid on for a certain length of time, the patient to die or recover at the expiration of the time, as the "conjo" giver desires when "putting it on," and that after death, as the body begins to get cold, "the things" turn to and fro trying to escape, as they die when the blood congeals. The negroes say "conjo" can be given from one person to another or through an acquaintance, that it cannot be seen, that the persons who have this power are in league with devils, and can go to the door and chant until the lumps throng around them to obey. Those who put the spell on can take it off. So much afraid of "conjo" are most blacks that they will on no account accept food, drink, or any article from the hands of suspected persons. The notion of "conjo" is now much used by Radical politicians to compel the blacks to vote as they want them as the ensuing elections.—Memphis Avalanche.

Our puritan brethren of New England have started a new project for Christianizing the Indians who we are exterminating. While we carry the sword of war in one hand, we must carry the gospel of peace in the other. We have been at this business of Christianizing the Indian for a long time, but have never yet, in reality, Christianized a single tribe. The first charter of Virginia, granted by King James in 1606, set forth that one of the prime objects of the new settlement in this then wilderness was the "propagating of the Christian religion to such people as yet live in darkness and miserable ignorance of the true knowledge and worship of God." The same thing was substantially set forth in all the charters, and yet, after laboring more than two hundred and sixty years, we have neither Christianized nor civilized a single tribe of these natives. And what is more, history gives no instance of one race of men having voluntarily accepted the religion of another race. If it does where, and when? There is no such instance. We trust, therefore, that our puritan friends will spare the "poor Indian" any further assault upon his typical nature. See how all our assaults have only spoiled him. We have not made a white man of him in any particular. We have only made a very bad Indian of him. All our efforts to convert him have only degraded him from his original character. Originally he was as perfect a red man as we are white men. Undoubtedly he as well fitted the niche allotted him by the Almighty Maker of the world, as we do the one allotted to us. He was no more designed to fill our place than we were to fill his. The white, red, and black races were no more designed to occupy a common level than the eagle, the owl, and the buzzard were. A missionary eagle who should undertake to convert all owls and buzzards into eagles would be as wise an experimenter as the white man who attempts to make Indians and negroes, either mentally, morally, or politically, his equal. All the different types of men have precisely the same mental and moral nature that they had five thousand years ago. The character of races is as permanent as the physical type. God no more designed that one should be changed than the other. We know what the physical amalgamation of races results in—hybridity. Amalgamation of the conditions of different races also produces moral hybridity, political hybridity—and the end in both cases is destruction.—Old Guard.

John W. Forney, living right under the shadow of the Capitol of the best government this world ever saw, has caught some of the wit of our joose rulers and hamguts up almost as piece of pleasantries as the Congressional joke. He congratulates Georgia that she will soon take her place by the side of her sister Tennessee, enjoying all the blessings of the restored union. Now John W. Forney knows that there is no spot on the globe where there is less of happiness, peace and tranquility than in Tennessee. But Tennessee is in the Union under Radical domination and he hopes to wade Georgia into the same position. Witty Forney! Happy Georgia! Happy Tennessee!—The Land we Love.

Col. John S. Mosby was hissed in the gold room in New York. So say the newspapers. This is the first intimation that we had received that the great gold men of New York were interested in the fall; wagons upon which Mosby used to fall so mercifully. The revelation is curious.

No Work.

From all parts of the country we hear that work is being suspended, or that wages are being reduced. This is as we expected it would be. The great cry of enterprise was but a blind to enable the adventurers to carry through their speculations, and the reckless use of our credit has brought us into a debt which is almost crushing in its weight. Promises to pay are not money, and unscrupulous schemes to make money are not business, no matter how much show and bustle are made. And we are but at the beginning of the trying food we must go over. During the period of inflation everything went on swimmingly; we had as easy and as merry a time as the wildest spendthrift; but the day has come when our debts must be paid, and to do that, even to keep the interest down, we must deny ourselves part of the comforts of life. For many the barest necessities will be hard to get. With no work, or with little to do, and that badly paid, how can the laboring man buy meat, coffee, tea, sugar and butter at prices doubled when compared with those before the war? He must do without these things which he has looked upon as necessary to him. The causes of this condition of affairs are plain; they are the violations of the well defined policies of the Democratic party, to which we must return. These consist of a wise and strict economy of the public treasury—a certain and valuable currency, and the simplest administration of the government consistent with its safety. We must return to specie payments, reduce the expenses of the government, let the Southern people control themselves and their system of labor, that they may bear their burden of the public expense, and use our labor in the channel where it will yield a reliable revenue. We must take the government out of the hands of the trading politicians, and the business from the control of the speculators.—Lucerne Union.

How it Looks.—We are just upon the eye of 1868, and two years and nine months have passed since the war ended. In all this time their policy has prevailed North, South, East, West, everywhere. They have expended hundreds of millions yearly, and taxed the people \$500,000,000 to raise the money. They have governed the South by military dictators and freedmen's bureaus. They have, by their policy, depreciated lands, prevented the cultivation of crops, broken down manufactures, prohibited immigration, created debt, and retarded all forms of labor, contentment, and prosperity. And now in the closing hours of the year, we put even in the candid men of the dominant party in Congress, the question which we also put to the public. "What good has been done to the white race, to the black race, to the country at large, or to any State in the country?" The wretchedness which this day pervades nearly the whole section of the Southern country, is evidence of the failure of your policy. It is written everywhere, sometimes in letters of blood, sometimes as by fire and sword, that you have nearly ruined the land. Nearly three years of suspension from hostilities and yet there is no peace! Trade languishes, taxes increase, the coast and burdens of State weigh heavier than ever, and yet these incapables still demand prolonged power and are now adding new burdens to the South in order to maintain it. Every hour, in the light of such a policy, the duty of conservative men becomes more plain. It is to overthrow these incapables and to demand the repeal of the obnoxious measures which are at present so many barriers in the way of all peace and all substantial good.—N. Y. Express.

Nigger Rights and Poor Whites.—Nigger! nigger! nigger! Everything talked of by the Rump Jacobins is for the everlasting nigger, everything planned, schemed and concocted has solely in view the aggrandizement of the "colored chief from Africa." He stands forth the object of Black Republican sympathy and legislation, State and National. He is the big dish at the feast, and he is the done-brown meat in the big dish. He is the main issue and all the side issues—the principal cut a l'Africaine and all the side dishes as well. A nigger a la mode, fried nigger, baked nigger, stewed nigger, roasted nigger with nigger sauce, roasted nigger, boiled nigger, hashed nigger, raw nigger—nigger around the festive board, nigger up stairs, nigger in the garret, nigger down stairs, nigger in the kitchen, nigger in the parlor, nigger in the woodpile, nigger as a man and brother, nigger in and out of Congress, nigger on the brain!

Good Lord! Is there nothing for rights—no interests—no country for white men? Have niggers and bond holders only the right to claim legislation and the protection of their newly acquired demands? Have the producing and consuming millions—rights of the country—no rights that the pompous and pampered Yankee slave robber and his army of cheated niggers are expected to respect?—Sentinel on the Border.

Manhood.—From a single copy of one of our daily exchanges we make up the following chapter of negro doings: A German and his child were killed, and the wife and another child badly wounded, by a negro, near Venice, Ill. The details of the tragedy are shocking. The perpetrator was caught and lynched. In Mobile, on the 6th ult., a burley negro, named Boston Crawford, attempted to commit a fiendish outrage on a little girl 12 years of age. Her screams brought assistance. The negro ran, but was arrested. A white man was killed, and a negro terribly beaten, near Bigbyville, Tenn. a few days ago, by men in disguise. At Montgomery, Ala., on the 6th, two negroes were discovered in a poultry yard stealing chickens. The lady to whom the chickens belonged, ordered the negroes away, when one of them raised a gun and shot her.

On the 16th ult., Walker Edmunds, a young merchant, while riding out near Memphis, Tenn., was met by two negroes with muskets. Without a word one of them raised his musket and shot Edmunds in the forehead. The Memphis Bulletin of Dec. 8th, details the particulars of a negro outrage upon a lady, and the robbery of a store, and escape of the perpetrators.

Gen. Sherman, in St. Louis speech, said that the South would ever remember the rebellion with shame as well as sorrow. The General is right. We will ever remember, with shame, that a General, speaking the same language with ourselves, sent among us horridly of bummers to rival the fleets of Astika—the Hun. The General is right. That march to the sea will be remembered for ages with deep burning shame, by all of generous natures throughout the whole breadth of the land.—The Land we Love.

The Republican newspapers of New York, are already fighting like dogs and cats, but not satisfied with that a new one is established, and will make its appearance to-day. It is to be called the Republic. The Tribune, the Times, and lesser fry, have been unable to expound true Republican principles, so the new concern is to try it. If it is about "Nigger" and "Copperhead," more loudly than the others it will be all right. If it don't, it won't; as these two words embrace all there is, defensive and aggressive, of Radical Republican principles.—Exchange.

A Rad Net on His Own Grounds and Defeated.

Not long since two men, travelling companions, one a white and the other a black Rad, called at a very neat farmhouse for accommodations for the night, viz: supper a lodgings. And finding genuine hospitality, the hostess was not long in preparing supper, while her husband cared for the horses of the guests. Supper being announced when they found each provided with a separate table.

The white brother finished his meal first, and without waiting for his sable friend, returned at once to the sitting room, and demanded of the landlord a reason for having two separate tables, when only he and his colored friend were to eat. The good man replied that in all matters of that sort his wife had always followed her own views and that he never interfered with her arrangements.

The wife chanced to hear all this, and more of the same sort. So to herself she said, we will see what we will see. The hour of retirement at last arrived, and the wife directed the guests to be escorted to a certain room up stairs. When the room was entered, judge of Mr. white rad's surprise to find but one bed, and he demanded a reason for this. The farmer said that in all matters of that kind his wife had always followed her own views and he never interfered with her arrangements.

The rad scratched his head and balanced himself, first on one foot and then on the other, while Srnbo showed his ivory, and at length, with a sneeze and cough, declined that part of the accommodation, but requested their horses to be brought forward and the privilege of leaving, all of which was freely granted.—Ex.

A Specimen of Military Despotism.

Near the southern centre of the State of Arkansas lived, a few months ago, a young man and his still younger sister, with a young and accomplished wife, whom he had taken to his home and fire-side. Everything seemed bright and beautiful before them. The young man's name was Mitchell. In August last—Mitchell being absent, as also was his sister at a neighboring house—a worthless scoundrel came to their house, whose advances the young lady had rather scornfully repulsed, and hired a negro man to send a negro boy to tell Miss Mitchell that a lady had called to see her, and desired her to return home. After closely questioning the boy, the young lady was convinced that he was telling her a lie, and did not return. In the evening the brother returned, and having learned the facts as above stated, and provoked at the impudence of the negro who had accepted a bribe to send a lie to his young sister, lashed him well with a bridle-rein. The negro went to Duvall's Bluff and reported to one McCulloch, agent of the Freedmen's Bureau, who referred the matter to General Smith, at Little Rock. Smith at once ordered the arrest of young Mitchell, and he was incarcerated in the Arkansas penitentiary, in a dark cell, four by eight feet in size, where he lay for nearly four months awaiting trial by military commission. Seeing no disposition in the part of the military despot to give him even the form of a trial, young Mitchell's counsel prepared about the 20th of October, an application to the Judge of the District Court of Arkansas for a writ of Habeas corpus, but before it could be presented, Mitchell, an honest and respectable citizen of Arkansas, died in his cell, the murdered victim of a brutal military despotism—aye, brutal—far more than any act that ever disgraced the annals of any other government under the sun.—Black River (Ark.) Standard.

The Freedmen's Bureau cost the government of the United States twelve millions of dollars, being about the cost of the whole government of the United States under President John Quincy Adams' administration. It consists of an army of malignant Southern haters, negro fanatics, and needy adventurers, backed in their power by the army of the United States. They have done more to breed an irrational alienation of the people of the Southern States, from the people of the Northern States, than the war itself. It is they who have got up the Union Leagues, amongst the negroes, and have made them enemies of the white race. It is they who have the instruments of the Radical party, to Africanize the South, and to put the white man under the negro. It is they who have indoctrinated the negro with the idea, that to take the white man's land is their right, and to kill him is a righteous duty. All the public riots, and not a few of the private murders perpetrated by the negroes on the white people, are traceable directly to the incendiary teachings of some of the agents of this Bureau. Everywhere its influence, with but a few exceptions, has been adverse to the peace of the country, or to any steady or honest industry amongst the blacks. It is not at all surprising, that the revolutionary dishonors at Washington, and the few Southern traitors who support their policy, should desire continuance until after their negro policy in the South is completed.—Ex.

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