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Poetical.

THE SONG OF THE RAVEN.

BY C. ROBB, PIRST KENTUCKY.

[When the Army of the Cumberland retook the field of battle of Chickamanga, on the 27th of November, hundreds of our dead of the battle of the 19th and 20th of September lay upon the field, still

A rayen sat on a blood-stained stone And pecked away at a fleshless bone. Singing his song in a raven tone, That echoed wild as a spirit's moan-War! War! War!

Then he flapped his wings and hopped away Over the ground of the dreadful fray, In search of a more nutricious prey, Shouting aloud his ominous lay-

Still flapping his wings he hopped around To a noble form stretched on the ground A human frame on an ancient mound, Still shouting aloud the deleful sound War! War! War

Then lighting there on the here's breast. Where a form of beauty once found rest-Where a fond affection oft was blest-He cried as he plunged his raven crest-War! War! War!

Soon the mouldering flesh was tern apart With a raven's skill and a raven's art, Till the evil bird reached the heart, Crying again with an angry start, War! War! War!

The heart that had once so proudly boat In the quiet home or the busy street, With the hopes of life was a raven's meat; Mixed was the song with the morsel sweet-War! War! War!

When the red moon lighted up the east, The bird of song prolonged his feast, With his idle time from Satan leased, And hoursely croaked, like a savage heast---

And with a fiendish pride he sank his beak Tearing the flesh from his manly check, 'Swallowing still each quivoring fleak,

Whilst the echoes caught his angly bhrick-Then lifts his head of the blackest dye, The blood-stained heast strikes the hero's eye, And in echoes reaching to the sky,

Still hoarsor comes the raven's cry-War! War! War'l That chock, that eye that so kindly smiled, With a loving trust so pure and mild, To bless, perhaps, a wife and child. Was food for the bird, with song so wild-

Migcelluneoug.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

THE TLOWERS IN THE WINDOW.

A little, thin, tired, wistful face, looking out of the window—the tack window of the tall, narrow, gloomy old house on Water

Street.

Certainly there was nothing pleasant or attractive in the view which presented itself
-nothing which could awaken any light in the sorrowful face of the child who looked at the scene. There were the back yards, with the little strips of sodden clay soil, where the pale, sickly-looking grass grew sparse and scattered; and then there were the backs of the houses, close and cluttered, frowning and

mouldy with age and neglect. You had to stretch your neck to get a glimpse of the blessed sky from the window; there were no soft green vines to clothe the barrenness and decay; no flowers whose hearts thrilled out into bloom and fragrance for a living joy and beauty, as flowers always are. The old houses leaned over, with their fattling windows and broken blinds, with their dead-brown faces, dreary as any prisan wall, and I think that the face of this little

girl grew drearier as she gazed.

She was hardly out of her eleventh year, and her face looked pallid and sickly, with large, brownish eyes that held some trouble in them, and seemed old beyond their time; and the month had lost its trick of smiling. if it ever had one, and had cettled into a kind of sorrowful patience that is very pitiful to see in children's faces.

Hope Loring was an orphan. Two-thirds it is a like the country. The doctor said it is a bad case. She must less, out door life of the woods, and hills, and meadows in relief her widered methor between the country that the woods, and hills, and meadows in relief her widered methor had a slow fover in her veins for a long that the woods are the country. Hope's aunt met her at the door with a face singularly troubled and solemn.

"The child has been very ill," she said.—
"The doctor said it is a bad case. She must have had a slow fover in her veins for a long that the woods are the country. "The child has been very ill," she said.—
"The doctor said it is a bad case. She must
meadows, in which her widowed mother had
allowed her only little daugher to run at her
own sweet will, while the mother stayed at
home, as mothers will, toiling early and late
to keep that wolf, so terrible to a woman,
from the door

But the strong arm and the loving heart that would have made "sweet home" for the mother and child, were still under grass of summer, or snows of winter. And at last, the mother's was still there too; and with her seventh birth-day, Hope Loring was an

So she fell into the hands of her mother's "Well, my dear child, you must make but not unkindly one, who had more mouths to feed than he could well afford. but he out not unkindly one, who had more mouses to feed than he could well afford; but he could not let his only sister's only child go starving and shelterless out into the cold of the world. So, the little, lonely, wistful-faced country girl dame to live within the thick, close walls of the great city.

unkind to her; in a certain sense each member was sorry for the little homeless, father less, motherless child; but after all, none

BUBBORITION.—Two Dollars if paid within the just; and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. These terms will be rigidly addered to in every instance. No subscription disjoint of the Editor.

ADVERTISEMENTS—Accompanied by the CASE, and sourced and oppressed by poverty.—The long, wearisome hand to hand struggle with toil had worn into the soul of Hope's uncle and aunt, and hardened and made them somewhat coarse, and the children were equivalently and provided the coarse too; indeed boys and girls ranging down from their tents. course too; indeed boys and girls ranging down from their teens into babyhood; quar-relsome, selfish, dissatisfied, with their lot, and not knowing how to make it better-to

be pitied certainly.

And into this atmosphere with all its discordant elements, in the beart of the hot, soisy, crowded city, came little Hope Loring.

She had carried the homesickness at her heart, in her face ever since. How she thirsted and starved for a sight of the cool,

chirsted and starved for a sight of the cool, dark meadows, with the dandelions winking golden among them. What visions haunted her fields of red fragrant clover, with the fresh dews sanded all over them.

How her heart grow sick thinking of the singing birds in the great white roofs of apple blossoms; and the little brook which snarled its skein of blue waters among the stance and their elegant itself out broad. stones and then cleared itself out, broad smooth agaid, and went on, singing and tri-umphant to the river; and the shady country lanes, and the old brown roads wandering past the mills, and up the hill, and round the crack, and back of the mendows; oh, hungry ersek, and back of the mendows; on, hungry eyes, oh, hungrier soul of little Hope Loring, that went aching and crying for these lost joys in the dark, high chambers crowded betwirt the thick walls where your life had

fallen to you.

But suddenly as the pale, wistful face looked out of the window, a change came over it like a burst of sunlight. A little color warmed the thin, palid cheeks. The brown eyes grew dark and warm with a quick

amazement and joy.
"O—h, see there!" burst in a quick cry from the fremulous lips.

And there, in the window of the opposite

the window opposite.

Hope knew in a moment that it was a stranger's, some visitor's probably, for she had heard that the widow woman who did work on the sowing machine had been ill .-The lady down there must have caught the child's exclammation, for she stepped to the window and looked up, and saw the small, enger, delighted face above her. She was a lady to whose heart the way was short and

easy. The sight touched her.
"Do you love flowers, my child?" she said to Hope, and the smile with which she said it was beautiful to see.

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" said Hope Loring and something in her voice doubled the assent in

Well, come down here, and you shall have ome of these." And Hope went, and her heart and feet

were light, as they used to be going down the nicidows for dandelions and daisies. And the gentle-faced and sweet-voiced lady gathered from the glass pitcher some of the fairest blocms, and placed them in the thin hand of the child, while the woman who "worked

like the dead mother's that were gathering dust; and then when the child had grown calmer, she made her sit down on the little

stool at her feet, and won from her the story of her little life.

Mope held nothing back. She found comfort in telling it all, in her simple, straightforward child's way, little dreaming what wonderful pathos her words gave her story, and how the listening lady almost shuddered as she felt the chill, and gloom and homesickness which the child described stealing,

in a sort of magnetic sympathy, over her own The lady had money and all life's ease and luxury at her command. She was in mid life, and had but two children, and those were boys, a little older and a little younger

The home of Mrs. Hastings was in the city, the home of Mrs. Hastings was in the city, but she usually passed about half of the year with her sister, who had a charming cottage home in the country. And it entered into the heart of Mrs. Hastings at this moment to take the little lonely orphan girl with her, and with a swift impulse the said to her—
"Next week I am going into the country, to pass the summer amid the hills, and birds and flowers. My obild, would you like to go

with me?", "Oh, ma'am !" said Hope. I believe she stopped here.

Four days had passed. Mrs. Hastings had seen Hope's aunt and uncle, and obtained, with no difficulty, their consent to take the child with her. They considered the offer of Mrs. Hastings an especial "Godsend," for they had felt it was "high time that their noise should do something to help herself." neice should do something to help herself; but she was such a small puny thing that they hadn't the heart to put her at it. So one afternoon Mrs. Hastings called with her carriage, intending to take Hope home

small, dark chamber, where the child lay, with her little thin face paled and sharpened

erribly. "Hope, don't you know me?" asked Mrs. Hasting, tenderly.

A swift light flooded the weary eyes.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, you are the lady who had the flowers in the window." must make

Hope put out her thin, hot hands and shook

her head.
"No, I shan't go with you," she said, "I am going where I shall have flowers prettier man's hat with his name written in it, simpthan those in the window forever. I shall by because you want his autograph.

She dwelt an orphan and an alien in her see them and walk amongst them, and they incle's family. Nobody there meant to be will shine on me all the time. I am going to God and my mother." And the gentle lady and the weary, toiling aunt wept to hear

And Hope turned to the lady, and her parched lips smiled joyfully—
"There are no brick walls there," she said; "Aftere are no brick walls there," she said;
"and I shall have the green fields always.—
It is better, even, than to go with you; the'
that seemed Meaven enough before. But I
shall not forget you, and sometime, perhaps,
I shall know you again—the ludy who set
the flowers in the window.'
Mrs. Hactings weethed, the shill the root

Mrs. Hastings watched the child the rest of the day. That night the little tired, over-burdened soul went out on that path which we must all walk—one by one.

They gathered about the little, still, dead. fines, and murmured that it was "too bad" just as the joy and happiness had fallen into her life that she must die.

They did not know what they said. Hepe

had gone to the warmth and bloom of the eternal summer, to the little children's best home, the peace and freedom, the care and love of God and His angels, and these are wiser and tenderer than even a mother's.— Arthur's Magazine.

LAW AND MANNERS ON THE ROAD.

All of us have ideas more or less correct, in regard to the law which regulates our use of the highways; and, at any rate good sense and good nature are usually very safe guides. A few words on the subject, however, may not be a miss.

It is commonly said that every one has a right to half the road. This is practically true, and comes about in this wise: You and I meet upon the road-our legal rights are exactly equal, and both have right to our own several ways without obstruction, so, popularly, we say I own half and you half. The law steps in to facilitate matters, and directs each to turn towards his right hund. The road should be "worked" wide enough for two teams abreast, then each right hand side of title to a passage on his right hand side of from the tremuious type.

And there, in the window of the opposite house, stood a small glass pitcher crowded with flowers; roses in a red fire of bloom, and fragrant mignonette, and trailing sprays of the can discount fragrant mignonette, and trailing sprays of the can discount fragrant mignonette, and trailing sprays of the can drive such a team that another can pass him but with difficulty or not at all, the their rights are no longer equal. This point becomes very important in winter, for it is no joke to turn your horse and all into the deep snow while your neighbor goes smoothly along in the beaten path. No one has a right so to load his team as not to be able to give up half the tract to whoever de-

mands it.

A footman may choose the part which pleases him or any portion of his right hand half the way and the team must yield it to him. This is clearly so in winter, and no man is obliged to step into the snow for one or two horses. This is the law, and the mands it. Court awards it.

Now for the manners of the road, which

in some instances, vary from the law thereof.

The first requirement of road manners is no first requirement of road manners is good nature and an accommodating spirit.—
Do to others as you would have them, so to you. Always be willing to yield more than half the space, then you will be pretty sure to be equally well treated. They who exact inches will have inches exacted of them. If your neighbor has a heavy load, consult his convenience, as far as possible. Toth may convenience as far as possible; 700 may sometime be loaded. It has become a practhe chitt, which is a the sewing machine and the sewing the sewing machine and the sewing the sewing machine and the sewing machine and the sewing machine and the sewing machine and sewing machine and the s er safely, so, if you want wood, accommodate us;" which we are very willing to do. But remember it was a favor, not your right, and 'He was so devoted to me,' sobbe

One word in relation to toams going the same way; in which case many seem to think there is neither law nor manners. Then, a team comes up behind you, which desires to proceed faster than you do, the team has a right to a reasonable space, and opportunity to pass in—in fact to half the road for that purpose—and your obstructing him in his lawful, desire is both, bad manners and bad

law. If your load is heavy, do the best you can. In most cases the very least that can be asked is that you stop. This is particularly so in winter, when it is a heavy tax on team to force it into a trot in deen snowmade necessary by your continuing at a walk. My remark above in relation to the emptied wood sled applies here, and if one wishes to

pass you, remember that while loaded you had the whole roud.
One remark more, to and for the ladies.— First, to them. If out walking keep in the ath-never step into the snow or mud for path—never step into the gnow or mud for any ordinary team. If you meet the team, step into your right hand track or part of the road and all goes on easily. If the team comes up behind, step into your left hand track; then, as sleighs are built, the horse in the other track, as before. Whereas, if you continue in your right-hand track the horse

be tempted to ecold his with as proxy for the female sex generally.

I have to say for the ladies—always turn out for them. They are entitled to the right-hand half, and will you run over them because, in their confusion at meeting one of the "lords of creation," they happen to take their half out of the wrong side? I close this somewhat lengthy dissertation with an appropriate aphorism : Wheel grease is a great lubricator, but good manners are a vastly greater onc.—Claremont (N. H.) Ea-

POVERTY'S TALSE PRIDE. - A religious contemporary says very justly: "The idea of respectable employment is the rock upon which thousands split, and shipwreek themselves and all who depend on them. All em-ployments are respectable that bring honest The laboror who is willing to turn his gain. The laboror who is willing to turn his hands to anything is as respectable as the clerk or dapper store tender. Indeed, the man who is ready to work whenever work offers, whatever it may be, rather than lie idle and beg, is a far more respectable man than one who turns up his nose at hard labor, wearies his friends with his complaints because he can get nothing to do, pockets their benefactions without thankfulness, and goes on from day to day a useless, lazy grumbler.

The Abolitionists don't want the country as it was. They desire a new nation. And so they go in for miscegenation.

It is considered to be cool to take a

GLOVERSON, THE MORMON. A Romance, By Artemus Ward. CHAPTER I.

THE MORMON'S DEPARTURE. The morning on which Reginald Gloverson was to leave Great Salt Lake City with a

mule train, dawned beautifully. As often as once a year he used to go to Omaha; in Nebraska, with a mule-train, for goods; but although he had performed the rather perilous journey many times with entire safety, his heart was strangely sad on this particular morning, and filled with gloomy forebodings.

The time for his departure had arrived.—
The high-grigated in ples were at the door, im-

The high-spirited inules were at the door, im-

this depress you. The journey is a perilous one but—pshaw! I have always come back safely heretofore, and why should I fear?—Besides, I know that every night, as I lay down on the broad starlight prairie, your bright faces will come to me in my dreams, bright faces, will come to me in my dreams, and make my slumbers sweet and gentle.—
You Emily, with your mild blue eyes; and you, Henrietta, with your splehdid black hair; and you, Nelly, with your hair so brightly, beautifully golden; and you, Mollic, with your cheeks so downy; and you, Betsy, with your wine-red lips—far more delicious, though, than any wine I ever tasted—and you, Marie, with your winesme voice:

The Tower of Babel.—After a ride of eight miles, we were at the foot of Biers-Nime and you, Marie, with your winesme voice:

Our bower any there may be of a young widow woman, or rather does it not show that whatever number of persons one woman may young this writing Mormon romance is confusion.

The Tower of Babel.—After a ride of eight miles, we were at the foot of Biers-Nime and one work was the confusion of the property of the were transpling upon

breast, and drove sadly away.

But he had not gone far when the trace of the off-hind mule became unhitched. Dismounting, he essayed to adjust the trace; but ere he had fairly commenced the task, the mule, a singularly refractory animal—snorted wildly, and kicked Reginald fright fully in the stomach. He arose with diffi-culty and tottered feebly towards his mother's house, which was near by, falling dead in her yard, with the remark, ' Dear Mother,

'So I see,' she said: 'Where's the mules?'
Alas! Reginald Gloverson could give no answer. In vain the heart-stricken mother the county of the hrew herself upon his inanimate form, crying, 'Oh my son—my son'l only say where them mules is, and then you may die if you want to!' In vain—in vain!
Reginald had passed on.

CHAPTER II. TUNERAL TRAPPINGS.

The mules were never found. Reginald's heart-broken mother took the ody home to her unfortunate son's widows. But before her arrival she discreetly sent a boy to bust the news gently to the afflicted

'He was so devoted to me,' sobbed Emily.
'And to me,' said Maria. 'Yes,' said Emily, 'he thought considera-ly of you but not so much as he did of me.'

I sav he did!' And I say he didn't.l'

' He didT ' He didn't!' Don't look at me with your squint eyes!' Don't shake your red head at me!'
Sisters!' said the black-haired Henrictta, cease this unseemly wrangling. I, as Reginald's first wife, shall strew flowers on his

grave.'
'No you won't,' said Susan. 'I, as his last wife, shall strew flowers on his grave.-It's my Lusiness to strew!'
You shan't, so there!' said Henrietta.

'You bet I will!' said Susan, with a tearsuffused cheek.
'Well, as for me,' said the practical Betsy, 'Well, as for me,' said the practical Betsy,
'I ain't on the strew, much, but I shall ride
at the head of the funeral procession!'
'Not if I've ever been introduced to myself, you won't,' said the golden, haired Nelly; 'that's my position. You bet your bonnet-strings it is!'
'Children,' said Reginald's mother, 'you
must the same crying you know on the der

must do some crying, you know, on the day
of the funeral; and how many pooket handkerchers will it take to go round? Botsey,
you and Nelly ought to make one do between

you.'
'I'll tear her eyes out if she perpetrates a road and all goes on easily. If the team comes up behind, step into your left hand track; then, as sleighs are built, the horse in the other track, as before. Whereas, if you continue in your right-hand track the horse or the team must travel wholly in the deep snow in order to pass you and the driver will be tempted to coold his wife as proxy for the female sex generally.

I have to say for the ladies—always turn about them mules ere his gentle spirit took flight, it would have been four thousand dolars, in our pockets and no mistake! Excuso

those real tears, but you've never felt a pa-'It's an oversight,' sobbed Maria. 'Don't CHAPTER III. DUST TO DUST.

The funeral passed off in a zery pleasant manner, nothing occurring to may the harmony of the occusion. By a happy thought of Reginald's mother, the wives walked to the grave twenty a breast, which rendered that nirt of the ceremony thoroughly impartial. That night the twenty wives, with heavy heart, sought their twenty respective couches. But no Reginald coupied those twenty respective couches—Reginald's head would nevermore linger all night in those twenty respective pillows of those twenty respective

ouches—never, nevermore! In another house, not many leagues from the House of Mourning a gray-haired woman was weeping passionately. 'He died she cried,' 'he died without signorfyin in any espect, where them mules went tol'

CHAPTER IV.

MARRIED AGAIN. Two years are supposed to clapse between the third and fourth chapters of this original American Romance.

A manly Mormon, one evening, as the sun igence

was preparing to set among a select assort-ment of gold and crimson clouds in the western horizon—although for that matter the sun has a right to 'set' where it wants to, and so, tapped gently at the door of the man-sion of the late Reginald Gloverson.

The door was opened by Mrs. Susan Glov-'Is this the house of the widow Gloverson?' the Mormon asked.

'Can I see her?' patiently champing their bits. The Mormon stood sadly among his weeping wives.

'Denrest ones,' he said, 'I am singularly sad at heart, this morning; but do not let noble lines, only a good deal more so cried, and we will show the world a striking illustration of the beauty and truth of the

'Twenty-one souls with but a single thought, Twenty-one hearts that beat as one.'

nance show that—does it not, in fact, show that however many there may be of a young

licious, though, than any wine I ever tasted—and you, Maria, with your winsome voice; and you, Susan, with your—with your—that is to say, Susan, with your—and the other thirteen of you, each so good and beautiful, will come to me in sweet draeme, will you not, Dearestists?

'Our own,' they lovingly chimed, 'we will!'

'And so farewell!' cried Reginald.—'Come to my arms, my own!' he said, 'that is, as many of you as can do it conveniently at once, for I must away.

He folded several of them to his throbbing breast, and droye sadly away. ger you can touch the very bricks, large, square shaped, and massive, that were "thoroughly" burned; the very mortar, the slime, now hard as granite, handled more than four thousand years ago by earth's impious peo-ple. From the summit to the mound, far away over the plain, we could see glistening, brilliant as a star, the gilded dome of a mosque, that caught and reflected the bright rays of the morning sun. This glittering speck was the tomb of the holy Ali. To pray at some period of his life; to kiss the sacred

TASTE IN EYES .- An eye fancier in a Western journal writes thus learnedly of the mysteries: "It has often been said that a woman with a hazel eye never clopes from her hus-band, never chats scandal, never sacrifices her husband's comfort for her own, never finds fault, never talks too much or too little, is always an entertaining, agreeable, and lovely companion. 'We never knew,' says a quill driver, but one uninteresting and unamiable woman with a hazel eye, and she had a nose, which looked, as the Yankee logs, and for other heavy teams in winter for wives, which he did by informing them, in a says, (like the little end of nothing whittled they say, "we often cannot turn out and nev-hearse whisper, that their, 'old man had down to a point.' The gray is the sign of shrewdness and talent. Great thinkers and captains have it. In woman it indicates a heed than heart. The dark bazel s the noble significance, as in its beauty. The blue eye is admirable, but may be fee-ble. The black eye, take care! Look out for the wife with a black eye! Such can be geen at the police office; generally, with a complaint against the husband for assault and battery."

Cowards .- An army correspondent says that within the past week he has seen some ten or twelve cases of self-mutilation by soldiers desirous of getting to the rear. These cowards shoots themselves through the hand, selecting generally the second finger of the right hand, and then go back to the hospital in hopes of being sent to Washington with the wounded. The surgeons having noticed the recurring frequency of these cases—as the character of the wounds, burned and discolored with powder, was sufficiently indicative of their origin—they reported the mat-ter to headquarters, and the delinquents in future are to be put upon the skirmishing line. It is customary in ordinary cases to put the patient under chloroform; but as a punishment to the coward, the surgeons nov perform the amputation of wounded fingers without any anesthetic.

Mr. Gustave Aimard has written a book, in which he describes the priests of Chili. The recent catastrophe at Santiago gives interest to his descriptions. He says: "With the exception of the minor grades the monks are jolly fellows—smoking, drinking, sweering, and making love as well as a men of the world. It is not uncommon to see in a wine shop a fat monk, with a red face and a cigarette in his mouth, merrily playing the vihuela as dance accompaniment to a loving outple: whom he will confess the next morning. Most of the monks carry their knife in their sleeve, and, in a quarrel, which is a frequent thing in Chili, use it as well, and with as little remorse, as the first comer.— Such are the people; and such are the priests, who form a fourth of poplation, in the country where the great human burning tock

The human race is rapidly dying out. Our loyal friends call their opponents brutes, beasts, copperheads, black snakes, etc. Like to know where you're going to find your nen pretty soon.

A man named Lewis is under arrest in Philadelphia for an attempt to murder his own sister, against whom he had conceived an extraordinary hatred.

isville Journal. The shoenaker who made a boot for the foot of a ladder, is second cousin to the hatter who made "tile" for general intell-

[From the New York World.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN. An editorial biographical sketch of Presi-

Political.

dent Lincoln, printed, a day or two since, in the Tribune, is exceedingly meagre in that ty Mormon, with an interesting family of twenty young and handsome wives. His unions had never been blessed with children.—
As often as once a year he used to go to Omaha; in Nebraska, with a mule-train, for goods, but although the more described by the control of the mormon.

'There is about twenty of her, including me,' courteously returned the fair Susan.

'Can I see her?' tion of reference to an appropriate committee of President Polk's message to Congress.—
The date was January 14, 1848, and the speech was written out, revised by the author, and published in pamphlet form by Messre.
I ready twenty-five wives, whom I respect and topperly care for I can truly say that I never felt love's holy thrill till I saw thee!
Be mine—be mine! he enthusiastically cried, and we will show the world a striking this extraordinary decument.

The speech was made during the war with Mexico, which, for the prompt accomplish-ment of the purposes for which it was waged, demanded all the moral and material efforts of our government. Allegiance, loyalty, fidelity, alike required that President Polk chould not be embarrassed by mere partisan opposition. All these considerations, howevdid not restrain Mr. Lincoln from induling in an arraignment of President Polk, which, in malignant, unpatriotic intent, equals anything said of the present chief

nagistrate by the most vituperative enemies of his policy.

One of the prominent points in the speech of Congressman Lincoln, to which we are rood. Our horses' feet were trampling upon the remains of bricks, which showed here and there through the accumulated in the remains of bricks, which showed here and there through the accumulated in the consideration was given to expect the consideration was g much consideration was given to exposition of the legal relations existing according to the speaker's convictions, between a people coln's opinions on that subject is contained in the following extract, which preserves the words in italies contained in the pamphlet

copy revised by the author:

"Any people, anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have a right to rise up and shake off the existing government, and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a most cacred right, which we have a roll believe is to liberate the world. we hope and believe is to liberate the world. Nor is this right confined to cases in which the whole people of an existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can may revolutionize, and make their own of so much of the territory as they inhabit. More than this, a majority of any portion of such people may revolution-ize, puting down a majority, intermingled with, or near about them, who may oppose their movements. Such minority was pre-cisely the case of the Torics of our Revolution. . It is a quality of revolutions not to go by cld lines, or old laws, but to break up both

and make new ones."

Apply these doctrines to the facts of the southern rebellion! To make rebellion rightful, according to Mr. Lincoln, there need be only "INCLINATION" and "Power," on the part of "any portion" thereof. There need not be even a majority. A minority, with "inclination" and power," a "screed right" to "revolutionize," and "make their own of so much of the territory as they inhabit." It lines had been form brithout the wise If Lincoln had been, from boyhood, the wise counsellor, sound lawyer, and profeund polinot a mere vulgar, jesting, luffoon demagogue, playing upon the passions and unchastened prejudices of those about him, who shall deny that the confederates, having the "inclination" and "nower" simply growed "that the confederates are the confederates and of political discussion, by the corrupting them." tion" and "power," simply exerted " a most valuable, a most sacred right," when they fired on Fort Sumter, and sought to make their own of so much of the territory as they

Read, again, the following extract from Mr. Lincola's carefully-considered speech, and say in what the robels are not within the saving efficacy of its doctrine!

Any peogle, angwhere, being inclined, and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing Government, and form a new one that suits them better.

But this is not all. The Speaker, not conent with laying down principles, went on to

apply them. He says:
"Texas revolutionized against Mexic. In my view, just so far as she carried her revo-lution, by obtaining the ACTUAL, willing or

unwilling, submission of the people, so fut the country was hers, and no farther." "Actual submission" sattles all question of right or wrong of robellion, and ousts the of right or wrong of robblion, and custs the authority of the government rehelled against Actual submission, then for the people by labama is, so far as the Forth is concerned conclusive that that state belongs to the confederates, and can be transferred by them to the Emperor of the French, or to any oth-

or power.

If it be said, in defense of the pitiable non-sense of this speech, that it filly expresses the superficial views then entertained at that time by many ignorant people in the United time by many ignorant people in the United States, who were running mad with the idea that the people had all rights and governments none, we reply that the suggestion makes apparent how unsafe it is to trust the conscience or judgment of President Lincoln in any matter involving the public welfare. It shows that Mr. Lincoln looks downward the the producted unperlightened and vice. to the uneducated, unonlightened, and victions for inspiration or guidance, and not upward to the intelligence and virtue of the republic. He follows the lowest strata of public opinion, and heeds not the was and good men who follow the suggestions of statesmanship. In a word, the speech from which we duote cannot fail, if measured by proper tests, to satisfy any unprejudiced mind that Mr. Lincoln is a mere superficial demagogue. It is this shallowness of mind which led him, in the outset, to be a convert to the dogma that destruction of slavery was necessary to saving of the country. It was that which made him the candidate of the that which made him the candidate of the Black Republican party. His virtual pledgo to extirpate slave labor was the price of his office, and his obligees insisted upon the penalty of the bond. His ignorance, it may be, made him a willing bondsmen, but fanatio ferocity, like that of John Brown, entered largely into the case. All this made him indorse the refusal of the peace convention of 1861, in Washington, to make concession and alike?" "They both make impressions."—
"Now what's the difference between the impressions?" "Why one's on paper, and one on the heart."

The abuse we get from Abolition papers reminds us of the well known truth that a pig, after wallowing in filth, generally chooses a clean person to rub against.—Louisiville Journal.

"Why is a printer and a pretty girl compromise; which refusal at last provoked the war had before which have permitted the Republican party to elect a buffoon and ruin a nation.—
N. F. World.

To If there is a prospect that all our able bodied men have got to go to the war, we had better be educating our women and girls to be the conductors of our estates.—Louisville Journal.

surrection, and the North with marshal law.

When the South fights on more resolutely

than ever, expedient is brought out, which is to bring North and South alike into the fold of abolition. This last image was the mes-

the fate of the previous effort to compol abo-lition by threats. Finally came the proposi-tion to amend the Constitution, which, like all its predecessors, assumed stat, without extirpating slavery, the Union cannot be preserved, and is not worth preserving: and which also failed to consider that abolition of which also tailed to consider that about ton slave labor would not be sustaining, administering, vindicating the Constitution, but changing and subverting it; that it would be to reverse the judgment of the fathers as to the compatibility of free and slave scate; to dissolve the fabric; and to cut loose from all comparings

sage of 1862, promising gold to the South and the exaltation of Black Republicanism to

the North. The country has seen the result of that effort to buy emancipation. It share i

all our moorings.

"The last proposal of Black Republicans is the same to our mind as it would be if some superficial religionist, saddened and confused by the polluted moral atmosphere about him. and the perverse refusal of his neighbors to obey God's, righteous laws, should, as remedy for this sin and guilt which was hurrying all to endless woe, ask the Almighty One to add another and additional commandment to

the decalogue.

We implore our countrymen to rise to a true perception of their fallen condition, and to the pathway of salvation. The government our forefathers established for us has been platformized to death. Let us return to the Constitution, and banish into outer darkness the superficial demagague whose jesting, jibing tongue, amid our awful sorrows, betokens the presence of a buffoon and something

18 MR. LINCOLN A BUFFOON?

The Tribune, which notoriously has deemed the nomination of Mr. Lincoln one not lit to be made, now that his nomination is an accomplished fact, is driven by party discippersonal merits of the man whem it despises, and of laboring, in his interest, to disprove concerning him what it knows to be the tru h. It is contended to meet the charge that he is a buffoon, by proving that he is not " no ape, a hyena, and a jackass," as he is called by the ribald rebel press of Richmond. It is satisfied to parry just estimate of his person-al character and deportment by arguing that no such man could have been elected Presno such man could have been elected President. The American people are like him in the stocks whose friends said, "you cannot for that offense be put in the stocks." "But I am in the stocks," was the reply. We have got a buffoon for a President, and that is the answer to the argument that "in'a democracy has don popular suffrage." huffoon constructions. cy based on nopular suffrages" a huffoon can-not be elected Fresident. Argument about our institutions is shut off. Mr. Lincoln is President. And we leave the Tribune to defend American institutions for having per-

mitted the election of Presidents inculpated by itself for much worse crimes than being ouffoons.
That Mr. Lincoln, by his own unaided energies, has worked his way up from obscuri-ty and pennilessness to the highest station in the land, proves the possession of abilities which we have never denied to him. That he is a buffoon to-day, as he has always been is what we assert, and what the Tribunchas not squarely disproved nor squarely denied.
It is exceedingly painful to us to use such plainness of speech concerning one who is the chief magistrate of this people. It would be indecorous if he were not, as he is, a chief power of public plunder, by the distribution of offices and spoils, by counting and by intringue, to grasp for another term the powers with which in three s'ort years he has al-

most accomplished the independence of the South, and the subversion of the liberty of the No.th. If to prove publicly, therefore, now, in this crisis of our politics and of the nation's for-tunes, that Mr. Lincoln is a buffoon, i. e, "a person who makes sport by low jests," will revent any number of votes, no matter how few, 12 m being cost for his re election, then that proof is a public duty; and mere ques-tions of decoram must stand aside as trivial

And now for the proof that Mr. Lincoln is a buffion, we appeal to every man of good sense and intelligence whom public or private duties have taken to the White House frequently during the last three years.

We appeal to all the gentlemen on the Re-

publican side of the United States Sencts:
We appeal to the one hundred and fifty clergymen who went in a body to the East Roun, in order to present to Mr. Lincoln the resolutions of one of the largest and mostrespectable religious denomin tions.
We appeal to the eminent diving who was deputed to make their address, and who has publicly and repeatedly pronounced the President's deportment of a "buffoon and a gawk

publicate side of the House of Representatives. Let the Tribuse ask them what is the fact. We appeal to the blackguards there—for such there are on that floor, though few whose ntuple of talk in their midnight orgies is the low and obscene stories daily retailed to them

in the chamber of the chief magistrate.

We appeal to the gentlemen who feted Mr. Lincoln here, and escreted him to the clubs, when he last visited New York.

We appeal to the eminent Republican who left the room where the future President was

recounting some experiences of his early life rather than that his ears should be defiled with the echoes of such filthiness...
We appeal to the stuff officers who galloped hehind the President when he visited the buttle-field of Antictam, and who increased their distance from him rather than listen longer to the low nigger song of "Picayune Butler," which Mr. Lincoln called on Marshal Lamon to sing as he rode among the fresh graves and trenches where, were buried the ten thousand dead soldiers of the Republical...... When the testimony of all these gentlement is in, we will hear the Tribune defend the Republican party for electing a buffwon to to the Presidency, and may have something

Dogs vs. Sheer. Sheer !----the past ten yeurs Proprietors, thou are by Druggists and Dealers in every of d'United States. . 1863—1y.