Clearfield Republican.

D. W. MOORE.
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PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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SONG OF THE CONTRABAND

I don't know whar dis darkey
At last am gwine to rest,
Dey've stole him from old Georgy's
Dey've driv him from de West;
De Norf refuse to hab him,
An' ebery oder place—
O golly! but dis darkey's
A Lord forsaken case!

CHORUS—De Abolition S'ciety,
I guess um monstrous stuff,
Dey call us men an brudders—
I hear dat oft 'nuff!

Dey tole me I war better
Den if my skin war white,
Dey spoke so kind and gentle
So 'mazin ly polite;
I tho't de Norf war waitin'
For dis ole fool to come,
An' lib wid dem forebber,
Wid ebery house a home!

CHORUS—De Abolition S'ciety, &c.

O, dey war playin' possum,
S'pose, now, it troubles dem,
(So long dey spite my massa)
What comes of Uncle Clem?
No sar! an' so dis darkey,
Because he had no sense,
War persuaded by de Yankees,
An left upon de fence!

CHORUS—De Abolition S'ciety, &c.

Now, who will take dis darkey
Afore he's pletely froze,
An' gib him for his labor,
De hoe cake and de clothes?
Dat's Massa Wendell Phillips,
What preaches 'bout de sin
Ob slavery. I wonder
If he would take me in?

CHORUS—De Abolition S'ciety, &c.

I wish I war in Georgia
Dat dear old land again,
Among de flowerin cotton,
Among de sugar-cane:
Den ef a Yankee preacher,
Came lyin' 'bout de Lord,
An' chains and things—by golly,
I'd break him wid a gourd!

CHORUS—De Abolition S'ciety, &c.

[From the Boston Post, July 21.]

THE TREASON CASE IN BOSTON.

Speech for the defence by Mr. Sennot, the Defender of John Brown's Virginia. A Caustic Denunciation of Puritan Smelling Committees, Yankee Sneaks, and Abolition Thugs.

U. S COMMISSIONER'S COURT.—Wednesday—Before E. Merwin.

U. S. *vs* F. S. Gordon *et al*, charged with being Secessionists, with giving aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States. This case was further continued. I. K. Lathrop for the U. S. Geo. Sennot and H. M. Parker for defendants.

R. H. Dana, jr., the District Attorney, appeared and said in substance that there was no statue of the United States under which the Gordons could be held [illegible] for expression of hostility to the Government; or for receiving intelligence from the South; that such things were not actually treason, there being no overt act proved, that the line must be drawn somewhere, and that although the conduct of the Gordons was pretty close up to it, he must enter a *nolle prosequi* in the case.

H. M. Parker, Esq., replied that after what has been said by the Attorney, it was his duty to protest against any disposition of the case now except by a hearing and determination by the magistrate. He said that no one of the five Gordons had been shown to be guilty of even [illegible] talk, except Harry the youngest, and then under the influence of liquor. He also warned these self constituted committees that this community would not [illegible] such interference as they had been guilty of. He thought the counsel for the defendants ought to have an opportunity to vindicate the character of these men. He had not himself prepared to argue this case, having from the beginning left that to Mr. Sennott, the junior counsel.

Mr. Dana stated that an argument in the case after the Government had abandoned it would be useless. But if any thing could be said in vindication of the Gordons it would be fair to allow it.

Mr. Sennot was obliged to the District Attorney for that. He said that after what the Gordons had suffered, it would be of no advantage to them to argue the case. What they wanted their counsel to do was to vindicate their character, and expose the meanness of the prosecutors. This he proposed to do now. He then addressed the Commissioner as follows:

Charles P. Gordon is sixty years old. He has four sons. They are all natives of New England, and silver smiths by trade. They reside in the suburbs, and do business here on Washington street, in the building of deacon Palmer. They are men of respectable standing, and in their political sentiments they voted for Douglas. They are the parties prosecuted.

Mr. Peter Hobart is a house builder, and is deacon of Park street Church. Mr. Hawes a Superintendant of the Tremont Temple, and was a member of the Church of Mr. Kalloch. Mr. Thrasher is an acquaintance and an associate of theirs.—Mr. Palmer is another deacon, in whose building a committee met to try the loyalty of these suspected persons.—Mr. William Washborn is an architect—formerly of the City Council. The persons are of Republican politics, and are the real prosecutors.

Mr. Thrasher complained to Mr. Hobart that the Gordons were disaffected people, who sympathised with the South. Mr. Hobart acting upon that information, wrote them a letter, which with its answer from the Gordons, is in the case. The next day, by the invitation of Deacon Palmer, the above named persons met by consent in his basement, with a number of others, elected deacon Palmer chairman of the meeting and then called the Gordons before them.

The eldest son being asked by Mr. Hobart the letter writer, if he would satisfy them of his loyalty by putting out a flag, replied in an outburst of passion that he would not be coerced, especially by his enemies. Mr. Washburn attempting to interfere, was interrupted by this Gordon, to whom, for some reason or other, Mr. Washburn is peculiarly odius, and informed him that from him that nothing would be heard. From this violent scene the son was drawn away by the father, and the strange committee dissolved and disappeared through Deacon Palmer's back door. The Assistant District Attorney was then informed that the Gordons had given aid and comfort to the enemy. This information he says, upon his oath, he believes. In consequence they were arrested. Their whole life and conversation for the year past has been sifted and pried into. Their friends and neighbors have been summoned to testify about them.—And on this testimony, so obtained, we are to hold them, if it offers probable cause. Now, does it?

And here, how simple—how easy is the task of the mere lawer or the mere commissioner! But, if I regard such a case as this, or if you did, with the eye of a mere lawyer, I should despise myself, and, sir, I would be astonished at you! What would be the use, sir, of a liberal education outside of our profession, as well as of a severe training with it? What the benefit of active exertion in the political affairs of our country: beginning for each of us long before we could vote. What the continued exercise of every manly and more than kingly prerogative, which dignifies our existence as citizens of this imperial Republic—if we should merely peep thro' the pinholes of evidence at a case which, in its principles, involves the Liberties of us all!

I shall take leave, sir, not to do so—and while I shall take care not to present an unlawyer like view, or to say anything at all inconsistent with a legal analysis of the charge—while I shall even use the testimony faithfully as the stimulus of reflection and the occasion of argument—I shall leave the low part where it should be left in this stage of the case—to it in a subordinate relation, and speak of it briefly and in the conclusion of the matter.

Viewing the testimony, then, does it show any offense committed, except by the conspirators—the spies—the informers—the Cellar Inquisition; who have bore false witness against their neighbor to destroy him? Suppose them to have acted against their nature, and have told the truth under oath. Then the Gordons in various ways have found fault with the Government? That is the essence, the spirit, and even the scope of the testimony.

Is that treason? Is it treason *here*? This was the home of free speech—and all the colors of Republicanism—from black to Illinois—boasted that speech should be free. The chief reason why I want to carry fire and sword into the south is, because they refused my right of free speech—given to me by that Almighty God who was pleased to create me a free man, a right the creator and defender of all my other rights: a right so much the more important than the Constitution, the Constitution was invented merely to assert and secure it—and it is not worth the paper it blackens unless it does assert it and secure it.

I declare before God, that as I understand that right I value it more than I do my life! And I call this whole assembly—yes, this whole country to witness if I have not before now proved the sincerity of this declaration by my actions?—And the right which I vindicated at the risk of my life before a Southern Tyrant, I will not give up for the sake of my business to a Yankee Sneak. Neither shall the Gordons!

Their case is ours. We are tried with them. And in defending them we defend ourselves and our country from a gang compared with whom Colonel Leadbetter, the murderer, is humane, and Gen. Floyd the thief is respectable. Mr. Sumner was once the advocate of free speech. He claimed to be almost one of its martyrs.—And in defence of it, or in consequence of it, he certainly was the victim of a cowardly assault, inflicted with a ferocity and endured with a meekness unexampled in the annals of cudgelling! He now changes opinion, or at least, his language. With that felicity of allusion which belongs among the public writers of America, to him and to Governor Andrew alone he advises his friends to put their "heels" upon those who differ with them, and who dare to speak out. The advice is given in a public letter addressed to the late war meeting at New York. Is this prosecution an experiment made upon poor mechanics by a few small conspirators in pursuance of an agreement among the principle Thugs at Washington, in order, if it works well, to sacrifice more important victims to the Abolition Kalee? I do not know. But I know this. I know that the gentlemen of the Republican party do not countenance it, and that it will fail here, because among other reasons, to reach their political opponents they must be cut down both political and personal friends. If free speech is treason, our excellent Governor would speedily be known as the late unlamented John A. Andrew, for his speech is excessively free and easy! We have merely to go back to his letter to Mr Kimball to make him an advocate and champion of treason in its broadest extent. Then what would become of Mr. Philips? Does he speak in favor of the Government? Has he ever said anything in favor of any Government except that of Hayti?

Did he not lately advise a large and patriotic assembly not to give a man or a dollar to the Government of the United States? And did not that patriotic society applaud the suggestion? Shall we prosecute Mr. Phillips therefor? Not with my good will, not without my active resistance! I should violate the first principle of Democracy, greater to me than anything but the word of God himself, if I did not fight for Mr. Philips' right to talk treason to any fool who wants to hear him! In a letter the Governor refuses to supply troops to the President. In fact he supplies many and urges more to go. Do we prosecute him for his letter? No; but a tempest of derision breaks over what he calls his head from all parts of the United States and even from England, and to that we leave him. When the regiment of the late Col. Cass went off without an escort even of the Second Batallion, was it not actually hissed in State street, as was the Massachusetts regiment on its return from Mexico: but the agreeable remark was made that the departure of the Irish would be of great grief to our poor houses and jails! The Governor or his friends may talk so about Col. Cass' countrymen, the Irish, without committing treason.—We are not charged with saying anything half so bad about Mr. Andrew's countrymen, the negroes, and yet we are prosecuted.

Much has been said about finding fault with the Government, as if there was some peculiar sanctity about it. Have we arrived at such a state that no one must find fault with any action or omission of the Government or any member of it, without having treason imputed to him? Can you not sir? Can not I, for example, have the misfortune to think that Mr. Seward, our present Secretary of State, is not fit, as a statesman, to index the papers of the late Silas Wright. However little my thoughts may trouble him, I do not think his want of sense—sober sense—has made him the laughing stock of Europe. I think he is a small ward and county politician, who writes like a sophomore, and acts like a stock jobber.—Every time he speaks about what will happen in sixty days—in ninety days—he puts me in mind of a curb stone broker chattering over the approaching maturity of a dubious note. I think such men have been advanced to important places in this country about as often as they will be, and I cannot help rejoicing to think that Mr. Seward will probably be the last of the Lilliputians. May I not say so? Has Mr. Phillips taken out a patent for the application of first rate abuse to second rate men? and must I be tried for treason if I however unsuccessfully attempt to infringe it.

Again, I do not worship Mr. Sumner, the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. I cannot admire a person who is so simple as to think it a fitter thing to pretend to be a fanatic, than to be a dull but honest man. There is a fine old German story called the 'Adventures of Reynard the Fox,' in the illustration of which, animals of different countries are represented in the attitudes with the expressions of men. The illustrations are very good. Expose a cup of clear water to the frost; observe it, and even when the cold begins to fill its transparent substance with a beautiful spicula of ice, if you agitate the mass it will not immediately freeze. But give it in that condition, a short period of rest, and it becomes a rock, hardly yielding to the energies of gunpowder and fire. So have we found the South. They were once undecided. Time and the stupidity of the Government has consolidated a hesitating into a hostile people. Yet Mr. Gordon is a traitor if he calls a fool a fool.

No, sir, freedom of speech is not quite gone. It 'still lives' in Boston. This mean prosecution is not to affect it. Those that I happen to know of them are gentlemen. They did not agree with me in politics when politics existed, but they agree with me now in despising that petty persecution of laborers and mechanics for their opinions which was the reproach of the old Whig party, and which was one of the causes of its fall, as great and respectable as that party was. They say with perfect freedom, that the whole effect of our unanimity depends upon its notorious freedom from constraint and that it would not only be lost to us, but would be used against us with tremendous power, if it should be shown for one moment to be produced by fear or by force. If we cannot help our own against one or two Secessionists in a whole State without force, what are we to do with the armies of Stonewall Jackson.

If leading Republicans, however abandon their own principles to take vengeance for opinion's sake, I can tell you that they will not leave so great a matter in the hands of any such persons as the prosecutors in this case. They will not condescend to shrink from the Court of Judge Lynch in order to whine over us, in the cellars of Deacon Palmer! They will not attempt to watch us in entry ways, like Phiness Stone, or advertise us in the Sunday papers as were the Gordons. Nor if we happen to be so situated, will they sneak round to master builders or other employers and threaten them with loss of business if we are not dismissed, as is the high-toned and magnanimous practice of Mr. Wm. Washburn.

The petty business never sprung from them. They are a great party, and, I belive, an honest one. They are not to be measured with the measure of Mr. Sumner or of Peter Hobart. If they utter sneers in temper, they empty their pockets in generosity. They care for the widow and the orphan. And when they do that, sir, they never ask what party the husband or father belonged to. No, sir! The bulk of the Republicans love their country and help their countrymen. they leave the mean business of spy and informer, of alarmist and ruptionist, to renegade Democrats of the Washburn stamp who remain at home to abuse their former party instead of following its members to the fight for our country. They leave it to them and the remnant of those meddlesome natures, the torment and reproach of Massachusetts, who infest its religious societies, and who are the sorrow of its most Christian characters. The man who attends to every other man's affairs whether his own are attended to or not, is almost exclusively a Massachusetts nuisance. He is commonly, though not always, attached to some unhappy church organization. To Massachusetts, society meddling is indeed a scourge so great that it may be doubted whether it does not fully counterbalance every comfort and blessing concentrated in this favored country. Puritanism, which exalted the manly English spirit by fanaticism on the one hand, degraded it on the other hand by espionage. Its churches were mutual assurance societies in each other for the morality of their members. Its doctrines are forgotten.

But the evils which the Puritans unconsciously did, lives after them, and churches which detest their memory and deny their teaching, are managed on their principles. Massachusetts to-day is covered with societies, in which the best men and women conscienticusly, but reluctantly, and the worst of men and women eagerly, and with a devilish delight, perform the work of spies and informers upon each other. To say that such a gigantic system of mutual espionage does not degrade character is simply to say that eaves-dropping and tale-bearing are not low and mean occupations. Under its influence nothing is kown of a man's real character or disposition. Habitual watchfulness upon the one side arouses habitual hypocrisy upon the other, and it is only when the petty saint of Boston expands into the gigantic villain of New Orleans or San Francisco, that you can tell how vast a benefit you derive from his emigration. The wickedness looked little here because we saw but little of it. The enormous pressure of universal listening and peeping had driven it deep into the innermost fibres of our society. So pressed it produces smelling committees, it elects His legislatures. It brings such men as Deacon Palmer to associate, out of fear, with such men as Washburn, whom they receive in their cellars and dismiss through their back doors. Nobody will deny the fact or its application here, who is not prepared to deny the existence of the Rev. Mr. Kalloch, or his church member Mr Hayes, who peeped after him and blackmailed him, and then exposed him. It is Mr. Haye's turn to-day, it may be Mr. Kalloch's turn to do that dirty work for Mr. Hayes to-morrow. It is Mr. Washburn's turn now, it may be the Gordon's turn by and by. But be the turn whose it may, the system of a barbarous age and people applied to the control of civilized mankind awakens the fiercest resentment. Men have put up with the savagest task masters. They have endured the bloodiest tyrants without resistance for many years.

They have submitted to the Kings of Prussia—to the Czars—to the House of Austria—and even to the Turks. But a Government of meddling philanthropists they cannot bear. It resembles the Government of vermin more than any human despotism. Individually vile and odious, but quite insignificant; when collected they are all pervading, all devouring, appalling—loathsome to every sense, and intolerable to the strongest body and firmest mind. This is the Government of the Robespieres—the Marats—the Washburns—the Hobarts—the Hayeses—is the oppression which makes the wise man mad! It made the Gordons mad when it was first applied to them, and what they uttered under its influence was temper—not treason. Yet was there sense as well as temper, if they preferred Jeff. Davis' to an Abolition Government. As I understand an Abolition Government a man might endure it. A man might endure the Government of Mr. Philips, for he is a gentleman—or of Mr. Garrison, for whatever may have been thought of his sanity, his honesty was never questioned. But the Abolition Government which they understood was the Inquisitorial—the cellar—*the sink and cesspool committee* which stood before them ordering them to put out a flag! and I think there is no man of spirit with that in his mind, who would not prefer the wolfishness of a Davis to the pediculousness of a Washburn!

The Gordons have done no wrong.—They do not hate their native country, though they cannot like its imbecile Government—a Government which has everything given to it by a generous people, and which does nothing but waste time, make speeches and feed contractors, cannot be liked or trusted until it alters its course. These sentiments I understand them to express. I agree with them in that; so do hundreds and thousands more. They have a right—moral as well as legal—to express such sentiments. They *ought* to express them; and woe to the Washburn who shall meddle with them, or with any one else in this way hereafter!

OPINION OF COMMISSIONER.

The complaint in this case charges the defendants with "giving aid and comfort to the United States" an informal mode of describing the offense of "*adhering to the enemies of the United States, giving them aid and comfort.*" In other words, the accusation against the defendants is treason—for under the Constitution and laws of the United States treason consists in "levying war against the United States, or in adhering to its enemies, giving them aid and comfort." And the punishment of this offense is death.

To constitute this offense, *some overt act*, either in levying war or giving aid and comfort to the enemy, must be proved.—It is well settled that no words, or intentions even, however hostile or disloyal they may be, are sufficient, if they have not ripened into acts.

The laws of the United States have thus far failed to make opinions, sympathies or intentions, or the expression of these, however disloyal, base or hostile to the existing Government, an offense cognizable by the Courts. Such conduct is left for its punishment to the just and indignant judment of mankind.

Our sole duty here is to administer the law as we find it.

In reference to the two younger Gordons, it is but just to state that so far as I perceive, no testimony whatever has been introduced affecting them; and the testimony, so far as it relates to Mr. Gordon, Sr., is mainly to the effect that he received letters from a customer in Baltimore giving him rebel accounts of the movements of the armies sooner than they were published in the papers here.

In reference to the remaining defendants, George and Henry Gordon, although the testimony is much more full as to their expressions of sympathy with the rebellion, yet I fully concur with the views stated so fairly by the learned District Attorney, that it is entire insufficient to prove an overt act of treason.

My only duty, therefore is to order that this complaint be dismissed, and the defendants be discharged.

The crowd in the court room burst into applause which nobody checked, and many people went up and shook hands with the Gordons.

JEFFERSON IN 1797-1801.

From the *Caucasian*.

The Vice-President stood alone. With the narrow prejudices and tyrannical measures which were gradually being moulded into the distinctive features of the administration, the more liberal spirit and enlightened views of the great Republican could form no association. Through all the dark storms of federal hate and malice, which spider like were directed against *La belle France*, whose noblest and richest blood, but sixteen years before, had been so copiously shed in the work of baptising a new nation in the smoking trenches of Yorktown; through all the hurricanes of fanaticism, engendered by a thirst for aristocratical power, and which were finally assuming shape and form in those Alien and Sedition acts, which were subsequently destined to dig the political graves of their blinded authors; he alone, unawed by the then almost crushing influence of of the government, remained true to the interests of the people; the only custodian of the common weal, in that dark hour of the young republic, when liberty had well nigh fallen stillborn who was "weighed in the ballance and not found wanting." Despising from the depths of his noble soul, the petty tendencies to aristocracy which characterized the administration of Adams, he took no pains to conceal his righteous contempt of the tinseled adjuncts of monarchial power, now seeking to gain by insidious approaches a foothold on the floor of the Presidential mansion; but with the matchless power of his sarcasm, attacked without mercy those vanities and emblems of concentrated power, which he conceived but illy comported with that simplicity which should ever characterize the dispensation of authority, in a government deriving its sovereign powers immediately from the body of the people.

Whilst resisting those claims of France which were manifested unjust, he as promptly opposed the unnecessary haste with which the dominant party was endeavoring, with all the energy of domenic rage and fendish hate, to array in hostile opposition the allies of a former glorious war, and to cause the joint conquerors of lordly born Cornwallis to imbrue their hands in each other's blood. The titled snobs of haughty England, who for centuries had rioted in security upon the sweets which their iron heels had remorselessly wrung from the poor man's blood and sweat, had beheld with consternation the the sudden downfall of the French nobility in that terrible conflict, which a similar course of grinding an oppression at the hands of the blotted and haughty Bourbons, had at length forced upon a trodden people, had at their benest, their Tory sympathizers, who had survived our own revolutionary struggle, and who formed so great an element of the federal party, now combined with the administration, in decreeing eternal hatred and unflinching war against the land which deserved the reverence and sympathy of every true American heart. And now commenced those intolerant proscriptions and relentless persecutions which, until our own day, have never found their parallel. The press was shackled, trial by jury denied, personal liberty restricted, and all the most sacred rights of freemen scattered to the four winds of heaven by the arbitrary hand of usurped power; whilst in every breeze fluttered those black cockades—the badge of the peace party, which taken in connection with the prevalent excitement, only needed the addition of a death's head and raw bones, to have convinced a disinterested observer that America was about to engage in a scheme of undistinguished piratical plunder.

But through all the blinded frenzy of the war excitemen, and all the heated ebullutions of public feeling—consequent upon the passage of the Alien and Sedition acts—which succeeded it, the Vice President unmindful of the deep-mouthed bayings of the hounds of the Administration, pursued that conservative course, which his conscience and a knowledge of his Constitutional obligations alike dictated, and assumed that position, which viewed at this distance of time, appears as the only green spot in the black desert of fanaticism with which he was surrounded. He who, unterrified by the shadow of a British scaffold, dared calmly announce the "inalienable rights" of man to an entire world, was not deterred from sounding the alarm to his own fellow-citizens, when he beheld those "rights" attacked by the insidious hands of those who had sworn to support them; he who had seen the best blood of the land poured out like water, in the hallowed work of consecrating a temple sacred forever to Freedom, could not behold its fair proportions marred without attempting to stay the desecrating hands which impiously sought its overthrow; he, who had done so much to procure a separation from the mother country, could not silently behold a people whom he loved, sinking beneath the social position of the down trodden white slaves of Europe; but it was then that he, together with those noble spirits whom his warning words and burning eloquence rallied round himself, laid the foundation of that organization, which in the year 1801, swept away every vestige of an administration, which too long had cumbered the fair earth with its fell presence, and and which to this day, is only remembered as the synonym of all that is despicable, and the counterpart of all that savors of blinded folly.

Sixty-one years have slowly rolled their wonted course down the slope of time, since Thomas Jefferson laid the foundation of that party, which by its liberal policy, made America a happy and an honored nation; the sacred hand which alike inscribed the glorious Declaration of Independence, and laid the corner stone of Democracy, has long since blended with its kindred dust; but the "self-evident truths" which compose the one, and the hallowed principles which are the pride and glory of the other, are immortal as the soul which gave their birth. Four times since its creation, has the Democratic party been stricken to the earth by the mailed hand of ruthless error; thrice has it arisen with renewed energy, and asserted its right to direct the destinies of a progressive people; and if the signs of the times admit of an interpretation, its undaunted crest will soon again confront its natural antagonist, as proudly as in days of yore. The same fanatical ideas which warred against its birth, will be arrayed to stay its further progress; the same blind devotion to concentrated and centralized power, beneath the weight of which the once fair name of Adams sank to merited dishonor, has become the policy of dear, good, easy Abraham Lincoln, and if Democracy exhibits but a tithe of the vitality imbibed in its inception, in the history of the second President, the sixteenth may read his own. Meanwhile, if Democrats desire to be known as the political children of Thomas Jefferson, they must do as did their father. What he did is a matter of history.

THE "GALLANTRY" OF NEGROES.—The N. Y. *Tribune*, in its excessive love for the negro, or intense hatred of white men, we scarcely know which, says that "*the two most desperate and gallant achievements of the war* are those of the negro who recaptured a vessel taken by a Confederate cruiser, killing the prize crew; and the running of the steamboat Planter out of Charleston harbor by the negro Robert Small."—White men stand a poor chance of getting credit for any thing at the hands of the *Tribune* editor. The gallantry of these two nigger achievements was simply as follows: The negro Jackson fiendishly and brutally murdered the prize crew while asleep, as no white man would have been cowardly enough to do, (unless perhaps he had been an Abolitionist,) while the negro Small simply ran away with his boat during the night. There may be gallantry in these two acts, as gallantry is understood in the *Tribune* sanctum, but we "don't see it." White men who walk coolly up to the cannon's mouth or face a leaden hail of Minnie bullets, it appears to us show more gallantry than they would to butcher sleeping persons. But Sambo must be praised up just now, as he is the stock in trade of those who desire to overthrow this White Man's Government.

DEMOCRACY MUST DO IT.—If the Union is ever restored, the Democratic party must do it. We hear people talking about "Union party." The Abolitionists in the North call themselves the "Union party," and are, in reality, managing the war.—Unionism means one thing in Massachusetts and another in Kentucky. Democracy knows no North, no South, no East, no West, but keeping its eye steadily fixed upon the Constitution as it was written by the Fathers of the Republic, will give no ground that they can hold, to any contemptable faction.—*Kentucky Yeoman.*

☞The following "lovely" paragraphs appeared in two of the most prominent Republican presses in Ohio. We fear it is the sentiment of many more, if not all:

Any laboring man who fears (NEGRO) *competition, can present himself at one of our recruiting offices, and he can procure permanent employment.*—Cincinatti Gazette.

If any individuals are unwilling to work by the side of NEGROES it is their privilege to seek employment elsewhere.—Toledo Blade.

☞A queer looking customer inserted his head into an auction store and gravely inquired;

"Can I bid?"

"Certainly," said the auctioneer.

"Well, then," said the wag, walking off, I bid you good night."

☞The ladies may not go much upon the highways, but they are complained of by their husbands as being very much addicted to buy-ways.

☞Almost every young lady is public spirited enough to have he father's house used as a court house.

☞It has been ascertained that the "who held on to the last," was a shoemaker.

☞Cursed be the ground that the man treads who says the Magna Charta of American liberty is "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell." When the downfall of that instrument takes place just point to Greeley, Seward & Co., as the authors of the damning deed.