The Clearfield Republican.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

Wednesday Morning, Nov. 18th, 1863.

The Conscription Law Declared to be Unconstitutional.

We have often said, that, if the act of Congress, known as the Conscription Law, was Constitutional, or if it was not in plain violation of that charter of American liberty, that then in that case, all our previously conceived notions and ideas of the relative powers "granted" and "reserved" from, and to, and by the People, the States, and the Federal Government, were altogether wrong; that that act was either inconsistent with our system of Government, or else we were entirely ignorant as to the kind of Government, under which we lived; that if it is Constitutional, then all our ideas about State Sovereignty, States' Rights, and Pennsylvania being a great, sovereign independent Commonwealth, authorized to form and regulate her domestic institutions in her own way, with undisputed power to control her own militia, were not only unsound, but grossly wrong.

Such was our opinion from the beginning, and we did not hesitate so to express it. *If* the founders of our Government established a Republic—a *Representative Government*—which they themselves believed they had, and for which the whole world has given them immortal credit for doing—if the *States* each possess a "republican" form of government (and it is the duty of Congress to "guarantee" them such) how preposterous the idea that the "militia" of such *States*—the most essential element of sovereignty—can be "Conscripted" into the Federal service! The idea is ridiculous—and if we have the good fortune ever to have a restored country, those who now hold this monstrous doctrine of Centralization will hide their heads in very shame. The miserable plea—borrowed from every tyrant that has ever disgraced God's footstool—of *military necessity*, will only add to their confusion.

The question of the Constitutionality of this law came before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, at Pittsburg, last week, on an appeal of three citizens of Philadelphia who had been conscripted. Chief Justice Lowrie, and Justices Woodward and Thompson,—being a majority of the court, united in the opinion that the law is unconstitutional. Justices Strong and Read delivered adverse opinions.

It is supposed the question will now go before the Supreme Court of the United States, which is the tribunal of final resort. Until this is done, how stand those who are, or may be, affected by the Conscription Law? Will there be any further attempt to enforce it in Pennsylvania? Certainly not, for that would be *revolution*. Our highest judicial tribunal has pronounced it to be *no law*. This decree is as binding upon the Executive as it is upon the humblest citizen; and until it is carried before the Federal Supreme Court, and this opinion there reversed, any attempt to execute the Conscription Law in Pennsylvania, should be, and must be, resisted as any other unlawful attempt to interfere with the rights of the citizen.

THE NEW YORK DAY-BOOK.—The editor of the New Hampshire *States and Union*, speaking of the above paper, says: "It is sound to the core, and is almost the only paper in the country that deals rightly and Democratically with the negro question. *If the Democratic party, twenty years ago, had taken the ground occupied by this paper on the negro and Abolition questions, and stuck to it, like true men, we never should have had this war, and the country to-day would have been prosperous and happy.* The quicker they accept this position, and act earnestly upon it, the quicker we shall have peace and a restored Union, and we may add, *we never shall have these desirable results on any other ground.*"

There are forty-two Sovereigns in Europe.—*Exchange.*

☞There used to be *thirty millions* in this country; but they have all been swallowed up by a lean, lank, long-shanked story-teller from Illinois. We hope he will soon get tired of his meal, and be compelled to do as the whale did with Jonah.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—We are in receipt of this gem of Magazines for December. It is "a love" of a number. Every body should subscribe for it. Read the prospectus in another column, and then go to work and get up your clubs for 1864.

☞The siege of Charleston has now been progressing for one hundred and forty days. But the last news from Washington is that Charleston and that "pile of ruins"—Fort Sumter, must go under by the first of next month.

☞The first "snow squall" of the season paid our town a visit on Sunday last, but on Monday morning, snow was as scarce in the streets, as enlisted "loyal Leaguers"

Somebody a Fool.

Lincoln's Secretary of State, is either a fool himself, or thinks all "the rest of mankind" are fools. Though Mr. Seward has yielded to every demand made upon him by John Bull, he at the same time, refuses to grant to the humblest fellow citizen, the rights guaranteed to him by the constitution and laws of his country. To show that his mind is as clear as "mud," we need not refer to his prophesy of December 1860—that the troubles then brewing, would be settled in sixty days, nor to his "irrepressible conflict" doctrine, but to some other facts of more recent dates.

In 1862 he wrote to Mr. Adams, our Minister at the Court of England, as follows:

MR. SEWARD TO MR. ADAMS.

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE.
WASHINGTON, November 10, 1862.

"In this country especially, it is a habit not only entirely consistent with the Constitution, but even essential to its stability, *to regard the Administration at any time existing as* DISTINCT AND SEPARATE FROM THE GOVERNMENT ITSELF, *and to canvass the proceedings of the one without the thought of disloyalty to the other.*

I am your obedient servant,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Charles Francis Adams, &c."

This is a correct view and has been the doctrine preached and practiced by every American Statesman since the adoption of the Constitution. Abraham Lincoln is not the "Government," but a mere agent like his predecessors.

To show the reader what a change has been wrought in the mind of Mr. Seward during the past two years while in the school of despotism, we refer him to a speech made by him at his home, in Auburn, N. Y., the day before the election in that State. Hear him upon the same subject:

"You will succeed, my friends, to-morrow, I know you will succeed by signs other than those which excite your own hopes of success. The country is in danger—it is to be rescued by the Government. You will succeed, because you vote for the Government in voting to sustain the Administration. Your opponents commit *the fatal error of supposing that they can divide the Administration from the Government, and support the one and discard the other.*"

How flat and palpable the contradiction. In another portion of his speech, he utters the following sentiment:

"In the loyal regions there is not a State that is not stronger, nor a citizen who is not richer for the war."

In the face of these assertions, bankrupt associations are forming in almost all our leading cities and getting signers to petitions to present to Congress praying for a general bankrupt act.

The conclusion is irresistable, that Wm. H. Seward, having occupied the position of Chief Teacher in the School of Despotism at Washington, for the past two years has either turned fool or mad man. Thus while Seward & Co., have a mortgage of three thousand millions of dollars upon the real estate of the Northern States, and hold the life of every able bodied male citizen between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five years of age in the hollow of their hands, the leading conspirator of this band, has the impudence to stand up before an intelligent assembly and tell them that they are getting strong, rich, and happy!

Ye generation of political vipers how do ye expect to escape the smouldering wrath of a deceived and an outraged people.

THE DIAMOND WEDDING.—The long talk of marriage of Senator (formerly Governor) Sprague, of Rhode Island, to Miss Kate Chase, daughter of Hon. S. P. Chase, (better known as Greenback Chase,) was solemnized with due pomp and eclat at Washington, on Thursday evening. A telegram of that date informed us that less than one hundred guests were bidden to the ceremony, among whom were already present several of the Senator's friends from "Little Rhody," Mayor Opdyke and wife, Senator Anthony and Gen. Cameron and daughter. There must have been some mistake about the latter; we saw Gen. C. drive through town towards dusk that evening. Over five hundred guests were invited to the reception, which took place immediately after the marriage was performed, and occupied from 9 to 12 o'clock P. M.

The ceremony was performed in presence of the President and lady, the heads of Departments, foreign Minister, &c. The bridesmaids were Miss Chase, Miss Spinner, niece of the Secretary, and Miss Nichols, niece of Governor Sprague. The groomsmen were Major H. Baldwin, of General Stahl's staff, Captain Haven, of General M'Dowell's staff, and Capt. Ives, Captain of Potomac flotilla.

The bridal presents are said to exceed those of any modern date in this country, and to be worth nearly $100,000. With such an outfit, the young couple can begin housekeeping in comfortable style. William is a young man of good habits well to do in the world, and carries on the calico business in Rhode Island. His wife therefore, will never have to make dresses out of a "skimp pattern."

A benevolent friend at our elbow suggest that it would have been far better to have given that $100,000 to the poor.—Kind soul! he meant well enough. There are no poor now-a-days, except among those that are "disloyal." If *they* lack for bread—why (as Jim Morgan would say) let them eat *cakes!*"—*Patriot & Union.*

FIRST TAX SALE OF LANDS IN INSURRECTIONARY DISTRICTS.—The first sale of lands under the act for the collection of direct taxes in insurrectionary districts will take place under the superintendence of the tax commissioner of South Carolina.—Twenty-five tracts on Hilton Head Island, valued at $95,000, and a large number of houses and town lots in Beaufort, will be sold at Port Royal on the 1st of December, or from day to day thereafter until the property is sold.

☞This will be a good chance for a number of loyal-leaguers to procure a good farm in Dixie.

How the Late Elections May Save the Country.

Two great Democratic States having yielded to the illegitimate influence controlled by the Administration, and permitted a false record of their people's sentiment in favor of measures which the masses, with fair opportunity, would condemn, the radicals will now claim the popular confirmation of their policy. It must, therefore, be expected that the project of centralization will be pushed with renewed vigor, and that only a war of Abolition extermination will be prosecuted to the bitter end, but that also the despotism which has seemingly been accepted by the people, will seek new and broader channels in which to exercise its sway.—The unlimited issue of paper money, the enfranchisement of slaves, the system of arbitrary arrests, the Conscription, the suspension of the habeas corpus, may now be considered parts of the machinery by which this Government is to be conducted, and we wait to hear of further assumptions of absolute power, designed to transform the Republic into a Dictatorship. It is not in the nature of men who have tasted with impunity of forbidden fruit, to deny their appetites the luxury of satiation. Whatever usurpations a people will permit, their rulers will not hesitate to practice, and successful ambition has the peculiar instinct to avail itself of all the stepping stones to authority, and while it never voluntarily recedes from a point attained, aspires always to ascend. Two wonderful examples have been chronicled in universal history of men who turned from the allurements inviting them to power, and their abnegation lends a lustre to their names that makes fouler by that contrast the selfishness of general humanity. But where is the Cincinnatus of our day, and where the Washington? Let circumstances bring a crown within the reach of Mr. Lincoln, and though, like Cæsar, he may thrice refuse it, be sure that, like Cæsar, his eye will fasten on it, as if he longed to wear it, and only the retributive Ides of March would hold it from his brows.

The people have been ruled with an iron rod and they have bowed before it and permitted their own voices to be used as the confirmation of their vassallage. On Tuesday last they lost an opportunity of disenthrallment, and allowed the intrigue, power and patronage of the administration to affix the stamp of Black Republicanism to two great Democratic States. They have given tyranny its invitation, and to their cost it will be accepted. Look henceforward not only for the desolations of war, but for the destruction of State Rights, the centalization of power, the violations of law and liberty that have already been perpetrated and not rebuked, and that, claiming their justification in a popular verdict, will be repeated till the masses either become familiar with their enslavement, or stung at last to phrensy, appeal from the mockery of a ballot-box to revolution.

We are destined to wade on through blood toward the Abolition goal. It is determined that the war proceed until the spirit of hate, eternalized by the memory of innumerable battle fields, shall build its impenetrable home within the Southern heart, and forbid forever, not only the Union of the sections, but their good will as independent powers. It is fixed that contractors shall grow rich and the country shall grow poor; that demagogues shall bask in political sunshine, and the people cower under the frown of authority, and crouch before military despots. Well, be it so. Perhaps an all-seeing Providence has so ordained as the surest and swiftest means of our national redemption. Perhaps the sway of error will be shortened by its own excesses. Perhaps the free rein that will now be given to fanaticism will hurry it to the precipice and launch it to annihilation. The time must come—it is inevitable—when the national delirium, now at its acme, shall decline. The judgement of the people will then prevail against the madness of the hour, and the soul, at least of the Republic, be rescued from the ruins of its material greatness. Let the goad be driven deep; let usurpations multiply; let passion, violence and fanticism hold their carnival. Let rapine, bloodshed and incendiarism desolate homes of the South, and the iron of tyranny be welded about the prostrate form of Northern liberty. If we must pass that ordeal, better endure the worst at once, and perish in the trial or pass on to salvation. Should the administration, inflamed by the result of the elections, dare that pith of outrage that would quicken the popular apprehension and arouse the instinct of self-preservation among the masses, the defeats in Pennsylvania and Ohio will have proven the sweet uses of adversity; and out of the cloud will have fallen the blessed rain that brings forth wholesome fruit.—*New York News.*

A German View of the War.

The St. Louis Anzeiger, a German organ in St. Louis, notices a statement in the Scientific American, that this country is growing rich and prosperous under the horrors of civil war, and says:

So this war makes us rich, does it? Oh, yes those who glory in contracts and fat offices, or in cotton, among whom are also honest men and many thieves, without shoulder straps. In New York alone, one hundred and fifty wholesale houses are pointed out, the owners of which have become millionaires through the war, and are now revelling in a luxury such as the world has never before seen. Those gentlemen, of course would not make any objection if the war were to continue three years or more.

It is also correct that business is brisk in the Centre of commerce, trade and manufactures, at least in certain branches. But the people, the country at large—how are they to make riches by the war? Perhaps by the destruction of cities and villages and farm houses, of bridges and railroads and smiling corn field-? Have we, perhaps, grown rich here in Missouri, where there are districts in which, for over a hundred miles, a solitary American fireside shows where there was formly a human habitation? Is the country growing rich by the fact that one million of strong laboring men carry musket, instead of their tools of agriculture, profession, art or trade? Or is the country enriched by having its youth killed off in the battle fields, by having lost already, by sword, bullets and sickness, five hundred thousand producers—this country so thinly populated at the best? Is it not real insult to sound common sense and humanity that some person want to assure the thousands of poor soldiers, widows and orphans, of this country, that they see growing rich and prosperous, because in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago—nor St, Louis—rich people build ships and palaces enough?

Woods for sons nors.—When I was working—says Gen. Mitchell—for twenty-five cents a week with an old lady, and I will tell you I had my hands full: but I did my work faithfully. I used to cut wood, fetch water, make fires, and scrub scour mornings for the old lady, before the real work of the day commenced; my clothes were bad, and I had no means of buying shoes so I often went without them.

One morning I got through my work early, and the old lady, who thought I had not done it, or was especially ill humored then, was displeased, scolded me, and said I was idle and had not worked. I said I had; she called me 'a liar.' I felt my sprit rise indignantly against this, and standing erect I told her she should never have the chance of applying the word to me again. I walked out of the house to re-enter it no more. I had not a cent in my pocket when I stepped out into the world. I met a countryman with a team: I addressed him boldly and earnestly, and offered to drive the leader, if he would only take me on. He gazed at me with surprise, but said he did not think I'd be of any use to him. 'O yes I will,' said I, 'I can rub down watch your horses, and do many things for if you will only let me try.' He no longer objected. I got on the horses, back. It was hard traveling, for the roads were deep and we could only get on the rate of twelve miles a day. This was however, my starting point. I went ahead after this. An independent spirit, and steady, honest conduct, with what capacity God has given me—as he has given you—has carried me successfully through the world.

Don't be down hearted at being destitute and having no friends. Try, and try again. You can cut your way through if you live, so please God. I know it's a hard time for some of you. You often are hungry or wet with rain and snow, and it seems dreary to have no one in the city to care for you. But trust in Christ, and he will be your friend. Keep a pure heart, and be determined to make your own way, honestly and truly, through the world. As I said, I feel for you because I have gone through it always know what it is. God bless you.

☞The muskrats in Minnesota have double-lined their nests, and the trout have already left the small creeks for deep holes—sure indications, says the St. Paul *Press*, of as severe a winter as that of 1857, when the same occurrence was observed.

To which the Greensburg *Democrat* says, the Government rats and Treasury cormorants have also double-lined their nests, and many of the larger sharks are crossing the Atlantic waters—sure indications of a storm of a *peculiar* nature.

LETTER FROM PHILIPSBURG.

For the Republican.

PHILIPSBURG, November 23rd, 1863.

Mr. Brindle:—As you hat gude shudgmend sould to bublish my former letder, I will pe so cupliging as to rite you anoder.

Our grandmoders da hat dere geese-bluckings and woolbullens, wer da dold ohe anoder de naberhood noos, such as how many yards of galico id dook to make der shortgowns; how menny yards of linsee Wollamna kood weev in a day; and how menny cuts ov yarn Katarind kood spin in a week. Our mooders da hat der guilden frohgs and applebudder pollings, wer dold woo anoder about der boys, wedding parties, dansing pals, and de singing skools. Its vimmin now in oder blazes hav der sojer-ade societe, and daffee parties, wer da doll woo anoder bout der pisanaha, und der drips to de Nigara. Us in Pilipsburg hab a grader instedooshun den dem. It is dish: der ish von man here by de naim ob Lee Royey. Now, all our our vimmin has got to do ven der ish enny sparken goin on ish to sleedrop, den go und bore it in de ears ob Mr. Royey, und he vill but it in a letder, und send it to der *Raftman's Skorall*, und av it brinted. Mr. Royey hash been worry kint. Ven von nabor wisited anoder he hash id it silvertist midout von sent ov bay.

Ven de Varizees gif ams da blo a drumpet, but ven us gil a hole ov pred to a sojer's vife, oder a gwarter tollar to a wounded sojer, Lee Royey hat it brimed in de noozbapers. Nor dish ish far abet ov de anshent blan. Mit it, only de beeples mitin de sound ov de drumpet vound out de benellens ov de Varizees; bud ours ish vound out verefer de *Skorall* vinds its vay—und verrily us hash our revart.

Lee Royey's letder ov de 19th Oktober wash a lekter on snaiks? Now I tink our oderwise larned korrespondent dush not underschtant de sooject rite; at leasht he dit not vully explain dish sooject so dat de "shedded" Kleerfielders—except de "recesent zettlers"—kood vully underschtant. Dish ish vat he vanted to kom at; dat der vare dree zets ov beebles in our lant, each reprezented by a sarpint, namely de kopperhet, de rattlesnaik, und de plowing adder. De kopperhet ish a snaik vot ish armless iv let alone. It sez, koll me ash menny ard names ash you bleze—zay ash zoon ash yoo gan yoo vill trive me into mine hole—zay dat I me unwordy to glaim to be sarpint—I vill umply supmit to all dese insults; put ven yoo tret on me *I vill pite*; I vill not only make yoo sick at de shtomik, but I vill make a mark on yoor name az indellyable az de von set on Kane for murtering Apel.—Dish ish de emplem ov de barty dat vollows such men as Shattam, Purke, and de oder draitors in de Prish Barlament, vat vanted to shtop de hevlooshonary war mit a kompromize; und Kla, vot gif up hish darlin bolisee—de brodektif Dariff—to shtop blut-letting in de lant; und Krittenden, vot vanted to save de guntree from var, by his Gompromize; und Tuglas und Bugh, vat yeeld up der uppermost idee—bopular zovrinity—ver de zake ov going in mit Grittenden; und, az da sed, to save us from Disyoonun, Devastashun, und Rooin—I meen, de men vot sed to de Zouth—*"leef your hants ov de Fromun und de flak," und us will do rite mit yoo, "put ven yoo tret on de Konstetooshun und de laws us will pite."* De rattlesnake pites pefore it ish tret on; it gifs no apuse, and it will take nun.—Ven it ish drettened it gifs a varning mit its ratdle, und de secund dime it vill pite bowetfully. Ven apused, oder blaged, vor de zake ov revensh, it will shtrike its boisonous fangs into its pody und deshtroy itself. Dish sarpint reprezents de Secesh-unists. I vill illusdrate de analogy mit an annekdote: Ven I vas a poy in Skoolkill kounty my fader he liv in de naborhoot ov von pig pason vere de stone koal vater run; my kumrads vere Inglish, Irish und Tuch poys. Us Tuch vellers vere hi spirited; at de pattalyuns und shootin-matches us uzed to holt out on de efils von zelebrating Zaint Batrick's tay; us zed it vash our tooty to shtop de Irish vrom velebrating dish tay, vor it hat demoralising efekt on de naborhoot. De Inglish poys vere radder in de masherity; de dolt us da dit not demeans beleef in making so mooch foss mit Zaint Batrick, but as de Irish vere otherwise good citizens vor de sake ov house und armony to let dem alone: If der vas eony sin in such Bagan doings de Irish vood av to anzer vor it. As long az us vere in de manority us kot along vel enuff; put vinally some ov de Inglish vellers got sharking mit our Tuch gal—den vas goon prot ofer on our site—den us hat de mashority. Our next pattelyun vas helt klose to de pason mit de stone koal vatter; den und dare us mate a rezolooshun verefer us hat de bower us vood brevent de zslebrashun ov Zaint Batrik's tay. De Inglish poys zed us hat dun von voolish ting. Us denounst dem, kalled dem drailers, und zed da vas meener dan de Irish poys. De Irish lads tot us vas in ernest, but us unly mate de rezolooshun to make us bopier mit de beeble: De Irish poys, like de rattlesnaik, commenst to varn us; da declared dat iv us perzisted in our rezolooshun day vood av no more vellowship mit us; us dit not beleef dem: us tot da kood not pe drifted vrom our zosiety; und to show our shpunk pegan to sblash plack stone koal vater on dare Sunday-goto-meetin klothes. De Irish pegan to sblash; de Inglish—like de kopperhets—sed, de Irish hav not yet trot on us; derefore let us not pite—put kompromize. Us kried for ropes!

Dings now dook a zerious durn; us vood ave glatly sed, zelebrate Zaint Patrick's Tay mit your hearts content; but us vere afrait dat all de beebles in de worlt vood laff at us vor peking town from our posishun. De Inglish poys came to our assistance and us togedder outnumbered de Irish fore to won. Us dold em to seese splashing el-e us vood trown dem; but like de rattlesnake, to haf refenge on us, day vood die. De punk ov de pa-in were one ommonly steep, and day by going in demselves, cood pull apout fore ov us mit dem; dis day done. A grate number vere trowned on all sites; and us vat escaped, hat our nice vatches, our vine klose and spending money, all reoined. Our Inglish and Tutch taddies hat goot credit mit te banks and de store keepers: day poorod us blenty of spending money—hat us splendit klothes and pran noo vatches—us begin to dink dat us hat dun goot pisness after all untill de scheriff sold our taddies house and home. De Irish taddies hat no kredit—so day did not run in det; dere sons veat to Schnitz and shoeing matches mit dere working kloze. Dey lost no lant, oder furniture, mit de Scheriff.

Day plowing adder ish such a sarpent he metches mit e'ry pisness mit his plowing. He is enfens—he cant pare to see a living creature happy. De armless love he mesmerizes mit his flattris, den sufficates it mit his poisonous slime. De unsuspecting frog he lures mit in his fangs mit false bromises; de reppin he destroys because mit its sweet singing it gladdens de hearts of doze what are cast down mit sorrow.—Six tou and years ago his progenitor cast his eye into de garden of Eden; dare he saw Adam und Eve so happy—dis greeved him; he goes and persuaded em to violate de law dat was lait down for dem to obey—well knowing it der done so day vood vile dare own and dare child ren's hearts mit sorrow—and vood are to reap tears mit dare eyes. In after years he saw de shews were a brosperous nasion; he mit his cunning berswades dem to dransgress de Dekalog engraft on sthone by Moses: he dold dem to set up graven Gots after de manner vor de heethen, and stone de profits.

Zeveral dimes he hat tem led away captif—and vinally dey skattered to de fore koorners ov de globe, and rendered a pywort and reproach to all beeples. Zeveral years ago he crossed de Atlantic and found us de happiest beeples in de world; den he grit his deeth mit rage and set himself abet to devise vays to accomblish our ruin. Furst, he parswades us that de Constiooshun made by our fathers ish not goot, because it left de States make such regulashuns in regart to making de black man cultivate cotton, shoogar, and tobacco, as dey saw fit. He dold de vorenders vor our barty, to get as many niggers to come into de vree States, and run into Canada, to freeze and starve as day cood; and vunst in a vile send a valuable sea mit a cargo of shooks to Cuba—get de money vor him, and lay it out in lant.—He got our sheef high bricst to declare dat dish country cood not exist haf slave, and haf free; he dold Fli Dwayer to go over de lant and lekter on making de African vree mit Emigrant Ade Z sieties. Us send one into Ferginny mit Shon Brown as reheef. Dish shrood sarpent put Sess-hun mit in de heads von de men von de Zouth; and got dem to make war on Sumter, den our barty vinds out dat de contrackting bisness boys furst rate; so dat it makes all de blunders it kan—so dat de war mid last de longer. Now dis old Tadder from de blowing Adder made our streams red mit blud; our vallies full of bones; drabed our families mit morning; and made our firesides a place mit weebing. Dax gadderers he made as blenty as de Lokusts von Egipt.

De blowing Adder, a ship vrom de ole block, ish de croo emplem vrom our royal, loyal Leege; Union Abraham Linggon, Demogratic Barty. Mister Lee Royey rides in his ledder dat de Kopperhets—meaning de Woot war men—ed vied to edernal infamy; and der schildren wood cuss dem for being so olt vashoned, as do wote de olt Demogratic vay. All dish ish as droo ash my name ish Deitriek Exline. Id ville be ven Shaksbeer ish vorgotten—and de ritings ov Lee Royey ish found in moroggo, and de beeples but dem on dar darbles vor dext books; ven Abe Linggon ville be galled a grader klown den Dan Rice—and our Bresident be gounted a stadesman; ven it vill be vound out dat de Sheekawgo Blatvorm ish a bedder Gonstitooshun den de vun made by Matison, and hish combeers; ven it vill be reggoned dat de vrench Zignats vash petter ash Zilver—and de Merikan kreenpacks ash Golt; ven de gristian and zivilizt worlt will look town on Zisro mit skorn pekause he vash panished vrom de Roman Senet vor bleeding vor de Liberties ov de beeple; and a Hamden vor going to shale radder den bay a vew shillings illekal dax: and Punyan, pekause dat he zuffered dwelve yerrs imprisonment on ackount dat de oder breachers cood not revute hish sarments—and Bonabarte, pekause he vash konfint mit in de Iland von Helena, for de reason he out-shenereld eferypody:—and Fallantingham on ackount dat de Coverdment vound it nessezary to egsile him too de Zouth, pekause not vun man mit our Barty cood sbeek mit him, and ven it vill be riten in history dat de Unided States Covernment wash horn in Gendukee.

Your Zuperior Royal Demograt,
DETRICK EXLINE.

WHAT ST. LOUIS HAS [illegible]

not surprising that Mr. Lincoln has the part of General Schofield's difficulty with the Radicals. The noble patriots, who have been worked by the leading Republicans of New York, do not believe in giving "unconditional support to the Administration." They are now exulting their success in St. Louis, and on their organs—the *New York Tribune*—amiably administers "a parting kick to "His Excellency, the President."—*The Age.*

"St. Louis has repudiated Lincoln as well as Gamble. Now, at least, there can be no doubt as to the significance of our radical election victory. It was achieved in defiance of Mr. Lincoln and his Administration as well as of the Copperheads, and Mr. Lincoln has thus been thrown amongst the rusty old iron where he belongs. To be sure, as long as his term lasts, we are dependant on him, and must be true to him as far as is proper as good citizens. But we will be glad to get rid of him, for he has not merely shown himself unfit for the situation, but he has allowed himself to be used in the most miserable manner against his best friends and against freedom. On that account he has now been convicted by the people, like Gamble. But how intense the indignation against this man can scarcely be described, though it is not to be denied that this indignation is qualified by contempt. But enough about this used-up man!"

CHEATING THE PEOPLE.—The Abolition journals are continually representing to their deluded readers that in Baltimore now, as in New Orleans or in Nashville, great changes of public opinion are going on in their favor, as if, independent of the military, forcible action of their Schenks, Butlers, &c., Baltimore is represented just now to be in a state of negro and white equality and fraternization, and if we could credit them, the "roughs" there now cherish a warmer even more than they cherish a white man.

All this is delusion—the *old delusion*—and the writers up *of it* know it well. But take Schenk and his army from Baltimore, and vote a Lincoln member of congress can be elected from that city, or from the state. The public meetings, so called, are humbugs—military humbugs—*claquer* concerns, got up for effect and intended to be cheats.

The gullibility of republicanism is it seems to us, amounts to a disease—a *monomania*. They no doubt credit all those stories from Baltimore and New Orleans, and Nashville and Memphis,—just as they credited the fancy that a holiday of three months 75,000 men would end this civil war, and all that we had to do was to "march on" with John Brown's soul—from the Potomac to the Rio Grande—John Brown's soul—have now stood on their flights from their bodies since "John Brown's soul marched on," to where this flight of souls is terminated alone knows, as the war goes on. Nevertheless, the republicans continue as gullible, the same wonderful credulous maw! When and where is this republican gullibility to end?—*N. Y. Ex.*

THE CONSCRIPTION ACT VOID.—The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has evinced its fearless integrity and adjudicated the rights of Pennsylvania and the people, by deciding that the Federal Conscription Act is unconstitutional and void. This result was predicted when the act was passed. No lawyer, unbiased by party prejudice and unbought by Federal money, could entertain a doubt that the Conscription was a tyrannical usurpation by a profligate and despicable band of vulgar and ignorant political hacks degrading and disgracing the time honored name of the Congress of the United States.

It remains to be seen whether Governor Curtin, who professes profound reverence for judicial authority, will do his duty, or whether, regardless of the oath of office, he will permit our people to be torn from their homes and families and dragged to unutterable suffering, horrible mutilation and bloody death, in defiance of right and law.—*Westmoreland Republican.*

THE LEGAL TENDER QUESTION.—The New York Commercial says:

The legal tender question, we understand, has been carried by writ of error to the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington. Considering the numerous conflicting opinions of the different State judiciaries, it is highly desirable that this course should have been taken as the only means of obtaining a final determination of the point in controversy. The next term of the court will be held at the capital in the early part of next month.

☞The *Tribune*, in alluding to the South, says of the war:

"It has saddled us with a debt that will take bread from the mouth of every laboring man's child for generations, and send millions hungry to bed."

Why, sir, if no Abolitionist had ever been born, or if being born he had fortunately died pretty soon afterwards of measles, or some other nasty complaint, we should never had this war.

☞CHICAMAUGA, where the late battle between Bragg and Rosecrans was fought, means *River of Death.* Alas, our poor soldiers found it so!