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MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

We Join Ourselves to no Party that Does not Carry the Flag and Keep Step to the Music of the Whole Union.

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DESPERATE DEBORAH.

Mr. Jones and I were chatting about refractory paupers.

'You don't remember 'Desperate Deborah,' do you sir?' asked the Relieving officer. 'But you would not, though,' he added. 'She was before your time. A beautiful creature she was, most certainly! I never had to deal with one like her, and I sincerely trust such another may not arrive while I'm Relieving Officer.'

'What's become of her?'

'Oh, she married at last, and is now living quite a lady, over in Tarnsey yonder. Her poverty was brought to a close in a singular manner.'

'Let's have the story, Mr. Jones.'

Well, sir, it's not a very long one.—Deborah Tomkinson was the daughter of a very humble shopkeeper in Bramblestone, a widower. Who John Tomkinson was, and where he came from, nobody ever knew. He was an elderly man, very reserved and very cross. Only one man ever had the boldness to ask him for particulars of himself, and Tomkinson replied by catching the man by the throat, and nearly strangling him. No one after that put to Tomkinson any similar question.—Well, Deborah was his daughter. She was a wonder in two ways. First, she was a perfect giantess, fully six feet high, and broad in proportion, and her arms were like a strong blacksmith's. Secondly, her temper was the most violent you can imagine. The least thing set her in a frenzy, and she would lay about her, right and left, in a way to demolish everything around her. She and her father quarrelled fearfully. All the people in the town knew and dreaded her, and she came to be called 'Desperate Deborah,'—not in her presence, though, I should remark. I scarcely think there was a man in the place who would so have styled her within her hearing.

The father died; Deborah was left destitute. One day she made her appearance at the Union office. I was out. Mr. Flack attended to her.

'I want relief.'

'Sorry it's come to that, Deborah,' replied the Assistant mildly; you must appear before the Board on Thursday. Do you need anything in the meantime?'

'Of course I do. I want bread and meat and beer. Do I look as though I lived on air?'

'Can't say you do, Deborah,' replied Mr. Flack. 'Well, I'll give you a half-quartern loaf, just for the present, and when Mr. Jones——'

'Give me a half-quartern loaf!' screamed the young lady. 'What's the good of that? Come, I must have half-a-crown! Out with it!'

'Now, Deborah!' urged Mr. Flack, gently, for there was no help handy, and he was but a little man; 'be reasonable.—Take the bread, and as I've told you, when Mr. Jones——'

'Give me the loaf,' she interrupted.

'There, there's a nice one,' said Mr. Flack, with a sickly smile, taking one from off a very high shelf, which he reached by a ladder, and handing it to her.

'Thank you; I am so grateful,' was Deborah's reply; and, as she uttered it, with one bound she was over the counter.

'That shelf wants an ornament,' cried the gentle member of the fair sex. 'It shall have one;' and in an instant, she had Mr. Flack in her arms, and had deposited him on the shelf whence he had taken the bread. And there, as she had moved the ladder, I found him on my return in the course of a few minutes, nervously peeping over, after the manner of a very young kitten, not yet able to jump.

But this was only the beginning. Deborah the Desperate had now declared war against the Union authorities, and she carried it on with vigor. Her mode of conducting war had this leading characteristic—'Strike the enemy at all times, and under all circumstances.' She no sooner caught sight of anybody having any connection with the Union, than she made after him; and as a battle with her was not to be contemplated, if it could be avoided, the enemy invariably sought safety in flight. I remember my extreme astonishment at seeing on the Wednesday prior to the Thursday on which she was to be examined by the guardians, a highly respectable guardian, named Tourneville (a Frenchman) trotting along the street, gasping, groaning, and ejaculating in a manner quite frightful. I tried to stop him, inquiring the cause of his perturbation.

'Go away, go away,' he shouted vehemently. 'Not stop me, dear Mr. Jones, not stop me;' and he plunged forward like a madman.

I looked round and saw Deborah in the distance, and—well I dont mind owning it—I was out of the way in two seconds.

I had an appointment with Mr. Tourneville that afternoon at the Union House. Instead of keeping it, he sent me a note, which ran thus:—

DEAR SIR: I am quite precluded by circumstances from coming to you.—Please come to me. You will find the back gate open. Truly yours,
J. TOURNEVILLE.

'Very odd!' thought I, as I trudged over. 'Why should I go the back way, I wonder?'

The moment I was in the house, its master clutched me by the arm.

'Haven't been out, not one yard, since the morning,' he said in a subdued tone.

'Not ill, I hope,' I said.

'No, not sick,' he replied; 'but, but, look here—see what you see.'

I looked from the front window, and, not far off, I descried the terrible Deborah, evidently keeping a lynx eye upon the house.

'Just you read,' said Mr. Tourneville, and he put into my hand a dirty scrap of paper. 'This was left here this day.'

I read as follows:

'Villin!—I yer you have been talking again *me*. When I sees you, I'll have a little woo with you. 'Servant,
DEBORAH.'

The next day she was up before the Board of Guardians. I remember there was a great discussion as to whether we should not forego seeing her; but we were ashamed of the laugh which would arise, if, in her case, we deviated from our rule.

'Here we are, twelve men,' observed the Chairman, 'and there's a porter outside. Surely we can manage one woman.'

So Miss Deborah was ushered in. I know we all quaked at the sight of her. She seemed in excellent health, and had she been of the other sex, her vast dimensions would have excited extreme admiration. She gazed at us defiantly. Mr. Potts, who was sitting close to where she stood, remembered some instructions which he ought to have given to his servant, and left us.

'Well, Deborah,' cried the Chairman, good-humoredly, 'what can we do for you?'

'What's the good of that sort of talk?' was the disdainful counter-question.—'You know what I want well enough.—Mind ye make no game of me now; I ain't at all in the mind to bear it.' And she looked at us much as a giant might look at a saucy school-boy, who was nettling with him.

'There, now, don't be angry, Deborah,' said the Chairman.

'Then you please to talk reasonable,' replied the damsel, with dignity. 'I'm as quiet as a lamb, except I'm aggravated.'

'Just so, Deborah. Well now, I think if we give you two and-sixpence a week, you'll be able to get on.'

'Not enough.'

'Well, but, Deborah, we have heavy claims upon us: you'll earn something you know.'

'No work. Say three and sixpence.'

Now, 'Desperate Deborah' had behaved very well to this point, and if left to be dealt with exclusively by the Chairman, would have been satisfactorily disposed of; but, unluckily, there sat in the corner, at the furthest distance of anybody from our excitable customer, a guardian of the name of Rubbles, a touchy, testy man, who must needs chime in as follows:

'My good woman, you know you can either take the half crown or leave it, just as you like. We can't stop here all day discussing the point with you.'

The Chairman groaned audibly. 'It's all up,' he whispered to me. 'We're in for it.'

And so we were. I saw Deborah's eyes glisten. The guardians shuffled uneasily in their seats.

'And who are you, pray?' screamed the playful maiden, her arms working, her fingers twirling, and her head nodding in a manner truly ominous.

'Now, Deborah, interposed the Chairman.

'Oh yes; its 'now Deborah,' indeed.—Better call me 'Desperate Deborah,' at once. Ah! I know what you call me.—And as for that skinflint in the corner there; out of this room I'll not go, until I've let him see what Deborah can do.—So here goes.

'Upon my word, sir,' said Mr. Jones, 'it's no figure of speech to say that this scene which ensued beggared all description. The amiable young lady made first a furious plunge to reach Mr. Rubbles; and it would have served him right for his thoughtlessness, to have surrendered him to her. But we, nevertheless, interposed and a general fight ensued.—And for a minute or so the twelve men actually got the worst of it. For you see the frenzied woman pummelled into us with her fists, while we, although writhing under her blows forbore doing more than endeavoring to restrain her. The yells from the unfortunate dozen of men who were ruthlessly pounded were absolutely dreadful. Somehow or other, Deborah's bare arms always slipped from our hold and then the released members inflicted blows upon her nearest foes, which would have delighted the heart of a prize fighter. At length the porter, who had come to our aid, ungallantly grasped the enemy's legs and Deborah descended to the floor with a force which shook the building. But to keep her prostrate was no small difficulty and, in despair we were ultimately obliged, until further assistance arrived to—I am almost ashamed to say:'

'Sit upon her, I suppose, Mr. Jones.'

'Well, that was actually the case.—There was no other mode of doing it.'

'And what was done with her afterwards?'

'Oh! we had her up before the magistrates, and she had ten days imprisonment, with hard labor. Her time ended, she came out as brisk as ever, and was taken into the work house. There, one day, she found her way to the master's apartments, captured his good lady, whom she discovered alone, carried her to a coal-cellar, and locked her up; and to release her, such a contest ensued, that it really appeared that a life or two would be lost. At length, however, Deborah found her master, and strange to say, she did so in a little man, whom you would have thought she could crush with a hug.'

'There lived at that time in Bramblestone, a young carpenter named Spivil. He used to be called Lucky Frank, from the circumstance that though not particularly clever, industrious or persevering, he jogged on in the world much more comfortably than his fellows. Good things that he never expected, seemed to be always falling into 'Lucky Frank.'—this enviable person was one day standing talking to me at the Union counter, when Deborah who had been discharged from the house a few days previously, walked in. She was evidently in a mischievous mood, and the first thing she did was, as Frank was a little in her way, to take off his cap, and fling it into the street. Frank said not a word, but fetched his cap, and on his return he bestowed a slap on Deborah's bonnet, which entirely altered its fashion, without trouble to the bonnet-maker. The result was a furious battle. I need not trouble you sir with the elevating details. I didn't interfere, and in a few minutes the contest ended in Deborah being stretched on the ground. It was a marvelous victory for Frank.—His usual fortunes of course, came to his aid, and instead of being reduced to a jelly, as might have been expected, he stood a victor. Deborah got up quietly, and walked away.

'It might have been ten days after this when the news reached me that Frank and Deborah were going to be married. I was utterly astonished. I couldn't help seeing Frank, and remonstrating with him. He—'Lucky Frank!'—to be entering in such a preposterous alliance.

'But why not?' he asked calmly.

'Mercy on me!' I exclaimed. 'You must be mad even to think of it.

'There's nothing against her but her temper, and she is such a wonderfully fine woman! Yes you know I mastered her.

'Here was the secret. The giantess was an object of unqualified admiration to little Frank; and then having conquered her in a struggle had so delighted him, he was always thinking of her, and at length came to feel an odd sort of affection for her.

'But is she willing to have you? I asked.

'She doats upon me,' answered the lover. 'She told me that the very moment I had her on the ground, she felt I was the man for her, and she could do anything for me.'

'Well,' I said inwardly marvelling at this new instance of strange workings of Cupid,' I hope and trust the next person wanted after the priest won't be the coroner.' And with this ungracious remark, I left him.

'They were married. The whole neighborhood deemed Frank a lunatic, but he had his way. I am bound to admit the truth, there was nothing against Deborah but her temper; and after the marriage, I was told she had much improved, and that she and her husband agreed admirably.

'One afternoon, at the expiration of a month, I was informed by a gentleman, a solicitor from London, wished to speak to me. He came in.

'Have you a young woman in your workhouse named Deborah Tomkinson?' he asked.

'We had a short time ago,' I replied.—'Her name is now Spivil. She is married to a carpenter, whose shop is at the end of the next street, on the left.'

'Oh! very well; that's all right. Bless my heart! what a deal of trouble I've had over this affair.'

'May I ask it's nature?'

'Yes; it's no secret. This young woman I take it, from information I've received, is the only daughter of a man named John Tomkinson, who lived here.'

'Just so.'

'Well that Tomkinson was a brother to a deceased client of mine—James Tomkinson, of London. It seems the brothers quarrelled in early life, and all communication ceased between them. My client, an old bachelor, is recently dead, and in his will he leaves to his brother or child, or children, all he died possessed of, value, say five thousand pounds. I thought for a while that the whole would go to the Crown; but, luckily, I stumbled on a clue to John Tomkinson's movements, ascertained the place of his death, and here I am.'

'Lucky Frank! sir,' said Mr. Jones, in conclusion, 'I believe he had really an excellent wife, and every source of quiet happiness. You should hear the good-natured, kind-hearted, Mrs. Spivil laugh over the recollections of 'Desperate Deborah.'"

Collecting the Fare.

Jerusha came into the city yesterday, to see her cousin. Jerusha had never in her life ridden in a horse car, so Jeduthan took her to Cottage Grove to see the soldiers. Jerusha is a fair maiden to look upon. Jerusha has been told the same by her sweetheart as often as twice, and, as a natural consequence, and as the mirror reflected the same insinuation, Jerusha knows that she is fair. Well, this subject must have been running in the country girl's head yesterday. Jeduthan had found an acquaintance at the other end of the car, with whom he was busy discussing the war, when the bashful and very polite conductor came around for his tickets and small change. Conductor stepped up to Jerusha, and said, "Your fare, miss!" And he said it in such a fascinating, tripping style, we thought it no matter of wonder that the maiden blushed slightly. She did not know he was conductor. He appeared to be anything but that. Not receiving the money the young man repeated, 'Your fare miss!' No change again, but a deep blush o'erspread the already rosy cheeks of the pretty country girl. "Your fare," the conductor repeated for the third time. "Do you think so?" was the unexpected and astonished query. "They say, out in Kane county, that I'll do when there's none handsomer around!", This capped the climax, and the whole crowd male and female, in the car, burst into a fit of cachination hard to beat, as the modest conductor and innocent rustic, the one standing petrified, dumbfounded, and the other sitting with that pleased, simple expression, and that carnation hue still resting on her cheek, looking each other in the countenance inquiringly, and at a loss to know why the people laughed, and what they had said or done to create such a rumpus. At this juncture, Jeduthan came up, perceived the mistake his fair cousin had made, paid the fare, and immediately thereafter stopped the car, got out with his fair Jerusha, and concluded to wait awhile before going to camp. They took the next street car, which as good luck would have it, was managed by the ugliest and roughest conductor in the employ of the City Railroad Company, with whom there was no danger of a repetition of the fare contretemps. Jerusha considers herself insulted now, and her friends cannot repress a smile, when any wicked one calls her "fare."

[Chicago Times.

—The following notice was found posted on the bulletin of a Western post-office up Nick Whiffles' way: "Lost—a red kaf. He had a white spot on 1 of bhind, I will give thre dolers to evirbudi wut wil bring hym hom."

☞ Among the many spectators at the Great Battle near Manassas, was Mr. Joseph Powell, a well known merchant of Towanda. At the time of the panic, Mr. P. says that he "managed to retreat in good order."

First Traces of Primeval Man.

And it is just in this palpable approach to existing nature [the uppermost tertiaries] that we begin to detect the earliest trace of human species. First, and far back among the riversilts and peat-bogs and cave-earths, we discover his rude stone implements and weapons, his tree-canoes, and the embers of the fire which he alone of all animals can either kindle or sustain. Side by side with these remains, occasionally lie bones of the mamoth, rhinoceros, and Irish deer; but whether these may not have been washed up, drifted and re-assorted from earlier deposits is a question not always easily determined. However the question may be ultimately answered, one thing is certain that just as the mammoths and mastodons drop away, and the horse, ox, goat and sheep begin to spread over Europe in increasing numbers, so the traces of primeval man become more frequent and unmistakeable. In all likelihood—nay, it is all but certain, that over the plains and through the forest of the Old World man hunted the Irish deer and speared the mammoth, just as at a later period, and in the same region, he lassoed the wild horse, and impounded the usus and buffalo. With regard to this subject, however—viz: the first appearance of man—much unnecessary discussion has taken place, and a great deal of uneasy tenderness displayed. Like other events in geological history, we have at present no means of assigning to it a definite date in years, and centuries. The time is merely relative, and all that science can safely do is to ascribe it to an early, though not to the very earliest, stages of the pleistocene epoch. Whether this was six thousand or sixteen thousand years ago, we cannot by any known data determine, though this much is evident, that the amount of change since effected on the physical and vital world, as well as the course of civilization itself, would, at the current rates of progress, require for their elimination a much more extended serion than is usually allowed. And here it may be remarked, that while in these superficial accumulations we find frequent traces of primeval man—his stone implements, tree-canoes, &c.—we rarely or never discover the remains of man himself. Not a human bone has been detected even in the valley of the Somme, where the implements lie in thousands, not a fragment where other fragments more slender fragile occur in abudance. It is true that the search has yet been confined to a small portion of Europe; but the fact is somewhat significant, and forbids any attempt at generalization until wider area in Asia and America have been explored. Till this is done, and till bones and crania have been found and exhumed, it will be impossible to decide the ethnographic character of these early men, or to say whether they appeared in Asiatic, Eurpean, or American species, and consequently arose from various creative centres, or were merely time distributed varieties of single and one-created form. Geology, as far as the facts have been collated, gives no countenance to the idea of a plurality of creative centres. On the contrary, the sameness of the stone implements, wherever they have been found, evinces a similarity of idea—the same conception and the same design. Those, therefore, who, disregarding the units of language, mental constitution and religious sentiment of the human race, will still contend for several creative centres, must seek other corroborations for their hypothesis than is yet afforded by discoveries and indications of geology.—[From Page's past and Present Life of the Globe."

Those Mechanics Again.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin has the following in its "Sharp-shooter, column:

"The regiments of the Northern army, it is well known, contain practical mechanics of every branch of trade, as well as artists, mechanics, clerks, and men of every walk of business; so that when a commander wished a bridge built, a locomotive repaired, or a pair of boots mended, he finds a ready response to his order of 'Carpenters step to the front!' 'Machinists, two paces forward, march!' Shoemakers, to the front and centre, march!'

In an army composed of such material the branch of trade from which such companies have been drawn will be indicated to the shrewd observer by their style of expression toward the enemy. For instance:

Printers—Knock him into pi! Smash his form! Lead him well! At him with a dash!'

Carpenters—At him full chisel! Shave him down!

Tailors—Sew him up! Give him a good basting!

Sailors—Smash in his top lights! Run foul of him! Sink him!

Shoemakers—Give him a welting! Peg away at him! Close him up!

Fishermen—Split him and salt him!—Hook him in the gills!

Blacksmiths—Let him have it red hot! Hammer it into him!

Painters—A little more lead! Lay it on to him! We're just the size for him!

Barber—Our dander is up! Now for a good brush! Give him a good lathering!

Bakers—He (k) needs working over! Let's do him brown, boys!

Glaziers—Smash the awful set! Let's do our puttiest!

Lawyers—Be brief with him! Get his head in Chancery! Stick him with—the costs!

Machinists—Set his runing gear in motion! We'll start the driving wheel, and he shan't break the connection again!

Bill Posters—Stick him to the wall!

Musical Instrument Makers—His notes are all spoiled! String him up!

Jewelers—Chase him well! Show him your mettle, boys!

Stage Drivers—Whip him into the traces! Touch up his leaders with a string!

—A young Exquisite being asked why he did not enlist, said that he always thought war was best when taken in homeopathic doses.

Marriage of Convenience.

The Observateur Belge tells the following capital story, which, if not new, is still old enough to bear relieving, especially at a season when office seekers are so put to their mettle that no hint of methods can be thrown away:

"The grandfather of the present King of Holland one day received a visit from a young man who requested to be appointed as successor to a notary deceased on the previous day. The King said: "The notary has left nothing for his widow, with the exception of some half dozen children to bring up; the person who succeeds to the office must do something for her. There was a candidate here some minutes before you came who offered her a pension of four hundred francs a year, which is very little." I will give her four hundred florins, sire." Well, we shall see.

Come again in a week. The young man was punctual to his appointment. "It appears said the King, "that the connection is a good one; your competitor now promises to give the Widow five hundred florins a year." "Well sire, I will give six hundred florins." "Come again in a week; he who makes the most liberal offer shall have the office." At the third audience the other competitor had advanced to eight hundred florins, but our young man declared that such generosity would be ruinous and that he could not offer so much. "I venture, however, to ask your Majesty to grant me the favor of suspending your decision for a week longer.

The delay was granted, but when the young man came for the fourth time, his Majesty could not help saying with some impatience:

"It is useless, sir, to say anything more; your rival has not hesitated to offer a pension of a thousand florins; will you do as much for the widow?" "I beg your pardon, sire, I will do more—I am about to marry her. Here is her written consent. King William was so much diverted with this place-hunting expedient that he determined the Queen should immediately share his amusement, and the hero of the adventure accordingly had the honor of relating all the particulars to their majesties, who laughed most heartily at the story. This model place-hunter afterwards, became an exceedingly successful man in his business.

Questions for the People.

Will the civil war in which our country is engaged save the Union?

Will it preserve the Constitution?

Will it benefit the people of the North and West?

Will it benefit the slaves of the South?

Will it restore the era of good feeling and friendship between the people of the various States which existed in the past?

Has it not ruined the commerce of the country?

Has it not lowered the value of real estate?

Has it not decreased the value of farm products—of wheat, corn and market products?

Has it not thrown thousands of men out of employment?

Has it not thrown thousands of women out of employment?

Has it not already brought lamentations and Mourning to the households of a great many?

Will it not cause exorbitant taxation for years to come?

Have we thus far derived any good what ever from this war?

Will not our troubles in the end have to be settled by a treaty of peace—a compromise between the sections?

Would not an immediate, honorable peace be preferable to a continuance of the war?

What are the American people fighting for?

Is revenge so sweet as to recompense us for destroying ourselves in order to destroy the people of the South?

PAT AND THE JUDGE.—Shasta being at the head of Wo-haw navigation, the hotels in this flourishing town were full to overflowing when Judge B., arrived and asked the landlord for a room.

The landlord greatly regretted the fact but "there was but one opportunity even to sleep beneath his roof, and that in a double-bed already occupied by a son of the Emerald Isle a miner from the neighboring country, who was well acquainted with Judge B. by reputation.

The Judge, making a virtue of necessity agreed to sleep with Pat for the night and was shown into the room by Boniface, who waked Pat and told him who was to be his bed fellow. Pat was agreed. The landlord retired, and the Judge commenced the double process of undressing and reminding Pat of the great honor of which he was about to be the recipient, and at the same time talking of the 'Ould Counthry" and preparing Pat to give to him, the Judge, his support at the coming election. Conversing for some time after getting into bed, the Judge said:—

"Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could have slept with a Judge, would you not?"

"Yis, yer Honor," said Pat, "and I think yer Honor would have been in the 'Ould Counthry' before ye'd been a Judge, too?"

The Judge walked up next morning and looked at himself in the glass to see whether a bad night's rest had injured his looks.

—A Funny War.—Letter writers from Western Virginia state that the pickets of the two armies often approach each other within speaking distance. After abusing each other sharply, and using such epithets as "traitor" and "d—d abolitionist," they frequently agree to ground arms, and meeting each other half way—take a sociable drink!

They have got an officer down at Cairo named Lieut. Col. Mersey. The other day some ladies of Bellville went there to present a flag to the Ninth Regiment, and there was considerable speechifying on the occasion. Calls were make for "Mersey, Mersey," when a voice in the crowd cried out, "Yes, for God's sake, do show us Mercy!"

TELEGRAPHICALLY DRUNK.—A citizen of St. Louis being brought before a magistrate on a charge of drunkenness, the following dialogue took place:

Judge—"What is the charge against this individual?"

Policeman—"Getting drunk: completely drunk, attempting to destroy private property, and collecting a crowd around him."

Mr. Erskine, (arising painfully)—"That's a mistake, a calumny beyond description. I was not drunk, I am not drunk, I shall not and will not be drunk. I never drink anything but water; ask Thompson. In order to prove to you I have my senses perfectly, I will proceed to sing the Star-Spangled Banner without missing a note. Gotspianobere?"

The Judge—"Poor lunatic?"

Mr. Erskine—"Indeed, that's more'n likely. Reading the newspapers has brought me into this state. I like to know the war news. I read all the dispatches printed on the subject. That's the way I lost my reason. The second edition contradicts the first; the third contradicts that again, and so on. You believe you know and you don't know anything. You learn all at once that what happened yesterday didn't happen yesterday, but is going to happen to-morrow. That's enough to shatter the best organized intellect. It produces the effect of mixing your liquor—you go swallowing, without knowing how much you take."

Judge—"So you have been mixing your liquor then?"

Mr. Erskine—"No! I've mixed my despatches. Oh! Telegraph! Telegraph! you're my ruin!"

Notwithstanding this ingenious system of defence Mr. Erskine was sent to work off his whisky at the station house. On his way thither he promised the police officer not to read any more newspapers, and above all, no more despatches from the seat of war.

VERY POLITE.—The Duke of Ormond, who was a true patern of politeness, was visited a few moments before his death by a German Baron, who was one of the politest men of his country. The duke feeling himself dying, desired to be conveyed to his arm-chair, when, turning toward the Baron, he said—

'Excuse me sir, if I should make some grimaces in your presence, for my physician tells me that I am at the point of death.'

'Ah, my Duke,' replied the Baron, 'I beg that you will not put yourself under the least restraint on my account.'

This might be emphatically called 'running it (politeness) into the ground.'

Patriots and Traitors.

In good old times, when we were a happy and united people, that man was regarded a patriot who loved his whole country, revered the Constitution, obeyed the laws and faithfully performed all his obligations as a citizen. He might support the Administration in power, or oppose it, without having his loyalty to the Government or patriotism questioned.—Men equally good and true were to be found on both sides. But in these troublous times, a somewhat different test of patriotism is sought to be applied. Loyalty and disloyalty, patriotism and treason, are not what they were in the palmy days of the Republic. We live under a new dispensation, and words have acquired an entirely novel significance.

If, for instance, a citizen who used to exercise the largest liberty in abusing the President of the United States, ridiculing the Supreme Court, encouraging violations of the Fugitive Slave Law, advocating the 'irrepressible conflict," and hinting that in certain contingencies, the Union might slide, is now a fast friend of the Administration, in favor of gagging or hanging every person who ventures to whisper a word of dissent to its policy, he is a Patriot. He may not be remarkable for individual or official honesty—he may even be connected with fraudulent schemes to take money out of the Treasury—in plain words, he may be growing rich by the spoils of war, yet he is a Patriot.—He may encourage violations of the Constitution, infringements upon private rights, turbulence and mob violence, and still he is a Patriot. He must have a keen scent for treason and Traitors. He must discover that his honest neighbors, who do not participate in his violence, are 'secessionists,' and mildly suggest hanging. If these neighbors should intimate that the President of the United States is not exactly a second Jackson, our Patriot will mark him as a suspicious character; and if by any chance he should go so far as to express the obsolete opinion that the Constitution is the supreme law of the land, suspicion will deepen into absolute conviction, and our patriot no longer doubts the necessity of establishing the guillotine to rid the country of pestilent Traitors.

On the other hand, if a man deplores the exercise of unconstitutional powers, he is a Traitor. If he doubts that war will accomplish the restoration of the Union, he is a Traitor. He may perform all his duties as an upright and loyal citizen; he may never have been guilty of a disdonest, mean or discreditable action; he may have fought the battles of the country, and have contributed liberally of his means to sussain the Government and provide for the families of those who have gone forth to fight, nevertheless he is a Traitor. Our modern Patriot, with his pockets puffed out with plunder, says so, and who shall gainsay his word? Let the good citizen be a Democrat, and venture to declare that had his advice been followed these things would not now be, and if the zealous Patriot does not have him strung up for uttering treasonable language it will not be his fault.

Now, at this risk of being denounced as traitors, we venture to affirm that every citizen of this Free Republic (we are not yet prepared to admit that this is a misnomer) has the right to examine and criticise all the acts of his rulers—public servants they used to be styled—and to express either approval or dissent. If the Executive has exceeded the powers confided to him by the Constitution, he has a right to say so—and if the public money