THE BELLEFONTE NATIONAL.

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The Bellefonte National.

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[From the Huntingdon Globe.

WALLACE AND HIS COFFEE-POT IN THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN OF 1867.

BY J. SEWEL STEWART.

'Twas eventide—past supper time—
The shanty table cleared;
When to the door a pilgrim came,
With dust upon his beard.

He asked if Collins' boss was in—
And could he with him speak!
Was ushered in—politely told:
"There stands the man you seek."

The boss inquired who he was—
Said: "Pray, what's to befall us?"
He said: "I bring no evil news;
My name is William Wallace.

"I want two hundred men to vote
The Democratic ticket;
The number needed you can call
From this secluded thicket."

The boss replied: "Sir, all my gang
Are fresh from Erin's sod,
And have no better right to vote,
Than Aaron's magic rod."

"I have that fixed," the pilgrim said,
"The papers signed and sealed;"
There's naught to do but write their names,
When ballots they can wield.

"And as the documents are fresh
And have no badge of age,
I have my coffee-pot along,
To tan the snowy page.

"We'll boil them for a little while
In coffee strong as rye,
When they will pass official gaze—
Detection will defy."

Like Barney, then the cook was told,
To put the kettle on;
While from the check-rolls were transcribed
The names that stood thereon.

The boss and pilgrim boiled them well
To look like copperheads;
And then rejoiced—nor felt the tramp
Of conscience's stealthy treads.

The job well done, the pilgrim said:
"Assess and swear them through;
Our chance for victory depends
On what you thus may do."

And starting off for other fields—
His coffee-pot in hand;
Exulting, said: "Aladin's lamp
Did nothing half so grand.

"Let orators their speeches make
And editors indite;
With this good coffee-pot, I can
Be victor in the fight.

"Two hundred voters to the gallon,
Its conquests are and more;
Ne'er whiskey in its palmiest days,
Such splendid trophies bore."

Thus on his pilgrimage he went
From Centre to Luzerne;
Baptizing in the wilderness
With coffee from his urn.

And as he went, he sang this song;
"My magic coffee-pot—
You've raised us up ten thousand votes—
My bubbling coffee-pot!

"Hurra!" he yelled; but as the voice
Careered among the trees—
He hushed, in fear his secret would
Be borne upon the breeze.

Like palmer from the holy land,
The Keystone Club he sought;
He had no palm-leaf in his hand,
But had his coffee-pot.

October seventh, in the night,
They heard his glowing story;
And straightway placed upon his brow
The laurel wealth of glory.

'Mid thundering shouts that shook the house—
With gin and joy so hot—
They throned beside Columbia's Eagle,
The glorious Coffee-Pot.

THE HEIRESS IN JEOPARDY.

It was one day when I was about seven years old, after the unusual bustle in the family mansion, and my being arrayed in a black frock; much to my inconvenience in the hot month of August, that I was told my enthusiastic old uncle had gone like a lamb, and that I was the heiress to ten thousand per annum. This information given with an air of infinite importance, made no very great impression on me at that time, and, in spite of the circumstances being regularly dwelt on, by my French governess, at Camden House, every heinous misdemeanor, I had thought little or nothing on the subject, till, at the age of eighteen I was called upon to bid adieu to Levizaz and pirouettes, and hear my uncle's will read by my guardian.

It furnished me, indeed, with ample materials for thinking. Dr. Marrowfat's face neither human or divine, appeared positively frightful as he recited its monstrous contents. It appeared that my father and uncle, though brothers, had wrangled and jangled through life, and that the only subject on which they ever agreed was, supporting the dignity of the Vavasour family. That, in a moment of unprecedented unison, they had determined that, as the title fell to my cousin Edgar, and the estates to me, to keep both united in the family, we should marry. And it seemed which ever party violated these precious conditions was actually dependent on the other for bread and butter. When I first heard of this arrangement I blessed myself, and Sir Edgar cursed himself. A passionate, overbearing and dissolute young man thought I, for a husband, for the husband of an orphan—of a girl who has not a nearer relation than himself in the world—who has no father to advise her, no mother to support her, a professed rake, too, who will merely view me as an incumbrance on his estate; who will think no love, no confidence, no respect due to me; who will insult my feelings, deride my sentiments, and wither with unkindness the best affections of my nature. No! I concluded, as my constitutional levity returned—I have the greatest possible respect for guardians—revere their office, and tremble at their authority, but to make myself wretched merely to please them—no! no! I postively cannot think of it.

Well, time—who is no respecter of persons—went on. The gentleman was within a few months of being twenty-one, and, on the day of his attaining age, he was to say whether it was his pleasure to fulfill his engagement. My opinion, I found, was not to be asked. A titled husband was procured for me, and I was to take him, and be thankful.—I was musing on my singular situation when a thought struck me. Can I not see him and judge of his character unsuspected by himself? This is the season when he pays an annual visit to my god-mother; why not persuade her to let me visit her incog? The idea, strange as it was, was instantly acted on, and a week saw me at Valeroyal, without carriage, without horses, without servants, to all appearance a girl of no pretensions or expectations, and avowedly dependent on a distant relation.

To this hour I remember my heart beating audibly, as I decended to the dining room, where I was to see, for the first time, the future arbiter of my fate, and I never shall forget my surprise, when a pale, gentlemanly and rather reserved young man, was introduced to me for my noisy, distracting and distracted Baronet.—Preciously have I been hoaxed, thought I, as after a long and rather interesting conversation with Sir Edgar, I, with the other ladies, left the room. Days rolled on in succession. Chance continually brought us together, and prudence began to whisper, "You had better return home." Still I lingered—till one evening towards the close of a long tete-a-tete conversation, on my saying that I never considered money and happiness as synoymous terms, and thought it very possible to live on five hundred a year, he said, "One admission more—could you live on it with me? You are doubtless acquainted," he continued with increasing emotion, "with my unhappy situation, but not perhaps aware that revolting from a union with Miss Vavasour, I have resolved on taking orders, and accepting a living from a friend. If, foregoing more brilliant prospects, you would condescend to share my retirement—" his manner, the moment, the lovely scene which surrounded us, all combined against me, and heaven only knows what answer I might have been hurried into had I not got out with a gaiety foreign to my heart—"I can say nothing to you till you have in person explained your sentiments to Miss Vavasour. Nothing—positively nothing."

"But why? Can seeing her again and again," he returned, "ever reconcile me to her manners, habits, and sentiments—or any estates induce me to place at the head, of my table, a hump-backed blue stocking, in green spectacles."

"Hump-backed?"

"Yes, from her cradle. But you color. Do you know her?"

"Intimately. She's my most particular friend!"

"I sincerely beg your pardon. I hope you're not offended?"

"Offended? oh, no, not offended. Hump-backed, of all things in the world!" And I involuntarily gave a glance towards the glass.

"I had no conception," he contined, as soon as he could collect himself, "that there was any acquaintance."

"The most intimate," I replied, "and I can assure you that *you* have been represented to her, as the most akward, illdisposed young man living."

"The devil!"

"Don't swear, but hear me. See your cousin. With her answer you shall have mine." And, with a ludicrous attempt to smile, when I was most monstrously inclined to cry. I contrived to make my escape—I heard something very much like "Damn Miss Vavasour," by the way to my own apartment. We did not meet again—for the next morning, in no very eviable frame of mind, I returned home.

A few weeks afterwards, Sir Edgar came of age. The bells were ringing blightly in the breeze—the tenants were carousing on the lawn—when he drove up to the door.—My cue was taken. With a large pair of green spectacles on my nose—in a darkened room—I prepared for this tremendous interview. After hems and haws innumerable, and with confusion the most distressing to himself, and the most amusing to me, he gave me to understand that he could not fulfil the engagement made for him, and regretted it had ever been contemplated. "No—no," said I, in a voice that made him start, taking off my green spectacles with a profound courtsey—"No, no, it is preposterous to suppose that Sir Edgar Vavasour would ever connect himself with an ill bred, awkward, hump-backed girl!" Exclamations and explanations, laughter and raileries, intermixed with more serious feelings, followed, but the result of it all was—that—that we are married.

A STORY OF LONG AGO.

The long time ago of which I mean to tell was a wild night in March, during which, in a fisherman's hut ashore, sat a young girl at her spinning-wheel and looked out on the dark, driving clouds, and listened, trembling, to the wind and the sea. The morning light dawned at last. One boat that should have been riding on the troubled waves was missing—her father's boat! and half a mile from the cottage, her father's body was washed up on the shore.

This happened fifty years ago, and fifty years is a long time in the life of a human being; fifty years is a long time to go on in such a course as the woman did of whom I am speaking. She watched her father's body, according to the custom of the people, till he was laid in the grave. Then she lay down on her bed and slept, and by night got up and set a candle in her casement, as a beacon to the fisherman and a guide. She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it, and spun; then when day dawned she went to bed and slept in the sunshine. So many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread, she spun still, and one over to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity, and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snow storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of the candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, or how many a meal she won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say; how many a dark night the fishermen, depending on it, went fearlessly forth, cannot now be told. There it stood, regular as a lighthouse, steady as a constant care would make it. Always brigther when daylight waned, they had only to keep it constantly in view and they were safe; there was but one thing that could intercept it, and that was the Rock. However far they might have stretched out to sea, they had only to bear down straight for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance into the harbor.

Fifty years of life and labor—fifty years of sleeping in the sunshine—fifty years of watching and self-denial, and all to feed the flames and trim the wick of that one candle! But if we look upon the recorded lives of great, just, and wise men, few of them can show fifty years of worthier, certainly not of more successful labor. Little, indeed, of the "midnight oil" consumed during the last half century so worthily deserved the trimming. Happy woman! and but for the dreaded rock her great charity might never have been called into exercise.

But what do the boatmen and the boatmen's wives think of this? Do they pay the woman! No; they are very poor; but poor or rich, they know better than that. Do they thank her? No. Perhaps they feel that thanks of theirs would be inadequate to express the obligations, or perhaps long years have made the lighted casement so familiar, they look upon it as a matter of course. Sometimes the fishermen lay fish on her threshhold, and set a child to watch it for her till she wakes; sometimes their wives steal into her cottage, now she is getting old, and spin a hank or two of thread for her while she slumbers; and they teach their children to pass her hut quietly, and not to sing and shout before her door, lest they should disturb her. That is all. Their thanks are not looked for—scarcely supposed to be due. Their grateful deeds are more than she expects, and as much as she desires.

How often in the far distance of my English home, I have awoke in a wild winter night, and while the wind and storm were rising, have thought of that northern bay, with the waves dashing against the rock, and have pictured to myself the casement, and the candle nursed by that bending, aged figure! How delighted to know that through her untiring charity the rock has long lost more than half its terrors, and consider that, curse though it may be to all besides, it has most surely proved a blessing to her.

You, too, may perhaps think with advantage on the character of this woman, and contrast it with the mission of the Rock. There are many degrees between them. Few, like the rock, stand up wholly to work ruin and destruction; few, like the woman, "let their light shine" so brightly for good. But to one of the many degrees between them we must all most certainly belong—we all lean toward the woman or the rock. On such characters you do well to speculate with me, for you have not been cheated into sympathy with ideal shipwreck or imaginary kindness. There is many a rock elsewhere as perilous as the one I have told you of—perhaps there are many such women; but for this one, whose story is before you, pray that her candle may burn a little longer, since this record of her charity is true.—*Jean Ingelow.*

A MAD WOLF ON THE RAMPAGE.

A letter from Fort Larned to the Leavenworth *Times* tells the following: A most fearful and appalling circumstance transpired at the fort last evening. While a party of ladies and gentlemen were sitting in front of the beautiful quarters of Col. Ed. Wynkoop, Indian Superintendent or Agent of several warlike tribes, the entire party commenced a beautiful song. While the melody was ringing in the night air, a monstrous shaggy and rabid wolf dashed madly in the midst of the party, first attacking Lieut. Thompson, Third U. S. Infantry, tearing and lacerating his limbs in a most frightful manner. The monster broke away, pursued by Col. Wynkoop, and his chief scout, James Morrison, who had lost no time in procuring proper arms. Before either of these fearless gentlemen however, could overtake him the wolf had attacked the sentry at the guard house, whom he also bit savagely, the sentinel having fired, but, most unfortunately missed his aim. From the guard house the wolf next dashed over to the hospital, and made an assault upon one of the men there stationed, almost tearing his right arm from his body, after first taking off a finger entire. He then attacked and mutilated a colored soldier of the Tenth Cavalry, and subsequently entered the quarters of the laudress, while she was in bed, but owing to the thickness of the bed clothes, fortunately failed to inflict any serious injury on the poor woman. The maddened creature next caught sight of the sentinel at the haystacks, who almost providentially, shot him dead. Besides Lieut. Thompson, there are three persons badly bitten and mulitated by this monster.

GO TO CHURCH.

There is nothing which helps to establish a man's character more than a steady attendance at church, and a proper regard to the first day of the week. Every head of a family should go to church as an example. Lounging in the street and bar rooms on the Sabbath is abominable and deserves censure, because it lays the foundation of habits which ruin both soul and body. Many a man can date the commencement of his dissipations, which made him a burden to himself and friends, an object of pity in the sight of enemies, to his Sunday debauchery—Idleness is the mother of drunkeness. The Sabbath is generally an idle day; therefore if it were not properly kept, it were better struck out of existence.

A TEXAS man gives it as his opinion, when importuned to take out a policy in a life insurance company, that a fellow's life was so mighty uncertain about there, it wasn't worth insuring.

A DRUNKEN Englishman said to Judge Ledwith, of New York, on Wednesday, of last week: "Your honor, I'm a nobleman in disguise." "So I perceive," replied the Judge, "you're disguised in liquor, and as drunk as a lord."

TAXATION OF U. S. BONDS.

SPEECH OF MR. BLANE.

The following is the *Globe* report of Mr. Blaine's speech, delivered in the House of Representatives, June 23, 1868:

MR. BLAINE. The fact that the bonds of the United States are exempt from State and municipal taxation has created a wide spread discontent among the people, and the belief prevails quite generally that if this exemption could be removed the local burdens of the tax-payer would be immediately and essentially lightened. Many persons assert this belief from a spirit of mischevious demagogueism, and many do so from sincere and conscientious conviction. To the latter class I would beg to submit some facts and suggestions which may greatly modify, if not entirely change their conclusions.

The total gold bearing debt of the United States, the conversion of seven-thirties complete, amounts to a little more than $2,100,000,000; of this sum total something over $200,000,000 draw but five per cent. interest, a rate not sufficiently high to provoke hostility or suggest the necessity of taxation. Indeed it may be safely said that there has never been any popular dissatisfaction with regard to the non-taxation of the five per cents., it being agreed by common consent that such a rate of interest was not unreasonable on a loan negotiated at such a time.

The agitation may, therefore, be regarded as substantially confined to the six per cents. gold-bearing bonds, which amount to the large aggregate of $1,900,000,000. Many people honestly but thoughtlessly believe that if this class of bonds could be taxed by local authority the whole vast volume represented by them would at once be added to the list of the assessors. It is my purpose to show very briefly that this conclusion is totally unfounded and erroneous, and that if the right of local taxation existed in its fullest and amplest extent, but a minor fraction of the total amount of bonds could by any possibility be subjected to any more local tax than they already pay.

The entire amount of these bonds as I have stated, is $1,900,000,000; and of this total, by the best and most careful estimates attainable, at least six hundred and fifty million are now held in Europe. This amount could not therefore be reached by any system of local taxation, however extended, thorough and searching. Deducting the amount thus held abroad we find the amount held at home is reduced to $1,250,000,000.

But of this $1,250,000,000 more than one-third, or to speak with accuracy, about $425,000,000 are held by the national banks, and no form of property in the whole United States pays so large a tax both local and general as these banks. The stock depositories, and the deposits which these $425,000,000 of bonds represent, pay full local tax at the highest rate besides a national tax averaging about two and a half per cent. Were the power of local taxation made specific and absolute on these bonds, they could not yield a dollar more than is now realized in that direction. It thus follows that the 1,250,000,000 of bonds in this country, presumptively escaping local taxation, must be reduced by the amount represented by the banks, and hence we find the aggregate falls to 825,000,000.

The reduction, however, goes still further, for it must be remembered that the savings banks have invested their deposits in these bonds to the amount of 175,000,000. In some States by local law the deposits of savings banks are exempt from taxation, as an incentive to thrift and economy. In other States where these deposits are taxed, as in Connecticut, it has been held by judicial decision that the fact of their investment in United States bonds does not exempt them from taxation. Hence these 175,000,000, thus invested in savings bank deposits, are either locally taxable, or if exempt it is by State law and not by virtue of the general exemption of the bonds. It thus follows that the 825,000,000 must be further reduced by this sum of 175,000,000, leaving but 650,000,000 not already embraced within the scope of local taxation. But there is still a further reduction of 30,000,000 held by the Life Insurance Companies and held on precisely the same terms as the deposits of savings banks—that is, either taxed locally, or if exempt, deriving the exemption from the local law. The surplus earnings and reserves of these life insurance companies invested to the extent of thirty millions in United States bonds are just as open to taxation when invested in that form as though they were in State or railroad securities. Deducting these thirty millions we find the untaxed bonds reduced to 620,000,000.

And still there is another large reduction; for the fire and marine insurance companies and the annuity and trust companies and other corporations which cannot readily be classed, hold in the aggregate over 125,000,000 of bonds, and these are held on precisely the same basis as those held by the savings banks and life insurance companies. These numerous corporations have their capital stock, their reserves and their surplus earnings invested in Government bonds to the extent named, and they are in this form just as open to taxation and are actually taxed just as much as though they were invested in any other form of security. Making the deduction of this 125,000,000 we find remaining but 495,000,000 of the six per cent., gold bearing bonds that are not already practically subjected to local taxation. Allowing for the possibility that 100,000,000 of five per cents. are held instead of six per cents, in all the channels of investment I have named, and it follows that at the outside figures there are to-day in the whole country less than 600,000,000 of Government sixes, not fully subjected to the power of local taxation. And these six hundred millions are rapidly growing less as the various corporated institutions I have named invest their funds more and more in the bonbs. These institutions desire a security that is of steady value, not liable to great fluctuation, and at all times convertible into money; and hence they seek Government bonds in preference to any other form of investment. The high premium on the bonds induces individuals to part with them and hence they are readily transferred to corporate ownership, where they become in effect at once liable to local taxation and are no longer obnoxious to the charge of evading or escaping their just share of municipal burden. In the hands of individuals the bonds may be concealed, but in the possession of corporations concealment is necessarily impossible.

If these statistical statements needed any verification it would be supplied by an examination of the income returns recently made under oath and published in all the large cities of the country, disclosing the fact that the amount of bonds held by the wealthy men of the country has been continually growing less, just as they have been absorbed by foreign purchase and by corporate investment. The correctness of these income returns in reference to the investment in bonds will be accepted even by the incredulous and the interest of those making them was to exaggerate rather than depreciate the respective amounts held by them. Instead then of 1,600,000,000 of these bonds running free of taxation it is clear that less than 600,000,000 are open to that charge—less than one-third of the whole amount. The remainder, largely more than two-thirds of the whole, are either held abroad where no local taxations can reach them, or they are held at home in such form as subjects them to local taxation.

And now let us suppose that we were in possession of the full power to tax by local authority these 600,000,000 of bonds presumptively owned by individuals! Would we realize anything from it? On its face the prospect might be fair and inviting, but in practice it would assuredly prove delusive and deceptive. The trouble would be that the holders of the bonds could not be found. No form of property is so easily concealed, none so readily transferred back and forth, none so difficult to trace to actual ownership. We have hundreds of millions of State bonds, city bonds, and railroad securities in this country, and yet every one knows that it is only an infinitesimal proportion of this vast investment that is ever represented on the books of assessors and tax collectors. As a pertinent illustration, I might cite the case of the bonds of my own State, of which there are over five millions in existence to-day, largely held as a favorite investment by the citizens of Maine. Of this whole sum I am safe in saying that scarcely a dollar it found on the lists of any assessor in the State. And yet the facility for concealing ownership in national bonds is far greater than in any other form of security, and the proportion in the hands of individuals that would escape the assessment of local taxes may be inferred with reasonable certainty from the analogies I have suggested, and which are familiar to all who have given the least attention to the subject. Indeed, I venture to assert with confidence that if the power of local taxation of these bonds were fully accorded today, the tax lists of our cities and towns would not be increased on an average one per cent Many of those who to-day may be ambitious of parading their bonds when protected by what is deemed an offensive exemption, would suddenly have none were the power of taxation applied to them. Indeed, the utter failure to realize anything from this source, if the power to test it were granted, would in the end create more dissatisfaction than that exemption, which in theory is absolutely of no consequence whatever.

But it will be asked, "Why don't you tax the bonds by national authority?" Granted, it will be urged, that the power of local taxation would be nugatory and valueless, "that affords all the stronger reason for taxing the bonds by direct Congressional enactment." In answer to this I have only to say that a tax levied directly upon the coupon is simply an abatement of interest, and that result can be reached in a better and more satisfactory and more honorable way. The determination manifested by this Congress and by the great Republican Convention at Chicago to maintain the national faith has already worked a large appreciation in the value of the bonds, and with the strengthening of our credit, which results from an honest and high-toned policy, we will speedily be able to fund our debt on a lower scale of interest, running down to five, four and a half and ultimately four per cent., per annum. Should we proceed, however in violation of good faith and of the uniform practice of civilized nations, to hold back part of the stipulated interest instead of effecting an honorable exchange of bonds to the mutual advantage of the Government and of the public creditor, we should only punish ourselves, produce calamitous results in the business world, and permanently injure our national fame.

To withhold one per cent., of the interest under the plea of a national tax this year might be followed by withholding two per cent., next year and the three per cent. the year ensuing. To enter upon such a policy would produce alarm at home and wide-spread distrust abroad, for every man holding a bond would have to count his rate of interest not on what was stipulated in the contract, but on what might be the will and caprice of Congress in its annual withholding of a portion of the interest under the pretence of a tax. Under such a policy our bonds would be returned upon us from Europe with panic like rapidity, and the drain upon our specie resources would produce an immediate and disasterous crisis in monetary circles. If even one half of our bonds held in Europe were suddenly sent home it would drain us of 250,000,000 of specie, and the financial distress throughout the length and breadth of the land would be beyond the power of calculation or imagination. And yet that is the precise result involved if we should follow the policy advocated by those who urge us to tax the coupon and withhold one or two per cent. of the interest. Let us reject such counsels, and adhere to the steady, straightforward course indicated alike by policy and good faith. And let us never forget that in the language of the Chicago platform, "the best policy to diminish our burden of debt is to so improve our credit that capitalists will seek to loan us money at lower rates of interest than we now pay, and must continue to pay so long as repudiation, either partial or total, open or covert, is threatened or suspected."

DANIEL S. DICKINSON ON SEYMOUR.

The following is an extract from the speech of Daniel S. Dickinson, delivered at the great ratification meeting held at the Cooper Institute in the city of New York, October 8, 1862. As Mr. Dickinson was a life-long Democrat, and in a position to be perfectly posted on Mr. Seymour's record, the picture he draws may be especially refreshing just now to those Conservative Soldier's who, at their late Convention in New York, committed themselves so unreservedly to the support of the Democratic nominee for the President:

When a most atrocious conspiracy which ever desecrated earth found development in an assault upon our national flag at Sumter, and in efforts to massacre a half-starved garrison, placed there in a time of profound peace, according to uniform usage, for no other offense than asserting the supremacy of their country's Constitution, and giving to the breeze, as emblematical thereof, the glorious Stars and Stripes of their fathers—when the brave volunteers who were hurrying to the defense of our nation's capital, to save it from mob rule, and rebellion and conflagration, were bleeding by traitorious hands; when strong men trembled, when women wept, and children instinctively clung closer to the maternal bosom; when all communication between the loyal States and capital was cut off by rebellious forces; when the President elect of the United States had then recently reached the seat of government, when duty called him, by a circuitous and unusual route, and in disguise, to escape the dagger of the assassin, and when our land was filled with excitement, and consternation and alarm; when 'shrieked the timid and stood still the brave,' and the confiding masses looked about to see who were the men for the crisis, among the citizens of the Empire State, who had borne a part in public affairs, and were naturally looked up to as examplars in such a crisis, he (Horatio Seymour) hired himself away upon the double quick in the opposite direction (laughter), and for nearly half a year hid himself among the lakes and rivers and romantic woodlands and inland towns of Wisconsin, and his tongue was as silent on the subject of denouncing the Rebellion as those of the murdered volunteers, whose "ghost walked unrevenged among us." (Sensation.) There we may suppose he basked and balanced and watched and waited, and turned and twisted (laughter), until autumn, when a small knot of defunct, defeated, desperate and despicable politicians, who had for years hung upon the subsistence department of the Democratic party in this State, came to his relief by entering the field. (Laughter.) They borrowed without leave the the honored name of Democracy, under which to perpetrate their covert treason, as the hypocrite.

"Stole the livery of the court of Heaven
The serve the devil in."

Their disgraceful and disloyal record stands out as the doing of men too stolid in political depravity to be gifted with ordinary instincts, and too regardless of the popular will to be mindful of shame; and the defeat they experienced at the hands of the people, should serve as a warning to trimmers, and traitors, and parricides, and ingrates, throughout all future time.

This movement drew the secluded one from his hiding place, he and came forth with all the courage of him who, in a conflict with his wife, being driven under the bed, while remaining thus ensconsd, declared, whether she consented or not, he would look out through a knot hole in the clap-boards so long as he had the spirit of a man. (Great and repeated laughter and applause.) He entered the political canvass, and on the 28th of October, 1861, a few days before the election, made a great speech, the burden of which was an apology for the Rebellion, and a condemnation of the administration for having meted out the rigor of martial law to these in arms against the government. Though abounding with flimsy disguises and sophistical generalities, it contained one point worthy of not only notice, but of the severest reprehension, and here it is:—

"If it is true that slavery must be abolished to save this Union, then the people of the South should be allowed to withdraw themselves from the government which cannot give them the protection guaranteed by its terms."

What! Place this glorious Union—this heritage of human hope—this asylum for the world's weary pilgrim—this refuge for the oppressed of earth, in the scale of being beneath the black and bloated and bloody—the corrupt—the stultified and stultifying institution of slavery! No! Sooner than see this Union severed, let not only the institution perish whenever and wheoever it can be found, but let the inhabitations that have known it perish with it, and be known no more forever. (Tremendous and long continued applause. "That's so." "That's the talk." Three cheers.) And yet this returning fugitive from patriotism proclaims as his creed, in effect if not in terms, that if either slavery or the Union must be destroyed, it should be the Union. And the name of this man is Horatio Seymour. (Sensation.)

A FEW WORDS TO THE SOUTH.

We know not whether any words we utter will reach any considerable number of the Southern people, yet we desire to place ourselves right on the record, and at least to discharge a duty we owe to the soldiers, sailors of the late war, and the cause of loyalty, peace, and truth.

We wish to utter a word of warning against the men who propose to re-open the orama of war and revolution. No graver mistake can be made by the people of the South than to repose confidence in the "fire eaters" of other days, who now are using all their power to inflame and drive them on to certain ruin; and, on the other hand, to trust the Northern demagogues, who now make them promises of Northern rebellion and blood to regain "the lost cause." The leaders of the South in 1860 taught the people that there would be no war—that "the North would not fight"—and that if there were any fighting in the North it would be done in New York, where the workingmen would rise, and Yankee soldiers would be shot down in the streets. Even Jefferson Davis said in Washington before he left his seat, under the assurances of Northern allies, that "New York would give twenty thousand recruits to the Southern army." And now, journals like the La Crosse Democrat and Metropolitan Record are broadcast over the South, filled with promises of the alacrity with which the North will aid them in the use of "*the bayonet.*"

We warn the South that the leaders who thus address them are only hurrying them into a deep abyss.—We warn the South against being betrayed by the political mock-auction men and pocket-book-droppers who promise such immense strength to their cause. It is nothing but the rabies of disappointed ambition. Not one in ten thousand of the Northern people went to the help of the South in 1860, and a smaller number will try it again.

The people of the North love the nation—they love the old flag—they have an unbounded feeling of union and sympathy with the South under the terrible calamities and losses it has suffered under the demands of her designing leaders. They look at slavery as lost by the great convulsion of war—they see the ruin, the countless graves, the wreck of hope and life to hundreds of thousands—and they are ready to grasp with a warm hand all who are willing to fail into line and submit to the new order resulting from the contest. But they do not and will not consent to see a new attempt made to settle the questions of a Democratic government with the sword. Abide by the verdict of the ballot-box. It it be against you, discuss, appeal, and try the cause again. But, remember, that the people will not submit to have periodic war to gratify the ambitious men who happen to be defeated at the polls. We think we are safe in saying that if such an appeal be again made "to arms," the result will be that the South will find "its last ditch" so deep that it will have no resurrection. The people have submitted to the burdens of one long and bloody war to maintain our nationality, and they now desire peace, and the opportunity to repair the losses, and work off the burdens. The new agents in rebellion will find their hopes fearfully blasted if they build them upon the promises of the La Crosse Democrat, the Metropolitan Record, or the Cobbs and Hamptons of the South.

The true course for the people of the Southern States is to treat these "fire eating" mouth-artillerists as they would a Chinese lantern—hang them up for people to look at, but not to be deceived by the false lights they throw out. Scorn and trample the corrupt journalits under foot, who are simply manufacturing Northern sensation sheets to skin the money out of Southern pockets—and then leave them so empty that their customers will hardly have enough left over to buy a cartridge or a ramrod!

Southern men and women in New York! You can reach by your correspondence, and your numerous family ties and business relationships, every corner of the South! Warn the South against the snare! The men who promise revolution cannot make good the bond! In the day of trial they will be found bankrupt in muscle and helpless in the sinews of war! They will hunt creation to prove an *alibi*, and leave you to your ruin! Be warned and be entreated in time!

THE Kentucky Times says: We venture the assertion that if Blair were elected President instead of Vice President, and there should be left out some States of the South by virtue of the recent legislation of Congress, he would wipe it clear out, take possession of the White House, and blot out the record in infamy made by Congress since 1865.

LEAN CATTLE.—It is not profitable to sell cattle to the butcher, till they are well fattened, as a fat cow, or bullock, will sell for more, over lean cows, than it costs to fatten them. Feed roots and meal plentifully, and keep your animals in their stalls in the winter season, and if kept warm they will take on fat rapidly.

WE predict that ex-rebel Commissioner Robert Ould will come to grief in his effort to establish the infamous charge he makes against Gen. Grant. It would appear after the Democracy rendered the rebels all possible aid to hurt Grant on the battle field, the rebels are now determined to aid the Democracy to beat him at the ballot box. As the first failed, so will the last.

Ex-Gov. Bramlette of Kentucky, is the head centre of the Ku-Klux in that State, and is in a measure largely responsible for the reign of terror inaugurated there. So much for the rebel wing of the Democratic party.

ADAM was the only man that never tantalized his wife about the way mother used to cook.

Miscellaneous Bits.

New York has a French Grant and Colfax Club.

A fatal disease is killing the chickens in some parts of Berks county.

General Kilpatrick will arrive in this country from Chili on the 15th of September.

The Northern New Jersey railroad boasts of never having killed a passenger.

Gen. Sheridan says he deems further forbearance with the Indians impossible.

A. J. Herr, of Harrisburg, is spoken of for speaker of the House this winter.

Peaches will be scarcer this season than they have been for several years.

The Utah grasshoppers eat window curtains, much to the disgust of the female saints.

First class butter sells in Mifflinburg,