



COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY LEVI L. TATE. IN BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. OFFICE

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. 1. 25 In advance for one copy, for six months. 2. 50 In advance for one copy, for one year.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL ESTABLISHED AS A BRANCH FROM A. HENRY. The Only Place where a Cure can be Obtained.

DR. JOHNSON has the most certain, speedy and only effectual remedy for the cure of all private diseases, Weakness of the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, &c.

YOUNG MEN Especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, or of any other venereal disease, which causes a white discharge from the urethra, and which is attended with the most distressing and painful symptoms.

MARRIED PERSONS, or Young Men contemplating marriage, who are afflicted with any of the above mentioned diseases, should be cured before they marry.

GRAND ANTI-SLAVERY IMMEDIATELY called for all copies of the "Columbia Democrat" for the purpose of circulating it among the friends of the cause.

RECEIVE NO. 7 SOUTH BRIDGE STREET. Dr. Johnson's Dispensary, 7 South Bridge Street, Baltimore, Md.

ACRE WARREN'S TWO DAYS. Dr. Johnson's Dispensary, 7 South Bridge Street, Baltimore, Md.

THE JOHNSON. Dr. Johnson's Dispensary, 7 South Bridge Street, Baltimore, Md.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE. Dr. Johnson's Dispensary, 7 South Bridge Street, Baltimore, Md.

MENTALLY. Dr. Johnson's Dispensary, 7 South Bridge Street, Baltimore, Md.

YOUNG MEN. Dr. Johnson's Dispensary, 7 South Bridge Street, Baltimore, Md.

MARRIAGE. Dr. Johnson's Dispensary, 7 South Bridge Street, Baltimore, Md.

DISEASE OF IMPERIENCE. Dr. Johnson's Dispensary, 7 South Bridge Street, Baltimore, Md.

STRANGERS. Dr. Johnson's Dispensary, 7 South Bridge Street, Baltimore, Md.

BLOOMSBURG SKYLIT. Dr. Johnson's Dispensary, 7 South Bridge Street, Baltimore, Md.

PICTURE GALLERY. Dr. Johnson's Dispensary, 7 South Bridge Street, Baltimore, Md.

THE undersigned informs the citizens of Bloomsburg, and the surrounding country, that he has just received a large stock of Pictures, and is now exhibiting them in his gallery.

It is only by skylit that the pictures can be taken as well as separately.

It is only by skylit that the pictures can be taken as well as separately.

It is only by skylit that the pictures can be taken as well as separately.

It is only by skylit that the pictures can be taken as well as separately.

It is only by skylit that the pictures can be taken as well as separately.

It is only by skylit that the pictures can be taken as well as separately.

It is only by skylit that the pictures can be taken as well as separately.

It is only by skylit that the pictures can be taken as well as separately.

Original Poetry.

The Dying Child to her Mother.

The following lines were composed by Elder Sutton, on the death of Josephine Wortman.

O, mother! let me wipe that tear, That's starting from your eye, O! weep not, that your child so dear, Your Josephine must die.

The Angels bright are coming nigh, I see each golden wing, They come to take me up on high, O! Mother, hear them sing!

My hands he'll fold as in his arms, And talk to me, as usual, We'll gaze upon his endless charms, And weep at his feet.

We'll tell him of our parents' land, And of our brother's loss, And many friends we left behind, So loath to let us go.

And now one kiss, and then good bye, The grave I do not fear, Prepare to meet me up on high, The Angels sow are here.

Interesting Story.

Little Eddie, the Drummer.

A REMINISCENCE OF WILSON'S CREEK.

CAMP BENTON, December, 20.—A few days before our regiment received orders to join Gen. Lyon, on his march to Wilson's Creek, the drummer boy of our camp was taken sick and conveyed to the hospital, and on the evening preceding the day that we were to march, a negro was arrested within the lines of our camp and brought before our Captain, who asked him what business he had within the lines?

He replied, "I know a drummer that you would like to enlist in your company, and I have come to tell you of it." He was immediately requested to inform the drummer that if he would enlist for our short term of service he would be allowed extra pay, and to do this he must be on the ground early in the morning. The negro was then passed beyond the guard.

On the following morning there appeared before the Captain's quarters, during the besting of the *recluse*, a good looking, middle-aged woman, dressed in deep mourning, leading by the hand a sharp, sprightly-looking boy, apparently twelve or thirteen years of age. Her story was soon told. She was from East Tennessee, where her husband had been killed by the rebels, and all her property destroyed.

She had come to St. Louis in search of her sister, and not finding her, and being destitute of money, she thought if she could procure a situation for her boy as drummer for the short time that we had to remain in service, she could find employment for herself, and perhaps find her sister by the time we were discharged.

During the rehearsal of the story the little fellow kept his eyes intently fixed upon the countenance of the captain, who was about to express a determination not to take so small a boy, when he spoke out, "Don't be afraid, Captain, I can drum."

This was spoken with so much confidence that the Captain immediately observed with a smile, "Well, Sergeant, bring the drum, and order our affair to come forward." In a few moments the drum was produced, and our first, a tall, round-shouldered, good-natured fellow, from the Dubuque mines, who stood, when erect, something over six feet in height, soon made his appearance.

Upon being introduced to his new command, he stepped down with his hands resting upon his knees that were thrown forward into an acute angle, and after peering into the little fellow's face a moment observed, "My little man, can you drum?" "Yes, sir," he replied, "I drummed for Captain Hill, in Tennessee." Our affair immediately commenced straightening himself upward until all the angles in his person had disappeared, when he placed his life to his mouth and played the "Flowers of Edinburg," one of the most difficult things to follow with a drum that could have been selected, and nobly did the little fellow follow him, showing himself to be master of the drum. When the music ceased, our Captain turned to the mother, and observed, "Madame, I will take your boy. What is his name?" "Edward Lee," she replied; then placing her hand upon the Captain's arm, she observed, "Captain, if he is not killed—her mother's natural feelings overcome her utterance, and she bent down over the boy and kissed him

Select Miscellany.

Something about Dwarfs.

We beg leave to call the reader's attention to Dwarfs. Has not Homer told us how the pigmies fought the cranes? Has not Strabo described the difference between two pigmy races—the one five spans high, and the other only three? Is not Ctesias grave, and Ovid gay concerning them? Do not nearly all the writers of antiquity bring forth from their brooding, and prolific fancy, races so diminutive as to rival the Lilliputs of Lemuel Gulliver? With such high authority, we might indulge in many curious speculations as to how small a human body could hold a human soul, and picture the vagaries of Nature in her variations of man's normal height. All we propose, however, is to offer a few well-authenticated facts about dwarfs ancient and modern.

The Egyptians are said to have had dwarfs in attendance on their princes.—The Romans, in the degeneracy of the Empire, not satisfied with the dwarfs which Nature presented, made it a trade to produce dwarfs by the use of bandages and confinement in boxes, so as to hinder the normal growth. Domitian had a company of dwarf gladiators. Tiberius had a dwarf in whom he tolerated great license of speech, and who was almost as cruel as his master. Julia, the niece of Augustus, had a little dwarfish fellow, called Canopus, whom she set great store by; he was not above two feet and a half high. A freed maid of Julia was of the same height. Pliny tells us of the knights of Rome, Marius Maximus and Marcus Tullius, who were two feet, eleven inches high, "and, in truth," says he, "we ourselves have seen their bodies as they lay embalmed." Another ancient writer states that, "in the time Theodosius, there was seen in Egypt a pigmy so small of body that he resembled a partridge; yet did he exercise the functions of a man, and could sing tunably." Antinous had a dwarf who was not more than two feet high, and Augustus Caesar exhibited in his plays a young man who weighed no more than seven pounds. Alypius, the excellent of Alexandria, is said to be only one foot five inches high. Calvus, the orator, who contended with Cicero, was remarkable for the smallness of his stature. The Turks, as well as the Romans, had their famous dwarfs. They were purchased at an immense expense for the amusement of the Ottoman Emperors, and sometimes did good service. Ciriacus, the wisest counsellor of the East, was not three feet high, neither was Uladislaus of Poland, who fought more battles, and achieved more brilliant victories than any of his predecessors. Dantlow, who was thirty inches high, and deprived of his arms, wrote Latin and Russ; his pen ink drawings of no mean kind. *Nallum virtus respicit Natu-rum.* Giants show us the work of Nature written in text hand; dwarfs are her smallest penmanship, but no less complete and elegant than the others.

Among comparatively modern dwarfs we may note Jeffery Hudson. He was born in 1741, at Letham, in the county of Perth, in the county of Sussex, there is a fine picture by Vandyke, representing Jeffery standing by the queen. At the beginning of the civil war, he was appointed captain in the royal army. In 1644, in consequence of a quarrel with a person of the name of Crofts, he challenged his enemy to mortal combat. Crofts duly made his appearance, but his only weapon was a large squirt. A real duel avenged the second insult, and Jeffery at the first fire, shot his adversary dead. Jeffery, on one occasion, was taken by a Flemish pirate, and the story of his activity is celebrated by Sir William Davenant, in a poem called "Jeffridios." On the restoration of the royal family, Jeffery again appeared at court. He died in 1682, at the age of sixty-three; he was then in prison charged, with some political offence. Nicholas Ferry, another celebrated dwarf was born in 1741, in the Vosges, in the north-east of France. At an early age he became a favorite toy of the whole palace. He was then two-and-twenty inches high, and weighed about nine pounds and a half. He formed a strong attachment for his princely patron, from whom in jest he received the name of "Bebe." This name originated in the inability of Ferry to pronounce the consonants, all of which he called "B."—Stanislaus, in jest, imitated his voice and called him "B. B." Hence the nick name, which he never lost.

Like Jeffery Hudson, Bebe was made the subject of a pastry-scheme. The pie being placed on the table, the dwarf suddenly leaped forth, fired a pistol, drew his sword, and pretended to attack the company. The story of this pastry is narrated at full length in the journals of that day. People came from all parts to see the wonderful dwarf, and attempts were made to carry him off. Now he has slyly pocketed, now hidden a capacious boot, but his cries for help saved him; and proper precautions were afterwards taken to secure him from such peril: Poor Bebe died at an early age, before he had quite reached his twenty-third year.—His funeral was conducted with great magnificence. His statue modelled in wax is preserved in the cabinet of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris; his skeleton is in the Museum of Natural History in the same metropolis; his heart is in the mausoleum erected to his memory in the Church des Minimes, at Luneville.

The dwarfs with which the public have been the most familiar are those which have been publicly exhibited. One of the most interesting of this class was Nanetta Stocker, a native of Austria, who was exhibited as a dwarf in the early part of this century. She was two feet nine inches in height, very intellectual, and having great skill in the pianoforte. But no modern dwarf has excited so much interest as General Tom Thumb. This miniature man, one and twenty inches high perfectly formed, graceful in every movement, with a shrewdness and wit worthy of his country, obtained a hold on public patronage such as no other show dwarf has ever achieved. Mr. Barnum found Tom Thumb a real nugget of gold, and the public found Tom Thumb a reality—nothing of the woolly horse or the Fejee mermaid school about him; no wonder the General should attain so much popularity, and achieve so great success. Everywhere the General was well received, his own leaves were thronged with visitors, and on more than one occasion was he commended to attend upon her Majesty, to dance the Highland fling and sing "Yan-kee Doodle." His coach and servants were the objects of attention wherever they appeared; the announcement of any change in the character of his performances increased the crowds at his levees; presents numerous and valuable were poured in upon him by ladies, who contended for a shake of the General's hand or a kiss from the General's lips. Tom Thumb and Barnum reaped a golden harvest, and no doubt, as the General told Queen Victoria, he "felt as big as anybody."

Opposition dwarfs emulated the popularity of Tom Thumb, but not with the same success. The most interesting dwarf since the Tom Thumb furure are the Chinese Manikins, exhibited in Europe. Both the male and female were some inches taller than Tom Thumb; but they were perfect in form, extremely intelligent and agreeable. The thoroughly Mongolian expression and character of the face would without the addition of the national costume, have settled their identity with the Chinese race, but the dress, the national peculiarities, the singularity of their performances, gave increased interest to the exhibition; and the Passages Joffroi, Paris, where the dwarfs were exhibited, in 1856, was always well attended.

Dwarfs are usually regarded merely as matters of curiosity. Their conformation and history, however, are of immense importance to the physiologists.—The cause of dwarfism is still involved in obscurity, and is probably to be found in nothing more than we commonly designate as a freak of Nature. A weak or disordered frame, or a bad or ignorant nursing, are no doubt detrimental to the soundness, vigor, and due development of the human frame. These causes may account for smallness of stature, associated with malformation or with greivous malady; but it does not account for the miniature men, the playthings of Nature, the diminutive models of humanity which we occasionally find, of which Jeffery, Hudson, Bebe, Tom Thumb, and the Chinese dwarfs, are examples.

Original Poetry.

The Dying Child to her Mother.

The following lines were composed by Elder Sutton, on the death of Josephine Wortman.

O, mother! let me wipe that tear, That's starting from your eye, O! weep not, that your child so dear, Your Josephine must die.

The Angels bright are coming nigh, I see each golden wing, They come to take me up on high, O! Mother, hear them sing!

My hands he'll fold as in his arms, And talk to me, as usual, We'll gaze upon his endless charms, And weep at his feet.

We'll tell him of our parents' land, And of our brother's loss, And many friends we left behind, So loath to let us go.

And now one kiss, and then good bye, The grave I do not fear, Prepare to meet me up on high, The Angels sow are here.

Interesting Story.

Little Eddie, the Drummer.

A REMINISCENCE OF WILSON'S CREEK.

CAMP BENTON, December, 20.—A few days before our regiment received orders to join Gen. Lyon, on his march to Wilson's Creek, the drummer boy of our camp was taken sick and conveyed to the hospital, and on the evening preceding the day that we were to march, a negro was arrested within the lines of our camp and brought before our Captain, who asked him what business he had within the lines?

He replied, "I know a drummer that you would like to enlist in your company, and I have come to tell you of it." He was immediately requested to inform the drummer that if he would enlist for our short term of service he would be allowed extra pay, and to do this he must be on the ground early in the morning. The negro was then passed beyond the guard.

On the following morning there appeared before the Captain's quarters, during the besting of the *recluse*, a good looking, middle-aged woman, dressed in deep mourning, leading by the hand a sharp, sprightly-looking boy, apparently twelve or thirteen years of age. Her story was soon told. She was from East Tennessee, where her husband had been killed by the rebels, and all her property destroyed.

She had come to St. Louis in search of her sister, and not finding her, and being destitute of money, she thought if she could procure a situation for her boy as drummer for the short time that we had to remain in service, she could find employment for herself, and perhaps find her sister by the time we were discharged.

During the rehearsal of the story the little fellow kept his eyes intently fixed upon the countenance of the captain, who was about to express a determination not to take so small a boy, when he spoke out, "Don't be afraid, Captain, I can drum."

This was spoken with so much confidence that the Captain immediately observed with a smile, "Well, Sergeant, bring the drum, and order our affair to come forward." In a few moments the drum was produced, and our first, a tall, round-shouldered, good-natured fellow, from the Dubuque mines, who stood, when erect, something over six feet in height, soon made his appearance.

Upon being introduced to his new command, he stepped down with his hands resting upon his knees that were thrown forward into an acute angle, and after peering into the little fellow's face a moment observed, "My little man, can you drum?" "Yes, sir," he replied, "I drummed for Captain Hill, in Tennessee." Our affair immediately commenced straightening himself upward until all the angles in his person had disappeared, when he placed his life to his mouth and played the "Flowers of Edinburg," one of the most difficult things to follow with a drum that could have been selected, and nobly did the little fellow follow him, showing himself to be master of the drum. When the music ceased, our Captain turned to the mother, and observed, "Madame, I will take your boy. What is his name?" "Edward Lee," she replied; then placing her hand upon the Captain's arm, she observed, "Captain, if he is not killed—her mother's natural feelings overcome her utterance, and she bent down over the boy and kissed him

Select Miscellany.

Something about Dwarfs.

We beg leave to call the reader's attention to Dwarfs. Has not Homer told us how the pigmies fought the cranes? Has not Strabo described the difference between two pigmy races—the one five spans high, and the other only three? Is not Ctesias grave, and Ovid gay concerning them? Do not nearly all the writers of antiquity bring forth from their brooding, and prolific fancy, races so diminutive as to rival the Lilliputs of Lemuel Gulliver? With such high authority, we might indulge in many curious speculations as to how small a human body could hold a human soul, and picture the vagaries of Nature in her variations of man's normal height. All we propose, however, is to offer a few well-authenticated facts about dwarfs ancient and modern.

The Egyptians are said to have had dwarfs in attendance on their princes.—The Romans, in the degeneracy of the Empire, not satisfied with the dwarfs which Nature presented, made it a trade to produce dwarfs by the use of bandages and confinement in boxes, so as to hinder the normal growth. Domitian had a company of dwarf gladiators. Tiberius had a dwarf in whom he tolerated great license of speech, and who was almost as cruel as his master. Julia, the niece of Augustus, had a little dwarfish fellow, called Canopus, whom she set great store by; he was not above two feet and a half high. A freed maid of Julia was of the same height. Pliny tells us of the knights of Rome, Marius Maximus and Marcus Tullius, who were two feet, eleven inches high, "and, in truth," says he, "we ourselves have seen their bodies as they lay embalmed." Another ancient writer states that, "in the time Theodosius, there was seen in Egypt a pigmy so small of body that he resembled a partridge; yet did he exercise the functions of a man, and could sing tunably." Antinous had a dwarf who was not more than two feet high, and Augustus Caesar exhibited in his plays a young man who weighed no more than seven pounds. Alypius, the excellent of Alexandria, is said to be only one foot five inches high. Calvus, the orator, who contended with Cicero, was remarkable for the smallness of his stature. The Turks, as well as the Romans, had their famous dwarfs. They were purchased at an immense expense for the amusement of the Ottoman Emperors, and sometimes did good service. Ciriacus, the wisest counsellor of the East, was not three feet high, neither was Uladislaus of Poland, who fought more battles, and achieved more brilliant victories than any of his predecessors. Dantlow, who was thirty inches high, and deprived of his arms, wrote Latin and Russ; his pen ink drawings of no mean kind. *Nallum virtus respicit Natu-rum.* Giants show us the work of Nature written in text hand; dwarfs are her smallest penmanship, but no less complete and elegant than the others.

Among comparatively modern dwarfs we may note Jeffery Hudson. He was born in 1741, at Letham, in the county of Perth, in the county of Sussex, there is a fine picture by Vandyke, representing Jeffery standing by the queen. At the beginning of the civil war, he was appointed captain in the royal army. In 1644, in consequence of a quarrel with a person of the name of Crofts, he challenged his enemy to mortal combat. Crofts duly made his appearance, but his only weapon was a large squirt. A real duel avenged the second insult, and Jeffery at the first fire, shot his adversary dead. Jeffery, on one occasion, was taken by a Flemish pirate, and the story of his activity is celebrated by Sir William Davenant, in a poem called "Jeffridios." On the restoration of the royal family, Jeffery again appeared at court. He died in 1682, at the age of sixty-three; he was then in prison charged, with some political offence. Nicholas Ferry, another celebrated dwarf was born in 1741, in the Vosges, in the north-east of France. At an early age he became a favorite toy of the whole palace. He was then two-and-twenty inches high, and weighed about nine pounds and a half. He formed a strong attachment for his princely patron, from whom in jest he received the name of "Bebe." This name originated in the inability of Ferry to pronounce the consonants, all of which he called "B."—Stanislaus, in jest, imitated his voice and called him "B. B." Hence the nick name, which he never lost.

Like Jeffery Hudson, Bebe was made the subject of a pastry-scheme. The pie being placed on the table, the dwarf suddenly leaped forth, fired a pistol, drew his sword, and pretended to attack the company. The story of this pastry is narrated at full length in the journals of that day. People came from all parts to see the wonderful dwarf, and attempts were made to carry him off. Now he has slyly pocketed, now hidden a capacious boot, but his cries for help saved him; and proper precautions were afterwards taken to secure him from such peril: Poor Bebe died at an early age, before he had quite reached his twenty-third year.—His funeral was conducted with great magnificence. His statue modelled in wax is preserved in the cabinet of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris; his skeleton is in the Museum of Natural History in the same metropolis; his heart is in the mausoleum erected to his memory in the Church des Minimes, at Luneville.

The dwarfs with which the public have been the most familiar are those which have been publicly exhibited. One of the most interesting of this class was Nanetta Stocker, a native of Austria, who was exhibited as a dwarf in the early part of this century. She was two feet nine inches in height, very intellectual, and having great skill in the pianoforte. But no modern dwarf has excited so much interest as General Tom Thumb. This miniature man, one and twenty inches high perfectly formed, graceful in every movement, with a shrewdness and wit worthy of his country, obtained a hold on public patronage such as no other show dwarf has ever achieved. Mr. Barnum found Tom Thumb a real nugget of gold, and the public found Tom Thumb a reality—nothing of the woolly horse or the Fejee mermaid school about him; no wonder the General should attain so much popularity, and achieve so great success. Everywhere the General was well received, his own leaves were thronged with visitors, and on more than one occasion was he commended to attend upon her Majesty, to dance the Highland fling and sing "Yan-kee Doodle." His coach and servants were the objects of attention wherever they appeared; the announcement of any change in the character of his performances increased the crowds at his levees; presents numerous and valuable were poured in upon him by ladies, who contended for a shake of the General's hand or a kiss from the General's lips. Tom Thumb and Barnum reaped a golden harvest, and no doubt, as the General told Queen Victoria, he "felt as big as anybody."

Opposition dwarfs emulated the popularity of Tom Thumb, but not with the same success. The most interesting dwarf since the Tom Thumb furure are the Chinese Manikins, exhibited in Europe. Both the male and female were some inches taller than Tom Thumb; but they were perfect in form, extremely intelligent and agreeable. The thoroughly Mongolian expression and character of the face would without the addition of the national costume, have settled their identity with the Chinese race, but the dress, the national peculiarities, the singularity of their performances, gave increased interest to the exhibition; and the Passages Joffroi, Paris, where the dwarfs were exhibited, in 1856, was always well attended.

Dwarfs are usually regarded merely as matters of curiosity. Their conformation and history, however, are of immense importance to the physiologists.—The cause of dwarfism is still involved in obscurity, and is probably to be found in nothing more than we commonly designate as a freak of Nature. A weak or disordered frame, or a bad or ignorant nursing, are no doubt detrimental to the soundness, vigor, and due development of the human frame. These causes may account for smallness of stature, associated with malformation or with greivous malady; but it does not account for the miniature men, the playthings of Nature, the diminutive models of humanity which we occasionally find, of which Jeffery, Hudson, Bebe, Tom Thumb, and the Chinese dwarfs, are examples.

Object of the War.

The subjoined letter, [the initial number of a brief series.] from the pen of a public man well known to the whole country, and who in the present crisis has signified his devotion to the cause of the Union, was originally sent to us for insertion without the signature of the writer.—Though desiring, from considerations of modesty, to write anonymously, he was induced, at our request, to attach his name to these letters, and thus give to them the weight of his authority.

LETTER NO. 1.

To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:

RESPECTED SIR: I do not address you for the purpose of censure or advice.—From boyhood to old age I have belonged to the Democratic party of the country. My political creed, in common with that of my party throughout the North, has been and now is devotion to the Constitution as it came from the hands of Washington and his compatriots, and to the rights of the States received by them on the adoption of that instrument.

We look upon the structure composed of the States and the Union as our temple of liberty, of which the States are the pillars and the Union the roof. Remove the pillars and the roof will fall; remove the roof and the pillars will be overthrown by the storms of anarchy and war, and our country will be strewn with ruins more melancholy than those which its prostrate or stand shattered on the sites of ancient cities.

Nothing hands have seized upon and are attempting to remove a portion of the pillars of our temple, at the hazard of crushing themselves and us in its fall, and in the insane hope of building a new temple for themselves out of the ruins.

Though the Democratic party of the North were always willing to make all reasonable or even tolerable concessions to satisfy their allies in the South, yet, as a body, no party is more devoted to the Constitution and the Union. It was devotion to the Union which induced them to make concession after concession to quiet the apparent apprehensions of their Southern friends. So vital in their view was the preservation of the Union and the Constitution to the interests and safety of the Southern States in particular, that many of them could not, until the assault on Fort Sumter, be convinced that the leaders of Southern agitation had anything in view beyond further guarantees for their local institutions. Under this delusion some of them raised their voices against coercion, and thereby unwittingly rendered material service to the cause of rebellion.—But when convinced, by the thunder of rebel cannon and the flames of Fort Sumter, that revolution, and not redress or security within the Union, was the object of the Southern leaders, they did all that honest men could do to retrieve their error, and notwithstanding their political antagonism on minor points, the Democratic party of the North rallied around your Administration as the only means of saving their country. Your armies abound with them; none are more ready to sacrifice all that is dear, even life itself, for the preservation of the Union and the Constitution, and to them it is cheering, though but just, that you have recently given them a representative in your Cabinet.

Be assured, sir, that the Democratic party of the North, with the exception of a few semi-revivers whom they repudiate, cordially approve the objects of the war against rebellion as declared by you in all your public avowals. They rally around you with a devotion to the cause not exceeded by any class of your original supporters, and they will spare no sacrifice to save the Union and the Constitution. In this great object they are already consolidated with the great mass of the Republican party, and will be among the least to despair. Indeed, these two parties for all present purposes constitute but one, which may be appropriately called the Constitutional Union party. The object of this party in the pending war is to preserve the Union and the Constitution as it is.—It is the Constitution, and that only, which makes us a nation; destroy it and the nation will cease to exist, being resolved into thirty-four independent States. In fighting for the Constitution, therefore, we fight for the life of the nation, for all that can give us peace and security at home and all that can make us honored or respected abroad.

The fundamental principle of our Government, that principle which has enabled us to preserve our Union, is that the States are equal, and that each has the right to be treated as an equal.

Things that never stop.—He that is good will become better, and he that is bad, worse; for virtue, vice, and time never stop.

We are never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless we have it from her own mouth.

If you do not lay out your plans of life betimes, you will probably be laid out before they are.

The timid man trembles before danger—the coward during it—the brave man when it is over.

Object of the War.

The subjoined letter, [the initial number of a brief series.] from the pen of a public man well known to the whole country, and who in the present crisis has signified his devotion to the cause of the Union, was originally sent to us for insertion without the signature of the writer.—Though desiring, from considerations of modesty, to write anonymously, he was induced, at our request, to attach his name to these letters, and thus give to them the weight of his authority.

LETTER NO. 1.

To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:

RESPECTED SIR: I do not address you for the purpose of censure or advice.—From boyhood to old age I have belonged to the Democratic party of the country. My political creed, in common with that of my party throughout the North, has been and now is devotion to the Constitution as it came from the hands of Washington and his compatriots, and to the rights of the States received by them on the adoption of that instrument.

We look upon the structure composed of the States and the Union as our temple of liberty, of which the States are the pillars and the Union the roof. Remove the pillars and the roof will fall; remove the roof and the pillars will be overthrown by the storms of anarchy and war, and our country will be strewn with ruins more melancholy than those which its prostrate or stand shattered on the sites of ancient cities.

Nothing hands have seized upon and are attempting to remove a portion of the pillars of our temple, at the hazard of crushing themselves and us in its fall, and in the insane hope of building a new temple for themselves out of the ruins.

Though the Democratic party of the North were always willing to make all reasonable or even tolerable concessions to satisfy their allies in the South, yet, as a body, no party is more devoted to the Constitution and the Union. It was devotion to the Union which induced them to make concession after concession to quiet the apparent apprehensions of their Southern friends. So vital in their view was the preservation of the Union and the Constitution to the interests and safety of the Southern States in particular, that many of them could not, until the assault on Fort Sumter, be convinced that the leaders of Southern agitation had anything in view beyond further guarantees for their local institutions. Under this delusion some of them raised their voices against coercion, and thereby unwittingly rendered material service to the cause of rebellion.—But when convinced, by the thunder of rebel cannon and the flames of Fort Sumter, that revolution, and not redress or security within the Union, was the object of the Southern leaders, they did all that honest men could do to retrieve their error, and notwithstanding their political antagonism on minor points, the Democratic party of the North rallied around your Administration as the only means of saving their country. Your armies abound with them; none are more ready to sacrifice all that is dear, even life itself, for the preservation of the Union and the Constitution, and to them it is cheering, though but just, that you have recently given them a representative in your Cabinet.

Be assured, sir, that the Democratic party of the North, with the exception of a few semi-revivers whom they repudiate, cordially approve the objects of the war against rebellion as declared by you in all your public avowals. They rally around you with a devotion to the cause not exceeded by any class of your original supporters, and they will spare no sacrifice to save the Union and the Constitution. In this great object they are already consolidated with the great mass of the Republican party, and will be among the least to despair. Indeed, these two parties for all present purposes constitute but one, which may be appropriately called the Constitutional Union party. The object of this party in the pending war is to preserve the Union and the Constitution as it is.—It is the Constitution, and that only, which makes us a nation; destroy it and the nation will cease to exist, being resolved into thirty-four independent States. In fighting for the Constitution, therefore, we fight for the life of the nation, for all that can give us peace and security at home and all that can make us honored or respected abroad.

The fundamental principle of our Government, that principle which has enabled us to preserve our Union, is that the States are equal, and that each has the right to be treated as an equal.

Things that never stop.—He that is good will become better, and he that is bad, worse; for virtue, vice, and time never stop.

We are never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless we have it from her own mouth.

If you do not lay out your plans of life betimes, you will probably be laid out before they are.

The timid man trembles before danger—the coward during it—the brave man when it is over.