COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT,

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Editor.] "TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'ER THE DARKENED EARTH." [TERMS: $2,00 PER ANNUM.

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LEVI L. TATE.

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YOUNG MEN

Especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of Young Men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence or waked to ecstasy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

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immediately cured and full vigor restored.

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Left hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Fail not to observe name and number.

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TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society or marriage.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pain in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, symptoms of Consumption, &c.

MENTALLY.—The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded, Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas Depression of the Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion to Society, self-distrust, love of solitude, Timity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, Loosing their vigor, becoming weak, pale and emaciated, having singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of Consumption.

YOUNG MEN.

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone—a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school—the effects of which are lightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country and the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequences of deviating from the path of nature, and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons must before contemplating

MARRIAGE,

reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisities to promote connubial happiness indeed, without these the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage, the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair & filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

A DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill timed sense of shame or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who from education and respectability can alone befriend him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturnal, pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin bones, and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing with rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth and bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this desease becomes a horrid object of commiseration till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns."

It is a *melancholy fact* that thousands fall victims to this terrible disease, owing to the unskillfulness of ignorant pretenders, who, by the use of that *Deadly Poison*, Mercury, ruin the constitution and make the residue of life miserable.

STRANGERS

Trust not your lives, or health, to the care of the many Unlearned and Worthless Pretenders, destitute of knowledge, name or character, who copy Dr. Johnston's advertisements, or style themselves, in the newspapers, regularly Educated Physicians incapable of Curing, they keep you trifling month after month taking their filthy and poisonous compounds, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair, leave you with ruined health to sigh over your gailling disappointment.

Dr. Johnson is the only Physician advertising.

His credential or diplomas always hang in his office.

His remedies or treatment are unknown to all others.

Prepared from a life spent in the great hospitals of Europe, the first in this country and a more extensive *Private Practice* than any other Physician in the world.

INDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS.

The many thousands cured at this institution year after year, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the "Sun," "Clipper," and many other papers the notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentlemen of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

Persons writing should be particular in directing their letters to his Institution, in the following manner:

JOHN M. JOHNSTON, M. D.
Of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland.
Jan 18, 1862. [March 17, 1860.

TINWARE & STOVE SHOP.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his old friends and customers, that he has purchased his brothers interest in the above establishment, and the concern will hereafter be conducted by himself exclusively.

He has just received and offers for sale, the largest and most extensive assortment of FANCY STOVES ever introduced into this market.

His stock consists of a complete assortment of the best Cooking and parlor stoves in the market, together with Stove Fixtures of every description. Oven and Box Stoves, Radiators, Cylindar Stoves, Cast Iron Air-tight stoves, Cannon Stoves, &c., &c. Stovepipe and Tinware constantly on hand and manufactured to order.

All kinds of repairing done, as usual, on short notice.

The patronage of old friends and new customers respectfully solicited. A. M. RUPERT.

Bloomsburg, November 3d 1860.—tf.

Choice Poetry.

FUNERAL ODE FOR A SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

BY REV. J. G. FORMAN.

"Brother to thy grave we come,
At the beat of the muffled drum,
Hearts with silent grief oppress
Bear thee to thy home of rest.

"From the solemn march of life,
From the midst of toil and strife,
Thou art called beyond the sky
To thy heavenly home on high.

"Now the morning reveillie
Beats no more its call for thee,
And beneath the silent ground,
Sweet shall be thy sleep profound.

"Thou hast now a full release;
May thy spirit rest in peace,
Till we, from the earth, new-born,
Hail the resurrection morn."

Literary.

MILLVILLE, PA., May 26, 1862.

Hon. LEVI L. TATE,

Dear Sir:—At a recent regular meeting of the "*Greenwood Literary Society*," it was unanimously Resolved, that the Chairman of the Committe be, and he was duly authorized, by the said Society, to request of you a copy of your excellent Address, delivered in the Hall of the "*Greenwood Seminary*," on the evening of the 3d of May, 1862, for publication in the COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

Yours, very respectfully,
ELIJAH R. IKELER.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., June 2, 1862.

MR. E. R. IKELER.

My Dear Sir:—In answer to your kind note, of the 26th ult., soliciting a copy of my late Address, before the "*Greenwood Literary Society*," I can only say, that it was not prepared with the view to its publication, nor have I now the time to give it even a partial revision. Such as it is, I place it at your disposal. Trusting it may, in some humble degree, prove interesting to the Society you represent, and the cause of Literature, generally, I shall indeed feel abundantly gratified.

I have the honor to be,
Very respectfully, your ob't servant.
LEVI L. TATE.

ADDRESS
BY LEVI L. TATE.

Before the "Greenwood Literary Society,"

MAY 3, 1862.

MAN:—Educated—Neglected.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

We have chosen for this evening's discussion, a subject of universal interest, and our only regret is, that we shall not be able to do it that justice its importance imperatively demands. May we not in advance, ask your generous indulgence, for any short comings on the part of your unworthy speaker. With this brief introduction we proceed to the discussion of the subject under consideration.

It was not the seraph form that bathes in the crystal stream whose placid tide flows from beneath the Throne of God, that was before the mind's eye of the Seer of Horeb, when his inspired pen recorded these memorable words:—"In the image of God created He him." It was not the cherub that poised on gossamer pinion, sports and basks continually in the meredian glory of that world, whose Sun is the Eternal, of which he wrote. He thought not of the mighty intellect and the majestic person of the towering arch-angel,—who honored above his fellows—stands next to the Throne and renders highest homage to Jehovah. Nor yet did he speak of one of the swift-winged band, who take their willing flight from world to world, at the bidding of Him whom they delight to serve. No. It was of Him to whom all these are ministering spirits—it was of MAN he wrote.

When the earth was made the morning stars sang together the praise sublime of Him who breathed it into being; but its creation was not alone the subject of their song. The sons of God shouted for joy as they beheld the beautiful scenery of the infant world, fresh from its Maker's hand. But it was not its Eden, its wide extended plains—its majestic mountains, its lovely vallies, its flowery meads, its grassy dells, its foaming water-falls, its silvery lakes, its mighty oceans, that moved their raptures for their own native clime were scenes more passing fair. But in the Councils of Eternity they had heard God say, "Let us make MAN in our own image," and it was the view of Earth, as the birth-place of Man, the intellectual and the moral, that tuned their song and gave tone to their joy.

And what is he at whose nativity the "chiming spheres were moved," and for whom this resplendent earth was called into existence? Where is he upon whose fore-head the finger of God has indelibly written immortality? Alas—

"We may not seek for the long lost gem,
In its wanted place in the diadem
On the Monarch's brow:
But groveling low and forgotten now,
With its lustre dimm'd and its brightness gone,
It seemed a thing to be trodden upon."

Fallen! and how fallen! Is that he? That abject drivelling thing, who in tattered garb with idiotic mein, reels from his wine, his intellect clouded, his feelings blunted, his moral powers debased, the harp unstrung that was wont to wake such pleasant strains respondent to the magic touch of affection and of love—in soul, and mind and feature, the very caricature of humanity! If that be Man, *Lucifer*, the Son of the morning, had not more deeply fallen!

Is that he, who sits, crouched and shivering in his cold and cheerless chamber, over his heaps of glittering coin, with palsied and trembling hand, clutching his unholy idol; starting at every sound, his every breath a panic, lest it prove the step of one who shall despoil him of that which to him is more than his life's-blood, famishing and dying in the midst of plenty, for want of sustenance which his unhallowed avarice alone has denied him; and with his passing breath, cursing his hard fate that had not formed his *soul of gold*, that he might forever have had his God to worship.

Is that he, who, in his damp and loathsome dungeon, loaded with chains, sits brooding over his hatred and his crimes—all his demoniac passions—envy, malice, revenge, stamped like the curse of Cain upon his brow, a very demon incarnate! *is that man?*

Is that he? that poor, shallow prating dunce, who with the broad resplendent page of nature spread out before him, with day following night and night day, unchangingly, who with the varying seasons accomplishing their established rounds—Spring succeeding winter; Summer following Spring; Autumn stepping in the foot prints of Summer, and Winter coming again in the wake of Autumn, in unerring regularity for almost unnumbered years, who with the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea, and every living thing from the great Leviathan, down to the veriest ephemeral that sports in the sun-beam, each perpetuating its species from creation until now—who, with the plants of the earth, from the great Oak and the mighty Cedar, down to the modest violet, and the tiny blade of grass, each forever re-producing its kind without the variation of the smallest feature on a single leaf—who, with the spangled Heavens spread out before him, and the vast machinery of the revolving spheres ever fresh in view—

"The unwearied sun that day by day,
Doth his creator's power display,"

the moon—

"That nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth."

and—

"The stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,"

The stupendous system at the contemplation of whose glories the mind quails and faints into dizzy blindness, the ten thousand millions of radient orbs that in eternal space trace and re-trace their blazing way, until the whole universe is woven into one vast web of glory and yet have never failed in their destiny nor come into collision; is it man, we say, that with the proofs of a creative and over-ruling power, that so constantly and vividly spread out before him, that he cannot escape their contemplation, will so idiotically, so disgustingly raise his puny voice and assert that all these, are but "the workings of a blind chance;" and that "there is no God!" Blush! Blush!! oh humanity, and hide thy head for very shame, for all these are thy fellows—*they are men.*

Nor are these alone they, who forgetful of their true dignity, of their nature and of their exalted calling, fail in the accomplishment of their high destiny. Many there are who stand fair with their fellows, sternly honest, contending for the rigid fulfillment of every letter in the bond—whose fair name not one breath of dishonor may ever stain; who yet with daily, yea, hourly opportunities of achieving great and glorious things, appreciate them not—who with the harvest field of the world and their own minds ever open for their labor, never put in the sickle to gather in the fruits of love and self sacrifice and kind acts done to others; or never garner for themselves a single sheaf into the store-house of moral and intellectual entertainment.

We need look no further for evidence of the truth of this position, than to our own land—a land blessed above all others in everything which may render a people happy and useful. A land pregnant with the destinies of the world and of our race—favored with facilities for the achievement of everything great and noble; crowned with blessings, physical, intellectual, political, moral and religious, above any other which the sun shines upon—a land of free institutions, of natural resources beyond computation, of mountains and valleys, of fertile fields and exhaustless mines, a land of rivers and of lakes, of prairies and of forests, a land extending from Ocean to Ocean; from the Aristook to the Rio Grande, and to which the giver of all things has denied nothing. Yet how is this once happy land like one vast field of strife and carnage, each man contending with his fellow, not for the mastery of the achievement of deeds of usefulness; not for the victory of raising man to his native level, and crowning him with glory and honor,—not that the prosperity of the land of his birth be enhanced and her sacred institutions perpetuated, but *that self may be exalted.*—Sad, sad, indeed, would be the fate of our much loved country, were there not many, very many illustrious exceptions; yet, leaving out of the question the vast preponderance of the vicious and degraded, how large a majority of the remainder pass selfishly down the stream of life in pursuit of their own aggrandizement, or settle down in imbecile supineness and fail to act their part.

How often does the professional and public man lose sight of the noble, magnanimous deeds, which alone constitute true greatness! How often is he unmindful of the healthful influence he may bring to bear in forming and sustaining the intellectual and moral character of his country, and in his mad chase along the great high-road, whither his ambitious aspirings lead him, if he does not over-ride and trample under foot those who may chance to stand in his way, he forgets the word of kindness and encouragement, which may gladden the heart and lighten the burthen of an humble traveler, and neglects to pluck from the way-side the imperishable flowers of benevolence and good will, which alone may prove the true glory of that crown for which he is contending.

How often the man of commerce, though priding himself on being the violator of no law, blinded by his desire for gain, passes on to the accomplishment of his purposes, even at the sacrifice of his own comfort, and rises in the scale of wealth, letting pass, unimproved, ten thousand golden opportunities of dispensing good to others, who sustained by his timely aid, or even by his forbearance—might have risen the monument of his beneficence—thus reaching his goal—then dies and leaves not one trace behind to show that the world was one whit the better or wiser from his having lived in it, or performed upon its stage.

How often does the artizan or the laborer, because in the eye of pride and scorn, his honorable calling may seem of no repute, make no effort to render it more worthy of respect, and discouraged because he may not wield the lever of ARCHIMEDES puts not forth the strength of his own, and suffers his own talent to lie buried and unimproved in the earth, because peradventure, for a starting capital, the necessary means at first may have been denied him.

Behold the Son of the Soil—THE FARMER. He who above all others, stands near his Maker, living as he does, amid the very foot-prints of the Almighty, hourly witnessing the wonders of his hand, with everything "around, above, below," to draw his soul forth in grateful, pleasing contemplation, and raise his thoughts from Nature up to Nature's God." How does he, too, often-times forget his noble birth—his heaven-born inheritance—his true dignity, his rightful destiny.

He refuses to look upward, much less to soar, and "walks with earth-bent eye."—Like the grovelling worm or the burrowing mole, which his plow share turns up to the light of day, he hides himself from the glories revealed to him and seeks in sordid earth his prison-house of ignorance and of gloom. With the book of nature ever open before his eye, he reads not its glorious page, but lives and dies and is forgotten.

The lives of all such are but a blank. Their existence, as far as the human eye can discern, is a failure. They, too, "quench the light on the inner shrine of the human soul." They too, forget that they are mortal.

Enough of this dark vision. We turn, with pleasure, to review the brighter page of human history.

How dissimilar the life and labors of the TRUE MAN! Impelled by incentives to action—having motives and emotions, as far above those which direct the sordid earth-worm, as the heavens are high above the earth, his burthen may be as heavy, but it is not as wearisome; his toil is as severe, but it brings with it its own sweet reward, for he bears with him the consciousness of being actuated by no mean motive. He is a better public man, for his ambition is to be the benefactor of his country and his kind. He better wields the power of his wealth and his gains canker not, for they are hallowed by the desire to dispense them in such a way, as shall bring greater satisfaction to his soul, than all the hoarded possessions of a *Crœsus* could bestow.

Through the work of his hand and the energies of his mind, the arts and sciences are brought to perfection—for he falters not when perplexities and difficulties obstruct his way and labors that the world may feel the influence of his life not for the mere gratification of selfish purposes, but to edify and benefit his fellow man.

He tills the soil, but goes not sullenly and grudgingly to his work, like the goaded galley slave, but feeling that his fellow-being has a demand upon him, and that he owes to the world the record of a well-spent life, he studiously aims to discharge the obligation. He asks no soft couch of luxury, for "the rest of the laboring man is sweet." He envys not the great their palaces, for with the cheerful spirit and light step of conscious integrity, he "walks 'neath nature's generous dome one of her own noblemen." No artificial excitement is needed to relieve his soul from the *ennui* of the slothful; for there is music for him in every breeze and beauty on every spray.

It has been truly and beautifully said: "The most sublime spectacle is a great and good man striving with adversity." He quails at nothing. Neither toil, nor privation, nor the laugh of scorn, of "this dread world," can appal him. Knowing and believing that TALENT is a gift of the most High—of origin Divine—the moral man teaches him that he is but a trustee of the sacred charge, to improve, advance and subserve the condition of his fellow-man, and imbued with this high and holy principle, he blenches at no obstacle, cowers at no adversity. His march is onward, proudly onward, knowing no goal but consummation:—

"The man whose mind is firmly bent,
Upon some great and good intent,
Serene beholds the angry cloud,
Nor can the tempest fierce and loud,
His stubborn virtue tame."

Asking and seeking for no sordid reward—"walking erect in God's own image,"—the consciousness of fulfilling man's true destiny, the self-approving hour is dearer to him,

"——————Than brightest gold.
And gems from out the teeming mine."

How gratifying is the thought, that as the world has been borne onward from the creation in the accomplishment of its destiny, under the guiding hand of the Most High, man has performed the work. All have not slept—all have not lived in vain—all have not cumbered the ground. Though adverse winds have blown, his barque has triumphantly stem'd the gale until he may "soar untrodden heights and seem at home where angels bashful look." All is not lost. Though shattered be the diadem of his glory, it is still imperishable. Its gems may yet be gathered, and the defilement, which for ages has obscured their brightness, wiped away; they may be re-set, in a noble crown, and with re-doubled brilliancy blaze forever.

Long is the catalogue of illustrious names which have arisen in the different ages of the world, to wipe away the blot from the escutcheon of man's honor, and in the sense of his true dignity and worth,—in the consciousness of his destiny—has man found the main-springs of action, which gave those bright beacon lights to the page of history.

It was this which moved on the chaos of the human mind and brought order out of confusion. It was this which led SOCRATES and PLATO, into those mighty reasonings, which have resulted in systems which have since governed the philosophical world, and have made them immortal. It was this which directed the gaze of the Shepherds of Chaldea, to the teeming heavens—

"When marshalled on the mighty plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky."

And revealed forth to their vision, that "star of hope, the brighest of the twain." It was this which taught COPERNICUS to trace the Constellations and gave him a name to endure while night's sable mantle shall retain a single gem. It was this which stirred the depths of LUTHER'S mighty mind, until he moved the world. 'Twas this that kindled MILTON'S poetic fire, and gave the world to hear (unheard before) those lofty strains of that celestial choir, that sung on *Zion's hill* and by *Siloah's brook*, that flows fast by the oracle of God." It was this which chastened the spirit of the pious FENELON, and blessed the world with the savor of his good name. It was this which awakened the genius of a NEWTON, and of a HARVEY, and gave them the honor of revealing those mysterious principles in inanimate nature, and in man's being, the discovery of which, has wreathed their memory with unfading laurels.

It was this which sent a HOWARD on his messages of philanthropy and made him an angel of mercy to his fellow man. It was this which rendered immortal the deeds and achievements of ALEXANDER, and NAPOLEON, and it was this which gave the glory of true greatness to our own WASHINGTON, and JACKSON, and MCCLELLAN, and strengthened their hearts, and moved their arms to beat back the proud host of their country's foe and gain the triumph, not of empty ambition, or the trophies of mere conquerors, but the glory of mankind—this country free—and of hallowing forever the spot, where the eternal principles of human liberty might dwell, and the theatre be opened wide, where—shielded by republican institutions—untramelled by despotism and untrodden by the foot of tyranny, all might be the arbiters of their own destiny and win an imperishable name and fame.

A few words more in conclusion, by way of application:—

Ladies and gentlemen of the "Greenwood Literary Society." Accept my sincere thanks for the distinguished honor you have conferred upon me, in the invitation extended to address your flourishing Literary Society. Through your generous partiality, years ago, I was made an HONORARY MEMBER of the "*Greenwood Literary Society.*" These unexpected evidences of your kindness, I shall treasure as the fondest reminiscenses of my life and will only be lost to my memory in death.

Great indeed has been the progress of your literary labors here in the "Bethel of Learning." Take courage. And when you send your young men and maidens forth into the wide world, let it be with minds richly stored with useful knowledge and adorned by the lasting accompaniments of piety, virtue and intelligence. Then, like the Roman matrons, when presenting their son you too, will be able to say, "THESE, THESE ARE OUR JEWELS."

"Honor and fame from no conditions rise,
Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

We return, and very briefly, to scan the opposite character—MAN—"*Neglected.*" The page of history has also its gloomy side, its dark spots to prove that talent may exist without virtue, but these also prove that without virtue there can be no true dignity. Not only does the past furnish examples worthy of imitation, but it holds up to our view, instances of splendid genius, capable of great attainment, without being guided by a single redeeming virtue, where the possessor has been honored and even envied. Such a character can be better read in blank verse.

"When I behold a genius bright, yet base,
Of towering talent, yet terrestrial aim,
Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere
The fragments of a soul immortal!
Struck with the awful melancholly sight,
At once compassion, soft, and envy rise
But wherefore envy? Talent angel bright
If wanting worth is naught but shining instrument.
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown."

And need we more to incite us to a proper appreciation of our true dignity—our high calling. While the names and characters of the illustrious great are recorded on the historic page, for our admonition and contempt, the glory of the illustrious great and good is their bright example to those who came after them. What have we to do, but to imitate their example? Should they not incite us to deeds of greatness, that we may in turn, lighten the pathway of those who come after us. Young men, remember, that the—

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We may make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Foot-prints on the sands of time;
Foot-prints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorne and ship-wrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again."

Time admonishes me to close this Address. Would that I could here record my testimony in favor of some of the many other duties demanded of the Christain, Patriot and Philanthropist. They are all on record in the Book of Books. Study well and carefully its instructive page, by which you have a light to your way and can only avoid the fearful vortex of *infidelity.*

Why shou'd we fear to teach men to think? Surely there is sufficent indications of design in nature, if rightly contemplated, to prove the existence of a Deity. The spire of grass; the tall and stately pine; the rich valley; the cragged mountain; the opening leaf and tender blossom—all, their "great original proclaim." Everything, animate and inanimate, proves the existence of a God.—Blind indeed, must be he who—with the "Light of Truth" before him—arrives at any other conclusion: Look at the Heavens, also—

And though no real voice, nor sound,
Amid the radient orbs be found,
In reason's ear, they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is Divine."

Select Poetry.

The Song of the Contraband.

I.

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

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

II.

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

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

III.

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

CHORUS—De Abolition S'ciety.
I guess um monstrous stuff,
Dey call us men an' brodders—
I hear dat of'n 'nuff!

IV.

Now who will take dis darkey
Afore he's, pletely froze,
An' gib him for his labor
De hoe-cake an' de clothes?
Dar's Massa WENDELL PHILLIPS,
What preaches 'bout de sin
Ob slabery, I wonder
Ef *he* would take me in!

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

V.

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

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

Miscellaneous.

THE JAMES RIVER.—The James river is navigable for sea-going steamers drawing eleven feet of water, quite up to the city of Richmond. It is, unless the rebels have succeeded in so blocking the channel with a sunken stone fleet, above City Point, as to interfere with the progress of vessels. It seems to be understood that our gunboats are past City Point, where the river is shallowest. Many of our gunboats—even the most formidable of them—draw not more than nine feet. If it has been the policy of Gen. M'Clellan and Commodore Goldsborough to advance the gunboats much ahead of the army, we see no reason to doubt that by this time Richmond is almost, if not quite, at the mercy of their guns.—*Washington Star.*

MAN.—Philosopher have puzzled themselves how to define man, so as to distinguish him from other animals. Burke says, "Man is an animal that cooks his victuals." "Then," says Johnson, "the proverb is just, which says, 'there is reason in roasting an egg.'" Adam Smith has hit the case. "Man," says he, "is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this—no dog exchanges bones with another."

IS IT NOT SO!—Whenever you hear a fellow particularly vociferous in denouncing. Democrats as traitors because they adhere to the Constitution, ten to one that he is either a fool, or has recieved directly or indirectly, a share of the SIXTY MILLIONS and upward which according to Mr. Dawes, a Republican member of Congress from Massachusetts, has been *stolen* from the Treasury during the past year.

IN literature, as in morals, there are a certain taste and grace, which confer dignity on moderate acquirements: and there are a negligence and grossness that disgust, even when accompanied with incontestable superiority.

EVERY desire bears its death in its very gratification. Curiosity languishes under repeated stimulations, and novelties cease to excite surprise, until at length we cannot even wonder at a miracle.—*Irving*