COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT AND STAR OF THE NORTH.

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Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

A Patriot if You Succeed—A Rebel if You Fail.

BY PETER PEPPERCORN.

Get the glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, scorn
To see the things thou dost not.
[King Lear: Act IV; Scene 6.

Where the Elizabeth and James
Their flowing streams unite,
Within the Fortress of Monroe
Appeared, the other night,
A ghost; but darned if I can state
How he got in; at any rate

He walked straightway to Carroll Hall,
And gave the door a rap,
Which roused the drowsy sentinel
Out of his dreamy nap;
And made him tremble like a leaf,
It was so sudden and so brief.

However, he unlocked the door,
And, Saint Peter save us!
The Ghost said, "I'm George Washington,
And come to see Jeff. Davis;
Now, point his room out, and right away—
Be quick, be silent, and obey!"

Then George stalked into Jeff.'s room,
And said, "Friend Jeff., how are you?
I see they have not killed you yet—
I hope I do not scare you!"
"Oh, no," said Jeff., "but pray be seated,
Your visit is appreciated."

"Indeed," said George. "I'm Glad of that—
it gives me consolation;
But tell me, Jeff., what do you think
About your situation?
I hear that Congress, in due season,
Intends to have you tried for treason."

"There's not a doubt of that," says Jeff.,
"They'll have me put on trial;
For since your time the Yankees have
Become savagely loyal—
Their taxes pay, without a word,
For which they damned old George the Third.

"But tell me, George, how is it you
Are praised and me derided?
You went in for secession,
And held slaves as well as I did.
I must confess, I cannot see
The difference 'twixt you and me."

"Pooh, pooh," says George, "I wonder at
A man of your discretion;
New England, in my day held slaves,
And went in for secession;
And would have been the same to day,
But, don't you see it would not pay.

"Besides, you know, to turn their coats
The saints are mighty handy,
And are as fond of power and cash,
As girls are fond of candy.
I always found those shoe-peg peddlers,
A canting set of knavish meddlers.

"'Republics are ungrateful,' Jeff.,
You know it, to your cost;
They praised me because I won,
Damn you, because you lost;
That's all the difference I can see,
Friend Jeff., there is 'twixt you and me.

"However, Jeff., take my advice,
If they should prosecute you,
Your conduct justify by mine;
The knaves can not refute you.
Be this the burden of your song,
If George was right, Jeff., was not wrong.

"But should the bigots now in power
All human rights deny you,
Then meet your fate like a brave man,
The world will justify you.
But here our conference must end;
Be candid and be firm, my friend."

The ghost then walked out of the room
With military precision,
And I awoke and rubbed my eyes,
And found it but a vision,
Brought on by sleeping on my back,
And drinking too much apple jack.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Gubernatorial.—No. 8.

EDITORS DEMOCRAT & STAR:—I anxiously await the trial and eagerly anticipate the result of the Gubernatorial contest in Pennsylvania. The indications of success are certainly upon the side of the Democracy, and that good old party will again anchor the noble ship of State safely in its destined haven. Defeated, oft they realize the saying, that—

"Truth, crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amidst her followers."

Every lover of the Law, the Union, and the Constitution, in this great Commonwealth desires the election of HIESTER CLYMER. Every sycophant at the foot of power, accustomed to "bending the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning," on the other hand, will support John W. Geary. It will, indeed, be a contest betwixt the friends of free government and the enemies of our common liberties.

Speaking of white men's rights, I would ask where are they, and what is our hope in the interest of the Curtin-Cameron-Forney-disunionists? The last disunion Legislature of this State, passed a bill—*in direct violation of all Constitutions*—disfranchising deserters and non-reporting drafted men. This iniquitious bill has been signed by Gov. Curtin. What now will those of our democratic members of that body say, who, just before the adjournment, recorded their votes approving of Curtin's administration?

This act of abolition legislation, like their support of the negro-suffrage bill, is another egregious wrong upon the rights of white citizens, and gives the lie to all their pretended partiality for "impartial suffrage." It matters little, however, that thousands of honest men may be deprived of their just rights, as citizens, at the ballot box, so far as Geary's chances are concerned next fall. The disunion candidate will be defeated next fall by an immense majority, every species of rascality, disunion, and outrage, by the Winnebago tribe, to the contrary notwithstanding.

Fellow Democrats, charge upon our wicked and treacherous enemies. Yours is a common cause. "Charge side by side—hand in hand—arm in arm, and with a bold front. Stand fim, and organize early for the fight." Down with the fanatics.

"Shoulder to shoulder—
Hearts firm, strong, and true,
We never will be conquered,
By the Union hating crew."

To arms in the right, trusting to God for the result. Organize in vigorous [illegible]

Abolitionists and Abolitionism.

NO 7.

When the bill for the division of Virginia was before the National House of Representatives, the leader of the disunionists, Thad. Stevens, said:

"I will not stultify myself by supposing that we have any warrant in the Constitution for this proceeding. This talk of restoring the Union as it was, and under the Constitution as it is, is one of the absurdities that I have heard repeated, until I am sick of it. The Union never shall, with my consent, be restored under the Constitution as it is."

Yet in violation of his oath to support the Constitution he did all he could to sever the Old Dominion, and by the aid of his disunion co-workers accomplished that gross outrage.

When he was in the reform Convention of Pennsylvania, in 1838, he was bitterly opposed to any change, or amendments to the State Constitution; and among other things said:

"But why do I attempt to stay the ruthless efforts of those who would tear up the deep foundations of the government under which Pennsylvania has so long prospered and become great, happy and respected! Its fate is sealed. It is a doomed instrument. *The destructives have possession of this hall. This Constitution which wise modern reformers pronounced old, obsolete and decrepid, is bound hand and foot and delivered over to the uncircumcised Philistines, and it will inevitably be shorn of its locks of strength unless the people come to its rescue.* But, whatever may be done here, it is my duty to warn the people of *the attempts now making to unsettle and confuse the laws which have so long protected them, that needy and desperate adventurers may fatten on the plunder.* * * * I have full confidence in a steady and disinterested people—*disinterested as to the fate of parties, but deeply interested in the welfare of the State and the protection of the lives, the liberty and the property of its citizens. Send forth to them this mangled, mutilated and deformed Constitution, and they will put their seal of condemnation upon it; and they will still live and prosper under the well-tried charter which their wise and honest fathers left them.*"

In view of all this we may ask, why does this wretch and his corrupt company of Congressional tinkers now attempt to tear and patch the National Constitution of our Fathers, under which, by Democratic rule, the Republic long prospered and become great, happy and respected; simply because he is a traitor, as the President said in his speech on the 22d of last February. But I entertain no doubt that the "mangled, mutilated and deformed Constitution," upon which he and his followers have been testing the quality of their knives and strength of their bludgeons, will find no favor among the masses of the people; but that they will give a united and effective support to the Union, and Andy Johnson in his noble struggle to maintain inviolate 'the well-tried charter which their wise and honest Fathers left them.'

But the next traitor named by the President in the speech referred to above is Chas. Sumner, from whom I could quote many declarations that he owed no obedience to the Constitution of the United States, but will give one only, which is sufficiently explicit to serve as a specimen to the rest:

"Let me say that the Constitution of the United States, as I understand it, exacts no passive obedience, and no man, who is not wholly lost to self-respect and ready to abandon the manhood which is shown in the heaven-directed countenance, will voluntarily aid in enforcing a "judgment" which, in his conscience, he solemnly believes to be against the fundamental law. The whole dogma of passive obedience must be rejected—in whatever guise it may assume, and under whatever alias it may skulk; whether in the tyrannical usurpation of King, Parliament, or judicial tribunal."

Wendell Phillips, the third traitor named by the President, and from whom I gave some extracts in my number 2, published in your paper of May 2d, 1866, said in a public speech: "Thank God for McClellan, for Cameron—thank God for defeat. With a man for President, we should have put down the rebellion in ninety days and left slavery where it was."

This proves that he and his friends urged on the war, not to preserve the Constitution and the Union, but to destroy both, and thus set the negroes free!

Hence President Johnson was just right in calling those men traitors. He could not truthfully speak of them and call them anything else.

It may be well to add, in this place, some extracts from the speeches and writings of the prominent apologists and defenders of the "traitors" explictly named by the President. Foremost among these is Mr. Benjamin F. Wade, who said, in 1860, referring to the secession movements of the southern leaders:

"I am not one of those who would ask them to continue in such a Union. It would be doing violence to the platform of the party to which I belong. We have adopted the old Declaration of Independence as the basis of our political movements, which declares that men, when their Government ceases to protect their rights—when it is so subverted from the true purposes of government as to oppose them, have the right to recur to fundamental principles, and, if need be, to destroy the Government under which they live, and to erect on its ruins another more conducive to their welfare. I hold that they have this right whenever they think the contingency has come. * * * You cannot forcibly hold men in this Union, for the attempt to do so, it seems to me, would subvert the first principles of the Government under which we live."

Fred. Douglass, under the auspices of Mr. Chase, has recently undertaken to berate the President for disloyalty. The qualifications of this negro critic to sit in judgment on Mr. Johnson will be understood by a single sentence taken from a speech he made in New York in 1860:

"From this time forth, I consecrate the labors of my life to the dissolution of the Union; and I care not whether the bolt shall come from heaven or from hell!"

Mr. William Lloyd Garrison has also taken it upon himself to denounce the President as the vilest of traitors, and has made a speech in which this idea is embodied with every embellishment of scurrility. This severe and exacting patriot said, in 1856:

"I have said, and say again, that in proportion to the growth of disunionism will be the growth of Republicanism. The Union is a lie."

As late as 1863, Mr. Garrison declared in his newspaper, the *Liberator*:

"No act of ours do we regard with more conscientious approval or higher satisfaction, [illegible]

kind, than when, several years ago, on the Fourth of July, in the presence of a great assembly, we committed to the flames the Constitution of the United States."

Mr. Horace Greeley is also among the glorious company of patriots who have been shocked at the treasonable utterances of the President. Long ago Mr. Greeley said:

"All nations have their superstitions, and that of our people is the Constitution."

And in his *Tribune*, of June 13th, 1854, published the following "ode to the American flag."

"All hail the flaunting lie!
The stars grow pale and dim,
The stripes are bloody scars,
A lie the vaunting hymn.

It shields a pirates deck,
It binds a man in chains,
It yokes the captive's neck,
And wipes the bloody stains.

Tear down the flaunting lie;
Half mast the starry flag;
Insult no sunny sky
With hates polluted rag!

Destroy it, ye who can,
Deep sink it in the waves,
It bears a fellow-man
To groan with fellow-slaves.

Farl the boasted lie
'Till freedom lives again,
To rule once more in truth,
Among unt rammelled men.

Roll up the starry sheen,
Conceal its bloody stains;
For in its folds are seen
The stamp of rustling chains!"

Now all these leading Abolition Traitors are pretending great veneration for the flag, and act with, what is mis-called the 'Union' but truly named the disunion party.

May the people read Democratic papers, speeches, &c., then will they get their eyes open and see clearly. JEFFERSON.

A Civil Necessity.

Office holders and those dependent upon their smiles, affect to be much embarrassed to ascertain which side honor requires them to take in the contest between Radicalism and the President.

Strange that they should misunderstand the practical workings of the maxim "to the victors belong the spoils." Since 1861, the Republicans have had a just claim to the enjoyment of office, and most valliantly have they asserted their right. The records show that twice as many appointments were made in the civil service under Mr. Lincoln as had been made by all of his predecessors. Of this, Democrats have no right to complain, and for five years they have patiently "stood out in the cold," and despite the subtle acts of a despotic foe have gallantly maintained their principles and their organization.

Suppose their is difficulty in deciding which wing of the Republicans is the party that triumphed in 1861 and 1864, it still does not affect the Democracy, and can in no manner entitle them to claim the spoils of office.

If the President would assume to dictate to Congress whom they should select to fill the offices at their disposal he would justly merit and would undoubtedly receive the severest rebuke, and yet he has precisely the same right to do this that Congress has to dictate to him the recipients of his official favors. Upon this subject the Radicals have themselves settled the question. Who does not remember that within a brief two years the Radical shibboleth was, "THE PRESIDENT IS THE GOVERNMENT. Oppose the President and you oppose the Government. All men are traitors who do not support the President." Such were the daily utterances of the shoddy loyalists; Mr. Lincoln himself sanctioned the doctrine, and their whole party acted upon it. The unlawful seizure and imprisonment of thousands of Democrats have indelibly impressed upon our minds this doctrine in all its length and breadth. If then, Lincoln as President was the Government, so Johnson as President is the Government, and we commend to their lips the chalice so rudely pressed to ours.

The offices are in the gift of the Executive. If he believes his policy will restore the Union and give prosperity to the whole people, and if he believes he can strengthen his cause through the offices at his disposal, he should at once and determinedly use the means the Constitution and laws have given him. Three fifths of the Republicans are with the President, but through the controlling influence of their machinery their voice is stifled, they are induced to be silent by the false assurance that all will yet be well; that the differences will yet be healed. They forget that ANDREW JOHNSON proclaimed from the steps of the Presidential mansion, that THESE MEN "ARE TRAITORS." The hour for fraternization, has past, the breach is irreparable, the seperation is final.

Upon the question of re-construction the Democracy in solid phalanx are supporting the policy of the President. They seek none of the offices. They have no just claim to them. They regard the contest as one of principle—one of greater importance was never submitted to the American people. Its defeat will forever sink the last hope of our free institutions, its triumph will make a glorious future possible for our noble country.

The influence of office holders for good is but slight; for evil they may be all powerful. As supporters of a measure they weigh but little; as its opposers they are always felt. In a close contest, their opposition may turn the scale. In a deadly struggle with "traitors," can it be that the President will permit his office holders to range themselves under the banner of treason and throw into the breach against him the influence and position they hold at his pleasure? Measuring the vigor of the foe and the magnitude of the issue, is it not plainly his duty to use with unsparing hand every means that the Constitution and laws have cast upon him.

Under the sway of the Radicals, "MILITARY NECESSITY" was held to justify any violation of the Constitution and laws, and now we hold that "CIVIL NECESSITY" enjoins the vigorous use of every means that are vested in the Executive under the plain terms of the organic and statute laws. The union of the States is the life of the nation. Let the law of the land be wielded to preserve that life. The foe is a dangerous one and must be vanquished. The disease is desperate and efficient remedies must be resorted to. Halting measures will not answer. A clean sweep must be made. Pretended support of the President will not do. Works must show the faith of these gentlemen. They cannot support Johnson and Stevens, they must love the one and hate the other. They must support the Presidents policy, they must speak favorably of it, they must support those who support it and oppose those who oppose it. Determined, prompt and energetic action on the part of the Executive, is vitally essential. He can afford to be bold in sustaining the right.

☞ The Boston Advertiser refers to the fires in the oil regions and says that the oil [illegible]

A Widow's Soliloquy.

How dreary! Shiver in heart and tremble in body! How cold the world is! There is no sun, no hope, for my life lies buried beneath the sod of a warmer country than this. Once I had a happy home. Once I was a loved wife. The morn and the noon and the night came, and with each came a kiss of love—a strong arm—a strong heart, a fresh blossom from the buds of hope. The birds sang in the trees—the rivulet went laughing on its way—the grass nodded to grain and the grain nodded back to the grass—the flowers climbed up the lattice as my chidren clambered up into my lap or romped with their father as he rolled on the floor in play with pets after the work of the day was done for him.

And I sang as I worked. And I was happy in my loves and my hopes. We labored and prospered. The fields grew in size—our home became more beautiful—my boys grew to be young men and my heart swelled with pride as I looked upon the home and loved ones.

We earned more than was required to support us—the cattle lowed in the pastures—the horses stamped in the stables—the chickens chased each other in the yard—our cellar and pantry were full—there was grain in the barn, and strong hands to gather more.

* * * * * *

The fife and the drum!

To save the Union! Our flag was insulted! Our country was in danger! Our liberties were in peril! Oh merciful GOD, how my heart rebelled against the unnatural strife! I listened to glib tongues—I was told by specious pleaders that the Union was in danger—it was pounded into my brain from the pulpit—it was prayed into me by a so-called man of GOD—I was educated to *hate* those who had never harmed me or mine—I grew wild and helped buckle the sword upon my husband's side, and filled the knapsack for my son.

The horrid fife and drum!

Men with glib tongues said the men *must* go—but the men with glib tongues went not! The fife and drum drowned the song of the birds. The long lines of blue tramped by—huzzas rent the air—my husband, whose arms had in love encircled me;—my son, whose life was my life, went forth to *preserve the Union!*

I wept!

In the stillness of my room I wept and prayed. My pillow was wet with tears—my heart grew sad—the dust seemed like powder—the days were *so long!*—the nights were so full of horrid dreams.

The horrid fife and drum!

They drowned the song of my birds—they made my heart wild.

The lightning seemed like flashes of bayonets! The thunder was but the echo of bursting shells! The hollow wind was the groaning of those who were dear to me—who were stolen from my arms to *preserve the Union!*

* * * * * *

I prayed!

But my minister was off in the army, or at the hustings.

I wept!

But tears would not still my aching heart.

I asked those who enticed my loved ones away—but they were too busy counting money to answer me!

* * * * * *

Gone!
Dead!
Alone!

I knew it! I dreamed it! The news come, but never a husband—never a son! One died in a hospital, with no one to care for him. My husband, whose lips so oft were pressed to mine—whose heart had been so close to mine. *My husband* who knew me and who I knew so well—he died where my arms could not enfold him—where my kiss could not give him new life—where my hand could not smooth back the hair from his forehead!

Oh, the horrid fife and drum!

And my son! He died—he was killed on the battle field. A bursting shell tore his head open, that head I so often petted and looked upon with pride. It tore away the lips I had often kissed. And he fell on the sod—he lay so still in death, side by side with the ones I was taught to hate—the ones who were not our natural enemies! And the iron-shod foot of a cavalry horse went crashing through the heart of my dead boy, as he lay dead on that bloody field! That heart which held my image—that heart which was lost to me forever.

* * * * * *

OH, GOD!

How I wept—and prayed! I gave them to my country. They were sent forth by me I helped prepare them for the sacrifice—I heard the horrid fife and drum—they said my country called—I believed and sent them forth. And they said 'twas well—that they died to *preserve the Union!*

Now they tell me the *Union is not preserved!* Then why was I robbed of my treasures? The ones who wanted my loved ones to go are still here—but they say the WAR *to preserve* the Union was a failure. I am but a woman—I know not much of politics—but I know I am a widow—that my loved ones are gone—that my heart is dark with sorrow—that the tax-gatherer is taking all that we earned before the war—that I am called upon to pay taxes, expenses and even interest money to support the bondholders who were enriched by the blood of my loved ones, and to hear night and morning the echo of the horrid fife and drum, and to ask myself and others what we, what you or I have gained by giving our loved ones to the sacrifice which we are told divided, instead of restored the Union?

I am a poor widow—I do not understand politics, but I want some one to tell me what I have gained, and why I must bear all the taxation as I have borne the sorrow?—*La Crosse Democrat.*

YOUNG AMERICA WONDERS.—Wonder why mamma keeps Bridget home from church to work all day, and then says it is wicked to build my rabbit house on Sunday?

Wonder why our minister bought that pretty cane with the yellow lion's head on the top, and then asks me for my cent to put in the missionary box? Don't I want a jewsharp just as well as he wanted a cane?

Wonder what makes papa tell such nice stories about hiding the master's rattan when he went to school, and about his running away from the school mistress when she was going to whip him, then shut me up all day in a dark room because I tried just once to be as smart as he was?

Wonder what made papa say that wicked word when Betsy upset the ink all over his papers, and then slap my ears because I said the same thing when my kite string broke?

Wonder why mamma told Bridget to say that she was not at home when Tommy Day's mother called and then puts me to bed without my supper every night I tell a lie?

Bill Arp is Called Before the Reconstruction Committee—Suppressed Testimony.

MR. EDITOR: Murder will out, and so will evidence. Having seen Dan Rice's testimony before the Destruction Committee, I have felt sorter slighted because no mention aint been made of mine. I suppose it has been suppressed, but I am not to be hid out in obscurity. Our country is the special jury and by and by this business will go up before it on appeal. The record must go up fair and complete, and therefore I'll take occasion to make public what I swore to. I said a good deal more than I can put down, Mr. Editor, and at times my language was considered impudent, but they thought that was all the better for their side, for it illustrated the rebellious spirit—I heard one of 'em say: "Let him go on—the ruling passion strong in death. He's good States evidence."

When I was put on the stand old Boutwell swore me most fiercely and solemnly to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and I observed that he was then entertaining about a quart of double rectified and it looked like it had soured on his stomach. Old Blow was settin off on one side with a memorandum book, getting ready to note down some "garbled extracts."

Old Iron Works was Chairman, and when he nodded his Republican head, old Boutwell, says he: "your name is Arp, I believe, sir?"

"So called," says I.

"You reside in the State of Georgia, do you?

"I can't say exactly," says I. "I live in Rome, right in the fork of two injun rivers."

"In the State of Georgia?" says he fiercely.

"In a state of uncertainty about that," says I. "We don't know whether Georgia is a State or not. I would like for you to state yourself, if you know. The state of the country requires that this matter should be settled, and I would proceed to state—"

"Never mind, sir," says he. How old are you, Mr. Arp?"

"That depends on circumstances," says I. "I don't know whether you count the last five years or not. Durin the war your folks said that a State couldn't secede, but that while she was in a state of rebellion she ceased to exist. Now you say we got out, and we shant go back again until 1870. A man's age has got something to do with his rights, and if we are not to vote, I don't think we ought to count the time. That's about as near as I can come to my age, sir."

"Well, sir," says he, "are you familiar with the political sentiments of the citizens of your State?"

"Got no citizens yet, sir, that we know of. I will thank you to speak of us as 'people.'"

"Well, sir," says he, "I'll humor your obstinacy. Are the *people* of your State?"—

"Don't speak of it as a State, sir, if you please. I'm on oath now, and you must excuse me for being particular. Call it a 'section.'"

"Mr. Arp, are the *people* of your *section* sufficiently humbled and repentant to come back into the Union on such terms as we may think proper to impose?"

"Not much they ain't," says I. "I don't think they are prepared for it yet. They wouldn't voluntarily go it blind against your hand. They say the deal wasn't fair and you've marked the cards and stole the trumps, but at the same time they don't care a darn what you do. They've become indifferent, and don't care nothing about your Guy Fawkes business. I mean no respect to you, gentlemen, but I was swore to tell the whole truth. Our people ain't a noticin you only out of curiosty. They don't expect any thing decent or honorable, or noble from you, and they've gone to work diggin and plowin and plantin and raisin boy children."

Right here the man with a memorandum scratched down a garbled extract, and old Boutwell says he: "What do you mean by that, sir? What inference do you intend?"

"I'm statin' facts," says I. "You must draw your own inferences. They are raisin' boy children. Any harm about that? Any treason? Can't a man raise boy children? Perhaps you'd like to amend the Constitution and stop it! Old Pharaoh tried to stop it among the Israelites, but it didn't pay. He finally caught the dropsy in the Red Sea. We are raisin boy children for the fun of it. They are a good thing to have in the house, as Mrs. Toodles would say."

"Mr. Arp, are not the feelings of your people very bitter against the North?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you'll have to split the question, or else I'll have to split the answer. Our people have a very high regard for honorable men, brave men, noble-hearted men, and there's a heap of 'em North, sir, and there's a heap of widows and orphans there we are sorry for; but as for this here Radical party, they look upon 'em like they was hyenas a scratchin' up the dead for a livin'. It's as natural to hate 'em as it is to kill a snake. It's utterly impossible for me to tell the strength, and length, and hight, depth and breadth of their contempt for that party. They look upon a Radical as—as—as—well, as a beggar on horseback—a buzzard sailin' round a dead eagle—a suckegg dog creepin' up to the tail of a dead lion. They talk about hirin' Brownlow to abuse 'em, to use language on 'em like he did a few years ago when he spoke against Pryne. If they do hire Brownlow, he'll spatter 'em, he'll daub 'em all over, and slime 'em and slobber on 'em about right, and it will stick, for the pores are open and their morals spongy. I'd like to stand off about ten rods and hear him spread himself. It would be worse than a squirt-gun full of cow-slop, and, I have no doubt, would give general satisfaction."

"That's sufficient, sir," says old Boutwell. "If it was in their power to do so, would your people renew the fight?"

"Not unless they could fight the Radicals all alone, and all the world agree to "hands off." Even there wouldn't be no fight, for we couldn't cotch you."

"What do your people say upon the subject of negro equality?"

"They say it's a lie, sir—it don't exist by nature and never can in practice. Folks were not created free and equal. That may be a theoretical truth, but it's always been a practical lie. There's grades of society everywhere. There's men I give the sidewalk to, and there's men that gives it to me. There's men that I vote, and men that vote me, and the grades up, up, step by step, from my sort to Mr. Davis and Mr. Stephens, and General Lee, and Howell Cobb, and Ben. Hill and their sort; for they are the highest in the nation; and then again it goes from me down, down, down to the niggers and the Republicans and the Radicals, and that's as low as they run. There aint no equality, and you don't make one. We'll vote the niggers certain. I'll vote Tip, and Tip's a "head center." He'll vote about forty, and do it certain, seven of 'em eighteen carats strong, with African musk. The other rebel States will do the same thing, and you'll have about fifty of 'em to draw seats with, and you can all stick your legs upon your desks together and swap lies and vermin, and be shampooed at the same shop, and the fair sexes can set together in the galleries and mix odors, and fan their scent about promiscuous. We give you a full benefit of your Civil Rights Bill, see if we don't. You go on—play your cards. We are bidin our time. We are paying your taxes and your duties and back rations for 1864, and licenses, and your internal revenue, and obeyin your laws without havin any hand in makin 'em, and we are cut off from pensions, and public lands; and you sold a poor man's still in my country the other day because he couldn't pay your tax on some peach brandy he stilled for his neighbors two years ago; and soon you'll be sellin the land for the land tax, and you're trying your best to play the devil generally; but you'll catch it in the long run.—See if you don't. Talk about Fenians. When the good men of the North and the South all get together, they'll walk over the track so fast that you wont have time to get out of the way. You'll subside into obscurity, and your children will deny that their daddies ever belonged to such a party. Excuse me, gentlemen, but I'm a little excited. Five cents a pound on cotton will excite any body that makes it. Tax on industry—on sweat and toil. Protection tariff for Pennsylvania, and five cents a pound tax on Southern cotton—half its average worth—and your folks will manage some way or other to steal the other half. My advice to you is to quit this foolishness and begin to travel the only road to peace."

Old Blow couldn't keep up with his garbled extracts.

"What makes the President so popular at the South?"

"Contrast, sir—contrast. The more he ain't like your party, the more popular he is. He would treat us about right. I reckon, if you would let him alone, but you bedevil so that sometimes he don't understand himself. I don't think he knew for a while whether his peace proclamation restored the writ of *habeas corpus* or not. But do you go on and impeach him, and that will bring matters to a focus. I'll bet you'd be in Fort Delaware in a week, and the Southern members be here in their seats, and they'll look round at the political wreck and ruin and plunder and stealage that's been going on, and they might exclaim, in the language of the poet,

"Who's pin here since I'sh pin gone?"

"Mr. Arp, suppose we should have a war with England or France, what would the rebels do?"

"They'd follow General Lee and General Johnston, and Longstreet, and Bragg and old Bory. My opinion is that, General Lee would head the Union army, and General Grant would be his chief of staff, and General Buell would rank mighty high, and"—

"What would you do with General Sherman?"

"Sorry you mentioned him. We'd have to hire him, I reckon, as a camp fiddler, and make him sing "*Hail Columbia*," by fire light, as a warning to the boys how mean it is to burn cities and tows and make war upon defenseless women and children. No, sir, our boys wouldn't fight under no such."

At this time the man with the memorandum put down some more garbled extracts.

"Do you think, Mr. Arp, that if the South should ever hold the balance of power, they would demand pay for their negroes?"

"I can't say, sir. But I don't think the South has lost anything that way. We got their labor before the war for the vittels and clothes and doctor's bills, and we get it now for about the same. It's all settled down that way and your Bureau could'nt help it. The only difference is in the distribution.—Some of us don't own as many as we used to, but everybody has got a nigger or two now, and they'll all vote 'em or turn 'em off. A nigger that wouldn't vote as I told him, shouldn't black my boots."

At this time the committee looked at one another, seemin' to be bothered and astonished. Garbled extracts were put down with a vim.

Mr. Boutwell says he, "Mr. Chairman, I think, sir, we are about through with the witness; I think, sir, his testimony settles the question what we ought to do with Southern traitors."

The Chairman gave me a Republican nod and remarked,

"Yes, sir, I think we do. The scoundrels burnt my iron works."

Whereupon I retired, having general satisfaction. Yours, truly, BILL ARP.

Husbands and their Wives.

Some husbands never leave home in the morning without kissing their wives and bidding them "good bye," in the tones of unwearied love; and whether it be policy or fact, it has the effect of fact, and those homes are generally pleasant ones, providing always that the wives are appreciative, and welcome the discipline in a kindly spirit. We know an old gentleman who lived with his wife over fifty years, and never left home without the kiss and the "good-bye, dear." Some husbands, before leaving home, ask very tenderly, "What would you like for dinner, my dear?" knowing all the while that she will select something for his particular palate, and off he goes.

Some husbands will leave home without saying anything at all, but thinking a good deal, as evinced by their turning round at the last point of observation, and waving an adieu at the pleasant face or faces at the window. Some husbands never say a word, rising from the breakfast table with the lofty indifference of a lord, and going out with a heartless disregard of those left behind. It is a fortunate thing for their wives that they can find sympathy elsewhere. Some husbands never leave home without some unkind word or look, apparently thinking that such a course will keep things straight in their absence. Then, on returning, some husbands come home jolly and happy, unsoured by the world, some sulky and surly with disappointments.

Some husbands bring home a newspaper or a book, and bury themselves for the evening in its contents. Some husbands are called away every evening by business or social engagements; some doze in speechless stupidity on a sofa until bedtime. Some husbands are curious to learn of their wives what has transpired through the day; others are attracted at nothing short of a child's falling down stairs or the house taking fire. "Depend upon it," says Dr. Spooner, "that home is the happiest where kindness, interest, politeness and attention is shown—of course all the responsibilities rest with them, and temptation finds no footing there."

THE best toast of the season was given by a typo, a short time since, viz: "Woman [illegible]

A Dastardly Criminal.

Yesterday morning, on the testimony of Mr. Edmonds, a warrant was issued by Judge Moore, State *vs.* David Egbert and Mary Davis, on the charge of open, illicit and notorious lewdness. The specifications are, that some time last year, probably some six or eight months ago, Egbert came to this city from some Northern State where "ccow" is proper, and brought with him a handsome little wife. On his arrival, he hired a house on Linden street, between St. Martin's and Mulberry, the property of Mr. A. N. Edmonds, and put up a grocery store. Thus every thing progressed finely for a month or two, when the accused began cohabiting with Mary Davis, a very dark, copper colored wench, who had rented a small house in the rear of the grocery store. This, of course, came to Mrs. Egbert's ears, and created some little difficulty in the family circle, on which account Mrs. Egbert bade her liege lord adieu, and left for her family in the North. As soon as this event transpired, Mr. Egbert sold his household furniture and took up lodging with the black wench, carried water, wood, &c., for her, and in fact lived in every sense, legally excepted, as man and wife. This was not denied on trial. The parties were bound over to the Criminal Court to be held in this city next week, in a bond of $1,000 each, when a thorough investigation will be had, and it is to be hoped, justice meted out to this contemptible villain, who has forsaken a beautiful and perhaps devoted wife, for the embrace of a black wench. That is the kind of morality that these Northern Radicals wish to force upon us. We don't take.—*Memphis Bulletin.*

Want of Decision.

A great deal of labor is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they had only been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in doing anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man waits and doubts, and consults his brothers, and uncles, and particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age, and that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he finds he has no more time to follow their advice. There is so little time for over squeamishness at present, that the opportunity slips away. The very period of life at which a man chooses to venture if ever, is so confined that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculations.

REPUBLICAN JOURNALS ON CLYMER.—The Pittsburg *Gazette*, one of the most rabid negro suffrage journals in Pennsylvania, speaking of the nomination of Hon. Hiester Clymer by the Democratic Convention, pays him the following compliment:

"His family have for several generations been settled in this Commonwealth and members thereof have at times borne conspicuous parts in public affairs. One of them was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and under the articles of Confederation served as a member of Congress.

"He is possessed of wealth and enjoys a high social position. An active business man, he has participated wisely and liberally in many enterprises for the development and prosperity of that portion of the State in which he resides. Though a leading man in his party his abilities are not extraordinary. He has, however, a pleasing presence and address and a reputation that does not connect him with unclean legislation."

The Philadelphia *Ledger*, for several years identified with the so-called "Union" party, in announcing in its issue of last Tuesday the nomination by the Democratic State Convention of Hon. Hiester Clymer for Governor says:

"Mr. Clymer belongs to one of the oldest Pennsylvania families. He is a lawyer and a citizen of excellent reputation, and has for several years represented Berks county in the State Senate."

The New York *Tribune* speaks well of his abilities, says he is a "good citizen of reputable character."

The Philadelphia *North American* says: "For Mr. Clymer personally we entertain the kindest feelings."

The Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph* says: "No word of dishonorable reproach has ever been breathed against him."

DAN RICE'S ELEPHANT ON A "TEAR."—Our readers will remember the elephant "Romeo," with Dan Rice's show, which was in this city a week ago. This animal for some time has been showing indications of a spirit of insubordination. He showed a bad disposition on the road between Carbondale and Mt. Pleasant, refusing to turn out for teams, &c. Arriving at New Milford, and still being unruly, Rice concluded to subdue him, and for this purpose they chained his hind legs to a tree, and endeavored to fasten a rope to his fore leg, and by this means throw him. After many fruitless attempts, the effort was successful. The rope was attached to a tackle, and sixteen men combined their strength to pull him down. He fooled them. With a blow of his trunk he released his fore leg, and by a tremendous effort broke the chains. The men scattered in all directions pursued by the animal. One of them saved his life by bounding over a fence, and the elephant, for satisfaction, threw down a long span of it.

At 11 o'clock they had managed to throw him, and with clubs and spikes were endeavoring to subdue him. Some fifty shots were fired and took effect in his trunk and other portions of his body, but they were only flea bites, and were but skin deep.—*Scranton Herald, June 9.*

—Let it be noted that all the acts of the President most loudly complained of by the politicians, are in the direction of leaving power in the hands of the people, where it rightfully belongs. The President says "you must trust the people;" the Radicals say you must not.

—One hundred and thirty horses were roasted to death by the burning of the stables of the St. Louis Street Railroad Company, on Saturday last.

☞ "I hate doctor bills," as the man said [illegible]