# THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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THE OBSERVER

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## A TOAST FOR THE UNION.

[The following patriotic stanzas from the pen of one of our most truly national writers, the late James K. Paulding, was written, we think, at least thirty years ago. At a time like this, their spirit and point will excite the admiration, what we feel honored in affording a new presentation to the public eye:]

God bless the good old thirteen States,
God bless the young ones, too:
Who cares for musty birthday dates—
God bless them, old and new.

The old ones first our freedom gained,
In bloody fight of yore;
The young ones have their rights maintained,
As the old ones did before.

Or South or North, or East or West,
Twin sisters all they be!
One mother nursed them at her breast,
And that was Liberty.

And may the wretch who shuts his hand against
The band that would join theirs,
He ever among men accursed be,
Oh, may it never break!

Now fill the bowl with sparkling wine,
Let's drink "God save the King,"
The only king by right divine,
The Sovereign People's King.

For they're the only king I own,
All others I despise;
The king that towers above the throne,
The king that never dies.

Oh! may that people who raised
O'er every land and sea,
Without beginning, without end,
And conquer to set free.

Till Freedom's banner floats abroad,
A beacon in the sky,
And name no other lord shall own
But Him who rules on high.

## Extract from the Speech of Hon. Wm. A. Richardson, of Illinois.

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE, DEC. 8TH, 1862.

On the 17th of March last, my colleague (Mr. Lovejoy) having heard that two negroes had been arrested, introduced a resolution instructing a committee to inquire into the facts, which resolution passed this House by a majority of two to one. On the first day of this session I introduced a resolution directing an inquiry into the causes why white citizens of Illinois, without charges being made against them, were detained in the various forts and bastiles in the country, and that resolution was laid on the table, on motion of Mr. Lovejoy, by a similar vote. The army is being used for the benefit of the negro. This House is being used for his benefit.

Now, Mr. Chairman, I have a single word to those who are temporarily exercising the functions of the executive department of the Government. I fear they have not studied the history of the people of this country, or the characteristics of the race from whom they have descended. That history, correctly understood, shows that in contests with power they have wrenched, and from it will ling hands, fresh guarantees for their liberty. I am led to make these remarks in view of the arrests of thousands of men in loyal States, without due process of law, by the orders of the executive officers of this Government, at the time and places where, in all cases, courts of justice were entirely open, and the execution of the laws wholly unobstructed. The most remarkable page in the history of our race is the fact that while these outrages have been committed upon the rights of our people, no resistance has been offered, no violence done, and no life has been taken as the penalty for the wrong. The desire of the people to preserve the peace in their own limits has restrained them thus far from the commission of violence.

Attempts have been made to intimidate our people at the polls. Provost marshals have been sent everywhere, and yet our people have not been provoked to violate order. But they are in earnest. They mean to preserve their liberties and their rights. The results of the last election were of a temporary character. Such a triumph has never before been witnessed in this country. There is not a man who voted the Democratic ticket last fall, throughout the country, who is not prepared, when the proper time comes, to lay down his life rather than sacrifice his liberty. We may as well understand this. Let us talk plainly about it. Let us not try to deceive ourselves or others. We are no dreamers. We are no law breakers. Our people have endured a good deal. They have submitted to arbitrary arrest and imprisonments. But let me say to you, in God's name, "pause, stop; you cannot go any further." Our people are resolved that you shall not. They are determined. Do not misunderstand them. We are for Union. We are for liberty—constitutional liberty. Our ancestors, in all times past, have vindicated it; and their descendants, after long suffering, will, if need be, vindicate it before God and the world.

I repeat it, Mr. Chairman, our people are in earnest. They mean all that they have said. They love the day, because it represents Constitution, order, law. They do not wish to be slaves, and do not mean to be made slaves. We have had a bill passed here to-day, under whip and spur, without debate, without inquiry, extending amnesty to those who have thus wronged our people. I think you had better also pass a bill extending an amnesty to those of you whom the people have condemned for your course here, so that you can have a political resurrection hereafter. That is the only way in which you can ever have forgiveness. If you expect that when the courts come to look at the monstrous bill which you have passed to day, wiping out all the rights of those who have been immured in prison, they will hold it as constitutional you are greatly mistaken. No court of justice will hold that that gives immunity for the wanton, reckless, tyrannical exercise of power. It is not justice on earth. It is not justice before God in heaven. My opinion about it is that you had better have left the courts opened to our people, and let those men who had ruthlessly and recklessly violated every precept, law and Constitution, take the legal consequences of their acts.

But, Mr. Chairman, there is no excuse or palliation for the arrests that have been made. I care not whether you take the cases of the old man, like Mahoney, tottering to the grave, or the little boy in New England, who sells newspapers for a living; or men of high and spotless character and devoted fidelity to the laws, like Judge Duff, of Illinois; or the unfortunate boy who was confined in Camp Chase, who could not pay his washerwoman's bill, had one, therefore, accused of disloyal practices; or take the man of great intellect, like Edson B. Olds, of Ohio, or the unlearned squirrel hunter from my friend's (Mr. Robinson's) district, who did not know but that Jeff Davis and Lincoln were on the same side; or the intermediate between these extremes—there is not one of them that could not have been tried in the place where the offense was said to have been committed; and, if found guilty, correct public sentiment would have seen that the penalties of the law were fully enforced upon them. In all these cases you have violated the Constitution and laws. You have disregarded them both. And now you turn around and pass an act of immunity to all concerned in inflicting these outrages and wrongs. You have had immured in prison men equal, ay, superior, in intellect to the President or any Cabinet officer; men more devoted to the Constitution and laws of the country than all of them together. Now, after all these outrages, you propose to invest the President with power to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, the great birthright of Englishmen and Americans; and which has never, until now, been disregarded under any circumstances in this country, except inside the actual lines of the army.

Mr. Chairman, I have talked warmly on this subject because I felt deeply. I have advised, and now advise, moderation. Our people want peace. They mean to preserve the Constitution and the Union. They know that you cannot persist in the course which you are now taking. That course leads to the destruction of both the Constitution and the Union. I am not authorized to speak or lay down the plan which is to govern anybody in future. I do not speak to-day for that purpose.

Perhaps I should not anticipate the course of the President of the United States in regard to his proclamation. I trust that he will reconsider it; that he will pause and not go forward with it. This Government cannot be restored by the sword alone. You must carry with it the olive branch. The President says we are making history. I trust we are not making such history as the incendiary who swung his lighted torch in the air to burn the temple of Diana at Ephesus, and who has left his name behind, while the name of him who reared that temple has perished from our memories. I think we may expect that, under a change of policy, the blessings of the Union may forever be restored and made perpetual.

## Girls on Ice.

Don't imagine for an instant, girls, that learning to skate is the least bit calculated to inspire you with any pleasing emotions. Far from it. I will tell you how it will be. You will say to John Henry:

"How I should like to know how to skate."

John Henry will say:

"Certainly, my love. Of course."

The next time he comes he will bring you a pair of McConkey & Shannon's best.

He will say:

"To morrow evening, darling, at half-past five."

To-morrow evening you will get your skates on about half-past six, with a strong determination to show John Henry what a graceful little fairy you are "on ice." He leads you from 'terra firma" to "terra icea," which you at once discover to be a different kind of "terra" altogether. You bow to John Henry, and lift your right foot, which causes you to bow seventeen different ways at once. John Henry tells you to do as he does. You try to do so, and immediately some one falls. You look around to see who it is, and the tho't strikes you "perhaps it is myself!" You are picked up, and fall down again eleven times without stopping.

Your skate is loose. Of course it is or you could strike out. John Henry loosens and tightens your straps in the usual way. You strike out with hands and feet with energy and enthusiasm. The former you plunge into John Henry's countenance, and with the latter you succeed in laying him out alongside of yourself. You rise, and he rises partially up, and you throw yourself into his bread basket in a very inhuman way. You hoarsely whisper:

"John Henry, I shall faint if you push me down again."

He helps you up, and you knock him down five times without stopping. At last you let him stand. He persuades you to release him, while he wipes the sweat from his noble brow. You nobly grant the boon; and, after superhuman exertions to maintain the perpendicular, you quietly settle slantindicularly into John Henry's coat sleeve. A look of desperation says as plainly as a look can, "John Henry, why do you push and throw me down in this disagreeable way?"

He looks at his watch.

"Is it possible. Eight o'clock, and your mother said you must be home at nine."

Your prayers have been answered; and it is he that wants to go home and not you. You go home, and, if not very pious, you think a few very mild bad words about skating in general and learning to skate in particular.

Four days after, when you are just able to walk around the house, without limping—if you are reckless of life and limb—regardless of sprained ankles—or married to a feller what your pa likes and you don't—you will go again and learn to skate. It's ten to one, though, that you never try it the second time. So much for ice!

☞ In the reign of Charles the Second it was customary, when a gentleman drank a lady's health, to throw some article of dress into the flames in her honor, and all his companions were obliged to sacrifice a similar article, whatever it might be. One of Sir Thomas Sadley's friends, perceiving that he was a very rich lace cravat, drank to the health of a certain lady, and threw his own cravat into the fire. Sir Charles followed the example very good-naturedly, but said he would have his joke in return. Afterward when he dined with the same party, he filled a bumper to some reigning beauty, and called on a dentist to extract a decayed tooth which had long pained him. Etiquette demanded that every one of the party should have a tooth extracted and thrown into the fire; to which they all yielded, after many murmurs about the cruelty of the thing.

☞ "Shall I have your hand?" said an exquisite to a belle, as the dance was about to commence.

"With all my heart," was the soft response.

☞ Vanity Fair says The Pomp of War is the "Irrepressible Nigger."

## The Condition of the Army of the Potomac.

The New York *Times*, of Friday, contains a four column article, written by a correspondent in the field, on the condition of the Army of the Potomac, which contains statements well calculated to excite sorrow and alarm in the public mind. The writer, after a month's absence from the army, returns to find that a "prodigious internal change" has taken place. The Administration he argues, has lost faith in the army:

"It is no secret that there is a want of harmony between the Washington authorities and the army. The Administration looks with distrust upon the Army of the Potomac. It might be added, the Army of the Potomac looks with distrust on the Administration. Out of this anon. Gen. Halleck thinks it disaffected, dangerous—report adds another word, which I hope he did not use, disloyal. 'Army of the Potomac!' said he lately, to a General who used the phrase, 'the Army of the Potomac has ceased to exist.'"

And, on the other hand, the army is not trustful of the Administration.

"The animosity in Washington toward the army is amply repaid by the bitterness of the army toward the Cabinet. I make no attempt to go to the root of the matter—no attempt to decide on the justice or injustice of the feeling. I merely record its existence, as an open, palpable fact, which every one here knows. It pervades the whole army. Commanders of Generals and high officers have their own grievances against the central military authority at Washington and the private soldiery, though he may know none of the secret undercurrents, knows, at least, that for months and months—five, six, some even ten—they have not even been paid; and that, while the Washington authorities undertake to manage military affairs, they are badly managed for him. Some of the charges I would appear to you incredible if I should mention them. It matters not what the reality may be, if the army thinks the Administration capable of the things which it charges, it is, to say the least, most deplorable, and must go far to take the very heart out of it."

As regards its commander, the army is in an equally unsatisfactory condition. The correspondent writes:

"You are doubtless aware that since the battle of Fredericksburg, Gen. Burnside has twice tendered his resignation, and he has strongly been to Washington to urge personally its acceptance. The President will not accept it. Halleck will not allow him to move. He is left with the black cloud of that horrible disaster hanging over him—held there, helpless and hopeless. *A letter, in which there is nothing but the signature, and to which his good nature, not his conscience, consented, exculpates the Washington authorities from all blame in the matter, and delegates on himself the responsibility.* He already feels it to be heavier than he can bear, and we hear stories of strange scenes between him and the Washington dignitaries—Here, too, the air is full of plottings and conspiracies. Take an example. An advance of the army was positively ordered for last Thursday week. Everything was arranged. At the last moment the movement was countermanded. Burnside went up to know the reason why. The President's answer was, that some of the Generals had been up and said that the army had no confidence in him, and that the movement would be ill-advised! 'Who were these Generals?' The President would not tell. 'Had they been dismissed the service?' 'They had not—whereupon, of course, a new urgency in pressing the resignation.'

It seems, too, that General Burnside's organization of the army into three grand divisions, proved a complete failure. A distribution of power is made by which the widest scope is afforded to jealousy and rivalry among generals, at the same time the army loses that unity of action and control by a single mind so essential to success. From all these causes a sad decline in the morale of the army has proceeded. We quote further:

"And this does not so much take the form of lack of confidence in Burnside—though this also, it is said, largely exists. His loss, which was so popular with the army, was most unfortunate for his reputation with the army. You can readily see how they may and must regard it from a different point of view from you at home. They contrast between the Sumner, Burnside, Hooker, Franklin, and Fitz John Porter, and cannot. Their verdict takes a practical form: 'Any one but Burnside.' Hooker by one who confesses to have his own ambition, committed so appalling a blunder as that of Fredericksburg.' The feeling of the army is not that of disloyalty.

"But the root of the matter is a distrust of the general conduct and ordering of affairs. They feel that things are at loose ends. The fact they know, for the army is not dull, reads and thinks.

Thus, upon an army disposed and prepared to be distrusting and distrustful, with an underestimate of central knowledge and power, and with men in high places pushing for the possession of the chief command, the season for active military operations in Virginia approaches. When the spring opens, the army, which is diminished, says this correspondent, by fifty thousand men, whose term of nine months service will then have expired. All of these will be the regiments, of which there are over thirty from New York alone, whose term of enlistment was two years, and who are free to leave at various dates during May and June.

How to Get Out of Fort Lafayette.—We have daily increasing evidence that our Government, as at present administered, regards a negro as much better than a white man. The latest illustration of this interesting fact is found in its treatment of "State prisoners." It is stated that two negroes were put into Fort Lafayette, one of whom was named Stephens. The prisoners there generally wrote to the officials in Washington, asking what they were confined for, but they got no answer. At last, one of the prisoners said—"Stephens, write; tell them you are a colored man." Stephens *did* write: did say he was a colored man, and in a very short time a letter came back from the Judge Advocate, opening the doors for Stephens, the colored man. The negro was the only prisoner that could get an official answer from Washington.—*Hartford Times*

☞ Simon Cameron, it is said, will now return to Russia and resume his duties as minister, from which position he has never resigned, and for the non-performance of which he has regularly received his salary.

## NORAH'S REMONSTRANCE.

Sure I'm done wid yer taasing,
Ye may be easy and let me alone;
Ye've the skin from me fingers ye're squeasing;
Sure ye think they're as hard as yer own!

I'm worried to death wid yer prattling,
And frightened clane out of me life:
So pray don't be idly consoting
You'll ever catch me for a wife.

What is it you say?—that I'm joking?
That you won't budge an inch from me side?
Indade now, ye're mighty provoking,
And I don't know which way to decide.

I'm just like a bird that the fowler
Is coaxing down into his snare;
Och, Terrence, ye sly, scheming prowler,
Ye're hunting my soul, I declare!

Have off, sir! how dare ye to do it!
I suppose as ye will have yer way,
I'd better (but mind me, ye'll rue it!)
Place yer whim by just naming the day.

Don't think its for love I'm consenting—
Och, murther! ye're stopping my breath,
But only in hopes of preventing
Myself being bothered to death!

## A Terribly Mean Man.

We've known some very mean men in our time. There was Deacon Overreach; now he was mean, he always carried a hen in his gig with him when he traveled, to pick up the oats his horse wasted in the manger, and lay an egg for his breakfast in the morning. And then there was Hugo Himselman, who made his wife dig potatoes to pay for the marriage license. We must tell that story of Hugo, for he was a bad man, and good stories, like potatoes, are not so plenty now as they used to be when we were a boy. Well, when he was going to get married to Gretchen Golp, he goes down to Parson Rogers, at Digby, to get a license.

"Parson," says he, "what's the price of a license?"

"Six dollars," says he.

"Six dollars!" says Hugo, "that's a dreadful sight of money. Couldn't you take no less?"

"No," says he, "that's what they cost me at the secretary's office, at Halifax."

"Well, how much do you ax for publishing in church, then?"

"Nothing," says the parson.

"Well," says Hugo, "that's so cheap I don't expect you to give no change back. I think I'll be published. How long does it take?"

"Three Sundays."

"Three Sundays!" says Hugo. "Well, that's a long time. But three Sundays only make a fortnight, after all: two for the covers and one for the inside like; and six dollars is a great sum of money for a poor man to throw away. I must wait."

So off he went, jogging towards home, and looking about as mean as a new sheared sheep, when all at once a bright thought came into his head, and back he went as hard as his horse would carry him.

"Parson," says he, "I've changed my mind. Here's the six dollars. I'll tie the knot to-night with my tongue—that I can't untie with my teeth!"

"Why, what in nature is the meaning of all this?" says the parson.

"Why, says Hugo, "I've been cyphering it over in my head, and it's cheaper than publishing bans after all. You see, sir, it's potato digging time: if I wait to be called in church, her father will have her work for nothing; and as hands are scarce and wages high, if I marry her to-night, she can begin to dig our own to-morrow, and that will pay for the license, and just seven shillings over, for there ain't a man in all Clementa that can dig and carry as many bushels in a day as Gretchen can. And besides, fresh wives look like smoke at first, but they get sassy and nasty after a while."

He married her and made her dig potatoes during the honeymoon. We call that mean.

☞ Election Outrages.—Much has been said of the Abolition outrages in Delaware, but it appears to have been much worse in Missouri. Bayonets stood around the polls in many places, preventing every one from voting who was not an Abolitionist. In the State where 170,000 votes are polled at ordinary elections, but 9,000 votes were cast. Companies of the 12th regiment Missouri enrolled volunteers voted several days after the 4th day of November, and minors and aliens were permitted to vote, and all counted and certified from Perry county. In other cases, neither judges nor clerks were sworn. This is what the Abolitionists call "coming back to the policy of the fathers!"

☞ Book Publishers Meeting.—The Book Publishers held a meeting in New York on last Friday, and passed resolutions denouncing the paper maker's monopoly, and calling upon Congress to repeal the present prohibitory duty on paper. The *World* suggests that as no money was raised to influence Congress, the movement will come to nothing. The paper makers when they met passed no resolutions, but they did raise a large fund to be used in the right quarter. They are evidently wiser in their generation than are the booksellers.

☞ An Admonition to the Irish.—Rev Mr Frothingham, of New York, in a discourse delivered on Sunday last, declared that the Irish laborers of that city, ought to bow down to the Abolitionists whenever they meet them on the highway, and kiss their feet! They will do it, of course.

☞ A New Stand Point.—A Washington letter says: "There are unmistakable signs that some of the hitherto leading Republicans are looking about for a new stand point." They actually begin to think the Constitution is worth returning to.

☞ They had to shoot two negroes at Hilton Head for deserting from their regiment recently. The organization is described as a dead weight upon the department, the blacks being lazy, insubordinate and worthless.

☞ A man in New York went to bed drunk the other night, rolled out of the bed and broke his neck, his wife found him dead in the morning. Moral (—) shun the flowing bowl—or else take the back side of the bed.

☞ A short man became attached to a tall woman, and somebody said that he had fallen in love with her. "Do you call it falling in love?" said the suitor; "it's more like climbing up to it!"

☞ A speaker at a stump meeting out West declared that he knew no east, no west, no north, no south! "Then," said a bystander, "you ought to go to school and learn your geography."


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