M'KEAN COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

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M'Kean County Democrat.

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By J. B. OVIATT,

SMETHPORT, M'KEAN COUNTY, PA.

OFFICE, S. E. CORNER OF PUBLIC SQUARE.

TERMS:- - - - $2 00 in Advance.

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EATING SALOON.

THE SUBSCRIBER announces to the Public that he has purchased the stock of the saloon formerly kept by W. H. Baker, West side of

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where he is prepared to refresh the inner man with all the delicacies usually kept at a first class RESTAURANT.

ALE, CIDER, CONFECTIONARIES, NUTS, FRUITS, CHEESE, &C., &C.

FRESH OYSTERS served, to order, either raw or cooked.

Those who favor me with their patronage shall have no cause to complain, either as to prices or quality.

J. L. WORDEN.

Smethport, Sept 24th, 1863.

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Smethport, M'Kean Co., Pa. E. S. Mason, Proprietor—opposite the Court House. A new, large, commodious and well furnished house.

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L. L. HEATH,

TANNER & CURRIER,

PORTAGE, McKean Co., Pa.

THE SUBSCRIBER flatters himself, from long experience, that he cannot be excelled, in the business.

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The largest price will be paid for Hydes, either in cash, LEATHER, BOOTS, SHOES, or HARNESS, left at Dolley's or my tannery.

Entire satisfaction gived.

Connected with my tannery I have a Boot & Shoe factory, and Harness Shop.

L. L. HEATH.

Portage, Pa., Nov. 3, 1862. v5n5y1.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1864.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The oldest and best of the Weeklies."

The Proprietors of the *Saturday Evening Post*—which paper is now in its *Forty-third Year*—would simply announce in their Prospectus for 1864, that they design maintaining for their weekly the high character it has already acquired as

A First Class Literary Paper!

They have reason to believe that the stories of MRS. WOOD, author of "East Lynne," &c.; MISS BRADDON, author of "Eleanor's Victory," &c.; MARION HARLAND, author of "Alone," &c.; MISS VIRGINIA A. TOWNSEND, and numerous other excellent writers have been generally regarded as possessing the greatest merit and the most absorbing interest; and they design procuring for *The Post* in the future as in the past, the best *Stories, Sketches*, and other *Literary Novelties* which they can possibly obtain. They intend commencing in the first paper in January,

A NEW NOVEL, BY MRS. WOOD,

Author of "East Lynne," &c.,

from advance sacets, expressly forwarded to us from England.

This story will be called

"OSWALD GRAY,"

and will be about the length of "Verner's Pride" and "East Lynne."

In addition to the Storie, written expressly for *The Post*, its Editor also strives to lay before its readers, the best Stories from the English Periodicals, and gives in addition to the Tales and Sketches, more or less Agricultural Matter, with a Riddle, Receipt, News, and Market Departments, every week

A SEWING MACHINE GRATIS

We will *give* to any person sending thirty subscriptions to *The Post* and Sixty Dollars, one of *Wheeler & Wilson's Celebrated Sewing Machines*, such as they sell for Forty-five Dollars. The machines will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium we prefer that the thirty subscribers should be procurred at the regular terms of Two Dollars for each; but where this cannot be done, they may be procurred at our club rates, and the balance of the Sixty Dollars forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. *The paper Will be sent to different Post Offices if desired.* Every person collecting names should send them with the money as fast as obtained so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (thirty,) and the whole amount of money (Sixty dollars,) is received, the machine will be duly forwarded

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☞ As the price of *The Post* is the same as that of *The Lady's Friend*, the clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course the premium may be either one or the other, as desired.

☞ The matter in the paper will always be different from that in the magazine.

☞ Specimen numbers of *The Post* sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 310, Walnut St. Phila.

THE SONG OF THE RAVEN.

BY C. ROBB, FIRST KENTUCKY.

[When the Army of the Cumberland retook the battle field Chickamauga, on the 27th of November, hundreds of our dead of the 19th of September lay upon the field still unburied.]

A raven sat on a blood-stained stone
And pecked away at a fleshless bone,
Singing his Song in a raven tone,
That echoed wild as a spirit's moan—
War! War! War!

Then he flapped his wings and hopped away
Over the ground of the dreadful fray,
In search of a more nutricious prey,
Shouting aloud his ominous lay—
War! War! War!

Still flapping his wings, he hopped around
To a noble form stretched on the ground,
A human frame on an ancient mound,
Still shouting aloud the doleful sound—
War! War! War!

Then lighting there on the hero's breast,
Where a form of beauty once found rest—
Where a fond affection oft was blest—
He cried, as he plumed his raven crest—
War! War! War!

Soon the mouldering flesh was torn apart
With a raven's skill and a raven's art,
Till the evil bird had reached the heart,
Crying again, with an angry start—
War! War! War!

The heart that had once so proudly beat
In the quiet home or the busy street,
With its hopes of life, was raven's meat;
Mixed was the song with the morsel sweet—
War! War! War!

When the red moon lighted up the east,
The bird of fate prolonged his feast
With his idle time from Satan leased,
And hoarsely croaked, like a savage beast—
War! War! War!

And with fiendish pride he sank his beak,
Tearing the flesh from the manly cheek,
Swallowing still each quivering fleak,
Whilst the echoes caught his angry shriek—
War! War! War!

Then lifts his head, of the blackest dye,
The blood-stained beak strikes the hero's eye,
And in echoes reaching to the sky
Still hoarser comes the raven's cry—
War! War! War!

That cheek, that eye, that so kindly smiled,
With a loving trust so pure and mild,
To bless, perhaps, a wife or child,
Was food for the bird with song so wild—
War! War! War!

A Serious Offence.

Calling Democratic traitors, or sympathizers with treason, is a serious offence. At the recent term of the Scott County Circuit Court, Clark sued Kimberlin for calling him a traitor. The facts were about as follows:

In the month of August last Ferris, a Democrat, was endeavoring to get up a subscription by the Citizens to aid in making up a company for the Union army. Clark had subscribed fifty dollars, and he and Ferris were soliciting the persons who came into town to put down their names for such amounts as they could spare. Among other Ferris approached Kimberlin, a violent Republican, who said he had no money to spare. Some conversation was had about loyalty, when Ferris said the names on the subscription paper were a pretty good test of loyalty. At this Kimberlin became very angry, and at this time Clark attempted to speak to him, but had only said the words, "Uncle Dan," when Kimberlin turned to him in a very angry manner and said: "I want nothing to do with you, you are a disloyal man and a traitor to your country?" Refusing to retract, Clark sued him for the slander, and the suit resulted in a judgment for two hundred and seventy dollars damages and costs. The judgment was based upon the verdict of the jury composed of men of all parties"—*New Albany (Ind.) Ledger.*

The Shams of the Day.

Some thirty old years ago the English woolen manufacturers discovered that by grinding up, or rather tearing to pieces, old blankets, and adding a little new wool to the commiunted rubbish, they could obtain a material from which very respectable looking blankets was producible. The machine employed in the tearing up process was called "devil," and the tragmentary staple shoddy. Then old broadcloths were rent to pieces in the same way, and new clothes, that you could scarcely distinguish from those made from the fleece, were manufactured from chopped-up and re-carded rags. It remained, however, for the present age of counterfeits and shams to introduce the shoddy dodge into every species of manufacture. We have shoddy linens, silks and merinoes, half cotton; shoddy cottons, half flout; shoddy jewelry, all oriede; shoddy cigars, without tobacco; shoddy furniture, made of sappy pine with a film of mahogony; blocks of shoddy houses, not one of which could stand alone; shoddy coffee, all beans; shoddy wines and liquors, surcharged with poison; snoddy meerchaums, of native clay, a shoddy currency and shoddy patriots.

Nor is the system of fraud which has added a new word to our language—a word that future lexicographers will have to put into their dictionaries as the summum of rascality—confined to commerce or the mechancis arts. We have what the word expresses in every thing. It has become poetic, metaphorical would not be complete without it. A modern satire lacking it would have no point at all. We have shoddy preachers, shoddy politicians, shoddy generals, shoddy statesmen, and a shoddy aristocracy, to which shoddy blankets and shoddy tobacco are things pure and genuine. If indeed a passable imitation of the dead worthies of the republic could be produced from their ashes, that were something; but the little great men of our day have not even the refuse of greatness in them; they are mere idols of brass with feet of clay.

Shall we ever get back to the standard of truth and honesty? Will the world ever see a future in which things will be known by their rightful names? There is no indication of such a future now. That here and there an earnest, uncorrupted, incorruptible man is to be found, we admit; but what of that? There was a Lot in Sodom. When the world was drowned there was one family worth saving. Are we not drifting pretty fast toward the moral condition of the world before the flood—of the Cities of the plain?

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—Gen. Meade made a short speech, at the recent ovation given him Philadelphia, in which he spoke in high terms of the discipline and valor of the Army of the Potomac, and as an evidence of the hardships it had encountered and the service it had done, pointed to the fact that, since the commencement of hostilities, it had lost *one hundred thousand men.*

The Spotted Fever.

A malignant disease has broken out in Carbondale, and other parts of the State, which baffles all efforts of the physician to arrest it. The following extract of a letter, written by I. D. Richards, esq., Carbondale, will give the reader some idea of the ravages of the disease:

"Death has become a very common thing in Carbondale. About the 1st of December last, a sickness broke out here, which, up to this time, (the 15th of February) has carried off three hundred or more from our place. The patient is taken sometimes with a pain in the arm or finger, or leg or in some other part of the body, and in the course of an hour he is completely prostrated. Sometimes they are taken vomiting, sometimes taken delerious without a moment's warning, and unless help is immediately had, they die in the course of a few hours. There are many ways in which persons are attacked, but nearly all have some chill soon after being taken, but some do not. Out of all that are taken, not more than one in ten recover; and those that do get over the third paroxism, and seem to get along, are a long time before they are entirely well; and many have got up and felt as well as ever, and in less than three hours after, they were dead. Such has been the ravages of the disease here, that many have left the city until it is over. Charlie was taken with it three weeks ago last Saturday. He was sitting by the table in the sitting-room, reading a paper. He very suddenly threw the paper upon the table, gazed behind him with a wild stare, and then jumped up and screamed, when he fell in the center of the room. I picked him up instantly, and took about two table-spoonfuls of brandy mixed with about half a tea-spoonful of capsicum, (or Cayenne pepper) hot and gave it to him and then immediately put his feet in hot water and mustard, as hot as I could hear my hand; and after about five minutes, I took one foot at a time out, wiped it dry, and then applied hot mustard plasters, sprinkled with capsicum around the calves of his legs, and one in the same manner on the spine, between the shoulders; put him to bed in a hot room, with hot bricks to his feet, and in this way I started a profuse perspiration, which I kept up for thirty-six hours, so that the second and third paroxisms were very light. They call the disease here the "putrid," or spotted fever," as most all that die turn spotted or black. The spots come out in most cases about six hours after the attack. I could give some sorrowful tales of its ravages, but will only mention one or two at present. A family of the name of Hamlin has lost six of its members. They were all well and healthy on Saturday, and on Wednesday following he had buried his wife and five children—all in three days' time. Mr. Ward, the Presbyterian minister, died last Saturday. Some whole families have died within three days' time after being taken sick."

How the Vanderbilt was Outwitted.

A private letter from the Cape of Good Hope, published in the Liverpool Post, says:

We are a little excited with intelligence from Penang that the Confederate States steamer Alabama is cruising about there. She took two Yankees in the Straits of Sunda, and was pursued by the Vanderbilt. When night came on the Alabama was about twenty minuets ahead, and under cover of darkness she unshiped her funnel, put out her fires, and set sail The ship was then put about, and stood in the direction of where they had last seen the Vanderbilt, who bore down and inquired if they had seen a large steamer standing to the northward.

Capt. Semmes replied," Yes; she was going ahead, full speed, and must be 100 miles away by this." The Vanderbilt immediately put on all steam, and went on a wild goose chase, while Semmes quietly shipped his funnel, and bore away in an opposite directions. It was reported last night that the Alabama was outside of Amherst.

THE NEW PENSION LIST.—The expense of this war are not even guessed at. The estimates of the Treasury Department don't nearly represent it. When they come to be added up, the aggregate will astound the country.

"A visit to the Pension Office reveals the consequences of the terrible war. The claims for pensions already filed by widows and mothers exceed one hundred and fifty thousand. It is anticipated that about half that actually exist, have been presented. The claims already audited and allowed amount to about twelve millions of dollars per annum. Suppose, then, but half that exist at this time have been presented, it leaves a fair inference that it will require twenty-five millions of dollars per annum to pay our pension role alone in the years that are to come."

RETURNING SOLDIERS.—Relics of regiments and of flags, gaunt faces hacked with swords, dented muskets and patched uniforms, are now the commonest matters of facts to our citizens. They look upon them as a part of the business of war. In theory, it might be supposed that the soldiers would be offended at the frigidity of their reception. In fact, theyare not. Three years of war has made it a business for them too. The "veterans" have long ceased to exhibit that fiery enthusiasm which is the characteristic of new recruits, and are all the better soldiers for it.

The War News.

There is little that is important from the armies, except that Gen. Grant is moving with his immense forces against the rebels in Georgia. A great battle will not doubt be fought in that region within a short time. Various skirmishes have already taken place, the rebels invariably retreating.

Gen. Meade has resumed the command of the army of the Potomac. No immediate forward movement is anticipated.

One hundred and nineteen Union prisoners escaped from Richmond last week. Some of them have already reached the National lines, a few have been recaptured, and the fate of the others is still in doubt.

THE NEW YORK *Times* says Gov. Carney, the new Senator from Kansas, is even more radical than Jim Lane; but we guess not. The fact that both himself and the Legislature are denounced by the Kansas Union League, is something in his favo).

A Document to be Preserved—The Treason with which Mr. Vallandigham was Charged

We often hear the bitter Republicans speak of Mr. Vallandigham as a convicted traitor. Now we propose to turn back to the drumhead court martial that tried him, and see the kind of treason he committed. We want to know of what species of offence he was accused or convicted.—Here it is:

M. Vallandigham was invited by the Democracy of Knox and Franklin counties to address them upon the politicalisms of the day. He accepted the invitation, and in his speeches, among other things, said, according to the report of the Government spy, who took down his words: "This is a wicked and unnecessary war; a war for the purpose of crushing out freedom and erecting a despotism; a war for the freedom of the blacks and enslavement of the whites."

"If the Administration had so wished the war could have been honorably terminated months ago. Peace might have been honorably obtained by listening to the proposed mediations of France."

"Propositions by which the Southern States could be won back, and the South gauranteed their rights under the Constitution, had been rejected the day before the late battle of Fredericksburg by Lincoln and minions."

"The Government of the United States was about to appoint military marshals in every district to restrict the people of their liberties; to deprive them of their rights and privileges."

"Order 38 is a base usurpation of arbitrary authority."

"The sooner the people inform the minions of usurpated power that they will not submit to such restrictions upon their liberties the better."

"He was at all times and on all occasions resolved to do what he could to defeat the attempts now being made to build up a monarchy upon the ruins of free government."

"He firmly believed, as he said six months ago, that the men in power are attempting to establish a despotism in this country more cruel and oppressive than ever existed."

There reader, you have from the official report of the trial all that was charged by the Government and military authorities against him. For saying these things in a public speech, in which he was discussing as a citizen the affairs of the Government, he was sent into exile and banishment, torn from his family and friends, and cruelly punished. This is all the "treason" of which he was ever guilty. It would be a good idea to cut out this copy of these charges against Mr. Vallandigham to keep as a memento of what, in Republican estimation, is treason, and of the degree of liberty that under it we are allowed.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

PEACE PROPOSITIONS.

The Richmond papers (so says report) assert that the Confederate Congress has been in secret session over a proposition for offering to the United States to reunite upon the basis of the Constitution, or in some way to settle our unhappy difficulties without the shedding of more blood.

We don't know as we have stated the terms as they were recently stated in Congress by the Hon. Fernando Wood, who proposed to meet the advances of the rebels in a similar spirit. It would puzzle any one out of Bedlam, and the political conglomeration known by the various names and aliases of Republican, Union, Radical Abolition, &c., &c., &c., to give a valid reason for refusing to restore the Union in this way, and put an end to the horrors of war; but such is the madness of factions, the greed of peculators, and the brutality of the yelling priestly leaders who control that many-headed and many-named brotherhood, that we cannot expect it until, exhausted, the nation can no more respond to the call for more men and more money. Grave ministers of the Gospel of peace deem it to be treasonable to express a wish for it. Editors with contracts and official appointments as postmasters, and whatever they may have been able to obtain by begging and cringing, call it a crime of the blackest dye to urge a reconstruction of the Union. So we cannot expect peace except by that mutual destruction which leaves no power to war.

Peace propositions, they say, when our armies are just upon the eve of victory, when we shall have the satisfaction of seeing them suppliant at our feet, when Glory will surround us as an atmosphere of perfume, and all the world bowing and doing homage to Abolitionism, will reward us for our millions of lives sacrificed, and our thousands of millions of dollars wasted!

Peace? no not Peace! and he is a traitor who proposes and approves of it. We say, in view of all this outrageous patriotism and *christian benevolence*, peace if it can be had by a return to the Union, and we will give a few of the reasons for what we say:—

First, The next campaign must be either a complete fizzle on our part, or a most bloody one, and we would save the nation, from either the disgrace of the one or the horrors of the other.

Secondly, We have no assurance that it will end the war by subjugating the seceded States.

Thirdly, It may turn out to be the means of securing to them their independence, and dividing permanently and forever, the United States.

It will, at all events, augment our taxes, and further, reduce our currency; and cannot, whatever, it may do, do more of good for us than a peaceful settlement which restores and makes friends of enemies will do.

We hope it is true that the rebels have taken the imitative in this matter; and we believe we cannot do, in any other way, so good a thing as to meet them half way. Though we do not expect the majority in Congress to do so, it is well to agitate the subject, and keep it before the people. And Mr. Wood, by his intrepidity and adherence to a peaceable solution of the question is earning a reputation that will be enduring; and it may be that these efforts will abridge the waste that is now ruining North and South.

We try, in the midst of this confusion and strife, to perceive in this movement an opening by which peace can come, and sometimes notwithstanding the virtuous indignation of the patriotic hosts of contractors, officeholders, and their tools, almost conclude that it will.

What a glorious surprise it would be to have the Administration now declare that it will meet the advances if made, kindly, and thus open to the union sentiment of the South, hopes.—*Tioga & Bradford Democrat.*

WHAT IT COSTS.

It is well for us to consider occasionally what we are paying for a chance to have Mr. Lincoln's shame of abolition or reconstructions carried out. If the war had been conducted upon the principle embraced in the Crittenden resolution, we should have reached the end of it long before this. Let us recall what Wendell Phillips said fourteen months ago:

"I will not speak of the cost of this war, though you know that we shall never get out of it without a debt of at least 2,000,000,000. I will not remind you that debt is the fatal disease of republics—to undermine the government and corrupt the people. The great debt of of England has kept her back in all progress at least a hundred years. Neither will I remind you that, when we go out of this war, we go out with an immense disbanded army, an immense military spirit embodied in two-thirds of a million of soldiers, the fruitful, the inevitable source of fresh debts and new wars. I pass by all these, and lying within those causes are things enough to make the most sanguine friends of free institutions tremble for our future.

"But let me remind you of another tendency of the time. You know for instance that the writ of *habeas corpus*, by which government is bound to render a reason to the Judiciary before it lays its hands upon a citizen, has been called the high-water mark of English liberty. The present Napoleon, in his treaties on the English Constitution, calls it the germ of English institutions. Lieber says that, with free meetings like this, and a free press, are the three elements which distinguish liberty from despotism, and all that Saxon blood has gained in the battles and toils of two hundred years are these three things.

"Now to-day, every one of them—*habeas corpus*, the right of free meeting, and free press, is annihilated in every square mile of the republic. We live to-day, every one of us, under martial law or mob law. The Secretary of State puts into his Bastile, with a warrant as irresponsible as that of Louis, any man whom he pleases, and you know that neither press or lips may venture to arraign the government without being silenced.

"We are tending with rapid strides—you say, inevitable; I don't deny it; I don't question it—we are tending to that strong government which frightened Jefferson; toward that unlimited debt, that endless army; we have already those alien and sedition laws which, in 1798, wrecked the Federal party and summoned the Democratic into existence. For the first time on the continent we have passports, which even Louis Bonnparte pronounced useless and odious. For the first time in our history, government spies frequent our great cities."

"It has already reached *three thousand millions*, and if the Abolition party should be continued in power another term, it will be increased probably to *four or five thousand millions.*"

Gen. McClellan Among the Soldiers.

General McClellan was present at the reception of the First New York cavalry on the 18th, and was received by his old comrades-in-arms with the most lively demonstrations of respect and affection. After the shouts of welcome had somewhat subsided he addressed them as follows:

"*My Friends and Comrades:* I came here not to make a speech to you, but to welcome you home, and express to you the pride I have always felt in watching career, not only when you were with me, but since I left the Army of the Potomac, while you have been fighting battles under others, and your old commander. I can tell you now, conscientiously and truly, I am proud of you in every respect. There is not one page of your record—not a line of it—of which you, your State and your country may not be proud. I congratulate you on the patriotism that so many of you have evinced in your desire to re-enter the service. I hope, I pray and I know that your future career will be as glorious as your past. I have one hope, and that is that we may yet serve together some day again."

At the conclusion of Gen McClellan's speech, the enthusiasm of the military present became very demonstrative. They crowded around him eagerly, endeavoring to grasp his hands, and to salute him; and only by the utmost exertions of himself and of some personal friends, was he enabled to depart from the scene.

A Loyal Leaguer En Deshabille.

The Rev. James A. Kibbe, a Methodist clergyman located in Hampden county, Massachusetts, was caught recently in the sleeping apartment of a young girl by her father, who was one of Kibbe's parishioners. As the only garment the person has on was a shirt, and the time was midnight, the case looks rather suspicious, more especially when he was found armed with a dirk and a loaded revolver, neither of which, however, he attempted to use. Of course, he had an explanation to offer; but the only part of it which is likely to interest the public is the following. We quote from the Springfield *Republican*:

With regard to the revolver and dirk, he "says that *he belongs to the Union League*, "*every member of which is obliged to carry such* "*weapons.*" As Kibbe's statement was made in a community where loyal leaguers abound, it is not likely he would have told an untruth so far as this particular matter is concerned, and besides, it has not been denied by any of the members of the society implicated.

Now the question arises, what do the members of the Loyal League want with dirks and revolvers in a peaceful community? What ulterior designs have this secret and irresponsible organization which will require the use of force to accomplish? It now appears that while the abolition press were inventing bogus stories about "Knights of the Golden Circle," and charging Democrats with belonging to traitorous secret organizations, they were themselves calling into life a secret society the members of which, although clergymen, are required to carry concealed weapons. Is it not time for the public to be made aware of the real objects the Wetmores, Goulds, and Kibbes have in view?—*World.*

MOBBING NEWSPAPERS.

It is becoming the fashion again to mob Democratic newspapers. The plan of operations is for the members of the League as a disguised squad of soldiers, with liquor, and then when they have become intoxicated to instigate them to mob the obnoxious office. In this way, within a few weeks, the *Crawford Democrat* and the Northumberland *Democrat*, of this State and the Mahoning *Sentinel* and Ohio *Eagle*, of Ohio, have been summarily suppressed. Thus far the only redress for these outrages has been secured in the town of Lancaster, the place of publication of the *Eagle*, where the Democrats retaliated by destroying the dwellings of the Abolitionists, who had been foremost in instigating the mob. This seems to be the only remedy for such offences. Things have come to such a pass that as against the acts of the mob, "the laws afford no sufficient protection in every one of the Nothern States, however the Democrats are fully a match for their assailants. In Pennsylvania, for example, if it came to blows we could drive the men of the League into the Delaware within twenty-four hours after the first blood was shed. If they are such fools then as to attempt to inaugurate a system of Lynch law here they must be prepared to pay the penalty. For the last three years the Democrats have made almost every conceivable sacrifice to maintain order. They will continue to do so, so long as they can; we assure the men of property and influence among the members of the League, that there are limits to their endurance, and that the Democrats of the North will not submit to the destruction of their property without resorting to measures of retaliation. It is absurd to suppose that one political party can enjoy a monopoly of mobs and assassination. Democrats have shown themselves to be excellent citizens—marvels of obedience to hateful laws—models of patience under the most offensive insult—but after all, they are only men, subject to human infirmities, and very prone, when smitten on one cheek, to hit back, instead of turning the other. Pray, let us have no more mobs.

Negro Soldiers Better than White.

The New York *Tribune* calls the attention of the United States to a letter printed in its columns describing some of the incidents attending Gen. Butler's recent expedition against Richmond. The letter to which the attention of the Senate is called, alleges that on the first day's march over *two hundred* of the white soldiers fell out of the ranks from exhaustion, and when the column reached Bottom's Bridge fully *one-half* the white soldiers had given out, while—the writer asserts, on the authority of a captain in one of the white regiments—*not a single colored soldier* fell out from illness, exhaustion or any other cause, and when the roll was called *every single sable son* who had started on the march answered to his name.

The object of the *Tribune* in bringing these statements under the observation of the Senate is to show the superiority of the *black* over the *white* soldier, so far at least as respects endurance, and by this means convince that body, who have now the subject under consideration, that they are acting very shabbily in not at once making the pay of enlisted negroes equal to that of enlisted whites. It seems just now to be universally held by the leading Abolitionists that the negro is, in more respects than endurance, the superior of the white—hence the doctrine of amalgamation, or miscegenation as it has latterly been termed, for the purpose of improving the white race, is becoming more and more popular with them every day. Their writers and speakers have became so far advanced in their ideas on this subject, that they tell us plainly and boldly the only salvation of the white race from deterioration is an infusion of black blood.

We do not see how the Senate can help succumbing to Greeley's facts—and if the doctrine of the miscegenation school is correct, why, the sooner we all turn attention to more intimate relation with our brothers and sisters of the African type, the better for posterity and the nation.

Truly "the world moves."—*Pat. & Union.*

The Escaped Prisoners in Washington.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17—Twenty-seven of the recently escaped Union officers from the Libby Prison, have arrived here. They are nearly all from the West and Northwest. Among them are Captain Norton Tower, 30th Mass., Lieutenant-Colonel U. G. Davis, 4th Me., and Captain McGallagher, 2d N. Y.

OLD ABE'S LATEST JOKE.—In the speech made at the opening of the Patent Office Fair in Washington a few days since, Old Abe reflected mournfully upon the difficulty of saying a sensible thing now-a-days." This difficulty is perhaps the result of the very humorous and laughable condition of our national affairs. Every new event merely provokes new and most ridiculous mirth, and to be sensible is to be absurd. Or it may be because Old Abe has hitherto in his jokes exhausted all that has been recognized as sensible, from Solomon and Solon down.

RECONSTRUCTION.—The N. Y. *World* calls attention to the kind of reconstruction going on in Florida, where it will be noticed, that the President does not commit the enterprise to General Gilmore or any other army officer, but to John Hay, one of his own private secretaries, whom he has made Assistant Adjutant General: "As Florida at the last election polled only 10,350 votes, it follows that under the terms of the amnesty proclamation but 1036 votes in that State will give in three electoral ballots to Mr. Lincoln next November."

CORRUPTION.—The Albany *Statesman* (Abolition) says, "every branch of government seems to be reeking with corruption, and what is still worse, praying hypocrites are preaching against exposing these rascalities, lest it may hurt the war."

EMANCIPATION.—An emancipation meeting was held at Covington, (Ky.,) on Thursday evening last. One of the speakers was J. R. Grant, the father of General Grant. He thought there was no need of action. Slavery was dead and it was best to let it alone.

GOOD BETTON.—At a dancing match at Chicago recently, a buxom Dutch girl danced nine hours constantly when her partner acknowledged himself fairly beaten and very tired. The damsel then took six glasses of lager and quietly went to breakfast.