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Poetry.

"LET US HAVE PEACE"

BY J. R. QUINBY.

"LET us have peace!" said our great soldier leader,
O! let us have peace throughout our broad land!
"Let us have peace," is the wish of all patriots,
For then will our nation in glory expand.

O, let us have peace, for blood hath flowed freely,
And patriots have died for our Union and laws;
And parents, and widows, and orphans are mourning
The martyred defenders of freedom's grand cause.

O, let us have peace, for war's dreadful footprints
Are stained with the blood of the true and the brave;
Who so nobly have died 'neath our bright, starry banner,
Our freedom, and Union, and country to save.

O, let us have peace, for war's desolations
Extend through the length and the breadth of our land;
And carnage, and rapine, and outrage attend it—
Its offspring are they, and obey its command.

O, let us have peace, for war's dread destruction
Hath paralyzed industry, commerce and trade—
The nation's grand resources held in abeyance—
While its din and carnage, all these have dismayed.

O, let us have peace, for now 'tis not real,
The spirit of war is alive, rampant still;
That spirit which warred against our flag and the Union,
Would now, if it could, thwart the nation's grand will.

Ah! let us have peace, but with it the Union—
The Union of States, freedom, justice and right—
With all rights for all, no wrong, no contention—
The nation will then be sublime in its might.

But how shall we reach, reach this grand consummation?
Unite all in right and detach all from wrong?
Is the question of questions for statesmen and sages,
And patriots and soldiers, the brave, true and strong.

But this point is clear, soft peace cannot greet us,
Till Grant, our great leader, presides at the helm;
Fight, fight then with ballots, secure, his election—
And treason, and rebels, and slavery o'erwhelm.

Thus let us have peace, as proclaimed by our chieftain,
Peace, plenty, and freedom, North, South, East and West;
Then, then will our country arise in its glory—
The model of nations, her people most blest.

—*Cincinnati Times.*

Selected Miscellany.

THE QUAKER AND THE ROBBER.

[Translated from the French by R. E. A. Atree.]

THE most honest of all Quakers, Toby Simpleton, lived at London, in a pleasant little dwelling graced by the presence of his daughter Mary. She was not quite seventeen years of age; was charmingly fair, had blue eyes, and possessed as much modesty as beauty. All the young men of her father's squaintance were her suitors; all those of the neighborhood sought to gain her notice. Vain efforts! Mary was no coquette, and instead of enjoying the effect produced by her charms, she was vexed on account of the manners of all her admirers, except one Edward Weresford, a young artist, admitted to the intimacy of her family.

A very simple event had caused this friendship. A premature death had carried off the Quaker's wife. She was young and beautiful, and desiring to perpetuate the image of her who was so dear to him, hd had caused the artist to come to the bed of death. It was there that Edward saw the desolate damsel; it was there a serious first love took place, amid the tears of one and the pious work of the other. The year which elapsed after this epoch had but strengthened the bond formed under these auspices, and the young man had showed to the father both his desire and hope.

The excellent Toby had no reason whatever for opposing the mutual inclinations of the two young persons. Without being rich, Edward earned by means of his pencil what sufficed to support a family honorably. His father, Mr. Weresford, an old merchant of the city, had retired from business, with a fortune increased more than tenfold. This was a rare example of rapid success in speculation—so rapid indeed that few could follow its progress.

Yet Weresford, of so blunt and stern disposition, lived alone in a suburb of London, and without caring what his son was doing, left him entirely at liberty. He was one of those accommodating egotists who trouble no one, provided they trouble not them—persons of perfect complaisance if you ask nothing of them.

Edward, therefore, could, without interruption, court his pretty Quakeress, well assured that his father would never think of opposing his marriage. The situation of the loving couple was, to all appearance, very prosperous; and honest Toby did not put off the day of their marriage longer than to collect the arreages of his rents; he destined the money for the extraordinary expenses of the ceremony. For this purpose he went to his country seat, some miles from London, in order to regulate his affairs. He had passed but one day away from home; and as he was about to put up his horse for the night, he perceived at some distance a horseman, who had barred the road. He stopped, uncertain whether to go on or turn back. Meanwhile the horseman advanced toward him.

The Quaker could not even think of escaping. He therefore put on a good face, and brought his horse to a walk. In approaching the man who caused his uneasiness, he perceived that he was masked, a grievous augury, which was soon confirmed. The unknown showed a pistol and directed the muzzle to the traveler, demanding his purse. The Quaker did not want courage, but, calm by character, inoffensive by religion, and even unable without arms to resist an armed man, he pulled from his pocket very coolly a purse containing twelve guineas. The robber took it, counted the pieces, and left he poor devil whom he had stopped to pass on, while he put his horse to the trot. But the robber, seeing the slight resistance he had opposed, and allured by the hope of a second booty, immediately rejoined honest Toby, placed himself anew in his way, and presenting his pistol as before, cried out to him:

"Your watch!"

The Quaker, surprised, was nevertheless unmoved. He coolly took his watch from the fob, looked at the hour, and put the costly article into the hand of the robber, saying:

"Now, I beseech thee, permit me to go to my dwelling—my daughter will be uneasy at my absence."

"A moment more," replied the masked cavalier, the more and more hardened by this docility; "swear to me that you have no other sum—"

"I never swear," said the Quaker.

"Very well. Affirm that you have no other money, and on the faith of an honest robber, incapable of taking by violence from a man who yields with so good a grace, I will let you continue on your journey."

The Quaker reflected a moment and shook his head.

"What thinkest thou," he said gravely, "thou hast discovered that I am a Quaker, and will not betray the truth, though at the peril of my life. Thus I declare to thee that I have under my saddle cloth a sum of two hundred pounds sterling."

"Two hundred pounds sterling!" cried the robber, while his eyes sparkled through his mask.

"But if thou art as good as thou art kind," replied the Quaker, "thou wilt leave me this money. I wish to establish my daughter, and this sum is necessary; for a long time I shall not have a similar sum at my disposal. The dear child loveth her intended, and it will be cruel to delay this union. Thou hast loved, peradventure, and thou wouldst not commit this wicked act."

"What care I for your daughter, and her lover, and her marriage? Less talk, and more promptitude of execution! I must have this money."

Toby, with a sigh, lifted the cloth, took a bag heavy enough, and passed it slowly to the masked man. His intention then was to gallop off.

"Stop again, friend Quaker," said the other, laying his hand upon the bridle; "as soon as you arrive, you will denounce me to the magistrates. This is according to your order. I have nothing to say; but I must have the advance of the process of to-night, at least. My mare is feeble, and is, besides, fatigued. Your horse, on the contrary, appears vigorous, for the weight of this bag does not incommode him. Alight and give me your beast; you may take mine, if you will."

He was slow in beginning to comply, because these cross exigencies were of a nature to raise the choler of the most patient man. The good Toby, however, descended, and resignedly took the sorrow jade which was left him in exchange. "If I had known," he continued himself in thinking, "I would have fled at the first encounter with this rogue, and certainly it is not with this courser that he would have gained in the race."

During this time the masked man, ironically thanking him for his complaisance, applied both spurs and disappeared.

Before he reached London, Toby had time to reflect on his misfortune, on the chagrin of the two young persons who loved, and whose happiness would be put off. The sum taken from him was irrecoverably lost. Not the least of it could be regained, nor could the audacious robber be recognized. Meanwhile, as a sudden idea struck him, he stopped.

"Yes," said he, "this means may succeed. If this man liveth in London, I may peradventure meet him again. Heaven, no doubt, hath willed that he should have been so very imprudent."

Somewhat consoled, by I know not what hope, Toby went home without showing any trouble, or saying aught of his adventure. He did not go to the magistrate, but embraced his daughter, who suspected nothing, and lay down and slept. His faith was in God.

Next day he secretly thought of cooperating with Providence in making research. He let the mare out of the station where she had passed the night, and threw the bridle over her neck, in hopes that the animal, led by habit, would naturally go to the house of her master. He therefore sent off the poor beast, which had been fasting, to wander at large through the streets of London, and followed her. But he supposed her to have more instinct than she had; for a long time she went right and left, making a thousand turns and returns without aim, without direction, sometimes at a stand, then taking a contrary course.

Toby despaired. "My robber," thought he, "doth not live in London. What folly in me! instead of going to the magistrate when I had time, to have suffered myself to be led away by this wretched animal!"

Suddenly, however, the beast pricked up her ears and set off on a brisk trot, followed closely by the Quaker.

"Stop! stop!" was the cry on all hands.

"Detain me not!" cried the Quaker; "I entreat you detain me not!"

And anxiously following with his eye the course of the animal, he saw her rapidly entering the gate of a dwelling in the suburb.

"'Tis here," thought the Quaker, raising his eyes toward heaven, in thanks to Providence.

He made inquiry of a neighbor as to the occupant of the dwelling.

"What, have you been in these parts?" was the answer, "that you don't know that this is the dwelling of the rich merchant Weresford?"

The Quaker stood petrified.

"Weresford," repeated the neighbor, who believed that he had not understood him, "the man who made so rapid a fortune."

"Excuse me, friend, excuse me," replied Toby.

He could not recover from his stupor.

"Weresford, the father of Edward, a man of note, my robber!"

He believed he was dreaming, and desired to come to himself. Meantime many examples occurred to his memory, of many respectable persons who were in league with banditti. Toby resolved to investigate the mystery.

He entered boldly into the court, and demanded to speak with the proprietor, who had just gone to bed, though it was near mid-day—a new indication of a night of fatigue! The Quaker insisted on being introduced, and soon found himself in Weresford's bed-chamber. He, not being used to be disturbed, rubbed his eyes and demanded with some impatience,

"Who are you, sir? What do you want with me?"

The sound of the voice was recognized by Toby, and thoroughly convinced him. He tranquilly drew a chair and seated himself at the bedside, his hat on his head.

"Do you remain covered?" cried the merchant in surprise.

"I am a Quaker," answered the other, with much calmness, "and thou knowest that such is our usage.'

At these words of the Quaker, Weresford sat up in bed and eyed the stranger. He doubtless recognized him, for he turned deadly pale.

"Well," demanded he, stammering.

"What is it—if you please—the subject that you come about?"

"I ask thy allowance for appearing so pressing," answered Toby; "but between friends it mattereth not much, and I come without ceremony, to ask for the watch that you borrowedst of me yesterday."

"The—watch?"

"I value it much; it belonged to my poor wife, and I cannot do without it. My excellent friend, the Alderman, would never forgive me were I to fail for one day to return the jewel to his sister."

The name of an Alderman appeared to make some impression upon Weresford. Without waiting for an answer, Toby continued:

"Thou wilt do me the pleasure to return also the twelve guineas which I lent thee at the same time. Nevertheless, if thou art in need of them, I consent to let thee have them for some time, on condition that thou give me a receipt."

The scheme of the Quaker so disconcerted the old merchant that he could not deny the possession of the articles, but, not liking to acknowledge his crime, he hesitated to answer, when Toby added:

"I wish thee to participate at the approaching marriage of my daughter Mary. I had reserved the sum of two hundred pounds sterling for the bridal of the espoused, but an accident happened to me last night on the road to London—I was completely robbed, so I come to pray thee to give thy son a portion, which otherwise I would not have asked of thee."

"My son?"

"Yes. Dost thou not know that he is Mary's lover, and that 'tis he that is to marry her?"

"Edward Weresford," mildly replied the Quaker, while quietly taking a pinch of snuff. "Come, do this thing for him. I would not, verily, that he should know aught of what passed last night, and if thou dost not furnish him with the sum that I promised, it will be well for me to tell him how I lost it."

Weresford ran to a bureau, and drew out a casket with a tripple lock, opened it, and returned successively his purse, his watch, and his bag of money.

"Very well," said the Quaker as he received them, "I see that I had reason to count on thee."

"Is this all that you see?" demanded the merchant with one of his blunt airs.

"Nay, I yet need something of thy friendship."

"Speak."

"Thou wilt disinherit him. I see not but that some one may say I have speculated on thy fortune."

In finishing these words the Quaker left the chamber.

"No," murmured he, when he found himself alone, "children are not answerable for the faults of their parents. Mary shall marry the son of this man, but the stolen money he shall never touch."

When he reached the court, he called out to Weresford, who had come to the window, "Ho! my dear friend, I brought back thy mare, return my horse."

Some minutes afterward, Toby, well mounted, carrying by the top his bag of money, furnished with his watch and purse, reached home at a moderate trot.

"I made a visit this morning to thy father," said he to Edward, whom he perceived entering with him; "I believe we shall now agree."

Two hours afterward Weresford arrived at the house of Toby, and taking him apart, said:

"Honest Quaker, your proceedings have deeply affected my very soul! You might have dishonored me—dishonored my son; ruined me in his estimation, and caused the misfortune of refusing him your daughter. You have shown yourself a man in hand and heart. I shall not again blush in your presence. Take these papers. Farewell! you will never see me again." And he departed.

The Quaker, left alone, opened the papers. They showed obligations of considerable value on the first bankers of London, with a long list of names, and opposite each name, in figures, the sum greater or less in amount. A billet was added, wherein the Quaker read as follows:

"These are the names of persons who were robbed; the figures are the sums which ought to be restored; as to the money with the bankers, in my name, let it go to the strangers, but make the restitution secretly yourself. What remains will be my legitimate fortune, and your daughter will some day possess my estate."

The next day Weresford left London, and everybody was certain that he had gone to spend his fortune in France.

On the day of the marriage, the Quaker brought together a company of merry friends, among whom were noticed a number of persons enchanted with the conduct of the robbers of London, who, through the interposition of Toby, had made restitution of their lost capital with interest.

An Anecdote of General Grant.

EDITORS ALTON TELEGRAPH—*Dear Sirs:* At this time, when the opponents of General Grant are charging him with being ambitious, and only striving to gain the Presidential chair to assume a military dictatorship, I wish to relate an incident in the early military career of General Grant, which fully illustrates all his subsequent course:

When the 21st Illinois infantry, which had become unmanageable by their first appointed Colonel, was placed under the command of Colonel Ulysses S. Grant, and ordered to Quincy to take part in the campaign in Northwest Missouri, it was my fortune to make the greater part of the march with Colonel Grant and his command. On going into camp about six miles from Springfield, at the close of the first day's march, the men, after stacking arms, and while awaiting the arrival of the wagons, scattered and invaded the gardens of the citizens living in that vicinity. It was but a few moments before a lady presented herself to the group of officers gathered around Grant, and inquired for the Colonel. Colonel Grant, who was reclining on the ground, at once arose to his feet and asked her errand.

"Colonel, your men are taking all my onions, randishes, peas, beets, etc., and I wish you would have them stopped."

"I will. Adjutant, call the officer of the day." When that officer came forward, Colonel Grant said: "Captain, take a squad of men and arrest all men found in the neighboring gardens, and bring them to camp." The order was promptly executed, and soon the officer returned, having under guard some six or eight men.

"What were you doing in those gardens?"

"Why, Colonel," said the spokesman of the party, "I *didn't* know it was *agin* orders to go in there."

"If you had been a citizen passing along this road, would you have thought you had any right to go into one of those gardens and have taken what you wanted?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, learn now and forever, that you have *no rights as a soldier that you do not possess as a citizen.* Captain, tie these men up to a tree for one hour."

McCRODDEN.

Grant's Policy and Practice.

THE *Army and Navy Journal* has an article about General Grant, as President, from which we make an extract. It says:

We may safely predict that the great word of the hour, the great feature to strike all observers, as soon as General Grant has been a month in power, will be the *confidence* inspired in people of all parties and all political creeds.

Grant, as a soldier, understands well the bounds of co-ordinate and subordinate authority. Congress will not be suffered to encroach upon his prerogative as the Executive, nor will he attempt to encroach upon Congress as the legislative department of Government—distinction simple enough, it would seem to be. A soldier is both used to command and obey—an admirable training, say what civilians will, for any administrative officer, from poundkeeper up to President.

We shall make bold to predict that he will realize, more than any man who has sat in the Chief Magistrate's chair since Andrew Jackson, the *executive idea*, which should be the central idea connected with the Presidency. The truth is, that of late we seem to have gone into a wrong notion of the Presidential office. Men like Buchanan and Johnson have so perverted the public mind, that when General Grant announced that, if elected, he should have no political policy of his own to follow out, even his supporters were a little confused, and his enemies broke out into a storm of rage. What? *no policy!* What does the man mean? Never was such a thing heard of.

But General Grant was right. The country has twice been nearly ruined by its President's devotion to some pet political theory. A man with a theory is a dangerous fellow—*hunc tu Romane caveto.* Buchanan had a political doctrine that if the Union should be smitten by a Southern State on the cheek, its costitutional duty was to turn and beg a Northern State to smite it on the other. Rather than give up that theory, he saw the United States disunite under his own eyes, though he was the guardian of the Union. General Grant has got tired of the prate about "policy," and proposes to introduce us to a little "practice." His past is a guarantee of his future.

Address of the Wisconsin State Central Committee.

THE following is the address of the Republican State Central Committee of Wisconsin, issued on the 23d instant:

To the Republicans of Wisconsin.

The victories just achieved in the great central States of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, are such as may well cheer every patriotic citizen. Following the successes already won in Vermont, Maine and Connecticut, they conclusively indicate the result of the Presidential canvass.

There remains but one source of apprehension on our part; but one possible ground for hope on the part of our opponents. It is this: that the Republicans, regarding their triumph as already substantially won, may relax their efforts, and omit the work by which alone the final victory can be assured.

Let us beware of such folly. The auspicious successes already achieved should stimulate us to renewed exertions instead of lulling us into a dangerous and inglorious repose. We have an enemy to contend with, always on the alert, and always quick to take advantage of any lack of vigilance on our part. Do not for a moment fancy that the masses of the Democratic party will be discouraged by the prospect of the inevitable defeat of their candidate for President. The leaders will still struggle for local successes, and will bring out their full party vote. Their followers, the great mass of them, do not and will not know, before the 3d of November, that their party has been everywhere routed in the October elections.

Whoever expects to witness the masses of the Democratic party dismayed, understands little of the nature of that party. There is nothing so intrepid as ignorance! A band of a hundred savages on our western borders, will array themselves against the whole power of the United States. They experience no discouragement, because they cannot comprehend the odds against them. They only know they are beaten when they feel the actual physical impact of overwhelming force.

It, therefore, behooves the Republicans to push on the good work with the same energy and zeal as if the result were wholly in doubt. We are sure of victory only on the condition that we omit nothing that can be done to make victory certain.

Let the Republicans, then, everywhere labor with an energy that knows no abatement or weariness. Republican County Committees, Town Committees, Grant and Colfax Clubs, "Boys in Blue," each and all, should see that everything possible is done to promote our success and give emphasis to our victory. Nor should the work be left to these alone. Each Republican should give his individual efforts.

Every Republican voter must be at the polls on the 3d day of November.

It is not merely the election of our candidates for which we should strive. Our aim should be to give them, and the principles they represent, the moral support of an immense majority—a majority that shall indicate the strength and determination of that sentiment in the country which has infinitely resolved that the just fruits of the nation's victory over the rebellion shall not be surrendered, and that the public faith, pledged to the protection of the creditors, and pledged to the protection of the Union men in the South, shall not be violated or put in jeopardy by intrusting it to the keeping of men of doubtful or treasonable antecedents.

To this end, we ask you at once to go about the practical measures necessary to bring out the full Republican vote in the several precints of the State. Here are some essential things to be done:

1. If not already prepared, make out at once a full list of the voters of your respective precints, classifying them according to their political character.

2. Appoint a committee, assigning to one or more of its members the duty of standing at the polls on election day, and checking the names of the voters on the list prepared as above suggested, as they vote, while the other members, provided with teams, are sent for such Republicans as are likely to be laggard and neglectful.

3. Appoint a large vigilance committee to attend the polls throughout the day, and challenge all persons concerning whose right to vote there is any doubt.

4. Attend to the Republican voters of foreign birth, and see that their papers are legal. By the recent decision of the Supreme Court, all declarations of intention to become a citizen, made before a deputy Clerk of the Court outside the Clerk's office, are illegal and worthless. In all such cases new papers should be obtained from the Clerk himself.

5. Make timely provision for an abundant supply of tickets, and be certain before using them that they are accurately printed.

If these suggestions are generally adopted through the State, we can confidently rely upon an unprecedented vote for Grant and Colfax, and a majority such as will give every Republican just cause to be proud of Wisconsin.

In conclusion, fellow-Republicans, we again appeal to you to be unremitting in your efforts. Push the breaking ranks of the false Democracy with unabated energy. Press after them as Gen. Grant pressed upon the fugitive masses of Lee's routed army. Let the nearness and the certainty of your victory bring access of zeal and enthusiasm. Make your triumph an impressive one. Place Wisconsin in the front rank of Republican States; foremost in her staunch attachment to that great party which has successfully maintained the national life through the most formidable as well as the most wicked of rebellions, which has destroyed slavery, which has secured from European powers a recognition of that right of expatriation so important to the American citizen of foreign birth, and which, in the homely but weighty words of the martyred President, affirms "the right of every man to be the equal of every other man if he can."

HORACE RUBLEE, Chairman.

J. R. BRIGHAM,	A. W. STARKS,
G. W. HAZELTON,	A. SCOTT SLOAN,
J. R. BENNETT,	A. GUENNIER,
ALLEN WARDEN,	JOHN T. KINGSTON.

LUTE A. TAYLOR.

Rejected—And Why?

To the Leaders of the Democratic Party:

YOUR rejection by the people is decided and emphatic. Why?

You encouraged the South to initiate secession.

You pronounced coercion equally revolutionary with secession.

You assailed the first call for troops as unconstitutional.

You refused to vote either men or money to carry on the war.

You bid the Southern States depart in peace.

You declared that if slavery must be destroyed to gain the Union, then the Union should perish.

You declare your preference for the rebel constitution, as against your own.

When it became apparent that to proclaim universal liberty would weaken the enemy and reward the true friends of the Union, you nevertheless opposed it.

You stoutly contended that the rebellion would never be suppressed, and triumphantly quoted every reverse to our arms as demonstrating it.

You urged the abandonment of the war, and the resort to negotiation for the best attainable terms.

In our gloomiest days, and when no political campaign was pending, you sought to inflame the passions of the people against the only Government we had, or could have.

You assailed President Lincoln as a despot.

You denounced the Government as revolutionary.

The Boys in Blue were termed by you Lincoln hirelings and dogs.

You opposed allowing the men who were periling their lives for our country, the enjoyment of the elective franchise.

You opposed filling up our armies by draft.

You incited riotous and bloody resistance to the laws of the land.

You pronounced the war a failure, and called for its abandonment.

You urged the South to reject the most magnanimous terms ever offered to conquered rebels.

You passed laws imposing on freemen the most galling and unjust discriminations, in the halls of justice, on the fields of labor and in the resorts of trade.

You would not allow a man equal justice before the law, because servile blood flowed in his veins.

You would not permit a man to control his own labor who had once been a slave, or was the child of a slave.

You would not allow a man to dispose of his own property on equal terms with his neighbor, because his color differed.

You would sell the labor of a colored man on the auction block, as a punishment for not working when you would not give him employment.

You "fired the Southern heart" anew against the loyal North.

You confer the highest honors on the fiercest and most brutal rebel Generals.

You falsely assail the hero to whose energy, sagacity, bravery and skill we owe the existence of our country, as a "brutal butcher," a "miserable drunkard," a "contemptible liar," a "miscegenationist" and a "scoundrel."

The man most warmly welcomed by you, in National Convention—Napoleon "Butcher" Forrest—dishonored a flag of truce, and shot down his begging victims in cold blood.

The pavements of New Orleans are stained with the blood of the white and black victims of your hellish malignity.

You have rejected every principle the Democratic party formerly cherished.

You propose to trample in the dust, by revolutionary means, the laws of Congress.

Riot, rapine and revolution are the weapons with which you propose to overthrow all opposition to your will.

You trampled on the ballot-box in 1860, and for five years thereafter, and you threaten to do it again.

The war was your war, begun by you, conducted by you, prolonged by you. Thousands of homes in our land were desolated by you. Hundreds of thousands of graves were dug by you. Affliction, desolation and death followed in your train. Debt and taxation are the fruits of your treason.

You boast that your triumph would be the triumph of the "Lost Cause."

You avow a policy of repudiation.

You propose an irredeemable paper currency.

You propose to refuse to pay interest on the public debt.

You propose to tax "every species of property" the poor man owns.

You turn out Inspectors of Election, forge naturalization papers, and issue them criminally, and by violence seek to pervert the voice of the people.

The fact that a Republican meeting is to be held, in many of the States of the Union, is deemed by you of sufficient reason for shooting down those who attend.

Southern Republican editors are none too good for merciless castigation at your hand, and an excited people are murdered in their fear.

Fort Pillow, New Orleans, Camilla, Opelousas—these are your victories.

You court or crush the colored man, just as he accepts or declines your offered political alliance.

You turn into the streets, to starve and die, every colored man who will not vote a rebel ticket.

Reconstruction has been delayed by you. You would have no reorganization that did not place the old lash in your hands, and enable the masters to wreak vengeance on their late slaves.

The future you would give us is a future of terror. Civil war, business prostration and oppressive taxation are all you offer us.

The past warns us of you. The grave holds up its hands against you. The future implores to be saved from you.

The people heed the supplication, and hence you are rejected.—*Albany Journal.*

Johnny Shrimp's Composition on Going to School.

SCHOOL has begun again. I go to Thirteenth Street School every day. It is a good school. They won't let you play there. The boys are not allowed to whisper more than forty times a day. The teacher says I am a very good boy. I think so, too. To be good is not to be found out. Peter Snuffins was a good boy, because he could whisper without moving his mouth. I used to call him Muffins. He has left school, and works in a butcher shop. He's going to take me to the slaughter-house some day.

I learn a good many things at school. Before I went to school I didn't know half as many tricks as I do now. I have learned how to fight. Bill Stubs said I was a gump. I said he was another. Bill give me a hit. He called it a "swat." I give him two. He tried to knock me down, and I *did* tumble. Just then a cop came along. If it hadn't been for that cop I'd have licked Bill. The boys said Bill licked me. But it wasn't so; I slipped down on an orange peel. Besides that, I didn't want to hurt Bill. I like to fight with boys that I can lick. Boys that can lick me I don't get into musses with. I ain't afraid of Bill Stubbs.

I learned some grammar at school, and goggerfee. But I learned to play marbles a good deal quicker. Pa says boys ought to learn only what they've got a taste for. I've got a taste for taffy and chewing gum. I've learned a good deal of 'em.

Ma says we boys are worked too hard at school. She says her children shan't study when they have headaches. She gives me an excuse when I have a headache. I often have a headache, if the lessons are hard.

I am in class 9, section Q. In a few months I go to the college. We used to call it the Free Academy. I want to go to college, because the boys there carry canes and have fun, and don't speak to little boys, and can go in the torchlight processions.

I've been to a good many schools. Some way, I change schools very often. The teachers think a change is good for me. Ma says the New York schools are very poor, and boys dont learn much in them. I think so too. If I didn't have headaches so often I might learn more. But I know a good deal after all. I want to go in a store. Pa says I shall. Ma says I shan't. Ma calls me her precious darling, and says I must have an education. I'd rather have a rowboat. I'm sure if I had a rowboat and went out every day to Hoboken, I wouldn't have headaches so much. I tell ma that schools are very bad for the head. Now I want to ask ma for an excuse. We have a long lesson in compound multiplication to-morrow, and my head begins to feel quite bad. I am

JOHN GEORGE WASHINGTON SHRIMP.

The Friends of the Constitution.

IN Mr. Beecher's admirable address in the Brooklyn Academy he made great fun of the new defenders of the Constitution. And it was well timed. Nobody, it seems, understands the Constitution but those who struggled night and day to destroy it. Nobody is to be accounted a friend of the Union but those who fought to dissolve it, or helped the fighters, or who have now combined to overthrow its reconstruction by armed force. Nobody is to be considered conservative but those who, after the cancer has been cut out, are zealously striving to put as much of it back as possible. In the good old days, they cry, was there not one of the completest cancers ever seen consuming the bosom of our beloved country; and now, pray, can our beloved country ever be again what she was unless we restore that cancer?

But to recall yesterday is as practicable as to make the country what it was, or to restore the old Union. The old Union is impossible without slavery; and since that is gone, all that belongs to it is gone with it. When emancipation was declared equal rights were assumed. No great multitude of native male adults in this country can be held in a kind of purgatory between citizenship and non-citizenship. When they cease to be slaves they become men. When they become men they have all the rights which our principles accord to men. The folly of the Democratic party is that it hopes to prevent this. It thinks that baffled slaveholders can propose a wise policy for a nation of free men. Who supposes that the old politicians who prostituted the whole Government to the protection of slavery would now honestly direct that Government, if they could get hold of it, to the extension and security of freedom? When the Americans conquered in the Revolution did they invite the Tories to take charge of the new Government? If the rebels had succeeded would the Union men have directed affairs? Would Wade Hampton, and Toombs, and Vallandigham have invited General Grant to the head of their Government? And shall the men who sustained Grant invite Wade Hampton, Toombs, and Seymour to the head of theirs?

The plea of the late rebels now is, that they fought for the old Constitution. What old Constitution? Was not Abraham Lincoln elected according to its provisions? Had not the slavery party controlled the Government up to the hour of his election? Had he proposed any thing, had Congress proposed any thing unconstitutional? Nobody pretends it. The rebels took up arms because they knew that the Government would no longer be unconstitutionally strained to serve slavery. The plea is wholly false. They cared no more for the Constitution then than they do now. They cared only for slavery. As long as they could serve that under the mask of the Constitution they were satisfied. When they could not, they struck at the Constitution. Now again, that they hope they can save some morsels of the corpse of slavery, they profess immense veneration for the Constitution.

It was very constitutional to rob the mails, and suppress free speech, and shoot free settlers in Kansas, and steal Texas, and pay commissioners more for returning an alleged fugitive than for releasing him; but it was frightfully unconstitutional, according to these doctors, to lift a finger to save the Union or the property of the United States. It was remarkably constitutional that in profound peace Mr. Hoar should be hunted out of Charleston by a mob because he offered to argue a case in the courts, but alarmingly unconstitutional that Mr. Vallandigham should be arrested for preventing enlistments in the midst of a fearful war. Whatever was useful to slavery was constitutional. Whatever favored liberty and Union was unconstitutional. It seems that we are all under a mistake. Abraham Lincoln was the destroyer of the Constitution and Union. Jefferson Davis was their illustrious defender.

This is the intolerable nonsense of the Southern Democratic pretense in this country. If that party does not learn from the election of General Grant that the Constitution means freedom and not slavery, it will be, as it has been for the last eight years, despised by all lovers of liberty every where in the world. To serve a live despot, even if he be cruel, is at least an intelligible act. But to worship the meanest of dead tyrants is a condition beyond description.—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Flaw Hunters.

THERE are people who have a preternatural faculty for detecting evil, or the appearance of evil, in every man's character. They have a fatal scent for carrion. Their memory is like a museum I once saw at a medical college, and illustrates all the hideous distortions, and monstrous growths, and revolting diseases by which humanity can be troubled and afflicted. They think they have a wonderful knowledge of human nature. But it is a blunder to mistake the Newgate Calendar for a biographical dictionary.

A less offensive type of the same tendency leads some people to find apparent satisfaction in the discovery and proclamation of the slightest defects in the habits of good men, and the conduct of public institutions. They cannot talk about the benefits conferred by a great hospital without lamenting some insignificant blot in its laws, and some trifling want of prudence in its management. Speak to them about a man whose good works everybody is admiring, and they cool your ardor by regretting that he is so rough in his manner or so smooth—that his temper is so hasty, or that he is so fond of applause. They seem to hold a brief, requiring them to prove the impossibility of human perfection. They detect the slightest alloy in the pure gold of human goodness. That there are spots in the sun is, with them, something more than an observed fact—it takes rank with *a priori* and necessary truths.

There are people who, if they hear an organ, find out at once which are the poorest stops. If they listen to a great speaker, they remember nothing but some slip in the construction of a sentence, the consistency of a metaphor, or the evolutions of an argument. While their friends are admiring the wealth and beauty of a tree whose branches are weighed down with fruit, they have discovered a solitary bough, lost in the golden affluence, on which nothing is hanging.

Poor Hazlitt was sorely troubled with them in his time. "Littleness," he said, "is their element, and they give a character of meaning to whatever they touch. They creep, buz and fly-blow. It is much easier to crush than to catch these troublesome insects; and when they are in your power, your self-respect spares them."—*Good Words.*

A Weather Prophet.

A PLEASANT anecdote is told of Partridge, the celebrated almanac maker. In traveling on horseback into the country he stopped for his dinner at an inn, and afterwards called for his horse, that he might reach the next town, where he intended to sleep.

"If you would take my advice, sir," said the hostler, as he was about to mount his horse, "you will stay where you are for the night, as you will surely be overtaken by a pelting rain."

"Nonsense, nonsense," said the almanac maker; "there is sixpence for you my honest fellow, and good afternoon to you."

He proceeded on his journey, and, sure enough, he was well drenched in a heavy shower. Partridge was struck with the man's prediction, and being always intent on the interest of his almanac, he rode back on the instant, and was received by the hostler with a broad grin.

"Well, sir, you see I was right after all."

"Yes, my lad, you have been so, and here is a crown for you, but I give it to you on consideration that you tell me how you knew of this rain."

"To be sure, sir," replied the man. "Why the truth is, we have an almanac in our house called *Partridge's Almanac*, and the fellow is such a notorious liar that whenever he promises us fine days we always know that it will be the direct contrary. Now, your honor, this day, the 21st of June, is put down in our almanac in-doors as 'settled fine weather, no rain.' I looked at that before I brought your honor's horse out, and so was enabled to put you on your guard."

☞ An exchange says: President Johnson must have foreseen the result of the Tuesday elections. In his proclamation of thanksgiving, issued on Monday, he said that the American people are now "permitted to hope that long protracted political and sectional dissensions are, at no distant day, to give place to *returning harmony and fraternal affection* throughout the Republic."

NASBY.

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS—MR. NASBY DISCUSSES THE PROPRIETY OF SWAPPING HORSES.

Post Offis, Confedrit X Roads,
(Which is in the State uv Kentucky.)
Oct. 19, 1868.

THE recent eleckshuns hev not resultid ez joyfully ez we cood hev wished, but ther hev bin enuff Dimocratic votes polled to prove that the old party is alive, and not dead ez its enemies would hev us beleeve. We didn't quite carry Injeany; Ohio isn't hardly ourn and notwithstandin all the money we spent in Philadelphia on repeaters and naturalizshen papers, that State is jest out uv our reach. We hev come jest near enuff to victry to miss it. I feel ez I did wunst two years ago. I went into Bascom's to get my regler half past nine nip when I wuz horrified at bein informed by G. W. that ther wuzn't a drop in the house. Seein the agony depicted on my face he did manage to squeeze one reasonable assuager out of a barl, but jest ez I wuz putting it to my lips Joe Bigler, either by accident or design, stumbled agin me and the precious flood waz wasted on the floor. The Republikin Joe Bigler hez stumbled agin us jest ez we hed the goblit uv sukcess to our lips and I mourn ez I did then.

Several causes hev operated to bring about this result, none of which are uv a nacher to be discouragin to the Dimocrisy, however.

1. We shood hev succeeded hed the Republikins nominated a man who was considerably less popler than Gen. Grant, and who woodent hev bin able to hold so many votes. Ther aint no doubt uv this. Hed they nominated a man less in favor with the people, we shood hev hed an easier time of it.

2. Hed the Dimocrisy nominated more popler men—them in whom the people hed more confidence—the result would hev been far better. Gov. Scemore is an admirable candidate, but somehow he didn't strike the popler heart. He did all he cood to suit the masses, but the masses went back on him. He made a speech agin repudiashun and in favor of payin the bonds in gold; and then, that ther shood be no complaint from anybody, he accepted a nominashun at the hands uv repoodiators and payers in greenbax. But his genrous nacher hez been misunderstood. Wat wuz really a desire to satisfy all styles uv people wuz branded ez weaknis and vacillashen, and so he went down.

3. Ginral Blare hurt us. It is troo we bleeve in the sentiments enunshated in the Brodhed letter, and my admirashen for him on other accounts is unboundid. I hev alluz loved him sence one memorable night, when I seed him take 18 drinks in 30 minits, and walk off under it. "Here," thot I, "is my sooperior—to him I bow." I tried to surpass it, but I caved at the 17th. He is entirely acceptable to the South. His Brodhed letter reflex our views precisely. Deekin Pogram's brother who lives in Alabama, knows where his niggers are livin, and he ardently desires the abolishin uv the carpet-bag governments, that he may seeze em and redoose em to their normal speer. Capt. McPelter's old cavalry kin be rallied at a minit's notice, and he akes to lead em again among the rich farmers uv Southern Ohio and Injeany; and we all desire that the Northern men wich hev come down among us like locusts with their shops and factries and stores, and mowin-machines and skool-houses and sich, a tryin to elevate the nigger above us, shel be hung or sent packin out uv the country, leavin us to manage things our own way. But Blare shooden't hev sed so. He shooden't hev alarmed the week Dimocracy uv them States wich desire peece, and who are timid on the subjick uv revoolooshen. Blare hurt us. His letter wuz correct but inconsiderit.

4. Our platform wuz agin us. Hed it bin different in all partiklers, we shood hev polled more votes, provided, uv course, that we hed hed different men a standin onto it. This is cleer.

5. The Republikin platform wuz agin us. Hed they made a different platform, and put other men onto it—their platform and men bein both more objectionable to the people, and our platform and our men bein less objectionable to the people—the result wood hev been far different. This is cleer.

A careful examinashen uv these reasons for our defeat shows how necr we come to success, and how little stood in the way. Wat ahel be done? That's the question wich I perpose to answer.

We must hev a change uv candidates. Let us remember that the Post Offisis are at stake, and that when its all biled down Post Offisis is wat we are a goin for. Ef Secmore stands between us and Post Offisis, Scemore must be put out uv the way, and ef Blare prevents us from reachin uv em, Blare must be immolatid. The recent elections show that both these men are in the way, and both must therefore go to the wall. This is my candid judgment.

I, therefore, urge the droppin of Secmore and Blare, and the nominashen ov that stanch patriot, whose name I brought out originelly, Jethro L. Kippins, uv Illinoy, for President, and Capt. Abslum