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D. B. SNOW, Editor.

## Poetry.

### KING COTTON.

King Cotton looks from his window  
Toward the western sun,  
And he marks with an agonized horror  
That his race is almost run.

His form is thin and shrunken,  
His cheek is pale and wan,  
And the lines of care on his furrowed brow  
Are ready to look upon.

But yesterday a monarch  
In the midst of pomp and pride,  
And not content with his own broad lands  
He would rule the world beside.

He built him a mighty palace,  
With gold from beyond the sea,  
And he laid with care the corner-stone,  
And he called it Slavery.

He summoned an army with banners  
To keep his foes at bay,  
And, gazing with pride on his palace walls,  
He said, "They shall stand for aye."

But the palace walls are shrunken  
And partly overthrown,  
And the storms of war, in their violence,  
Have loosened the corner-stone.

Now famine stalks through the palace halls,  
With her gaunt and pallid train;  
You can hear the cries of famished men,  
As they cry for bread in vain.

The King can see from his palace walls  
A land by his pride betrayed—  
Thousands of mothers and wives bereft,  
Thousands of graves new-made.

And he seems to see in the lowering sky  
The shape of a flaming sword,  
Whereon he reads with a sinking heart  
The anger of the Lord.

God speed the time when the guilty King  
Shall be hurled from his blood-stained throne!  
And the palace of Wrong shall crumble to dust,  
With its boasted corner-stone!

A temple of Freedom shall rise instead  
On the desecrated site,  
And with its shelter-like shall stand  
The black man and the white.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

### A GOOD STORY OF MOZART.

The following amusing story is related of Mozart, the famous composer:  
Hyden one day challenged his pupil to compose a piece of music which he could not play at sight. Mozart accepted the banter, and a supper and champagne were to be the forfeit. Everything being arranged between the two composers, Mozart took his pen, and in five minutes dashed off a piece of music, and, much to the surprise of Hyden, handed it to him, saying—  
"There is a piece of music which you cannot play, and I can. You are to give it the first trial."

Hyden smiled contemptuously at the visionary presumption of his pupil and placing the notes before him struck the keys of the instrument. Surprised at its simplicity, he dashed away until he reached the middle of the piece, when stopping all at once he exclaimed—  
"How is this, Mozart? How is this?"

Here my hands are stretched out to both ends of the piano, and yet there's the middle key to be touched. Nobody can play such music; not even the composer himself."

Mozart smiled at the half excited indignation of the great master, and taking the seat he had quitted, struck the instrument with such an air of assurance that Hyden began to think himself duped. Running along through the simple passages, he came to that part which his teacher pronounced impossible to be played. Mozart, as many are aware, was endowed with an extremely long nose, a prodigious nose, which in modern dialect "stuck out a foot." Reaching the difficult passage he stretched both hands to the extreme ends of the piano, and leaning forward, bobbed his nose against the middle key which "nobody could play!" Hyden burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and after acknowledging the "corn," declared that nature had endowed Mozart with a capacity for music which he had never before discovered.

**THE ORIGIN OF HAND-SHAKING.**—The Romans had a goddess, whose name was Fides, or Fidelity—a goddess of "faith and honesty," to whom Numma was the first to pay divine honors. Her only dress was a white veil, expressive of frankness, candor and modesty, and her symbol was two white hands joined, or sometimes two figures holding each other by the hand; whence, in all agreements among the Greeks and Romans, it was usual for the parties to take each other by the hand, as a token of their intention to adhere to the compact—and this custom is in modern general use, even among ourselves at the present day; that would at first thought be ridiculous.

### TAKING THE STARCH OUT.

A capital example, writes a reader, of what is often termed "taking the starch out," happened recently in a country bank in New England. A pompous, well-dressed individual entered the bank, and addressing the teller, who is something of a wag inquired—  
"Is the cashier in?"  
"No, sir," was the reply.  
"Well, I am dealing in pens, supplying the New England banks pretty largely, and I suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier."

"I suppose it will," said the teller.  
"Very well, I will wait."  
The pen peddler took a chair, and sat composedly for a full hour, waiting for the cashier. By that time he began to grow uneasy, but sat twisting in his chair for about twenty minutes, and, seeing no prospect of a change in his circumstances, asked the teller how soon the cashier would be in.  
"Well, I don't know exactly," said the waggy teller, "but I expect him in about eight weeks. He has just gone to Lake Superior, and told me he thought he should come back in that time."

Peddler thought he could not wait.  
"Oh, stay if you wish," said the teller, "very plainly. We have no objection to your sitting here in the daytime, and you can probably find some place in town where they will be glad to keep you nights."

The pompous peddler disappeared without another word.

**MR. LINCOLN'S REPUTATION ABROAD.**—The Paris correspondent of the New York Times writes:

"The popularity of Mr. LINCOLN has been as much advanced abroad by his late acts as in the United States. His maintenance of the act of emancipation in his annual message has given immense satisfaction to all those not prejudiced by special reason for the rebellion, and his sagacity, straightforwardness and honesty in the midst of such confusion and excitement called from M. LABONLAY the other day at the College de France before an immense audience of the elite of the intellectual world the exclamation that Mr. LINCOLN was a greater man than Caesar! So, too, I heard a leading French politician say lately: 'You Americans don't appreciate Mr. LINCOLN at his proper value. A monarch in Europe could carry on such a colossal war in front while harassed by so many factions and fault finders behind. No, you don't give him his due. On every side I hear people being to say that Mr. LINCOLN will merit more than a biography—he will merit a history.'"

The other day we passed two little blue-nosed, shivering boot-blacks, waiting for customers on the street corner. Like true specimens of "Young America," they occupied the time in discussing principles; and we chanced to hear one—a delinquent youngster of not more than a dozen years—assert himself thus: "I'll give a dollar to have my rights, if they ain't worth more'n two cents!"

**THE MYSTERY OF IT.**—Two darkies had bought a quantity of pickled pork in partnership; but Sam, having no place to put his portion in, consented to intrust the whole to Julius's keeping.

The next morning they met, when Sam said, "Good morning, Julius! Anything happen strange or mysterious down in your vicinity lately?"

"Yass, Sam; most strange things happen at my house yesterday night. All mystery—no mystery to me."

"Ah, Julius, what was dat?"  
"Wal, Sam I told you now. Dis morning I went down into de cellar for to get a piece ob hog for dis darkey's breakfast, and put my hand down into de brine an felt round, but no pork dar—all gone, could not tell what bevent with it; so I turned up de baril, an Sam, as true as preachin', de rats eat a hole car froo the baril, and dragged de pork all out!"

Sam was petrified with astonishment, but presently said—  
"Why didn't de brine run out ob de same hole?"

"Ah, Sam, dat's de mystery—dat's de mystery!"

A lively female, who found the cords of Hymen not so silky as she expected, gives vent to her feelings in the following regretful stanzas. "The penultimate line is peculiarly comprehensive:

When I was young I used to earn  
My living w' them tumbler;  
Had clothes, and pocket money too;  
And hours of pleasure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate,  
When I, a lass, was courted;  
Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, house-keeper, chambermaid, laundress, dairy woman, and scrub generally, doing the work of six of 'em.

For the sake of being supported,  
As my wife at the window one day  
Stood watching a man with a monkey—  
A cart came by with a "load of a boy."

Who was driving a stout little donkey,  
To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke;  
"There's a relation of yours in that carriage,  
To which she replied as the donkey she spied,  
"Ah, yes, a relation by marriage!"

**SHARP PRACTICE.**—Many years ago, at a dinner party in Glasgow, there was present a lawyer of very sharp practice, fond of giving toasts or sentiments. After the food was removed, and the bottle had gone round once or twice, the ladies withdrew to the higher pleasures of the drawing-room, all but a very plain old maid. She remained behind, and as the conversation began to be a little masculine, one friend of the long robe was anxious to get rid of the "ancient," and for this purpose rather prematurely asked Thrums the privilege of giving a toast. This being granted, he gave the old toast of "Honest men and bonny lasses." The toast was drunk with all honor, when the dame, who was sitting near the lawyer, rose from her seat, gave the lawyer a poke in the ribs with the end of her finger, and after having said, "Mr. the toast neither applies to you nor me," left the room.

**VINEGAR, BOY!** as it is considered, is not without final affection. It always dies when it loses its mother.

**A CUTE PREACHER.**—The colored pastor of a church, not a thousand miles from Bridgeport, was once desirous that the Conference should meet at his church. At a meeting to consider the subject of giving the invitation, the pastor stated the proposition, and said—  
"All those in favor of inviting the brethren here will say yes—opposed no."  
He then proceeded to put the question; but not a yes was heard. Whereupon he paused, looked around, and remarked:  
"Silence gives consent. The Conference will come."

At the concluding meeting, when a collection was to be taken up for the visiting brothers, the pastor told his people that it was necessary for all the ministers to be back to their respective flocks; that they had no money to go with, and must stay in their present quarters till the cash was raised. The dilemma was either board their visitors gratuitously, or pay their fares home. We can guess how they solved the problem. *Bridgeport Standard.*

**THE LAST CLASS HEARD IN SMITH'S SCHOOL.**—"First class in Oriental Philology, stand up. Thibbets, what is life?"

"Life consists of money, a horse, and a fashionable wit."

"What is poverty?"  
"The reward of merit received by genius from a discriminating public."

"What is religion?"  
"Doing unto others as you please, without allowing a return of the compliment."

"What is fame?"  
"A six-line puff in a newspaper."

**A SHREWD REPORT.**—The rebel General Longstreet has become indignant because General Foster (who commands at Knoxville in place of Burnside) has scattered hand-bill copies of the President's proclamation among the rebel soldiers. Longstreet apprised Foster that, in his opinion, it would have been more seemly to circulate the "documents" through the commanding Generals. Foster replied as follows:

"I accept your suggestion that it would have been more courteous to have sent these documents to you for circulation, and I embrace with pleasure the opportunity thus afforded to enclose to you twenty (20) copies of each of these documents, and rely upon your generosity and desire for peace to give publicity to the same among your officers and men."

**How to Know a Goose.**—"Mother! mother!" cried a young rook, returning hurriedly from his first flight, "I'm so frightened, I've seen such a sight!"

"What sight, my son?" asked the old rook.

"Oh, white creatures—screaming and running and straining their necks, and looking their heads ever so high. See, mother, there they go!"

"Goose, my son—merely geese," replied the mother bird, looking at her young rook with a look of scorn. "Through life, child, you will find when you meet with any one who makes a great fuss about himself, and tries to fill his head higher than the rest of the world, you may set him down at once as a goose."

A principle in one of the public schools has been sending circulars to the parents of his pupils, which signed and returned, will authorize him to "inflict such punishment, corporally or otherwise," as may in his judgment be proper. The following answer proves that some of the parents were pained with the idea:

"DEAR MR. RATAN:—Your flogging circular is duly received. I hope as to my son John you will flog him so often as you like. He's a bad boy—is John. Although I've been in the habit of teaching him myself, it seems to me he will never learn anything—his spellin is outrageously deficient. Wallup him wel sur, and you'll receive my hearty thanks."

Yours, Moses Shaker.  
P. S.—Wat accounts for John being such a bad scollar is that he's my son-by my wit's first husband."

Gen. Grant was lately rallied about the New York Herald's persistent and preposterous use of his name for the presidency. The General replied: "I aspire only to one political office. When this war is over I mean to run for mayor of Galena (his place of residence.) And if elected, I intend to have the sidewalk fixed up between my house and the depot."

Captain Isaac Billings says: "A man who will chew tobacco, will drink sany kruse rum, and the man who will drink sany kruse rum, will go to the devil, and is as mense enuff to do anything else."

"I am prepared to say to seven rich men out of every ten, make the most of your money for it makes the most of you."

"Man was created a little lower than the angels" and has been gittin' a little lower ever since."

"When a fellet gets a goin' down-hill it does seem as though everything had been greased for the ockashun."

A Boston paper says that Union Leagues, pledged to the total eradication of slavery in the United States, are multiplying throughout Massachusetts, and are receiving large accession of members.

**THREE IMMORTAL SENTENCES.**—No longer need any one fear that Abraham Lincoln will fail to keep his pledges. The following three sentences in his recent message should be written in letters of gold.

"The crisis which threatened to divide the friends of the Union is past."  
"I shall not return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of the Proclamation, or by any act of Congress."

"I proclaim free pardon to all who solemnly swear to faithfully support, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States, and the Union of the States therein, and who thereafter keep and maintain said oath inviolate."

These are three sentences which will go into history and live while the nation endures. Thank God that we have such a faithful and true President. *Columbia (Pa.) Republican.*

### POLITICAL.

**WORTH READING.**  
The following to the Philadelphia Press, from J. W. Forney—alias, "Occasional"—deserves the careful attention of every loyal man.

WASHINGTON, FEB. 5, 1864.  
Between the spring and the autumn of this quadrennial Presidential year many grave and important matters must be permanently disposed of. Within this comparatively short space of time the question of the next Presidency, and the last great struggle between Freedom and Slavery, on the battle-field, will be decided. The opposition to the Government and the war, composed, in nearly every case, of the men who helped the South to precipitate the rebellion, are not unmindful of these facts. Litterally indifferent to their troubles and responsibilities of the Executive, and too often politically interested in the defeat of our armies, they are preparing to seize upon every expedient to alarm and divide the people. Hence, a few financial failures, or a few defeats of our armies and our navies will prove to be a rare God-send to these selfish and dangerous men. For, clamor as these Copperhead leaders may of their superior loyalty, it is not beyond successful denial—is it not every day proved, that they are always despondent and defeated when the Government is successfully conducted, and when the Union arms are triumphant? Sometimes, as I observe the tricks and intrigues of these men, (in no one instance has any one of their number risen to the dignity of a statesman-like remedy, or boldly discarded their unworthy nets of the blindest partisanship.) I ask myself, how would they have managed the war had its dreadful responsibilities first fallen upon their shoulders? But to ask such a question is to answer it with terrible emphasis. Even if we had not their recent and present acts and admissions to sustain the charge that they would have surrendered to slavery the whole heritage of freedom, the fact that they were always committed against coercion, and that they all espoused Buchanan in his infamous argument, in his last message, that while secession was all wrong, the Government had no power to prevent a State from tearing itself loose from Federal authority—this fact established as well their consistency in opposing the Government and in laboring for peace on any terms. The men, who in 1861, were so willing to let the seceded States go out and remain out of the Union, are laboring to the same end in 1864, when they harass and hamper the Administration in its effort to bring these States back to duty.

It is a truth that they profess to be in favor of what they call Restoration on the basis of the Union as it was and the Constitution as it is; but you cannot be blind to the truth that this proposal looks more like the forgiveness of the rebel leaders, and the revival of rebel supremacy, than to vindication and protection of the radical Union men of the Southern States. It is necessary that this assertion should be confirmed by recalling to your recollection their bitter hatred of these brave indomitable patriots. We daily realize their malignity against Northern Democrats like Butler, Dickinson, Brady, Dougherty, Tod, Brough, Congess, and others. But their feelings against Southern anti-slavery men, it is possible, more intense and implacable. Witness their abuse of Andrew Johnson, W. G. Brownlow, Col. Montgomery, Hon. Wm. Gant, Gov. A. J. Hamilton, Plauders, and Hahn, of Louisiana, and their associates. The Union is not to be restored, the seceded States are not to be brought back, to serve these gallant champions of liberty, but to make them outlaws, and to give the reins again into the hands of their oppressors. The period between May and November of this Presidential year will, therefore, be the period in which all these experiments and doctrines will be tried and pronounced. So that the true friends of the country, fully forewarned, must be completely forearmed. Let the new levies be raised and sent to the field at the earliest moment, and we shall find the coming spring blossoming with Union victories. Let us avoid local quarrels about men who think only of self. Let us discuss the great principles, upon which our cause rests as upon a rock, and make them so clear that all good men must yield to them. Let us show how splendidly the much-assailed policy of Mr. Lincoln and the Union Congress has been vindicated by practical results. This is the year in which the majority of the members of Congress that comes in with the new President in 1865 is to be chosen. What more need I say to point out the dangers and the duties that are in waiting for us in the rapid and thick-coming future?

**OCCASIONAL.**  
In our State Legislature on Thursday of last week, a bill to authorize Union County to borrow money, came before the Senate. It contains a section, which provides that none of the money so raised, shall be paid to negroes. We take the following report of the discussion from the Gazette.

Mr. Soovel moved to strike out the section, as it placed their legislation in opposition to the policy of the Government. This led to an exciting political debate, in which the policy of the government and the conduct of the war were fully canvassed, Messrs. Chandler, Jenkins and Holman, sustaining the section, and Messrs. Soovel and Ludlam opposing it. The section was finally sustained by a strict party vote.

The remarks of Mr. Soovel, the Senator from Camden, were as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT—I shall vote against this bill from principle. It is well known to the gentlemen on the other side that I am in favor of carrying the war into Africa with Africans. The Senator from Morris (Mr. Chandler), says "what right have we to interfere with the county of Union?" Sir! it is not a question of interference with any county in New Jersey. The National Government has decided in favor of employing negroes as soldiers. 100,000 of these men are now in the employ of the government, 50,000 of them as soldiers. Let Vicksburg, Charleston, and Port Hudson, bear testimony to their endurance and to their heroic valor.

And yet, sir, we are asked to vote for this bill which in open defiance of a national policy, sanctioned by the Executive of this State declares that bounty money in the county of Union shall not "be used for the employment of negroes as soldiers." It is an abuse of terms, sir, to dignify what these honorable gentlemen have said in favor of this bill as arguments. The question does not admit of argument, when the honorable Senators themselves admit that the rebellion must be crushed and the war prosecuted to the bitter end. And sir, I congratulate the Senate on the marvelous change which marks the oratory of the Senator from Bergen. Last year upon this floor he was "the sweet warbler of the grove" who piped for peace. Now he favors a war with white men. And the next year who doubts that the Senator from Bergen will favor negro enlistments? Truth wins her own way and I thank God that the opposite side of this house dare not avow the sentiment that disgraced New Jersey only one year ago—sentiments in sympathy with red-handed Rebellion; and of which the Senator from Bergen was so prominent an advocate.

The Senator from Morris (Mr. Chandler), charges with uttering French notions. I cheerfully admit that he excels me in pronouncing the language of France, and is, possibly, my superior in the French morals and manners.

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### ODDS AND ENDS.

Mark! from Toombs a doleful wail,  
Jeff's ears attend the cry,  
Ye living rebs come view the ground  
Where you must shortly—hang.

Be temperate in diet. Our friends parents ate themselves out of house and home.

A judge in Indiana threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of court, who have expressed no contempt for the court, said the lawyer, "on the contrary I have concealed my feelings."

A farmer living on the line of the Troy and Boston Railroad, who had just engaged train recently by waving his hat.

"What's the matter?" screamed the engineer.  
"Matter?" said the farmer, "nothing that I know of."  
"Then what did you wave your hat for?"  
"Oh, golly!" said the farmer, "why, I was waving myself."

A man in Peabeshire, Scotland, was in the habit of praying nightly in a field behind a turf dyke, and on one occasion, exclaimed that if the dyke were at that moment to fall on him, he would be justly punished for his sins. It did fall, however, being pushed over by a concealed sequantance, and Jack sung out from among the ruins, "Heck, sir! it's an awfu' world this; a body canna say a thing in joke, but it's ta'en earnest."

A poor son of the Emerald Isle applied for employment to an avaricious hunk, who told him that he should employ no more Irishmen, "for the last one died on my hands, and I was forced to bury him at my charge." "Ah, yer honor," said Pat, brightening up, "an' is that all? Then you'll give the place, for a sure, I can get a certificate that I never died in the employ of any master I ever served."

The reason an old maid is so devoted to her cat is, that not having a husband she naturally takes to the next most treacherous animal.

Nature, when she makes a beautiful head, is often so absorbed in admiration of her own work, that she forgets the brains.

A rebel, taken at Chickasaw, said of our artillery that he didn't think the Yanks would use them big guns much longer.

"Why not?" inquired the Federals.  
"Because," said he, "the Confederates is getting so narrow that you will fire clean over it and hit your men on the other side."

A lady made a call upon a friend who had lately been married. When the husband came home to his wife, she said, "I have been to see a very happy couple."

"Happy? I should think she ought to be, she has a camel's hair shawl two-thirds border."

A thick-headed quire being wanted by the Rev. Sydney Smith in an argument, took his revenge by exclaiming: "If I had a son who was an idiot, I would make him a parson."

"Very probable," said Sydney; "but I see your father had a different opinion."

Alderman G.—"What's that Henry? Read that again, my dear."

Emily.—"By a wonderful provision of nature, the camel is enable to take in a great supply of food, having been provided for that purpose with three stomachs."

Alderman G.—"Wonderful provision of nature! I should just think it was! Three stomachs! I wish I was a camel!"

During the flight of Professor King's balloon, on the 14th from Bangor, it is said to have passed over the clearing of a settler who does not take the pains. The flock of children round the door, and the monster booming on, and alarmed the mother, who rushed to the door screaming out, "Come in children; its pue of Jeff Davis's bomb shells."

In a certain district in the Highlands, one day some years ago, the bellman made the following proclamation: "O, yes! O, yes! O, yes! and that's three times; you'll be take notice that there 'll be nae Lord's day here next Sunday, as the laird's wife will be a muckle washing, and she wants the kirk to dry the clothes in."

"Why don't you put on a clean shirt?" said a swell, the other night to a companion, "then the girls will all smile on you as they do on me." "Everybody can't afford to wear a clean shirt as you can," was the reply. "Why not?" asked white collar. "Because," said soiled collar, "everybody's mother isn't a washerwoman."

"A coffin," says an Irishman, "is the house a man lives in when he is dead."

**COPPERHEAD.**  
Lives there a man with soul so dead,  
That to himself has never said:  
Accused be a Copperhead!

At a concert, recently, at the conclusion of the well-known song, "There's a Good Time Coming," a country farmer got up and exclaimed, "Mister, you couldn't fix the date, could you?"







