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## PUGET SOUND HERALD.

CHARLES PROSCH,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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## Bull Run.

BY A FINE ROGUE.

Oh, it's all very well for you fellows  
That don't know a fire from the sun,  
To curl your mustaches and tell us  
Just how the thing ought to be done;  
But when twenty wags up ninety thousand,  
There's nothin' can follow but rout:  
We didn't give in till we had to,  
And what are yer coughin' about?

The crowd that was with them ere rebels  
Had ten to our every man;  
But a woman's a breast, my every,  
And he'll put out a fire if he can:  
So we run the masher on a gallop,  
As easy as open and shut,  
And as fast as one feller went under,  
Another kept takin' der butt.

You oughter see Farnham, that mornin'—  
In spite of the shot and the shell,  
His orders kept ringin' around us  
As clear as the City Hall bell.  
He said all he could to encourage  
And lighten the hearts of the men,  
Until he was bleedin' and wounded,  
And nary dried up on his skin.

While two rifle regiments fought out,  
And batteries tumbled as down,  
Them cursed Black Horse fellers charged us,  
Like all the Dead Rabbits in town.  
And we saw the way with them rebels—  
Is ten upon one or no fair?  
We captured a few of their addies—  
You may bet all your soap on that air!

"Double up!" says our Colonal, quite coolly,  
When he saw them come ridin' like mad;  
And we did double up in a hurry  
But the odds were too heavy against us.  
They came at us countin' a hundred,  
And scarcely a dog went back;  
So, you see, if they bluffed us on once,  
We made a big thing with the Jack!

We fought till red shirts were as plenty  
As blackberries strewn the grass,  
And we did double up in a hurry  
To let sixty-Nine's fellers pass.  
Perhaps sixty-Nine didn't peg them,  
And give them uncommon trouble?  
Well, I've just got to say, if they didn't,  
You fellers can smell of my boots!

The Brooklyn Fourteenth was another,  
And them Bluecoats chaps, too;  
But the odds were too heavy against us,  
And but one thing was left us to do:  
We had to make tracks for our quarters,  
And I wouldn't it up pretty rough;  
If by any clap they liked us,  
I'd just like to polish him off!

**Freeman Arising.**  
BY JOHN G. WEBSTER.

East, West, and North, the shout is heard  
Freedom rings for the right;  
Each rally hath its rallying word,  
Each hill its signal light.

O'er Massachusetts' rocks of gray  
The strengthening light of freedom shines;  
Rhode Island's flag is proudly hoisted,  
And Vermont's snow-bent pine.

From Hudson's frowning palisades  
To Alleghany's laurel-crown;  
O'er lakes and prairie, streams and glades,  
It shines upon the West.

Speed on the light of those who dwell  
In the land of the free;  
And through the darkness of that hell  
Let Heaven's own light break in.

It is important for all who write for the press to remember a few things:

1. To know what they are going to say.
2. To be sure that it is worthy of publication.
3. To write distinctly on only one side of the sheet.
4. Not to mangle the rules of spelling, grammar and punctuation.
5. To be short, spirited, and to stop when they have done.
6. To make no guesses about facts, to keep the Golden Rule, to be good-natured, and to speak the honest truth, let it shame whom it will.

Some of those corduroy preachers of the West are as rough as the roads over which their parishioners are obliged to journey to get to them. Said one of them, a short time since, by way of concluding remarks to a sermon on the Union—  
"Having used up all the arguments I could think of to stir up your patriotism, nothing remains for me to do but 'let us pray,' and after prayers look out for hell!"

Freddy is less than four years old. His sister, not quite a year old, was sitting in her father's lap fretting and crying, for her mother, who had gone out, when Freddy turned to her and said, in the most earnest manner possible: "There, Alice, you've cried enough; there's no use crying any more; mother's gone away, and father don't keep the article you want!"

A home full of children composes as powerful a group of motives as ever moved a heart, or hand, and the secret of any struggle and triumph in the world's battle may be found thronged in the mother's lap at home, or done up in a little bundle of white flannel. A nation's hope, before now, has been found in a basket of burlaps.

I remember, says the celebrated Wesley, hearing my father say to my mother, "How could you have the patience to tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?" "Why," said she, "if I had told him but nineteen times, I should have lost all my labor."

None of us are either so much praised or so much censured as we think; and most men would be thoroughly cured of vanity if they would only remember their own funeral and walk abroad incognito the day after their supposed burial.

"Bob, is that dog a hunter?"  
"No; he's half hunter and half setter; he hunts houses when he's hungry, and sets by the fire when he's satisfied."

A splendid specimen of orthography is seen in the window of a beer-house in the neighborhood of Sheep street, Birmingham, viz.: "a tabe Bar Sowd Hear happens a Cwark."

"Old age is coming upon me rapidly," says the urbane said, when he was stealing apples from an old man's garden, and saw the owner coming, horse- whip in hand.

It will afford sweeter happiness in the hour of death to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow than to have ruled an empire.

Half-headed men take a joke the more easily, because they are not at the trouble of "getting it through their hair."

A Yankee has lately met with such success in teaching ducks to swim in hot water that they lay boiled eggs.

No man can avoid his own company, so he had best make it as good as possible.  
To get up a "Conflict of Ages," ask two rival beauties how old they are.  
Speaking without thinking is like shooting without aiming.  
True love is always accompanied with fear and reverence.

## The Great Conspiracy.

THE FIRST ACT.

While the laurels of those who achieved our national existence were yet wet with the dew of its morning; while the blood shed in the struggle for national life had scarce dried from the soil on which foreign and domestic foes had together fallen; while he who drafted the most sublime declaration of human rights the world ever read, held the reins of the government he and his compatriots had founded; even then, in that promising spring-time of our history, commenced in the dreams of ambition, the first act of the drama of which hope tells us we may live to see the last.

The scene of that act was nearly the same as that on which the present moves; the purpose of the actors quite identical in spirit and object. The extended field for that movement, where ambition sought to unite the restless and reckless under the scheming aspirants for power, was the golden region about the great Gulf. There, where the Mississippi gave to the sea its waters, soon to be freighted with the wealth of agriculture; there, where the mines of Mexico, which had aggrandized and made prodigal old Spain, tempted the youthful American; in that sunny land, which lured to ruin with all the enchantments of the new Atlantis, did a disappointed politician, filled with the lust for dominion, dream that he could found an empire which he might rule.

In 1800 Aaron Burr, who had schemed for the Presidency of the republic, and failed to obtain by *financé* what the American people did not choose to confer through force, was found conspiring for the dismemberment of the government of which he had formed a part. He had been elevated to the Vice Presidency, but that only brought him nearer to the greater height, arousing in him, as it has since done in others, all the powers that minister to envy and ambition, and causing him to long for the wreck of the republic, that he might rule over a fragment, and commence an independent career of conquest.

Our dominion had then but recently been extended over the magnificent domain of Louisiana. A controlling public necessity had caused Jefferson, without constitutional authority, as he believed, to purchase that territory, extending from the Gulf along our entire western boundary to the British possessions on the north, that the United States might command the Mississippi from its source to the sea. The inhabitants of the new territory had then scarcely had time to become identified in feeling with our government. The field for conspiracy was inviting. If the then infant States of the West could be united with the Louisiana purchase, the material foundation for a great empire was secured.

On the "sacred soil" of one of the islands of Virginia, Burr found hospitable entertainers, with him sought to seduce the West from his allegiance. In New Orleans his confederates were among the highest in position and influence, and from the capital to the Gulf his schemes had active sympathy. Judges issued the writ of *habeas corpus* in favor of his arrested confederates in the conspiracy, to take them from the hands of loyal officers of the government; men of letters felt honored by his presence at their tables, while lovely women yielded to the fascinations of his voice and manner. But for him, it was all a dream. There was that which he could neither seduce nor overthrow. Integrity, which could not be swayed, and power that could not be deprived of its majesty. He roamed a fugitive in the land his fancy had led him to believe he might reign over. He was arrested as a felon and brought to the bar of justice. His schemes exposed, he missed the halcyon days of his youth, and the judgment of the Court, shorn of power for public evil, to the detestation and contempt of his countrymen.

Only a few years have passed since Burr dropped into a dishonorable grave. Death could not cover his ignominy; and none could be found willing to associate their names with his, even in marking the spot where the earth hid him from the sight. Some hand, covered by the darkness of the night, placed the tablet that calls up a memory to be shunned.

So perished the first conspirator. And so closed the first act of the drama of conspiracy. The grand design had scarcely attained consistency. It was then the era of dreams. That one was summarily dissipated by the decisive action of President Jefferson. Our newly founded government remained unshaken, and our national life continued to give support and vigor to the farthest limits of our country. The vista of the nation's future was bright and glorious with the promise of continental dominion.

Men die, but even their dreams, once told in the ear of the world, may live long after them. The fancy often plays with the other powers of the mind. The dream of our generation may transform the logic of the next, and in the following find expression in laws or battles.

**THE SECOND ACT.**

In 1850 Calhoun opened the second act in the Senate Chamber, with a display of logic as remarkable for its subtlety as its boldness. He, too, had reached that perilous elevation, the Vice Presidency. He, too, was a disappointed competitor for the Presidency. The time for theories and logical deductions had arrived. An irrational thing was to be done in a rational way—the subject was to nullify, constitutionally, the power given by the constitution. The members were to become superior to the body—a part to be greater than the whole—chance was to come again, but all in a perfectly logical and orderly way.

To subvert the ultimate purpose, disunion, he invented a new application of the doctrine of "state rights." It must not only be applied to the question of rights reserved to the states, but to the regulation and determination of rights granted by the whole people, in the constitution, to the general government. A power conferred by the whole people might, according to the new theory, be arrested in its exercise, not by the voice of their whole people, or by the majority, but by any state that might choose to nullify it. If this was a right to be asserted and acted upon, under and in accordance with the constitution, it followed that it must be permitted to proceed peacefully and without interference on the part of the general government. And if one law of the government might be nullified, and the state was to be sovereign and sole judge when it should be, it followed, "as the night the day," that all national laws might be nullified, and that any state, or any number of states, might become nullifiers. And when all national laws were nullified, separation would, in fact, be complete. It was the gradual mode of secession. Treason was thus in its youth, and Calhoun's method was its innocuous mode easy.

It was then only necessary to find a question

on which this new doctrine could plausibly operate, co-extensive with the contemplated field of the conspiracy. The tariff was seized upon as that question. It served the purpose well. It was alleged that it affected injuriously the cotton states, which were the southern and southwestern states, covering almost the same region that the dream of Burr floated over. True, nearly all the goods imported under the new tariff were brought into northern ports, and the duties there paid, and the far greater proportion of the imports consumed by the northern people; yet because the south raised a raw material which could not be consumed in the country, and was in demand abroad, and northern merchants purchased and shipped it to meet indebtedness in England, it was supposed that, in some mysterious way, the producer of cotton was affected by the tariff in an injurious manner, and differently from all other non-manufacturing members of the community. Upon this question Calhoun raised the watchword of nullification, and South Carolina led off then, as she has since, in the attempt to subvert the government; and her Palmetto banner was emblazoned then, as now, with the legend of "state rights." Though those who had laid the foundation of our government had passed from public life, a hero who had defended the structure from the fire of its ancient enemy held the chief magistracy, and knew how to meet peril within as well as assaults from without. The first thing necessary was to give the unquestionable shape a true name; and, after looking nullification fully in the face, the old hero called it, "treason," and threatened to hang its great apostle as a traitor. The southern rose by that name did not smell as sweet. Perhaps, indeed, Calhoun smelt "the mold beneath the rose," and his senses warned him to beware of the inexorable logic of events, especially when the latter were under the control of the resolute will of General Jackson. The military arm of the government was made manifest in Charleston, in the person of General Scott, and South Carolina abdicated her assumed sovereignty.

So closed the second act of the grand conspiracy. The chief conspirator lived, cut off from the confidence of the nation, yet still honored by the participants in his schemes—lived to sow the dragon's teeth throughout the South which were to spring up in his death. It is said that Jackson, on his death-bed, regretted that he did not hang Calhoun. If it be true, patriots should feel deep sorrow when they remember that the last moments of the old hero's life were troubled by the recollection of that one great mistake.

To General Jackson must be awarded the credit of a clear perception and thorough understanding of the question in his time, and a wonderful prescience as to its probable phases in the future. In his letter of May 1st, 1833, to the Rev. A. J. Crawford, he says: "Nullification is dead, and its actors and courtiers will only be remembered by the people to be execrated for their wicked designs to sever and destroy the only good government on the globe, and that prosperity and happiness we enjoy over every other portion of the world. Haman's galleys ought to be the fate of all such ambitious men, who would involve the country in civil war, and all the evils in its train, that they may reign and ride on its whirlwinds and direct the storm. The free people of the United States have spoken, and consigned these wicked demagogues to their proper doom. Take care of the nullifiers who have among you. Let them meet the indignant frowns of every man who loves his country."

The tariff was not the pretext, and disunion and the Southern Confederacy the real object. The main pretext was the negro or slavery question. "Posteriority will add to his titles of valiant warrior and incorruptible statesman that of true prophet. The real object, disunion and a Southern Confederacy, now confront us, and the pretext is the negro or slavery question."

Benton, who for thirty years watched the workings of a Senate dominated by the South, says in his great work, when speaking of the debate between Webster and Hayne: "I was slow to believe in any designs to subvert this Union—at the time of this great debate (February and March, 1839) I positively discredited it, and publicly proclaimed my incredulity. \* \* \* Mr. Calhoun had not then uncovered his position in relation to nullification." But when, on the anniversary of the birthday of Thomas Jefferson, April 19th, 1839, Jackson gave a celebrated toast—"Our Federal Union, it must be preserved!"—Benton says:

"It was received by the public as a proclamation from the President, to announce a plot against the Union, and to summon the people to its defence. The proceedings of the day put an end to all doubt about the justice of Mr. Webster's grand oration, and revealed to the public mind the fact of an actual design to dissolve the Union." (Benton's Thirty Years in the U. S. Senate, p. 143.)

The covert operations of subtle, undermining logic toward the citadel of our liberties were met, and the constitution defended, in the Senate chamber, with a vigor of intellect that won for its champion the proud title of its expounder, and the decision of debate was assured by a display of national force commanded by a resolute executive. Thus the more bold and determined attempt of the conspiracy signally failed; and our people rested securely on their faith in those immortal words, "The Union—it must and shall be preserved."

There was yet left untried one means by which the Union might be dissolved—no appeal from the fiat of Jackson and the overwhelming sanction of the popular voice—the appeal to the God of battles.

**THE THIRD ACT.**

To introduce the grand movement of that last swelling act required long preparation. The triumphant actors in the former scenes must pass from the field. The patriotic traditions of early sacrifices in the cause of our country must partially die out. Time must be given for the presumed influence of the commerce of the North, in corroding the public heart to do its public work; and wealth, with its attendant luxury, must enervate the people, and lead them to prize peace more than honor or the principles of the government cemented by the blood of their fathers, and cause those first made bankrupt in public spirit and public virtue and valor, to fear at last the bankruptcy of the only thing preserved by them—their commercial credit.

While these influences were operating to enervate—as was supposed—for warlike measures, the non-abolishing states of the Union, the area of slavery must be extended and its outposts strengthened. The importance of its staple product, already great, must be magnified to a ruling power. A hostile spirit must be nourished by fancied wrongs, and its appetite

for deeds of ferocity whetted by the occasional lynching of northern men, called, by way of accusation and sufficient for warrant of execution, "abolitionists." Books for the young, to circulate south of Mason and Dixon's line, must be expurgated of every sentiment that might nurture the natural aspirations of youth for liberty. Literature must be exercised of its free spirit. The newspaper press must be taught that the limits of its freedom were to be determined by the alleged necessities of slavery. Every right of speech and locomotion, although guaranteed throughout our entire domain by our constitutional right of a national citizenship—must be made subservient to the party who maintained negro slavery throughout the southern portion of the republic. They must strew the highways and byways of the nation with the peculiarly explosive gunpowder of their "domestic institution," and every citizen whose domicile happened to be in the North must walk the national highways barefooted, lest he should be charged with an attempt to fire the southern magazine, at the same time keeping his mouth closed, lest a southern negro should happen to have his ears open. Ignorance, violence and tyranny must become the rule of the region covered by the plan of the conspiracy; while effeminacy, timidity and a spirit of humiliation, under the name of compromise, must become general in the North and govern in our national councils. We must become the slaves of slavery.

Our history during the last thirty years shows what a consolidated interest, directed unscrupulously towards an object constantly in view, may accomplish. The thorough transformation and demoralization of our people and government was, by the aid of party machinery and the corruptions of place, nearly accomplished in our generation. All was accomplished except the extinction of northern courage and devoted loyalty to the constitution. And these only appeared in this last extremity of danger, when the conspirators stood in arms at the gates of the capital. As to the surviving of those qualities, the conspirators were evidently misled. They supposed even those dead. And certainly, many of our public men stood like monuments marking the corrupted habitations of departed spirit and principles, in attestation of the truth of their supposition. When we had suffered quite everything to be lost that the constitution was founded to preserve; when we had made war on Mexico, if not for the purpose, at least with the effect, of aggrandizing the power that was secretly seeking the overthrow of our free institutions; when we had submitted to the repeal of settlements that had acquired by time a character akin to the constitution; when we had been quietly coupled in the leash with the southern blood-hound to catch their fugitive negroes, and lose in the race our own manhood; when we had permitted for many years the government to be administered by those whose traditional policy was to weaken its foundations, why should the conspirators fear that we would arouse from our indifference when they should proceed to the last act, and with an army of fifty thousand men in the field, declare the overthrow of the government and the demolition of the constitution?

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The curtain has risen on the third act of the drama. Conspiracy has reached its culmination in war. Treachery, theft, perjury, slavery, have all confederated together, and impudently declare to Christendom that what it has stamped as crime shall be the "corner-stone of a new nation," which armed treason shall construct out of the ruins of our constitutional government. The drama deepens to its tragedy, as the first droppings of blood fall which precede the storm and fury of war. Shall we permit constitutional liberty to perish? While we write, a half million of men stand ready for the dread arbitrament of law; the blessings of liberty and the reign of order, let this generation move on and discharge the debt they owe to the past, while they pay again the price of this holy heritage for their posterity; enriching it by valor, and honoring it by sacrifices, that shall add the halo of new martyrs to its traditional glory.

**Circumlocution.**  
A few days since, an uneducated darkey waited upon a certain military gentleman with a bill of \$1.15 for washing done at the camp hospital in a circus, which after undergoing a longer scrutiny by the officer, was returned with the following explanation, which the astonished son of Ethiopia listened to with an equal amount of wonder and perplexity:  
"This bill," said the gentleman, "will first have to be sent to the Quartermaster-General at Washington, and he will report to the Adjutant-General, who will lay it before the Secretary of War for his approval. The Adjutant-General, if it will be sent to the Auditor of State, who will approve of it and send it to the Secretary of the Treasury, who will at once dispatch an order to the Collector of this port to pay the bill."  
The darkey relieved himself of a long-drawn sigh. "Then, massa," he remarked, "dat 'nigger gumbion yon speaks of pays for de washing, does he?"  
"No," continued the other, "he will hand it to the Quartermaster; but as there is no such officer hereat present, some proper person must be selected for that purpose, who shall be appointed by the Secretary of War, under direction of the President, and his appointment must be approved by the Senate. Congress not being in session now, the commission cannot be issued until after it meets. When this commission is received, the Quartermaster will show it to the Collector and demand the funds. The collector, when he will examine your bill, and, if correct, he will pay it, you giving your receipt."  
The unfortunate nigger first scratched his head, then shook it, and finally said, "I guess I'll hab to let dis washing slide, but it am de last job I doo for Uncle Sam—ah!"

**Marryat, in his "Jutland and the Danish Isles,"** tells a curious story of an engagement between a Danish vessel and an English privateer, which terminated rather more joyously than such encounters are apt to do. When the war broke out between Denmark and Sweden, as it invariably did some fifty times in the course of each century, the English demanded permission to enter the royal navy, and was at once appointed to the command of a vessel called the *Worm*, bearing four guns. Endless are the anecdotes related of his daring. On one occasion he met with an English privateer. "If that frigate were Swedish," he exclaimed, "I should like it; but the English have too much practice and light too well for me to hope for any easy conquest." The vessel captured, and a hard-fought battle ensued, such as always takes place, and will take place, when Danes and English meet in naval warfare. "I have no more powder," cried Tenkildsen; so he sent a flag of truce on board, requesting the English captain to lend him some, that he might continue the battle; or, if he would not, begging him to come on board and receive the respect due to so gallant an enemy. The Englishman declined, as they drank to each other from their respective vessels, and cheers arose from the Danes as the captain raised their glasses, vociferously returned by the delighted British sailors.

During the Revolutionary War, two brothers from one of the eastern ports were commanders of privateers. They cruised together, and were once successfully doing great damage to the enemy and making money for themselves. One evening, being in the latitude of the shoals of Nantucket, but many miles to the eastward of them, they spotted a large British vessel having the appearance of a merchantman, and made towards her; but, to their astonishment, found her a frigate in disguise. A very high breeze prevailing, they backed off in a different direction. One only could be pursued, and the frigate gained rapidly on him. Finding that he could not run away, he had recourse to stratagem. Suddenly he heeled in sail and all hands were employed with setting poles, as if shoving his vessel off a bank. The people on board the frigate, amazed at the supposed danger they had run, and to save themselves from being grounded, immediately called out their guns, not knowing Yankee to "make himself scarce," and, as soon as might rendered it prudent, he hoisted sail in a sea two hundred fathoms deep.

A friend of ours has a dog which he says used to be very smart. He was never beat except once, said he.  
One day he started a bear—a regular monster. He put right straight off, and the dog after him, and I brought up the rear. They were soon out of sight, and I followed a mile or so and came out on a clearing, where there was a log had and a feller settin' out 'n smoking as comfortable as possible.  
"Did you see anything of a dog or 'bear goin' by here?" sez I to the feller.  
"Yes, I did," sez he.  
"And how were they?"  
"Well, sez he, taking his pipe out 'n drawing his sleeve across his face, "there is about nip and tattle, though I think the dog had a little the advantage."  
"How was that?" sez I.  
"Well, he was about his length ahead."

The pitch to which the spirit of gambling will sometimes reach is strikingly illustrated in an anecdote told by Walpole in one of his letters of an incident at White's Chocolate House—a famous gambling establishment in London. As soon as the door, and was carried in, the club immediately drank bet whether he was dead or not; and when they were going to beat him, the wagers for his death interposed, saying it would afford the fairest of the bet!

Why is an editor like the book of Revelations? Because he is full of "types and characters," and a mighty voice, and the sound of many waters, is ever saying to him, Write.  
"Tommy," says an old-fashioned blacksmith, "A clock has two legs." "From the top," sez he, "the case it stretches from pole to pole."

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