

DES ARC CITIZEN.

VOLUME 1.

DES ARC, MARCH 8, 1866.

NUMBER 3.

THE DES ARC CITIZEN.

Poe & Balding,
PROPRIETORS.

TERMS—\$3 50 PER ANNUM
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One square (10 lines of this size type) for
one insertion, \$1; each additional insertion,
75 cents.

	1 mo	3 mo	6 mo	1 year
1 Square	\$3 00	\$8 00	\$12 00	\$20 00
2 Squares	6 00	11 00	17 00	30 00
3 Squares	9 00	16 00	25 00	40 00
4 Squares	12 00	21 00	33 00	50 00
5 Squares	15 00	26 00	40 00	60 00
6 Squares	18 00	31 00	47 00	70 00

Advertisers by the year will be restricted
to their legitimate business.

Personal communications charged double
the rates of regular advertisements.

Legal advertisements will be charged, for
one square or less, first insertion \$1, and 75
cents per square for each additional insertion.

Announcing candidates for State and Dis-
trict offices, \$7; County offices, \$5; Township
offices, \$3; invariably in advance.

Calls on persons to become candidates are
charged the usual rates, except when persons
making the calls are subscribers to our paper.
Payment in advance.

Advertisements not ordered for a specified
time, will be inserted till forbidden, and
charged for accordingly.

All advertising to be paid for quarterly.

Our Job Printing Department.

We have supplied ourselves with a good
assortment of Printing Material and are
ready to execute all kinds of Job Printing,
on reasonable terms.

We are prepared to print Pamphlets, Cata-
logues, Posters, large or small, Cards, Ball
Tickets, Bill Heads, Blanks of every descrip-
tion, for Clerks, Sheriffs, Justices of the
Peace, Constables, &c.

THE CITIZEN BOOK

JOB OFFICE IS NOW IN OPERATION!

ALL KINDS OF BLANKS

PRINTED ON SHORT NOTICE AND IN THE Best Style of Art

AT THE LOWEST RATES, FOR CASH.

GIVE US A CALL AND WE WILL GUAR- antee entire satisfaction.

POE & BALDING, R. G. GILL & CO., DEALERS IN STAPLE and FANCY DRY GOODS, Ready-Made Clothing, Hats, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, Hardware, Hollow Ware, Queensware, &c.

ALSO, KEEP A FULL SUPPLY OF Fam- ily Groceries and PLANTATION SUPPLIES constantly on hand. Will pay the highest market price for Cot- ton, Dry Hides and Products of all kinds.

SPRING.

BY LUDWIG TIECK—1773.

Look all around thee! How the spring ad-
vances!
Now life is playing through the gay green
trees;
See how, in yonder bower, the light leaf
dances
To the bird's tread and to the quivering
breeze!

How every bosom in the sun-light glances!
The winter frost to his dark cavern flees,
And earth, warm-wakened, feels through
every vein
The kindling influence of the vernal rain.

Now silvery streamlets from the mountain
stend,
Dance joyously the verdant vales along;
Cold fear no more the songsters' tongue is
sealing,
Down in the thick, dark grove is heard his
song;
And all their bright and lovely hues reveal-
ing,
A thousand plants, the field and forest's
through;
Light comes upon the earth in radiant show-
ers,
And mingling rainbows play among the flow-
ers.

Bill Ayr to Mr. Tammany Hall,
MILLEBURYVILLE, Feby. 1866.

DEAR TAMMANY:—You are a glorious
old fellow. You've got a heart—a great
big heart—and if you were here I would
exclaim in the language of my uncle Bil-
ly, "put your hand in mine, honey, and
kiss me." We are whipt at last, old Tam-
many. We're reb's are conquered, subdued
and subjugated, not by bayonets or bullets,
but by your friendly overtures, your manly
speeches, You and Sunny South Cox
and Company have captured us, taken us
prisoners, and we are now as docile as we
have been hostile. Didnt I tell you that
we would meet you on half way ground?
Didnt we stretch forth our arms for sym-
pathy, and wasent we about to turn away
in defiance and despair for the want of it?

We spread the mantle of oblivion over the
past. If you of the South have the spirit
to accept of us of the North have the heart
to tender you the offices of kindness. We
will help you plant again the seed whose
perfect leaves, flowers and fruits shall be
yours with ours to enjoy.

Did Mr. Cox say that, old Tammany,
and did you clap your hands and say "ong-
khore?"

We are to-day arrayed against the con-
tention concerning the black race, and are
looking forward to the white race for the
we fare and greatness of our country.
And didnt you say that, too, old Tam-
many? and didnt all hands jeshibe and
exclaim "that's it, them's 'em, that's the
doctrine, the nigger may be a big fish, but
the white man is a whale." And didnt
you all take another drink on that Mr.
Tammany? Wish some of us reb's had been
there, old fel, jest to have teched tumbler
with you. Thank the Lord that there are
good men North of Dixey. There's a
heap of 'em here, Mr. Hall, and their
hearts are a jumpin and a bumpin and a
thumpin as big as yours. Their hearts
were castles, and their buzzins sitadels,
but you have taken 'em. Dont be alarm-
ed, dont reseed, dont take back nuthin;
be kalm and serene, and we of the rebel-
lious South will wipe out the last spark of
hatred to such as you. We are now wipin
away the curses that were upon our lips.
We are risin up from our humiliation, and
like strong men are shakin the dust from
our garments. Think of it, Tammany.

What a glorious sight to see a brave
people lifted up—a whole nation of white
folks rekonised. What spirit, what gosh,
what inspiration told you how to reach us?
How did you know that we was weak where
we was strong, in the same secret corner of
our buzzins?
You've got us Tammany and we'll re-
spond to you, we'll reinforce you. We've
said some hard things Mr. Hall; we've
tried to skorch, and blister and excoriate,
but you see we were goaded, gored by
bulls—Trumbulls and Republican bulls.
They bellered and we pawed dirt. They
punched us in the cage, and we growled.
They put tax under our saddles and we
kicked. What else could we do? Jest
think of it, Tammany. Ruined and deso-
late, the people in mournin and their
houses in ashes—no luxuries, no comforts,
no christmas worth a cuss, no Santa Claws,
no nuthin. Could we lick the hand that
laid us low?—nary time—no, never. While
we was strugglin to rise from out the
wreck, to breathe the air above us, to take
an invoice and see if there was enuf left to
live for, our enemies were a shoutin hit
him, kick him, mash him, smash him
again.

We were then at the bottom, Tammany.

We didnt know there was any lower deep,
but our enemies were huntin, and they
still are huntin some deeper pit to put us
in, and some pendulum of Poe to swing and
cut us. Well we aint heathens, we've
been to meatin, we've seen missionaries,
we've got churches and sermons; and hymn
books and prayers. We've got pious old
men and wimmen, and brave boys, and
maidens who are finished all the way up
like the corners of a temple. God bless
em, Tammany, partickler them last, for in
connection with them are centred the hopes
of posterity and the joys of our life.
We've all got hearts, old Tammany, and
there's many a good Samaritan among us
who wouldnt pass you by and go over on
the other side. We've got charity too,
and long suffering, and patience, and hope
in abundance, though we cant believe them
Radicals will walk right straight into
heaven without knockin at the door. That
doctrine of elekion is a powerful thing,
Tammany, but as shore as you are born it
looks sorter unconstitutional to us for them
fellers to enter the celestial city. They
may pass amendments enuf to do it, and I
reckon that's why they are a tinkerin at
the old dokument so long; but some how or
other when I hear one of em a dyin, my
my thoughts maternally have a downward
tendency. I cant help it Tammany.

But maybe we'll get over sich feelins
My wife says we will *atechille*. We are
all right towards you, old Hall, and our
Legislature have been tryin for about two
months to harmonize things generally, and
any reasonable man ought to be satisfied
with the efforts they have made. But we
cant satisfy them Radicals, I dont care
what we do. We elected Mr. Stevens and
Hershel Johnson to the Senate, and they
are mad about that. They wanted Josh
Hill and Jeems Johnson because they was
Union. Well now; Mr. Tammany, its
better always to take men who have done
sumthin than men who have done nuthin.
Mr. Hill delivered his farewell address be-
fore he was bet, and he said he would like
to know why we sing hosanna to Andy
Johnson, who fout agin us, and yet we
went elct him who didnt. That's what's
the matter Joshua, if I may be allowed to
apostrophize you, you didnt take no side at
all. You say you can take the fast oath
and git in. Well I dont see how exaktry.
You run for Governor in sixty-three, and
you writ a letter agin reconstruction and
compared the old union to a porcelain vase
that was broke, and couldnt never be
mended agin—no never.

And dont you know if you'd been elct-
ed you would have had to take the oath
of office, and be swore to support the Con-
stitution of the Confederate States so call-
ed, now deceased. But you are smart
Joshua, and it was funny what you said to
the General that night, when he axed you
if you would have taken that oath. You
pansed Joshua for nearly a minet. It was
a mighty tight question, considerin the por-
celain vase that was broke. I dont blame
you for pansin, my friend. Finally says
you, "Well—general—I—I—didnt—
nuth—expect—to—be—elcted." Bally
for you, Joshua. But now about that
see saw business you spoke of, you said in
your speech that you was playin see-saw in
politic, and if your end of the plank went
down in Georgy it would go up in Wash-
ington, by which I suppose you meant that
you was ready to swap ends jest to suit
your peculiar serkumstance; and that's
what's the matter agin Joshua. You have
been see-sawin too long and changin ends
too often. Twasent no time to be swap-
pin hoses my friend.

But see here Joshua, Mr. Marshall may
be a clever reporter, but he treated you
badly. He's left out a heap of your
speech. He aint had printed that see
saw figer at all, and it was I assure you a
most beautiful metafor of speech. And
hes left out them little sparks of Southern
patriotism which you emitted. Howson
ever, may be these things would have been
in the way of the Washington and of the
see saw. I'll tell you my friend, where
you wasted time in your remarks. You
said that if we didnt elct you now we
might want you hereafter, and then we
couldnt git you. Dont worry yourself on
our akount. Dont cross the bridge be-
fore you git to it. It will be time enuf,
Joshua, for you to refuse, when we ax you.
We havent been ruinin you down to give
you offis, and we aint a goin to. Do you
see saw away on your plank and take good
care that you dont fall off. Your speech
was sorter spiteful Joshua, and if reduced
to its gun would read about thus: "Boys
Im a whale, I am, and Im a prophet, and
if you dont elct me to the Senate I'll go
to Washington and give you the devil."

Well, we didnt elct him, Mr. Tam-
many, and the devil may come. In the lan-
gwage of Patrick Henry, "let him come"—
I repeat it sur, "let him come." There
was another candidate, Mr. Hall, whose
name was Jeems Johnson. Well, I like
Jeems purty well. He didnt run nobody
down, nor put on airs. I mout have voted
for him if he had lived in the State, and I
hadent liked Hershel better. The truth
is, I was partial to Jeems for his "old lang
sine." He was a powerful war-horse in
sixty-one, How glorious he figered at the
Columbus war meetins. He encouraged
the boys amazin, and he beat anybody a
gitlin volunteers. How proud we was of
him that night, when he and Colonel Sims
made friends on the stand, and the Colo-
nel pind a secession cockade upon Jeems
coat-collar. He then got inspired, and
spoke for two hours in words that breathe
of ditches and deaths, and was full of the
spirit of '76. His watch word were "*Ben-
ning and secession*," and he voted for em
both. Oh, hes a whale in getting up a
war. Alas! he were *sik semper* then, but
he are *sik transit* now. So mote it be.
Mr. Tammany; I couldnt help it. How-
samer; it dont matter much, I reckon,
for we've got another Johnson, and they
are a high-roosting family, shore.

Now you understand the trouble, Mr.
Tammany, about this elekion. We was
huntin for two full blooded Union men
who could find their way to Washington
and back without a way-bill, and we
couldnt find em. They aint in the State,
I tell you. So we fell back upon the old
land marks, we are ridin the old wagon
hoses, and our opinion is, that Andy
would raise any row in partiklar about it.
If he does, we dont care a darn.

Yours truly,
BILL ARP.

P. S.—I'm gitting to be highly loyal,
Mr. Hall, I know I am; for a feller tried
to sell me a nigger to-day, and I wouldnt
buy him. I heard of a bill that's comin
up to bind out the niggers for 99 years,
and I'm agin it. Darned if I'll vote for
more than 50. You can tell Thad. Ste-
vens of these hopeful sigus.
B. A.

The London News (which favored the
North during the war) says:
It really does not seem worth while to
make an exception of harshness to the
prejudice of Capt. Semmes. If Capt.
Semmes is to be tried and punished for
these now exceedingly stale charges, while
a generous clemency has been shown to
many who were so much more formidable
than he, it will dispose the uncharitable
to conclude that the Federals can forgive
anything, no matter how closely it touches
their patriotism and the national honor
and security, provided only that it does
not touch their pockets and their material
interests, and that this and this alone is in
their eyes the unpardonable sin. Capt.
Semmes really did nothing against the ar-
mies or fleets of the United States, and so
far as the issue of the war was concern-
ed, he and the Alabama might just as well
never have been in existence at all.

He destroyed a good many merchant-
men, but we can hardly suppose that these
were dearer to the heart of Americans
than the Union, against which the states-
men and the military chiefs, and the armies
that have already been amsted, had
done so much, while Capt. Semmes had
actually done nothing. Not that the work
he did was at all insignificant in itself;
quite the reverse; but it was insignificant
compared with what was done, so far as
the safety of the Union and the destruc-
tion of the lives of the Federals are con-
cerned, by the least of the Confederate
Generals. Perhaps the chief fault of Capt.
Semmes, but for which only the Confed-
eracy had it survived, could have called
him to account, was his jeopardising and
losing the one efficient cruiser of the South
in a battle with a man-of-war belonging to
an enemy in possession of a large fleet of
ironclads.

During desert, a bottle of Constantia
was produced, which for age and flavor was
supposed to be matchless. It was liquid gold
in a crystal flagon a ray of the sun descend-
ing into a goblet, it was nectar which was worthy
of Jove, and in which Bacchus would have
revelled. The noble head of the House
of Russell himself helped his guest to a glass of
this choice wine, and De Grammont on tasting
it declared it to be excellent. The Duke of
Bedford, anxious to judge of its quality,
poured out a glass, which no sooner ap-
proached his lips than, with a horrible con-
tortion he exclaimed, "Why, what on earth is
this? The butler approached, took the bottle,
applied it to his nostrils, and to the dismay of
his master pronounced it to be castor oil."
Drafts on my Memory, by Lord W. P. Lennox.

How MEN 'BUST UP.'—Men with un-
assuming wives never fail. It is the hus-
band of such women as Mrs. Dash and
Lady Brilliant who find themselves face to
face with the Sheriff and certain mysteri-
ous documents adorned with red tape and
a wafer big enough for target exercise.
The desire of a New York feminine is to
outshine her neighbors—not in mental ac-
quirements, but in gingerbread ornaments
and gold-edged scuttles. If Mrs. Dash
gets up a game supper—woodcocks stuffed
with gold dust—Lady Brilliant takes the
wind out of her sails by getting up another,
in which the prevailing dish will be birds
of paradise swimming in gravy made of
melted pearls. It is this rivalry, and not
dabbling in railroad stocks, that bring ru-
ination to the fast men of Wall street. The
"ill fortunes" of which they so much com-
plain, it is no more nor less than a brailess
wife. If they would come back to happi-
ness, they must direct their attention, not
to the fluctuations of the stock market, but
the ruinous absurdities of their own fire
sides. Thousand dollar repast dont pay
while the merchant who purchases one
hundred dollar handkerchiefs for a "duck
of a wife," should not wonder if the time
eventually comes when a "goose of a
husband," will lack shirts, or be ill sup-
plied with them.

WHAT YOUNG PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW.
The best inheritance which parents can
give their children is the ability to help
and take care of themselves. This is bet-
ter than a hundred thousand dollars a
piece. In any trouble or difficulty, they
have two excellent servants in the shape
of two hands. Those who can do nothing
and have to be waited on, are helpless and
easily disheartened in the misfortunes of
life. Those who are active and hardy
meet troubles with a cheerful face and
easily surmount them. Let young peo-
ple, therefore, learn to do as many things
as possible. Every boy should know how,
sooner or later:
1. To dress himself, black his own boots,
cut his brother's hair, wind a watch, sew
on a button, make a bed, and keep the
clothes in order.
2. To harness a horse, grease a wagon,
and harness a team.
3. To carve and wait on table.
4. To milk the cows, shear the sheep,
and dress a veal or mutton.
5. To reckon money and keep accounts
correctly, and according to good book-
keeping rules.
6. To write a neat appropriate, briefly
expressed business letter, in a good hand,
fold and superscribe it properly, and write
properly.
7. To plow, sow grain or grass, drive a
mowing machine, build a neat stack, and
pitch hay.
Every girl should know how:
1. To sew and knit.
2. To mend clothes neatly.
3. To make beds.
4. To dress her own hair.
5. To wash the dishes and sweep the
carpets.
6. To make good bread, and perform all
plain cooking.
7. To keep her rooms, drawers and closets
in order.
8. To work a sewing machine.
9. To make good butter and cheese.
10. To make a dress, and children's
clothing.
11. To keep accounts and calculate inter-
est.
12. To write fold and superscribe letters
properly.
13. To nurse the sick efficiently, and
not faint at sight of a drop of blood.
14. To be ready to render efficient aid
and comfort to those in trouble, and in an
unostentatious way.
15. To receive and entertain visitors, in
the absence or sickness of her mother.
A young lady who can do all these
things well, and who is always ready to
render aid to the afflicted and mitigate the
perplexities of those around her, will bring
more comfort to others and happiness to
herself, and be more esteemed than if she
only knew how to dance, simmer, sing and
play on the guitar or piano.

Who was the first post-boy? Cadmus,
he carried letters from Phoenicia to Greece.
The household furniture of a deceased
barister was being sold in a country town,
when one neighbor remarked to another, that
the stock of goods and chattels appened to
be extremely scanty, considering the rank of
the late owner. "It is so," was the reply;
"but the fact is, he had very few causes, and
therefore could not have many effects."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

When a witty English Government
defaulter, after his recall, was asked, on his
arrival home, if he left India on account of
the state of his health, he replied: "They say
there's something wrong in the chest."

In a large party one evening, the con-
versation turned upon young men's allowance
at college. Tom Sheridan lamented the ill-
judging parsimony of many parents in that
respect. "I am sure, Tom," said his father,
"you need not complain; I always allowed
you eight hundred a year." "Yes, father I
must confess you allowed it, but then it was
never paid."

At the President's last reception, a pec-
uliar style of wearing the hair among the
ladies was a subject of much comment, and
the remarks were, for the most part; altogeth-
er in its favor, as a becoming substitute for
the waterfall. The hair was allowed to fall
its full length, without fetter or bond of any
description, and was thought by many to be
the most graceful style the everchanging em-
press, Fashion, has yet presented to public
patronage.

An exchange paper tells the following
anecdote of a college student who was dis-
tinguished for his address in evading the
writing of themes, and palming off the cur-
rency of others as his legal "tender." One
evening he read a theme of unusual merit;
but the professor, as he sat down in the
pride of conscious excellence, asked, "Is that origi-
nal?" "Yes, sir," said the student, "Are
you sure of it?" queried the professor, doubt-
ingly. "Why, yes, sir," replied the student,
with imperturbable gravity; "it had 'original'
over it in the paper I took it from."

A MUSICAL BLOW-UP.—The Rev. Mr.
B— when residing at Canterbury some
years ago, was reckoned a good violinello
player. His sight being dim, obliged him
very often to sniff the candles, and in lieu of
sniffers he generally employed his fingers in
that office, thrusting the spoils into the sound-
holes of the violinello. A waggish friend of
his popped a quantity of gunpowder into
B—'s instrument. The tea equipage be-
ing removed, music became the order of the
evening, and B— dashed away at Vau-
hall's 26th. B— came to a bar's rest, the
candles were snuffed, and he thrust the igni-
ted wick into the usual place—*fit fragor*, and
bang went the fiddle to pieces.

Charles Fox used to brag that he
could go lightly shod in wet weather without
getting cold, and with much good humor told
the following incident. Walking in Oxford
street he found a tug at his pocket-handker-
chief, and seized the culprit in the very act of
abstraction. On getting to the police station
he asked the fellow whether anything in his
face procured him the honor of being selected
for the attempt. "Why, sir, your face is
well enough; but, noticing you wear thin
shoes on the slushy pavement, I at once set
you down for a Tom Noddy."

ORIGIN OF CERTAIN HABITS.—Many of the
most pernicious habits were contracted origi-
nally for the sake of health. Wine and dis-
tilled liquors are taken to strengthen; to-
bacco, opium and hashish to relieve low spirits;
card playing to amuse. But, too often, the
persons who innocently acquire such habits
know not how to limit the extent of the indul-
gence, or to abandon them entirely when
found to be prejudicial. The dose of excite-
ment must be increased; habit exerts its
sway; we are enclosed in its net, and happy
is he who is able with resolute effort to ex-
tricate himself from it.

The following was Boulton's reply when
asked by King George III. what he had been
doing. It appears that he had been accus-
tomed to supply the king with articles of
ornolu, but ceased to show himself at Court
when he gave up that branch of manufacture
on entering into partnership with Watt.
Some time after he appeared at the Royal
Lace, and was at once recognized by the King.
"Ha! Boulton," said he, "it is long since we
have seen you at Court. Pray what business
are you now engaged in?" "I am engaged,
your Majesty, in the production of a commodi-
ty which is the desire of Kings. "And what
is that? What is that?" asked the King.
"Power, your Majesty, replied Boulton, who
preceeded to give a description of the great
uses to which the steam engine was, capable
of being applied.

COMPLEX RELATIONSHIP.—A corpse-
rent of Harper's Monthly is involved in de-
licate perplexities. He writes:

I got acquainted with a young widow, who
lived with her step-daughter in the same
house. I married the widow; my father fell
shortly after it, in love with the step-daughter
of my wife, and married her. My wife be-
came the mother-in-law and also the daughter-
in-law of my own father; my wife's step-
daughter is my step-mother, and I am the
step-father of my mother-in-law. My step-
mother, who is the step-daughter of my wife,
has a boy; he is naturally my step-brother,
but because he is the son of my wife's step-
daughter, so is my wife the grand-mother of
the little boy, and I am the grand-father of
my step-brother. My wife has also a boy;
my step-mother is consequently the step-sis-
ter of my boy, and is also his grandmother,
because he is the child of her step-son; and
my father is the brother-in-law of my son,
because he has got his step-sister for a wife.
I am the brother of my own son, who is the
son of my step-mother; I am the brother-in-
law of my mother, my wife is the aunt of her
own son, my son is the grand-son of my father,
and I am my own grandfather.