

TO MY MOTHER.

[Enclosed in envelope.]
Address of the Democratic Standing Committee of Berks County.

It was the hour of prayer—and the rich swell
Of music floated by, as soft in tone
As moonlight water, in the lonely dell,
Or her sweet voice I loved in days by-gone.
I heard the book of truth, in whose pure page
My soul was lit, in happier hours, to read
Of him, who surely born the scion of a sage
To save mankind—to win the Clash'd Irons o'er
And, in fancy, knelt beside the keto.
My own dear mother—then I thought of thee!

Lived among the voices dead—and then
The sound of all the Bells of the Sabbath era.
There comes another lone, to breathe a prayer.
She leaves o'er her first-born's grave, and leaves
These mornings, which none but she could tell
With tears, and tokens of a mother's fondness—
And when a raw, how deeply and how well
She loved—how true was her heart's tenderness—
And left behind her, moving again;

Her dearest mother! did I think of thee.

The lightning's gathering shuns its stealing now,
Like the faint visions of a bright dream; [now,
O'er] Jesus' gentle bosom, and o'er the mountain's
The lightning's gleaming on the gentle streams—
His heart is dancing on the shore;

And I once more, stand at that heathen—

That holy spot which I may see no more,
My child's home—a home of joyous mirth,
Where I have revolved in my joyful gloe—
Yes, mother! can I think of none but thee?

And then will someone think, full well I ken,
O'er whom a far, beloved mother!

I'll go lightly in thy thought; and when,
In broken speech, my blighted younger brother
Died for one, who in his earliest year,

Our father beside his couch, that it think again
With healing breast, and with a trembling tear,
How thy tried love for me will e'er remain,

Sighed deep within thy poor heart's memory;

Ay, mother!—then thy thon' shill be of me!

Humorous and Sententious.

THIS SHORT WAY.—Some twelve years ago, Napoleon, Indiana, was celebrated for two things, one for the carousing propensities of its inhabitants, and the other for the great number of the cross roads in its vicinity. It appears that an Eastern collector had stopped at Dayton to spend the night and gain some information respecting his future course. During the evening he became acquainted with an old drover who was pretty well posted as to the geography of the country, and the collector thought he might as well inquire in regard to the best route in different points to which he was destined.

"I wish to go to Greenfield," said the collector, "now, which is the nearest way?"

"Well, sir," said the drover, "you had better go to Napoleon, and take the road leading nearly north."

The traveller noted it down.

"Well, sir, if I should wish to go to Napoleon?"

"Then go to Napoleon, and take the road west."

"Well, if I wish to go to Vernon?"

"Go to Napoleon, and take the road south-west."

"Or to Indianapolis?" added the collector, eyeing the drover closely, and thinking he was imposing on him.

"Go to Napoleon, and take the road northwest."

The collector looked at his note book, every direction had Napoleon on it; he began to feel his mettle rise, and he turned once more to the drover with—

"Suppose, sir, I wanted to go to the devil?"

The drover never smiled, but scratched his head, and after a moment's hesitation said:

"Well, my dear sir, didn't know of any road you could take than to go to Napoleon."

A farmer in Nebraska declares that the thoughtful in his fields are so large as to endanger the life of his entire household. A few days since one of his family had by means of a rope-ladder, climbed to the top of a tremendous squash, when he was seized with a rheumatism, and falling off, fractured both his arms, broke his leg, and hurt himself besides.

A Yankee down east, has invented a machine for corking up daylight, which will tightly screw up doors. He covers the interior of a flour barrel with shoemaker's wax—folds it open to the sun, then suddenly beats up the barrel. The light sticks to the wax, and at night can be cut out and sold in "bits" to suit purchasers."

"Uncle," has old Mr. Jones joined the Quakers?"

"I don't know, indeed. Why do you ask the question?"

"Because I heard him using plain language yesterday."

"What did he say?"

"He called another man a good-for-nothing scamp."

"My dear," said Mrs. Dogberry to her daughter, "you should not hold your dress so high in crossing the street."

"Then th—" replied the maiden, "how shall I ever show the beauty of my flounced petticoats that I have almost ruined my eyesight to make? I'm sure I don't care if the beauz do look at me!"

Lawyers, according to Martial, are "those who bite out their words and anger." Their words are very costly, although intrinsically they often resemble the darky's expletive, which "didn't amount to any particular sum."

"My wife is very attentive to the pigs," said a gentleman the other day, in the presence of several ladies.

"This accounts for her attachment to you, responded one of the fair damsels.

Pretty sharp joking, that.

A very small patter of a man lately sold the hand of a fine, buxom girl. "Oh, no," said the fair lady, "I can't think of it for a moment. The fact is, John, you are a little too big to put into a cradle, and we're too small to take to bed."

"G'day Ma," said a little boy in church, "will that woman go to Heaven any sooner than you, 'cause she's got a pew all to herself?"

THE UTTERMOST CAPACITY OF AN ACRE.

We call the attention of the Democracy of Centre County to the following Address of the Democratic Standing Committee of Berks County, urging upon the party the necessity of an immediate and thorough organization. The next campaign will be one of the greatest importance, and it behoves the Democracy of Centre to be up in arms and prepared for the contest. Let the County be thoroughly organized and exert all their means to harmonize all conflicting views, and rally themselves under the glorious banner of Democracy, to fight for the interests of the Country and the Constitution. The Address contains very good suggestions, and we submit it to the consideration of the party.

DEMOCRATS OF BERKS.—The election is over, and you have triumphed gloriously. Abolitionism, Know-Nothingism, Main Law and all the isms are routed and overthrown by the invincible Democracy and their patriotic allies. You have overwhelmed the enemies of the Constitution and the Union. You have defeated them in detail and in fusion; and the glorious old Keystone stands once more before the country regenerated and redeemed, the conservator of the Constitution and the Union. Berks has done well, but she can do better; in view of the great battle to be fought in November, 1856; the election of the 6th October just past, but a skirmish. Your enemies have already taken the field for that fiercer coming contest. You have no time to lose; to be ready in October and November, 1856, you must begin now. This coming contest will be one purely of principles and measures; principles no less important than the Constitution and its guarantees of religious freedom and equal political rights to every American citizen, no matter where born; the faithful execution of all laws passed in accordance with the provisions of that sacred instrument; to secure the rights of all, without regard to section or locality; the sovereignty of the people in the States; and in the Territories, in administering their own government, enacting their own laws, framing and moulding their own institutions, in their own way, subject only to the Constitution, without interference or intervention by Congress at any time; and the admission of new States into the Union without injury to that body even from those institutions, beyond the simple requisites of that Constitution. These are some of the principles involved in the coming issue. They are to be maintained by the national Democracy of this Union, under its regular organization; and, however, by the patriotic spirit of the country, and the collector thought he might as well inquire in regard to the best route in different points to which he was destined.

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TO THE CITIZENS OF CENTRE CO.—

THE DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN,
BELLFONTE, CENTRE COUNTY, PA.

HOW SKLDM, save for the purpose of securing a premium, is the utmost capacity of an acre as to productiveness pit to the test! The prevailing ambition is to go over as much ground as possible or to put in, every year, as many acres of wheat, corn, oats, and other things as possibly can.

This prevailing ambition and practice is kept up, not on the ground of any rational theory or any practical demonstration of its superiority, but mainly in virtue of the success, the surest and most certain guarantee of future prosperity, and that they are entitled to insure dignified position and character to our Government.

The majority of farmers, however, are particularly to the support of our Democratic brethren of Centre County, a few words explanatory of our cause, will be considered of use. Its position will be fully demonstrated by the great living

sculptor—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THE ONLY ENGLISH DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN THE COUNTRY.

The public is respectfully informed that the first number of a new Democratic paper, to be called THE DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN, will be issued in Bellefonte about the 20th of November.

Arrangements are being made for the publication of this new and popular institution for the diffusion of Literature and Art, and the encouragement of American genius has not been overlooked.

It has been brought to many of the most distinguished American Authors, who will contribute some of their best productions. Among them are three Marble Books, executed by the greatest living sculptor—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

JOHN BROWN.

CHARLES L. BROWN.

JOHN BROWN.