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TAKE ME HOME TO DIE.

The land is very bright, Mother,

The flowers are very fair,

There's a smile in the orange grove,

And fragrance in the air;

But take me to my dear old home,

Where the brook goes babbling by;

Let us go back again, Mother,

Oh! let me home to die.

Let my father's hand be laid on me,

In blessing to my head;

Let my mother's arms be round me,

And let me hear her say,

Oh! let me home to die.

Oh! let me feel that loved one near,

Receive my parting breath.

When I bid you all good night, Mother,

And sleep the sleep of death.

These flowers their sweetest breath afford,

From their fragrant breath,

But when they bloom again, Mother,

I shall be cold in death;

Then take me to my dear old home,

Where the brook goes babbling by;

Let us go back again, Mother,

Oh! let me home to die.

As those that bloom upon the bush,

To your old room so near.

They will be blossoming soon, Mother,

Then come; Oh! let me go,

Give me once more its kiss,

Before you lay me low;

You'll lay them on my grave, Mother,

Say, Mother, will you not?

You'll lay me by the mossy bank,

I've told you of the spot.

Dear Mother, I am weeping,

I cannot stop the tears,

They're swelling at the thought of home,

And of my early years;

But I am going faint, Mother;

Oh! take me to your breast,

And let me feel your lips, Mother,

Be my farewell pressed.

There's a disease on my sight, Mother,

I cannot get my breath,

Is it your soul I hear, Mother,

Oh! tell me, is it death?

You'll tell my father, how I yearned,

Once more to see him near;

You'll kiss my brothers' cheeks for me,

They'll forget I fear.

You'll tell my brothers, sister dear,

I have gone up on high,

And if they are good children here,

They'll see me when they die,

I feel I'm going now, Mother,

One kiss ere I'm alive;

Parasol my own dear Mother,

Until we meet in Heaven.

From the National Democratic Review

THE KNOW NOTHING PARTY.

"Opinion an Omnipotence, whose will

Makes the earth with all its races, until right

And wrong are as children, and men grow pale

And their own passions should become too bright

And their feet should be as wings, and earth have

For their own light."

THE WHOLE EARTH IS BEING SHAKEN, AS NEVER

before by the spirit of change. The degen-

eration of the human race is now in its

height. A new era is dawning upon the

world, and the path of rebellion is light-

ed up by the conflagration of Moslem and

Miraf. In Europe, the hypothesis are again

dealing their imperial game of war and peace

that gain in which the privilege and prop-

erty of the many are ruthlessly sacrificed to

the ambition of the few. The story of the

Roman chief is repeated when gold will

not sustain the "balance of power," the

word must be thrown into the scale. While

these events are afloat, while the tidings of

them come to us like the echoes of distant

thunder, they are experienced in its midnight

darkness, as the first of their worship and in-

asmuch as the ghostly Vampire must be

more horrible than the living man, in so

much was the new organization more peril-

ous than its prototype. Every evil and dis-

orderly element was stirred up. The vil-

est fanaticism—the jugglers of politics—who,

for a quarter of a century, had been shuf-

fling about from party to party, and selling

indiscriminately the interests of the country,

the leprosy of society, on whom every door

of respectability had been shut,—these han-

ded together in a league of refuge. The an-

archists, too,—the men whose symbol was

the banner rouge, and whose logic, the knife

—they exulted in the prospect of ruin. Sil-

ently and cunningly their operations were

carried on; and they found abundance of

yielding material. The administration like

all other administrations, gave unavoidable

offense to many of its partisans; when mil-

lions are seeking office, by far the greater

number must, of course, be disappointed;

and while the heart of the rejected applic-

ant was bitter with resentment, the agents of

the secret order were constantly at his side,

dealing him with dreams of retaliation and

personal aggrandizement. Those who had

been injured, or supposed they had been in-

jured, under government influence,—those

who were too indolent to essay the hon-

orable and beaten road to power, and yet too

needy to relinquish their hopes,—those who

had rendered themselves suspected by their

craft, or detestable by their crimes, all

crept eagerly at the last change of repair

their desperate fortunes; and thus were

laid the foundations of the "Know-Nothing

Party." The public good was not taken in-

to consideration; the primary object could

only have been the uplifting of a certain re-

sponsible clique to high and responsible

positions.

It is not strange that this scheme should

have been attempted. It is not strange

that the bankrupt gamblers of politics

should have employed the most outrageous

methods, for the appropriation of the dar-

ling "spoils." When the loss of country

has been allowed up in self-interest of the

individual, man soon becomes capable of the

meanest trickery, and the most daring pro-

ceedings. Truth is One and Indivisible; it

wears not the same face that it has always

worn. Error is multifarious; it changes its

mask at pleasure; and, where it cannot con-

vince the understanding, it not infrequently

beguiles the imagination.

It has been charged against the American

people, that they are easily led astray.—

This very fact is an evidence of their sincer-

ity. They know the value of their institu-

tions; and that knowledge makes them jeal-

ous, even to a fault. Lying on their own

sense of rectitude, they are not apt to pre-

serve a strict watch against imposture; but

when the semblance of imposture has been

pointed out to them, they are heavy in re-

moving it. Hence it is that they often do

too much, over-riding a fancied grievance,

and too little, towards rewarding a

real service. They are almost unerring

in their favor or disfavor, and they rarely be-

come unmasked. Fond of excitement, they

sometimes jump at conclusions, with an uncon-

quering rapidity, devoted to novelty, they

are only too willing to accept on trial the most

unreasonable speculations. But they are an

intelligent people; give them a single clue,

and they will unravel the most tangled web

of sophistry. The solid substratum of hon-

esty underlies their lighter faults and frivol-

ity; and that substratum must eventually

scatter, with the upheaving of an earthquake

the obstructions of the service. It may be

well for the over-rabbers of the present day

to remember, that the most incoherent judg-

ers are, popular generosity overtaken, and

popular confidence abused.

The means of propagating the "Know-

Nothing" humbug were such as might have

been expected from its originators. The

literary efforts of that party will be retained

among the curiosities of future ages. Pres-

ses were cautiously suborned, and suddenly

established. A chain of falsehood, imper-

fect in every link, was forged around the

land. The leaders of the movement had

fully rehearsed their parties; they had ad-

opted every measure to hide their weakness;

they had studied carefully every point of

stage effect. They were worthy disciples of

"the fiend that lies like truth." Accusing

by implication, attacking by hint and insin-

uation, they stood from the first, beyond the

pale of argument. Entirely destitute of

honor, they were better enabled to play

upon the honor of others. They felt the im-

portance of basing their endeavors upon

some broad and general ground—some prin-

ciple in which the most diverse opinions

might be reconciled.

"Some waded—some for the light

Must vindicate the wrong, and wrap the right"

They appealed to no doubtful feeling; they

perverted to their cause the most powerful

principles of our common nature,—the in-

alienity of self-preservation. Their stations

were arrayed, and their sentiments posted;

simultaneously they raised their rallying

cry: "The Republic is in danger!" The

Republic was in danger; but as usual, the

alarm was given by the very incendiaries

who had applied the match.

Whenever dissatisfaction was rife, or pre-

judicial manifest, there the innovators en-

gaged their dogma. They were all things

to all men. At the North, they mounted

the rostrum of Abolitionism and fulminated

against the iniquities of slavery; at the

South, they prattled about the vested rights

of the several States, and declared that those

rights must be supported. "Union or no

Union." Among the moderate of either

section, they preached the doctrine of com-

promise, and deplored the growth of violent

sentiments. Looking upon the religious

world, they saw that the many churches

agreeing in no other particular, were con-

tinued in their hostility to Catholicism; with

intruding perseverance, they rekindled the

flames of ancient hatred; they proclaimed

that the Catholics were paving the way for

Papal encroachments in this country; and

they laid intolerance grid on her offensive

armor. Among the natives of the soil they

lauded the American pride of birth;—"for-

eign influence," they said, "is becoming

everywhere paramount; let us guard against

the influx of emigration." To the young

and unthinking classes they offered fame

and emolument; to the war-work veterans

of party, they held out the brilliant pros-

pect of regenerating the government. What

wonder, then, that their fanatical ardor

have spread so widely! The same shadow

of secrecy that protected them from the

gaze of outsiders, gave them every facility

for deceiving one another; the more distant

branches of the order operated in a profound

ignorance of the doings of their confeder-

ates; and even the lower hierarchy of

the secret meetings; the humblest votary

seemed to be wielding a mightier force than

ever before; and the bar-room politicians

rose to the dignity of statesmen. The cere-

monies of initiation were well calculated to

impress the novice with a sense of awe; one

by one, he subscribed to the articles of the

new creed; he professed his conviction that

"Know-Nothingism" was identical with

patriotism, and pledged himself, by the most

solemn oaths, to its service. From that mo-

ment, his moral power of resistance was lost.

He surrendered his personal judgment, as

the price of admission; and, in exact pro-

portion to his honesty of purpose, he was

bound down by the obligation of his vow.

It was easy enough for him to assume the

appearance of wisdom, and, battle, impen-

etrable inquiry, by a significant shake of the

head, and the stereotyped response, "I don't