THE WATCHMAN.

S. S. SELLS AND P. R. HALL, EDITORS

BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1857.

FOR GOVERNOR,
WILLIAM F. PACKER.

CANAL COMMISSIONER.
NIMROD STRICKLAND.

SUPREME JUDGES.
WILLIAM STRONG.
JAMES THOMPSON.

The Opposition.

Till within a few years past there were but two regularly organized political parties in this Republic Each had its distinct principles which were defended with a masterly ability by its champions; and widely as these two parties differed in questions of policy, each conceded to the other the purest patriotism and loftiest motives

These were the days of political chivalry As the hostile parties closed their columns and sounded the trumpet for the contest, each was impressed with the fact, that he waged a war against a foeman worthy of his steel, one of such magnanimity courage and honor, that *even defeat lost half its terors*, when the exalted character of the conqueror was so universally acknowledged and however antagonistic these great parties may have been, and no matter how hotly contested the battle, when matters of policy or spoil were concerned, in the hour of danger to our institutions they forgot their party prejudices, laid down their weapons, and shoulder to shoulder hand to hand, and heart to heart, they rallied round the standard of their country and proved to the world, that as far as the Union and its preservation were concerned *all were United*.

Little as we can be expected to sympathize with the Whig party in the hour of its disaster, we can, without hesitation assert that in point of purity, statesmanship patriotism, and all the attributes which constitute greatness, it far exceeded the Know Nothing or Black Republican parties, as the noonday does the midnight. Generated in the mind of some aspiring but disappointed politicians, and nurtured by intolerance and treason, Know Nothingism and Black Republicanism have no principles, no policy, no aims, unless it is to trample upon the Constitution, and deny men privileges granted to them by its provisions

Without stopping one moment to discuss the principles of this party, we venture to say that the scattered forces which constitute the opposition to the Democratic party can never be rallied with their present leader, Dary Wilmot so as to present a solid front Whigs who feel disposed *to act consistently will never be led by the cast out* members of the Democratic party, more particularly by an out-and-out abolitionist, who would, were it in his power, dissolve the Union of the States

Standing upon the broad platform of the Constitution, the great Democratic party, the only party now in existence, proclaims now and forever its hostility to persecution and intolerance, in every form and shape in which it may develop itself, whether it be to infringe upon man's political social or religious privileges It maintained its integrity in the struggle last fall, and stands upright and erect after the hurricane has spent its wrath. It seeks no evasion of principles nor asks compromises with treason, but boldly and decidedly challenges the enemies of civil and religious liberty to combat. Throwing open the fertile valley of the West to the hardy emigrant who is for liberty's sake an exile in the land, and guaranteeing to him the largest religous privileges it will as heretofore be the dominant party, and will dispense the blessings of Freedom to untold millions, when the advocates of every mode of intolerance sleep in unhonored dust.

Going to Pieces.

Old Line Whigs as well as old line Democrats are fast becoming convinced of the absolute necessity which exists to crush out as speedily as possible Know Nothingism and all its intolerant and proscriptive dogmas, which are a disgrace to the age, and have occensioned more riot blood-shed, and disorder in the land, in the three short years of its existence, than all the other political parties put together since the foundation of our Republic.

The Richmond Whig (recently an earnest and powerful Know Nothing journal) is now denouncing the Know Nothing party in bitter terms for its numerous outrages

The National Intelligencer (published at Washington City.) is heartily sick and tired of Know Nothingism and will not yield it any further support. In the Campaign for President last fall it did more for Millard Fillmore than all the other papers in the State.

The Baltimore American the very head and Front of Know Nothingism in Maryland a short time since, has become disgusted with the party, and is now busily engaged is advocating a re-organization of the Whig Party.

Over two hundred Old Line Whigs of the City of New Orleans have published an address in the papers of that city, to the Whigs of Lousiana, "Calling for a re-organization of the party, and the assertion of their political independence"

Signs of the utter destruction of the Know Nothing Party are almost every where apparent, and down, down, down, it must go until its old members shall become ashamed to confess that they ever belonged to it, and until it shall be esteemed as an honor to all who opposed it.

Gen. Wm. F. Packer.

We see, by our exchanges, that the next Governor of Pennsylvania lately visited Philadelphia and was warmly received by his friends in that city. When we speak of Gen. Packer as the next Executive of the old Keystone State, we do so believing that the honest yeomanry of Pennsylvania have already determined in their hearts that he shall succeed Gov Pollock in the Gubernatorial Chair, and only await the coming of the Second Tuesday of next October to record their decision at the ballot box.

Our reasons for so believing are many.—No one who has observed the calm that has succeeded the great political storm of last fall has failed to see that the people—the mass of all parties—have evidently settled down into the firm conviction that the interests of the country at large have been confided to safe and able hands that after all, the broad, comprehensive principles of the Democratic party are best adapted to their requirements and desires, and that the one-idea organizations which strove by artful and insidious appeals to the prejudices and passions of men, to attain ascendency, were anti-American in their origin and their continuance detrimental to the best interests of society. The rapid decline of Know Nothingism and Black Republicanism conclusively shows that the great national heart is in the right place and that sectarian bigotry and traitorous sectionalism cannot long find an abiding place in the bosoms of the American people To repudiate and condemn everything that raises its front in antagonism to the spirit of liberty, is the bounden duty of every true American True to the Union and the Constitution, the noble sons of our noble old Commonwealth swerved not an inch from the proud position they had taken long ago To their devotion may be attributed the triumph of the Democracy With such a record—with such a name, would it not be doing them a foul wrong to suppose for a moment that they now would falter in that same just cause or lend a listening ear to the ravings of the same mad fanatics whom they but so recently condemned? No! far from Pennsylvania and her gallant Democracy! With her Packer she is destined to achieve still another glorious triumph and will crush out all the little vivality that still survives in the shattered, dying frames of Know Nothingism and Black Republicanism

The Prospects Before us

We do not now intend to discuss the prospects of political parties—the prospects of the National Democracy is all that could be desired Everywhere it is recovering the ground it lost by the union of Know Nothingism, and Abolitionism and it stands before the country in the attitude of strength and beauty which is attracting to it the good and the true men of all old organizations

But, as we said, we do not intend now to refer in detail to such matters but to speak of the farmers and agriculturalists of the country. And Notwithstanding the croakers which annually send out their raven notes to distush the minds and shadow the hearts of the credulous and timid we venture to say that the hand of Providence is spreading out before us a prospect of plenty and wealth which should fill every heart with gratitude and joy. There never was a better prospect for an abundant crop of fruits of all kinds. Grass in all its variety spreads out before the eye in unequalled vigor and amount This must necessarily make milk and butter abundant and thus bring down the price of these great necessaries to health and comfort

Never did the country look more delightful than upon this morning and the prospect of an overwhelming harvest spread out before the eye never fill and delight is sufficient to send a thrill of joy through the heart, and lift its lowest emotions to that great power which

Glows in the stars and murmurs in the trees
Exists in the mind and spirit of the free
Lives through all life extends through all extent
Spreads undivided, operates unspent

Who that feels upon him the fruitful panorama of nature as spread out by the hand of the Great Artist does not feel the full force of the expression *Man* made the city, but God made the country The city (*man's work*) is ever tending to decay, while the beauty and glory of the country is ever renewing itself and increasing in loveliness. But we are led from the object which we had in view, which was only to say, that we are satisfied that the prospect for all the necessaries of life is good, and there is no need to fear starvation or even scarcity for the ensuing year

Death of Wm. L. Marcy.

We learn, with great regret, of the death of this distinguished Statesman We are informed by telegraph that he was found dead in his room at Ballston New York, about noon on the 4th day of July, and appeared to enjoy his usual health on the morning of that day The body was taken to Albany, his residence where his funeral took place. The Pennsylvanian says of him

The announcement of the sudden death of this distinguished statesman will shock the entire country although he had reached a ripe age and had devoted all the best years of his life to the service of his native State of New York and to the country As Governor of that State, in the National Legislature and in the Cabinet councils of two administrations he was always distinguished for far-reaching sagacity, indomitable energy and the most comprehensive knowledge of public affairs. During the term of President Polk, as Secretary of War he conducted the complicated details of the Mexican campaign with wonderful vigor and as Secretary of State under President Pierce, he achieved a reputation which place him rank among the most finished diplomatists of this or any preceding age His history has for many years been identified with that of the Union, and it will require some one intimately acquainted with our public affairs to become his biographer. We trust the task will be undertaken by some competent hand, for the value and extent of his services should be recorded as an act of justice to his memory, while his life should be spread before the rising generation of the country, as a model upon which to form their own characters, and draw from their course of duty in laudable emulation of one, who during his long and trying public career, has left no blot or stain to sully the purity of its record.

[From the Democratic Whig]

JEFFERSON COLLEGE, July 4th, 1857.

DEAR WHIG—Having an hour of leisure this morning, and some time having elapsed since you heard from us personally, we imagined a random thought or two might not be uninteresting to some of your readers. It is a pleasant morning, the 81st anniversary of American Independence. All is calm and still and nothing to disturb the tranquility reigning around. The oriole, perched upon the locust tree, shading the window of my humble "sanctum sanctorum," is pouring forth his sweetest strains. All nature looks fresh, gay and happy as a bride adorned for her husband. What thrilling associations this day is calculated to call up to the American mind. With what interest do we look back upon the days of our forefathers—the "times that tried men's souls". I stand now on sod once trod by the red man, when he roamed over these plains in all his native grandeur, e'er the white man had struck the fatal blow at the root of his existence. Here, where I now behold magnificent fields of undulating grain, and the most picturesque scenery he lived in the greatest enjoyment. But a few miles farther from where I now write appears the scene of Braddock's defeat, where our own loved Washington first won laurels in the cause of Freedom, and showed to a gazing world that American patriots and American scenery could nourish as brave hearts and patriotic souls as old Albion's farfamed land. That Washington, who led our weak and undisciplined forces "from conquering unto conquest" until the British lion was made to yield

Such thoughts would be called up to our minds in our present situation How much more thrilling one's to the hearts of those old veterans of the Revolution, some of whom still live With what feelings must they hail the annual return of this day! Eighty-one years ago what a gloomy prospect presented itself to their minds Foes without and traitors within. A mere handfull of men united to resist the oppression of Briton's lords and Briton's hostile armies All things looked dark and forbidding. The heavens were overcast with clouds, presaging a fearful storm, and no ray of light but one to illuminate their almost despairing spirits That was the settled conviction of the justice of their cause "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God" says the teaching of their own souls "God *will* raise up friends to fight our battles for us," proclaims some earnest heart. Was that a mere rhetorical flourish? No, that truth was as firm as the everlasting hills. It was engraven upon their hearts as with a pen of iron Did not experience justify the remark of the Cicero of America? God was with us As these "sires of '76" look back upon their dark struggles and fearful conflicts and then glance around and see the happiness and prosperity realized which they labored to obtain for us, must not their hearts overflow with gratitude to Him who aided them in their battles. And ought not we to hold in everlasting remembrance the memory of the men who spent life, property and friends—yea, shed their own hearts' blood for our happiness and welfare Beautifully has the unhappy Byron said, "He who loves not his country can love nothing" There is truth in the remark, and as this day annually recurs it should be kept sacred to their memory—the memory of our benefactors. Dead they are but still live, and must ever live in the hearts of posterity

"They never fail who die
In a great cause. the blood may soak their gore
Their heads may sodden in the sun, their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls
But still their spirit walks abroad. Tho' years
Eclipse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and swelling thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom

Do you ask how we will spend the day here In peace and quietness. Our merchants have closed their houses, and we will therefore have no business transactions No demonstrations of joy, whatever, except what King Alcohol has a hand in making. A Sabbath School celebration in the country, a pic nic or two but nothing farther. The citizens of C—— have not half the *amor patriae* in this respect that they should have In a town that has acquired the reputation which our town has, we ought always to have some anniversary orations to call to mind deeds of the past and admonish us of our duty as American citizens They would accomplish more in nourishing and cultivating a love of country than a dozen stump speeches about election time. This day should be spent for that purpose The bustle and din of business should be left for a time, and our minds should be turned to the deeds and actions of the day when Patriotism alone ruled, and Venality, Corruption Demagueism and Wire-pulling found no resting place Let us hope that as often as this day returns it may find us enjoying the social, religious and political privileges we now possess, and may we earnestly labor that the poet's wish concerning our country may be realized,

"Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise,
And yet, till Time shall fold his wing
Remain earth's loveliest Paradise"

But adieu for the present. At another time we shall give you some of the particulars of College Life H. A. T.

Samuel H. Reynolds, Esq.

This gentleman, though yet young, seems to be winning laurels for himself in the good old city of Lancaster We can scarcely pick up a paper from that place that does not contain, for him, some laudatory remarks. From the proceedings of a Fourth of July Celebration, published in the Lancaster Intelligencer, we clip the following, which will be appreciated by his numerous friends and admirers in this county

Samuel H. Reynolds, Esq., of this city, was introduced as the Orator of the Day. He commenced his truly eloquent theme by an allusion to the attendance of the ladies, paying them a high compliment. It is needless to say that this allusion was received with the most hearty applause. We cannot do full justice to Mr. R. in this short sketch. We took some notes, but want of time and room compels us to omit them. We are content to say it was the best Fourth of July oration we have ever heard. He was listened to with unflagging interest. At its close three lusty cheers were given for Mr. R. His oration occupied about half an hour in its delivery, and the chaste and beautiful thoughts, and his manner of delivery are calculated to make a lasting impression on his auditors.

PEN, PASTE & SCISSORS.

☞ Ripe—The cherries.

☞ Some—The Pic nic.

☞ Warm—The weather.

☞ Still absent—Our Senior.

☞ Pretty—Barnhart's Pictures.

☞ Looming up Linn's cottage.

☞ Looks well—Milligen's dwelling.

☞ Vamosed—Biddand Lew Sherman.

☞ In town—Samuel H. Reynolds, Esq.

☞ Ought to be pinkled—The streets.

☞ Rather sharp—Curtin & Blanchard's Law Office.

☞ He who writes what is wrong, wrongs what is right.

☞ Very much improved—The Jersey Shore Republican.

☞ A Friend that you buy with presents will be bought from you.

☞ Out in a new dress The Clearfield Republican. Looks well.

☞ When are writers like cattle? When they are driven to the pen.

☞ Tempting—Turner's cherries. Remove temptation from the paths of youth.

☞ Hard to Beat—Judge Burnside's Office. It is neat, rich, pleasant and comfortable

☞ The scarcity of barrels is accounted for in the fact that the ladies have monopolized the hoops.

☞ Bodkins says the ladies do not set their caps now-a-days for the beaux—they spread their crinoline.

☞ A sound head, an honest heart, and an humble spirit are the three best guides through time and to eternity

☞ The latest practical novelty is a ventilating hat They are said to be an excellent institution for swell heads.

☞ Friend J. I. Duncan still continues to whittle suppers from a solid block of wood with his pen knife John is bound to "riz."

☞ New style of promenading—Putting your arm around your partner's waist. Reminds us of the hold the monkey had of the hen.

☞ Messrs. Thompson and Strong, Democratic nominees for the Supreme Bench, have written letters accepting the nomination.

☞ That comet is a gay deceiver! He promised to jostle the earth but only jilted her. The rogue has told a tale instead of showing one.

☞ Thanks We return our sincere thanks to the genial men who is "*some on a whittle*," for his valuable present. Take our hats, Col.

☞ "Turn ye, oh turn ye, for why will ye die,"
When Harris Drugs so cheap you can buy?
Then call at the "Temple," and do not delay.
Till the health saving drugs have vanished away

☞ A genius has just discovered that the reason why ladies wear whalebone hoops is, that the whalebone being a non-conductor, prevents them from being *struck* by young men.

☞ A large number of Counterfeit notes on the Bank of Philadelphia are now in circulation They are well executed but are not tinted All the notes now issued by that bank are tinted with red

☞ Spirit drinking never conducted wealth into a man's pocket, happiness to his family, or respectability to his character—therefore spirit is a non-conductor, and consequently it is best to let it alone

☞ Jacob Turney, Esq., of Greensburg, has been nominated by the Senatorial Conference of Westmoreland and Fayette counties, as the Democratic candidate for Senator He will be elected and should be.

☞ Ice Cream

Oh who would wind the parched and burning lip,
And in nimbus of sweetness on the tongue dissolve
Or sweeter nectar than the gods sip,
Get but one taste of Pike's delicious creams.

☞ We are pleased to perceive that the editor of the Valley Spirit has been appointed an aid to Gen Williams of Harrisburg, with any rank he chooses to assume except the rank of Dutch cheese. Verily, the craft is looking up!

☞ The New York Post says "the demand for money seems rather on the increase" We have never known the least ebb in the tide of demand for the root of all evil, since the first penny for cakes came in to our possession

☞ A French journal states that the Russian government has despatched two physicians to the parishes of Northern Finland to instruct the inhabitants in the art of making bread from moss Spent well have to learn them to eat it

☞ Tyrone Examiner offers for sale the establishment of the Bedford Gazette The office is one of the best in the State and will readily find a customer. For the last 25 years the paper has been published by Gen B, who now desires to retire

☞ An emetic recently got up was given to some military men which caused a great "throwing up" All the officers threw up their commissions, four of them their parole of honor, and the privates immediately went to work throwing up fortifications and earth works

☞ When the Roman poet was told by a phlegmatic friend to mind his own business, and not to meddle in other men's affairs, he made the immortal reply—"I am a man, and whatever relates to my fellow-creatures also touches me" Gossips and scandel-mongers will please take notice.

It is far in July it is far in July
The month of leaves and roses,
And pleasant sights now greet the eye,
And pleasant smells the noses.
They say that time is on the wing—
so too are McBride's Cheap Goods, at the corner of Allegany and Bishop streets.

☞ A verdant young man entered a fancy store while the lady proprietor was arranging a lot of perfumery. She inquired of him if he would not like to have some musk bags to put in his drawers. After the examination of the article he told the young lady he did not *want drawers*, and wanted to know if they wouldn't do to wear in his pantaloons.

☞ Swallowing the new cent is not dangerous always, for Traugh, of the Hollidaysburg Standard says his junior has swallowed at least a dozen since they first made their appearance, and they didn't hurt him a bit. He took the precaution, however, to convert them into candy and peanuts before the act of deglutition. Smart boy that junior. Takes after his daddy!

☞ The Southern Journal of Medical Science states that a boy in the vicinity of eight years of age, has his lower extremities turned completely round. The heels are in front and the toes behind." We have in these parts a political *lusus naturae* in the Black Republican party. Its negro heels are always in front, and its toes are pointed behind, indicating its "advance backwards."

☞ We popped into the Law Office of our talented young friend Ira C. Mitchell, Esq., yesterday and found it greatly improved.—He has fitted it up and furnished it in magnificent style, for the convenience and comfort of his numerous, and increasing clients. Mr. Mitchell understands his profession thoroughly, and those who are so unfortunate as to be caught in the clutches of the law, cannot find a better man to help them out of their difficulties.

CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH AT BOALSBURG.

The 80th anniversary of our Independence aroused the slumbering patriotism in our midst to more than usual activity While we congratulate the reader as we enter on another circle of civil liberty, we take special pleasure in being able to say that we spent the glorious Fourth in a very agreeable manner. Sobriety and good order characterized the day; and a variety of exercises and performances heightened our appreciation of this national festival. Various committees had been previously appointed, and as a consequence the day was spent without the noise of the opposing rabble.

The students of *Boalsburg Academy*, among others, took an active part in preparing addresses, and in fact were the first movers of the undertaking. The quality of their performances spoke well of the institution and its principal.

At 11 o'clock Dr. Rueben Hunter, Chief Marshal announced the intention to repair to a beautiful grove, near the residence of Col Johnston where a stand and seats had been prepared the previous day. On arriving at the ground Dr. C. W. Fisher was selected to read the Declaration of Independence, which task he executed in a distinct tone of voice and with appropriate emphasis After discharge of cannon at intervals, and the most delicate flourish of glees by the choir, Messrs. L. Rhone, J. F. Holahan, Wm. E Hunter, Wm C. Holohan, and D S Keller, entertained the audience with speeches from 11 o'clock till 12½ o'clock. We cannot pause to make extracts—let it suffice to say that they all acquitted themselves well, spoke eloquently, and delighted the audience They appealed to catch that spirit of enthusiasm and love of liberty which is unfelt on ordinary occasions. Next on the programme was the excellent dinner prepared by order of Mr James Jack. A large number partook of the refreshments, and spent a pleasant hour in the society of the ladies

The exercises of the afternoon commenced at a little after two o'clock with the following board of officers on the stand: Mr. JAS LOGUE, Pres't, Messrs. DANIEL KIMPORT, EZRA D. BRISBIN, JNO ISHLER, and WM WOLF, Vice Presidents, and Messrs THOS HOLIHAN and JAMES T JOHNSTON Sec'ys—The audience was much larger than in the fore part of the day. According to the programme, Mr. J. S. Brisbin delivered an address from the stand on "*National Independence*" He spoke at some length on many interesting incidents in American history, with a graphic delineation, and in a fine flow of eloquence He did justice to an ample theme. Mr J H Keatly followed with an excellent performance on the subject, "*The New Era*" The thoughts were original, and the delivery earnest and impressive. Mr B B Whitehill succeeded admirably on the theme, "*Our Country*." The imagination of the poet could not have taken bolder flights of thought. The piece was full of elegant description, and ended with impressive appeals to American citizens On motion Mr Theo Weaver, A B, principal of the Academy, addressed an attentive audience, although late in the day

We must not forget to mention the choir which contributed much to heighten our pleasure, and fill the soul with fond delight. They made the distant woodlands resound with glees as thrilling as the carol of nature's own melodious songsters

[A beautiful ode as sung by the choir, here follows but for want of room we are obliged to omit it]

As the shades of evening slowly drew on a troop of fantastics suddenly, and in an unaccountable manner made its appearance, to the merriment of all the spectators After parading awhile it disappeared just as mysteriously as it came

As we stated that sobriety and order characterized the day we should not omit to mention that several *rustics* under cover of night, disgraced themselves by using intoxicating drink We say *rustics* for they were from the *country* It seems strange that an intelligent people cannot spend a day without being pestered by such a pack of uncivil rogues It must be on account of their not having enough soul to mix with their own kind when they take a bout After this let such half-witted creatures stay at home

In conclusion, let us make the 80th anniversary a precedent, by renewing it from year to year Let us always cheerfully unite to foster a genuine spirit of patriotism, and then we shall learn to appreciate more fully the value of our free institutions, and be loath to leave the virtuous example of our ancestors. While we feel the influence of that tidal stream which flows from them to us, let us seek the origin. May we ever long to taste the fresh gurgling of the fountain! and let us contemplate the God of nations and those honored instruments through whom He wrought out the civil and religious freedom of the New World. Let a deep sense of gratitude ever animate us, and save us from a neglect of the charge reposed in us, and from indifference to the beseeching glances of serfs in lands of oppression and tyranny.

THOMAS HOLAHAN,
JAS T JOHNSTON,
Co'm of Publication

Boalsburg, July 4, 1857.

PERSONAL.—We are often called upon to give publicity to communications, or to give some one "a sly dig" in an editorial, by persons who have chanced to get into difficulty—a personal quarrel—with some of their neighbors, employers, or acquaintances. Some seem to think that the columns of a newspaper should always be open to settle such difficulties; but they have a wrong idea, altogether. Editors can always pick up as many quarrels as they can find time to attend to, without mixing themselves up in neighborhood contentions, and, besides, they will always have as many enemies, if plain spoken, as men in general desire,

We trust a certain few will draw a hint or two from this which will prove a benefit.

We have received a communication from Zion, recommending a person for the Legislature, which we will not insert until the author furnishes his name. Remember, too, that our terms for such items is one dollar for twelve lines—cash in advance.

Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, July 11th, 1857.

GENTS.—The affairs in the City of Brotherly Love are pretty much at a stand still—owing, probably, to the warm weather, which appears to have set in upon us in reality. As folks go sweltering along the hot streets almost the only exclamation is—"whew! it's hot! Hows the thermometer?" Some are hurrying off to the Capes, Atlantic City, or other Bathing Places; but your correspondent scorns to flee from duty, from the same reason that a certain Hibernian gentlemen, named Paddy, would'nt eat his supper. One consolation is—somebody will go, and the hotel keepers will rejoice.

The "Glorious Fourth" passed off in rather poor style, so far as a *patriotic* display was concerned. There is nothing to keep people in town—consequently nearly every body rushes to Jersey, or somewhere else, and all their spending money is lost to the storekeepers of the city. May be they will learn wisdom some of these days and get up something worthy of the day and which will have a tendency to make people stay in the city, to say nothing of the immense number of strangers who would be induced to visit us, if there were proper attractions.

Col. John W. Forney it is stated, is making arrangements to start a new Democratic paper in this city. It is a heavy undertaking, but the Colonel has great perseverance when he determines to accomplish anything.

John N. Henderson, late City Controller, has been appointed Health Officer of this city by Gov. Pollock, in place of the late James W. T. McCallister.

The number of barrels of flour inspected in this city for the week ending July 9th, was 8,071.

The total quantity of Coal brought down by the Lehigh Canal, Lehigh Valley R. R., Schuylkill Canal and Reading Railroad for the week ending on the 9th, was about 116,000 tons 17,000 more stock at the same time last year.

The number of deaths in our city for the week ending to-day, was 214.—40 more than last week. Of consumption 32, scarlet fever 12, &c Adults 86—children 128.—Under 5 years 95—over 70, 10.

Our markets are very quiet. Small sales superfine flour at $7,12½ and $7,50. Rye is sold at $4,75 Wheat—Red Pa. $1,85 per bushel. 3,000 bushels new Delaware white wheat, first of the season, was offered at $2. Whisey in barrels, at 31 and 32 cts.

In politics there is not much doing, but the canvass will no doubt wax warm as the appointed time arrives.

Being pressed for time and having nothing further of importance to communicate,
I remain yours, "Typo."

For the Democratic Watchman

MESSRS EDITORS.—In the last number of the Watchman I see a communication from Walker that rather surprises me, as I have not been a candidate for any office, and, in fact, would consider it useless, for me to aspire to one It is true that, about a year ago, I gave a kind of promise that I would be a candidate this fall, if they still desired it, on which promise I suppose the communication is based; but the objections are too strong to contend against,

1st. I have been unfortunate in business, having lost both my property and health, and the public never favor the unfortunate.

2nd. I would stoop to no electioneering tricks to get myself nominated, and consequently would stand no chance with those who spend the season electioneering.

3d. I have not as my friends suppose been clear of all the "isms" of the day I did join the Know Nothings, on their representing to me that their only object was to drive out the political gamblers that have stuck like leeches to the skirts of both the old Whig and Democratic parties, and I attended three midnight councils previous to the election, and at the last was told that I must vote for certain men who I knew were opposed to every Democratic principle. This I refused to do and demanded an honorable certificate of withdrawal, which was granted me, and which I herewith enclose for the inspection of the curious It is in the following words, viz

Tyrone City Council, No 112
TYRONE CITY, Oct. 12th, 1855.

This is to certify that S. M. Irwin has this day honorably withdrawn from the above named council and, therefore, is entitled to the present certificate of withdrawal.

(Signed by the President of the Council)

It is with extreme reluctance that I make this public confession, for though we may sometimes make fools of ourselves, we don't care about any person else knowing it: but from the position in which my friends have placed me, I have no choice, as I will never lie under the charge of deception. This is an additional reason why it would be useless for me to be a candidate for though always a Democrat yet I have once been found in a hostile party, and though *betrayed* into it I cannot hope that it will be forgotten.

4th As the point of my argument is always the thickest so I give my chief objection last, viz That I am a warm friend of Wm. Allison jr., and would do nothing to prejudice his claims as a candidate for the Legislature; he ought to be nominated and I will be obliged to my friends at least to give him the first chance, after which they may do with me as they choose.

S. M. Irwin.

Walker, July 13th 1857.

[For the Democratic Watchman]

BELLEFONTE, July 10, 1857.

MESSRS EDITORS:—My attention has been called to a communication in a recent number of the Watchman, recommending me as a candidate for a seat in the Legislature of the State. You will allow me to say in reply that I am not a candidate for that or any other office, but desire to serve the Democratic party to the extent of my limited abilities as I have heretofore done, in the capacity of a private citizen.

Did I even desire it, the duties I owe to the profession I have chosen, as well as my obligations to the clients whose business I have undertaken, would prevent me from entering into the "Wild hunt for office."—With many thanks to my unknown friends who sign themselves "Many Democrats of Ferguson," and with my earnest wishes for your editorial and personal prosperity I am

Very truly, &c.
IRA C. MITCHELL.

THE DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN.

BELLEFONTE, JULY 16, 1857.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.—Our beautiful Cemetery never looked more attractive than it does at the present time, Some one has written that "the feelings inspired by visiting the burial place of the dead are grateful rather than melancholy." And it is true. One may mourn over the loss of near and dear ones of earth, and moisten their graves with hallowed tears,—but the memories of "Long Ago" will soothe the aching heart to repose, and dry the fountains of the grieving soul. The requiem chanted forever in the leafy shades,—the grateful sunshine resting on the grassy mounds,—the tablets reared by those who love and weep,—speak to the heart with welcome tongues and heal its sorrow as with holy balms. In no place, perhaps, will their power, their eloquence and their silent whisperings be heard and heeded more than in that beautiful "City of the Dead," the Bellefonte Cemetery! Its waving trees,—its "weeping willows shading friendly graves,"—its variegated flowers and green shrubbery,—its isolation from the noisy and heartless world,—all invite the weary pilgrims, and speak, as only Nature speaks, to the heart of hearts. A more inviting place for a morning or evening visit there is not in the vicinity of our town,—and a stroll through its sacred precincts cannot prove otherwise than pleasant and instructive to the visitor!

THE STREETS.—While the weather was cold and wet, that standing topic of complaint, "the streets" was suffered to lie fallow;—but these days of warm and dry weather have made us painfully conscious, again, of the wretched condition of our thoroughfares. Clouds of dust and stifling stenches are sufficient reminders of the fearful condition of our streets, and the neglect which they suffer from. We are now just on the verge of the most perilous season of the whole year, and it is important that our streets and alleys, gutters and sewers, should be thoroughly cleansed and purified, and kept in that condition until the cool winds and frosty nights of October admonish us that "the summer is past and ended." The preservation of the public health is a matter of vital importance, and it is the duty of our authorities to see that all filthy nuisances calculated to generate disease are promptly abated, and the streets generally kept in good order.

PIC NIC.—The "young folks" of our borough visited the "rich old woods" on Monday last. The weather was delightful,—the fair sun shined out gloriously—the air was redolent with the fragrant perfume of wild flowers,—"the little birds made music all the day,"—and the company had a refreshing time. The Oratorio Band favored them with their excellent music, to which

The romping lass and smiling beau
"Tripped the light fantastic toe"

The day was spent in various pleasant amusements, and, about sunset, the party, with their noble steeds and pleasant carriages, took up their line of march for "home, sweet home." These pic nics are decidedly pleasant affairs, and great promoters of sociality. When the next one comes off may we be there to participate in the sports!

A BEAUTIFUL BOQUET.—The esteemed lady friend who, on Saturday, sent us a large and magnificent boquet of variegated and fragrant flowers, will please accept our thanks. We fully appreciate and reciprocate the kindly feelings which prompted the gorgeous Floral offering The poet says, "all that's beautiful must fade" Alas! how true! Soon the green leaves will droop and wither, and the bright flowers which now delight the eye and fill our room with sweet perfume, will bow their beautiful heads in death, and lose their freshness, their fragrance and their bloom! But long, long after they shall have faded and passed away, the amiable giver will be remembered with feelings of the kindliest regard, and her friendship esteemed and cherished as a sacred and holy thing.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We would be pleased to have a correspondent in every township in the county and trust that our friends will hereafter give us timely notice of every event worth publishing that occurs in their respective neighborhoods. We do not desire a long and carefully prepared communication, detailing *unnecessary* particulars; but merely the substance of the matter intended for publication, and though it may not be couched in the choicest words, nor dressed in the most elegant style of language, it will be thankfully received, corrected and the author's name withheld from the public, if desired. Ministers of the Gospel, whose political sentiments will permit, will also confer a favor by sending us marriage and obituary notices.

MALICIOUS MISCHIEF.—The practice of tearing down hand-bills posted about the streets, announcing public sales, concerts, business arrangements, &c., is indulged in to a great extent in our town. It is a species of pure mischief that should be stopped, if possible. The perpetrators are mostly boys, who idle about the corners of an evening, and, for want of something better to do, set to work to destroy what has perhaps cost the parties interested a considerable amount of money. There is a pretty severe law against this wanton destructiveness, and our authorities would do the public an essential service by enforcing it against all offenders.

THE COMET.—Several of our citizens have arisen early upon each clear morning of the past month for the purpose of seeing the Comet. They have all had a beautiful and satisfactory view of it. We are sorry, however, to inform them that the Comet they have been admiring is the bright planet Venus, which is now the morning star.

Three negroes, two males and one female, charged with stealing flour, meat, leather, &c., were brought to town on Monday, by Maj. Burkett, of Halfmoon, and lodged in jail.