THE DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN.

"BOTH LIBERTY AND PROPERTY ARE PRECARIOUS, UNLESS THE POSSESSOR HAS SENSE AND SPIRIT ENOUGH TO DEFEND THEM."

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY S. S. SEELY & B. R. HALL.

BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1857.

TERMS: $1.50 IN ADVANCE. VOLUME 2—NUMBER 31.

Terms of Publication.

TERMS:—$1.50 cts. if paid within three months—$2,00 if delayed six months, and $2,50 if not paid within the year. Those terms will be rigidly adhered to

ADVERTISEMENTS and Business Notices inserted at the usual rates, and every description of

JOB PRINTING

EXECUTED in the neatest manner, at the lowest prices, and with the utmost despatch Having purchased a large collection of type, we are prepared to satisfy the orders of our friends

Business Directory.

CHAUNCY HULBERT,
WITH SMITH, MURPHY & CO., DRY GOODS,
97 Market St., and 26 Church Alley, Phila.

IRA C. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in the Arcade, one door from Sourbeck's hotel, will attend promptly to business in Centre, Clinton and Clearfield counties

MARTIN STONE & SON,
AUCTIONEERS,
Bellefonte, Pa., will attend to all business in their line with punctuality

GEO. A FAIRLAMB, M. D. J. H. DOBBINS, M. D.
FAIRLAMB & DOBBINS,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
BELLEFONTE PA
Office as heretofore on Bishop street, opposite the Temperance Hotel

J. L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA
Will practice in Clearfield and Centre counties

DR. JAMES F. HUTCHISON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Successor to Dr Wm J McKean, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of POTTER'S MILLS and vicinity Office at the Rutaw House

WILLIAM H. BLAIR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
BELLEFONTE PA
Office with Hon James T Hale

SAMUEL J. NICHOLS,
HOUSE PAINTER AND GLAZER,
AND PAPER HANGER,
BELLEFONTE, PA
Will attend to all orders in his line with promptness and despatch jel8

D. G. BUSH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA
Office with Ira C Mitchell, in the Arcade Business of all kinds pertaining to the business promptly attended to

AMBROTYPES,
CRYSTALLOGRAPHS & DAGUERREOTYPES,
Taken daily (except Sundays) from 8 A M to 5 P M.
BY J. S. BARNHART
In his splendid Saloon in the Arcade Building, Bellefonte, Penn'a

JAMES H. RANKIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A
Office on High Street, opposite the residence of Judge Burnside

H. L. ATWOOD J. H. ORVIS
ATWOOD & ORVIS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
LOCK HAVEN, PA
Office in Mayer's Building, opposite the Pilot House

☞ Business of all kinds, pertaining to the profession promptly attended to

W. W. BROWN JOHN SCOTT
LAW PARTNERSHIP.
The undersigned having associated themselves in the practice of the Law, will faithfully attend to all BUSINESS entrusted to them in the several Courts of Centre, Clearfield and Clinton counties
Collections and all legal business attended to with promptness and dispatch
Office in the Diamond, one door above Mrs Sourbeck's Hotel, near the Court House
June 4-24-tf BROWN & SCOTT

O. M. POTTER J. H. MITCHELL
POTTER & MITCHELL,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
BELLEFONTE PA
Dr. Otho J. Potter has removed to the Buck House directly opposite the Bank, to the house lately occupied by Wm Harris Esq., on Spring st. Office next door above Dr Potter's residence, where they can be consulted, unless professionally engaged

J. D. WINGATE,
SURGEON & MECHANICAL DENTIST
Would inform his friends and patrons that he has permanently located in Bellefonte, and that he will be happy to attend to any who wish his professional services All work done in the neatest style and warranted
☞ Office and residence on the North East Corner of the Diamond near the Court House

GREEN & McMEEN,
DRUGGISTS
BELLEFONTE, PA
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Paints, Oils Varnishes, Dye-Stuffs, Toilet Soaps, Brushes Hair and Tooth Brushes, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Trusses and Shoulder Braces, Garden Seeds
Customers will find our stock complete and fresh, and all sold at moderate prices
☞ Farmers and Physicians from the country are invited to examine our stock

DEPOSIT BANK,
OF
E. C. HUMES, JAS. T. HALE
H. N. McALLISTER, A. G. CURTIN,
W. M. MURRAY.
INTEREST PAID ON SPECIAL DEPOSITS

HUMES, McALLISTER, HALE & CO.,
BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PA
DEPOSITS RECEIVED.
BILLS OF EXCHANGE AND NOTES DISCOUNTED
COLLECTIONS MADE, AND PROCEEDS REMITTED PROMPTLY
INTEREST PAID ON SPECIAL DEPOSITS FOR NINETY DAYS AND UNDER SIX MONTHS AT THE RATE OF FOUR PERCENT PER ANNUM—FOR SIX MONTHS AND UPWARDS, AT THE RATE OF FIVE PER CENT PER ANNUM
EXCHANGE ON THE EAST CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

BOOK & JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
The Publishers of THE DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN have, in connection with their Newspaper Establishment, the most extensive and complete
JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
To be found in Central Pennsylvania, composed entirely of
NEW MATERIALS,
And the latest and most fashionable style of Plain and Fancy Type, and are prepared to execute all kinds of
BOOK AND FANCY JOB PRINTING,
In the very neatest style, and at the shortest notice—such as

HAND BILLS,	CIRCULARS,
POSTERS,	BILL HEADS,
HORSE BILLS,	BALL TICKETS,
AUCTION BILLS,	CARDS,
PAMPHLETS,	RECEIPTS,
BOOKS,	CHECKS,
SHOW BILLS,	BLANKS,
PROGRAMMES,	&c., &c., &c

☞ GOLD, SILVER and BRONZE PRINTING executed in the handsomest manner
☞ PRINTING IN COLORS, in the most beautiful and finished style of the art
Satisfaction guaranteed in regard to neatness, cheapness and punctuality in the fulfilment of all orders.
OFFICE IN THE ARCADE, 2d FLOOR, DIRECTLY OVER T. R. REYNOLDS' STORE

[Reported for the Democratic Watchman.]

SPEECH OF JAMES S. BRISBIN.

Delivered, at Boalsburg, July 4th, 1857.

FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN—

The sun of Independence has again arose—the same sun that looked down and witnessed the signing of the Declaration—the same sun that pierced the sulphurous clouds of battle, that wrapt in their fiery folds the combatants of Bunker Hill and Brandywine—the same sun that lifted the black pall from the death strewn plains of Camden and Saratoga.

Remember the day of '76. It is remembered; these smiling faces, this gaily dressed assembly, this throng of citizens speak it. The booming cannon from yonder hill thunders July, '76 It would be vain and presumptuous in me to attempt to say anything new or interesting upon this occasion. I can only revert to what has already been so well said. Yet, in compliance with the request of your Committee, I have come to join my feeble voice with yours and swell the chorus of freedom. Happy day—the quiet village that lies at our feet: the sunlight gilding yonder steeple; the flash of yonder stream as it leaps over its bed of stone: the gay carols of the songsters in the grove above our heads, speak happiness and peace. I congratulate you upon the cloudless return of another anniversary of our National Independence. A young and inexperienced speaker is before you; reluctance, delicacy, thick, thronging emotions of confusion are his: he invokes and claims your sympathies, *he is sensible of the honor you have conferred* upon him, by assigning to him this difficult task, and it is with feelings of deepest regret he expresses his inability to utter those glowing sentiments the occasion seems so much to demand You gave me but three days to prepare—the time was too brief.

Well may I pause: well may I hesitate; ere committing my feeble powers upon the discussion of the principles of liberty; those principles almost too vast for human mind to comprehend, or for human intellect to span. What thoughts can my immature mind conceive? what mixed volume of words can my weak tongue utter, that will give you any just conception of this great day? Poets have sung it; orators and statesmen, from whose burning lips gushed rich streams of eloquence tingling the ears of multitudes with music, soft as the murmurs of the mountain cascade breaking upon the finely attuned souls of the poet and naturalist, stirring them with a thousand delicate sensations—men who with a mighty spell of words have held nations entranced from whose homed tongues fell sparkling gems of richest language—such as Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Rives and Forsyth—these men, however they may have proved superior to other topics; found more than a match for their peerless eloquence *in the theme of their country.*

Sirs, there are somethings better conceived than spoken; nay more, there are some things that cannot be spoken—the patriotism of the American heart is one of these.—When I look over this host of assembled freemen, met together here in a sylvan grove, upon a little portion of freedom's great territory, to celebrate this day, when I look *abroad upon this blooming land*, and behold its pleasing lines of light and shade, its flowery fields, its distant hills with bonnets blue, its green valleys, that conduct each silver stream towards its ocean home," and then look up and see what a glorious canopy o'er spreads the whole, I stand with feelings of exulting pride in the presence of this majestic scene the splendor of my country—and with a heart overflowing with gratitude to Him, whose thunder shatters the adamantine rock to sand, I exclaim with all the enthusiasm of poetry as well as truth Here is my country; here, where voice of despotism may never come: here, where no blasts blow, save the winds of freedom; here, where the iron heel of tyranny may never go down upon the neck of an enslaved people; here, beneath the bright sky of liberty, is My Country, my whole country, free and untrammeled.

The 4th of July—glorious and memorable day—day pre-eminently dear to every American heart—day that 81 years ago *this very* hour, announced to mankind "the great fact of American independence." Yes, fellow-citizens, eighty-one years ago *this hour* the old State house bell, at Philadelphia, was tolling the death knell of tyranny on our shores, and the booming cannon, mingled with the shouts of the rejoicing populace, proclaimed a nation free—spoke home to *the heart of the tyrant* beyond the waters—thundering across the polished bars of his flinty soul, "*All men are born free and equal,*" telling him that freemen could not be ground down to mere machines to minister, to the caprice and pleasure of an iron-hearted, rusty-souled old tyrant who consumed their substance, lavished their treasures and spilled their best blood with impunity. But the pulse of the hand that signed, is still, [taking up the declaration] the high souls that executed it have winged their way and their bodies are in the silent tomb—the tongues of eloquence that maintained and forced the surrender of this, [taking up the constitution] the second great Magna Charta of the world from a sovereign power, are hushed in death; their bodies slumber in the dust; they have gone down to their cold and silent graves. Further than this we know not, nor could we wish to draw aside the veil of futurity and look beyond the tomb. The actors in this drama are dust; they have gone from among us to sleep peacefully upon the cold bosom of their mother earth; and him, the immortal, whom they named to lead the *little phalanx* of freedom—the arm of his might is *too* in the calm grave, and his large red cheeks have long ago been food for worms; but he lived long enough to look around upon a free, happy and ransomed people.

He lived long enough to see the seeds, sown by his patriotic toils, blossom and bear fruit in the chilly atmosphere of time. Then, although, still in the strength of his manhood, he gathered his robes about him and laid him down to die from the fields of his fame, fresh with glory. On Vernon's verdal home, where the flowers bloom and the south winds softly sigh in the eventide hour, *beneath a little* pile of brick and mortar, in a spot secluded and alone, sleeps the immortal Father of his country Fit resting place for the matchless chieftain—such a tomb as the modest great man himself would have chosen for his final rest. Let the chisel and the pen, the iron and the brass, of the city that bears his great name, be busy with his fame, Let them cleave the niche, rear the carved image and pile high their imposing columns of monumental marble to his memory, but presume not to disturb his immortal repose Let him sleep on in the grave where the hands of his own loved patriots have laid him—a grave dedicated by the tears of an Adams, a Jefferson—and consecrated by the burning prayers of the generous stranger, Lafayette, who shared with him the hour of weakness and of woe.

The patriotic women of the south, with a zeal highly commendable and worthy to be imitated by their northern sisters, have determined to purchase the tomb of Washington, the work begun and on the eve of completion, is paralyzed by the startling announcement that it is the *will* of Mrs. Washington the body might be removed to the capitol Acting upon this, it has been proposed by grave Senators, that the bones of him around whose memory clings the tenderest tendrils of the American heart, be gathered and carried to the gay metropolis for a bauble and a show to the gaping multitude. Sirs, there are some things too idle, too foolish, too unholy to need contradiction and exposition. This is one of them. Could the voice of these freemen—of the freemen throughout the republic be heard, they would thunder in the terror stricken ears of these grave robbers "Stop there, dare not to pollute by thy unhallowed hands the sanctity of *that* sacred tomb." Let *them but dare* to gather that sacred dust, and the very grave worm that has fed upon his flesh will come forth from the charnel house of death to rebuke them for their unholy sacrilege, and tell them they are a *thing* beneath its own species Almighty self and personal ambition must bow before the majesty of popular *will*, the people will be against this measure and it will fail The soil from which Washington apparently sprung, which nurtured his tender years, witnessed the development of his manhood, received back the toil worn patriot to peace and quiet; the spot which claimed his last look of earth, which,

"When the light was gone from the lustrous eye,
And the sensitive heart was cold and dead,"
Took his inanimate clay into its keeping must and shall remain his lasting grave Let him alone in his glory:

"Sleep on proud hero, there's no prouder grave
Not even in your own proud clime,
'Tis true, she weeps no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bid the dark hearse wave its plume
For this *is not sorrow*, but pomp and pageantry
The heartless luxury of the tomb,"
"But in her breast deep at the bosom's core
She wears the worm, the canker and the grief,
And sighs and sighs, yet finds there no relief,
And learns to mourn thee evermore."

The storm of battle has passed away; the British trumpet no more sounds *to the charge* in the din and the fray, and the noise and smoke of the conflict, or the horrid clash of resounding arms no longer startle and alarm our peaceful ears. The clanking of chains that were to manacle slavery upon the limbs of a helpless and prostrate people are hushed upon the plains of Boston, the groans of the dying soldier have ceased to go up from his gory bed *on the banks of the bloody Brandywine*; the unsealed Hessian hordes of the tyrant no more pass and re-pass the winding banks of the rolling Connestoga, and the hostile cannon no more at morn reverberates along our valleys and our hills, opening the bloody conflict with the day. All is peace; all quiet security. No conflicting doubts arise to disturb our tranquility, we no more dream of power, of camps, fields of carnage, "days of danger and nights of waking." All is peace. But the battle was not won for the free without a struggle—long and doubtful waged the contest; the bright sun of liberty had almost gone down in a night of impenetrable gloom, ere it burst the clouds of time and careered to a place in the Heavens; but the doubtful hour has passed away—the battle is fought and won, and the golden sun of liberty to-day looks down upon a free, happy and prosperous people.

A crisis had come—a crisis in the history of our nation. The feeble ranks of a revolted people were in arms against a mighty power, upon whose wide extended domain the sun never goes down: a tempest was abroad in the land; "darkness curtained the hills, and the storm raged in its anger;" mad riot, ruin, rapine and "murder stalked abroad throughout the Colonies;" war, treachery with her thirsty dagger drawn," shook the bloody falchion over the couch of the sleeping innocence, LIBERTY; a tyrant blockaded us upon the North and upon the South, built his forts and poured his leagued armies upon our eastern shores—while our defenceless frontiers fell victims beneath the scalping knife and tomahawk of a ruthless savage horde, let loose upon them by British aggression, armed with British arms, paid in British coin and led to the slaughter by British officers. It was then, when the genius of LIBERTY was toppling over the grave of oblivion; when the thorn and the thistle choked the garden of beauty; when the rusted plow share stood still 'mid weeds in the field of promise; "when the strong began to doubt the favor of God and the weak to fear the power of man;" when an incensed tyrant shook the escutcheon of his power in the face of his outraged subjects—then it was that a sovereign people rose in the power and in the majesty of their might and humbled the pride of the *British Lion in the dust*. To day as then, the same God is our ruler; the same heaven is over our heads, the same earth beneath our feet, the same Brandywine rolls along its waters; the same garland oak crowns yonder hill; that same little stream meanders through the green meadows, but all else how changed—how altered. The tiny thirteen colonies have grown to a great and glorious Republic.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
Bids harbors open—public ways extend—
Bids temples worthy of the God ascend—
Bids the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
The mole projecting break the roaring main,
Back to its bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land"

The milky waters of the Missouri have been left behind; the broad valleys of the Mississippi crossed; the rocky steeps traversed, and now beyond their apex in the forests where the deep bay bottoms lay, nearest the Western star, the smoke of our wigwams ascends to heaven. The steady advance of civilization in its onward march has leveled in its course forests and hills; bored through mountains and dammed back waters, builded towns and monuments and cities and mills. In the dim distance, far away to the setting sun, the receding Rail Train is seen but a speck on the expansive prairie, and in the depth of the wild wilderness where the soil is yet warm with the foot of the savage, and the howl of the wolf reverberates along the hills, is heard the hiss of steam, the rolling of ponderous machinery mingled with the rush of mighty engines.

Such, sirs, is American progress—such be *advance of the liberty you have this day met* to celebrate. How can we preserve this liberty pure and unsullied for posterity? As a community disposed to advance the best interests of education, I cannot too strongly urge upon you consideration the importance of this, the true basis and guardian of a good government. Those immense regions of "Western country," of which I have just been speaking, now but sparsely settled, are in a few brief years to become densely populated by your sons and daughters of the East—Shall they be the people of ignorance and destitution—of anarchy and confusion, or shall they be a people of intelligence and opulence—of liberty and invention If we desire to perpetuate our government, we must insure intelligence to our posterity On the education of our children depends the fate of our nation. Do you ask for a monitor? I point you to a nation that at one time would have deemed itself your superior, even in this the noontide of your splendor: a nation that embraced the best parts of Europe, Asia and Africa. Whose ægis floated over every country and in every clime, from Portugal to Niphon, from Algiers to Caffraria. Rome at the wheels, of whose triumphant chariot "dragged the nations of the earth in bondage" She has fallen! She neglected the mind of her youth, and what followed? Her throne trembled! *she reeled, tottered and* fell a mighty wreck of ruins!

Yon waste, where roaming wild beasts prowl,
Where nightly rings the grey wolf's howl,
Tells what she is; her history what she was
The seven hilled city lives but in song; and now all that remains of once almighty Rome is broken arches; relics of dismantled altars: rents of ruin. Cæsar's watch dog bays no more beyond the Tiber;

"But more near, from out the Cæsar's palace, the owl's long cry
Comes on the fitful wind, mingled with the distant sentinels song
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appear to skirt the horizon, yet they stand
Within a bow-shot where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night amidst
A grove which springs through levelled hat tlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearth's.
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth,
But *the gladiator's* bloody circus stands
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection;
While Cæsar's chambers and Augustan halls
Grovel on earth in undistinct decay."

And such is Rome—once the chiefest power on earth, the mistress of the world! Warned by her fall—her foolish fall—let us, the Nicobe of nations, live without her follies. As it is we stand the favored people of the most High. The present state of our nation, financial and political, presents the most flattering prospect for our future. *Within the last* eight years we have successfully waged wars at a cost of over ninety-three millions dollars; bought fifteen millions dollars worth of territory from France and Mexico; builded Railroads; opened canals; speculated in banks; traded with all the world and *bought furs from Upper Canada;* allowed our public bodies generally, and Congress in particular, to expend and squander all they could; renewed our Navy; increased our army; sailed one squadron to Japan, another to Cuba, and a third in search of the North pole, and yet we have come out of all these speculations and difficulties with a balance of 22 millions dollars remaining in our National treasury. This is encouraging. Rejoice then at the return of this another Independence—for the land is at peace and our nation fat with gold.

[We here omit two pages, not having room—being a history of the distressed state of the nation during the years 18—; an account of Mr. Gregg's course in Congress, then a representative from this District; together with a statement of the Gregg and Randolph "Loan Bill," Nova Scotia fur trade difficulty, ect.—ED.]

"This is indeed a glorious day for America, that calls out in our towns and our cities and from our valleys and our hills twenty six *millions of rejoicing freemen; that* 'mid way ing banners and beating drums on Boston's heights, and gay pennons flying from the masts of an hundred vessels, that he cradled upon the bosom of the ocean that rolls at Bunker's feet; the booming cannon hath again awaked the echoes of another jubilee Independence. Shall we not rejoice when these gala days return? While the clarions of Europe are sounding the return of our, National birth-day; while the nations of the Old World are proclaiming the perpetuity of our government, *shall we be silent?* Shall we, the recipients of its good and wholesome effects, look on with apathy and indifference? Such ingratitude, forbid it Heaven ever to enter the land of Columbus' Rather let a general rejoicing be ordered; let the citizens of the land with one accord rise up to do it homage, let it be heralded in by waving of banners, beating of drums, clashing of cymbals and the noise of cannon; let it be solemnized in the churches with prayer, let it be proclaimed from the pulpit, let the houses be decked and our halls hung with garlands, to greet it; let the lips of those who can speak well hallow its return with the words of patriotism. In our towns and our cities; in our valleys and among our hills—and throughout the length and breadth of the land, that struggles in the grasp of two mighty oceans, one long, loud shout of joy, bursting from hearts of freedom's exulting millions like the mingling of many waters roll back undying to freedom's farthest mountain"—Have we not sufficient cause to rejoice as we do? Behold the majestic splendor of our nationality, our men of giant intellect have

[illegible] a proud pre-eminence, our fertile lands are yielding their fruitful increase, the treasures of our country, from where sweeps the Atlantic tides, to where rolls the Pacific floods, are pouring their rich ores into our public treasury, stately monuments, literature and the fine arts mark an age of luxury ease and opulence, governed by just and wholesome laws, surrounded by lofty church spires and our own beloved free institutions—with our distinguished generals, our invincible armies, our thousand poets and painters and architects and sculptors and historians; the sails of our vessels in every wind and whitening every port, their crooked keels cleaving every brine, the crowned heads doing us homage, the people of other countries rising up and pointing to us with wonder, awe and admiration feared, loved, honored and respected In the contemplation of this our own peculiar greatness have we not sufficient cause, at least one day in the year, to rejoice and be glad To deny it would be to affirm, that in the present we could forget the past, that in the strength and pleasure of the latter, we could lose sight of our weaknesses and sorrows in other years, and forget those who, with courage bold, went out to battle. It may be so with some, but such is certainly not the nature of American freemen. The chivalrous spirits of our Revolution are not and cannot be forgotten. A few of these venerable men have come down to us "from a former generation," and we thank an over-ruling Providence that He has bounteously lengthened out their lives, "that they might behold this joyous day and be allowed to partake in the reward of their patriotic toils ere they slumber in the grave forever." They will not long survive to bless our eyes, the last lamp of their great lives, is almost extinguished; the grave is opening to receive them, and they are sinking into its cold bosom; the dying embers of the spirits that have lived so vivid a life are leaping and flashing on the cold hearthstones of their existence and forsaking the ashes of their consumed tenements forever. Soon we will know them no more; soon the last will be gathered to his Father's fold.

"One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the sires are going."

A little longer and as the last star of the Revolution goes down in death, we will sing with the poet,

"His staff is laid down at the end of the journey of life,
His weak hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mist of age, it was his time to die."

It needs not the dismal tolling of an hundred brassy bells, nor the black crape streamers of death flying from a thousand steeple tops to remind us when one of that "Juliet" band is no more. When his time-worn head with its "honors thick upon it," goes down to the silent grave, we voluntarily turn aside from the cares of the world and shed the tears of grief that spring spontaneous to our eyes and fall to the memory of him who was

"One of a few immortal names
That were not born to die;"
One of the heroes whose fame
Earth's limits alone could bound,
And minds extant contain."

Eighty-one years have circled away since we become a nation. I disdain to boast, yet in comparison with the nations of the old world, in that short time we have lived a housand. More than eighty-two annual rounds have rolled since our fathers stood "shoulder to shoulder" in strife for their country, on Bunker's brow, whilst mixed volumes "of flame and smoke rolled up *from* burning Charlestown," and from the heights of Boston's metropolis. "Its towers and its roofs, their wives and their children, and their countrymen in distress and terror looked with unutterable emotions for the issue of the doubtful combat" All has altered but the fame of their noble deeds, they cannot change; they are safe with posterity, they can never die; no never. They live fresh in the hearts of you, their sons, to-day, and will survive you in the affections and growing knowledge of your children, when you shall have been gathered to a congregation of 'other and better days.' Vain and presumptuous would it be on the part of me to offer any fit encomium to their great names: the attempt, however great, must necessarily fail Their great actions have been chronicled by pens of silver, and proclaimed by tongues of golden fire The world knows their lives by heart; they are written in the history of Concord and Monmouth, and Lexington, and Bennington and Brandywine. Behold them and read for yourselves There they are "and there they will remain forever," monuments of their own immortal glory, reared not by the patriotic love of their countrymen but wrought by their own immortal hands; they carved with their bright blades, a monument, more enduring than any we, their sons, can offer them; one lasting as the mind. Temples may pass to dust; states and cities decay and fall, empires and republics moulder away, yet will their deeds remain and be not "until love of virtue come on earth or earth itself sink back again to chaos"—Yes, fellow-citizens, they piled one glorious victory upon another, until the tower of liberty was complete and symetrical, and now behold upon its many glowing sides, inscribed in characters of living light, wreathed around with wavy folds of fire, their own immortal names to be handed down to the children of men in all the myriad years that may yet be to come I hear a voice it is the voice of time, and in the hollow tones of years are heard the thank of freedom's unborn millions that are yet to be. But I turn from these pleasing scenes—these sad reminiscences of the past—to thank, as I close, the generous strangers who left the vine tradden bowers of their native hills, and came to partake for freedom's cause in freedom's land Generous Lafayette, noble Kosciusko, brave Pulaski, venerable Bekalb, in the name of these freemen; in the name of all freemen; in the name of the present generation; in the name of liberty and our country, we thank you—Oh, teach us by the generous example of your self sacrificing natures ever to extend the hand of succor and fellowship to nations struggling for freedom as you extended it to us. Yes, teach us by the remembrance of your noble deeds *never* to forge the debt of gratitude, we owe in your behalf to others Yet Hungary struggled in vain, and we looked on and saw her fall, so too, struggled the Greek nation, and all the eloquence of Webster and Clay could scarcely force a simple sympathetic resolution through our houses of Congress, and so struggled the Turkish nation, but the spectres of tombs and swords and helmets gleamed before us and alarmed us, we trembled before the Russian Bear and crouching in fear to the Czar, another and suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberty, by national independence and by humanity Heaven forbid that we should plunge into a hasty and unnecessary war, but when it sulked and helpless freedom lies bleeding and prostrate in the chariot track of the tyrant, when she turns her pleading eyes toward us the last and only hope, shall she supplicate in vain? Shall we look calmly on while tyranny extinguishes the last glimmering rays of her existence and tramples the idol of liberty in the dust Were I a ruler as I am a citizen, rather than tyranny should thus triumph, I would pour my last regiment upon the tyrant and fall, if fall I must, fighting sword in hand against despotism for freedom and freemen's rights.—War is the law of violence, war of invasion is the part of a despot; war of oppression is the part of a tyrant, but war of rebellion against outrage; war of resistance is a power *delegated to man by God* who has created "all men free and equal," and given to each a reasoning mind.

In conclusion, fellow citizens, may you live to witness and enjoy the return of many national birth days. Long may your banner wave *still full high advanced*, over theseas and over the land, and in every wind "under the whole heavens," and when your eyes shall be turned for the last time to look upon the scenes of earth, may you behold the bright sun in mid heaven, shining upon the full blown rose of liberty, still an unwithered flower; and as the final scene of your life's drama is rapidly closing upon earth's cares, may you look around you upon a free and prosperous people, and with your latest breath exclaim "with all the enthusiasm of poetry, as well as truth, HERE IS STILL MY COUNTRY."

A Gentleman of the name of Marten, married a lady of the name of Martin, and it was punningly said that he knocked her eye (i) out on the day of their marriage.

It ruins silver to wash it with soap-sads. so says a well-known silver-smith.

Catnip, bruised and applied to the wound, is a cure for the bite of a spider.

Some signs are very suspicious. For instance: "I. Steele, Dry Goods."

Original Essay.

[For the Democratic Watchman]

Look Up.

BY MARY.

If it were not for the precious promises of the Gospel the griefs and sorrows of this life would oftentimes be too great to be borne. Poor, frail, human nature would rush beneath the weight if there were no hope to stay the fainting spirit.

Away beyond this world of sin and sorrow there is a fairer, happier clime, with no clouds to darken the noonday sky, no chilling disappointments to crush confiding hearts. How fervently the spirit broken longs to quit this scene of commotion and be at rest. In that far-off land truth and friendship reign unsullied and unbroken. None of the thousand troubles that render life so bitter, are known there. In the light of the Redeemer's countenance peace and love alone *can* reign.

This life at best is but a weary pilgrimage through a wilderness of woe. How light and freed the ransomed spirit must feel when released from a state of sin and bondage, and ushered into the immediate presence of all that is pure and holy.

HARRIS TOWNSHIP, PA.

A Dying Wife to her Husband.

A friend has kindly handed us the following piece for publication. If it touches the hearts of our readers as it has our own, the mist of sorrow will gather in their eyes. It is more touching than any love tale—more hallowing than a sermon—sweetly sad, like the swan's dying song DESDAMONA is our ideal of woman, and her crowning speech is her last, where in answer to the question

"Who hath done this deed"

She answers;

"Nobody, I myself, farewell.

In tender thoughtfulness and yearning love for the living, this letter equals the sweet speech of DESDAMONA. Such words as these atone for much of the falsity and emptiness of life, and fill the soul with a holy "awe of womanhood"

EDS.

The following most touching fragment of a *Letter from a dying Wife to her Husband* was found by him some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume, which she was very fond of perusing. The letter which was literally dim with tear *marks*, was written long before the husband was aware that the grasp of a fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen

"When this shall meet your eye, dear G——, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the old white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you and to others it might now seem but the nervous imaginations of a girl, yet dear G——, *it is so!* Many weary hours have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine, and beauty; and, hard, indeed, it is to struggle on silently and alone, with the *sure conviction* that I am about to leave all forever and go down alone into the dark valley:—

"But I know in whom I have trusted," and, leaning upon His arm, "I fear no evil." Don't blame me for keeping even all this *from you*. How could I subject you, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting when time will soon make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its Maker's presence, emblamed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be so—and I submit.

Yours is the privilege of watching, through long and dreary nights, for the spirits final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Savior's bosom!—And you shall share my last thought; the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours, and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eye shall rest on yours until glazed by death—and our spirits shall hold one last fond communion, until gently fading from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfading glories of that better world, where partings are unknown. Well do I know the spot, dear G——, where you will lay me, often have we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves and burnished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold, *each* perhaps has thought that one of us would come *alone*; and whichever it might be, *your* name would be on the stone. But you loved the spot; and I know you'll love me none the less when you see the same quiet sun-light linger and play among the grass that grows over your Mary's grave. I know you'll go often alone there when I am laid there, and my spirit will be with you then and whisper among the waving branches, "*I am not dead, but gone before!*"—*Knickerbocker.*