Democratic Watchman

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EXCHANGE ON THE EAST CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Original Poetry.

[For the Democratic Watchman.]

Into the Sunshine.

BY M T WILLIAMS

Sorrow's dark shadows around us are falling,
Grief tunes his harp to a wild fitful strain,
Cares deep and sable as night shrouds are gathering,
And we fain would get into the sunshine again

Fierce wrongs, our rights and liberties trample,
Proudly our brethen grows selfish and vain,
But calm mild forgiveness repeats the sweet echo,
"Though impaired get into the sunshine again"

Bright flowers have bloomed in our life's radiant summer,
But ah! the fair heart gems in shadows are lain,
And fancy lookseut in the dark dreary future,
For paths that will lead us to sunshine again

Bright hopes have 'twined round our love-glowing pathway,
Our's have been joys pure as seraphic strains,
Joys have been hushed, hopes have been blasted,
But we must get into the sunshine again

Away in the tablets of memory's chamber
Some sunshiny hours though perished, remain,
Some garlanded moments we love to remember,
While we sigh to get into the sunshine again

Oh! in life's wild turmoil, her grief laden sorrow,
Her dark gloomy shadows, her sombre-clothed train,
Tread lightly look forward the dawn of to-morrow
May waft you into the sunshine again

BLACK OAK, Pa

Miscellaneous.

The Right Arm,

—OR—

The Patriot and the Traitor.

Fifty years ago a terrible storm shook the city of London At the dead of the night, when the storm was at its highest an aged minister, living near the suburbs of the city was aroused by an earnest cry for help Looking from his window, he beheld a rude man clad in the close attire of the sweeper of the public streets In a few moments, while the rain came down in torrents, and the storm growled above, the preacher leaning on the arm of the scavenger treaded his way through the dark suburbs.

That very day a strange old man had fallen speechless in front of the scavenger's cycle home The good hearted street sweeper had taken him in, laid him on his own bed he had not spoken once and now he was dying

This was the story of the rough man.

And now, through dark alleys among miserable tenements that seem to topple down upon their heads as to the loneliest and dreariest suburbs they pass that white haired minister and his guide. At last in a narrow court, and up a flight of stairs that creaked beneath their tread, and then into the death room

It was in truth, a miserable place

A glimmering light stood on a broken chair There were the rough walls, there the solitary garret window with the rain beating through the rags and straw, which stuffed the broken panes—and there amid a heap of cold ashes stood the small valise which it seems the stranger had with him

In one corner, on the coarse straw of the ragged bed lay the dying man He was but half dressed his legs were concealed by military boots

The aged preacher drew near and looked upon him As he looked throb throb you might hear the death watch ticking in the shattered wall.

It was the form of a strong man, grown old with care rather than with age

There was a face that you might look up on once, and yet wear in your memory forever. Let us bend over the bed and look on that face.

A bold forehead, seamed by one deep wrinkle between the brows long locks of dark hair sprinkled with grey lips drawn separate from the life of the man—and then two large eyes, vivid, burning, unnatural in their steady glare.

Ah! there was something so terrible in that face—something so full of unutterable loneliness, unspeakable despair, that the aged minister started back in horror

But look, those strong arms are clutching at the vacant air the death sweat starts in drops upon the cold brow—the man is dying.

Throb! throb! throb! beat the death watch in the shattered wall.

"Would you die in the faith of a christian?" faltered the preacher, as he knelt there on the dark floor.

The white lips of the death-stricken man trembled but made no sound

Then with the agony of death upon him, he rose to a sitting posture. For the first time he spoke:

"Christian!" he echoed in that deep tone which thrilled the preacher to the heart, "will faith give be back my honor! Come with me—with me, far, far over the water. Ha! we are there! This is my native home. Yonder is the church in which I knelt in childhood; yonder, the green upon which I sported when a boy. But another flag than that waved when I was a child. And listen, old man, were I to pass the street as I passed it when but a child, the babes in their cradles would raise their tinny hands and curse me. The graves in yonder churchyard would shrink from my footsteps, and yonder flag would stain a baptism of blood upon my heart."

That was an awful death bed The minister has watched the "last night" with a hundred convicts in their cells, and yet never beheld a scene so terrible as this.

Suddenly the dying man arose. He tottered along the floor. With those white fingers, whose nails were blue with the death chill he threw open the valise. He showed the military coat trimmed with silver, an old parchment, a piece of cloth that looked like wreck of a battle flag

"Look ye Priest, this faded coat is spotted with my blood," he cried as old memories seemed to be stirring at his heart "This is the coat I wore when I planted the stars on Ticonderoga That bullet hole was pierced in the fight at Quebec; now I am—let me whisper in your ear"

"Now help me, priest," he said in a voice, growing suddenly tremulous, help me put on this coat of blue and silver For you see," and a ghastly smile came over his face, "there is no one to wipe the cold drops from my brow; no wife, no child I must meet death alone but I will meet him as I met him in the battle, without fear"

While he stood arraying himself in that worm eaten coat of blue and silver, the good preacher spoke to him of faith in Jesus—Yes, of that faith which pierces the cloud of human guilt, and rolls them black from the face of God

"Faith!" echoed the strange man, who stood there erect, with the death light in his eye. "Faith! can it give me back my honor! Look, ye priest, there over the waves, sits George Washington telling to his comrades the pleasant story of eight years' war—there in his royal hall sits George of England, bewailing in his idiotic voice the loss of his colonies And here am I—who was born to raise the flag of freedom, the first to strike the blow against that King—am dying like a dog."

The man stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man while throb—throb throb beat the death watch in the shattered wall,

"Hush! silence along the lines there" he muttered in that wild, absent tone, as though speaking to the dead; "silence along the lines! Hark you Montgomery we will meet there in victory or in death! Hist! silence, my men not a whisper as you move up those steep rocks! Now on my boys—now on. Men of the wilderness we will take the town Now up with the banner of the stars up with the flag of freedom, though the night is dark, and the snow falls! Now now! shrieked the death stricken man cowering there in his blue uniform, while his clenched hands moving to the air "now now! one blow and Quebec is ours!"

And look—his eyes grew glassy With that word on his lips, he stands there—ah! what a hideous picture of despair, erect, livid ghastly! There for a moment and then he falls! He is dead! Ah! look at that proud form thrown cold and still upon the damp floor In the glassy eye there lingers even yet a terrible energy, a sublimity of despair

Who is the strange man, dying here alone in this garret, this man who, in all his crime, still treasured up his blue uniform and faded flag

Who is this thing of terrible remorse? This man whose memories link something of heaven and more of hell?

Let us look at that parchment and that flag.

The old minister unrolled that fading flag it was a blue banner, gleaming with thirteen stars

He unrolls that parchment! It is a Colonel's commission in the Continental army addressed Benedict Arnold!"

And there in that rude hut, while the death watch throbbed like a heart, in the shattered wall unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of utter desolation, laid the corpse of the patriot and traitor.

O, that your own true Washington had been there to sever that good RIGHT ARM from the coward, and while the dishonored body turned into dust, to bring home that good right arm and enshrine it among the holiest memories of the past.

For that arm had struck many a gallant blow for freedom; yonder at Ticonderoga, at Qubec, Champlain, and Saratoga that arm yonder, beneath the snow white mountain, on the deep silence of the dead, first raised into sight the banner of the STARS.

It was during the renowned expedition *through the wilderness to Quebec*, that Arnold encamped for two or three days beside the River of the Dead near a snow white mountain, which rose in lofty grandure over all the other mountains into the autumnal sky. A single soldier ascended the mountain with the hope of beholding from its summit the rocks and spires of Qubec.—When he came down. Arnold took from his breast, where, for four days in privation and danger, he had carried it, a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars. He raised it into the light, and for the first time the Continental Banner floated over the solitudes of the Dead River This is a fact attested by history and corroborated by tradition.

"Do you think your are too poor to take my paper?" said an editor to his neighbor. "No, but I think your paper is too poor to be taken."

A Frenchman "Taken in" and Done For.

Under this caption the Tennessee Telegraph tells a characteristic, mirth-provoking story of a "parleyvoo," gent, alias Frenchman, who, being little acquainted with horses, jockies or horse flesh, was greviously "taken in" in the purchase of a mare. He gave a $100 *spot for a mare that had been* fattened to sell, and to his surprise, found her to be ring-boned, spavined blind, clumsy and wind broken. Full of wrath and vexation, he went to the jockey, and requested him to take back the jade, and "shell back" the purchase money:

"Sare," said he, "I've fetch back do mare horse eat you sell me, and I want the money in my pocket back!"

"Your pocket back!" returned the jockey, feigning surprise; "I don't understand, you, sir!"

"You no stand under me?" yelled the Frenchman, beginning to gesticulate furiously, you no stand under me! Sare, be gar, you be on grand rascalle! You be like Sam—like Sam—vat you call de leetle mountain?"

"Sam Hill, I suppose you mean."

"One Monsieur! Sam de hill—yes sare you lie like *two* Sam Hill You sell me your mare horse for you hundred dollaires he no vort von hundred cent by gar!"

"Why, what's the matter with the beast?"

"Mattair! say me! Mattair! do you say? Vy, he's all mattau—he no go at all, he got no leg, no feet, no vind he blind like von wid dat eye—he go *wheeze* like von forge hammer bellows—he go limp, limp—he no go over at all de ground—he no travail two mile in three day! One, sare, he be von grand sheat—you must take him and fund de *money back*!"

"Refund the money! Oh no, I couldn't think of such a thing."

"Tat, you no fund to me back the money? You sheat me vid von hundred dollairer horse dat no oan go at all."

"I never promised you that he would go."

"By gar, vot is von horse good for when he no go?" He be no better as von dead shackasse, by gar! Vil you, sare, sare, take de mare horse back, and gire de money vat I pay *for him?*"

No sir, I cannot—it was a fair bargain, your eyes were your own market, as we gentlemen of the turf say."

"Gentleman de turf! You be no gentleman at all—you be no turf. Mon Dieu you be von grand Turk you sacra dem leeep tione you play von tarrill trick on your gotten fadder! You have no principalle.

"The interest is what I go in for, anyhow."

One sare your interest be no principalle. You be von great rascalle sheat!"

Failing to be satisfied by the jockey, the Frenchman sent his "nayg horse" to an auctioneer to be sold. But the auctioneer seemed to have been as great a rogue as the jockey, for he took care that the fees for selling, should eat up the price he got for the animal

"By gar," said the Frenchman, when relating the story, "I be sheaty all around—De shocky horse he sheaty me to dispose of de hemmalle, and den sold my horse for ten dollaire only; and by gar, he charge me *seven dollaire for sell him!* So I loss leven and von hundred dollaire, all in my pocket clear, for von soare, dem limp, limp, vhese o vind, no see at all good for nothing shape of a mare horse, curse as nineteen dead shackass, by gar!"

A Pretty Sharp Retort

On Saturday two young ladies, very genteely dressed, were riding along Fifth street in a bus. One of them, whose features were more remarkable for an excessive prominence of nose than anything else, exhibited to the other a daguereotype of herself, which she said she just had taken, and they were engaged in discussing its merits, when an elderly lady got into the bus at the corner of Elm and Fifth streets. She was evidently one of those inquisitive yet good natured souls who take a great deal of innocent liberty in the world without thinking any harm. After riding a square or so she reached out her hand and said to the lady with the picture: "Please let me look at it." Her modest request was met with an indignant frown, and the reply, as the case was returned to the lady's pocket, "It's none of *your business*."

The old lady settled back in her seat very complacently, when the companion of the one with the picture asked:—"What do you wish to do with it?" "Oh, nothing," replied the old lady, "I *only* wanted to see how successfully the artist has put such a nose on so small a plate!"

The omnibus was full, and the shouts of laughter which followed the retort could have been heard a full square. The lady with the daguereotype covered her face with her veil, and dropped the subject during the remainder of the ride.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

"I wish you would embrace husband's principles," said a dashing lady of Washington to a member of the opposition, "I could never do that; but I would gladly embrace his wife," was the reply—and that seems to be the idea all around in that latitude.

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

The Democratic State Convention assembled in the Hall of the House of Representatives on Wednesday morning, March 16th 1859

R B. Roberts called the Convention to order at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Jno. H Bailey nominated Hon Geo. W. Wharton for temporary Chairman.

The question being taken

It was agreed to unanimously.

Hon G W. Wharton assumed the chair and made the following remarks:

I thank you, gentlemen of the Convention for the honor you have just done me, an honor which was quite unexpected by me, I assure you when I left home. We have met, gentlemen, in very important crisis in our national affairs Every one of us must be acquainted with the vast importance of the action of the great State of Pennsylvania, upon all national questions and I am sure it is the wish of every member of this Convention, that the action of this State may conduce to the permanent prosperity and the union of our great confederacy and I am equally confident that we all desire that the proceedings of this Convention may be harmonious I trust that we may unite in conducing to that great results Without detaining you further gentlemen, with any expression of my views, I invite you to business.

Mr. Hopkins offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That a committee, to consist of one member from each Senatorial district, be appointed to report permanent officers for this Convention

Mr. Tate (Bedford,) offered the following as an amendment

Resolved, That this Convention proceed to elect permanent officers *viva voce*

Mr R Bruce Petriken suggested that the resolutions were not in order until temporary secretaries had been appointed for the Convention, and until it was known who were and who were not delegates.

Mr Johnson seconded the views just expressed by Mr Petriken. It was first necessary to have temporary clerks before any action could be taken relative to the appointment of permanent officers. He moved that the further consideration of the resolutions be postponed for the present

Mr Hopkins could not but concur in the necessity which existed for secretaries *before business was transacted*

On motion temporary secretaries were then nominated.

Mr Gibson nominated Mr. John H. Bailey

Mr R Bruce Petriken nominated Mr. J. Simpson Africa

Mr Shannon nominated Mr Wm J Lieb

Mr Sansom nominated Mr J W. Douglass

The nominations were confirmed *viva voce* by the Convention, and the temporary secretaries entered upon their duties.

It was moved and carried that the list of the delegates be now called in connection with the various Senatorial and Representative districts.

The following taken, the following named gentlemen presented themselves as Delegates from the respective districts

SENATORIAL

1 Philadelphia *Thomas H Forsyth*, Hugh Clark, James P Nicholas and Samuel H. Gilbert.

2 Chester and Delaware Wm S Latta

3 Montgomery—John H Hobart.

4 Bucks—Franklin Vansant.

5 Lehigh and Northampton—Philip Johnson.

6 Berks Tobias Barto.

7 Schuylkill—Dr. Samuel H. Shannon.

8 Carbon, Monroe, Pike and Wayne—C. D. Brodhead.

9 Bradford, Susquehanna Wyoming and Sullivan A. J Garretson

10 Luzerne William S Ross

11 Tioga, Potter, M'Kean and Warren—Chas Lyman.

12 Clinton, Lycoming Centre and Union—T M Hall

13 Snyder, Northumberland, Montour and Columbia Isaiah W Davis.

14 Cumberland, Juniata, Perry and Mifflin John S Miller.

15 Dauphin and Lebanon—R J Haldeman.

16 Lancaster—Wm T M'Phail, Paul Hamilton.

17 York—W H Welsh.

18 Adams, Franklin and Fulton—Henry I Myers.

19 Somerset, Bedford and Huntingdon—J Simpson Africa

20 Blair, Cambria and Clearfield—Tho's Collins.

21 Indiana and Armstrong—J. Alexander Fulton.

22 Westmoreland and Fayette—Hortentus Lowry.

23 Washington and Green W Hopkins.

24 Allegheny—James A *Gibson*, N P Fetterman.

25 Beaver and Butler—Samuel Marshall.

26 Lawrence, Mercer and Venango—W M'Knight.

27 Erie and Crawford—Murray Whallon.

28 Clarion, Jefferson, Forest and Elk—J L. Gillis.

REPRESENTATIVE.

Adams—J Stalley.

Allegheny—H Sprout, John H Bailey John Swan, Dr J S Penney, J H Philips

Armstrong and Westmoreland C B Painter, H L Donnely and Jno W Rohrer.

Beaver and Lawrence James McCune, Capt J S Dickey.

Bedford and Somerset—W J Bare, Jos W Tate.

Berks Jacob Conrad, Jeremiah Hageman and David Plank.

Blair—S H Bell.

Bradford—Wm H Peck, V E Piollett.

Bucks—Wm S Long Jacob Van Buskirk

Butler A S McBride, John B McQuistan

Cambria H A Boggs.

Centre S S Seely.

Chester William Ralston, Hibbard Evans Jas W Pratt

Carbon and Forest Jacob Turney.

Crawford and Warren Wm Carr, R Brown

Cumberland and Perry Thomas M Biddle Charles C Brandt

Dauphin—Robert C Lamberton, Geo. W Bowman.

Delaware—William Gray.

Erie—

Fayette—Chas Boyle.

Franklin and Fulton J W Douglas Jas B Sansom.

Green Rufus Campbell

Huntingdon R B Petriken

Indiana—James Sloan.

Jefferson, Clearfield Elk and McKean Wm P Jenks, Wm A Wallace

Lancaster Jacob F Coutz, Samuel C Stumbaugh, P. J Albright, Jerome B Shultz

Lebanon Jacob Winter.

Lehigh and Carbon—Wm H Butler, Charles Nault

Luzerne Anthony Grady, Steuben Jenkins, P C Gritman.

Lycoming and Clinton—John B Beck, A C Noyes

Mercer and Venango Arnold Plumer, A Price

Mifflin Jno Kyle

Monroe and Pike—G W Rowland.

Montgomery—J. W. Bigony, Jesse B. Davis, Samuel Houpt.

Northampton—Peter Kemmerer, George W. Shawde

Northumberland—Jacob Leisenring.

Philadelphia—Wm. Cunningham, Henry A. Gideu, Benj H Naves, Geo. M. Wharton, Fredrick A Server, John A Morrison, Wm Netley, John H Brunner, Robert B Knight, A L Snowden John Wharton, Geo Fisher Francis McManmus, Samuel Ogdon, J Henry Askins, John Roberts, John G Brenner.

Potter and Tioga—Julius Sherwood, Timothy Ives.

Schuylkill Geo D B Kem, Henry S Acker, Wm J Leib

Susquehanna J O Bullard

Union, Snyder and Juniata E S Doty, J C Davis.

Washington Geo W Miller, Andrew Bruce.

Wayne—H L Stephens

Wyoming, Sulivan, Columbia and Montour W D Woodhammer Levi L Tate

York Wm S Picking, E K Herbert.

ABSENTEES James Nicholas Philadelphia Wm S Long, Bucks; Jos W Pratt, Chester; Jas Sloan Indiana, G B Nicholson, Luzerne; Samuel Ogden, Philadelphia

The question then being on the amendment of Mr Tate, to nominate officers *viva voce*,

Mr Hopkins said that he was opposed to breaking down any of the rules of the Democratic party. If the gentleman from Bedford would consent to a modification of his motion, he would modify it so that the Committee should consist of one from each Senatorial district the Delegates to be appointed by the Representative Delegates individually, he would prefer the Chairman to appoint the members of the Committee.

Mr. Tate did not wish to break down any of the rules of the party. He merely wanted the vote taken on his motion to appoint *viva voce*.

Mr. Whallon said that he did not know of any occasion during the last twenty years that the Convention had not been organized by the selection of permanent officers by a Committee appointed by the temporary Chairman. As a member of this Convention, met annually to transact business—to review the past and look at the future, he felt that the Democratic party was not a voice, as had been said, but was an institution, which had participated in government since its foundation. The usages of the Convention became a law of the party, and unless some better reason could be given for now breaking down the formula as was proposed, he should resist, the attempt. He trusted that the members would adhere to the beaten paths, in following which alone Democracy might look for success.

The resolutions of the gentlemen was unnecessary, because, if the report of the Committee did not find favor with the Convention, it would be in the power of the majority to negotiate their selection.

There might be, however, he thought, on reflection, one precedent for the course proposed. This was in 1849 at Pittsburgh. A Committee was there appointed, of one from each Senatorial district. But thirty-two districts were represented, and when the vote of the Committee was taken, sixteen were found to be in favor of the candidate from Northampton, and sixteen in favor of the gentleman from Philadelphia. Upwards of twenty votes were taken, with this result, and there was no prospect of a compromise. Under these circumstances he had moved that the Committee should report the names of both candidates to the Convention, and that it should be left for them to choose. This was done and this was the only precedent that could be found.

There would be other officers than the President to be chosen, and he wished to know whether it was proposed to elect them all *viva voce*. If so, the process would consume all day

Mr Hopkins said that he was willing to modify his motion that a Committee of thirty three should be appointed, for the purpose of reporting officers for the permanent organization of the Convention: said committee to be designated by the delegates of the different Senatorial districts.

Mr Tate refused to accept the modification.

The question then being taken, upon the amendment of Mr Tate

It was not agreed to.

The question then recurring upon the resolution of Mr. Hopkins,

It was agreed to.

The following Committee was then appointed to nominate permanent officers for the Convention

1st, H A Gilden, T H Forsyth, Hugh Clark and John G Brenner.
2nd, R. E. Monegan.
3d, Jno. H. Hobard.
4th, T. Vansant.
5th, P Johnson
6th, F. Barto.
7th, G D B Kem.
8th, W. H. Butler
9th, Wm H Peck.
10th, Wm S. Ross
11th, Timothy Ives
12th, T M Hall.
13th, J K Davis
14th, John S Miller.
15th, Geo W Bowman.
16th, W T M'Phail, J. P Allbright
17th, Wm S Picking
18th Jas. B Sansom.
19th, Wm J Blair.
20th, W A. Wallace
21st, *John W Roheer.*
22nd, C K. *Pointer.*
23rd, *Wm Hopkins.*
24th, *Jesse S. Penney and James A Gibson.*
25th, S Marshall.
26th, *Albert Price.*
27th Wm Carr
28th Jas Turney.

Mr Gilden *moved that the Convention adjourn for half an hour, to allow the Committee time to report*

Agreed to

After the recess the Convention reassembled

Hon. George Wharton *in the Chair.*

The following communication was received from the Senate chamber:

SENATE CHAMBER,
March 16, 1859.

Chairman Dem State Convention:

The use of the Senate Chamber is respectfully tendered to the Convention now in session, should it be needed by any of your committees

Very respectfully, &c.,
WM. H. MILLER, Clerk

M. Sansom moved that the rules of the House of Representatives, as far as applicable, be adopted for the government of this Convention.

Which was agreed to.

The Convention then being in expectation of the report of the Committee on Permanent Officers.

Mr Tate (Columbia,) moved that another committee be appointed to go in quest of the Chairman of the Committee on Officers, and request him to bring his report before the house, thereby avoiding the present delay

Mr. Fidell understood that the delay was occasioned by the clerks being obliged to transcribe the names

Mr Hopkins, Chairman of the Committee appointed to report Permanent Officers, submitted the following names:

President—ARNOLD PLUMER.

Vice Presidents—Samuel H. Gilbert, Dr. John A Morrison, Robert B. Knight, John Roberts, Dr Wm. Grey, Jesse B. Davis, Jacob Buskirk, Peter Kemmerer, Dr. Samuel H Shannon, Charles D. Brodhead, Anthony Grady, Charles Lyman, A. C. Noyes, Levi L. Tate, Edmund S. Doty, R. J. Haldeman, Paul Hamilton, Peter J. Albright, W. H. Welsh, H. J. Myers, David Plank, Joseph W. Tate, Samuel H. Bell, John W. Rohrer, H. Lowry, Andrew Bruce, J. H. Philips, H. Sproul, J S. Dickey, Wm. M'Knight J. L. Gills, Murray, Whallon and J. G Bullard

Secretaries: J. W. Douglas, Wm. J. Lieb J. S. Africa, J. H. Bailey, I. B. Davis, L. E. Brown, T. P. Collins, John Swan Wm. S. Picking, Steuben Jenkins, A. J. Gerriston, S. S. Seely, C. W. Shandey and Jacob Conrad.

On motion of Mr. Johnston, the report was adopted.

On assuming the Chair, Hon. Arnold Plummer delivered the following remarks:

Gentleman Delegates:

The honor which your partiality has assigned me of presiding over this Convention, I accept with profound, heartfelt gratitude,