

The Democratic Watchman.

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Original Poetry.

The Lament.
[For the Watchman.]
BY PATRICK HARRIS.
"The night on the mountain,
"The night on the sea;
"The night on the mountain,
"The night on the sea—
Down by the sea—
And the winds from the valleys are flying past,
And the mingling sighs with the wailing blast,
And her cheeks with tears are wet.
"My joys have departed,
"My happiness fled—
"The hopes in my bosom
"Are withered and dead;
"See I've dreamed of a bliss—have dreamed—and
"I wake
"But to see the cup at the fountain broke,
"And others its sweets receive.
"As dark as the midnight
"My future appears—
"As bitter as wormwood
"Come tears upon my face,
"For the bright on my face has been deep,
"And the love once in my heart—shall keep
"Though a fearful thing it be
"Leaves of the forest,
"When Summer is o'er,
"Waves of the ocean—
"That break on the shore—
"Symbols of frailty that quickly depart,
"Ye've waned of hope that once gladdened my
"Heart
"When I live but to love
"Old time has no power
"Lost love to restore;
"The heart that once broken
"Is healed no more;
"Then haste ye—oh, haste ye—fly fast, Time, fast,
"There's rest for the weary when death is past
"In the cold, cold grave."
WALLSFOOT, PA.

Miscellaneous.

THE PAST AND FUTURE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

[From the Washington, Pa. Review.]
"History is Philosophy teaching by example," have we not a right to augur for the Democratic party a brilliant and triumphant future? In looking back from the present standpoint and contemplating the many glorious achievements it has won in its three centuries, with hostile forces from time to time to the history of the past, in order to shape the destinies of the country and make its impress upon the present age of progress and reform, who that has watched its course can fail to deduce a lesson at once instructive and significant? Taking the Constitution for its guide and chart, and having in view all its movements the welfare of the people, and the whole people, knowing no North, no South, no East, no West, the march of this great party has been onward and upward, the reverses and checks which it has occasionally encountered, only more clearly and conclusively proving to the friends of our common country its ascendancy and its policy essential and indispensable to the harmonious workings of our institutions, and to the true illustration of the grand ideas of the Fathers of the Republic.
The secret of the success which has crowned the labors of the Democratic party from the foundation of the government is its nationality—and the fact that its nationality springs from its strict adherence both to the letter and spirit of the Constitution, the only charter of our liberties, bearing it aloft in every conflict and preserving it from the power of those who from time to time have waged war against it, and who have said that a union under such a compact was not worth preserving, that it was a league with the devil, and a compact with hell. Although, in its conflicts with it, other parties have laid claim to conservatism, it is, after all, the only conservative party of the country, because it would preserve intact the fundamental law of the land, and would not submit to, nor countenance any loose or visionary implication of constitutional guarantees through which the rights of the people and the sovereignty of the States might be frittered away and trodden under foot.
Thus when the immortal Jackson started the country with those great truths which he urged against the re-charter of the U. S. Bank, and for which he was assailed with the most remorseless calumny and malignity, he was but a bold and fearless conservative leader, vindicating the letter and spirit of the Constitution, and like a hero that he was, throwing himself into the breach to protect the people from the vandal hands of those who would have soiled and destroyed the greater charter of their rights and their liberties. And it was a glorious and cheering sight—and many are still living to remember it—to see with what unanimity the honest yeomanry of the country rallied around their chief in that trying hour and imminent crisis, and sustained him against the rude shock of the demagogues who sought to fasten upon our institutions a vast money power unknown to the Constitution, and pregnant with a thousand evils—a monster, whose many and stalwart arms, might in an unguarded moment, bug our boasted liberties to death.
So, too, in the bitter warfare which the Democratic party was forced to wage against their political foes, involving the question of the revenue laws, preceding the establish-

ment of the revenue laws or tariff of 1846; it involved the great and indisputable truth that Congress has no right to tax one portion of the people or one section of the country for the benefit of another section or another class of citizens—and proclaimed such proceedings a wrong and an outrage having no warrant in the Constitution, and hostile to every dictate of justice and of magnanimity. Though bitterly assailed for the position then assumed, and nearly overthrown in the shock of opposing factions, it came triumphant and unsmothered from the smoke of battle with ranks unbroken and banners floating proudly. Time, which makes all things even, has proven the correctness of the doctrine then advanced, and the opposition became disarmed of its hostility, and acquiesced in that particular policy; although during agitation, political soothsayers predicted that if the measure was carried, ships would rot at our wharves, commerce would be prostrated and ruined, and our maritime cities become a howling desolation.
Another crowning feature of our great old party, and one which goes far to constitute its glory, consists in the fact that it was upon no section nor upon any class of citizens on account of birth place or of religion. Believing the Constitution strong enough and broad enough to embrace every citizen of the republic it would throw the protecting mantle of that great palladium around all. It would embrace the rich and the poor; the proud and the humble, within the folds of that great instrument, adhered to with a fidelity amounting to a religious devotion, that makes the Democratic party invincible, and makes every page of its history thus far luminous with bright deeds and with splendid triumphs, with an occasional exception which has enabled it to spurn every enemy from its pathway, and to live down detraction and abuse. To preserve its high position, it has but to be true to its ancient allegiance—true to the faith of the fathers of the Republic—true to the great principles of the Constitution, which have given it vitality and constituted its strength—true to the mission of human reform and advancement with which it seems to have been entrusted by Providence—and it may, with confidence, anticipate a future still more brilliant and successful than the past.
Around the talismanic word Democracy cluster associations of the loftiest and most sacred patriotism. It was the influence evoked by such associations that induced the great actors in the drama of our colonial existence to press forward in the course of justice and right, it was the genius of Democracy that secured the liberties and blessings now we enjoy. When European despotism had extended its baneful paralysis over the prosperous advancements of our manufacturing and agricultural interests—when the plough was arrested in the furrow, and the mechanic's implements were ordered to remain imperative—when the spirit of industry, perseverance and progress was checked by monarchical usurpation—when our rude manufactures were compelled by kingly dictation to stand idle unproductive; it was that Democracy, like the polar star of the night, cast its benign radiance on the darkness of the prospect, directing the people in the maintenance of their rights, and led them through to the eventful period of the Revolution, and the achievement of an independence which has ever since been respected by all nations of the earth.
Democracy and popular freedom are synonymous. Its powerful arm bears back from our land the paid hirelings of despotism—it raised its magic sceptre over a people struggling to be free, and said to the wares of encroaching royalty and power, thus far shalt thou come and no farther. It seized the sword of "equal rights" and went forth to battle and to victory. The good Democracy has accomplished for our young and growing nation, was of such a character that it could not fail to be immortal. The principles it evoked and established were destined to become a panacea for political evils of divers kinds, and nobly has it performed its mission. Whenever sectionalism has attempted to lift its Balaam's arms to sever the ties of unity and fraternity that bind us together in one great confederation, Democracy has thrown itself "into the breach" and quickly disarmed the hand that aimed the blow. Personating in itself the great principles of Human Progress, it has had the inherent vitality to become the guardian of our institutions, and the sole custodian of our liberties. Factions have sprung up in opposition to the Constitution, and "strutted their brief hour" upon the political stage; but Democracy and the party that represents it, true and faithful to their mission, have religiously guarded that instrument from desecration and the spoiler. The black hand of disunion has held the falchion of fanaticism uplifted ready to cut assunder our Union bonds of friendship, love and truth, but the ever watchful eye of Democracy has heretofore averted the blow. Spoilsmen in Congress and out of Congress, in high and in lowly places, under all circumstances, have arisen as midnight conspirators and dark lantern plotters against the people's right to govern themselves—associations for partisan purposes have been organized, based upon the principles inimical to the safety of our institution—but it has been the mission of Democracy to dissipate the power of doing evil. Thus from the commence-

ment of our national existence, through all the vicissitudes of political and popular excitement, the Democratic banner has been upheld in defence of freedom. It has been the watchful guardian of the ballot box, when that safeguard of the people's rights has been assailed; and when partisanship attempted to proscriber a respectable portion of our citizens from exercising the rights of franchise, the Democracy of the country prevented the outrage.
Like the influence of the press, the mission of Democracy is universal. Wherever there is a wrong to be adjusted, an error to be corrected, a principle to be established, the cause of humanity to be advanced, there are found the great workings of the national Democracy. Its mission is to pit down aristocratic pretensions, to combat assumed nobility, to defend constitutional law, to establish institutions promotive of the "greatest good to the greatest number," and to preserve the government from partisan bias and influence. With these objects as the fundamental bias of its action, it cannot fail of complete success.
With such principles emblazoned on its banner, it must overcome all sectionalism, whether founded on southern secession or northern abolitionism, and strengthen more effectually the bonds of our confederated Union.
DEMOCRAT.
A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.
Six years ago a young man just entering manhood, under the influence of rum committed a crime against society, was tried, convicted and sent to Warrington. He served out his time behind prison walls. Before his trial a fair girl had promised to link her fortunes to his, and cruel was the blow to her.
All through the six years she waited for the day of release. With a true woman's heart she believed him innocent—innocent at least before God—and like the magnet, she held on her steady way, her heart going the hours to him. Long were the hours to him. Slowly passed the hours—seconds were minutes, minutes were hours, hours were days—days were weeks—weeks were years—years were ages. Every tolling of the prison bell struck deep into his heart; and every sunset took another thread from his life's chain. Now he was weary, weary to her. Hope, that blessed angel, would beside her by day, and responded to her by night. Some there were who laughed at her holy love, who sneered meanly at her love—a prisoner miles away. But little mattered it to her. Others might sneer—she remained true to the heart and him—Others might point to a man in prison garb toiling away from noon to night, but with one star to guide him on. She saw but the honest soul that might be saved or lost; and she had never herself to bear the gibes and jibes. Blessed words came to him in his lonely cell—words of love, of hope, of kindness, and strongly grew the heart of her who was truly a better angel watching over his broken nature.
Each counted the hours as they slowly went by, and longer grew the day on which liberty was to come. Men visited him, and they with careless or speaking eyes, threw into his soul maddening thoughts on which his cells must feed, and tremblingly shrink to the darkest corner of its temple. Then a letter from her would dash aside the curtains, and beckon him on to a spot of sunshine, outside and beyond his present reach. So passed the years. The sin was long since more than atoned for, and at last the little spot of sunshine crept into his cell, and entering by the keyhole of the door, let him forth into the bright rays of liberty. He was conducted to the office of the prison by Mr. McGraw, and a citizen's dress instead of a prison suit given him, and into an inner room, where stood she who years before had promised him to be his. What a meeting! 'Tis not for us to speak of it.
On the evening train the two arrived at Mechanicsville, where they were joined in marriage. We were witnesses to the ceremony and shall never forget it—never the eye moistened with tears of happiness, nor the throbbing of the heart that had so long waited and trusted. Saved, saved! May the future be all the brighter for the dark cloud that so long hung over it, and true friends be ever ready to lend a helping hand. We believe in woman's low—in woman's devotion—the more after knowing the fact above stated; God bless the heart wherever it may be found.
How the Gov. GOT THE CONVENTION.—One night after the counterpane was on, the quartermaster of one of the Pennsylvania regiments, endeavoring to enter the lines was challenged by an Irish sentinel.
"Halt! Who goes there?"
"A friend without the counterpane."
"Well, what's he want?"
"I am the quartermaster, and I want to get into my regiment, and not knowing the counterpane, I suppose I shall have to go back and get it."
"Is that all? An' be japers, what's to prevent me givin' ye the counterpane?"
"Nothing I suppose."
The sentinel gave him the counterpane, and the quartermaster entered the lines with a beaming face to tell his story to a circle of laughing comrades.
"Maid's want nothing but husbands, then they want everything."

SURE AND DOUBTFUL.
We feel sure that few can read the following anecdote without profit. It contains the substance of a sermon, one hour and a half in length.
A celebrated Judge in Virginia was in his earlier years skeptical as to the truth of the Bible, and especially as to the reality of experimental religion. He had a favorite slave who accompanied him round in his circuit. As they passed from court house to court house they frequently conversed on the subject of religion; the servant, Harry, venturing at times to rebuke him with his master against his infidelity. As the Judge had confidence in Harry's honesty and sincerity, he asked him a great many questions as to how he felt and what he thought on various points.
Among other things Harry told his master that he was often sorely tempted "with the devil." The Judge asked Harry to explain to him how it happened that the devil attacked him, who was so pious a man, so sorry, who he allowed himself, who was a faithful and a sinner, to pass unnoticed and untempted, Harry asked.
"Are you right sure, master that he does let you pass without troubling you some?"
"Yes quite sure."
"Well," replied Harry, "I know that there's a devil, and that he tries me sorely at times."
A day or two afterwards, the Judge concluded to go on a hunt for wild ducks in one of the streams that lay across his road home. Harry accompanied him.
As they approached the river they espied a flock of ducks quietly floating on its surface. The Judge stealthily crept up the bank and fired upon them, killing two or three, and wounding as many others. He at once threw down his gun and made strenuous efforts with the aid of clubs and stones, to secure the wounded duck, while he permitted the dead ones to float, for the time unnoticed by him.
Harry sat on the seat watching his master's movements with deep interest, and when he returned said to him:
"Massa, whilst you was a splashing in the water after them wounded ducks, and lettin' the dead ones float on, I just come into my mind why it was that the devil troubles me so much whilst he lets you alone?"
"Explain."
"You are the dead ducks, he's sure he's got you safe, I'm like the wounded ducks trying to get away from him, and he's afraid I'll do it; so he makes all the fuss after me, and just lets you float on."
THE BULL AND MITCHELL QUARREL.
The Cincinnati Times thus alludes to "the quarrel between Generals Buell and Mitchell" it is now stated that the cause of Gen. Mitchell's visit to Washington was a disagreement between him and Buell. He tendered his resignation and was at once ordered to report at Washington. He will not return to the Army of the Ohio, and his division will likely be placed in command of the gallant Rosecrans. Buell and Mitchell never did agree. With all his virtues and great merits, Mitchell is strongly tainted with vanity, and does not like to play second fiddle to any one. In Kentucky he was constantly making "suggestions" to his commander, and was ill at ease unless charged with a special expedition, when he was free to act upon his own responsibility.
A story is told which illustrates the feeling between the two Generals. When the army of the Ohio was in Kentucky, Mitchell called upon Buell and remarked: "General I have always been in the habit of thinking very much. I am restless unless my mind is occupied. I should like to know something of the plans of the campaign, that I may occupy my thoughts with it."
"General," coolly replied Buell, "you can think about the management of your own division." And that ended the conversation.
How do you REPOSE in OLD AGE.—Lord Brougham says: "I strongly recommend you to the analogy of the body in seeking the refreshments of the mind. Every body knows that both fish and fowls are very much relieved and rested, if instead of lying down and falling asleep, or confining to fall asleep, he changes the muscles he puts in operation; if instead of level ground, he goes up and down hill, it is a rest both to mind walking, and the horse which he rides a different set of muscles is called into operation. So, I say, call into action a different class of faculties, apply your minds to other objects of wholesome food to yourselves as well as of good to others, and depend upon it, this is the true mode of getting repose in old age. Do not overwork yourselves; do every thing in moderation."
An editor in the village of Mitchell, O. W. says: "One little garden patch of ours was very profitable last season. The hens eat up the cucumbers; the chickens eat up the smalls, the neighbor's cats eat up the chickens, and now if we can get hold of something that will eat up the cats we will try again."
Successor of Gen. McCALL.—Gen. Isaiah Seymour has been promoted; by Gen. McClellan to the command of the division of the captured Gen. McCALL.
We base first to raise a confidence and then desire it.

A FEARFUL SCENE.
During the late exhibition of Van Amburgh's menagerie at Monongahela City, a fearful and exciting scene occurred. It appears that shortly after the audience had assembled, a terrific storm arose which tore the canvas into rags, and threatened serious injury to the spectators. While the Storm King roared and raved, one of the huge tigers got out of his cage, which added new terror to the scene. The vast assembly swayed from side to side, first to that part which had been blown off, and then to the main entrance. Some jumped from the top of the seats out through the opening between the top and the circular enclosure; others cut themselves a passage through the canvas, and all rushed with alarm for any place of escape, preparing to brave the storm to taking their chance of life amid the crashing timbers and furious wild beasts. Woman shrieked for help and children cried, strong men looked pale, and taking the confusion of the multitude and the raging of the storm, the scene was fearful and appalling. The keepers of the animals stood by the cages of these wild denizens of the woods and jungles, with anxious looks. The man who kept the elephant Hannibal, stood in front of the huge brute, with his hands on his tasks, as pale as a corpse. One of the lions had partaken of the excitement, and his glaring eyeballs, erect posture, and extended and flowing mane, gave an idea of how he looks in his native forest. The tiger which had escaped from his cage, was driven back by Mr. Van Amburgh into the same cage with his lion, and the king of the woods had put his huge paw upon him, and was holding him tight to the floor. Nature grand and terrible was on exhibition at this show. After some moments of fearful confusion the storm ceased, and the audience separated, but not until several had been injured from being trampled and bruised in the general confusion which prevailed. The editor of the *Philadelphia Evening Journal*, from whom we get the above account, fixes the damage done to bonnets and dresses alone, at two thousand dollars.
A SET TO BETWEEN BLIND MEN.
The following good story is told by the local of the *Courier des Etats Unis*:
A few days since a poor blind man having on his hat a playard staving his infirmity, and carrying a box with confectionery stood on the corner of Broadway and Rector street. At the same time another blind man was passing with the words "I am blind" on his hat was coming down the street in another direction. A little case containing cakes and confectionery hung suspended from his neck. Suddenly a cry of distress arrested the passer-by, and turning, he beheld the two blindmen on the ground, struggling in a mixture of candies, cakes and bonbons. To add to the confusion, the two men, exasperated at the disaster, were hurling at each other epithets more forcible than polite, and had it not been for the interference of some gentlemen, they would have come to blows. "You blockhead," said one, "why didn't you get out of my way?" "How could I, when I am blind?" "You blind?" "So am I." In short, this explanation was followed by a good understanding between both parties, and the good understanding by a touching recognition. "What is your name?" asked one, "Otis Bush,—" "And yours?" "Theobald Harvey," "Theobald!" "Otis!" "Ay dear comrade!" "My old friend!" And the two companions in misfortune warmly embraced each other. Their story is short. The men were natives of Ireland, had come together to America, and were companions in arms in Mexico. One had lost his sight by a wound, and the other by an explosion in a mine. They had been separated for a long while, and after a lapse of years met in the singular manner above related.
In Washington the owners of the churches of the people for hospitals, and deprive the church going persons of a place of public worship. But they rent and pay for a block of fine brick buildings to keep emancipated slaves in. Is this what the abolitionists mean by the electioneering trick of free home.
Mr. Wadsworth, a member of Congress from Kentucky, stated on the floor of Congress, that it appears by the assessors books of the State of Kentucky that over 80 per cent. of the slaves of that State are owned by Union men, whose blood has been shed upon every battle-field since Kentucky entered this war.
One of the rebel flags captured by Gen. Curtis' troops near Grand Glaize, in Arkansas, bore the following pleasant mottoes:
"Run, nigger, run or Lincoln will catch you."
"War to the knife, and the knife to the hilt."
"Death to home traitors."
"We cannot escape the evils of life, by shrinking from its duties."
"If life improves the character, death will improve the condition."
"Injury must never provoke a good man to do wrong."
"Learning is preferable to riches, virtue to both."
"Most men die before they have learned to live."

THE 'PEOPLE'S' STATE CONVENTION.
From the Philadelphia Evening Journal.
The 'People's (Republican) Party' Convention came off at Harrisburg on the 17th, and its proceedings have been made public. It is quite amusing to read the speeches, resolutions and general proceedings, in view of the 'no party' idea so studiously attempted to be kept in the foreground of the picture! The call for the convention was directed to 'the People of Pennsylvania'—the temporary chairman, Mr. Thomas A. Marshall, of Allegheny, protests that 'party issues are dead'; the permanent chairman, Judge Knox, declaims against 'party'; the resolutions claim to be the expression of 'the loyal citizens of Pennsylvania, irrespective of party'; Forney, while expressing gratitude that God, in His Providence, allowed a Republican President to be elected in 1850, speaks for a 'no party' Convention! Henry D. Moore signifies a majority of the Democrats as traitors, and swears that all traitors are Democrats while he speaks for 'no party'; a man by the name of Schreiner follows in the same strain. William H. Armstrong of Lycoming, abusing the Democratic party roundly, avers that 'Democrats sympathize with treason as far as public sentiment will allow,' while he declares that 'the times now should swallow up all party issues'; and Thomas Marshall brings up the rear by endorsing Fremont and his policy, in the name of 'no partyism'.
More partisan malignity could not have been expressed, in the same length of time, than this 'no party' Convention expressed. There was nothing said or done that could possibly tend to conciliate and concentrate the people as they should be concentrated to meet the pressing exigencies of the times; the vilest slanders were heaped upon a party embracing a majority, perhaps, of the 'people of Pennsylvania,' in whose name the call for this Convention was professedly issued, and a party which, beyond question, has furnished a majority of the Pennsylvania men in the field, in the Government hospital, and in the grave! Is this the way to unite our people to meet the great crisis now upon us?
Another proof of the bitter partisan malignity of this Convention, is furnished in the fact that it passed a resolution warmly commending the course of that unmitigated abolitionist and enemy of the Constitution, Senator Wilcox, without saying a word in approval of the sound, conservative course of Senator Cowan. The resolution endorses Wilcox, as follows:
"Resolved, That the course of the Hon. David Wilcox, of the United States Senate, is manly, consistent and eminently patriotic and we hereby endorse him as a true and faithful representative of the loyal people of the State."
This was evidently intended to convey the idea that Mr. Cowan's course has not been manly, consistent and patriotic; and that he is not a true and faithful representative of the loyal people of the State "—otherwise disloyal. We have here another point in the plan of the 'People's' Convention for uniting the 'people of Pennsylvania' in the present crisis!
This cowardly stab at Cowan was, perhaps, the meanest act of the Convention, though certain individuals connected with it may have exceeded this action in malignity and cowardliness. Forney's attack upon his old friend Buchanan, to whom he owes everything but his base nature, was somewhat ahead of anything the Convention as a body could have done, for, whatever may be Buchanan's official sins, (and, it is well known that while Forney was his advocate, we were, as we now are, Buchanan's opponent.) no one acquainted with the facts will or can deny that he was, so long as a decent respect would possibly permit, as kind as a father to Forney. During some twenty years at least, Forney was intimate with Buchanan, and with every ingredient in his personal and political character, and during all that time, he lauded him above all other living men, and it was only when Mr. Buchanan refused to give Forney a seat in his Cabinet, or a first class foreign mission, that the latter discovered in his long-tried and always true friend anything to ensure.
Since that time, the unprincipled ingrate has abused the old man as roundly as, for twenty years, he praised him. In his speech at this Convention, it would seem from the published report of it, he did nothing but heap the vilest vituperation upon the three months that while Forney was his advocate, he lifted him from the gutter to a position in which he might have been, universally respected, but for his own base and treacherous nature. Therefore, we admit that Forney's meanness and malignity in his speech exceeded the meanness and malignity of the Convention, in its cowardly treatment of Senator Cowan.
In that small portion of his speech which was devoted to the vilification of Buchanan, Forney was the whole length of an abolitionist, including the arming of the Southern slaves, and the enlistment of negro soldiers generally; and he declared that before leaving Washington, the President had assured him that in future there should be no restriction in the employment of all

men to put down the rebellion—no more doubting about confiscation—no longer in the cry of negro equality and emancipation, &c. If this be true, Mr. Lincoln has resolved to out-Summer Summer in behalf of the negro; but we trust this, like most of Forney's utterances, is false.
It is amusing to read Forney's denunciations of the Democratic party, when we reflect that he has professed, himself, to be a Democrat almost up to the very day of this Convention! Since he has publicly given in his adhesion to the Republican party, he ought to have a better opinion of the party he has just left. Undoubtedly the remaining members of that party will consider it vastly improved by his absence.
Judge Knox, in his speech, said "efforts have been made by certain sympathizers with this rebellion, to exert one of the General in the army and to depress the Secretary of War." This plainly means that the friends of General McClellan are sympathizers with this rebellion! and, if a man is to be judged by his company, or by his friends, it follows, of course, that Gen. McClellan himself is a sympathizer with this rebellion! We very much doubt whether this is such an expression as 'the People of Pennsylvania' would desire one of their representatives, which Knox professed to be, to make, especially in a Convention professedly called to unite all the 'People'.
Knox and Forney were particularly conspicuous in this no party Convention, and George Luntz was also a member of it. The 'no party' disinterested character of these gentlemen, in political matters, is pretty well understood in this State, and their love of country is pretty thoroughly appreciated by the 'People of Pennsylvania'.
The Republicans, by adopting these men and raising them to positions in their party, for the purpose of fopping in men who once had confidence in them, have resorted to a species of political financing that will not be likely to pay. The conservative true men of the State, of whatever party, are too well acquainted with the political character and motives of these men, to be duped by this transparent trick. Forney has been bought and paid for, and the others have been bought 'on time'—they are to be paid for hereafter—when the Republican party carry the State! We confess their faith is what the phrenologists would term 'large', but, we presume, the promised price is also large. But we desire not to meddle with these private matters.
In view of the public features and probable result of the 'little transaction,' we would advise the leaders of the Republican party to keep an eye on Forney—else he will soon become a party captain.—He is as 'silly' as he is unscrupulous and ungrateful, and the first thing the McMichaels, the McClures and the old leaders know, Forney will have them harnessed to his car and be driving them, as some of the grubs-gatherers drive dogs, in harness, in the performance of every dirty, and every doubtful, duties! Forney has entered the Republican party to rule it, in Pennsylvania, and, if the old stages do not watch him closely, he will be to these bad sinners 'what the old men of the mountain' was to Sinsbad and quite as hard to shake from their shoulders.
If the dodge of forming this 'People's Convention' of no party men were not so ridiculous, we should term it wretchedly hypocritical. Mr. McAlleay of Allegheny, in some remarks, on the political character of the Convention, with an honesty of heart that gave evident alarm to the managers, denounced all the talk of members as to the no party character of the concern as 'travelling' and added: 'I came as a Republican and two thirds of the Convention came as Republicans!' Mr. McAlleay was doubtless right; the Convention was a Republican Convention, and a very dark one at that—rendered peculiarly dark, if not absolutely black, by the infusion of the Knox-Forney element, for these apostates are doing their best to outshine Sumner and Stevens, Lovejoy and Lane.
VANITY FAIR is severe on Fremont. It says: With the few most formidable and active all around them, this Major General throws up his command and comes to New York, his excuse being that the appointment of Gen. Pope 'degrades him'—But he doesn't resign. It is understood that he is still a Major General in the army, drawing his pay the same as ever; and it is whispered in certain quarters that another department will be given him. Very good. But let it be a department in Fort Warren, for the General who deserts his command and his country upon so flimsy an excuse as Fremont gives, ought to be shut up. In some countries he would be shot. We respectfully suggest to Mr. Secretary Stanton that if it be right to keep Gen. Stone in close confinement all this time without letting that officer or the public know what earthly reason there is for his incarceration, that the imprisonment of John C. Fremont, who as everybody knows has proved a precious humbug might not be entirely improper. We are sick of Fremont. He is the worst in the business.
When men try to get more good than comes from well doing, they always get less.