

The Watchman.



P. GRAY MEEK, Editor. BELLEFONTE, PA.

Friday Morning, Nov. 23, 1862.

Owing to the non-arrival of our paper in time for this issue, we have been compelled to borrow from our neighbor, of the Press, enough for our edition this week, and as a consequence, have found it necessary to reduce our size to correspond with the paper. This is an accident which we hope may not occur again.

Hon. James Campbell, of Philadelphia. Hon. W. Bigler, of Clearfield, Hon. Chaas R. Buckalew, of Columbia, Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, of York, Hon. George W. Woodward of Luzerne, and Hon. Francis W. Hughes of Schuylkill and Hon. J. Flacey Jones, of Berks, Hon. James McManus, of Centre, and Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, are spoken of or urged by friends for the U. S. Senate.

Our Andy, "the poor man's friend" or rather the particular friend and associate of "shabby" contractors and dealers in "shaving soles" shoes, made a speech in the Court House on Tuesday evening last. We cannot say whether he told the people, this true, to "behold their conqueror," or informed Democrats that his "foot was still upon their necks," but rather suppose he didn't. Poor fellow! he'll have to live until he is as gray as Timbader's goat, and be penitent every day of his life, before he'll be forgiven for his many political sins. "Oh! who would be a Governor?"

The Meeting at the Court House.

We have been censured rather severely by some would-be friends, on account of refusing to publish the call for the abolition meeting that was held in the Court House, on last Tuesday evening. Now, did we consider that patriotism consisted in rampant war speeches, or bombastic declarations—did we believe in robbing the people of their money by taxation, to give freedom to the negroes of the South, or like murdering our own friends to enslave the white inhabitants of the North—did we feel like speaking words of encouragement to those in power, in the tyrannical course they are now pursuing, and like telling them to go ahead in plundering the treasury and ruining the country to carry out the Chicago platform, we might have acted differently. But we know who the "many citizens" were, and what their designs. We remembered "Union" meetings, the calls of which were published in this paper, that were turned by the "many citizens" into political caucuses and places for abolition blackguards to wily and abuse Democrats, and felt confident that this was for the same purpose and nothing else.

The poor dried-up specimen of humanity, that acts as leader of the "vigorous prosecution of the war" party, and who has the power to charge himself into "many citizens" whenever his stomach seems over-loaded with bitterness and blackguardism, must know that we are not publishing a paper for his benefit or for the good of his party, and that we will insert calls for no such meetings, either for "love or money." If he wishes to have us "presented" or "arrested" again for "treason," we suppose he will have sufficient grounds to do so now, because of our refusal to let the people know what the "many citizens" desired of them.

We want the people to know that Mr. Bollmeyer, editor of the Dayton Enquirer, was shot dead, by Brown, for no other reason than that he was a true Democrat, an honest and honorable man, and a free independent and outspoken vindicator of the Constitution. This infernal seconded, like John Brown, only carried into practice what the Abolitionists have been preaching up.

Brown called Bollmeyer a "G-d d— traitor and secessionist," and then shot him dead on the street. These are the fruits of the teachings of the Abolition party during the last eighteen months. Every honest thinking man must by this time see the dangerous tendencies of the doctrine of that party.—Mr. Bollmeyer was a gentleman, and a scholar, and a patriot; and his assassination is one of the blackest crimes on the record of insanity, and the Abolition party is responsible for his death. The hopes of utter annihilation, we think, would be much more consolation to such men than the hopes of immortality with such blood-stained guilt upon their consciences.—Selingsgrove Times.

No news from the Army.

Harbor Defences.

We noticed, a few days since, an article in the Philadelphia Inquirer, urging upon the government, (excuse us, if you please, we meant the Abolition Tyranny now ruling in Washington) the State and city of Philadelphia, the necessity of fortifying the banks of the Delaware. The Inquirer asserts that "some vessel" was seen about two hundred miles from the city, which was supposed to be the "rebel" steamer "Alabama," and that said vessel might sail up the Delaware some moonlight night and burn the city.

Now, look ye, Democrats, who have quietly, for the sake of avoiding bloodshed, born insult upon insult, had you, one year and a half ago, ever hinted at the necessity of fortifying Philadelphia, you would have been denounced as a "traitor," and threatened to be hung—had you intimated that the South was united and earnest, and that they could not be whipped in three months—that its resources, in many respects, were as great as ours—that the people claiming to be citizens of the Confederate States were brave and active, and that it would require vast armies, millions of dollars, and excellent generalship to whip them, your necks would have been in danger of getting a tighter squeeze than did that of Haman.—But a "new plan" seems to have been "laid in the midst" of the howling "Unionists" of twenty months ago, and they are beginning to see through a glass whose lenses are debt, destruction of property, death, misery, poverty and taxation.

But, tax payers of Centre county, there is another phase to this urging of the abolition press, to fortify the Delaware. They see that the people will consent no longer to carry on a war which can only result in irreparable ruin. They know that the determination to compromise our difficulties in some way or other, is rapidly taking the place of the desire all along manifested to subjugate the Southern States and hold them as conquered provinces. They feel that their power is departing as their visions of fat contracts and gold vanishes; and, now, as a last resort, they raise a great cry about the unprotected condition of our Northern cities, hoping thereby, to fish a few more dollars from the laboring class.

Every one knows, that, considering the villainy of the administration contractors, it would take ten millions of dollars to place the batteries said to be needed along the Delaware. There would be thousands of mules and horses to purchase—grain and hay to feed them—men to do the labor—provisions and pay for them—wagons and carts for transporting the heavy kind of cannon to mount the batteries—thousands and thousands of dollars worth of powder and balls, and hundreds of other articles of which but few have any knowledge.

Such men as Cameron, Forney, Cummings, and abolitionists of less notoriety, but who have filled their pockets from the Treasury and still sigh for more, will get the contracts, and you laboring white men will have to pay for it, not only in the way of direct tax, but indirect tax in the shape of 40 cents per pound for your coffee—30 cents per yard for your calico, and double that for muslin, and everything else at the rate of 40 per cent. tax to enrich villainy, and carry on an abolition war, which can be stopped as well now as it can five years after this.

If an administration, which said at the beginning, that three months of time, five hundred thousand dollars, and seventy-five thousand men, were all that would be necessary to remake the forts and enforce the laws, is compelled now to build fortifications to protect our own cities, what may we expect next year. Surely the war party knows that the Union is no nearer restored to-day than it was one year ago. If it is, why make costly preparations for defense? If not, why continue on in this same course at such fearful costs? Look to yourselves, freemen, and beware of an Abolition Tyranny.

Godey's Lady's Book for December is now on our table, and is truly a magnificent publication, not to be equalled by any. "Found in the Snow," is a beautiful picture. "Christmas" table, containing seven distinct pictures, a Bride Fashion Plate, containing seven figures, beautifully colored, together with a variety of other plates and patterns. The contributions are numerous, varied, and interesting. Now is the time to raise clubs for 1863.

We have not room to give the full prospectus. But give the terms below. TERMS—CASH IN ADVANCE. One copy one year, \$3. Two copies one year, \$5. Three copies one year, \$6. Four copies one year, \$7. Five copies one year, and an extra to the person sending the club, \$10. Eight copies one year and an extra copy to the person sending the club, \$15. Eleven copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, \$20. And the only Magazine that can be introduced into the above clubs, in the place of the Lady's Book, is Arthur's Home Magazine.

SPECIAL CLUBBING WITH OTHER MAGAZINES. Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine, both one year for \$3.00. Godey's Lady's Book and Harper's Magazine both one year for \$4.00. Godey, Harper and Arthur, will all be sent one year, on receipt of \$6. Treasury Notes and Notes of all solvent banks taken at par. Be careful and pay the postage on your letters. Address, L. A. GODEY, 323 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Election Outrages in Delaware.

A bold attempt was made in Delaware to overawe the voters and carry the State election for the Republicans by military terror. The administration thought it important that a border slave State should present a show of endorsing its emancipation policy. Soldiers from other States, enlisted to fight the rebels, were used to repel Democrats from the polls, and to frighten and coerce timid voters, the following statement, copied from the Philadelphia Evening Journal, presents a part of the facts:

The information which we have from Delaware shows that a most shameful outrage has been committed against the freedom of the elective rights of the people of that State. On Monday afternoon four companies of the Maryland Home Guards, under Col. Wallace, (gentlemen whose patriotism prompts them to refuse peremptory calls to leave their State to fight their Southern brethren) arrived at the same town. They were conveyed by railroad and proceeded to every voting precinct in Kent and Sussex counties, except at Seaford, where Gen. Wool was in person, placed under the orders of the most unscrupulous adherents of the Abolition party. In some of the precincts the Democrats were driven away from the polls, as in Baltimore, Hundred, in Sussex county; in others the most prominent and able Democrats were arrested and kept under guard until the polls were closed.

This occurred in Dover, Hundred, Kent county, and in Dagsboro', Hundred, Sussex county. In this latter Hundred, some thirty Democrats were so treated, among them Mr. D. M. Marvel, late Auditor of the State, and the Democratic Sheriff of the Dover, the capital of the State, the soldiers made two bayonet charges, the first to stop a fistfight between two citizens, the second in mere wantonness, when there was no fighting.

The only disturbance which occurred at these polls was caused by the G. P. Fisher, the Abolition candidate for Congress who attacked and threw down a Democrat in the precinct, where the Democrats were not allowed to accompany voters to the polls, while abolitionists took forcible possession of all timid voters, surrounded by the soldiers, and forced them to vote their ticket.

The fact that this unwarranted interference with the freedom of elections failed of its purpose does not mitigate its guilt. The Democratic candidates for Governor and members of Congress are elected by small parties, and the polls were free their majority would have been 1500 or 2000. It is consoling to know that this nefarious scheme of carry an election for the administration by military terror proved abortive; but it is nevertheless an act which no right-thinking man can contemplate without indignation. The only safeguard of our rights is in the fact that the defeat of the Republican party was so general. If only two or three of the smaller States were Democratic, the election in those States would probably have been annulled by the arrest of the new officers on trumped up charges of treason.—N. Y. World.

The Abolition Party.

That "old political harlot," Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, now such a favorite with the Abolitionists, drew the following graphic and life-like portrait of their party, in a speech at Brooklyncome time before his "convention."

How is it with our political opponents? We have none only in a portion of the States. They are broken up. The distinguished Whig party of the late Whig party with which we split so many lacus—where is it? Its Clay and Webster have gone to their reward, and the Whig party has been annihilated by the arrest of the new officers on trumped up charges of treason.—N. Y. World.

O Man, Who Art Thou?

OR REFLECTIONS ON PRIDE AND WAR. BY JUSTICE. (Continued from last Number.)

Under the influence which war produces men may easily imagine the Deity to be like themselves, covetous and cruel, implacable and delighting in revenge, their corruption of him being modified by the state of their own minds. Thus they persuade themselves that God hates whom they hate and will aid them to destroy all those whom they look upon as their enemies. For laying aside the commandments of God, ye hold the tradition of men, as the washing of pots and cups, and many other such like things ye do. And full well ye reflect the commandments of God, that ye may keep your own tradition.—St. Mark viii. 14 and 15. Hence the plea that war is sanctioned by divine authority, is made one of the most available arguments in its favor, and of the strongest defences of this iniquitous system. The influence of the argument on the mind of the ignorant, tends to inspire them with hatred towards their enemies, and urge them onward in the work of death, consequently there is seldom war in which efforts are now made to persuade the multitude that the Almighty justifies them in it and will enable them to carry it into successful operation.

But I say unto which hear, Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you.—Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you. But love ye your enemies, and do good and lend, hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest, for he is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil. Be ye therefore merciful, as your father also is merciful, as your father also is merciful, Judge not, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned, forgive and ye shall be forgiven.—St. Luke vi. 27, 28, 35, 36th and 37th verses.

Thus reads a portion of Christ's sermon on the Mount. How does the conduct and actions of the Christians of the present day agree with these injunctions, reader meditate upon the one then take up the other and what is the answer in your mind after a calm and deliberate reflection, ah the mystery of iniquity, shadows forth with awful lustre, upon your better judgment, and with sorrow weighing heavily upon your heart, what answer can be given. I have answered and said unto them, "I told you that if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out." And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it.—St. Luke xix. 40th and 41st. Yes, that dear Saviour weeping over iniquity of man. His professing to believe in peace and good will to man, and not to preach forgiveness of injuries and love to enemies, but to invoke the aid of the God of love in the destruction of his creature. We hear them exclaiming of war, and urging their hearers on to battle; and what is worse than all, they ascribe their blood-gotten victories to the power of Omnipotence, after they have employed every means which ingenuity could invent to destroy their unhappy victims, is this not too horrible for the contemplation of rational beings. Man made after the image of his God, imbruing his hands in the blood of his brother. Truly the mystery of iniquity is now doing its awful work, O man who art thou, ye sturdy who we are and for what purpose we are placed here, and when we do this under the guidance of the great head of the Church as he has commanded, war will cease, and the mystery of iniquity will be stripped of its delusive and contaminating power.

We unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye devour widows houses, and for a pretence make long prayers, therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation. Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees hypocrites, for ye make clean the outside of the cup and platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess even so ye also outwardly appear righteous and just, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity.—St. Matthew, xxiii, 14th 23th 25th and 28th.

When we contemplate the nature of the gospel of Christ, and consider that the duty of his ministers is to inculcate its obligations, to recommend the continual observance of its principles, and that its plainest injunction requires love to enemies, who does not perceive that the appointment and official interference of war chaplains is a solemn mockery of the Christian religion, and that the practice of accompanying the victories obtained in war with the prayers and rejoicings of professing Christian people, is an impious commandment. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." When nations are at war, the press teems with its spirit, the professed preacher of religion, prostrating his sacred calling, too often becomes the miserable echo of the same spirit, and language as violent as it is irreverently wicked, is employed to inflame the very passions which it should be his chief aim to subdue. Of latter times, war

sermons and war prayers have been of such frequent occurrence, that people in all the different denominations in our land, as well as in foreign countries, are becoming disgusted with their impiety, especially as they are made on the occasion of every battle by both the contending parties. It matters not how unjust or iniquitous may be the circumstances which have led to the war or attended it, or how little mercy has been shown to the vanquished, both parties consider themselves in the right—both call upon the same great Being to give success to their arms, and both retract thanks to him for his favor and assistance. The following quotations will show the manner in which war is defended, and divine authority claimed for the custom by some of the professed ministers of religion, in former wars, but very applicable to the present one.

"Go then, ye defenders of your country, advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the hosts of war.—Religion is too much interested in your success not to lend you her aid. She will aid over this enterprise her selectest influence I cannot but imagine the virtuous heroes legislators and patriots, of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it be brought to a favorable issue of enjoying this eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious mortals; your mantle fell when you ascended, and thousands, enflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready to swear by him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth forever and ever, freedom in his last asylum, and never desert that cause, which you have sustained by your labors, and cemented with your blood."

"And thou sole ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong,—gird on thy sword, thou most mighty God forth with our hosts in the day of battle, impart in addition to their hereditary valor, that confidence of success which springs from thy presence. Pour into their hearts the spirit of departed heroes, inspire them with thine own, and while led by thy hand, and fighting under thy banners, open thou their eyes to behold, in every valley, and in every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire and horses of fire, then shall the strong be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark, and they shall burn together, and none shall quench them. &c. &c."

The Archbishop of Canterbury introduced into the service of the Church of England an additional war prayer, thanking the Almighty for the victories of that nation in India. The battle on the Sutlej, was one of the most terrific in the annals of modern warfare. It is reported that 30,000 were left dead on the field. One would think this terrible slaughter would have been a sufficient carnival for the war-god.—But no! Moloch must have more sacrifices more human victims to satiate his appetite, and another feast is prepared for him by the same hands. After the victory was complete, 6000 more were driven into the river and drowned. One of the English journals says, "The battle began at six and was over at eleven o'clock. The hand in hand combat commenced at nine, and lasted scarce two hours. The river was full of sinking men,—the streams being literally red with blood, and covered with the bodies of the slain. At last the musket ammunition becoming exhausted, the infantry fell to the rear, the horse artillery playing grape till not a man was visible within range—no compassion felt or pity shown." A missionary in India, speaking of the same says, "It may truly be said that Calcutta is a city of mourning, as there is scarcely any one that has not to deplore the loss of a relation or friend, or acquaintance, who has fallen in battle." The following is an extract from the prayer, used on account of this victory, as composed by the above named Archbishop:

"O, Lord God of Hosts, in whose hand is power and might irresistible, we thine unworthy servants, most humbly acknowledge thy goodness in the victories lately vouchsafed to the armies of our Sovereign, over a host of barbarous invaders, who sought to spread desolation over fruitful and prosperous provinces, enjoying the blessings of peace under the protection of the British Crown. We bless thee, O merciful Lord for having brought to a speedy and prosperous issue, a war to which no occasion had been given, by injustice on our part, or apprehension of injury at our hands. To thee, O Lord, we ascribe the glory. It was thy wisdom which guided the council, thy power which strengthened the hands of those whom it pleased thee to use as thy instruments in the accomplishment of the lawless aggressor, and the frustration of his ambitious designs. From thee alone cometh the victory, and the spirit of moderation and mercy in the day of success. Continue we beseech thee, to go forth with our armies wheresoever they may be called into battle in a righteous cause, and dispose the hearts of their leaders to exact nothing more from the vanquished, than is necessary for the maintenance of peace and security against violence and rapine."

The idea of the Deity "guiding the council" and strengthening the hands, "of an army, to give volley after volley of grape shot and cannon balls into a mass of sinking men, until "the river was literally red with blood, and covered with the bodies of the slain," and then to call this "the spirit of moderation and mercy in the day of success," furnishes an example of delusion, if not "spiritual wickedness in high places," which, for the honor of the Christian religion,

It is hoped will remain without parallel.

It is very clear that a Deity to whom such prayers are made, cannot be the God of mercy and love. It must be the God of war alone, that can delight to hear them.—When will professing Christians cease to worship this idol, when will they believe in the doctrine of Jesus—Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy—Blessed are the peace-makers for they shall be called the children of God.—Ah, happy would it have been for our dear country at this moment, had the peace measures that were offered in Congress prevailed instead of the war declaration; do you who have preached no compromise stop to think of the misery your actions have produced, look around you and what do you behold? Misery, death, and destruction under the Demon War, for over eighteen months has it been doing its awful work. Thousands upon thousands have already fallen victims to the ruthless hand of this demon, the fruit of wicked political corruption. Who can deny it? Is it not so? Yes, verily, is it so. Many have and are now weeping for those that were near and dear to them. Father, sons, brothers, children and mothers come mingled in awful strife, beyond the power of words to express.

Prayers are publicly offered upon the occasion of victory, and the armies of the nation are encouraged in the work of shedding human blood, by professors of the gospel of peace, who see endeavoring to cover up its deformity with the cloak of religious influence.—A sermon was preached to a volunteer company at the time of the war with Mexico, by a certain Henry Slicer, a minister of the M. E. Church, an extract of which is here given. The speaker began by exhorting the men to "endure hardness as true soldiers. The country has called them to war, because the country needed their services." He told them the way of duty was in the way of obedience, and urged them to pay no heed to those who would try to indoctrinate the people with the idea that it was a "sin against God to go to war." "When the civil authorities send you to battle, obey them." He declared, "it to be a leading principle of Christianity, to be ready to stand up, life or death, for our country," and added "that the man who would not fight for his country, was not to be trusted with the saving of his own soul." "The man," says the speaker, "who fights the hardest when the bows fall the thickest, and prays sincerely to the God of Battles, is the best soldier, and the best Christian." He exhorted them to prayer, he besought them to emulate the faith and virtue of the Centurion, and no harm should befall them. Their battalion of 500 men seemed but a handful compared to those, which it was supposed, would be fought against them, when they reached the land of the Aztecs. "But never mind," said he: "Gideon, with but 300 men, vanquished the Midianish host, and his battle cry was, 'the sword of the Lord and of Gideon.'" "Look well," said he, "to the bright examples of Gideon and the Roman Centurion; give your hearts to God in prayer, your bullets to the foe, and you will come off more than conqueror."

Such is the manner in which war is defended and encouraged, by those who plead divine authority for the practice. Jesus endeavored to indoctrinate the people with the idea, that it was contrary to the will of God, to hate their enemies, or to return evil for evil, and both by precept and example enforced this great truth. My Kingdom is not of this world, do my servants would fight." But here is a man calling himself a minister and servant of Christ, warning the people against those who are teaching the doctrine that it is wrong to hate our enemies, and to go to war, and telling them that the man who "fights the hardest is the best Christian."

Fellow professors of the Christian name, whom will ye believe? Jesus of Nazareth, or such teachers as these? You cannot believe both, because the sentiments they inculcate are as much opposed to each other as light is to darkness. If those who contend for the divine authority of war, would state, in plain language, what their doctrine implies, the sentiment would have but few advocates among the reflecting portion of mankind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pherry Godey.—The following conversation took place at a public dinner table one day last week between a lady and a gentleman. Lady.—It is astonishing that with an immense Union army living in Maryland, these rebels cannot be kept out of Pennsylvania. Is there no way to prevent these raids into our territory? Gent.—Certainly there is. Lady.—Well pray tell me how. Gent.—Why, let Old Abs issue a proclamation forbidding the rebels from entering the State. Lady.—Angry friendship is not unfrequently as bad as calm enmity.

A Gentleman once evening, was seated near a lovely woman, when the company around were proposing condonations to each other during to his companion he said: "Why is a lady unlike a mirror? She 'gave it up.'" "Because," said the lady, "a mirror reflects what is spoken, a lady speaks without reflecting." "Very good," said she. "Now answer me, what is a man to a mirror?" "I cannot tell you." "Because the mirror is polished and the man is not." "Pretty good."

Silver is never a drug except when used as the coating of pills.