

The Watchman



P. GRAY MECK, > Editor.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Friday Morning, April 17, 1862.

Democratic Meeting.

A meeting of the Democrats of this County will take place in the Court House on TUESDAY EVENING 26th Inst. (Court week.)

Hon. W. J. White and other able speakers from a distance will be present and address the meeting. All those who are in favor of a restoration of the Union under the Constitution as it came to us from our fathers, are respectfully invited to attend.

S. T. SHUGERT,
Chairman Standing Committee.

We Do Not Beat Them!

We suppose the Britons are satisfied. They have rejoiced with exceeding glee over the marriage of that sprig of "No-
tability," the Prince of Wales, and gloried in the prospects of being taxed a million or so more to support another "royal" household.

According to the reports of the daily papers the wounded and slain alone, on Saturday, the day of the jollification,

amounted to more than that of many a hard fought battle-field. Crushed to death by the crowd, trampled to the earth by the hoofs of horses, bruised and beaten by each other, and for the sake of "royalty." For one day and one night were the cities held in terror—*"in des honoris"*, ruffians revelled in all their glory, brutality and violence reigned in their streets, windows were smashed, pockets rifled, persons maimed for life, and all "in his honor." What more? Let the stark red hideous corpse of the strangled, thonged, too, they were "butchered to make a British holiday. In speaking of this "grand display," the Irish Nation says:

"When all the gas-pipes have been taken down, when all the dry debris have been removed like the ruins of a night's debauch one really permanent memorial of the display still remains—the British will hold windows will circulate. But the murderer, I dead will not more for Prince or King. The wounded and slain in London on Saturday—killed and maimed by the hands of those who had profited by the example of war. Dublin, too, has its hospital list, though it cannot cope with that of London, is "loyalty" satisfied? Have bones enough been widowed—have victims enough been offered this Moloch of flesh."

But what of that? Why should we, as Americans, be satisfied with the non-glorious, baseless creatures of the great cities of England, who believe in the "divine right of kings," and that by the "grace of God," "a ready," of the "royal family" is called to govern them, rising and revolting for one night "in his honor," when we, ourselves, have for two years been butchering our own brothers—growing drunk on the blood of innocent women and children—desecrating our land and glorifying in the orgies of war, all "in honor" of Sambo the South—all to degrade ourselves to a level with the negro? Why need we gape in astonishment at these miserable, half-starved beings, white slaves of England, doing "honor" to the small-brained, kid-clad scions of "royal," blood, knowing as they must that their sweat and toil, alone will procure the luxuries and grandeur of a new palace for this conceited pair, and their progeny; when we, to destroy our own Government are carrying on a war, the expenses of which, in one day, are greater than the whole amount expended to furnish "flame" and "fixings" for them for one year. Is not the "patriotism" that is actuating the people of the North to suffer privation and want—to crush themselves to the earth with taxes to carry on a war for the freedom of negroes a good deal like the "loyalty" which induced the laboring classes of England to make buffoons of themselves on account of the marriage of the Prince of Wales?

We may turn in disgust from such scenes as were enacted in London and Manchester by the miserable, degraded gathering that were doing honor to the "royal pup-pet," we may look with pity, and even contempt upon the wretched beings who would thus sweat and toil, and grow in ignorance, want and misery, to glorify "royalty," but how much better are we, as Americans, who are tasting, toiling, sweating and fighting to glorify a few degraded beings of an inferior race?

On last Saturday night the *Wide-Awakes* no, calling themselves the *Union Leagues* held a meeting in their Lodge room, for the avowed purpose of defending the *Congressional*, and other radical measures of the abolitionists. One of the speakers we are told denounced the democrats in unmeasured terms. Yet it was, Judge Linn was present and took an active part in the proceedings. There has not been a speech made in the "League" from its first start that has not been intensely partisan in its character, and tending to defend the abolitionists in their most obnoxious measures. And yet a man will have the effrontry to stand up and say that the *league* is not a political association. "Shame" on such base-faced hypocrites as the *Leagues* are guilty of. We wish for the honor of the judiciary, that Judge Linn had never permitted himself to be inveigled into such company. We wish that department of our government whether administered by democrats or republicans, could at least maintain responsibility in the eyes of all good men.

"It Must Come to Blows."

We have frequently said that the time has come when a blow must be struck between the hypo-critics of the Free States and the traitors who prevail in every town and hamlet, borough and city, flying the insidious work of alienating the slaves, and bringing about the inevitable or cowardly submission unavoidable any man who had grit and eight cents plainly understand. "That time is here now, and things are now about to strike."—*Telegraph*.

It is remembered that these cowardly, lying, white-livered, black-hearted vipers denounce all Democrats as "traitors," and "confederates" and "aiders" of the "rebellion;" it is easily known against whom the "blows" are to be "struck." We can tell the hungry lieutenants of the *Telegraph*, that so far as the Democrats of "Old Centre" are concerned, they are ready and willing to meet the "blows" at any time. If you have an army, though not as large as that shipped by England from Hess, to murder our ancestors in the Revolution, send them on. There times will be left to bleach on the hills and in the valleys of our State; Turn your hell hounds loose; let these lawns jaws and cravling ston-chas long for the blood of honest patriots; let their mounds howl for lives, and their bony fingers clutch at the throats of their imagined victims, we'll shrink not from the old Justice and truth, God and the right, are with us, and spurning, scorning, contemning your cowardly threats, we spit them in the teeth in defiance.

VIRE SONG.—The *Woolies* became furious over the card of Dr. Mitchell in the last *WATCHMAN*, and denounced him most bitterly. Why was this, gentleman? The Dr. Or, as easily as he was a *Democrat*, and on sober reflection, was satisfied that the League would turn to party politics. He used no harsh language, applied to you, no epithets. Then why rear and pitch in the style you do? But you say, if Dr. Mitchell wanted to be a *Democrat*, he had no business to join the League?

Oh! ho! even up this soon do you, that you have been lying to the people about your objects, and the character of your organization? But the had no business to publish a card! Isn't he? Then you might have deceived others; in this he game is black, and you might as well come out bold and admit this to have been done. You know that in the history of the nations which have existed or do now exist, there can not be found, that has prospered as rapidly in all of the sources of pecuniary wealth and in the intellectual advancements of its people, as we have done. You know that no Democratic Congress ever passed laws in open violation of the most important provisions of the Federal Constitution; this you have done. You have placed in the hands of Lincoln and his Cabinet more power than is possessed by any crowned head of Europe, and with your sanction, they are now using that power to change the eternal decrees of the Almighty, by attempting to force the negro from his normal condition of inferiority, to an equality with the white, and to change our present Republican form of Government into a Central Military despotism of *monarchy*.

We can tell you plainly, supporters of the war, that you can not abolish negro servitude or "slavery," with all the powers you can bring to bear against it; you may destroy the lives of hundreds of thousands of your own brethren in such butcheries as you prepared for them at Fredericksburg, you may waste millions upon millions of the treasures of the people and oppress them with innumerable burdensome and unjust taxes, but you cannot "wipe out" "slavery." It is the natural condition of the negro race and cannot be permanently effected.

Unless the people awake to a sense of the dangers that environ them, you may be able to succeed in your second object: the establishment of a *Monarchy* upon the ruins of our Republic. Ambitious demagogues, aspirants for crowns, can accomplish much while a people sleep, and who will say that you cannot blot out one portion of the Constitution with the same impunity that yet recorded in the history of time. Liberty is the natural condition of man, and will always prevail, so far as it will have opportunity to do so. To the *Confederacy* this is a mockery, a snare, a cheat and a sham, men who do not know it, are easily led to be compelled to appeal to the charwoman. To this terrible ordeal this Administration is now slowly but surely drawn.

If the Commander-in-Chief of the army can use it when he pleases—for fighting the South in the field and for crushing the North at the ballot-box—our liberties are all an empty name. If he can throw five thousand Republican voters from the army into the ranks of the rebels, and thereby annihilate the *Confederacy*. To defeat the expression of the will of the people at the ballot-box. To comment upon such atrocious conduct in words becoming the enormity of the crime, is simply impossible.

It has been ascertained, by connivance at the railroad station in this city, that 3,000 soldiers were there sent home to the West. The Abolitionists fear that many of the men would cheat them, and so, to make assurance double sure, they sent them to New York.

And they made an agreement that many could be spared should go home and vote again.

And so it was, that the *Confederacy* was defeated.

SEND THEIR NAMES TO ME AND I WILL PUT THEM THROUGH IN THREE HOURS.

"And the men were accordingly PICKED out

that were sure to vote for *Buckingham*,

no matter if they spent three days in the guard-room.

And they made an agreement that many

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