

The Democratic Watchman.

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BELLEVILLE, FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 19, 1863.

NO. 24

The Muse.

MY EARLY HOME.

At home! These words recall
To me the days of childhood,
The days when I was young and free,
And all the world was new to me.

I see the hills and green and bright,
The fields and meadows,
The trees that stand so tall and true,
The birds that sing so sweet and true.

Still I see the old dear home,
The place where I was born,
The place where I grew up,
The place where I was loved and mourn.

The school house stands the stately old,
The bell that rings so clear,
The teacher's desk so high and old,
The books that lie so neat and rare.

For all the good that's in the world,
For all the joy and gladness,
For all the love and kindness,
For all the peace and gladness.

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ABOUT SOLDIERS.

So much having been said by the Abolitionists about the feeling in the army in favor of the Administration and its measures, it may be useful, and indeed necessary, once in a while to give the public the other side.

We have long since ceased to be troubled by army resolutions published in the Administration press, knowing that the private has little or nothing to do with getting them up or passing them, and that they are principally the work of Abolition and wretched Democratic officers, who have "axes to grind" at the headquarters of the army.

Whenever we hear directly from the private and non-commissioned officers we hear a tale very different from that told in speeches and resolutions for publication in the Administration press; for instance, something like this: "Resolutions Representing the Real Sentiments of Company E, 149th Regiment, P. V."

CAMP NEAR BELLEVILLE, VA.,
March 22, 1863.

WHEREAS, An effort has been made by a certain party in the North to obtain the moral support of the people of the United States in favor of a political principle which should and can only be decided by the people in their sovereign capacity at the ballot-box; And whereas, The commanding officer of the 149th P. V. has, without due notice and process, imposed a set of resolutions upon us, the principles of which we cannot endorse and sustain:

Therefore resolved, That we are in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war for a restoration of the Union, the Constitution, and the authority of the laws—AND FOR NO OTHER PURPOSES.

Resolved, That we consider the attempt to accomplish anything further by force of arms as a desperate and unwise, and contrary to the rights of the people, and contrary to the letter and spirit of the Constitution; and that we consider it our duty to frown upon every attempt to intimidate the free action of the people of the loyal States on any subject pertaining to the political condition of the country.

Resolved, That we are opposed to the emancipation proclamation of the first of January, 1863, as an uncalculated and illegitimate proceeding; which has proved disastrous to our cause, as well as subversive of the principles of a republican form of government.

Resolved, That efforts of persons in the North to obtain the moral support of the people North and South, in a general convention are conciliatory in their influence, and are destined to produce beneficial results, if properly respected by the administration.

Resolved, That while we earnestly and anxiously desire a return of peace, yet we are not so foolishly attached to it as to be willing to accept it on any terms; nor inclined to accept any thing short of a restoration of the Union and a recognition of the supremacy of the Constitution and the laws.

These being our real sentiments, we herewith affirm our names:
William Carr, Charles Larimer, James H. Dougherty, Abner Crane, John R. Bell, William Pierce, Edward Goss, Wm. H. Ke, James H. Bush, Wm. E. Taylor, J. M. Ogden, Oliver Smith, B. R. McPherson, James A. Blinchart, Charles A. Garrison, R. F. Carr, Wm. H. Phillips, George W. Arley, Geo. W. Leuzer, Henry Hamond, D. Green, Bernard, Hiram H. Hawk, Frank Fred, Christian Latch, J. W. De Haas, David Cranmer, Wm. F. Kise, John H. Mason, Peter Corley, Nathan Waring, James Lucas, Daniel S. Kephart, Jas. W. Goss, Milton S. Lane, and John McCumber.

From the 125th Ohio regiment, a gentleman who was present, writes as follows: "The 125th Ohio was ordered out on parade without arms, in the snow, to hear the resolutions read. The gentleman says he was not more than ten feet from the officer who read them, and that he could hear the officer say, was that the resolutions had been passed by the officers, and that the men must all vote for them. Just as he commenced reading them, a band of the New York regiment commenced playing and a locomotive whistled for about ten minutes, so that the men did not hear ten words read. And to show the interest the soldiers took in them, they amused themselves throwing snow-balls at each other. He asked the men when they returned to their quarters, why they did not pay attention to the resolutions? Their reply was—they didn't care a d—n! And yet we will be told that these resolutions were passed by the entire regiment, unanimously. What humbug!"

"A soldier" of the 61st Illinois writes: "Some of the commissioned officers met here some days since—none others being admitted in the room—and drew up a set of resolutions, one of which demanded that the Illinois Leg. attire, but being so covered with words, it was hardly discernible; besides, some of the resolutions were very good. And, as they were all voted on, one large number of men voted for them, not knowing what they were voting for. The vote was taken on dress parade. After the Adjutant had read them, and the commander of the regiment had extorted all the votes for them, he requested that all who voted should come to a shoulder arms at the command. When he gave the command, it

THE LADIES CORDIAL.

The ladies of Westmoreland were quite cordial, though some of them shrunk back from shaking hands with Federal officers. One lady, whose "child was broken" at the battle of Antietam, after grasping Colonel Morrow's hand as she said good bye, added, "There, I didn't mean to do that, by as you are a Virginian by birth you cannot be a Yankee."

In plain English, this means that she was sitting down to Mrs. Shackelford's table, and partaking of her hospitality, as soon as they had filled their bellies, they went outside and stole her horse. But then, being a rebel, she ought to be thankful that she escaped with her life.

How so, ladies and niggers, it seems, were the chief subject of the expedition, and it appears from the following that the niggers were allowed to appropriate any thing they chose to lay their hands on.

A LONG TRAIN OF CONTRABANDS. These captives were made by the infantry and cavalry, who also brought up from Westmoreland county and below there upwards of a thousand contrabands of all sizes, complexions and ages, who confided every species of vehicle that ever had been made or thought of since the inventive genius of man began to develop itself. Big negroes, and little negroes, white negroes, and little white negroes, and niggers covered with gray dust, were in the train; fascinating wretches with pearly teeth and attractive lips, and Ethiopian diamonds with protuberant lips and unattractive faces.

One of the inhabitants of Westmoreland county, an educated and accomplished gentleman, who regretted the loss of so many contrabands, remarked that the train, taking into consideration the variety of the articles, the grotesque appearance of the negroes—some in ragged and some in high, and some in velvet gowns—surpassed anything of the kind the world ever saw. The contrabands were left at Belle Plain, en route for Washington, and will take a variety of household goods with them.

We can all understand the above—it needs no comment; but we were not prepared for the soldier's privilege of accompanying their children, fathers or mothers. The separation of families, always considered as the evil of slavery, it seems is also the blessing of freedom. Says the Herald:

By the roadside there were groups of negroes, waiting for the trains to come, and to escort them to "Yankees." These were of all sizes, colors and ages, and both sexes; but the transportation was insufficient for those who would be of no benefit to their proprietors, and they were left behind to exhaust the country.

It was considered a military necessity to "take horses, mules and contrabands," and we have no doubt this was given very properly in excuse when these articles were appropriated from the effects of the hospitable citizens, but it appears that military necessity does not continue itself to these articles as the following indicates:

BAD FAITH OF A BLOCKADE RUNNER. A blockade runner, near Warsaw, Captain Phillips, professing Union sentiments, promised to procure his horses by four o'clock in the morning, and which were to be used for the cavalry. He did not do so, but he was to be held down before the cavalry left. His promise, on his sacred honor, was not kept, and his horse was committed to the flames while he was seeking sympathy or security on the south side of the Rappahannock.

HOLDING THE MIRROR UP. A Richmond daguerrotypist, who had run the blockade from the North through Hatteras, and with several trunks containing his personal clothing and daguerrotypy materials, fell into the hands of our returning cavalry. With \$1500 in treasure and his horse, he had bought \$750 worth of goods, and had absorbed in expenses.

A church, in which Baptists and Methodists worshipped, near King George Court House, was accidentally destroyed by fire yesterday morning. Some of the citizens, whose sympathies are with the Secession, insisted that it was maliciously set on fire, and we shall hear of "Yankee church burners." The citizens thought that G. W. Wade, worth's aids were niggers, and the correspondent expresses his surprise at their ignorance; we do not share his surprise.

THE OLD FLAG BRINGS TEARS TO REBEL EYES. Col. Critcher was treated with consideration due to a gallant enemy after his arrest, and when he saw our infantry marching, and beheld the dear old flag of the Union floating near his home, tears involuntarily blinded his eyes, while he exclaimed, with deep emotion, "Col. Morrow, that flag was once very dear to me. It was severing the last link that bound me to the Union when I was forced to array myself against it."

It is no wonder that Col. Critcher shed tears at the sight of the "dear old flag"; and if Col. Morrow did not do likewise, it was because he had no shame left for the base deeds it was made to cover. —Evening Journal.

VALLANDIGHAM.

The reception of Mr. Vallandigham, by our outpost guard, the conduct of the officer in command, and the subsequent objection of the soldiers whose ranks he passed, with Colonel Stoddard Johnson, en route for Shelbyville, exhibit to us a picture of the feelings which we trust will be marred by no future act of indelicacy.

We are unable to arrive at a perfect conclusion as to the ultimate design of the principal figure of the group. The letter of our correspondent, published in yesterday's Herald, rather gives his own impression than Mr. Vallandigham's views. "Mr. Vallandigham," he writes, "is cheerful and seems to breathe free on escaping the Lincoln despotism. He very properly desires to avoid all public demonstration, and only asks that he may find a quiet refuge in our midst, until such time as the voice of his people, relieved from despotic influence, shall call him again from their midst. He seems fully to realize the embarrassment of his position, and will, beyond doubt, be equal to the responsibilities. A dignified retirement from all public appearances, will, to the minds of all proper persons, as doubtless his own, be the best course for him to pursue."

We cannot believe it to be the wish of one of Vallandigham's sycophants and courage, to settle down into a baleful obscurity among strangers, who can do more than respect his character and sympathize with him in his domestic troubles. His persecution and his banishment, the tide which leads to fortune is now at its flood. A little while it will ebb and flow from him and leave him like one upon a desert strand, who sees the bright blue tides roll off into the night, never to come again. If he remains in the South—traded by his enemies at home, abused in the minds of his friends, and at best occupying an equivocal position before the face of men—the day will not dawn when "the voice of the people" relieved from despotism, shall again call him to their midst." The roaring ocean of revolution, whose red surges are sweeping over the North, will presently swallow up all that remains of Mr. Vallandigham. He and his labor and his fame—what he did and what he strove to do, will go to the bottom. Like little wan boys that swim on bladders, and perish when the buoys are withdrawn, Mr. Vallandigham and his party must sink beneath the waves, whilst the foam and driftwood of Lincolnism sweep wildly and triumphantly over them.

Our correspondent says he fully realizes the embarrassment of his position, and will, beyond doubt, be equal to the responsibilities. There should be no embarrassment. There are responsibilities, and weighty, but except

A FEDERAL CAVALRY RAID.

Col. Kilpatrick, of Col. Thomas, has been making another cavalry raid into Northern Neck, and we glean from the New York papers some particulars of the glorious manner in which it was performed. We are first informed that the people believed most hospitably. The Herald says:

"The Northern Neck embraces the counties of Lancaster, Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Stafford, and is a fertile and beautiful plain, the Rappahannock and the Potomac. There are incidents pleasant and very profitable connected with a raid for the purpose of weakening the rebel resources by reducing the numbers of their horses, mules and contrabands. It was a military necessity to take this course, and only horses, mules and contrabands, and the contrabands of fleeing young ladies."

"The grief of weeping girls, the pleading of aged women, and the entreaties of fastidious young ladies, may be all well enough for people to cry over at the theatre in the play of 'Marian,' when Tarleton made his cavalry raids in '76, but as they are 'robbed' for, they find no pity among those who are truly loyal. Give of their hearts, make more weeping girls and pleading women, and pray God to keep the South from the hands of the Yankees."

But we are told the people treated those officers—how? With disgust? With indignation? With horror?—The Herald says:

"The citizens on the route were hospitable to the officers of the brigade, and special honor was done for their three daily meals, green peas, cherries and strawberries, were among the luxuries. Near Lynnhaven the brigade headquarters were established at the residence of Mrs. Bates, a widow lady, whose husband was a brother of Hon. Edward Bates, Attorney General of the United States. She is not a Union lady.

At Warsaw, near the Rappahannock, a most lovely village, Mrs. Shackelford, a widow lady, entertained the brigade officers, and involuntarily contributed her best horse to the support of the Government of the United States to the prosecution, though her sympathies are with the Southern Confederacy. Dr. Poulston, Clerk of the Courts for Lancaster county, also extended hospitality.

VALLANDIGHAM.

Liberty sits weeping to day on the blood-drenched soil of once free America at the face of one of her noblest and bravest sons. The accumulated malice and long-garbed hate of thirty demagogues has at length been gratified by the striking down, by the mailed hand of military power, of the truest, bravest, "ablest Roman" of all those glorious men who have confronted the power of arbitrary power; farless, unflinching, indomitable Vallandigham—the Cavalier Bayard of the forum—sent peer of any republic.

In the glorious record of his public life, never did a mortal man so grandly live those immortal words of modern times in the noblest speech of military power, of the truest, bravest, "ablest Roman" of all those glorious men who have confronted the power of arbitrary power; farless, unflinching, indomitable Vallandigham—the Cavalier Bayard of the forum—sent peer of any republic.

For such a man no tortures have the dungeons and fasties, the mock trials and the gibbets, even death inflicted by the pet tyrants of the hour, whose names will sink to the level of the poor tools of tyranny in other ages, while his glowing brightness and brighter still, through hazy years, will shine in that bright galaxy of names which contains Cicero, an Arneti, Winkelreid, a Bozzaris, and an Emmer.

Unconquerable statesman! pure patriot! noble hero! peerless, proud Vallandigham! Your enemies and your country's enemies triumph now, but beyond the dark cloud that now hangs over you, there is shining out the glorious influence of your name, emanated by the blue of heaven's own light dome.

"Blessed to Tortuga!" So reads the sentence of the so-called Court, that without law, has struck down the intrepid leader of the Democratic party, and through him struck a blow at the great Democratic party itself.

Any army with Vallandigham. Send him where his election would no longer denigrate the nefarious plot of Abolition conspirators against our country.

Place his hand and bold solid walls between him and the gallant people of whom he was the representative man, the exposure and yet, the electric current of liberty, will traverse from his prison home a sympathetic chord in the hearts of the people, to which he was bound as by bonds of steel, and his words will live, and in the season will give the same, "Oh! kind system, will you ever die, 'Bourbons all, 'Know ye not that we have killed the bird, but we have not more that ye can do.' No, thank God, there your power ends. The great spirit mocks your chains and laughs at your puny attempts to bind it.

For us, if free government is to be kept in the world, what peril of revolution is free speech and a free press can so long be untrammelled Democrats, while the Abolition knives and foils can utter their incendiary mouthings under the very nose and in the distance of military commanders, then give us the fate of Vallandigham.

Who, that has his soul sustained by the pure of blood, the jobs and contracts of the blood money of speculators in war, but would to pay rather than the hands of the nation, call the Vallandigham, him to sit in the Cabinet of Lincoln, in his best disgraced by a Chamber and a Stanton? —Pickett Guard, 71.

THE UNION LEGISLATURE AT UTICA. NEW YORK. "Have you no grief. The magnificent meeting it was in both these inconspicuous regards. Its order in planning the resolutions from the Democrats, Messrs. Van Buren and Dickinson—failed to come and will never laughable, the soldiers who had assembled to do honor to it, groined for Greeley, cheered for Seymour and McCallan banners, kicked the Republican speakers of the stage, 'tore their trousers,' and finally drove the whole concern off—Paradeur.

REPARATION.—The Richmond Enquirer, May 23, says: "For two officers of equal rank, now in our hands, are to suffer through the operation of the 17th Article. This inflexible has been conveyed to Col. Ludlow, the Yankee Commissioner, by Commissioner or Quill, with the additional assurance that heretofore all Confederate soldiers or citizens improperly held or arrested the law of retaliation will be rigidly enforced."

Says one of our exchanges: They respected Vallandigham for what he said in a speech, and a million tongues were to talk for him. They have banished him, and millions have sprung up to fill his place and vindicate his name. Was this the way to suppress him?

The New York Express says: If anybody, just now, is thinking of two Democratic parties in this State, in the prospect of public affairs, there is about as much chance for him to live whole between them, as a grain of wheat between two great millstones.

The Republican press professes anxiety that soldiers should enjoy the rights of citizenship. To test the sincerity of the N. Y. Herald, it proposes that the army of the Potomac be allowed to choose their commander.