

The Democratic Watchman.

VOL. 8.

BELLEFONTE, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 31, 1863.

NO. 28.

The Muse.

Written for the Democratic Watchman.
A FAREWELL.

BY JOHN P. MITCHELL.

My love, they tell us we must part;
They think our souls to sever;
But ah! they fathom not the heart
Which leecheth on forever.

Long, weary months may come and go
Before the hour of meeting;
But, steadily as time's endless flow,
My heart for thee is beating.

The breath of time may blight the dew
That from the earth are springing;
But cannot touch such hearts as ours
While to each other clinging.

Relentless death may smite the life
Of those who seek to smother,
Within the world's unending strife,
The love we bear each other.

But faithless as the evening star,
Our love will live forever,
When those who persecute us are
Where anguish dieth never.

There is a land where love and gold
Together are not meeting;
Where hearts are not in markets sold,
And love alone is treasured.

Oh, may we meet to part no more,
When this poor life is ended,
Upon the bright, celestial shore,
Where hearts for aye are blended.

And though we part, my dearest love,
Remember time is fleeting,
And if each heart will faithfully prove
There's bliss for us in meeting.

For if by time's remorseless breath,
Our every love is blighted,
We'll be beyond the realms of death,
In heaven—reunited.

Then fare thee well, my spirit's best,
At once thy wand'ring errand,
Until we reach the land of rest,
Where parting cometh never.

HOWARD, JULY 25, 1863.

Written for the Democratic Watchman.

THE SOLDIER'S LAST WISH.

BY JOHN C. HENRY.

"Come home to me, my darling,
Come home," the mother cried,
"My only joy and comfort,
My only hope and pride!"

"Come home to me, my darling,
To live with me at home,
Broken hearts are waiting,
And praying—will you come?"

"I cannot come, my mother,
Your calling is in vain;
The lips that bless your name, mother,
May never speak again."

"Never think me weak, mother,
When I sigh for friends so dear;
The bravest heart I know, mother,
Has broken away to here."

"I soon shall go to sleep, mother,
The time is drawing nigh;
When my body's dead to earth, mother,
My soul shall live on high."

"Whisper words of love, mother,
To loving ones around;
A comrade's hand has marked, mother,
My silent little wound."

"You'll find the lonely place, mother,
By Robinson's rolling wave,
Will you plant a rose, mother,
Above my lonely grave?"

"There's one yet left to love, mother,
Whom I never more can see;
She's the idol of my soul, mother,
Oh! love her, then, for me."

"She's the darling little girl, mother,
Who promised, 'dear the vine'
That she'd share our cottage door, mother,
She ever would be mine."

"I'll leave her to your care, mother,
Oh! guard her with your love,
Until we both do meet, mother,
With angels pure above."

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impossible. This expectation has been dis-

appointed. The slaves have not merely re-

jected to rise, but they have remained in-

feral subordination, and have caused nei-

ther weakness nor alarm to their masters.

On the other hand, the utmost anticipations

formed of the resolution and endurance of

Southern freemen have been outdone by the

determination actually displayed. There

has been neither division nor flinching; the

people have been steady under the worst

disasters; the Government undismayed by

the most appalling perils; the women en-

thusiastic and devoted beyond the wont of

their sex, patriotic as they always are in

the hour of need; the soldiers capable, not

merely of individual daring and energy, but

of collective discipline, and constancy be-

yond the warmest hopes of their most cor-

dial friends. Food, powder and cloth they

have managed to obtain in quantities suffi-

cient for their absolute wants, and the be-

ginning of the next autumn will see their

last difficulties in this respect at an end.

The quality of the Southern troops has

compensated their country, in a degree

which was unexpected, for the inferiority in

numbers and material, which seemed their

chief danger. The North has done less

than was expected. Its vast resources have

been rendered unavailing by the unparal-

leled perversity and imbecility of its Gov-

ernment, and in part, also, by the weakness

which has allowed the claims of the mob to

direct the movements of the army. The

troops were of bad quality to begin with,

they have not been improved by the efforts

of their Generals, and they have become

habituated to defeat and insensible to dis-

grace. They have failed even where they

might have been expected to succeed; not

merely have they been unable to contend

with space and time—the enemy who, as

was foreseen, must battle them at last—but

they have been beaten over and over again,

by vastly inferior numbers in the open field.

They have not even come into collision

with the interior defenses of the country

—its vast extent and impassible wilderness;

for they have been overpowered by the valor

of the Southern soldier, and outgeneraled

by the skill of the Southern

commanders. And while the resources of

the South are undergoing a constant im-

provement and development, the North has

made no progress towards the cure of its

disabilities. Each battle displays more

clearly the inferior quality of its troops

and the signal incapacity of its Generals.

Therefore, the conclusion which was at first

formed conditionally, by close observers,

has become the firm and absolute conviction

of all reasoning men; and it is a very axiom

of all practical politicians upon the war, and

the policy which should be pursued by the

European powers in regard to it, that there

is no chance of the subjugation of the Con-

federate States.

On the other hand, it has become mani-

fest that the will of the North to inflict in-

jury and suffering on the South, no matter

at what cost, in a spirit of simple vengeance,

had been underrated; and that its power

of inflicting such injury had been by no

means over estimated. The North has, for

aggressive purposes, the command of the

interior waters of the South, affording ac-

cess to its richest settlements, excepting

where these waters are closed at their

mouthing by strong forts still held by the

Confederates, as in the case at Mobile,

Charleston and Savannah. Movable columns

can be sent from the rivers, as a base of

operations, to burn and destroy, to rob and

to kill, for vast distances. And this has

been largely done. The war has been waged

in a spirit of malignant hostility such as we

attribute only to fiends—such as certainly

has not been manifested by Christian war-

riors since the devastation of the Palatinate

by Louis XIV.

It has been the boast of the North, that

the South should either return to the Union

or remain free only as a desert; that her

people should choose between submission

and extermination. And wherever their

power has extended, the Northern Generals

have carried out this fiendish menace almost

to the letter. They have done their utmost

to render barren and desolate for years to

come many of the richest regions of the

South. They have burned defenseless towns

and quiet plantations; they have laid waste

the fields and carried off the cattle; here

and there they have cut the levees and laid

extensive and fertile districts under water,

not for any strategic purpose, but solely for

the gratification of the malice and savagery

of their countrymen. This is all they can

ever do; but they may go on doing this for

years to come, if nothing occurs to check

their progress. Beaten till they dare no

longer face the Southern troops in the field,

their members and their navy will enable

them to wreak their cowardly vengeance on

the homes and fields, the women and

children of the South.

It is this purely vindictive, this utterly

barbarous warfare that the conflict is now

practically resolved; and surely it is time

that those whose interests are bound up

with the prosperity of America should ask

themselves whether they can permit this to

go on any longer—time that those whose

pre-eminence in power and intelligence ren-

der them the representatives before the

world of Christian civilization, should ask

themselves whether they can answer it to

God and their conscience if they allow this

to go on any longer without doing all that

in them lies to put a stop to the work of

ruin and purposeless slaughter.

England has already considered and re-

jected the proposal of France for a joint me-

diation. France made a sort of tentative

proposal to interpose her good offices, and

the offer was decidedly rejected at Wash-

ington. But without any such entangle-

ment as might by possibility result from

mediation, it is in our power, and early is

our duty, to withdraw the encouragement

which we are actually giving to the pro-

secution of such a war by tacitly allow-

ing that few men in England believe—that the

hold of the Federal Government upon the

Southern States is not finally and irrevoca-

bly gone.

So long as our public policy permits the

North to say that Europe does not consider,

or at least has not pronounced, its enter-

prise hopeless, there can be little hope that

that enterprise will be formally abandoned.

COMPROMISING WITH TRAITORS.

This Administration and its partisans are

smitten with mental blindness. In nothing

is this more clearly evidenced than in the

novel croquet that it is degrading to "Gov-

ernment to compromise with malcontent—

Where did these insensates pick up this car-

dinal point in their policy? They talk as

if it were, somewhere, an established prin-

ciple that the people are to be governed by

temporary rulers, not according to the tra-

ditional laws and usages of the people, but

according to the will of those who administer

the offices. Where the cherished and im-

memorial rights of the people prove to be

rudely jostled or infringed by the hasty leg-

islation of a partisan Administration, they

esteem that the "dignity of the Government"

is vitally interested in having the people give

way to the temporary and incompetent rul-

ers. Truly, there is no dignity like that of an

idiot. The beggar, recently enriched, is

most overdone on the parade. Nothing

equals a negro for ferocity as a slave-

driver.

If we turn to history, in every age, in

every land, we find that the great men, and

the dynamic families that built up powerful

governments, have done so by compromise,

more than by the sword. To overrun a

country is one thing; to hold and establish

possession in it, is another. *Viribus parantur,*

juris retinentur. Plutarch ascribes to

Augustus a reflection that it was folly in

Alexander, who wept because he had no

more worlds to conquer, because to conquer

is a small affair, compared with governing.

Louis XI, of France, the abbot of the Bour-

bons, united the several Frank dukedoms

and principalities, and made France a great

nation, by compromising, by bargaining,

with, by coaxing and taking into favor "re-

bels with arms in their hands." Henry VII

of England, by the same system of "com-

promising with traitors," and taking rebels

into his favor—as the product of the Plas-

tanets had done before him, appeased the

factious that had distracted England. The

Emperor Charles V. won more by compro-

mise with armed forces than by his own

great martial prowess. The pedant doc-

trines of James I. of England, reduced to

practice by his son, Charles I., and his

grandsons, Charles and James, and the ex-

amples of the modern Bourbons, who have

known so well how to lose thrones, seem

to be the copies imitated by this insensate

Administration.

The inspired history of the Old Testament

conveys a singular lesson to the foolish peo-

ple who know so little of statesmanship as

not to have learned that compromise is es-

sential to all government. The last chap-

ter of the Third Book of Kings records

the fate of a ruler who would "not com-