

A. Hoag Esq

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The Muse.

The two following poems, the one by Joe W. Furey, of this place, and the other by John P. Mitchell, of Howard, we publish with much pleasure. "Lame for Life" was written by our friend, Joe, when a resident of the State of Alabama, now more than three years ago, and first made its appearance in the *Advertiser*, an influential daily and weekly journal, published in the city of Memphis, Tennessee. It is a poem of exceeding sadness, and the author has been frequently censured for giving expression to so much that is indicative of a murmuring and rebellious spirit. We may say here that Mr. Furey only consents to the republication of this poem, because it is necessary to the proper understanding of the beautiful reply of Mr. Mitchell, which immediately follows.

LAME FOR LIFE.

BY JOE W. FUREY.

Lame for life! and must I then,
Forever be the scorn of men?
Forever feel the withering doom,
That sits my life and soul with gloom?

Lame for life! O God! and why
Was I not doomed, a child, to die—
Ere yet my soul had felt its grief,
And prayed, all hopes, for relief?

Alas! I live, and must I then,
With bitter, bemoaning words and tears,
Ob! buried deep within my heart,
Lies many a poison-pointed dart.

Oh! buried deep within my heart,
Lies many a poison-pointed dart,
Struggles against this with despair—
Struggles the damning curse to bear.

But all in vain—the heavy load
Hath lain me prostrate in the road,
That leads to honor, glory, fame,
Because the heavy load is lame!

I walk along the crowded street,
And mark the noble forms I meet,
Till, anxious grown, I turn away,
With too much bitterness to pray.

And here and there a limping wretch
Goes hobbling by on staff or crutch,
And then with pity, not disgust,
I turn away, because—'tis I.

I hate a cripple—yes, I do,
Because, I ween, I'm crippled, too,
I hate to see them walk the street,
Contented by every one they meet.

Poor wretches, they—in sore distress,
They've none to love them or to bless;
But, like a bird with crippled wing,
They're always alighted when they sing!

"Unwept, unhonored, and unnamed,"
With one last prayer upon his tongue,
Oh! to escape his earthly doom,
The cripple rests him in his tomb.

Upon his grave should flowers spring,
The zephyr breeze the kindly bring,
For none there were to shed a tear,
Or plant a rose upon his bier.

Lame for life! 'tis what you call,
Save those who know it far too well,
The misery that hath oft been stirred
Within my heart by that one word!

Lame! lame! lame! and that for life!
Lame! O God! can you give me life,
That's great, withering, blighting curse?

Lame for life! beyond control
Is the greatest sorrow of my soul;
Oh! shall it ever thus impart
Its gloomy shadow to my heart?

Great God, forbid! I am so sad!
Much thinking now would drive me mad;
So that I'll cease this mournful strain,
And see my loved-ones' faces again.

For! the thoughts that never tire,
Have lent a sadness to my life,
No more I'll savor the grief it brings,
Nor sweep my hand across its strings.

March, 1860.

THOUGHT LAME FOR LIFE.

BY JOHN P. MITCHELL.

Thought-lame for life!—and fate for one
Whose pilgrimage is but begun;
Who long to mingle in the strife,
Upon the battle-field of life,
Yet dare not meet the evensong thrush,
Of those who'd crush him to the dust.

Alas! that lyre attuned so well,
So sad a tale as this should tell;
Alas! that one like thee, should know
So much of bitter human woe!

That strings stretched by angelic skill,
Should e'er to touch, so mournful thrill!

A weary load is thine to bear,
But should not drive thee to despair;
For they who thy affliction know,
And dare to touch thy life-long woe,
Are armed of God, while evils tell,
With deepest sympathies, in hell.

A slippery path is life for thee,
And may by the wayside lead,
The weak and poor-side are thrust,
Or trodden down within thy dust,
The heaviest wrong goes rushing by,
And leaves the fallen wretch to die.

Thou'rt "lame for life"—and none can ever
How crushing is the weight of woe,
Save those who share with thee the load,
And tread with thee the weary road.

Yet thou art strong; and, with thy pain,
Thy God hath given thee strength of brain;
And while, amid the storms of life,
Thou standest firm, the storms of strife,
Thy mind will light the path before,
Until the way of life be o'er;
Above the dust 'twill bear thee high,
While stronger frames are doomed to die.

Thou'rt "lame for life"—and so it one
Whose praise is heard on every tongue,
Who trod the thorniest road of fame,
And in the heavens wrote his name;
To win his feet through on his track,
His mighty mind still beat them back.

There is a God who sees thy pain,
Who marks the deeds of those who dare,
By tears, to deepen thy despair;
Whose touch can heal the evensong smart,
Though poison shafts are in thy heart.

His mystic no one can tell,
And yet, 'tis death all things well—
It is not given us to see
Why some should know but misery,
While others, born to better fate,
Are always happy, rich and great.

The future, only, can reveal
The hidden things we see and weal;
Eternity, alone, can show
Why Heaven visits those with woe;
But God has still our lives in care,
Nor gives us more than we can bear.

When thou hast crossed the Jordan's tide,
And thy sweet harp's last wail hath died,
In heaven will enshrine the song,
And all, from friendly hearts, a tear;
Thy name will be remembered long,
With the immortal songs of song.

And when thy lyre is heard no more
Upon time's tempest-beaten shore,
A thousand friends will weep and pray
That, in the realm of endless day,
Its notes may e'er responsive ring,
While angel voices sweetly sing.

HOWARD, CENTRE CO., PA.
August 21st, 1863.

Miscellaneous.

A PECULIARLY RICH DISCUSSION.

THE DEMOCRATIC MEETING AT VERMILION, OHIO.

Hon. Samuel Cox interrupted by an Abolition Doctor from Oberlin. Cox Questions him. A Splendid Political Trill. Plenty of Fun.

Many of our readers do not know that quite a number of Republicans were at the Democratic meeting at Vermilion on the 7th inst. The crowd, as we have heretofore said, was immense; and in a Western Reserve county, only a few miles from the seat of Abolitionism, Oberlin, it could not well be otherwise than that a godly and godly sprinkling of fanatics were on hand. Though we do not suppose they would average one to every hundred in attendance, the Republicans, however, being astonished at the turn out, claimed that many of their party attended the meeting. If this is the fact we failed to cheer them, as all, with one exception cheered the speakers, and appeared to be at home.

When Mr. Pendleton spoke, a certain learned doctor (Bigelow, we believe is his name) of Oberlin, began, as Cox expresses it, "to propound interrogatories." He tried some dozen on the Cincinnati Congressmen, who deftly drew him out that he did not want the old Union, with slavery. After he had been lashed into seeming good order by Mr. Pendleton, he again essayed to "propound" while Mr. Cox was speaking. The surgical operation by which his life was taken off and his flesh lacerated, and his bones pounded in a mortar, has never had a parallel in this part of Ohio.

We are requested, as Secretary and reporter of the meeting, to give a sketch of the performance; but no pen can picture it. The immense crowd of Germans, which Mr. Dressel had been addressing, adjourned and helped to swell the main meeting; and the assembly for a time, in a beautiful grove, was one rare for this part of Ohio. The Oberlin Doctor was a severe looking man, with iron gray hair and beard. He carried a heavy cane, with which he propped up a heavy chin; and he seemed as defiant as Don Quixote, and as sanctimonious as Fraile God Tarabones.

When Mr. Cox began he took up a position immediately beneath him; the crowd pressed up close, and at the first fire all became eager to hear. The large stand was immediately overcrowded with people.

Mr. Cox was declaring that, however wrong and disloyal Democrats might be, it did not become the Western Reserve Republicans to reproach them. He would take no lessons of patriotism from such seditious people. He would not call names; he would leave that to his opponents. If he said that the Republicans of the Reserve were Abolitionists, nullifiers and Secessionists, he would prove it; and by their own testimony. If he could not convince them of the virtue of Democracy, he would at least close their own pharisaical cant about the Union. The person, said Mr. Cox, who has been interrupting Mr. Pendleton, does not know, perhaps, that he has been singing over and over again Greeley's song about the flag:

For my friend, Mr. Pendleton, married a daughter of the post Key, who wrote the Star Spangled Banner. (Cheers) We have the old flag on our side (Laughter) and this disciple of Greeley can't tear it down, even in this Reserve. I do not know who this nullifier of our party is; but I will wager something that he is from Oberlin.

Several voices—"You're right. He is one of the saints." (Laughter.)

Mr. Cox—I will show you that, if he be honest he is a disunionist. If he will give his attention a moment, he will see himself in a mirror. You believe, sir, in Wendell Phillips, don't you?

Dr. Bigelow—"Yes, sir; and I can handle you at any time."

Mr. Cox—Well, you will see about that when we get through. Judging by the way your forehead trembles so rapidly, I have handled your better. (A laugh) Wendell Phillips said: "Until 1846 we thought it possible to kill slavery and save the Union. We then said: 'Over the ruins of the American Church and the Union is the only way to freedom.' From 1846 to 1861 we preached that lesson." By your admission to Mr. Pendleton that you are not for the old Union, you have also been hand in hand with Wendell Phillips. Perhaps you were honest in it. You do not want to be a party crumb with the sinners and criminals who hold slaves, do you, sir?

Dr. B.—Never!

Mr. Cox—Then you will not commune with such sinners in Church, nor unite with them in State?

Dr. B.—I would make all men equal before God.

Mr. Cox—You therefore would destroy the Union rather than associate religiously with sinners and slaveholders. What are you then but a disunionist. (Cheers) You are a twin brother of Jeff Davis. (Laughter.) If you hail from Oberlin, you no doubt joined with the other sinners in commemorating John Brown's death, on the dark and stormy 21st of December, 1859, when Virginia hung him and sent his soul on the downward march. (Laughter.) When Spaulding, Riddle, Pierce, Tilden, Wolcott, and your Rev. Brethren, and your negro orator Langton, defied the horse-thief murderer and murderer, you were there, I doubt not.

Dr. B. assented.

Mr. Cox—You shouted when Langton said: "But why preserve the Union, since its only object is to eternalize slavery? Such a Union is not worth perpetuating." With all my heart, I should say, let it be abolished. I hate the Union of these States as I hate the devil, for by it I am bereft of every right as a citizen, and denied all protection for my personal liberty. Oh! yes, personal liberty was a great thing for negroes, when you defied the Constitution; but it is a poor thing for the white man like Vallandigham, your disunionist, is raising regiments of blacks to fight now, and Mr. Vallandigham is in exile because he loved the Union better than even his own personal freedom. At this same meeting of your Reserve disunionists—and I read it from a pamphlet printed by your friends—it was resolved (page 8) that "in such a contest, and under such a necessity, we say, let freedom stand, though the Constitution is raised in vain." The dire necessity was the taking of John Brown, because Virginia did it, that you would not live with her in the Union. I submit it to you, now, whether you did not deserve his fate? (Cheers.) You see, sir, that I prove all I say as I go along. Now, to prove you a Secessionist, I have here a speech of President Lincoln, printed by himself, at the office of J. S. Gideon, in reference to the President's Message. It was delivered January 14, 1848. On the eighth page he declares that "any people, any where, being inclined, and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing Government, and form a new one that suits them better. Any portion of such people may revolutionize and make their own of so much of the territory as they inhabit." You voted for Lincoln! Did you approve of that doctrine? I will prove that you did, for you supported the men who plotted, by violence, to nullify and overturn the Federal authority in Ohio. This people will remember the Wellington rescue cases. A batch of revolutionists of Oberlin strove to break down the Federal authority right here. This man before me may have helped to rescue the negro boy John from the United States officers. He is a pretty person to call on others to support the Federal Government. (Laughter.) These Oberlin rescuers were tried, convicted, and about to be sentenced by the United States Court at Cleveland, when a meeting was called at Cleveland, to revolutionize and by violence overthrow the Federal power. They sought, like South Carolina, the agency of the State to it. The Republican Governor, Chase, and his Attorney General helped it on. I have the account of that meeting in a Republican paper. Here it is! (Here Mr. Cox held up the Ohio State Journal of May 26th, 1859, pretty well worn.) It has seen some service, this paper; a little the worse for wear—like the party. (Laughter.)

Dr. B.—Let me see if you looked. [Mr. Cox handed it to the Doctor. He looked over, wiped his specks and pronounced it "genuine!"]

Mr. Cox.—This paper says there were ten

or twelve thousand Republicans from the Reserve present. No doubt Oberlin was there. (Laughter.) Perhaps you were there, sir.

Dr. B.—I was, and am proud of it.

Mr. Cox—And you approved of their action and their resolutions?

Dr. B.—Yes, sir; I do, and did.

Mr. Cox—Now, I have you. If I do not prove you to be a secessionist, revolutionist and nullifier, then there is no truth in your own statements. I read further that this vast meeting marched into Cleveland with banners, with revolutionary devices and music. John Brown had not then been hung, else they would have sung his march instead of playing the "Marseillaise." Old men were put at the head of the processions, with flags imprinted with "1776." Then came the Lorain County delegation—your crowd, sir, of moderate anti-Union—your own men in it. Perhaps you carried the banner inscribed "Horatio" on one side, and on the other—

"Here is the Government—
Let tyrants beware!"

Do you remember that? You do. Well, where was the Government? It was not then in the Administration—oh! no—you had not then got Lincoln and his cabinet at Washington. "Here is the Government"—in this mob of law haters and higher-law revolutionists! Here is the power to overthrow the Government, as now, that the Government is not in men; not in mobs; not in Oberlin nor agents at Washington but in the Constitution. (Cheers.) We say let tyrants beware who violate the government's chart. (Cheers.) We say stand by the Government against mobs in Ohio, in 1859, or in New York city in 1863; against usurpation of State authority in 1850, or of Federal authority in 1863. (Cheers.) Yet it is Democracy that is reproached as disloyal by such scum of secession as floated ever since.

This meeting was a type of the Republican party. It followed Lincoln's doctrine. Every prominent Republican in Ohio was there in person or by letter. You, my sweet evangelizing friend, voted for one of the Committee on Resolutions. Mr. Blake, and made him a Congressman. Chase approved by speech, and Demmon by letter, of the meeting and its objects. Giddings was President. Perhaps you have heard of him.

Dr. B.—A noble man does not breathe.

Mr. Cox—No doubt you approved of his course. He told Mr. Ewing, in his letter of the 7th of November, 1860, that when the habeas corpus case from Oberlin, and you will find this nullification doctrine laid down almost as recorded in this Republican platform intensified and enlarged far beyond what Madison ever dreamed, and far beyond what Democrats ever dreamed when they defied it in their platforms. Madison never proposed to make nullification or secession the remedy for any grievances, but his remedy was, as ours is, under the Constitution, and by its amendments. This was, and is, Democratic doctrine. But abolition made itself a secessionist, above all Federal authority, and above all the modes and measures of redress. Hence, when this man before me approved this heresy, he became the twin brother of Jeff Davis. (Laughter and cheers.) I do not know which is the meaner, revolution by secession and war, or revolution instituted by violent Abolitionism and Oberlin will never return.

At this time part of the stand gave way in consequence of its being over crowded, and fell to the ground. Fortunately, no one was seriously injured, although Mr. Pendleton's son was considerably bruised by others falling upon him. Mr. Cox and your reporter being "light weights," remained above—being the confusion the Oberlin Evangelist slipped off, and was seen no more. Mr. Cox soon resumed, and closed his speech amid great enthusiasm. Such a lesson to Oberlin was much needed. It was given with good humor, and will long be remembered by the "saints" and others present.

Government by conspiracy.

America is governed by conspiracy. Conspiracy implies secrecy on the part of the conspirators, and non-unionism on the part of the people conspired against. Infringement of the laws on one side, and hindrance and suffering on the other. No man needs proof of this. He has but to cast his eyes back over the legislative and executive history of the last year, to see it all there it stands as awfully visible as the skulls in the temple of death. Now and then a member of Congress has been awkward and a vague half-sense of the dangers that threaten us, and has ventured to introduce a resolution calling upon the President for information, but has vigilance only brought down hisses upon his own head without opening the sealed chambers of executive doings. One man for introducing a resolution asking for information from the President on a point of vital importance to the very life of our nation, was denounced as "a traitor," "a secessionist," "a sympathizer with Jeff Davis," and he narrowly escaped being expelled from Congress. Against the only two or three members who had the virtue and the courage to attempt

to discuss the doings of the Administration, schemes and threats of expulsion were instantly set on foot. In one instance over \$10,000 of the public funds were expended in carrying on a gigantic conspiracy to elect a representative for daring to review the acts of the Administration on the floor of Congress. A wretch who, it was afterwards proved, had served out a term in the Sing Sing State Prison, was found to invent a tale on which charges were based, and then men and papers and documents were sent all over the country, for the purpose of making out a case, but, in the mean time, the conspiracy became so transparent to the public, that the conspirators were forced to abandon their designs. The party accused, after he had been held up to the world as a "traitor" and after they had caused it to be published in a hundred newspapers that they had "positive proofs of his guilt" demanded in vain, a report on his case. At almost any time of the session of the last Congress Macbeth's address to the witches would have been appropriate.

"Like new, ye-seed, black, and midnight haze? What let ye do?"

And the congressional conspirators might, have truly answered, with the witches, "A deed without a name."

For, never before were such scenes enacted in an American Congress. Every member who did not permit himself to be crushed down into an uncomplaining, silent tool of the abolition conspiracy, was denounced as a traitor and a rebel. An abolition college, established to cut the heart out of a congressman, while he was standing on the steps of the Capitol, because he overheard him in private conversation, dissent from the unconstitutional deeds of the conspirators. And almost every Republican newspaper in the land applauded these threats of assassination of one of the people's representatives. Not only were men denounced as "traitors" for offering a plea for the Constitution, but they were to have their hearts cut out if they dared to call in question the high handed proceedings of the Gates. When at last, a resolution was engineered through the house of Representatives to ask the President for certain information touching affairs, he refused to give it and the Republican press everywhere came down upon the impudence of such an inquiry. Not only was debate struck down in Congress but democratic newspapers were thrown out of the mails, or destroyed by order of U. S. Marshals, and men and women were everywhere dragged off to military bastilles for daring to call in question the unconstitutional deed of Congress and the Executive. The silence that sat in the Valley of Gennessee was forced upon the lips of men. The address must not be spoken of, save in unreasoning praise, hardly looked at without a threat of dungeons being hurled at the head of the offender.

To a man of sense there is needed no other proof than this malignant secrecy which the administration determined should cover up its acts, that a deep laid conspiracy was going against our Constitution and laws—against liberty—against all kinds of liberty but negro liberty. That is the great doubt, that the mouth of white men must be heard. All who are not for liberty, the negroes, must be restrained of their liberty. That is the conspiracy since Mr. Lincoln's advent, the country has been governed by conspiracy. It has been pronounced treason for a Judge to issue the writ of habeas corpus, as by solemn oath he is bound to do. In one of the Marcus Ward campaign songs, lately sung in New Jersey are these lines:

"O ye sympathetic rebel crew must man our ship of State!"

For accused treason-mongers, who of habeas corpus speak.

This is the song of the conspirators. All who demand that constitutional and statute laws shall be respected, are "accursed treason-mongers." All who claim liberty for the white man, are a "sympathetic rebel crew." Wherever they hear a man speaking for the Constitution as it is, and as it was, they cry out at him "traitor, traitor," "sympathizer with Jeff Davis!" They pay an undesired compliment to Jeff Davis, whose acts have revealed that he is almost as bad as an enemy to the Constitution as they are themselves. A worse enemy he cannot be. Indeed, Jeff Davis was a friend to the Constitution long after they had conspired to overthrow it. Read his speeches in the Senate, for years after they had pronounced it "a covenant with hell" and "a polluted rag." Their conspiracy is old. The signs by which we know it, are old, for they belong to every conspiracy which history records, since the world began. We know it by the secrecy with which it seeks to cover its deeds to be discussed, if he could help it. No conspirator ever permitted his designs to see the light, if he could prevent it. Discussion and light are fatal to tyrants and conspirators. Peaceful an unoffending citizen has been driven from Boston, from New York, from Philadelphia, from Newark, from Newark, for their alleged "sympathies." They were lucky if they were not immured in a dungeon. Mr. Lincoln emulates the Turkish tyrant, who does not permit the sacred cities of Mecca and Medina to be polluted by the footsteps of a Christian. We shall not be astonished to see him keep on, until, like the Grand Diaro of Japan, he refuses to al-

low the sun to shine upon his illustrious head because it performs the same thing for common mortals. His assumptions of power would be scarcely more ridiculous, if he were to follow after the King of Malacca, who styles himself "Lord of the Winds," or of the Mogul, who is "Ruler of the Thunder storm."

Clergymen have been ruthlessly dragged from their pulpits and their families, and plunged into filthy dungeons, for refusing to pay for Mr. Lincoln. No doubt Mr. Lincoln is sadly in need of money, but refusing to pay for him, however rich as it may be, is not a crime punishable by any law known to this country. "Sympathizers" whatever they may be, are not crimes, according to law. In all these cases, the administration is the criminal. It is a conspiracy against the laws against the Constitution, against liberty. There is no other name for it. Conspiracy! It is our own disunion, and the people must ask no questions.—To question its acts, is to be "traitor." Remember, if you dare, that white men were once free in this country, and you will be hunted down by a flock of irresponsible, gambling, drunken Provost Marshals, as treasoning and as rapacious as wolves. Conspiracy! A free people governed by ministers, are assailed, by an executive order, every judge in the land has been deposed, every court suspended, and the safety and liberty of the people put at the discretion, as the property of provost-marshals, as ignorant as boob-blacks, and as brutal as Chinese executioners.

By the late elections the people have loudly, emphatically said, that these things longer by conspiracy. They will be governed no longer by conspiracy, but by the laws. They will faithfully support every constitutional measure to put down rebellion in the South, but they will no longer permit constitutional liberty to be put down in the North! Down with usurpation in the North! Up with the Constitution! Up with Abolitionism! Let the ballot speak! Let the press speak! Let the indignantly assailed voice of the people speak! Let the conspiracy alone be dumb.

White Recruits, Plagued by Provost Marshals.

The abolitionists who insist that white men ought to rejoice in the privilege of dying to free the negro, are determined that the honors of martyrdom shall be fully won and worn by those whom they select for that distinction. A provost marshal at Pittsburg, of his own motion, and no color of law, ordered the infliction of fifty lashes upon an alleged deserter within his district and superintended himself the execution of this infamous sentence.

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Why the War is Protracted.

The Albany Statesman, a Republican organ, volunteers this answer to the question "Why the War is Protracted?"

"The Government can and should close up the rebellion by the 1st of November. If it fails to do this, the blame should fall on Seward, Weed & Co., who wish to carry in order to make capital that may injure to the benefit of the army and navy contractors, pet suitors and other speculators."

"So your little boy goes to school already?"

"Of course he does."

"Does he learn anything?"

"You better believe it."

"Can he write already?"

"He writes like a lawyer."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, so that nobody can read it."