

# The Democratic Watchman.

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NO. 36.

## The Muse.

Written for the Watchman by JOHN P. MITCHELL.

### GOD IN NATURE.

How many wonder tell the power  
Of Heaven's Eternal King,  
The grandest works of Nature tower,  
The land's vast forests spring;  
Vastness casts forth its awe,  
And mortal, filled with awe,  
Bow down before the mighty Name—  
The Cause of Nature's Law.

The thundering cataracts proclaim  
The might of Nature's hand;  
We trace the stars in limbo's blaze  
In every grain of sand;  
The lightning's swift, resistless thrust,  
Is made by Nature's power;  
The self-same hand which lifts the dust  
Upon the trembling flower.

The law which bids the Ocean roll,  
Reaps high above the land,  
Still, seers its waters to control  
And bids the billows stand;  
The power which bids the earth to sway  
Upon its ceaseless track,  
And bids the sun, moon, and day,  
Still drive our Ocean back.

The self-same law that gives the might  
Which tells the tempest's power,  
Tells the soft and gentle light  
Of twilight's peaceful hour;  
The power which bids the night be deep,  
When discord's voice is low,  
Grades the dying day to sleep  
And bids it weave its bow.

From Earth's poor speak of dying clay,  
To Heaven's remotest shrine,  
The same eternal law have way,  
The same great Name is found—  
The laws which guide the shining spheres  
That sweep around the sun,  
And bid a thousand million years  
Measure Time's march begun.

The same great law that sweeps  
The utmost verge of space,  
Is guided through the ether's deeps  
By laws which never have place;  
The power by which the world is whirled,  
And all of Nature's laws,  
Behold speaks, in thunder, to the world,  
Of the Almighty Cause.

The Great Jehovah made them all,  
His edict binds them still,  
And though each orb from Heaven fall,  
They readily obey his will;  
And man, though out an atom, small  
As floating dust in space,  
May see the Maker through it all,  
And meet Him face to face.

All point us upward to the Throne  
Of Heaven's Eternal King,  
And tell us in their own  
Plena Nature's endless wing.  
In adoration let us bend  
Before His awful Face,  
That we, when Death's dark shades descend,  
In Heaven may have a place.

ROBERT PA, Sept. 20, 1863.

## Miscellaneous.

We have been permitted to publish the following extract from a letter written by a soldier in the Army of the Potomac to a friend in his county. It will be seen that he does not consider "poor Andy" the "soldiers friend."—ED. WATCHMAN.

"I see that the political campaign has commenced in old Centre. Well, I say let the Democracy go ahead—the democrats here feel anxious for the defeat at the hands of the advocates of Negro Equality—I mean we of the thirteen-dollar-per-month brigade. The gilded-strap gentlemen are generally in favor of complying with the requests of their superiors, who are getting the 'big pay' and splendid titles; for they know that if the negro's friends are defeated, their 'occupation's gone' and the big dollar stopped, when they will have to return to their several avocations, where many of them should ever have remained. We now then get a sight of the *Whitemen*; it is a great treat to us, for it has truth and justice for its base. But the greatest sport that we have had was reading the *Harriburg Telegraph* of the 7th of August which contained a speech of Gov. Curtin to a ratification meeting on the evening before. In that speech he bestowed a baptismal title on President Lincoln. He calls him the 'visible head of the Confederacy.' This sounded strangely to us American soldiers and we squallied right out. We had heard and read of the 'visible head of the Church militant,' but this is the first time in the history of our country that we have seen this appellation bestowed upon a mere servant of the people; and as one good turn deserves another, Father Abraham should recognize the Governor as *Cardinal* Curtin. This certainly would look well on paper—

"For new news knows doth forget men's names," and as an act of gratitude the 'visible head' in his robes, and the Governor in his Cardinal's hat, should exhibit themselves in the first place to the Lamp-lighters in livery, the redoubtable Wide Awakes, and then at his 'headquarters in the army,' and the Governor in his Clericalian voice, call unto us:—

"Fellow-soldiers, behold your visible head, and his 'loyal legs' Cardinal and Chief Butler of the Province of the Pennsylvania!" It would be a rich treat and worthy of the occasion, and would establish a loyal precedent to be hereafter followed by all loyal officials. Poor Andy! he has let Lincoln shear him of all official power and dignity, and reduce him to mere supervisor of roads and bridges, a self-constituted member of sanitary committees and visitor to Religious Aid Societies. I wish him a foreign mission—get clear of him, if the rank and file were at home they would help. We would sooner have an game-cock at the head of the old Keystone than a blabbering crow.

The recent cold weather is the first herald of the approaching winter.

## A GLANCE AT THE POSITION.

The Confederate forces have been shortening their lines of defence, in consequence of the reverses of July, and are now standing on the defensive. That they are abundantly able to maintain a position in this way is proved by the fact that Gen. Meade makes no demonstration towards attacking Gen. Lee. Cities may be taken, and districts of country may be ravaged, but the rebels are as far from subjugation as they were one year, or two years ago. As far, we large, for war and battles will never subjugate the South. Charleston may be taken, but it is not taken yet. Richmond may be taken but we see no signs of it—but, if all these be taken, so long as an armed force of one hundred thousand, or fifty thousand, or twenty thousand men are kept on foot in the name of the Southern Confederacy, the South will not be subjugated.

This is well understood in the cold and heartless diplomacy of Europe. Had England, in her grim and inhospitable sea-girt fastnesses, ever doubted of the complete ability of the Confederacy to have sustained itself, she would, on the very moment, have felt the impulse of "British philanthropy" for a people struggling for liberty, and have intervened. France, in the intervention of Napoleon in Mexico, and the establishment of a French protectorate there looked on the severance of the old Union, as an *fait accompli*, and as Louis Napoleon feels born by his destiny never to take one step backward, having planted his foot in Mexico, he will extend his right hand, by firm alliance to the Southern Confederacy.

Rather in the adversity than in the prosperity of the Confederacy would he reach out his hand, and that is the meaning of the fact brought to light by the latest dispatches from Europe, that—dismissing the tortuous and indirect methods of the British Government—he has openly admitted a Confederate pretender to rule in the Imperial Dock of Great Britain. The question of full recognition by France of the New Confederacy, and of her firm alliance with it, is one, not of consideration, but only of time. It is a question, of weeks or months.

And what will the imbecile Negro Administration do then? Why, what they have already done! Uselessly bombastic boasting, while the danger is in the distance—subject and shameful submission, when the sharp issues of the *ultima ratio* is thrust in their faces! Does any one doubt it?—Let him read the only ignominious passage in the whole foreign diplomacy of the country, since it had an existence.

Our national character had always before been that the blow was ready to follow the word. But read the *Trent* case, from the beginning to the end, and learn how distinct and opposite the Lincoln-Seward Administration, abroad as at home, is from anything else in our political history. Craven Seward, after the most disgusting vaporing of what he would do, went down on his knees, and apologized, when the fist of John Bull was rubbed close under his nose.

But Lincoln, Seward, and their cabal will have their revenge! Against England!—Never! Against France? Not a bit of it! But like a drunken negro, who, when whipped in the street, goes home and whips his children, this Abolition Administration when France orders it to withdraw its troops from the States of the North! Will the volunteers—those who, in good faith, were coaxed to "go into it," on the idea of saving the country—will they fight against the States of the North at the bidding of the Abolitionists? No they will not. It was very gracious act to bury off the Federal soldiers from New York City, after having them here to try and overawe the State.—Very gracious, no doubt, but accomplished not soon enough ever to make those soldiers consent to be the tools of despotism in the subjugation of the people of New York.—We could wish that all the armies of the Federal Government might be brought here by divisions, in turn, and encamped among the people of this city. The effect would be the same!

Oh! But the Administration have the negro 'soldiers' to fall back on. And then they have "conscripts" and "substitutes," who are kept in jail, and marched in irons, "very much as a butcher drives bullocks in to his slaughter pen." Well, when the handcuffs are off, and weapons put in their hands these will be dangerous men—to somebody else, it is a curious fluid that runs in their veins!

What is to come of all this? Will some one who believes still in a "vigorous prosecution of the war" tell us?

The following certificate of marriage was found among an old lady's writings:— "This is to satisfy all whom it may concern, that Arthur Waters and Amy Yerville were lawfully married by me, John Higginson, on the 1st day of August, Anno Domini, 1703.

I, Arthur, on Monday, Take thee, Amy, till Tuesday, To have and to hold till Wednesday, For better or worse till Thursday, I'll kiss thee on Friday, If we don't agree on Saturday, We'll part again on Sunday.

## A DISGRACEFUL BARGAIN.

When Andrew G. Curtin announced in a special message to the last Legislature of Pennsylvania that he would not be a candidate for re-election, it is well known that he did so upon the promise of the National Administration to give him a foreign mission at the close of his official term. In consideration of this *douceur* he agreed to abandon the contest for the gubernatorial nomination, and leave the field to John Crook or "any other man" who might be acceptable to the central despots at Washington. For some cause or other yet not made public, the disgraceful bargain was not consummated; and in opposition to the earnest protest of hundreds of abolition leaders, Andrew G. Curtin was a second time favored with the nomination of his party.—Age.

One of the causes, at least for the change of the Executive mind, is this. When Curtin's "high official position" arrangement was made with the powers at Washington, a part of the programme was that Gen. Moorhead, of Pittsburg, should be Andy's successor as the Republican candidate for Governor. To carry this out, it was agreed that Senator Johnson from this district should be elected Speaker of the Senate by the Republicans, so as not to have a man in that place who would become a formidable competitor for the Republican nomination for Governor. But Senator Penney, of Pittsburg, succeeded in the Republican caucus and was elected Speaker. He would be a formidable candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor! Moorhead became judgment, and assistant Governor O'Clure would not be ruled out of his share of votes and fishes in that way. Stanton swears that Curtin should not have promised "high official position at any rate." Let all be lost, Curtin & Co. resolved to stick to the gubernatorial pony. The firm labored persistently, with all their unscrupulous tenacity and energy, but all the time blinding Cameron, Stanton & Co. by denying that the head of the establishment desired a re-nomination. They pointed triumphantly to his official message, wherein he declared that his failing health would prevent him from serving another term, as well as that patriotic reasons demanded that he should not become the center of political attraction.

Finally, wiser than the rest, Forney discovered the trick, and raised the cry of alarm. He declared that the interest of the party demanded that Curtin should be "postponed," as his nomination would be disastrous to the abolition cause. Cameron's *Harriburg Telegraph* faithfully took up the cry, which was speedily thundered in stronger and louder tone by Moorhead's *Pittsburg Gazette* and *Dispatch*. But, too late—all in vain. Even Governor's tears would not save the "clan Cameron"—M. Clure's strategy had outwitted them all, and Curtin was re-nominated. That's the history of the case, Mr. Aon.—Lock Haven Democrat.

## DEMOCRATIC MEETINGS.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Democracy of Howard township convened in the School-house in Howardville, on Thursday evening the 10th inst. Mr. A. J. Gardner was appointed President, George H. Roy, Sr., and Wm. Allison Jr., were appointed Vice Presidents, and Isler Weber Esq. Secretary.

A large delegation from Marion township accompanied by martial music were in attendance and added much to the interest of the occasion.

On motion of Dr. Knorr, J. S. Barnhart, former editor of the Democratic Watchman, was called upon to address the meeting, which he did in an able and effective manner.

O. T. Alexander, Esq., was next called upon. He responded in a speech of an hour in length, during which he was frequently and enthusiastically applauded.

Calls were then made for J. H. Orvis, Esq. This gentleman made his appearance, and confirmed his remarks to the State policy of the Pennsylvania. He referred, with telling effect, to the course pursued by Gov. Curtin, in reference to the Pennsylvania Railroad Bill, which course induced Attorney General Purviance, through motives of self respect, to withdraw from his administration.

At the conclusion of his remarks three cheers were given for the speakers, and three more for Woodard, Lewis and Liberty, when the meeting adjourned.

The Democrats of Patton twp held a meeting at Waddle's stable house on Tuesday night last. It was well attended, and the best of feeling prevailed. Wm. Cross of Half moon was elected President, Jos. McDivitt and C. Cambridge Vice Presidents, and W. E. Meek of Ferguson Secretary. C. T. Alexander Esq., our candidate for Assembly, made an able and telling speech, after which the meeting adjourned with three rousing cheers for Woodard, Lewis and Liberty. Little Patton will give a good report of herself on the second Tuesday of October next.

Hon. G. W. WOODWARD.—The most gratifying intelligence reaches us from every portion of the Commonwealth, and unmistakably indicates a heavy, united, and vigorous support of the choice of the Democracy for Governor. His unbending integrity, ability, energy and capability are admitted by both political friend and foe, and create more enthusiasm than has been shown in the nomination of any man for the position within our memory.—Age.

## (From the Chattanooga Rebel.) SOUTHERN SCETCH OF A LINCOLN.

Abraham Lincoln is a man above the medium height. He passes the six foot mark by an inch or two. He is raven-haired, shamble-gaited, bow-legged, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed, swab-sided, a shapeless skeleton in a very tough, very dirty, unwholesome skin. His hair is or was black and shaggy, his eyes dark and fireless, like a coal grate in winter time. His lips are large, and protrude beyond the natural level of his face. His teeth are smeared with tobacco juice. His teeth are filthy. In our juvenile days we were struck with Virgil's description of the ferryman who rowed the disembodied souls of men over the river of death. Lincoln, if our memory fails us not, but a near kinsman of that official of the other world.—At all events they look alike, and if a relationship be claimed when Abraham reaches the ferry he will be able, we do not doubt, to go over free of toll. In the next place his voice is coarse, untuned, harsh—the voice of one who has no intellect, and less moral nature. His manners are low in extreme, and where his talk is not obscene, it is senseless. In a word, Lincoln, born and bred a rail-splitter is a rail splitter still. Born a tumbler, the weaver was not more out of place in the lap of Tithania than he on the throne of the ex-republic. And this is the man, incapable of a stronger or higher inspiration than that of revenge, aspires to be master of the South, as he is of the enslaved and slavish North. This is the man who bids armies rise and fight, and commands and dismisses generals at will.—This is the man who proclaims (as such could only do) the equality of the races, black with white. This is the man who incites servile insurrection, ordains plunder and encourages rapine. This is the man who trembles at the horrors of the butchery which heaven will call him to answer for, yet quakes like an aspen at the approach of peril to his own procarcasses. This is the man in fine, who has been selected by the powers of evil as the only fit representative in all America to do such dark deeds as the dark ages only know, deeds which civilization blushes to record, and men in other lands refuse to credit. Kneel down and kiss his royal feet men of the South.

For the Watchman.] Mr. P. GRAY MEAK.—Dear Sir: After waiting two weeks we are informed that the no-party Union League have placed a list of candidates before the people for support. We would not save the "clan Cameron"—M. Clure's strategy had outwitted them all, and Curtin was re-nominated. That's the history of the case, Mr. Aon.—Lock Haven Democrat.

WHAT THEY PROMISED.—"Free press," "free speech" and "freedom," protection to "American industry," economy and reform, "good times for the poor man" and the rest of mankind, "protection to State sovereignty and State institutions," "a return to the policy of the fathers," "obedience to the Constitution and laws," "peace, harmony and national prosperity."

WHAT THEY GAVE US.—A muzzled "press," "free speech" stricken down by mobs and executive power, "freedom," snuffed by arbitrary arrests, bastilles and bayonets—"American industry," destroyed, "economy and reform" lost sight of by the most stupendous system of robbery, party peculations and extravagance ever known to the world.—"Good times," turned into the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of our citizens, the weeping of widows and orphans and untold misery and national woe—"Protection to State sovereignty," stricken down. "A return to the policy of our fathers," turned into a co-operation with the Devil. "Obedience to the Constitution and laws," exchanged for military necessity, tyranny and despotism. "Peace, harmony and national prosperity," swallowed up in dissolution and rivers of blood.

Yet these men have the audacity to ask you to vote for them again!

Voters of Centre county remember that every vote cast for Andrew G. Curtin for Governor, will be constructed by the Abolition party, to be in favor of a continuation of the war, with all its concomitants the draft will be "rigorously" enforced, taxes will be increased, and everything we consume will double in prices in the event of his election and a few men will become wealthy nabobs, at the expense of the many and the present white owners of property in common with the less fortunate of their race will be reduced to perpetual slavery.

The defeat of Judge Woodward will be hailed by the Jacobins with unbounded joy, and a demand would at once be made for "the last man and the last dollar." A half million of new made graves, hundreds of widows, and thousands of orphan children will be the legacy left to the American people, if the Democracy fail to carry the great central State.

On the other hand the success of the Abolition party, transfers the drama of the French Revolution to our shores, and we all must drink the bitter cup.

"THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND."—The people are asked to re-elect Gov. Curtin because he is the "soldier's friend." Go ask the war veteran of the Pennsylvania Reserves who is "the soldier's friend," and he will tell you that his recollections of the *shoddy* uniforms furnished at Camp Curtin—which exposed them to the inclemencies of the weather, and to the jeers of the soldiers of other States,—are too vivid for him to forget who is the "soldier's friend." That speculation filled the pockets of a large number of shoddy patriots—and many graves with betrayed soldiers. The "soldier's friend" indeed!—Clearfield Republican.

"Jack, you are missing all the sights on this side."

"Never mind, Tom, I'm sighting all the misses on this side."

## PROFIT AND LOSS.

As rather an unscrupulous fellow named Ben was coming down one morning he met Tom, and stopped him.

"I say Tom, he said, here's a pretty good counterfeiter three. If you pass it, I'll divide."

"Let's see the plaster," said Tom, and after examining it carefully, put it in his vest pocket, saying— "It is an equal division—a dollar and a half a piece."

"Yes" said Ben. "All right," said Tom, "And off he went."

A few minutes afterwards, he quietly stepped into the store of his friend Ben, and purchased a can of oysters for a dollar and a half, laying down the three dollars for them. The clerk looked at the bill rather doubtfully; when his suspicions were immediately calmed by Tom, who said:— "There is no use looking for I received the note from Ben himself not ten minutes ago."

Of course the clerk, with this assurance forked the dollar and a half in change, with this deposit and can of oysters, Tom left. Shortly afterward he met Ben, who asked him if he had passed the note.

"Oh, Yes," said Tom at the same time passing over the dollar and a half to Ben.

That evening when Ben had made up his cash account, he was surprised to find the same old counterfeiter three in the drawer. Turning to his "locum tenens," he asked:— "Where did you get this note? Didn't you know it was a counterfeiter?"

"Why 'Tom gave it to me and I suspected it was not all right, but he said that he had just received it from you, and I took it."

The whole thing had penetrated the wool of Ben. With a peculiar grin, he muttered "Sold" and charged the can of oysters to profit and loss account.

WHAT THEY GAVE US.—A muzzled "press," "free speech" stricken down by mobs and executive power, "freedom," snuffed by arbitrary arrests, bastilles and bayonets—"American industry," destroyed, "economy and reform" lost sight of by the most stupendous system of robbery, party peculations and extravagance ever known to the world.—"Good times," turned into the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of our citizens, the weeping of widows and orphans and untold misery and national woe—"Protection to State sovereignty," stricken down. "A return to the policy of our fathers," turned into a co-operation with the Devil. "Obedience to the Constitution and laws," exchanged for military necessity, tyranny and despotism. "Peace, harmony and national prosperity," swallowed up in dissolution and rivers of blood.

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"THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND."—The people are asked to re-elect Gov. Curtin because he is the "soldier's friend." Go ask the war veteran of the Pennsylvania Reserves who is "the soldier's friend," and he will tell you that his recollections of the *shoddy* uniforms furnished at Camp Curtin—which exposed them to the inclemencies of the weather, and to the jeers of the soldiers of other States,—are too vivid for him to forget who is the "soldier's friend." That speculation filled the pockets of a large number of shoddy patriots—and many graves with betrayed soldiers. The "soldier's friend" indeed!—Clearfield Republican.

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## THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

The Indiana Democrat says:— "The Abolition papers are in the habit of speaking of Andy Curtin as the 'soldier's friend.' He showed his friendship by placing half a million of dollars that was appropriated to clothe the Pennsylvania Reserves in the hands of his particular friends, who provided the soldiers with shoddy coats and pants, and shoes that had soles filled with shavings. In two weeks the brave men were barefooted and nearly naked! A pretty 'soldier's friend,' to be sure, how much of the profits Curtin pocketed the public never discovered."

The Washington (Pa.) *Reveille* hits this hard blow:— "The only good word the Abolition friends of Governor Curtin can say of him is 'that he is the soldier's friend.' Who are the friends of Governor Curtin? The records of the Quarter Session of Allegheny show that three of his personal friends were indicted in that court for cheating the soldier, in his clothing, his food, and his arms. Love me, love my dog," says the proverb. You may know a man by the company he keeps. Friends of the soldier, explain how you acted in union with the knaves who struck at the vitals of all military strength—food—clothing—and arms."

ANDREW G. CURTIN, who is now traveling over the State, but in hand, soliciting votes, like a blind beggar asking for pennies, delivered at a coach a ride on the 10th instant, in which he charged Judge Woodward with being hostile to our adopted citizens. Even if the shoddy candidate had been correct in the statement which was made by him knowing it to be false, it would have come with a very bad grace from the bitter and proscriptive Know-Nothing of 1854. Andrew G. Curtin greatly distinguished himself at that time by the prominent part he took in the persecution of men on account of their religion and birthplace; and some of the very men to whom he spoke at Erie had been with him in the secret meetings of the American Order. Is the miserable hypocrite who retails a base slander against his openly opponent, pronounced "honorable and without stain" by the Chairman of the Abolition State Committee, deserving of the suffrages of the honest freemen of Pennsylvania?—Age!

TRUTH IS MORTAL.—When Boston closed the gates of Faneuil Hall upon the great Webster, the heart of the country opened unto him. When Philadelphia hung the palaces of her merchant princes in sable because General Jackson had triumphed over the monster Bank, labor lifted his lofty brow and showered blessings upon his venerable head. The Democratic party have always protected the people in the enjoyment of their rights, and although they be compelled by fanatics to close their ears to the truth for a season, it must ultimately prevail.

These fanatics who clamor down the champion of the right, remind us of the despots of the Old World—of those who trembled at the voice of the people and trembled at the approach of reform, seek to drown the tones of honest opinion in a sea of blood, or to shut out the great doctrine of freedom by concealing themselves behind walls of triple granite. They hear nevertheless the voice of the people and his associates; and that voice is a death knell to all their hopes.

ANOTHER DRAFT.—All persons liable to conscription will remember that Andrew G. Curtin said, in a late speech in Johnstown, that he was "in favor of the immediate raising of an army of two hundred and fifty thousand more men," and that he "always insisted on throwing the largest number of men into the field—and of sparing no expense." If Curtin should be elected Governor he will use his influence and power to have another draft made, and thus drag so many more victims to the field of slaughter and burden those left behind with debt—all for the beloved nigger. Think of this matter, voters of Pennsylvania when you come to vote.

The shoddy patriots have been compelled to establish a new daily paper in Pittsburg, called the *Commercial*, to advocate the election of the "twin relics" of war and negro equality—Curtin and Agnew. There were three "loyal" papers in that city, but neither having had a direct interest in the shoddy interest, they all advertised the "soldier's friend," in rather a distasteful manner to suit the "unconscionably loyal."

Six weeks ago the Republicans boasted of electing Brough by 100,000 majority. Three weeks ago they came down to 50,000. To-day they are swearing that if Valandigham is elected he cannot be sworn in and take his seat! This is coming down rapidly and nice. One more puff and all is peace, order and calmness.—Crisis.

The following is part of a song which the Democrats are now singing in Ohio:— John Brough is the abolition candidate for Governor:

"Peaceful be my silent slumber, Tod and Giddings close my eyes; We shall fall for want of numbers, Wake us up when John Brough dies."

## THE SOLDIER'S RIGHT TO VOTE.

When a soldier returns to his election district, he resumes all the civil rights of citizenship, and his residence being unimpaird by his temporary absence, he has a right to vote on election day, but under the Constitution to which his fealty is due, he can acquire no right to vote elsewhere, except by a change of residence from one district to another. \* \* \* The learned judge deprecates a construction that shall deprive the soldiers our volunteer soldiers. It strikes us that this is an incorrect use of language. The Constitution would disfranchise no qualified voter. But, to secure purity of election, it would have its voters in the place where they are best known on election day. If a voter voluntarily stays at home, or goes on a journey, or joins the army of his country, can it be said the Constitution has disfranchised them? Four of the judges of this court, living in other parts of the State, find themselves, on the day of every Presidential election, in the city of Pittsburg, where their official duties take them and where they are not permitted to vote.—Have they a right to change the Constitution with disfranchising them? Such is our case and such is the case of the volunteers in the army. The right of suffrage is care-duly preserved for both them and us, to be enjoyed when we return to the places which the Constitution has appointed for its exercise.—Geo. W. WOODWARD.

The people don't consider what strong and almost countless interests are in favor of prolonging the war, and against all terms of peace. Here they are:— All the Provost Marshals and their petty underlings, swarming like Egyptian frogs, in every township of the North. All the railroads—the more costly, the more they are growing rich by transportation.—All the manufacturers of wool, of cotton shoes, of arms—in a word, all New England.

All the daily papers, for it doubles their circulation. Lincoln and his Cabinet, and Republican leaders generally, for it gives them an army to enforce despotic acts, and keep down opposition.

Don't the people of all parties, see that their interests is exactly the reverse of the interests of the men named above. The people want peace the first moment that the Constitution is vindicated.

But the men above named want war, the bigger, the bloodier, the more costly, the better for them, so long as any excuse can be found for keeping war going.

Now the people can see why Lee was allowed to escape out of Pennsylvania and Maryland, why Louisiana was rejected, when she proposed to return to the Union, under the Constitution; why, when Alex. H. Stephens was known to be the bearer of propositions for Peace, Lincoln and his associates rejected them without even knowing what the terms were!

WHAT WE OWE TO LINCOLN.—When the tax collector comes around with his wry ranc.

When we have to go and buy a stamp to put upon a deed, note, &c.

When we have to take out a license to buy or sell.

When we go to a store and pay forty cents a pound for coffee instead of ten.

When we look at our public debt and find it accumulating at the rate of over \$2,000,000 per day.

When we look at our sons and brothers dragged from their homes to fight in a war for negroes, and

When we look at the vacant chairs, or new made graves of those who have died, let us remember that all these we owe to Mr. Lincoln and the party that supports him.—Age.

The people of Pennsylvania must not overlook the important fact that Daniel Agnew, the Abolition nominee for Supreme Judge is in favor of negro suffrage in Pennsylvania. Whilst a member of the Reform Convention, he persistently voted to confer that right upon all colored men in the Commonwealth. He is the friend of A. G. Curtin, and running upon the same ticket, their views and opinions are identical. Can the white freemen of Pennsylvania cast their votes for the candidates of shoddy and negro equality.

"WE WILL ARREST THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT." WE ARE NOT READY TO GIVE UP CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY FOR LICENTIOUS LIBERTY; WE WILL NOT SACRIFICE ALL THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE FOR NEGRO FREEDOM.—GEORGE W. WOODWARD.

If you wish to give your sanction to the immense system of plunder, robbery and corruption that has characterized the State and National administrations for the last three years, and wish to have a repetition of it, vote for Andrew G. Curtin.

The more ladies practice walking, the more graceful they become in their movements. Those acquire the best carriage who do not ride in one.

An order has been issued for the removal of Charleston, as its presence is considered dangerous during a bombardment.

The first full negro regiment from Pennsylvania, left Philadelphia on the 14th, to reinforce General Gillmore at Charleston.

The Abolitionists had fifty negroes in their procession at Bellefontaine, Ohio.—White men of the Republican party just think of that.

A Northern traitor on a mission of disunion to England. Who is he? Conway editor of the *Conservative*.