

CARRIER'S ADDRESS FOR 1865.

As we mean the glowing clouds of night,
Through the dark and stormy night,
As through the mists of morning light,
Spring thro' the earth in warmer glow.

Thank God! the day of peace is come!
Thank God! the day of peace is come!
Thank God! the cannon's awful roar
Is heard no more from shore to shore.

The work of desolation's day,
And Peace's benediction's day
Reason again resumes her throne
And joy for all her subjects all around.

But, even yet, we hope, look
Upon the State's progress look
Oh! to be true to us in every
It holds for us great deeds to do.

In grief and deep contrition now
Perpetrators of the people's wrong
Who seek the earth, and shed the seed
To sow a harvest of good things.

One that, through all these years of toils
Has been accomplished for our good
Alas! that we might something do
To warrant all the fearful blood.

One that, through all these years of toils
Has been accomplished for our good
Alas! that we might something do
To warrant all the fearful blood.

One that, through all these years of toils
Has been accomplished for our good
Alas! that we might something do
To warrant all the fearful blood.

One that, through all these years of toils
Has been accomplished for our good
Alas! that we might something do
To warrant all the fearful blood.

One that, through all these years of toils
Has been accomplished for our good
Alas! that we might something do
To warrant all the fearful blood.

One that, through all these years of toils
Has been accomplished for our good
Alas! that we might something do
To warrant all the fearful blood.

One that, through all these years of toils
Has been accomplished for our good
Alas! that we might something do
To warrant all the fearful blood.

One that, through all these years of toils
Has been accomplished for our good
Alas! that we might something do
To warrant all the fearful blood.

One that, through all these years of toils
Has been accomplished for our good
Alas! that we might something do
To warrant all the fearful blood.

One that, through all these years of toils
Has been accomplished for our good
Alas! that we might something do
To warrant all the fearful blood.

One that, through all these years of toils
Has been accomplished for our good
Alas! that we might something do
To warrant all the fearful blood.

One that, through all these years of toils
Has been accomplished for our good
Alas! that we might something do
To warrant all the fearful blood.

One that, through all these years of toils
Has been accomplished for our good
Alas! that we might something do
To warrant all the fearful blood.

One that, through all these years of toils
Has been accomplished for our good
Alas! that we might something do
To warrant all the fearful blood.

The Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

Vol. II. BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1865. No. 1.

RESOLUTIONS OF 98--STATE RIGHTS

One of our Washington correspondents
having recently alluded to the views of
Chief Justice Chase upon the subject of
"State Rights," it may interest some of
our readers to know the opinions of other
distinguished leaders of the radical party.

PARTY ORGANIZATION.

Our Democratic exchanges are saying a
good deal on the subject of the next State
Convention, when a candidate is to be nomi-
nated for Governor. The general opinion
is in favor of the 4th of March, the tradi-
tional time, for holding Democratic State
Conventions. We don't care when it is held,
so long as the campaign is properly conducted
and the election made.

THIS PICTURE AND THAT.

We clip the following from the Montgom-
ery (Ala.) Advertiser. It was written by a
Texas editor:
"Morning on the Mississippi! The sun
is glorious, as the little white fog floats
are drunk up by his beams. Look out upon
the stately mansions, the great piles of sugar
mills and the villages of white cottages
where the slave resides and grow sleek and
happy. Where is he now? I look in vain
for the long lines of cheerful darkeys stream-
ing out at this hour of the morning, singing
the choral chant, that once spoke of their
contentment. The fields are full of weeds—
no smoke from the quarters, and the doors
are shut. Whether have they gone? All
silence and desolation. What mean those
solitary chimney stacks, (they half
fallen walls of brick, the rugged straggler
and fenceless garden? Ah! the de-
stroyer has been here. The slave has had
his shackles stricken off, and he has gone
forth to freedom, nakedness and death.
The torch has swept his master's house
but not by his hand applied, yet by his holy
liberator. His master's family driven into
exile and want; his home and associations
broken up, and introduced with halting
step, to starvation and wretchedness. This
savannah only smokes the ruin on these once
happy shores."
How graphic, how lifelike, how admir-
able the picture! But a little while ago, and
not only by the shores of the "Fathers of
Water," but throughout the broad domain
of this fair land of the South, a terrestrial
Paradise of luxury and plenty existed.
That was emphatically the garden spot of
the earth, and favored by almost every bless-
ing that God doles to man. Laden with
the towering results of every agricultural
production, blessed with every comfort that
desire might wish for, never in all this
world's history, did such happiness and
contentment exist among the people. On
every plantation throughout our borders,
the kindly and hospitable master dwelt,
surrounded by his "dusky peasantry," who
furnished him a protector and a friend.
Then was the negro the slave, truly pros-
perous, for ease, plenty and comforts were
his heritage. His food, his clothing, his
education, his comforts, all provided for
him by his benevolent and watchful
master, whose kindness and whose in-
terest both endeavored to improve him to
furnish him. No taxation, no more grievous
burden upon him, could be devised for
the negro, and of better than some of
the olden days of his golden age, the
seems will be his lot during his servitude,
under the master of the South.

MORE NIGGER LEGISLATION.

Mr. Baker of the House offered the fol-
lowing:
Resolved: As the sense of this house, that
once for all we should have done with this
rule and antiquity, as a privileged power be-
fore the law in this nation, no matter where or
in what form, they may appear, and that, in
restoring the normal relations of the States, the
of the representatives of a free people to proceed
upon the true, as distinguished from the false,
democratic principle, and to realize and secure
the highest attainable liberty to the whole
people of the Republic, irrespective of class or race.

FATHER, COME HOME.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock strikes the sleepy strikes one
You said you were coming right home from the
shop.
As soon as your day's work was done,
Our fire has gone out, our house is all dark,
And mother's been watching since tea,
With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms,
And no one to help her but me.
Come home! come home! come home!
Please, father, dear father, come home!

A. WARD ON ABRAHAM-NA-POGUE.

Artemus went to see "Dorothea." Go's
new drama, when it was brought out in New
York. Here is his dissection of it:
You ask me, sir, to sling some ink for
your paper in regards to the new Irish
drama at Niblo's Garden. I will do it, sir.
I found myself the other night at Niblo's
Garden, which is now by the way, West-
ley's Garden. (I don't know what's becom-
ing of Nib.)
I walked down the line in my usual digi-
fied style, politely tell the people as I pass
along to keep their seats. "Don't get up
for me," I said. One of the prettiest
young men I ever saw in my life showed
me into a seat, and I proceeded to write
away the spare time by reading Thomson's
Bank note Reporter, and the comic papers.
The ordinance was large.
I tho', from a surly view, that Fin-
nigan Brotherhood was well represented.
There was no end of bootiful wimin and
heap of good clothes. There was a good
deal of hair present that belonged on the
heads of people who didn't cum with it.
The Ukerry struck up a tune, & I asked
the Ukerry to judge me when M. Pogue cum
out on the stage to act.
I wanted to see Pogue, but strange he
didn't act durin' the entire evenin'. I reck-
on he has left Niblo's and gone over to
Baron's.
Arrah-na-Pogue was writ by Dion O'-
Bourcilil & Edward McIlroy. They rit
it well. O'Bourcilil has rit a carload of
plays himself, the most of which is fast,
rate.
I understand there is a large number of
O'genlimen of this city who can rite better
plays than O'Bourcilil does, but somehow they
don't seem to do it. When they do I'll take
a box of them.
ACK THIS. I.—Glendale by moonlight.—
Irishmen with clubs This is in 1793, the
year of your birth, Mr. Editor. It appears
a patriotic person named McCool, has dis-
cerned a usurpation in the mountain dis-
tricts, and is now going to leave the land
of his nativity for a tower in France. Pre-
viously to doing so he picks the pocket of Mr.
Michael Feeny, a gamester detective, which
pleases the gallery very much indeed, and
they joyfully remark, "A, hi. He meels,
also, at this time, a young woman who
has died dearer than life, and who is of course
related to the gamester; and just as the
Government goes again him she goes for him.
This is a pity, but not grateful. She is so
"An' can be so?" Ar, tell me it is not
so truly as this thussent would seem!"
or words to that effect. He is not in any
other way, and they go off. Irish meels
by the band. Mr. McCool goes and gives
the money to his foster sister Miss Mary
McNeill, who is going to shortly marry
Shawn, the Lamp Post. Miss then allows
his mind about going over to France, and
thinks he'll go up stairs and lie down in
the straw. "This is in my darlin's cabin, Arrah,
what is this?" Soldiers cum in. Meels
says, and makes a vulgar remark, and Meels
goes to his straw.
The wedding of Shawn and Arrah comes
out. Great excitement. Immense demon-
stration on the part of the peasantry. Barn
door jigs, and reelings sung by McIlroy,
called "The Drinkin' of the Oin." Meels,
what is this? Soldiers cum in. Meels
by the band. "Arrah," sez the Major,
"you have those money." Sez she, "Oh,
no, I guess not." He sez, "Oh, yes, I guess
you have." "It is my own," sez she, and
exhibits it. "It is mine," says Mr. Feeny,
and identifies it. Great confusion. Coat
is produced from up stairs. "Whose coat
is this?" sez the Major. "Is it the coat of
a young man secreted in this horse cabin?"
Now this is rough on Shawn. His wife ac-
cused of theft, the circumstances being
very much against her, and also accused of
having a bastard young man hid in her
bosom. "But does this build upon Hibernia
forake her? Not much, he don't.
But take it as it is, himself, sez he's the
guilty wretch, and is marched off to prison.
This is a new idea. It is gentry the
wife who suffers. In the play, her hus-
band, but here's a noble young fellow who
sluts both his eyes to the apparent sinfulness
of his new young wife, and takes her
right square to his bosom. It was bootiful
to me, who love my wife, and believe in her,
and would put on my mensin' clothes and
go to the gallus for her cheerfully rather
than believe she was capable of taking any-
body's money but mine. My married
friends, listen to me: If you treat your
wives as if they were perfect gentlemen
—if you show 'em that you have entire con-
fidence in them, believe me, they will be
true to you, most always.
Shawn is tried by a Military Commission
Col O'Grady, altho' a member of the Com-
mission, allows he sympathizes with Shawn
and with Feeny, the Government witness,
with being a knock kneed thief, etc., etc.
Mr. Stanton's granddader was Secy of War
in Ireland at that time, so this was utterly
proper. Shawn is convicted, and goes to
jail. Hears Arrah singing outside. Wants
to see her a good deal. A lucky thought
strikes him; he opens the window and gets
out. Struggles with ivy and things on the
outside of the jail, and finally reaches her
just as Mr. Feeny is about to dash a large
wooden stone on his head. He throws Mr.
Feeny into the river. Pardon arrives.
Fond embraces, tears of joy and kisses a la
Pogue. Everybody most happy. Curtain
falls. Yours till then,
A. W.

CONTINUED AGITATION.—"Eloish slavery,"
the radicals used to say, "and agita-
tion about the negro will cease." A
great many good natured, credulous peo-
ple believed them, but have at length found
out their mistake. The radicals declare
that "slavery is dead," but they dish up
Sambo, as a subject of agitation, in a new
form. They now want to make him a voter,
and threaten to propose "the irrepressible
conflict" unless this scheme to degrade the
white man's ballot is carried out. But they
would not rest content with even that.
They want to admit the negro to the Senate
and the House of Representatives. Some of
the most able of the radicals are aiming at
this, and as soon as they succeed there
is in their programme, the next step in
order will be amputation and miscogeni-
ty. So we go from bad to worse.—The
Ocean Stevedore

GLEN ST. PETER'S

OVER—The Holidays