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STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION.

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For the Democratic Watchman.

PIQUED.

BY JOE. K. BURRT.

And could a little, trifling word,
Such as a merry careless say,
Do what the heart that I have heard
Is gentle as a summer day?

Ah, Sara! then hast made me glad,
In other days, when by thy side,
But now, thou mak'st my spirit sad,
And wearily the moments glide.

Dear Sara, could'st then but believe
How much I prize thy kindness now,
Thou wouldst not think I'd dare to leave
A trace of sadness on thy brow.

Dost think that I'd so soon forget
Thy kindly words in other days?
Ah no; they linger with me yet,
Like golden sunshine round the haze.

And sitting in the wood this morn,
Upon the grassy knoll we found,
It seems the kind kind words we'd worn,
Which I but little thought would wound.

Forgive! those words were meant for naught
Save but to cause thy gentle heart,
And I had thought they'd be forgot
Ere formed into a pointed dart.

Thus little words are sometimes found
The coals by which true hearts are burned,
And we were *treading dangerous ground*,
When from me your dear face you turned.

Sweet Sara, shall such trifling things
Intrude themselves twixt you and me?
Ah, no; the path the fancy brings
Assures me that it will not be.

Thinsight I leave thee, and, perchance,
I'll see the *dear brown eyes* no more,
Until I meet their kindly glance
Upon the Jordan's further shore:

Then Sara, let me see thee smile
With all thy gentleness again,
And I will love thee all the while
I wander through the haunts of men.

Bellefonte.

LETTER FROM MILESBURG.

Mr. Editor: I see the vile, vituperative, fact falsifying, negro worshiping and white man debasing shoddy organ of Bellefonte, in its issue of 2d ult., refers to the suit instituted by Dr. Adams of Milesburg, against certain boys, for riot. And then glorifies over the defeat of justice; and the proper and just execution of the laws of the land. And yet has the daring effrontery to try and pass himself off as a loyal citizen par excellence. Let he denounces the doctor, as a venomous copperhead—as to the venomous, it is hurled back with contempt, and reference is made to his article as proof that it properly belongs there. As to copperhead, if he means the amalgamation of races by the term, it is hurled back with the same contempt; but if he means the salvation of the country from ruin, anarchy, and anarchy, by the triumph of Democratic principles, (like that of ancient Israel by looking upon the brazen serpent, and being healed,) then it is accepted.

But let us come down to the facts in the case: that Mr. Reid was a naturalized citizen of this republic, is true; but that he forgot the obligations of his oath, is just as untrue. The Constitution was the bond of union between him and this Republic.—When the first draft was made, he was drafted, reported, and was exempt. Prior to the time of his being drafted the second time, the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania decided the draft to be unconstitutional, consequently he, being sworn to support the Constitution, could not obey an unconstitutional requirement without violating his oath. Placed in this position, and, being an honorable, public spirited man, and only four to be drafted from Milesburg, he, with a few others, proposed to clear the borough of the draft, by putting in substitutes. He went to work, and soon had the required amount subscribed, subscribing twice as much, according to his ability, as any other. He proceeded to collect the same, and in one or two days more would have had the money collected, the substitutes secured and the borough relieved; but, at this juncture, a certain intermedler began to whisper around that some man owning real estate should be appointed to collect and hold the money, until the substitutes were put in and the money paid over. This coming to Mr. Reid's ears, he ceased at once to collect. There being a public meeting that evening to see whether the citizens would authorize the board of school directors to lay a tax, to pay bounties to soldiers credited to Milesburg, after the business of that meeting was disposed of, Mr. Reid moved that some man be appointed to collect and hold the money, for the purpose above specified; whereupon a certain man (noted for never accomplishing anything, that is praiseworthy; but is ever ready to interpose obstacles in the way of those that would do something,) was appointed, the subscription paper was put into his hands, from thence it was transfered to his pocket; and it is not known whether he has ever had energy enough to disturb it since; one thing is certain, the money was not collected, except what Mr. Reid had collected, which, when he saw the object was defeated, he paid back. The draft came off; Mr. Reid was amongst the number drafted. He left, with what in view was only known by himself. He has since stated that after the Milesburg people, who were subject to draft had acted so meanly, he did not consider himself under any obligations to make any further personal sacrifices for their benefit; he would try and take care of himself, and they might do the same. Besides all this the object of the war having been changed from its avowed purpose of restoring the Union, to that of abolishing slavery, contrary to the letter and spirit of the Constitution which he had sworn to support, he could not conscientiously engage in it.

Now comes the sequel. After it was known that he had not reported, then the denunciations of certain would-be respectable citizens, and some of them high-toned professors of religion, were deep, loud, long and bitter. They could now offer their thousand dollars for his substitution, when they could not squeeze out fifty dollars to the subscription to rid the borough of the draft, and afterwards, when drafted themselves by a stretched conscience, could swear themselves not subject, on account of unsuitableness of age, while still others, (but it matters little in two-but-one-in pennsylvania, for all, with well assured, that had they stood, they would not have been subject to draft,) when the authorization to rid the borough of the draft was presented, would not give a cent; his own words were not a (d d) red; expecting likewise, not by stretch of conscience, for that with him is obsolete, to swear himself of unsuitable age, until he found his age was too well known, and he would be likely caught up in it. Then he could offer fifty dollars to relieve the borough of the draft, after that enterprise had been defeated, and abandoned. Yet he was very loyal, like his ancestors, which, if reports be true, ground glass to feed our Revolutionary fathers upon, and was loud in denunciation of all who would not go into the army to free the negroes, but their loyal blood was too precious to be spilt for this purpose. Oh, no, if reports be true, he must stay at home, and attend to poor soldiers wives, in a dishonorable way. But fate was against him; poor fellow, he was drafted, and although he had a son of suitable age to go as a substitute, it is said the big tears rolled thick and fast, at the idea of going to war, consequently a substitute must be procured at a few hundred cost.

Now the idea, with this truly loyal family was, that Mr. Reid, was the cause of all their trouble; he was denounced by them, and threats were made to shoot him &c. &c. Time passed on, the war ends. A neighbor of this truly loyal family, a loyalist too, who had been down South, not in the army, but making money off the government, comes home, he joins in heart and hand, in this unholy and wicked crusade, laying plans, and devising schemes by which Mr. Reid might be forced into the United States army. His son comes home from the army; he introduces him as having been down South shooting Democrats. The son who had always before been a quiet, sober, steady, boy, and still seemed to be so, but in all probability, through the fanaticism, ignorance and bigotry of the father, upon began to indulge in inebriety; in a short time he could be seen going up to the bar, treating and being treated.

The President issues his proclamation, releasing all held in durance vile, and all deserters from the army, and all other deserters, (who were not deserters by any law of the land, but made so by former proclamations,) ordering them to repair to their homes, and engage in their pursuits. Mr. Reid having been engaged for some months near Philadelphia, concluded to visit his family in Milesburg, not dreaming that even those few fanatics were so lost to all sense of decency, and sunk so low in recklessness, as to set all law at defiance, neither did any of the peaceable respectable citizens of Milesburg, dream of any such thing. Accordingly, on Thanksgiving day he arrived in Milesburg accompanied by his brother, in the 11 o'clock train, when these cowardly, skulking, hypocritical, fanatics, not willing to shoulder the responsibility of their wickedness, secured underhandedly a set of drunken rowdy boys to do their dirty work for them—whilst they themselves skulk in the rear, and urge them on to riot. After dinner at home, Mr. Reid and his brother walked round to doctor Adams', and remained there until between three and four o'clock, when they returned home, during which time this drunken mob had been to his house, and one of their number entered it, with the avowed purpose of ordering him to leave; fortunate was it for the poor drunken boy, that Mr Reid was not there, as Mr. Reid understands his position in the eyes of the law, and is to much of a gentleman too be insulted in his own house, by a drunken rowdy boy; the mob having left, threatening to go down to Doctor Adam's, and rout him out. Scarcely were they gone, when a neighboring women entered, wringing her hands and exclaiming "O my God! is it not awful! they have given Mr. Reid only till four o'clock to leave, or, they will tar, and feather him, or commit some other violence, upon him." scarcely was she done speaking, when another entered, in the same manner, using about the same words. About this time, Mr Reid and his brother entered Mrs. Reid, being frightened at the formidable appearance of things, advised him to leave; he hooted the idea. "No" said he, "I have just as legal a right here as any of them, and if they attempt any violence I will shoot them down like dogs." His brother took him by the arm and almost forced him to leave, saying, if they remained, and the mob made any attempt to put their threats into execution, there would be some dead men amongst them, and at the best it would be an unpleasant affair, and if they could get off, without receiving or inflicting any bodily harm, it would be best in the end, and let the law settle with them. Accordingly they started, part of the mob followed them down the rail road, and part repaired to the depot, to intercept them, should they take the cars; threats were made to stop the cars, it was also assented, that if they could get hold of them, there would be somebody to be hung the next day, the mob swearing they were well armed, all of which, there were witnesses to prove, and much more, a good part of which was proven before the grand jury, and the rioters were almost certain of conviction, when the court adjourned, on Monday evening, and they had employed one of those mean, insignificant puppies, who is ever ready to sell himself, soul, body, and principles, (pardon the expression—principle he has none) for a little paltry gain, to try and intimidate Doctor Adams, by threats, to withdraw the suit. This failing them, they resort to other and more despicable, and more degrading, although there was no account of any other grand jury, that might be more witnesses were examined, yet the decide report of the jury, was brought to Milesburg that night by 9 o'clock although but few of the witnesses had been examined and they not the principle ones; neither were they all called the next day, when the jury brought in their bill at 11 o'clock A. M. Ignored; the prosecutor to pay the cost; just as reported the night before; the foreman of that grand jury, was a good subject for these fanatics to operate on, being of the same fanatical creed, and not overscrupulous, with regard to justice, and caring less about the peace and good order of society.

Now, what constitutes riot! See decisions of the Supreme Court, where three, or more persons are assembled together, and either by acts of violence, or such threats, menaces, signs or gestures, as may give reason to apprehend personal injury, or damages, in standing in defence of possessions, which which was also the substance of the judges charge to the jury. Now, how any set of men, taking the oath they took, could bring in such a verdict, and thereby virtualy say to Milesburg, henceforth thou shalt be ruled by mob law, after having the evidence before them they had, and refusing to call the balance of the evidence yet to be given, is, a query to all honest law abiding citizens.

It only shows the state of lawlessness, and disregard for law and order, that is prevailing in our country, as well as the want of sanctity to the solemn obligtions of an oath.

It has taught one lesson, however that is, that every law abiding citizen must prepare himself to defend himself, against these lawless marauders. It was worth all it cost to find out to what depths of degredation the people of the country had fallen, and to what extremes of intrigue and injustice they will resort, to defeat the ends of justice. If this state of things continues, the day may not be far distant, when they themselves may sigh for justice, but in vain. There is no lover of country can rejoice at the defeat, of any of its laws it is a true mark of traitorism, thus to rejoice, but these riot instigators, although great lovers of the almighty dollar, could offer any amount to save their poor dupes from conviction. But good will no doubt flow to the Democratic party, from all this, as Mr. R[illegible] brother has hitherto been a Republican, but he was so completely disgusted, with their proceedings here, that he is a Republican no longer, and he wields a large influence in the county where he resides.

Awley.

"BRICK" POMEROY TO BILL ARP.

Bill, for why do you still Arp on my daughter—so to speak? There must be something very wrong in your nature.—Reckon you must have lost something or found a horse shoe and no horse to hang it on. We believe you are a very bad Bill, and so we don't want to pass you in silence. You write as if there was something wrong with you—as if there were clouds floating over the land of magnolias and the sunny South generally. Really, Bill, we are surprised.

There never was so ungrateful a people as you southern gentlemen are, and now after all that has been done for you, to see letters written by you so full of insinuations, is too much. The fault of all this lies with you. Weren't you folks most dogoned wicked before this war? Honest Indian now, Bill! Didn't you get proud, and is not pride a sin? And didn't you own niggers down there, and larrup them continually to raise cotton for our New England nabobs to spin—sugar to sweeten our coffee, rice to eat in our puddings and tobacco to chew and squirt over meeting-house floors? Answer us, Bill. And didn't you folks stay down there and attend to business a little too close? And didn't you have better horses, finer grounds, and more land than we had?

We are all Christians in the North. We felt that all these fine things were dragging your souls down to hell. We didn't want you to rest in brimstone, being in torment, so we tried to corral you in Abraham's bosom: Abraham was a great and good man who died sometime since, as we read of somewhere.

And then, Bill, you kept your niggers too fat. Our factory operatives grew jealous. And our girls went down there to teach your girls something, and fell in love with your boys and forgot to come home. We felt that you were wicked. We didn't want you to go to hell! All the fine things you had were leading you away from salvation, so we sent Butler and Curtis, and Banks and Washburn, and Steele and Hovey, and Prentiss and Hurlburt, and several of the elect of our Christian churches down there to wire you out of the jaws of hell by withdrawing your fine furniture, such as pianos, books, pictures, rosewood bedsteads, marble tables, silverware, horses, cotton, and all such plunder, to a place of safety!

You were wrong to engage in war—very wrong to do that thing. New England alone could conquer you. Why, Bill, if you had a billion of million of dollars, and enough nice furniture to furnish all the houses in the country, New England could stand it four years; and, if New England could not, the Kansas saints and Western children of Christian abolitionists could. Haven't we prayed for you in all our churches? And haven't we told you better? You wanted to get out of the Union! Ah, Bill, States can't have that kind of a thing! That is what we always told you. All those friends of the great martyr tell you so. We count the cost, you see. We fought you at Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Fredericksburg, Chickamauga, Bull Run, Stoneman's raid, Sherman's march, Sheridan's ride, Grant's battles, Sherman's march, Sheridan's ride, Grant's battles, Sherman's march, Sheridan's ride, Grant's battles