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THE DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN,
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OFFICE—On the North-west corner of the Diamond, March 28, 1861.—17

TO THE INDEPENDENT VOTERS OF CENTRE COUNTY.

I respectfully offer myself to your consideration as an Independent Candidate for the office of County Treasurer, of Centre county, at the ensuing general election. I feel that I have the best of my ability, and to contribute the one-half of the usual per centage accruing to said officer for his services, to the relief of the poor. For the faithful performance of all which I am prepared to render to the authorities the most ample security. JACKSON LEVY. Miffling, Aug. 15th, 1861.

CONRAD HOUSE SALOON.
H. D. RUBLE, supplies the public, at the Conrad House Saloon, with all the fresh meats of the season. Oysters, Sardines, Eds. Fresh Fish, Rabbit, Chicken Soup, Barbecued Chicken, Pheasant, etc., etc., at all hours.

Select Poetry.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

How fell he? by resistless fall,
Or to bow out or bursting shell?
What matters it to him, to all,
Who meet their death in doing well?
The good and brave,
Who die to save
Their home and country, they can tell.
How sound he sleeps! in storm, the surf
Rolls in long thunder on the shore;
Each blade of grass that crowns his turf
Quivers before that earthy wake roar;
His deadened ear
No sound can hear;
Trumpet nor drum shall call him more.
The deep thoughted gaze that frown above,
And proudly guard the subject ware,
Can stir no pulse of fear or love
Can wake no echo in his grave;
His race is run,
His prize is won,
God's blessing on the sleeping brave.

WHERE TO DWELL.

"Tell me in what land to dwell,
The ladies for their favorite spot;"
Said playful Will to thinking Bell,
And laughed to see her solve the "knot."
"The riddle I cannot explain,"
The painted Miss inquiring spake,
And bade him in impatient strain,
The question odd to plainer make.
"Why can't you guess it, its quite plain?"
And settled by decisive Fates,
But one the honor proud can claim—
Where else but in *United States!*"

Miscellaneous.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

A SKETCH OF FRONTIER LIFE.

BY WILLIAM EARLY BINDER.

At dusk one evening, many long years ago, an athletic-built hunter might have been seen approaching a cabin, which was located in the depths of the western wilderness.

The hunter was called Gus Grayling, and he was one of three or four who had constructed, and now occupied, the cabin in question.

The cabin was substantially built and much larger than usual, containing one door and window in front, and a door in the rear.

Several days previous, Grayling and his companions had started out into the forest, and the former, as it appeared, was the first to return again to the cabin.

Dropping his rifle and the bunch of skins which he had slung over his shoulder, the hunter cried out:

"Hullo, in that 'em arriv' yet, or am I the fust back?"

No answer, and Grayling moved toward the door, which was standing partially open.

"Why, how in thunder did this door come open!" he exclaimed the next moment.

"Guess somebody's found out our trick with the window, an' paid us a visit while we're away."

The bar of the window was so placed that it could be pulled out of position by a cord, the end of which hung outside, though not in any way likely to attract any particular attention.

Glimping at the window, which was also partially open, "I thought so!" he exclaimed. "Somebody's been here, and now to see what somebody wanted."

The hunter stepped inside, just beyond the threshold.

"Just as I expected!" he added, as he surveyed the apartment, which presented an appearance of the most delectable confusion.

"Now, I'd just like to know whose bin here, breakin' an' smashin' things in this way, an' if I wudn't teach 'em a thing or two my name'n' Gus Graylin'. What fur the redskins and the robbers a feller can't live in peace, no how. Dog drat it! I on'y wish I had the varmint by the har, an' I'd treat him than he's treated our furnitur. I would, by jingo!"

Still giving vent to his feelings of indignation, Grayling set himself to work to pick up the pieces that were strewn around.

"That accomplished, he went out front to get his rifle and his traps. As he emerged from the cabin he uttered an exclamation of rage and astonishment, for at the very moment he made his appearance, a thieving desperado was in the act of stealing off with his rifle and the proceeds of his last excursion:

"Hullo, thar! whar ye going with them things?" cried Grayling in tones of thunder.

"Whar d'ye 'spose?" yelled back the robber, as he stopped and faced round.

"Dunno," rejoined Grayling, "but, as they don't belong to ye, I guess ye'd better bring 'em back at wunst."

"Ye don't say so? Mebbe, if ye want 'em you'd better come and take 'em!"

"I kin do that quicker'n a minnet!" responded the hunter, rapidly stepping forward in the direction of the mendacious outlaw.

At the first movement Grayling made the robber placed his fingers to his mouth and

gave a loud, shrill whistle, and the next moment three desperadoes emerged from hiding-places and placed themselves beside their companion.

"Cum on, feller," tauntingly cried the first, as he beckoned the hunter forward.

"I'm cummin'!" responded Grayling, pursuing his way without the least hesitation, whatever his feelings may have been.

A moment later and the resolute hunter stood face to face with the robber.

"Wal, now, what yer gon' to do 'bout it?" demanded the outlaw, that had stolen the rifle and traps.

"I'm gon' to have what belongs to me if I fight to death fur 'em!" responded he between his teeth.

The robbers eliminated a loud laugh.—The idea seemed to strike them as particularly amusing.

"Wal, 'spose yer cummence!" cried one.

"Will ye give up my property an' depart in peace?" demanded Grayling, in resolute tones.

"No!" yelled the robbers in concert.

"If ye want 'em ye kin fight fur 'em!" added one, defiantly.

The outlaws banished their knives, and threatened the hunter in the most ferocious manner. Grayling stood firm, however.—True, there were four to one, but he showed no fear. His blood was up.

"Cuss yer thievin' pictures!" he cried, "I'll not back down for the likes of you, no how! Cum on with ye, then, the whole four on ye!"

With loud curses the outlaws sprang at the solitary hunter, but an ominous sound, which suddenly broke upon the still air, arrested their course.

"Injuns!" yelled the desperadoes simultaneously.

"Redskins!" cried Grayling at the same time, "an' a big partv 'em, too, judgin' by the whoops!" he added as he quickly wheeled round and struck off toward the cabin.

The whoop upon whom now rent the air.—The forest resounded with the terrible cater.

Quick as a flash the desperadoes darted after Grayling. Evidently the same desire actuated all alike—the desire to reach the cabin.

As the robbers started after Grayling the redskins made their appearance. There were a score or more of them, at least.

With loud yells the savages rushed forward in pursuit of Grayling and the desperadoes. The hunter gallantly led the way.

Not far behind him came the outlaw who had been detected in the act of stealing the rifle and traps, and still further behind him at various distances, the other three robbers.

The Indians were some distance behind the latter.

In a few moments Grayling reached the door of the cabin and dashed inside. Meanwhile, however, the first robber, by the most terrible exertions, had contrived to gain on the hunter's steps—to gain so much that he too dashed into the cabin almost at the same moment, and before Grayling could close the door. The hunter had no time to put the desperado out, and consequently did not make the attempt.

By the time Grayling had barred the door of the cabin the other three robbers were thundering for admittance.

"Don't open the door agin!" cried the robber inside, "the Injuns ar' too close!"

"I don't intend to!" responded Grayling, "I wudn't shed a friend o' mine out that way, but, 'sides who it is, they may go to dogs fur me. They may, by jingo!"

"Every wan for his own self's mot-to!" was the sullen reply of the outlaw.

"Open the door! open the door an' let us in! the Injuns ar' onto us!" yelled the outlaws outside.

The sounds of the tumult increased. The Indians had come up and seized upon the robbers. Yells and shrieks filled the air.—Grayling sprang to a loophole and peered out. Just at that moment the outlaws were being put to the knife. The shrieks ceased but the yells of the redskins still rang out fast and furious.

"Ye friends have lost their har," said Grayling, to the robber inside.

"Wal, that's none o' my business!" brutally responded the man.

"No, 'tain't!"

There was a moment's pause during which the two beleaguered each other with anything but loving looks. Beneath the strong, fiery glances of the hunter, however, the outlaw quickly bent his eyes. Grayling was his master, mentally and physically.

Meantime the Indians were battering away at the front door and window. At the back of the cabin, however, no sounds were to be heard.

"Look here, ye 'ardner's willin'!" cried Grayling suddenly. "I don't like yer company a bit, an' I'm gon' to git rid uv you in a way uv my own. I'll give ye the choice o' two things, an' nothin' else, by jingo!—I'm a bigger man, a stronger man, an' a better man than ye ar'—consequently I kin dictate terms. Ye kin walk out o' thar"—pointing to the back entrance—"an'

take yer chances with the redskins,—an' ye may git away—or I'll chuck yer blasted cassock out by the window right among 'em. I kn do it, cuss ye, an' I will! Cum, thar's no time to waste in words!"

The robber could see that Grayling was just the man to keep his word,—but the man to execute every threat he uttered.—What should he do? The Indians appeared to be around in front, and by the back way there might be a chance—as much of a chance, at all events, as then seemed to be to remain in the cabin. He would venture it, he thought, and trust to luck for the rest.

"Wal!" cried Grayling, impatiently.

"I'll try the back door!" said the outlaw, sullenly.

Without a word the hunter quietly unbarred the back door and opened it.

"Off with you then, quicker'n a minnet!" he whispered, threateningly.

The robber stealthily crept outside, and without let or hindrance succeeded in getting some rods from the cabin, the darkness of the night greatly favoring his escape.

"Now, fur my chance!" muttered Grayling; "fur, if anybod'y's to scape I think it might be me an' not that cut-throat villain."

With the last word the hunter uttered a loud cry. Then he closed the door, barred it, and bent his head to listen.

The redskins heard the sound and wildly dashed around to the back of the cabin.—Frightened at the alarm, the robber seemed to lose his presence of mind, and started to run, thereby betraying himself. With fierce yells the Indians darted in pursuit of him, probably not knowing and not imagining that any one else was in the cabin.

All this was patent to the keen sensibilities of Grayling.

"Now's my chance!" he muttered, as he quickly and quietly unbarred the front door.

The next moment the hunter crept outside, and stole away in an entirely opposite direction. On, he went through the dark forest, never stopping until he reached a cluster of cabins two or three miles off.

Rousing up the fearless occupants, he called upon the men to follow him, and backed by a half dozen or more hardy pioneers, he speedily returned to the vicinity of his own cabin.

The Indians were at their work, busy as bees pillaging and destroying the little houses. Fiercely, resolutely the hunters attacked them. A noisy combat ensued, and the redskins, who were left of them, were finally driven away, and Grayling once more took possession of his home.

The fate of the outlaw who had been driven from the cabin we need not describe.—The next day his scapless body was found where he had fallen.

Grayling and his companions subsequently occupied the cabin the same as usual, one spot in the wilderness being quite as safe as another, and none entirely free from the depredations of the redskins and the desperadoes.

AN ENVOI TO THE INDEPENDENT.—At Newport, R. I., Tuesday, one of the companies of the new regiment was mustered in, but several minors were rejected, because they did not produce the certificate of consent of their parents. One young man, whose mother is a widow, had enlisted and went in with his mother with his certificate for his signature. But she not being willing for him to go, withheld her consent, but finally after much persuasion, said she would agree upon one condition—that her son should thrust his finger at random through the leaves of the closed Bible, and the language of the text upon which it rested should decide her action in the matter. He did as she requested, and his finger where the Bible was opened, was found resting over the two following verses:

2d Book of Chronicles, 29th chapter, 16th and 17th verses:

"To-morrow go ye down against them; behold, they come up by the cliff of Ziz; and ye shall find them at the end of the brook, before the wilderness of Jerusalem."

"Ye shall not need to fight in this battle; set yourselves, stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord with you. O Judah and Jerusalem; fear not, nor be dismayed; to-morrow go out against them; for the Lord will be with you."

"The mother read and consented.

SWEAN HIM AND LET HIM GO.—The best piece of satire upon the leniency observed by the authorities in this section, in reference to rebels found committing depredations, is in the shape of a story which is told, we believe, by Governor Pierpont. As the story goes, some of the soldiers in General Cox's camp, down in Kanawa, recently caught a large rattlesnake. The snake manifested a most mischievous disposition, snapping and thrusting out his forked tongue at all who came near it. The boys at last got tired of the reptile, and as nobody wanted such a dangerous companion, the question arose, "what shall we do with him?" This question was propounded several times without an answer, when a half drunken soldier who was lying near upon his back, rolled over upon his side, and relieved his companions by quietly remarking: "Damn it, swear him and let him go."

FAITH IN THE GOVERNMENT.

The vigor and promptness of the Government in conducting the operations of the war are day after day securing for it a deeper and deeper hold upon the public confidence.

Many important things are being done, rapidly, skillfully, and efficiently. Administrative energy and ability are displayed in all branches of the public service. We are not disposed to lavish indiscriminate praise upon all who are prominently connected with the management of important public affairs at this critical juncture; but so much has been said in derogation of the action of the Administration, so many groundless and unjust complaints have been made, that, at one period, there was danger that the feeling of confidence which should exist in times of peril between the people and the Government would be seriously shaken, and it is peculiarly fortunate that this evil has been averted.

In times of peace, it matters comparatively little whether the authorities of the nation command the confidence and secure the earnest support of the great body of the citizens of our country or not; but in the hour of extreme peril, when the very existence of our nation is at stake, and when the destiny of the present generation and of unborn millions hangs trembling in the scale, it is vitally important that those entrusted with the management of public affairs should feel, on the one hand, that they can securely rely upon the faithful, zealous, and enthusiastic support of the loyal masses, and, on the other, the American people should feel that the affairs of the Government, in which they have such a deep and inestimable interest, are wisely, energetically, and properly administered.

The vigor of our blows against the rebellion will be immeasurably increased by the consciousness that they will be strengthened and sustained, and in all contingencies, by the unanimous sentiment of the loyal States. If the general determination to overpower the insurgents remains unchanged and unweakened, the suppression of the rebellion is inevitable, and those who seek to undermine the effect of this feeling are, therefore, amongst the most dangerous foes of the Republic. Some journals, without perhaps, being animated by mischievous designs, seem to habitually delight in publishing such perceptions of the current events of the day as lead unthinking readers to suppose that, while the people are busy in promoting the movements connected with the war, the Administration alone, of all persons not suspected of disloyalty, is comparatively inactive, idle, and indifferent to the success of our arms. Such writers appear to imagine that everything is going wrong, and that nothing is being done in a proper manner. Because the secrets of the Government are not all blazoned forth so publicly that every eye can read and every ear can hear them, they suppose that few movements of importance are being made. That such ideas are clearly unjust any man who, for a moment, considers the real condition of public affairs, will readily perceive. The immense army now in and around Washington is, day after day, rapidly increasing in strength and efficiency; and, while everything transpiring in our camps is not described with minuteness, no one doubts that the activity and unceasing vigilance of General McClellan have been attended with highly important results, and that he has now under his command one of the largest and best armies ever assembled on this continent.

In Missouri, also, great activity has been displayed, and all accounts agree in stating that an army has been organized that will not only be able to defend the State, but which, when proper preparations are made for a descent of the Mississippi, will be powerful enough to overcome the Secessionists in some of their most important strongholds. The aspect of affairs in Kentucky is threatening, but the loyal Union men of the State are daily becoming more willing to accept the arbitrament of the sword as the only possible means of settling our present national difficulties, and if war must break out upon her soil, a large proportion of her citizens may be relied upon as brave and determined defenders of the Government. In Western Virginia, General Rosecrans, notwithstanding the numerous reports that have appeared, falsely declaring that he had met with various serious disasters, bravely maintains his position, holds his feet in check, and prepares the way, we trust, for more brilliant victories.

At Fortress Monroe, under the skillful management of General Wool, the discipline of our troops is constantly being improved, and it cannot be doubted that in any engagement in which they may participate, they will conduct themselves gallantly and efficiently.

Meanwhile the navy, about which so many complaints have appeared, is being strengthened to an extent which few appreciate or comprehend; and it is evident that the Department will soon have resources at its command which will enable it to follow up the victory at Hatteras with other of a similar, but still more important, character; to enforce a complete blockade, to close every

important Southern inlet, and to sweep the rebel privateers from the sea.

The apprehensions at one time expressed about the National credit, and the fears that the financial assistance necessary to secure a vigorous prosecution of the war could not be obtained, are rapidly disappearing before the evidence afforded by the prompt action of the banks and the numerous subscriptions to the National loan, of the unlimited confidence of capitalists in the integrity and perpetuity of the Government.

Thus, with our treasury replenished, our army and navy in a high state of efficiency, the loyalty and patriotism of the people undiminished, and the revival of business and commerce, the aspect of affairs should inspire all good citizens with hope and confidence.

THE HISTORY OF OUR FLAG.

The history of our National flag is of exceeding interest at this time, while traitors are menacing its sacred folds. The banner of St. Andrew was blue, charged with a saltire or cross in the form of a letter X, and was used in Scotland as early as the eleventh century. The banner of St. George was white, charged with a red cross, and was used in England as early as first part of the fourteenth century. By a royal proclamation, dated April 12th, 1706, these two crosses were joined together upon the same flag, forming the national flag of England. In 1801, when Ireland became a part of Great Britain, the present national flag of England, known as the Union Jack, was completed. The ancient flag of England formed the basis of our American banner. Our Colonial ancestors raised various flags, but none of them were incorporated into our present emblem. When Washington took command of the army at Cambridge, Mass., January 21st, 1776, he unfurled the new flag of thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, having on one of its corners the red and white crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, on a field of blue. This was the standard borne into the city of Boston by the American army after the evacuation by the British troops. It showed that the colonies claimed to be part of the British Empire, and yet made known the fate of the thirteen colonies. Congress, on the 15th day of June, 1777, resolved, "That the flag of the thirteen United States should be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the Union be thirteen white stars in a blue field;" but it was not till the 3d of the next September that the resolution was made public, and the first flag of the kind was made. On this flag the stars were arranged in a circle. The battle of Saratoga was the first action into which it was borne. In 1794, two States which had been added to the Union, it was voted that the alternate stripes, as well as the circling stars, be fifteen in number; and thus enlarged, the flag was borne through the war of 1812.—After the war was ended it was found that if a new stripe was were to be added for each new State, the flag would soon become so large as to be unwieldy, so in 1818 it was enacted, that a permanent return should be made to the original number of thirteen stripes, and that the number of stars should correspond to the number of States, thus symbolizing the Union as it might be at any period, and also as it was at its birth. At the same time it was suggested that the stars be made into a single star—a suggestion which we occasionally see adopted at the present time. As to the arrangement of the constellation, no particular order seems to be observed; it is sufficient if all the stars are there.

The stripes of white declare purity and innocence, he red gives forth defiance to cruelty and oppression, the blue is emblematical of perseverance, vigilance, and justice, while the whole speaks for the Union, "one and inseparable." The rules as to the size of the flag are, that its length be one and a half of its breadth, and the blue jack, with the stars, be square, occupying the space of six stripes. Of all the national flags in existence, it is, to the unprejudiced eye of taste, the most lovely banner that ever floated upon the breeze. And long may it wave, as it ever has since it was first unfurled, unsullied and triumphant.

YANKEE STRATAGEM.—During the Revolutionary war, two brothers from one of the eastern ports were commanders of privateers; they cruised together, and were eminently successful, doing great damage to the enemy and making money for themselves. One evening, being in the latitude of the state of Nantucket, but many miles to the eastward of them, they espied a large British vessel having the appearance of a merchantman, and made towards her; but to their astonishment, found her to be a frigate in disguise. A very high breeze prevailing, they hauled off in different directions. Only one could be pursued, and the frigate gained rapidly on him. Finding that he could not run away, the commander had recourse to a stratagem. On a sudden he hauled in sails, and all hands were employed with setting poles, as if shoving his vessel of a bank. The people on board the frigate, amazed at the supposed danger they had run, and to save themselves from being grounded, immediately clawed off, and left the more knowing Yankee to make himself scarce, who soon as night rendered it prudent for him, hoisted sails at a sea two hundred fathoms deep.—Natal Anecdotes.