

THE DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN.

VOL. 6.

BELLEVILLE, THURSDAY MORNING, OCT. 10, 1861.

NO. 38.

Select Poetry.

THE RISING OF THE PEOPLE.

Poem Delivered before the Psi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, BY ETHRIDGE JEFFERSON CUTLER.

The drum's wild roar awakes the land; the life is calling shrill; Ten thousand sturdy banners blaze on town, and bay and hill; Our crowded streets are throbbing with the soldiers' measured tramp; Among our bladed cornfields gleam the white tents of the camp. The thunders of the rising war hush labor's drowsy hum, And heavy to the ground the first dark drops of battle come. The souls of men flame up anew the narrow heart expands; And woman brings her patient faith to nerve her eager hands. Thank God! we are not hurried yet, though long in France we lay. Thank God! the fathers need not blush to own their sons to day.

Oh! sad and slow the weeks went by; each held his anxious breath, Like one who waits in helpless fear for some sorrow great as death. Oh! sorely was there faith in God, nor any trust in man, Walls fast along the Southern sky the blighting shadow ran. It veiled the stars, one after one; it hushed the patriots' song. And stole from men the sacred sense that parteth right and wrong. Then a red flash, the lightning across the darkness broke, And with a voice that shook the land the guns of Sumner spoke; Wake, sons of heroes, wake! The age of heroes has begun again; Truth takes in hand her ancient sword, and calls her loyal men. Lo! brightly o'er the breaking day shines freedom's holy star. Peace cannot cure the sickly time. All hail, the better, war!

The ceiling was heard by Plymouth Rock; 'twas heard in Boston Bay; Ten upon the Piv stream of Maine sped on its rigging way. New Hampshire's rocks, Vermont's Green Hills, It kindled into flame; Rhode Island felt her mighty soul bursting her little frame; The Empire City started up, her golden fetters dear. And motor like across the North, the fiery message sent; O'er the breezy prairie land, by bluff and lake it ran. Till Kansas bent her arm, and laughed to find himself a man. Then on by cabin and by camp, by stony waste and sand, It ranged exultant down the sea where the Golden City stands.

And whoso'er the summons came, there rose an angry din, As when upon a rocky coast a stormy tide comes in. Straightway the fathers gathered voice, straight way the sons arose, With flashing cheeks, as when the East with day's red current flows. Hurrah! the long despair is past; our fading hopes renew; The fog is lifting from the land, and lo, the ancient blue! We learn the secret of the deeds the sires have handed down, To fire the youthful soldier's zeal, and lend his green renown. Who lives for country, through his arm feels all his forces flow, To easy to be brave for truth, as for the rose to blow.

Oh! Law, fair form of Liberty, God's light is on thy brow. Oh! Liberty, thou soul of Law, God's very self art thou; One the clear river's sparkling flood that clothes the bank with green; And one the line of stubborn rock that lofts the water in air. Friends, whom we cannot think apart, seeming each other's foe; Twined flowers upon a single stem with equal grace that grow. Oh! fair ideas, we write your name across our banner's fold; For you the sluggard's brain is fire, for you the coward's hold. Oh! daughter of the bleeding past! Oh! hope the prophets saw! God gives us law in Liberty, and Liberty in law.

Fall many a heart is aching with mingled joy and pain, For those who go so proudly forth and may not come again; And many a heart is aching for those it leaves behind, As a thousand tender histories throng in upon the mind. The old men bless the young men and raise their bearing high; The women in the doorway stand to wave them bravely by. One threw her arms about her boy, and said "Good bye, my son." God help those do the valiant deeds thy father would have done. One held up to a bearded man a little child to kiss, And said "I shall not be alone for thy dear love and this." And one, a roebuck in her hand, leant at a soldier's side; "Thy country needs the first," she said, "be I thy second bride."

Oh! mothers, when around your hearts ye count your cherished ones, And miss from the enchanted ring the flower of your sons; Oh! wives, when, o'er the cradled child ye bend at evening's fall, And voices which the heart can hear across the distance call. Oh! maids, when, in the sleepless night ye ope the little case, And look still ye can look no more upon the proud young face. Not only pray the Lord of Life, who measures mortal's eath, To bring the absent back unscathed out of the fire of death; Oh! pray with that divine content which God's best favor draws, That whosoever lives or dies, he sees his holy cause!

So out of shop and farmhouse, from shore and inland glen, Trunk as the bees in clover time, are swarming armed men; long the dusty roads in haste the eager columns come, With dash of sword and musket's gleam, the bugle and the drum. Ho! comrades, see the starry flag, broad-waving at our head.

Ho! comrades, mark the tender light on the dear emblems spread, Our fathers' blood has hallowed it; 'tis part of their renown; And pale as the catfish hand would pluck its gills down Hurrah! hurrah! it is our home, where'er thy colors fly; We win with thee the victory, or in thy shadow die!

Oh! women, drive the rattling loom, and gather in the hay; For all the youth worth love and truth are marshalled for the fray. Southward the hosts are hurrying, with banners wide unfurled, From where the stately Hudson floats the wealth of half the world; From where amid his clustered isles, Lake Huron's waters gleam; From where the Mississippi pours an unpolluted stream; From where Kentucky's of corn bend in the south ern air; From broad Ohio's lucious vines; from Jersey's Orchard fair; From where between his fertile slopes, Nebraska's river's run; From Pennsylvania's iron hills; from woody Oregon; And Massachusetts led the van, as in the day of yore. And gave her reddest blood to cleanse the stones of Baltimore. Oh! mothers, sisters, daughters, spare the tears ye fain would shed; Who seem to die in such a cause, ye cannot call them dead. They live upon the lips of men, in picture, bust and song, And nature folds them in her heart, and keeps them safe from wrong.

Oh! length of days is not a boon the brave man prayeth for; There are a thousand evils worse than death or any war— Oppression with its iron strength, fed on the souls of men, And license, with the hungry brood that haunts his ghastly den. But like bright stars ye fill the eye; adorning hearts ye draw; Oh! sacred grace of Liberty; Oh! majesty of Law.

Hurrah! the drums are beating; the life is calling shrill; Ten thousand sturdy banners blaze on town, and bay, and hill; The thunders of the rising war drown labor's peaceful hum. Thank God! that we have lived to see the saffron morning come— The morning of the battle call to every soldier dear. Oh! joy! the cry is "Forward!" Oh, joy! the foe is near! For all the crafty men of peace have failed to purge the land; Hurrah! the rank of battle close; God takes his cause in hand!

Miscellaneous.

RUBE SIFTLY; OR ROVING RUBE OF THE WILD WEST.

BY PAUL LANDON.

At the mouth of Baraboo river, where it empties its contents into the Wisconsin, at the time of Black Hawk's War—in Wisconsin, there was a little low hut, used by stragglers and deserters from the United States troops then stationed at—. The hut, or shanty, was a very small structure, composed of small saplings driven into the ground and covered over the top by poles being laid cross-wise, covered with brush and turf, which served as a roof.

That was the frame of the shanty; but to tell the truth, there wasn't much else but a frame. The interior resembled an Irish pig or dog kennel. There were two apartments, if such they could be called, in the shanty.

There were two men in the front, or west room—the largest of the two. The youngest of the men was about twenty-two years of age, about six feet high, clad in the burning shirt of the western "mountain men," with buckskin leggings, and an otter skin cap, with the head of the "animal" in front, which gave him a rather comic look.

The other man was a regular "snake in the grass," or, at least, he had that appearance; he wore a tight, close fitting round-about, or jacket, reaching to his hips, and a pair of leggings as tight as the skin, a pair of moccasins and a cap completed his ready made clothing.

At the time we introduce them to the reader, they were playing a private game of "seven up," or, as it is called "out West," "old sledge;" they had just finished one seven up, and were beginning another, when the youngest, whose name was Rube Siftly, or he was more generally known as Roving Rube—for he never knew a father) said:

"Billy, old hoss, I'll tell you what it is, I kin jest beat any beaver in the wilderness playin' ole sledge. Don't you believe it, hey?"

"Well, yes," replied Billy, "if you leave out this old otter. Ugh!"

"Why, how d'ye do, mister? hope ye ar' well; take a seat. What mount yer name be?" said Rube, turning the conversation, as a stranger entered.

"You said so much I didn't understand half of it. Say it again," said the stranger.

"How do you do?"

"First rate."

"Hope ye ar' well?"

"Sartin."

"Take a seat. But how's all the folks? 'v' Look here," said the stranger, "did you ever go over the Buttermilk Falls?"

"Sartin," answered Rube, with a grin.

"Well, the folks are all well; but how's your wife and my children?"

"Look here, mister," said Rube. "I guess as how we had better drap the subject."

"Wall, I'm willin'. What was ye talkin' about when I cum in?"

"Why, I was sayin' to this ole hoss, (pointing to Billy) that I could beat any nigger in the wilderness or clearin' either playin' ole sledge."

"What do you play for? Have you anything to bet on it?" asked the stranger.

"Bar hides, beaver skins, or anything else most."

"Money?"

"Nary time; hain't got eny."

"Well, here's a ten; put in some beaver sgin it."

"Thar it am," said Rube, taking ten skins from a bundle near by. "Put it in Billy's hands."

The game commenced.

"Give me the papers, Bill, while I shake 'em. Thar' stanger, cut fur the deal."

"Jack!"

"Ace!" exclaimed Rube; and he took the cards and began to shuffle them off, six six apiece, and turned a knave. The game progressed. At the end Rube exclaimed:

"High, Low, Jack. I turned the Jack, you know."

"And one for me," said the other.

The cards were shuffled, and Rube made three "points" more.

"Six to two!" he exclaimed.

"Look here, I'll bet you another ten I'll beat you out."

"Done!" said Rube, and another ten, (counterfeit of course) and the value in beaver skin were put up, or rather down. They both began to be serious; the game went on, and the stranger won the "pile."

"Look here," said Rube, "how did you do that? I'd like mighty well to learn the trick."

"Honestly."

"Suppose ye did—how?"

"By the slight o' hand."

"What mount yer name be, enyhow?" asked Rube.

"Bob Johnson, at yer service," answered the other. "Some people say as how I used to have another name; but that's neither here nor there. Who mount you be?"

"Me? Why, I'm Roving Rube, at the wild West, the best rifle shot that ever cum from the Perry, State, or Territory, or eny thing yer amind to call it. Kin outrun, jump, ride, or shoot any man in the Mississipp Valley; never known to miss; been from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico; been all through Texas and California, Oregon, Utah, New Mexico, and I've killed more red niggers in my time than eny hoss a livin'. I've been from the Atlantic to the Pacific; I've swum the Mississippi and Arkansas and the Rio Grande; and thar haint anything I hain't done. So now ye know me, I guess?"

"Only I don't."

"Well, yer otter, I think."

"Wall," said Johnson, "I kinder kalkulate as how ye ar' a hoss."

"Without the tail," observed Billy.

"Seems to me," said Rube, "I've seen ye afore, and I kinder like ye—like a sick bar does the sunny side o' a hill."

"Whar did ye cum from?" asked Rube, after a pause.

"From home."

"Whar have ye been?"

"In the brush."

"Sharp," muttered Siftly.

At this time there was a heavy and hurried tramp outside. Each man grasped his rifle, for they didn't know but there might be Indians lurking in the vicinity; but it turned out to be a white man all streaming with blood, shouting, as he saw the three men:

"You guns men, and follow me. The Indians are around, and have carried off my boy and girl. To their rescue, if you are men!"

It needed no second bidding to arouse them. In five minutes or less, they were silently tramping through the forest; they crossed a small stream, and following its course, soon arrived at the scene of destruction. The log house was burnt down, and nothing remained but a pile of smoking ruins to indicate the spot on which the cabin had stood.

Billy being the most experienced hunter of the four was sent out to discover the trail of the Indians. He soon found it, and made the announcement by a long peculiar kind of howl.

Rube understood it instantly, and starting at a run, he soon came up with Billy, who had started on it. The other two soon joined Rube and Billy, and all four starting on the trail, pursued it in silence for some time, when Billy said, addressing the stranger:

"Mister—, what mount your name be?"

"Sanford."

"Well, Mister Sanford, do you know how many varmints there was? Them as has got your children?"

"About twelve."

"Three apiece. That's not much eny how; what do ye think, Rube?"

"That I kin whip half of them," answered Rube.

"And I otter," put in Johnson.

They again relapsed into silence, which was unbroken for some time. The Indians were not more than a mile ahead of the pursuing party and were traveling fast—the steps being far apart—and to overtake them in the woods was no part of the bargain. So they held back to let the Indians select a camping ground; they then waited until night. Billy said, "to let the varmints eat their last supper, and then they would be lazy and couldn't fight much."

They now went forward with extreme caution, lest they should be led into an ambush. Billy leading the van, while Rube brought up the rear. Soon they came to a small creek; the trail led into this, but what puzzled them was that it did not go out on the opposite side, or any place else in sight. Billy scratched his head and appeared to be "stumped." At length a bright idea seemed to strike him (not to hunt) and Rube noticing it, asked:

"What is it, Billy?"

"An idea."

"What's that?"

"Is this. Them niggers went in thar to beat thar trail."

"Well."

"And we'll be' to find it afore we kin foller 'em."

"That's settled. But how?"

"You and Bob will have to go up the stream, and me and Mister Sanford will go down, one going on each side so as to be sure of it. And the sooner ye start the better, as its getting to be 'most night, and the children will be almost scared to death. Come, mister, let's start."

They started. In about half an hour they returned—that is, Siftly and Johnson. In a few minutes both Sanford and Billie came back. Rube began to laugh.

"What the devil are ye laffin' about?" asked Billy, who was "out of sorts" at being disappointed in finding the trail first.

"How far did ye go down?" asked Rube.

"Bout three mile."

"He he—he—ho—ho," laughed Rube,—"we went in the brush about a hundred yards from here, and found the tracks, and while you two was goin' away down yonder we had a game o' seven up."

"And I beat him," put in Johnson.

"Come, boys," said Sanford, "this is no time to be laughin', let's start; it is after sun down."

"Sartin, let's tramp," answered Rube and Johnson in the same breath. They now gathered up their guns and again started. The place where the trail came out of the water, was a place where there was a grape vine hanging over it. This they had caught hold of, and swung themselves out, and the two younger men going through the bushes, had found it accidentally.

They now started forward, and in about a quarter of an hour came in sight of the Indian camp fire. They approached nearer and could see the two captives tied to a small hickory sapling. The girl was about fourteen and the boy about twelve years of age—the former very beautiful, and the boy what might be termed handsome. The Indians did not appear to notice them, only to cast an occasional glance at them to see if they were still secure. Our four hunters now waited impatiently for dark—in fact, it was dark now—to finish their work. The Indians as soon as they were done eating, sent two or three out to get some wood to keep their fire up during the "still hours of the night." One approached near to where our hunters lay concealed; Rube glided out from his cover, and with a spring caught the Indian by the scalp lock, and before he could make any noise nearly severed his head from his body.

"One less," he muttered in a whisper, as he came back to their cover.

In this way five more of the Indians went under, and it being near midnight by this time, they all (the hunters) silently approached the camp, and each man taking an Indian they quietly pierced them to the heart. There were now two only remaining, and catching hold of them so as not to let them escape, they awoke them. The largest one made a spring and succeeded in getting loose from the two men who held him—Billy and Sanford—and with a bound made for the timbers, but Rube, who was watching while Bob managed the other, sent a bullet after him, and a yell and the falling of a heavy body, told that the bullet had sped on its errand of death and hit the mark intended. By this time the other had got to be troublesome, and had got loose from Bob, and started like the other, but again Rube's rifle cracked on the still night air, and the last one of twelve men had gone to his last account.

The captives were restored to their father, and to this day Mary Sanford still remembers Rube Siftly, or Roving Rube of the Wild West. Now they are united in wedlock, away down in Illinois, and the result of this union, was a "wice broth of a boy."

Why is a married man like a candle?—Because he sometimes goes out at night when he ought not to.

COLONEL MULLIGAN.

A gentleman of Detroit has furnished the *Advertiser* of that city with the following account of this heroic officer:

Col. James A. Mulligan was born in the city of Utica, New York, in the year 1820, and is consequently in his thirty-second year. His parents were natives of Ireland. His mother, after the death of his father, which took place when he was a child, removed to Chicago, where she has resided with her son for the past twenty-three years. She married a respectable Irish American in Chicago, named Michael Lantry, who has steadily watched with a father's solicitude the expanding mind of the brave young soldier. He was educated at the Catholic College of North Chicago, under the superintendence of Mr. Kinsellar, now of New York City. He is a strict member of the Catholic church. In 1852, 1853 and 1854 he read law in the office of Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, Congressman from the Chicago District. For a short time he edited the *Western Tablet*, a semi-religious weekly newspaper in Chicago. In 1856, he was admitted an attorney-at-law in Chicago. He, at this time, held the position of Second Lieutenant in the Chicago Shields Guards, one of the companies now attached to the Irish Brigade, now in Missouri, and which done so well at Lexington. In the winter of 1857, Senator Fish, of Indiana, tendered him a clerkship in the Department of the Interior. He accepted the position and spent the winter at Washington. During his residence in Washington he corresponded with the *Utica Telegraph* over the *non de plume* of "Satan." After his return from Washington he was elected Captain of the Shields Guards. On the news arriving of the bombardment of Fort Sumter, he threw his soul into the national cause. The Irish American companies held a meeting of which he was chairman. Shortly afterwards he went to Washington with a letter written by the late Senator Douglas, on his death, to the President, tendering a regiment, to be called the Irish Brigade. He was elected Colonel, and went to work with a will. The course of the Brigade, up to the battle of Lexington, is well known; it has nobly, bravely and honorably done its duty. Col. Mulligan is worthy of all praise. A purer, a better man does not live in the State of Illinois. Since he was able to tell the difference between ale and water, a glass of spirituous or malt liquor has not passed his lips. He is a rigid temperance man, although he is jaundiced and whole-souled to a fault. He is six feet three inches in height, with a wiry, elastic frame—a large, lusty, hazel eye—an open, frank, Celtic face, stamped with courage, pluck, and independence, surmounted with a bushy profusion of hair, incrowned with gray. On the 25th of October, 1859, he was married to Miss Marian Nugent, by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Chicago.

A fine scholar, a good speaker, a brilliant writer, a promising lawyer was he when banner of the Union was insulted. Now he is—long may he continue so—one of the brave defenders of the Union. In one of his last letters, received by the gentleman above alluded to, he says: "If I die, I fall in defence of our Laws and Constitution; let my example be followed by all—by every man who loves the fame and renown of the fathers who made us a great and honorable people."

STRENGTH OF A KIND WORD.—Some people are very apt to use harsh, angry words, perhaps because they think they will be obeyed more promptly. They talk loud, swear and storm, though after all they are only laughed at; their orders are forgot, and their ill-temper is remembered. How strong is a kind word! It will do what the harsh word or even blow cannot do; it will subdue the stubborn will, relax the frown, and work wonders. Even the dog, the cat, or the horse, though they do not know what you say, can tell when you speak a kind word to them. A man was one day driving a cart along the street. The horse was driving a heavy load, as the man wished him, the man was in ill temper, and beat the horse, the horse reared and plunged, but he either did not or would not go in the right way. Another man who was with the cart, went up to the horse, and patted him on the neck, and called him kindly by his name. The horse turned his head and fixed his large eyes on the man as though he would say, "I will do anything for you because you are kind to me," and bending his broad chest against the load, turned the cart down the narrow lane, and trotted on briskly as though the load were a plaything.—Oh, how strong is a kind word!

AN OLD WHITE HAIRED GENTLEMAN, named David M'Farland, Sr., who was a soldier in the war of 1812, walked into the banking house of Russell Hinckley, of Belleville, Illinois, one day last week, and unrolling paper after paper of gold and silver until he had counted one thousand dollars, requested Mr. Hinckley to send it to the United States Government to aid in the prosecution of the war!

GENERAL ROSECRANS.

General William Stark Rosecrans was born in the county of Delaware, State of Ohio, on the sixth of September, 1819. His ancestors of the father's side were originally from Amsterdam, and on the mother's were of the Hopkiness, one of whom signed the Declaration of Independence. At the age of eighteen, on his own direct application to the Secretary of War, (the Hon. Joel R. Poinsett) he was appointed cadet at West Point in 1837. He graduated among the five, and became brevet lieutenant of engineers in 1842. His first military station was Fortress Monroe, where he remained one year, first assistant to Col. R. E. De Russy. In August, 1843, he married Miss Ann Eliza Hegeman, an accomplished and worthy representative of the old New York family of that name, and was ordered to West Point to act as assistant Professor of Engineering and Natural Philosophy.

After remaining four years at the Academy, he was transferred to Newport, Rhode Island, and made Engineer-in-Chief of the fortifications, which he executed to the satisfaction of the War Department. In 1853 he was made constructing engineer at the Navy Yard, Washington, District of Columbia. In 1855 he accepted the superintendency of the Canal Coal Company of Coal River, Kanawha Court House, Virginia, and Presidency of the Coal River Navigation Company, which he retained until April, 1856, when he removed to Cincinnati, and engaged in the manufacture of coal oil and prussiate of potash. This was his business when he was called, by General McClellan, to act as chief-engineer and aid-de-camp, and thence, shortly after, promoted to a Brigadier Generalship in the regular army. In all these various positions, General Rosecrans has exhibited the most untiring industry, indomitable energy and spotless integrity. None ever knew him without respect and confidence he did not command, and the writer of this sketch could not represent a smile when among certain papers kindly submitted to his inspection by the amiable and accomplished Mrs. Rosecrans, he lit upon a letter, dated Washington August 14th, 1855, testifying to Mr. Rosecrans' high abilities, integrity and energy, and signed "Jefferson Davis."

Soberly, the General suits to the refinement of the gentleman, the frank, free spoken manner so taking among our Western population. In person he is little above the middle height, rather thin, and very erect, with no feature so striking as his broad forehead and clear gray eyes. General Rosecrans is a member of the Roman Catholic Church.—*Harper's Weekly.*

COL. RICHARDSON AND THE PEACHES.—A letter to the *Detroit Advertiser*, from a member of the Second regiment contains the following:

Soon after the regiment went into camp near Arlington, a messenger from a rank secessionist asked Col. Richardson that a guard be placed around a very fine peach orchard on his place. This was done, and for several days the peaches were allowed to ripen undisturbed. Happening there one day, the Colonel picked from the ground half a dozen peaches, when he was met by the owner, who, in a very pompous manner, said:

"Pay me for these peaches, sir!"

"Certainly," said the Colonel: "how much shall I pay?"

"Fifty cents!" said the rebel.

"Hitting him the money, the Colonel turned to guard and said, "now go to your camp boys!"

"Hold on, here," said Seesh; "Col. Richardson sent these men here!"

"To be sure he did," replied the Colonel; "and now he sends them back."

Mr. Seesh wilted.

SEAMONS IN STONES.—The following are the mottoes on two highly finished blocks of marble, ordered by the Legislatures of the respective States, and now in Washington awaiting their places in the Washington Monument:

LOUISIANA.

"Ever Faithful to the Constitution and the Union."

TENNESSEE.

"The Federal Union—It must be Preserved."

Could our Federal army desire any stronger motives to duty than these suggested by those who thus untrammelled expressed their sentiments before the arm of tyranny sealed their lips?

AN HONEST POSTMASTER.—On Tuesday an Alabama postmaster settled his accounts, and returned the stamps in his possession. He could get no money but he hoped the Department would receive the stamps, and excuse him as long as he is in these bogus, Contederate—d—d circumstances of hell, in which a man is not allowed to express his sentiments. These are the sentiments of hundreds of men from the Cottonocracy States, and they pray for relief from the oppression to which they are subjected.

How did you like your visit to your sweet heart? Oh, I don't like the footing with which I was received by her father.