

THE DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN.

VOL. 6.

BELLEFONTE, THURSDAY MORNING, OCT. 17, 1861.

NO. 40.

Select Poetry.

THE BRAVE AT HOME.
BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

The maid who binds the warrior's sash,
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash,
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Her heaven alone records the tear,
And knows she never knew her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As ever dewed the field of glory.

The wife who glids her husband's sword,
Mid little ones who weep and wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What tho' her heart be rent asunder—
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as they
Who poured upon the plain of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief,
The father who conceals his pain,
The soldier who conceals his fear,
The patriot who conceals his strain,
The patriot who conceals his strain,

Miscellaneous.

ARTEMAS WARD SEES NAPOLEON.

Notwithstanding I have written much for the paper of late, nobody needs to flatter themselves that the undersigned is dead. On the contrary, "I still live," which words were spoken by Daniel Webster, who was a wife man. Even the old-time wags of Boston will admit, which I will here take occasion to observe is about as uninteresting a locality as there is this side of J. Davis's fater home, if he ever does die, and where I reckon they'll make a short time ago. It was well done. I spoke to my wife 'bout it at the time. My wife said it was well done.

I have there in determined to perfect Baldinsville at all hazards, and as there was no apprehension of any imminent danger, I thought I would go out on a pleasure jaunt. According to I put on a clean Bill of shirt and started for Washington. I went there to see the Prince Napoleon, and to see the wife, which I will here take occasion to observe is about as uninteresting a locality as there is this side of J. Davis's fater home, if he ever does die, and where I reckon they'll make a short time ago. It was well done. I spoke to my wife 'bout it at the time. My wife said it was well done.

I put up to a leadin hotel. I saw the landlady and said, "How'd ye do, Squire?" "Fifty cents, sir," was his reply.

"Sir?"

"Half-dollar. We charge twenty five cents for lookin at the landlady and fifty cents for speakin to him. If you want supper, a boy will show you the dinin room for twenty five cents. Your room bin in tenth story, it will cost you a dollar to be shown up there."

"How much do you ax a man for breathin in this equinoctial tavern?" said I.

"Ten cents a breath," was the reply.

Washington hotels is very reasonable in their charges. [N. B.—This is Sarkasum.]

I sent up my key to the Prints, and was immediately ushered before him. He received me kindly and axed me to sit down.

"I see cum to pay my respects to you, Mister Napoleon, hopin I see you hale and hearty."

"I am quite well," he said. "Air you well, sir?"

"Sound as a cuss?" I answered.

"He seemed to be pleased with my ways, and we entered in conversation to once."

"How's Lewis?" I axed, and he said the Emperor was well. Eugeny was likewise well, he said. Then I axed him was Lewis a good provider? did he cum home arly nites? did he perform her bed room at an unreasonable hour with gin and tanzey? Did he go to "the lodge" on nites when there wasn't any Lodge? did he often hav to go down to meet a friend? did he have an extensive acquaintance among poor young widders whose husbands was in Caloffory? To all of which questions the Prints perflitly replied, givin me to understand that the Emperor was behavin well.

"At these questions, my royal duke and most noble highness and imperial, becaus, I'm anxious to know how he stands as a man I know he's smart. He is cunning, he is longheaded, he is deep—he is grate. But unless he is good he'll come down with a crash one of these days and the Bonnyparts will be beatid up agin. Bet yer life!"

"Air you a preacher, sir?" he inquired, slyly sarkascul.

"No, sir. But I believe in morality. I know believe in Meatin Houses. Show me a place where there isn't any Meatin Houses and where preachers is never seen, and I'll show you a place where old hats air stuffed into broken winders, where the child air dirty and ragged, where gates have no hinges, where the winin air slipshod, where maps of the devil's "wild land" air panted upon men's shirt-bosoms with tobacco juice! That's what I'll show you. Let us consider what the preachers do for us before we abuse 'em."

He said he didn't mean to abuse the clergy. Not at all, and he was happy to

see that I was interested in the Bonnypart family.

"It's a grate family," said I. "But they scooped the old man in."

"Now, sir?"

"Napoleon the Grand. The Britfishers scooped him at Waterloo. He wanted to do too much and he did it! They scooped him in at Waterloo, and he subsequently died at St. Heleny! There's where the greatest military man this world ever produced pegged out. It was rather hard to console such a man as him to St. Heleny to spend his last days in catchin mackerel and walkin up and down the dreary beach in a military cloak drawn tite round him, (see pieter-books), but so it was. 'Hed of the Army!' Them was his last words. So he had bin. He was grate! Don't I wish we had a pair of his old boots to command sum of our Brigades!"

This pleased Jerome and he took me warm by the hand.

"Alexander the Grate was punkin?" I continered, but Napoleon was punkin's. Alie wept becaus there was no more worlds to scoop, and then took to drinkin. He drownid his sorrows in the flowin blue, and the flowin blue was to much for him. It ginevly is. He undertook to giv a snake exhibition in his boots, but it killed him. That was a bad joke for Alie!"

"Since you air so sollicitous about France, and the Emperor, may I ask you how your own country is gettin along?" said Jerome, in a pleasant voice.

"It's mixed," I said. "But I think we shall cum all right."

"Columbus, when he discovered this magnificent continent could hav had no idee of the grandeur it would one day assum," said the Prints.

"It's to Columbus twenty-thousand dollars to fit out his explorin expedition," said I. "If he had been a sensible man he'd hav put the money in boss railroad or a gas company, and left this magnificent continent to the intelligent savages, who when they got hold of a good thing know sum to keep it, and w'o wouldn't hav succeeded, nor rebelled, nor knockt Liberty on the head with a slingshot, Columbus wasn't much of a teller, after. I would hav bin money in my pocket if he'd staid at home. Christ me, well, but he put his foot in it when he sailed for America."

We talked sum more about matters and things, and at last I riz to go. "I will now say good bye to you, noble sir, and good luck to you. Likewise the same to Clotidy. Also to the gorgeous persons which compose your court. If the Emperor's boy don't live in the Tooleries, when he sits old, and would lik to embark in the show business, let him come with me and I'll make a man of him. You find us sumwhat mixed, as I before observed, but come agin next year and you'll find us clearer," said I. The American Eagle has lived too sumplushly of late—his stumnick becum foul, he's and now takin a silee entree. That's all. We're gettin ready to strike a big blow and a silee entree. What we strike the war will fly and recession will be in the hands of the undertaker, sheeted for so deep a grave that nothing short of Gabriel's trombone will ever awaken it! Mind what I say. You've heard the showman!"

Then advisin him to keep away from the Peter Funk auctions of the East, and the proprietors of conurlets in the West, I bid him farewell, and went away.

There was a levee at Senator What's-his-name, and I thought I'd jine in the festivities for a spell. Who should I see but she that was Sarah Watkins, now the wife of our Congressor, trippin in the dancin, dressed up to kill in her store close. Sarah's fater used keep a little grocery store in our town, and she used to clerk it for him in his time. I was rushin up to shake hands with her when she turned on her heel, and tossin her head in a contemptuous manner, walked away from me very rapid.

"Hallo, Sal," I hollered, "can't you measure me a quart of them best melasses we I guess this reminded her of the little red story, and "the days of her happy childhood."

But I fell in with a nice little gal, after that, who was much sweeter than Sally's fater's melasses, and I axed her if we shouldn't glide in the mussy dance. She said we should, and we glide.

I intended to make this letter very aeris, but a few goaks may hav accidentally crept in. Never mind. Besides, I think it impotes a komick paper to publish a goak once in a while.

Yours Muchly,
W. WARD, (ARTEMAS.)

BROWNSON'S REVIEW ON THE REBELLION.

This important organ of Roman Catholic opinion, which has been distinguished in all its history, both by its ability and conservatism, discusses, in the number for the present month, the question of "Slavery and the War." The discussion is marked by great vigor and fearlessness in the statement of conclusions. We shall do our readers a service by placing before them some striking passages.

"The Effect of a Peaceful Division."

"Now, suppose we adopt the policy urged upon us by the peace-makers, traitors, and cowards of the loyal States, consent to a peaceful division of the United States, and recognize the Southern Confederacy as a separate and independent nation, what would be the result? Two comparatively equal independent Republics, existing side by side? Not at all. Spread out the map of the United States before you, and see which Republic would have the advantage in territory, soil, climate, productions, and all the sources of national wealth, strength, and material greatness. You would give to the Southern Republic full three fourths of the whole territory of the Union; for the South would consent to no division now, that did not include the States of Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, and all the territory South of the line running due west from the north-west angle of Missouri to the Pacific. You would give up to the South that would then be a foreign power, the whole Gulf coast, and the whole Atlantic coast, except the narrow strip from the Potomac to the Delaware. You would leave the North a majority of the present population of the country, and nominally the superiority in wealth of the North depend chiefly on our superiority in commerce and manufactures, their superiority could not be long maintained. The Southern Republic, producing raw materials exported chiefly in Europe, would be a great exporting republic, and would naturally in its policy favor exports to European markets. From those markets where it disposes of its raw materials, it could, by means of a lower tariff on imports than the Northern Republic could afford to adopt, more easily and cheaply supply its own demand for imports than it could from our Northern markets. It would thus drive our manufactures from its markets, and at the same time both our foreign and domestic trade. In addition, we should not only lose our Southern market for our imports and manufactures, but should hardly be able to keep our own. Imports should seek Southern ports, and, in spite of any possible cordon of custom-houses and custom-house officers, would find their way into all the border States of the Northern Republic, and up the Mississippi and Ohio into the great States of the West and the North-west, to the most serious detriment of our own trade and manufactures, and consequently to the retention of our relative superiority in wealth and population. In spite of our industry and our enterprises, we should soon find ourselves a state far inferior in wealth and numbers to our Southern neighbor."

The Union Sacred to Liberty

After criticizing gently and with due affection the mistake of the Government in trying to conduct "the war on peace principles," and insisting that "the administration should strike quick and strike hard," the reviewer boldly announces that the Union must be held as sacred to liberty.

"Would you rally them [the people] and render them invincible against the foe? You must give them another battle-cry than that of 'Law and Order,' or you will not stir their heart, that mighty American heart which conquered this country from the savage and the forest, proclaimed and won its independence, constituted the Union, and made the American nation one of the great nations of the earth. It is not for us, even if we were able, to give the battle-cry; it must be given by genius in authority, and fall either from the lips of the President, or the Commander-in-Chief of our armies. Neither may as yet be prepared to utter it; but, if this nation has a future, if its destiny is, as we have hitherto boasted, to prove what man may be when and where he has the liberty to be himself, uttered by one or the other it ere long will be, and in tones that will ring out through the whole Union, and through the whole civilized world as anxiously listening to hear it. The Union is must be sacred to liberty. Here man must be man, nothing more, and nothing less. Slaves must not breathe our atmosphere; and we must be able to adopt the proud boast of our Mother Country: 'The slave that touches our soil is free.' This is the destiny of this New World, if destiny it have—the destiny our fathers toiled for, and to this we their children must swear to be faithful, or die to the last man."

"Father, I think you told a lie in the pulpit this morning," said the little son of a clergyman. "Why, what do you mean?" "Sir, you said, 'one word more and I have done.' Then you went on, and said a great many more words. The people expected you'd leave off, 'cause you promised them; but you didn't, and kept on preachin' a long while after the time was up."

THE AGE OF GUANO BIRDS.

M. Boussingault has presented to the Academy of Sciences an interesting paper on this valuable manure, from which we learn that deposits of guano extend from the second to the twenty-first degree of south latitude along the coast of Peru. Those which lie beyond these limits are much poorer than the former, and are therefore less valuable as manure. Guano is generally found deposited on small promontories or cliffs. It fills up crevices, and is to be found wherever birds seek shelter. The rocks of this part of the coast consists of granite, gneiss, sienite, and pyrite sienite.

The guano deposits are generally covered with an agglomeration of sand and saline substances, called caliche, which the laborers remove before beginning their attack on the guano. In some places, as at Pabellonde Pica and Punta Grande, the deposits lie under a mass of sand descended from the neighboring mountains, on which subject Don Rivero makes an extremely curious observation, viz: that at the places above mentioned, the lowest guano deposits are covered with a stratum of old alluvial soil; then comes another layer of guano, and then a stratum of modern alluvial soil.

To understand the importance of this fact, it must be borne in mind that the age of modern alluvions does not extend beyond historic times, whereas old alluvions date from the period immediately preceding that at which man first began to inhabit the earth; so that the guano or coromorans, and other allied birds, which deposit guano, must have existed thousands of years before man, seeing that the lower layer of guano is sometimes fifteen or twenty yards in depth, while the old alluvial crust above it has a thickness of upwards of three yards.

To explain the immense accumulation of guano in those regions, M. Boussingault observes that there has been a combination of circumstances highly favorable to its production and preservation, among which are to be reckoned a dry climate, a ground presenting a vast number of chinks, fissures, and caverns, where the birds can rest, lay their eggs and hatch them, without being disturbed by the strong breezes from the south, and, lastly, abundance of food suited to them.

Nowhere else are fish so abundant as on this coast, where whole shoals are often cast upon the shore, even in fine weather. Antonio de Ulloa states that anchovies especially are in such abundance here as to defy description, and gives a graphic account of the matter in which their numbers are diminished by the myriads of guanos which are sometimes seen flying in countless flocks, intercepting the sun's rays like clouds, and darting into the sea to catch their prey.

According to M. Boussingault's calculation, one hundred kilograms (the killog is equal to two and a half pounds) of guano contains the nitrogen of six hundred kilograms of sea fish, and as the guano deposits, before they began to be worked, contained three hundred and seventy eight millions of metrical quats (the *quats* *metrique* is 1 cwt. 3 qrs., 24 lbs., 8 oz.) of guano the birds must have consumed 2,268,000,000 of quintsals of fish.

ROBBING AN APPLE ORCHARD.

Farmer D— was one of the stingiest men that the county of R— could boast of. Possessing one of the best apple orchards within a circle of ten miles, it was no wonder that frequent incursions, by parties of evil disposed boys were made to it, in order to obtain some of the luscious fruit for which it was celebrated far and wide. It was about the time of "gathering in" barrels had been placed beneath the trees, and everything preparatory to gathering the fruit. One Sabbath afternoon, about the time it was thought the old gentleman took his usual nap, a trio of students, from the academy near by, stole into the orchard, and made directly for the best tree—the pride of the orchard. No sooner had they arrived there, and before they had touched any of the fruit, they espied the old man making a tour of inspection—looking in every direction to see if any trespassers were about. There was no time to be lost; springing into the tree, one of them, Joe N., safely concealed himself in the branches; another, Charles G., seating himself upon the ground, laid hold of a barrel, and placing it over him, completely hid himself from view. While the other, Will B., was looking about for some place of concealment, farmer D. happened to spy him. The old gent looked fairly bewildered for a time at this piece of audacity, but quickly recovering himself he gave one loud yell of anger, and then started for Will, who had now determined to make a bold stand and make the best of it.

"What are you doing here, you rascal— you thief—you—you—" exclaimed the old fellow, fairly beside himself with rage, capping about and foaming at the mouth like a madman.

"As to my being a thief," retorted Will, "allow me to insinuate, my old torpedo, that I have not, as yet, touched one of your apples. The one above knows that I have not."

Now, it must be remembered that Joe, from his position, heard everything that was going on, and thinking himself the individual alluded to as being "above," cried out in a sarcastic manner, and with a view of criminating the others:

"Yes, and the one under that barrel knows as much about it as I do!"

Maybe there wasn't a noise kicked up in that barrel; and maybe a shower of apples didn't precede the fall of Joe to the ground. When! you should have witnessed the old man. Whether the look of mingled astonishment and rage was caused by the audacity of the proceedings, or by the contemplation of the 240 speed at which the boys made tracks for the fence is not known; but certain it is, however, the boys thought there was a great misunderstanding among themselves.

CALEB CUSHING ON THE WAR.

Hon. Caleb Cushing, of Newburyport, made the following eloquent and forcible remarks at the annual gathering on Salisbury Beach, Mass., a short time ago:

There is no man or woman who does not deplore civil war, but whatever may have been our antecedent, there is no uncertainty as to the duty of every citizen of the United States. We are in formal war—war declared by insurgents—war declared and accepted by the Government of the United States. In the eye of the law the duty which devolves upon the citizen is clear and unmisgivable. It is to accept the constitutional fact of the war. I know it as well as any other man, and from the secession of the Southern States, I have abstained from sympathy, countenance and intercourse with them.

The second duty is an active duty. In time of war each subject owes to the government (who has a right to demand it of him) his body, his wealth and his thought: his body to defend the government, his means to sustain the government, his moral allegiance to support the Government and the Constitution. I do not state these things more deeply than I feel them. Would to God that all would feel it their duty to support the Administration in this hour of trial, and opposed the President in the last election, and others of us did the same, honestly, openly, but from the part of us who would have supposed his political enemies came no such indignation against the administration as I have seen in some of the leading journals of the party which elected him. Now, much as I revere the present administration as it was coming into power, I here declare, that whatever has been said of me, or thought of me to the contrary, I have from the 4th of March, 1861, sunk all opposition. And let me tell you on this 17th day of September, that but one thing remains to the United States, and that is conquest victory.

In such a time as this, talk of political parties is not the thing. Party now is but the dust in the balance, the foam in the wave in comparison with Union and victory. When peace shall again revisit us, then and not till then, will I criticise. When two hundred and fifty thousand of my fellow countrymen are in arms for the defence of the government, I will not do it. We must have victory to insure respect from the South, to dictate proper terms of peace, and to stand up in the face of the world friendly or unfriendly, to have their produced regard. I have been called a Unionist, a secessionist, a traitor; but I believe I can truly say that no man in Massachusetts has lost more and so sacrificed more than I have in friends, certainly in political power. Are any so absurd, so malicious, as to suppose that I would have made these sacrifices for nothing? I forgive them. I have for thirty years, from the time when I perceived the clouds of an coming storm gathering in the North and in the South, done all I could in more than one party to avoid it for my country.

And let us now in this great temple of nature, by the music of this sounding ocean, swear to be faithful to the government of the United States, and to restore the constitution of our country.

A PLEASANT INTERVIEW.

A Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune says:

I have just learned the particulars of two interviews which took place on Sunday last between some members of Col. Hayes's Eighth Pennsylvania Regiment and the Virginia Forty Third (rebel), stationed on the opposite banks of the Potomac at Great Falls. The river is here not more than a hundred yards wide, and the picnics on both sides have occasionally baited each other. On Sunday the rebels invited some of our men across, stating that if they would leave their arms behind them they would receive hospitable treatment and be allowed to return.

One of the Pennsylvania boys stripped, plunged in, and swam over. He was hoisted up the rocks by a Virginia Captain, who gave him his overcoat to wear, and proposed that he should take a drink of whiskey. "If I drink," said the soldier, "it must be to our Country." "Very good," said the rebel officer. "I will join you: Here's to our country!" And the men on both sides of the river joined in a hearty cheer. The man remained an hour or two, and then swam back, a little nubbulous from the drink. He had been obliged to drink.

In the afternoon several of the rebels returned the visit. They were courteously entertained, and exchanged buttons with our men, as souvenirs of the interview. "We don't care anything about you war," said they, "and don't want to fight, but we can't help it. You Pennsylvanians are like friends and brothers, and we wish we had those I—d South Carolinians against us instead of you."

One of the Virginia officers took off his gold sleeve buttons, having no other disposable gift at hand, and received a quarter eagle in return. "Good Lord," said he, "it's been a long time since I've seen such a piece of money." They were all anxious to know the popular sentiment of Pennsylvania and the other Border States in relation to the war, and seemed a good deal depressed at learning the truth. They appeared to be tolerably well clothed and fed, and did not complain of their condition.

Two of the soldiers exchanged letters from their sweethearts. Various exchanges of newspapers, &c. were also made, and in the act our men received a letter from a sister of one of the rebels, without the owner's knowledge. I had an opportunity of reading the letter this morning, and give you an interesting extract therefrom: "Take care of your clothes [the writer says] for I don't believe there is a yard of stuff for shirts or clothing in the whole county. There is not in the whole county a pound of coffee or a pound of sugar. Mrs. — uses honey in her tea. Send some of your money home when you get it."

It appears, from other parts of the letter, that the country has been entirely stripped of cloth, shoes, coffee, and sugar, in order that the army may be supplied. With the present enormous prices of all these articles in the South, it is difficult to see how those supplies can be kept up much longer.

GROWING COTTON IN THE NORTH.

We have recently had an interview with Capt. Richard Kendall, who was formerly connected with the United States Coast Survey, in reference to the feasibility of introducing into the Middle or Northern States, a cotton producing tree which grows in similar latitudes in South America. The Captain is quite enthusiastic in the opinion that the tree will flourish wherever corn will grow. He exhibits specimens of the tree and cotton produced by him in Baltimore county, Maryland. The section of the tree examined is a hard wood, two inches in diameter, and five annual rings. The cotton fiber is long, fine and silky, resembling and apparently equaling the best Sea Island cotton.

Of the tree in its native habitat in various portions of the Western Coast South America from the Equator to the Northern part of Patagonia. Capt. Kendall says it flourishes best in Southern Chili, in about 40° South latitude. He found in growin at an elevation of 7000 feet above the ocean, almost in the regions of perpetual snow. The tree resembles the white mulberry in general appearance of the branches, bark, and leaves, the average size and height being about that of our common peach trees. It begins to produce bills the third year from the seed, and continues healthy and vigorous—according to the accounts of natives—from thirty to fifty years. It attains its full size about the eighth year. It is propagated by seeds and by cuttings. Near the tropics it is evergreen, and begins to produce seed the first year after sowing, but there it is only a shrub, growing five or six feet high.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5.—At the request of the Hon. Augustus Frank, member of Congress of New York, the Superintendent of the Census Bureau has prepared a statement of the white male population of the several countries of that State, between the ages of 18 and 45, and the proportion required from each county to furnish the quota of one hundred thousand men.

The Superintendent says the State presents an effective arm-bearing population of 760,344—about one-half of that of all the States South of Mason and Dixon's Line, equalling the combined military strength of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North and South Carolina, and Tennessee.

PROBITY is the feminine, truth the masculine, of honor.