

THE DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN.

VOL. 6.

BELLEFONTE, THURSDAY MORNING, NOV. 7, 1861.

NO. 43.

Select Poetry.

OUR COUNTRY.

On primal rocks she wrote her name:
Her towers were reared on holy graves;
The golden seed that bore her came
Self-winged with prayer, or ocean waves.

The forest bowed his solemn arms,
And open flung his sylvan doors;
Mock rivers led the appointed quest
To clasp the wide embracing shores.

Till, fold by fold, the embroidered land
To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While Sages strong in heart and hand,
Her virtue's glory circle drew.

Oh, exile of the wrath of kings!
O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!
The refuge of divested things,
Their record must abide in these.

First in the glories of thy front,
Let the crown jewel, Truth, be found;
Thy right hand fling, with generous want,
Loves' happy chains to farthest bound.

Let Justice, with the faithless scales,
Hold fast the worship of thy sons;
Thy commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs.

So link thy ways to those of God,
So follow from the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet the warrior-browed,
And stern-eyed angels hail thy cause.

Oh land, the measure of our prayers,
Ope of the wood die grief and woe,
Be thine the tribute of the years,
The gift of Faith, the crown of Soar.

Miscellaneous.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

Fourteen years ago I drove from Littleton, a distance of forty-two miles, and as I had to await the arrival of two or three coaches, did not start until after dinner, so I very often had a good distance to drive at dark. It was in the dead winter, and the season had been a tough one. A great deal of snow had fallen, and the drifts were plenty and deep. The mail that I carried was not due at Littleton, by the contract, until one o'clock in the morning; but that winter the postmaster was very often obliged to sit up a little later than that for me.

One day, in January, when I drove up for my mail at Danbury, the postmaster called me into his office.

"Pete," said he, with an important, serious look, "there's some pretty heavy packages in that bag, and he pointed to the bag as he spoke. He said the money was from Boston to some land agents up at the Canada line. Then he asked me if I'd got any passengers who were going through to Littleton. I did not know; but "suppose I haven't?" I said.

"Why," said he, "the agent of the lower route came in to-day, and he says that there have been two suspicious characters on the stage that came up to-night; and he suspects that they have an eye upon the mail, so that it will stand you in hand to be a little careful."

He said the agent had described one of them as a short, thick-set fellow, about forty years of age, with long hair, and a thick, heavy clump of beard under the chin, but none on the side of his face. He didn't know anything about the other. I told the old fellow I guessed there was not much danger.

"Oh, no, not if you have got any passengers through, but I only told you this so you might look out for your mail, and look out when you change horses."

I answered that I should do so, and then took the bag under my arm and left the office. I stored the mail under my seat a little more carefully than usual, placing it so I could keep my feet against it, but beyond this I did not feel any concern. It was past one when I started, and I had four passengers, two of whom rode on to my first stopping place. Reached Gowans' Mills at dark, where we stopped for supper, and where my other two passengers concluded to stop for the night. About six o'clock in the evening I left Gowans' Mills alone, having two horses and an open pang.

I had seventeen miles to go—and a hard seventeen it was, too. The night was cold, clear, but the wind was sharp and cold, the loose snow flying in all directions, while the drifts were deep and closely packed. It was slow, tedious work, and my horses soon became leg-weary and restive. At the distance of six miles I came to a little settlement called Bull's Corners, where I took fresh horses. I'd been two hours going that distance. Just I was going to start a man came up and asked me if I was going through to Littleton. I told him I should go through if the thing could possibly be done. He said he was very anxious to go, and as he had no baggage, I told him to jump in and make himself as comfortable as possible. I was gathering up the lines when the hostler came up and asked me if I knew that one of my horses had cut himself badly? I jumped out and went out with him, and found that one of the animals had got a deep cork cut on the left forefoot. I gave such directions as I

considered necessary, and was about to turn away, when the hostler remarked to me that he thought I come alone. I told him I did.

"Then where did you get that passenger?" he said.

"He has just got in," I answered.

"Got in from where?"

"I don't know."

"Well, now," said the hostler, "that's kind o' curious. There ain't no such man been at the house, and I know there ain't been none at any of the neighbors."

"Let's have a look at his face," said I, "we can get that much at any rate. Do you go back with me, and when I get into the pang just hold your lantern so that the light will shine into his face."

He did as I wished, and as I stepped into the pang I got a fair view of such portions of my passenger's face as were not muffled up. I saw a short, thick frame, full, hardy features, and I could see that there was a heavy beard under the chin. I thought of the man whom the postmaster had described to me; but I didn't think seriously upon it until I had started. Perhaps I had got half a mile when I noticed that the mail-bag wasn't in its old place under my feet.

"Hallo!" says I, holding up my horse a little, "where's my mail?"

My passenger got on the seat behind me, and I turned towards him.

"Here's a bag of some kind slipped back under my feet," he said, giving it a kick, as though he'd shoved it forward.

Just at that moment my horses lumbered into a deep snow-drift, and I was forced to get out and tread the snow down ahead of them, and lead them through it.

This took me all of fifteen minutes, and when I got in again I pulled the mail-bag forward and got my feet upon it. As I was doing this I saw the man take something from his lap, beneath the buffalo, and put it in his breast pocket. At this I thought it was a pistol. I had caught the gleam of the barrel in the starlight, and when I had time to reflect, I knew I could not be mistaken.

About that time I began to think somewhat seriously. From what I had heard and seen, I soon made up my mind that the individual behind me not only meant to rob the mail, but he was prepared to rob me of my life. If I had resisted him he would shoot me, and perhaps he meant to perform that delectable job at any rate.

While I was pondering, the horses fell into another deep snow-drift, and I was again forced to get out and tread down the snow before them. I asked my passenger if he would help me, but he said he would feel very well—wouldn't try it; so I worked alone, and was all of a quarter of an hour getting my team through the drifts.

When I got into the sleigh again, I began to feel for the mail bag with my feet, and found it where I had left it; but when I attempted to withdraw my foot, I discovered that it had become entangled in something which I supposed it was the buffalo robe and tried to kick it clear; but the more I kicked the more closely was it held. I reached down my hand, and after feeling about a few minutes, I found that my foot was in the mail bag! I felt again and found my hand in among the packages of letters and papers! I ran my fingers over the edge of the opening, and became assured that the stout leather had been cut with a knife.

Here was a discovery. I began to wish I had taken a little more foresight before leaving Danbury, but as I knew that making such wishes was only a waste of time, I quickly gave it up, and began to consider what I had best do under the existing circumstances. I wasn't long in making up my mind upon a few essential points. First, the man behind me was a villain; second, he had cut open the mail bag and robbed it of some valuable matter. He must have known the money letters by the size and shape; third, he meant to leave the stage on the first opportunity; and fourthly, he was prepared to shoot me if I attempted to arrest or detain him.

I resolved these things over in my mind, and pretty soon I thought of a course to pursue. I knew that to get my hands safely upon the rascal, I must take him unawares; this I could not do while he was behind me—for his eyes were upon me all the time—so I must resort to stratagem. Only a little distance ahead of us was a house. An old farmer named Lougee lived there, and directly in front of it was a huge snow bank stretched across the road, through which a track for wagons had been cleared with shovel.

As we approached the cot, I saw a light in the front room, as I felt confident I should, for the old man generally sat up until the stage went by. I drove on, and when nearly opposite the dwelling, stood up, as I had frequently done, when approaching difficult places. I saw the snow bank ahead, and could distinguish the deep cut which had been shoveled through it. I urged my horses to good speed, and when near the bank forced them into it.

One of the runners mounted the edge of the bank, after which the other ran into the cut, thus throwing the sleigh over about as quick as lightning had struck it. My passenger had not calculated upon any such movement, and wasn't prepared for it, but I had calculated, and was prepared. He rolled out into the deep snow with a heavy buffalo robe about him, while I lighted on my feet, directly on top of him. I punched his head in the snow, and then sang out for old Lougee. I did not have to call a second time, for the farmer had soon as he saw my sleigh overturn, he lighted his lantern and hurried out.

"What's to pay?" asked the old man, as he hurried out.

"Lead the horses into the track, and then come here," said I.

As I spoke, I partially loosened my hold upon the villain's throat, and he drew a pistol from his bosom, but I saw it in season and jammed his head into the snow again, and got the weapon away from him. By this time Lougee had led the horse out and came back, and I explained the matter to him in as few words as possible.

We hauled the rascal out into the road and upon examination we found about twenty packages of letters which he had stolen from the mail-bag and stowed away in his pockets. He swore, and threatened, and prayed, but we paid no attention to his blarney. Lougee got some stout cord, and when we had securely bound the villain, we tramped him into the pang. I asked the old man if he would accompany me to Littleton, he said "of course." So he got his overcoat and muffer, and ere long we started.

I reached the end of my route with my mail all safe, though not as snug as it might have been, and my mail-bag a little the worse for the game he had played upon it. However, the mail robber was secure, and within a week he was identified by some officers from Concord as an old offender, and I'm rather inclined to the opinion that he's in the State prison at the present moment. At any rate he was there when I last heard of him.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A GORILLA.

M. de Chaillet thus describes the killing of a gorilla:

Suddenly, as we were creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla.

Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours, but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked as boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us: was a sight I think never to forget. Nearly six feet high, he proved four inches shorter with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring, large deep grey eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some night-mare vision: thus stood before us the king of the African forests.

He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense base drum, which is their mode of offering defiance in the mean time giving vent to roar after roar.

The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp bark, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep base roll, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast pectorals.

His eyes began to flash fierce fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again set forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of some hellish dream creature—a being of that hideous order, half man, half beast, which we find pictured by the old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again—and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here as he began another of his roars and beating his breast in rage, we fired and killed him.

With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, it fell forward on its face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.

THE REBELS DESPONDING.

A late issue of the Richmond *Whig* contains the following rather despondent editorial:

"All the indications point to a long war. At one time we had hoped that the dash—the *elan* of our volunteers unrestrained, but simply guided by able Generals—would have planted our banners before frost in the heart of the enemy's country, and conquered an honorable peace. But different policy has obtained. We of the South who were to attack, have adopted a system of defence, and, so far, have uniformly awaited an advance of the foe. This may be the safer policy, but we have never been able to appreciate it. Our conviction is, that a victorious advance into the enemy's country is the only road to a lasting and honorable peace. We must fight and we must conquer before we can make a treaty. If we cannot do this, we must submit to the fate of the weaker party. The enemy have dominion over the sea, he can assail us at almost innumerable points; he can plunder our coast and penetrate our rivers. He is supreme in the Chesapeake Bay; he commands the Potomac; he has possession of Maryland, of North western Virginia, and is contending for Missouri and Kentucky. While he threatens our whole coast, he may assail us at any point of our extended frontier. The whole situation must be altered before we can have peace on any terms compatible with honor and safety.

"We have never heard of any plan suggested for affecting this alteration short of carrying the war into the enemy's country. While we stand on the defensive, and the enemy is entrenched on this side of the Potomac, it is impossible for us to destroy his supremacy at sea or prevent his predatory incursions on our coast. We are subjected to all the disadvantages of a defensive war of indefinite duration or to peace dictated by an enemy. The possibility of our success is not within range of an accident. To prevent our subjugation or extermination is all that can be hoped for.

"We have no skill in strategy, and know nothing of the means at the command of our Generals, but if this is left to us, we had as well be looking out for terms of submission, and the sooner the better. An endless war which affords no opportunity for victory or revenge is a bootless undertaking.

"The Southern people who have offered themselves and their all for the prosecution of this war, and have reposed implicit confidence in the men entrusted with its conduct have looked for something better. It is not to be disguised that a sense of uneasiness and distrust is gradually supplanting that generous confidence. A suspicion is gaining ground that all the advantages of our position have not been profited by as they might have been; that the war has not been prosecuted with the vigor and energy demanded by the emergency. We hear mutterings and complaints apart from those connected with the quartermaster, commissary and medical departments growing out of the appointment of so many civilians to high commands. Many of these appointments have filled the country with apprehensions of some great disaster."

FALSE NOTIONS.—That the rebel army is badly equipped, that it is deficient in food, that it is not so large as our own. The southern papers that reach us give a different statement of facts. The rebel army cannot be deficient in these things. The advertising columns of the Richmond papers contain accounts of all kinds of military goods to be had, including a large number of blankets. The prices of food prove that there is a large abundance. In regard to arms, we know that an immense number was stolen from our arsenals by Floyd, but in addition to that a large supply has been received by way of Matamoras, and up the Rio Grande. That they have plenty of men we know whenever a fight occurs for they generally outnumber us in every engagement. North Carolina has sent no less than thirty regiments into the field, and when she can do that, other and richer States, like Georgia and Louisiana, can send a great many more. It is about time that we had got rid of the notion of the weakness of the South, and made up our minds to fight the rebels earnestly as the only way to put down rebellion.

YOUTHFUL PRISONERS OF WAR.—Among the prisoners captured by the rebels on the steamer *Fanny*, at Chincassconia, Hatteras Inlet, were George W. Gerber and Henry Hines, of Lancaster city. The former, who is but fifteen years of age, was an attendant to the Colonel of the Indiana regiment which came so near being captured at Chincassconia, and the latter was an attendant of a captain of the same regiment. Young Hines is not fourteen. Both of these youths are sons of very respectable parents of that city, and about four weeks ago left home without the consent of their parents.

LOVE is the shadow of the morning which declines as day advances; friendship is the shadow of the evening, which deepens as the sun descends.

THE BATTLE OF SANTA ROSA.

The steamer *McClellan*, formerly the *Joseph Whitney*, which arrived at New York from Key West, on the 23d ult., brings the following advice:

On the morning of the 9th inst., about half past 5 o'clock, the rebels attacked Col. Wilson's position on Santa Rosa in force. Company E, of the Third Infantry, Capt. Hildt, and twenty seven of Company A First Artillery—eighty five men in all—under Major Vogdes, met the enemy some distance above Camp Brown. Major Vogdes was taken prisoner immediately, and Captain Hildt assumed the command and engaged the enemy. The loss in this struggle was four killed, twenty one wounded, and eight prisoners. The enemy's loss is much larger. Eight of the rebels were found dead in one heap.

Major Arnold arrived after daylight to the assistance of Captain Hildt. The command proceeded to the point where the rebels had disembarked. Their steamers were just leaving. A desultory fire was opened on them. The rebels left behind them on the Island twenty two killed and five wounded, and thirty three prisoners. Many of the prisoners were carried away in the boats. Captain Bradford and Lieutenant Elms were killed. Three of their officers were captured: one of them is Lieutenant Jaynes, formerly of the United States Marines. He is badly wounded. Gen. Anderson, who was in command of the rebels, was wounded in the arm after disembarking. The enemy acknowledged their loss to be 100.

In addition to the loss on our side, above stated, the Zouaves lost nine killed in their camp, and eleven taken prisoners.

The details of the fight at Santa Rosa says: The rebel forces, 1,500 strong, landed on the island from three steamers, about four miles above Wilson's camp. Their landing was effected at about two o'clock in the morning. The night was very dark. They rapidly formed in three columns, and proceeded silently towards the Zouaves' camp, hoping to effect a total surprise. They were but partially successful in this. The picket guard, about 600 yards off, discovered and fired upon them, gave the alarm and saved the regiment from annihilation. The attack by the enemy's column was simultaneous, and volley after volley was aimed upon the Zouaves, who were forced to fall back, leaving the camp in the hands of the rebels. The rebels then commenced burning the camp.

Fort Pickens was by this time thoroughly aroused, and three companies of regulars came to their assistance. The rebels retreated to the boats, closely followed by the regulars and a small number of the volunteers, keeping up a desultory fire upon them, and killing and wounding a large number. The rebels finally reached the boats, but the steamers were over five hundred yards from the beach, and our men poured repeated volleys into the crowded mass. Every bullet told, and by the shouts and confusion of the rebels, it was evident that we had obtained ample satisfaction for the insult to our flag. The regulars behaved nobly.

Great credit is due to Captains Robertson and Hill, and Lieutenants Seely and Taylor.

The Zouaves were badly mentioned, and Col. Wilson is very much censured for inefficiency. He did not reach the scene until it was over. The camp was almost entirely destroyed, the officers and men losing everything. Major Neely had a narrow escape from capture, being confined to his bed from dangerous illness. One of his servants was killed, and the other taken prisoner. Major Neely shot one rebel with his revolver, got out of his house, mounted his horse, and escaped through a storm of bullets.

Wilson's regiment lost 10 killed, 16 wounded and 9 taken prisoners. The regulars lost 4 killed, 20 wounded and 10 prisoners.

The rebels lost, by their own statement, 350 killed, wounded and missing.

We took thirty prisoners, including three doctors, who were released.

WEST POINT ACADEMY.—According to a writer in the *Jersey City Sentinel*, the establishment of this Academy is due, principally, to the efforts of Washington and Hamilton. In "Norton's Life of Washington" we read as follows: "The cold threatening morning of the 12th (December, 1799) should have kept a man of sixty eight under the comfortable shelter of his own roof, and Mrs. Washington suggested to her husband that he had better remain at home. But having something particular to attend to, he mounted his horse and set off on his usual ride. That very morning he had written a letter to Hamilton, hastily approving of a plan for establishment of a Military Academy, which the latter had submitted to the Secretary of War." It is needless to inform your readers that the exposure of this morning ride brought on a sudden illness, which in a few days terminated Washington's life; and the letter referred to was therefore, the last ever written by him.

DOG stealing in the second degree—book-torn town made sausage.

THE BATTLE OF BALLS BLUFF.

Official Statement of the Affairs.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24.

Gen. McClellan is now at his headquarters and from the best data obtained at Harrisburg, up to late this evening, it is believed that the number of killed is 79; wounded in our possession and in possession of the enemy 141; missing now prisoners in the hands of the enemy or wandering in the woods on both shores of the river, not exceeding 400. The total loss in killed, wounded and missing 620. This will be reduced by men returning to camp as they are constantly coming in.

The officers and men behaved with the most extraordinary courage. They were pressed by an overpowering force, but stood firm until their whole supply of ammunition was exhausted, and then retreated to the river, and threw their guns and swords into the river, to prevent the enemy from getting possession of them.

Col. Raymond Lee and staff were furnished with a skiff to make their escape. The Colonel gallantly refused, and gave orders to the officers and gallant officers were taken prisoner. All credit is due to him.

Col. Cogswell took command when Gen. Baker fell, and behaved with the greatest gallantry and gallantry. He is also a prisoner.

Gen. McClellan returns with renewed confidence in the action and efficiency of his army.

The conduct of Gen. Baker, in his effort to save the Massachusetts and other men under fire, was heroic beyond description.

Colonel Joshua T. Owen, of the Second Regiment, California Brigade, arrived here tonight direct from Edwards' Ferry, and has related the following additional particulars in regard to the recent engagement.

The force was seventeen hundred and thirty six on our side. Of the number killed, wounded and missing, two hundred and thirty seven belonged to Colonel Baker's Regiment.

Captain Vaughan, who was sent over to bring the dead, reports that a large number of the rebels slain were carried away, while others were interred on the battle field. The impression is that their killed far exceeded ours, owing to the efficiency of our artillery.

Lieut. Col. Wiser, who was wounded in the shoulder, arm and jaw, is considered out of danger.

Capt. Markoe, of Philadelphia, was wounded in the arm and taken prisoner. Lieut. Williams, of Capt. Putnam's company, was killed.

Col. Owen further states that immediately previously to the fall of Col. Baker, the Rebels made a flank movement to turn the latter's line. Col. Baker perceiving this, immediately wrote an order to be conveyed to the companies of the Tammany Regiment which had just arrived, and while immediately facing his command to meet the flank movement and about giving orders to charge he was killed, falling ten feet in advance of the column.

The field on which the battle was fought is circumscribed within an area of six acres. Lieut. Ganger, who was taken prisoner, reports that Col. Hampton, of the Rebel army was killed at the commencement of the engagement.

REMARKABLE PRESENTMENT.—Col. Baker, who fell the other day in Virginia, seems to have been strongly impressed with an anticipation of the event. On Friday last he made his will, and on Monday morning he told a friend that he should be killed within forty-eight hours, and asked that friend to take care of his body. He seems to have experienced the same presentment long before.

Geo. Wilkes, in an obituary notice, relates this circumstance:

"It was our good fortune to know Col. Baker well, and he had the honor to entertain him as our guest at dinner, on an afternoon in the month of August last. On that occasion, when he expressed (in view of the recent disaster at Manassas) a natural concern as to the department of his troops, he said: 'Wilkes, I am to play in this extraordinary war, and I want you to bear in mind that what I now say to you is not the result of any idle fancy or vague impression. It is doubtful if I shall ever again take my seat in the Senate.' To the look of surprise which I turned upon him at this expression he replied, 'I am certain I shall not live through this war, and if my troops should show any want of resolution, I shall fall in the first battle. I cannot afford after my career in Mexico, and as a Senator of the United States, to turn my face from the enemy.' There was no gloom or depression in his manner, but it was characterized by a temperate earnestness which made a deep impression on my mind. Not before October has shed its leaves, his sword lies upon his pulseless breast, and his toga has become the cerements of the brave. 'Good friend I have heard! gallant leader! hail and farewell!'"

A man who forbade his servant girl (who belonged to the same church with himself) going in and out of the front door of his house, was quietly asked by the girl if he supposed they would enter heaven by separate doors.

A romantic individual was asked the other day why he showed a rather attachment to a very thin lady than to one who was more stout.

"It is," said he, "because I am nearer her heart."