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Select Poetry.

OUR COUNTRY.

On primal rocks she wrote her name:
Her page were reared on holy graves;
The globe she drew her name
Swift-winged with prayer her ocean waves.

The Forest bowed his solemn crest,
And open flung his sylvan doors;
Meek Rivers led the appointed quest
To sleep the wide embracing shores;

Till fold by fold, the embroidered land
To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While Flags strong in heart and hand,
Her virtues' fiery Glyde drew.

Oh Exile of the wrath of kings!
O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!
The refuge of divinal things,
Their record must abide in thee.

Wine in the glories of thy front,
Lest the crown be lost, Truth, be found;
Thy right hand sing, with generous words,
Love's happy chain to farthest bound.

Let Justice, with the faithful scales,
Hold fast the word of thy decree;
Thy clemency spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs.

Be link thy ways to the sea of God,
That stern and great thy warrior browed,
And stern and noble be thy cause.

Oh land, the measure of our prayers,
Use of the world in grief and wrong
Be thine the tribute of the years,
The gift of Faith, the crown of Song.

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. As I very often had a good distance to drive after 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 money packages in that bag," and he pointed to the bag he spoke of. He said the money was from Boston to some land agent up near the Canada line. Then he asked me if I'd get 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 stowed 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. I reached Bowman's 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 Bowman's 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 quite 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 Ball'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 got himself badly? I jumped out and went out with him, and found that one of the animals had got a deep cork out on the off 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?" said he.

"He has just got in," I answered.

"Got in from where?"

"I don't know."

"Well, now," said the hostler, "that's kind of 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 nose, a full, hardy feature, 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 horses a little, "where's my mail?"

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

"There is a bag of some kind slipped back under my seat," he said, giving it a kick, as though to get it forward.

Just as I was about to get my horses hitched into a deck, he said, "I was forced to get out and see if the snow down ahead of them, and I led them through it."

This took me about 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 think I knew I could not be mistaken.

About that time I heard some what serious conversation, and I heard the individual who had taken the mail, but I did not know who he was.

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 didn't 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—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 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 forethought 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 might 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, and 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 which was a barrier to the road, through which a track for wagons had been cleared.

As we approached the house, I saw a light in the front room, and 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 out which had been shoveled through it.

I urged my horses to good speed, and when nearly 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 if 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 pitched 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 come to the window to see me pass, and as 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, 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 horses out and came back, and I explained the matter to him in as few words as possible.

We bawled 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 tumbled 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 a little while before, 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 next heard of him.

THE REBELS RESPONDING.

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 proffered 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 recovered by way of Matamoros, 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 Chicamaoocms, Hateras 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 *Ironclad* regiment which came so near being captured at Chicamaoocms, 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 this 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 advices:

On the morning of the 9th inst., about half past 5 o'clock, the rebels attacked Col. Wilcox'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 nine 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 desecrative 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 Sims 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 *Zouave*'s 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 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 *Zouave*'s 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 above Wilson's camp.

Fort Pickens was by this time thoroughly surrounded, 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 destructive 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 late in the evening. The camp was almost entirely destroyed, the officers and men losing everything. Major Newly 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 Newly shot one rebel with his revolver, got out of his house, mounted his horse, and escaped through a storm of bullets.

Wilson's regiments 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, heartily 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.

Don't steal in the second degree—look for laws made strange.

THE BATTLE OF BULL'S BLUFF.

Official Statement of the Army.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24.

Gen. McClellan is now at his headquarters and from the best data obtained at Harrison's Island, 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 of wondering 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 returned to camp as they are constantly coming in.

The officers and men behaved with the most extraordinary courage. They were pressed by a superior 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 use it for conveying the wounded across the river. It was filled with wounded, who reached the Maryland shore in safety. The humane and gallant officer was taken prisoner. All credit is due to him.

Col. Cogswell took command when Gen. Baker fell, and behaved with the greatest coolness 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 rescue the Massachusetts and other men under fire, was heroic beyond description.

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

The force was seven 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 they killed far exceeded ours, owing to the efficiency of our artillery.

Lieut. Col. Wistar, 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 upon which the battle was fought is circumscribed within 4 acres of six acres.

Lieut. Bennett, who was taken prisoner, reports that Col. Heath, 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, related this circumstance.

"It was our good fortune to know Col. Baker well, and we had the honor to entertain him at our great 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 have some peculiar notions as to the part 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. Let before October his ashes be shed, his sword lies upon his pious breast, and his toga had become the cerements of the brave. "Good friend I brave heart! 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 the 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 greater attachment to a very thin lady than to one who was more stout.

"It is," said he, "because I am stouter than he."