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Select Poetry.

What is Home Without a Mother?

What is Home without a mother,
Hearts we love, to pass away,
And how soon, 'tis in our childhood,
We behold her turning gray;
Her eye grows dim, her step is slow,
Her joys of earth are passed;
And sometimes e'er we learn to know her,
She has breathed on earth her last.

Things we prize are fain to vanish
Hearts we love, to pass away,
And how soon, 'tis in our childhood,
We behold her turning gray;
Her eye grows dim, her step is slow,
Her joys of earth are passed;
And sometimes e'er we learn to know her,
She has breathed on earth her last.

What is Home Without a Father?

What is home without a father,
In the dark and cloudy day?
Is it home? or is it rather
But the guest house where we stay?
Oh! his kindly voice can cheer us,
In affliction's saddest hour;
And to feel that he is near us,
Rubs aches and half its power.

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Miscellaneous.

HOW A DRY JOKER WAS JOKED.

At the name of Cale Meeks, what reminiscences pass before our mental vision! A vivid recollection comes crowding upon us, and we see an array of the "sold" pass before our mind's eye, in the shape of the seekers of the mythical Frank McLaughlin, the victims of cloth oil and jakes, and for the administration of the medicinal reason exuded, and a long line of those who have been humbugged generally, without any specific species of sell. Cale was the prince of dry jokes; he lived, moved, and had his being through a droll succession of sells; indeed, his life was one great sell, composed of a conglomeration of the infinitesimal sells of fifty years' duration.

Now, Nixby—Nathan Nixby—was one of Cale's truest and staunchest acquaintances; but he had never been introduced into the jocular circle made glad by the portly presence of Mrs. Cale, who was somewhat addicted to jealousy. The reason for this lack of acquaintance was that she lived a secluded life, in one of the little villages on Long Island, and Nat Nixby lived in our bachelors of New York. Well, one day, Cale was hard pulled for an object upon which to inflict a practical joke, and in his dilemma he selected Nat Nixby for his victim.

The manner in which Nat was sold I do not choose particularly to describe; suffice it to say that, under the play of Cale's exuberant fancy, Nat made a journey to Albany, and insisted that a lady there had sent an amatory epistle, which he produced. The lady became indignant, called in the aid of her husband, who literally skinned Mr. Nat Nixby, who thereafter returned to Gotham with a very adult idea in his auricular apparatus.

This event happened in the early spring time, and on a beautiful day, about a week after Nat's return from Albany, he met Cale at Sherwoods. The sell was disclosed by Cale, and a hearty laugh was had over Nat's mishap, and at his still bruised features, in which he joined; but those present noticed that he didn't laugh an inch below his chin; indeed, it was generally believed that Nat's mirth was entirely smothered.

"Now, old fellow!" said Cale, "you don't hold any malice, do you?"
"Not a bit," answered Nat, "and in token of amity let us take a smoke around."

Which thing they did in the usual manner.
"How did you come to town?" asked Nat.
"I drove up in a light wagon," replied Cale.
"And when will you return home?"
"About six o'clock this evening," said Cale.

Nat thereupon pleaded an engagement, and left; but as soon as he was out of eye shot of his jocular friend, repaired to Gray's stable, in Warren street, where he hired a fast horse and light vehicle, with which he started through a by street to the residence of his friend Cale on Long Island.

On arriving, he left his horse and wagon at a public house, and proceeded to the forested residence, where he inquired of the servant if Meeks was at home. On being answered, as he knew he would, in the negative, he said:

"This is unfortunate. I wanted to pay him some money. If I could see Mrs. Meeks it would do as well; she could give me a receipt in the name of her husband."
Mrs. M. was frugal and industrious, and always attentive to her husband's interests. As the last remark fell from the lips of Nat, a fine looking matron called from up the stairs, to show the gentleman into the parlor, where she followed in a few minutes. Nat bowed and said:

"I desired to see Mrs. Meeks, madam."
"Very well, I am Mrs. Meeks," replied she.
"Pardon me, madam," said Nat, with a doubting shake of the head; "but this is a matter of some importance—the payment of money; and you are not the lady that Mr. Meeks introduced to me as his wife, last winter."

"Not the lady? what?" shrieked she; "do you mean to tell me that—?"
"I simply tell you, madam," replied Nat, with icy imperturbability, "that Mr. Meeks, last winter, in Broadway, near Leonard Street, introduced me to a lady whom he called Mrs. Meeks, and you are not the lady."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. M., her eyes flashing fire; "how old was she?"
"Well, about twenty-five."
"Twenty-five; and how was she dressed?"
"She wore her hair in ringlets, had diamond ear-rings—"

"A heavy silk velvet dress, very large gold bracelets, a magnificent watch and chain."
"Well, go on," she said spitefully.
"Silk velvet hat, trimmed with magnificent lace, and a muff and box."

"Boa!" wrenched out the now thoroughly irate dame; "you had better bore your way out of this house, sir, mighty quick, or else some body will have a headache! No, sir, I am not Mrs. Meeks, and I want you to leave."

"Oh, certainly," said Nat, who saw the tallest kind of a squall brewing, and who had good reason to fear that the sturdy dame might launch at his head a conch shell or some other of the heavy ornaments which adorned the mantle. Nat, therefore, took a retreat from off the premises, and placed himself behind a stone fence, from which he could command a view of the Brooklyn turnpike. He did not wait long before he saw the amiable Cale driving down the road all unconscious of the ambush of Nat. The expression upon Cale's face was one of the greatest amiability, and exemplified that he was at peace with "all the world and the rest of mankind."

In a brief space of time Cale's steed was given into the charge of a stable boy, and unconscious and happy, he entered his domicile and shut the door. The moment he entered an attentive ear might have detected the sounds of a voice in no way mellow or expressive of endearment; and in an instant after Cale hurriedly came through the door, with amazement on his face and a mop in his rear, the wrong end of which was under the direct and personal superintendence of a lady who was very red in the face and very sturdy in the arms, and who strongly resembled Mrs. Meeks.

The battle had commenced in the passage way. Cale's castor, which had shone in the rays of the setting sun, as he drove down the road, was very much bruised and out of shape; indeed, it was driven down over his amiable physiognomy.

"What in thunder is out?" yelled Cale.
"Twenty-five years old," shrieked the infuriated dame, and bang. Cale caught the mop over his shoulders. "Corkscrew ringlets!" and pook he got in the back, with all the strength which nature and anger had given to the enraged lady.

"D—n it, don't do that!"
But it was no use, he had to take it.
"Diamond ear-rings!" pook. Silk velvet dress, bang. Gold bracelets, whump.
"Murder," roared Cale.
"Watch and chain," she shrieked, and biff he took it over the head.

"Muff," bang, slump. "Boa," bang, bang, and down went Cale with a yell of murder.

Now fell the blows thick and fast upon the bruised back and face of the prostrate joker; while the lady again rehearsed the catalogue of the wearing apparel and jewels of the other Mrs. Meeks, timing the utterance of the name of each article with a blow upon her prostrate, writhing and bleeding lord.

But all things must have an end. The violent exercise of the arms and lungs, in which Mrs. Meeks had indulged, had somewhat exhausted her. She had thrice run through Nat's imaginary catalogue, and, feeling her strength departing, gathered herself for one grand and final effort. Cale looked with horror upon the upraised mop; he heard the words, "Oh, huzzay," shouted in a vigorous tone; he heard his hissing, whizzing sound in the air, and the next instant the poor fellow's nose was as flat as the other parts of his face. His two tormentors retired into the mansion and left him alone in his gore. Slowly, and with the most keen sensations of pain, he raised him self into a sitting posture, and with many a groan of agony he proceeded to inspect his personal condition.

"This arm's snake certain! Oh! and this left shoulder must be dislocated! Good Lord, what a nose! I shan't be able to go about for a month! Oh, Lord, how sore I am!"

Now, Nat, with the most picturesque emotions, had through the crevice of the fence, observed the whole of the little family jar, which I have so freely described; and he now stood looking over the fence at the back of his dear friend.

"Hey!" said Cale, as he turned in some little astonishment to look upon his former victim.

"I say, Cale," continued Nat, "how do you feel about now?"
"Oh! you, it was me that was hit," (I shall leave it blank,) yelled out the enraged Cale, as he sprang to his feet and made for the house, "I'll fix your flint!"

But Nat didn't want the flint fixed, and therefore made his way, with all celerity, up the road.

Soon after there appeared upon the green sward, rendered sanguinary and sacred by conjugal endearments, a lame man, who wore a shocking bad hat, and who had taken possession of a fowling-piece loaded with buck shot. If the lame individual meant to shoot Nat he reckoned without his host. That worthy, thanks to a long and thin pair of legs, was out of gunshot range.

Cale from that time forth, and until he filled the grave which he now occupies so well, eschewed dry joking, and was always sensitive on the subject of mops.

A GOOD STORY.

Between eighty and ninety years ago there lived in Connecticut valley two farmers, one of whom was named Hunt and the other Clark. The former in early life had been a man of strong will and somewhat hasty and violent temper. Sometimes he had been seen beating his oxen over their heads with the handle of his whip, in a way to excite the pity of the by standers, and when expostulated with excused himself by saying that he had the most fractious team in town. By and by an alteration took place in the temper of farmer Hunt. He became mild forbearing, at equal pace with himself.

In the course of a few years the two farmers were chosen deacons of the church and they both adorned their profession. About the time of their election, a grievous famine prevailed in the valley, and the farmers generally were employed in laying up their corn to plant the ensuing season. A poor man living in town, went to Deacon Hunt and said: "I have come to buy a bushel of corn. Here is the money; it is about all I can gather." The deacon told him he could not spare a bushel for love or money. He was keeping double the usual quantity for seed corn the next year, and had to stint his own family. The man urged his suit in vain. At last he said, "Deacon if you do not let me have the corn, I shall curse you."

"Curse me?" replied the deacon, "how dare you do so?" "Because," said the man, "the Bible says so." "Nonsense!" exclaimed the deacon; "there is no such thing in the Bible." "Yes, there is," replied the poor man. "Well," said the deacon, "if you can find any such text, I'll give you a bushel of corn."

They went to the house, when the poor man went to the old family Bible, turned to Proverbs 11:26, and read, "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be upon the head that selleth." The deacon was fairly caught. "Come along, and I will be as good as my word." He took him to the corn house, measured out a bushel of corn and helped the man put it on his shoulder, and just before his departure, being somewhat of a wag, he said with a twinkle of the eye, "I say neighbor after you have carried this corn home, go to Deacon Clark and curse him out of a bushel."

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WE ARE IN EARNEST.

European governments, through their organs, expressed the wonder with which they contemplate the sudden military development and organization of the American people. History presents no parallel to these movements, nor is there anything equal to our volunteer force in any of the governments of Europe, however proud and powerful they are in their military organization. While the governments of Europe are thus awestricken with the wonderful enthusiasm and unanimity of the people of the United States, on the subject of defending their national honor and maintaining their national peace, our own government cannot fail to have discovered that the people of the loyal States are in earnest in their determination to put down this rebellion. This is the case at least with the people of Pennsylvania, who have now in the field and ready to march a hundred and one thousand men! If this is not earnest action, we are unable to comprehend earnestness. If the government cannot see in this demonstration, the will and desire and ability of the loyal people to suppress rebellion, nothing that the people themselves can do will convince the authorities that treason must be crushed with blows instead of compromises with concessions. All that we now want is action on the part of the government—a movement such as will encourage the army to prepare for fight, and such a fight, too, as will decide in a single battle, the issue at stake.

Some people keep their sterling worth in all changes of fortune, others, if changed in condition, lose their character. Bars of gold are less prized than diamonds, but gold reduced to dust is valuable, while diamond dust is worthless.

Somebody has discovered the art of extracting gas from vegetables; We expect soon to see carrots substituted for lamp-post; the latter producing gas and heat in one.

Wink at small injuries rather than avenge them. It is to destroy a single bee, you throw down the hive, instead of one enemy you have a thousand.

What a man has learned is of importance, not what he can do, and what he will do, are more important things.

NEWS FROM THE FLEET.

CHEERING INTELLIGENCE.

CAPTURE OF FORTS CONFIRMED.

Full Particulars from Our Own Vessels.

COMPLETE ROUT OF THE REBELS.

GREAT LOSS IN KILLED AND WOUNDED.

FORTY-TWO CANNONS CAPTURED.

Swords, Commissions and Correspondence Seized among the Papers of the Officers.

The Destination of the Fleet known to be Port Royal by the Rebels.

The Whole Country Seized with a Panic.

THE TOWN OF BEAUFORT DESERTED.

ITS ONLY INHABITANT DRUNK.

The Plantations Occupied by No One but Slaves.

POST OFFICE AT BEAUFORT SEIZED.

THE ARMY SAFELY LANDED.

THE FORTS BUT LITTLE INJURED.

THE VICTORY COMPLETE.

INNUMERABLE TROPHIES TAKEN.

FORTRESS MONROE, NOV. 12.

The steamer Benivolus has just arrived at Old point from the great expedition. She left Port Royal on Sunday and brings cheering intelligence. She proceeds at once to New York where she will be due to-morrow evening.

Capt. Steedman, however, left her at this place, and proceeds direct to Washington with dispatches and trophies—two brass cannon and scission flags.

He reports the gale encountered by the fleet to have been very severe. The Union and Oceola went ashore and were lost as previously reported.

The Governor foundered at sea, but the Isaac T. Smith succeeded in saving all her crew with the exception of a few marines. The fleet arrived at Port Royal on Monday, the 4th inst.

On Tuesday the smaller gun boats rounded and buoyed out the channel under a fire from the forts which did no damage.

On Wednesday the weather prevented active operations; but on Thursday morning the 7th the men-of-war and gun-boats advanced to the attack.

The action commenced at 10 a. m. and was hotly carried on both sides and lasted about four hours. At the end of which time the rebels were compelled by the shower of shells to abandon their works and beat a hasty retreat.

Our loss was eight men and an officer. The Chief Engineer of the Mohican was killed, and about twenty wounded. Rebel loss not known. Fifty bodies were found by our men and were buried.

All their wounded except two were carried off.

Two forts were captured—Fort Walker on Hilton Head, mounting twenty-three guns and Fort Beauregard on Bay Point, mounting nineteen guns. The guns were of heavy calibre. They were both new and splendid work of great strength, constructed in the highest style of military science and pronounced by our Engineers as impregnable against any assault by land forces.

The final retreat of the rebels was a perfect rout. They left everything, arms, equipments of all kinds, even to the officers' swords and commissions.

All the letters and papers, both public and private, order books and documents of all kinds, were left in their flight and fell into our hands, affording our officers much valuable information. Among the papers was a telegram from Jeff. Davis to the commander of the post, informing him of the sailing of the fleet and that he knew their destination to be Port Royal. (Query? who was the traitor?)

The whole surrounding country was seized with a perfect panic. The day after the fight the Seneca and two other gunboats under the command of Lieut. Amman, proceeded up the Beaufort, and found but one white man in the town, and he was drunk.

All the plantations up the river seemed to be deserted except by the negroes who were seen in great numbers and who as the boats passed came down to the shore with bundles in their hands as if expecting to be taken off.

They seized all the letters in the post office at Beaufort.

After the capture of the forts the whole army about fifteen thousand men, were safely landed and established on shore.

The forts were but little injured, but the rebels could not stand the explosion of our big shells.

everything but their lives, which they saved by running.

J. S. Bradford of the Coast Survey, bearer of dispatches and Lieut. P. H. Wyman, commanding the Pawnee, also arrived in the Benivolus and take the boat to night for Baltimore.

The boats from the Wabash were the first to land after the fight, and Capt. John Rogers was the first man on shore.

The boats returned loaded with valuable trophies of all kinds. One of our officers finding an elegant cavalry sword with solid silver scabbard. Swords, pistols, &c., &c., were scattered about in every direction and in any quantity.

But four prisoners were found, two of them were wounded. All hands connected with the expedition are represented as acting in the most gallant manner.

The reporters who accompanied the expedition return to New York in the Benivolus with full details.

Latest from Washington.

STILL LATER.

RECONNOISSANCE BY GEN. HEINTZELMAN TO OCCOQUAN CREEK.

Capt. Todd's Company, Lincoln Cavalry, in an Ambuscade.

THEY CUT THEIR WAY THROUGH.

Three Killed and One Wounded.

CAPTAIN TODD TAKEN PRISONER.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.
Six regiments of infantry, with two batteries, and three companies of cavalry, under command of Gen. Heintzelman, made a reconnaissance to day as far as Occoquan creek, about twenty-five miles from Washington, or eighteen miles from Alexandria, in a southerly direction.

They started at four o'clock this morning, and returned late this evening. The entire force first went to Pohick Church, and there divided—one portion taking the telegraph road to Burke's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and the other the road to a point on the Occoquan creek, about 8 miles from the Potomac river. The latter crossed Pohick and Accotink creeks, and reached the Occoquan without meeting with any opposition.

Capt. Todd's company of the Lincoln Cavalry, which was with the party that went in the direction of Burke's Station, were sent out to make a reconnaissance in the advance of the Infantry. When several miles from the other portion of the division, they were suddenly surrounded by a large number of Rebels who had been concealed in the woods.

Their only hope of escape, therefore, was by cutting their way through. A skirmish accordingly ensued, and the cavalry effected their purpose, but with a loss of three men killed, one wounded, and three taken prisoner, including, it is supposed, in the last named, Capt. Todd, who had ventured at least a quarter of a mile in advance of his command.

The object of the reconnaissance having been accomplished, General Heintzelman ordered the troops to fall back to their encampments.

It was ascertained that four hundred rebel cavalry remained at Pohick Church last night but left before the arrival of General Heintzelman's forces to-day.

Report credited here in official circles, confirm the statement in late Norfolk papers of the loyalists in East Tennessee having torn up the railroad east of Knoxville and between there and Virginia. This is the main, and in fact the only, railroad communication with Virginia and the Southwest. At the point of destruction the road runs through a wild, unsettled and mountainous region for 150 miles. This is, no doubt caused by the arrest of Parson Brownlow by the Rebels.

FROM NEW YORK.

Ordinance and Ordinance Stores Ordered to Port Royal.

THE PIKE STEAMER NASHVILLE.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.
Orders were received to-day for the shipment of ordinance and ordinance stores to Port Royal, to be forwarded immediately.

The rebel steamer Nashville was at St. George's on the 26th October, taking in coal.

The Washington correspondent of the Phila. Inquirer states that at a recent dinner given by General McClellan, he remarked to a guest that there was no power on earth neither that of the Press or of politicians, that should cause him to swerve a hair's breadth from the policy which he had adopted in relation to the present policy which he had adopted in relation to the present war.

Availing himself of all the military wisdom that is in possession of the officers around him, together with his own experience, he has, to the best of his own ability, adopted a plan of warfare to which he intends to adhere most rigidly.

LIEUT. GENERAL McCLELLAN.

We have heard many inquiries made how it was that Gen. McClellan became the Commander-in-Chief upon the resignation of Gen. Scott from active service. It occurred in this wise: At the outset of the rebellion we had but two Major Generals, Winfield Scott and David Twiggs, the former of whom, by virtue of his seniority, was the Commander-in-Chief. The title of Lieutenant General, conferred upon Scott by Congress, gave no additional command, but increase of dignity and higher pay and rations were attached to it. He was the oldest Major General, and as such was the Commander-in-Chief of our forces.

Twiggs, on account of his defection to the South, was dismissed from the army. A new batch of Major Generals were created shortly after the war broke out, consisting of McClellan, Fremont, Dix and Banks. Of these, McClellan's commission was first issued, which made him the oldest Major General, next to Scott, and Commander-in-Chief upon his retirement. Had McClellan never resigned, he could hardly have been higher than Major, and probably not higher than Captain. His resignation was lucky for him, for it gave him a chance to come in ahead of Wool, Harney, Hunter and all the old Brigadier Generals who have been in the service for thirty or forty years.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.—Has proved himself an incorruptible patriot. Among the many schemes for carrying Kentucky out of the Union was a persevering attempt to buy Prentice, or, failing in that, to buy his paper. He was first approached with the modest offer of \$25,000 which was, of course promptly declined. The anxious buyers, thinking perhaps their bid had been below Prentice's estimate of his honor, increased his offer, and through an old political friend, since quartered at Fort Lafayette, he was informed that fifty thousand dollars was in a Louisville bank subject to the draft of George D. Prentice, provided the Journal was henceforth conducted according to certain terms. An increased severity upon the disunionists in the columns of the Journal was the response to this proposal. Next came a railroad man from the far west, who eschewed all politics, and wanted an influential paper to support his Pacific Railroad enterprise. He would give Prentice \$250,000 for the Journal. This bid was two low, and George D. Prentice remains unbought and unrepurchasable.

IMPORTANT TO RECRUITS AND RECRUITING OFFICERS.—There are numerous instances where men have signed their names on enlistment rolls, and afterwards failed to go into the service of the several companies they had pledged themselves to. It appears that these recruits can be held according to a recent military decision. It has been decided by competent authority, after a very careful investigation, that a soldier is held from the time of signing his name to the enlistment roll, just as truly as though he were "sworn in" and persons who have enlisted and left the service without a proper discharge, are to be considered deserters, whether they have been "sworn in" or not.

PERSONAL SECURITY.—"Will you do me a favor?" said young George Brooks to his wealthy friend, Simon Hanson.
"What is it George?" said Hanson.
"I wish you to lend me a hundred dollars sir."

"Call at my counting-house," rejoined Hanson.
George was not long in paying his respects, bought up. The new stamp is green, with a lithographic likeness of President Davis within double oval border, surmounted with the inscription, "Confederate States of America." Outside of the circle, and at the head of the stamp, is the word "postage," and at the lower edge its denomination, "five cents."—Richmond Enquirer, 19th.

Gen. Beauregard has made his long-expected official report to the Secretary of War, of the battle of the 21st of July at Bull Run. It is said to be very voluminous, covering about a hundred pages of foolscap.—Jeff. Davis withholds its publication for the present from prudential reasons.

In this world of disguise, we sometimes walk among angels, and know them not till some chance word or sign throws open the whole spiritual free masonry of our souls.

"Why, Charis," said a yankee to a negro preacher, "can you tell who made the monkey?" "Oh, yes I can massa. Why massa de name one make de monkey dat make de name."