

# The Watchman.

C. T. ALEXANDER, }  
JOE W. FURRY, } Editors.

BELLE-FONTE, March 27th, 1862.

A meeting of the Democratic Standing Committee of Centre county will be held in the Court House, in Bellefonte, on Tuesday evening, of the 27th inst., to select Delegates to attend the State Convention, at Harrisburg, on the 4th day of July next.

S. T. SEUGERT,  
Chairman.

COMMITTEES:  
S. T. Shugert, Bellefonte; Henry Null, Spring; Alex. Sample, Ferguson; John Footman, Boggs; Joseph Roller, Benner; Joseph McCloskey, Curtin; R. M. Foster, Miles; D. O. Cover, Harris; Dr. J. M. Bush, Patton; John Diven, Walker; Jared B. Fisher, Gregg; Geo. L. Peters, Union; W. W. White, Harris; John Garbrich, Marion; John Copenhaven, Taylor; Ebenezer Records, Huston; Daniel Fleisher, Peter; Jacob Pottsgrone, Halfmoon; I. Buffington, Milesburg; John Smith, Penn. Wm. Holt, Sharside; C. Mouson, Rush; John M. Holt, Burnsville; S. B. Leathers, Howard.

## A Short Biography.

Short biography of the political history of the editor of the Central Press.

In 1856, a professed Democrat, traveling around selling the life of James Buchanan. In 1857, he went before the Democratic Convention of this County and claimed the nomination for Register, on account of his missionary services. The Convention snubbed his Democracy was of a very spurious kind, and didn't give him the nomination.

The Know Nothing Convention met the next night, and beheld, George had already taken the oath to disfranchise his "pap," and was before them as a candidate for the nomination for the office of Register. But his qualifications, even before this corrupt body, were deemed insufficient, and he was charged with having sold the life of James Buchanan—a great political offense with virtuous Know Nothings—and he didn't get the nomination. (Poor fellow.)

But indefatigable George was determined not to be outdone, and to give expression of his spite at Know Nothingism or the ill treatment he had received at their hands, sought to return to his old love, and tried to purchase the Democratic Watchman. He represented to the owners that Seely and Barnhart were not supporting Buchanan's Administration as strongly as they should, as an argument to induce them to sell to him. They suspected his treachery, and he didn't get it.

The poor fellow appeared to be a cast out from all political parties; but no to be outdone, he was bold. He had a newspaper, to learn them both, he said, because they had soilly used him, and in 1858 he became connected with the Central Press, which, at the time, claimed to be neutral in politics. In 1859, it claimed to be the organ of the People's party. In 1860, it turned its attention to the advocacy of mob law, the destruction of the freedom of the Democratic Press, (particularly the Watchman) the hanging of all Democrats without trial by jury, the overthrow of the Constitution of our fathers, and the higher law doctrine that a negro and an abolitionist is a good deal better than a white man. In 1862, it follows up the same business with a great deal of zeal, and is determined that the old Democratic Watchman, that he once wanted to buy, must be driven to the wall.

A beautiful record for a man to make in six years truly, yet he talks about loofocoes—changing their politics, &c. He must have a sort of double acting, double geared, self adjusting, and calculating conscience, that suits itself to any emergency.

The Democratic editors of the Watchman are beginning to expose the defunct doctrines of Know Nothingism. Now that thousands upon thousands of foreigners are offering their lives for the preservation of this Union and its Constitution, the scrabbling dastardly defenders of Breckinridge, and of traitors generally, assail that element for the reason that in every case where a German or Irishman goes into the war as a Democrat or an Abolitionist. The Germans and Irish of Centre county should bear this fact in mind, that while their countrymen hold this country and government as too precious to be destroyed, and volunteer to defend them, the pettifogging scribblers of the Watchman endeavor to charge them with incompetency to judge for themselves, and sneeringly allude to their birth in a foreign clime. We do not know that a man's birth place constitutes an objection prejudicial to the liberty of any naturalized foreigner to entertain constitutional views.—Central Press.

What singular changes do sometimes occur in a very short period. For the last four years the editor of the Central Press has been, week after week, endeavoring to advance the cause of Know Nothingism. Yet, when that prosequerous doctrine has become too unpalatable to be longer espoused, he seeks to conceal his own guilt by charging us with his crime.

He professes great veneration for the Germans and the Irish, whom, as his record proves, he would disfranchise if he could. Yet he charges us with endeavoring to charge them with incompetency to judge for themselves by sneeringly alluding to their birth in a foreign clime.

Mistake not our language, Mr. Editor, it was only you we charged with incompetency to judge for and set up your own dicta for the government of others, not on account of your birth in a foreign clime of itself, but because you had sold your birth right for a mess of pottage, and turned traitor to yourself, to nature and your God.

## The "Press" Once More.

The editor of the Central Press (we mean George Kurtz, the nominal editor, not the man who does the scribbling) has returned not only from the caucus of Republican editors that assembled last week in Harrisburg, but also to his old favorite policy of bellowing treason, traitor, Breckinridge Democracy, &c., at every body who does not agree with him in his higher law doctrine that a negro is a good deal better than a white man. He had almost ceased his cant upon this subject, seeing, as he did, that the Douglas and Breckinridge Democracy had furnished all the fighting Generals and nearly all—three fourths at least—of the rank and file of the army of the Union.

Almost every day brings us news of some great victory won by some Douglas or Breckinridge Democratic General, with a Democratic army, notwithstanding the oft repeated charges of disloyalty preferred against them by the Central Press and other papers in the State like it, has convinced every body except a few abolitionists, that the Democracy is the great and only constitutional Union party in existence, and that the charges of disloyalty preferred against a diseased brain and a guilty conscience could, in its anxiety to screen itself, prefer against another.

When a man's heart becomes besotted and blackened with crime, and when, after the perpetration of a huge offence, suspicion begins to turn upon himself, he is generally the one that calls loudest, "catch the thief!" The good people of this County have, from reading the lies, falsehoods, and the slanders against the army battling for the Union and the conservative men at home, who are holding the revolutionary doctrine of the abolitionists in check, that week after week find vent in the columns of the Press, began to very seriously question the Union of the Press editor, and as they, day after day, withdrew their support, Consistent George begins to feel as though his self imports, "popularity was waning, and that suspicion—strong conviction and indignation—was hurrying his fiery darts at him, and while they pierce his conscience to its rotten core, "catch the thief!"

Catch the thief—you are shooting the wrong man—behold the editor of the Watchman, the Breckinridge Democracy—they are the guilty men.

The people don't seem to believe him, however, as our support is almost daily on the increase, and although the grand jury, according to a pre-arranged existing plan, fitted up expressly for partisan effect at the last fall election, did present this paper as being, in their holy abolition opinion, in sympathy with the rebellion; yet the people, in their better unprejudiced judgment, thought better of us, as is evidenced from the fact that they elected the whole ticket that was put in nomination by the Convention by a resolution endorsed us. The unholy proceeding of that very presentment, which was partly forced upon the jury by an outside pressure, instead of killing us and the party we represent, as it was intended, made many votes for it at the last election, and is now, as it is being recurred to weekly by the Press, bringing many of the best men in the Republican party into the Democratic ranks.

The turning of the machinery of justice into an engine of party, was an act so gross a nature that all honest people shrank back in horror from it. Proscription for opinion's sake is contrary to the spirit and first principles of Republican government, and when a political party as in this instance, uses the power which by a system of false pretences it had gained to muzzle the press and close the mouths of the people from speaking of their usurpations, their violations of the Constitution, and their damning frauds upon the people, it presents a state of affairs truly alarming.

The Republican party, dating its proscription policy back to the days of Know Nothingism, when men were to be proscribed on account of their birth and religion, has followed it up assiduously, until we were proscribed, not on account of birth and religion, but because our political opinions differed with those of the party in power. Even in the days of Know Nothingism, when the people saw proscription carried to such an extent that a man would proscribe his own father, as did the editor of the Press, they became justly alarmed and cast the unholy thing from them. Now, when the same intolerant spirit still stalks abroad and has assumed a wider field, the moral sense of the people is shocked with its impudence, and the lovers of liberty, although deceived into the support of the party for a while that tolerated and fostered this spirit, have, upon the commission of this glaring act, left it, and may be found now, and we trust forever, hereafter battling against proscription, and in favor of the Constitution and white men's rights, in the ranks of the Democratic party. This presentment opened the eyes of a blind-folded people.

Many of those in the bark Republican, have seen the shoals and breakers upon which they were drifting, and have left it in sufficient numbers to insure us a large Democratic majority in this County for many years to come. But the editor of the Press is still the same intolerant proscription wretch he was when a Know Nothing, when he sold his birthright and voted to proscribe his own old grey headed father.—"Dirty is the bird that fouls its own nest," is a lesson that he would do well to learn from the brute creation.

This is the man who sets himself up as

the paragon of virtue and patriotism, and weekly rails charges of treason at men whose patriotism is as far above his as the heavens are above the earth. The mark of Cain is stamped upon his forehead, and he will carry it down with him to the grave.

The last issue of the Central Press has two columns appropriated to a recant of the political sins of the Senator. We were much pleased with the novelty of the charges preferred against us by Consistent George, who if sinned we are, is responsible for them all. A little scrap of history may serve to enlighten the people, and fasten our guilt—if guilt it be—upon Consistent George, the political colporteur.

In the summer of 1856, when we were young, (before we cast our first vote) at home on the farm, unoppressed as we were, not having been identified with any political party, and only desiring that when we should be permitted to vote, that it should be on the right side—on the side of our country, and in favor of the interests of the whole people of this government, we naturally tried to get all the information we could of political men and measures. We think it was just after harvest, while plowing in a field adjoining a public road, about the middle of the afternoon, that we had stopped our team to rest, and seated ourselves upon the fence under the shade of a large oak tree. We were in a thoughtful mood at the time as the political contest of that year had begun to warm into a more vigorous life. The election was fast approaching, and we wanted to cast our vote in such a way that we should never have occasion to regret it.

Our knowledge respecting the character of the different candidates was limited, and we were trying to fix up in our mind, from the little knowledge we had on the subject, which was the best man—ten cent Jimmy, as they called him—Fremont, or Fillmore. We didn't like Buchanan. They told us he favored the reduction of the wages of labor to ten cents a day. We never believed this altogether; but I had its effect upon our mind, and rather gave us a sort of prejudice against the old man. We didn't like Fillmore, on account of his Know Nothingism. We didn't like Fremont, on account of his Abolitionism. We were in a brown study, trying to fix up some sort of compromise between them, when our attention was attracted by the merry whistling of a man coming up the road driving an old rickety pedlar's wagon. We supposed it was some Jew pedlar, or some wandering Egyptian, and relapsed again into a political study. It was, not long, however, until our supposed Jew, with a loud whoop, brought his old horse "up stammin'" right behind us. We looked around, expecting to be accosted with, "do you want to buy any jewelry, finger rings, &c.;" but imagine our surprise, when the first question was: "Young man, have you a vote this fall?" We replied yes. "Well," said he, "there has been a great many slanders put in circulation, concerning James Buchanan's ten cent policy, and the Democratic party generally, and I am just going around selling a book that corrects and entirely refutes all those base charges gotten up by the Know Nothings and Abolitionists, to detect Buchanan." He then went off in elegant style, with a long exposition of the perils of Abolitionism and the proscription policy of Know Nothingism, and enlarged upon the beauties of democracy. We bought his book—the life of James Buchanan—a twenty-five cent book, which he induced us to buy at a dollar, and telling us that we had a bargain in it at that.

He looked like a devout man—at least his old crooked neck horse looked as though he had spent a life time in a colporteur's service—and we believed him. We read our book, and behold! it was good. All doubt as for whom we should vote was now dispelled. We learned to love the principles of the old Democracy, and we at once fell into line, and have marched on ever since with the moving column, right by the old land marks pointed out in the Cincinnati platform—a copy of which was in our book.

The political missionary, who sold us the twenty-five cent book for a dollar, was George Kurtz, the man who now turns the crank of the nigger machine down street. It is incredible as it may seem, this rampant Abolitionist did once claim to be a Democrat, and traveled as a missionary, selling twenty-five cent books for a dollar. If we have erred in adhering to the Democratic party, and it be treason to be a Democrat, then we plead guilty; but how ungracious in the editor of the Press after charging us in that book, out of which we learned our democracy, to denounce us as a traitor to our country for adhering to that party. O, the ungracious man! not satisfied with the seventy-five cents clear profit that he made on that book, he now wants to get us hung or sent off to Fort Warren, so that he can get to publish the unsated land list Bah!

But a few days before the election, we know that the present editor of the above—professed and rampant Douglasite—wheeled right about face—turned his back like a southern court, against Douglas and smiled most complacently at his friend Breckinridge. This was his peculiar Democratic policy, because he knew it was impossible to defeat Lincoln unless he left the "Little Giant" aside. We do not wish to cast opprobrious epithets upon the Democratic party, but it is evident from the evidence of this editor that he is emphatically a loofocoo. This is the true character of the editor of the Watchman.—Central Press.

"A few days before the election we know," &c. You do know, do you? We question your word very much, when you say you know what you state. If you mean to say that you know what you state to be false, then we admit it; but if you state it for truth, then we know, positively know, that the editor of the Press knows that what he states is false.

## PEN, PASTE AND SCISSORS.

Variable—The weather.  
Coming—"All Fools" day.  
Plenty—Walking uniforms.  
Venomous—The Press editor.  
Gone to Washington—Hon. S. T. Shugert.  
Hard to take—Island No. 10, and some of the brandy in Bellefonte.  
On hand again—Our correspondent "Roanoke."  
Our devil thinks the Bellefonte girls are hard to beat. Well, no wonder.  
Gives us matter—The Central Press. Well no matter—barking dogs never bite.  
In town on Monday and Tuesday—Our friend and former editor of the Watchman, P. Gray Meek, Esq.

When a woman wishes to be very affectionate to her lover she calls him a naughty man.  
"Pitchy darkness" has been so improved in a few times as to read "bituminous obscurity."  
The idle man is the devil's hireling, and he is living in rags, and those diet and wages are famous and disgraceful.  
Soft soap in some shape pleases all, and generally the more you put in the better.  
He that is good will become better; and he that is bad worse; for virtue, vice, and time never stop.  
Sarah Hogg, of Philadelphia, died from the effects of whiskey. She lived a flogg and died a hog?  
Do you believe, sir, that the dead ever walk after death? "No doubt of it, madam; I have heard the Dead March."  
It is wise and well to look on the cloud of sorrow as though we expected it to turn into a rainbow.  
The Press man calls us traitors. Well if we are, we have never yet gone so far as to attempt to betray our own daddies.  
Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard? Because neither of them is satisfied with the moderate use of the glass.  
The Press thinks we are secessionists. Well, we would sooner be secessionists than Abolitionists—rather be admirers of Jefferson Davis than of Wendell Phillips.  
Wardworth cautions a studious friend against "growing double." But the girls think it is the best thing a nice young man can do.  
Young Giles who is just beginning to learn French, wants to know how it is, if they have no in their language, that them chaps spell wauw.

The West Chester Jeffersonians says that two hogs were recently slaughtered in that county, which weighed, when dressed, 1146 lbs. They were three days short of thirteen months old.  
In instructing others, we improve ourselves. He who is engaged in the tuition of others, will find that he has attained a portion of which he was not previously conscious.  
The Democratic standing Committee of this County, will meet at the Court House on Tuesday evening of April Court. It is hoped that all the members will be in attendance.  
A dispatch to the Cincinnati Gazette says that Gen. Grant has turned over his command to Gen. Smith, and asks to be relieved of his command. What is the trouble?  
A secessionist says that the rebel general Moore has been out of his mind to neglect Fort Henry. This is quite a mistake. It was only some of his men that were tight.

Parson Cheerer was hissed in the streets of Jersey City, N. J., last Sunday, after leaving the church where he had profaned the sabbath by denouncing Washington and McClellan and lauding abolition.  
Some genius has conceived the brilliant idea of putting all lawyers into the military service because their charges are so great no one could stand them.  
The editors of the two Tribunes—New York and Chicago—are quarreling, and calling each other scoundrels and dried mules. "Anything what they be?" "When rogues fall out," &c.  
According to letters found at Roanoke after his capture, the rebels are building, somewhere, one hundred gunboats. They are to be ready for service about the first of June.  
The Press editor says he didn't get into bad company during his recent visit to the city. He must have had a terribly loose company of them.

The editor of the Press thinks the Union and the Constitution will be preserved. We hope they may—but if they are, there will be no thanks due such men as him.  
The work of gun making is crowded to such an extent at the Springfield Mass. Army now, that all the daylight there between sun and sun is used, and over \$5,000 worth of gas per quarter.  
It is stated that the sound of the cannonading at Fort Donelson was heard 2 hundred miles. Singular as it may appear, the shock was felt at a much greater distance. It is represented to have been terrific as far as Richmond.

A disconsolate widow, seeing the remains of his late wife lowered into the grave, exclaimed with tears in his eyes: "Well I've lost hogs, and I've lost cows, but I never had anything that I lost me up like this!"  
Connecticut sends from her two Democratic districts (represented by Democrats in Congress) more than three fourths of the volunteer forces from that State. The two Republican districts sent less by 200 than one fourth; but they make up by sending officers and contractors.  
"How," said a country court judge to a witness, do you know the prisoner was intoxicated on the evening referred to?" "Because I saw him a few minutes after supper, trying to pull off his trousers with a boot jack." Verdict for defendant.  
A Frenchman was recently seen bargaining for a dozen sheep. What are you about? said a friend. I have heard say, replied the man, that if you want to make money, you must buy sheep and sell deer.—"I shall buy the sheep and sell de venison!"

An old negro taken on board one of the vessels at Port Royal, the other day, was overheard praying vigorously that "de Lord would break dese de—de Yankees." Poor Sambo had never heard his friends designated by any other title, and unconsciously used it even in his prayer.

## Army Correspondence.

"BURNSIDE EXPEDITION."  
"ROANOKES SOUND."  
March 7th, 1862.  
EDITORS WATCHMAN:—We are again embarked on board the steamer *Cassock*, and expected ere this to have arrived at our point of destination. But it is now blowing, and has been since last night, a perfect gale, and to attempt to sail now would be but to launch our steady old bark upon the shore or shoals. The small cutters, which can mount almost any waves, even in heavy seas, would swamp today were they to attempt to make the shore. So, we are just now a little world within ourselves, cut off from all outside communication, for the time being, with the waves dashing their spray against the sides of our staunch old boat in wild confusion.

We are having the variations of march to a dead certainty. It seems to matter but little whether one is basking in the sun of a tropical climate, or sleighing over the mountains and through the valleys of the old Keystone, the same feelings are awakened when the name of Spring is announced. The cold chills naturally begin to be felt, and you look for all the changes peculiar to Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. We have experienced so much pleasant weather since we landed upon the soil of North Carolina—there having been but one frost, and but one time ice perceptible upon the edges of the little pools of water near our quarters—that we had almost begun to think blustering March would pass and we would not have to experience any of her fretful moods; but now we are satisfied that her *debut* is the same the world over.

Yesterday we were fanned by a breeze as helmy as in May, with as lovely a sunset as when the foliage of your mountain trees are clothed in all of their autumnal beauty, and the waters of the Croatan were as calm and placid as when an August sun warms the waters of Spring or Logan creeks. Night settled down so peacefully, spreading her broad mantle so gradually and gently over us, studding the blue sky with a myriad of twinkling stars to keep her vigils, that it seemed to us as though we were wrapped in an Elysian dream, floating down the Mississippi or the Gulf Stream, when every-where peace and prosperity claimed their wonted sway. We retired to our berths, soon to be wrapped in peaceful slumber, to dream of home and friends,—"maids," as Pollock says, "a dream of pure and fair, our souls with grandeur filled." We were however, soon awakened, not by a gentle whisper or the pleasant call to breakfast, but by the sound of the dark sea's moan, and our heads coming from a peaceful slumber, the bulkheads of our old ship, legs out of berth and the confused noise of a general scrambling.

"What's the matter?"  
"The slat of your berth has slipped and almost broke my nose," says some one below.  
"Off me quicker than lightning, or the devil to my right," says another; "it has two bottles of brandy in it," cries a third, whose relish for brandy never ceased amid storms.  
"When you have two, cast one out on the deck," says a fourth, who is now on the deck.  
"What is the matter are you sea sick for? What's up now?" says one who had stamned many a storm. A wag from the corner berth, says: "March has put on a few airs, and our heads coming from a peaceful slumber, and the sea's putting on a few sneezes—have seen as heavy a squall on the Pennsylvania Canal—have disabled the Capes and gone down the Chesapeake, and the Rebels to night, and this is but a pleasant breeze—so turn in and take your rest." The last words had not more than fallen from his lips, when a heavy sea strikes the ship and sends Mr. Hartranft, the commissary, and the Rebels, the Capes? taking a tour around the Horn, or on the Pennsylvania Canal? burst from the lips of half-a-dozen. "No," says he, "I was trying to get some beef steak from the commissary's store, and heaved too; I thought I would get one when my slipped, as you see." The scene closes and the windries, and another episode in the life of a soldier on the "ocean wave" is finished.

A great many writers have dwelt with much stress upon the pleasures of a life on the "ocean wave." We don't think they have done so wisely. The sea is full of temptations, and yields too often for many of us.  
Eighteen contrabands came down to the island on yesterday and report that the enemy are concentrating a heavy force at Wilmington, and that every man in the State able to carry a shot-gun or rifle, had been compelled to come out and guard the Railroads. The possession of the Railroads at Gaston or Suffolk, would enable us to cut off all communication from Richmond, Norfolk, Wilmington and other points of like importance, from South Carolina and much of North Carolina. The way the expedition would have to accomplish it, would be to sail to Winton, the farthest point navigable on the Chowan river for vessels of large size, and there disembark the troops and march from there to the point where the Roads to the places named form a junction. The attack being expected at Wilmington or Newbern, their forces would be comparatively small to guard the Railroads, and the distance to march would not exceed thirty miles. The destruction of that point would give us undisputed control over much of the State, and would constitute one of the most brilliant victories yet achieved. The Roads run through the richest and most fertile parts of North Carolina. If the army were stationed at that point, it would form a central nucleus around which the Unionists might gather, and it would soon be known whether the strong Union feeling so much spoken of, does really exist. The Chowan and other rivers are navigable for small schooners and light draft boats, thereby affording transportation for our baggage, commissary and general stores, to points easy of access, and in close proximity to our field operations.

Whether the Expedition sails to that point, remains to be seen.  
SATURDAY MORNING, }  
March 8th, 1862. }  
The gale has subsided, and the *Sounds* is rather calm. Considerable activity prevails among the small craft to-day. The cutters and surf-boats are skimming around from vessel to vessel, apparently doing a big business on a small scale. The hogs are steaming up and down the Sound, towing small and large schooners. The large black trawls ports change positions, and we take a look

from one end of the fleet to the other; the same commotion prevails. The old *Cassock* is being thoroughly polished, and looks as neat and clean as a new pin. Now the lower guards are lined with soldiers washing, and the upper decks are lined with them basking in the sunshine. At the time we were aboard the *Cassock* before, on a day like this, one could see the soldier boy seated with his old "Harper's Ferry" on his knee, cleaning it in every part and putting it in good order for the approaching conflict. Since then the old "Harper's Ferry" have been exchanged for the Enfield-rifle, a neat gun of nearly the same calibre. The barrels are bronzed, rendering them much easier to sling. The boys are all pleased with the exchange, though they took a long, last look at the old guns as they laid them down in the new box to be closed up and sent to shore in charge of the Quartermaster's Department.

Some sickness prevails among the men just now. Surgeon Hassack, of our Regiment, is sick, and is now being taken ashore to the general hospital.

Departure of the *Naval Force and First Brigade*.—The gun-boats have just started, followed by the 1st Brigade, and are rounding the point of the island. The direction indicates Norfolk or Winton. The last chance to send this to the island to be mailed to you, is now. Adieu. Yours,  
"ROANOKE."

## Official Dispatch from Gen. Burnside.

WASHINGTON, March 19.  
Gen. Burnside, in his official report says: I must defer for want of time, a detailed account of the action. It is enough to say, that after an engagement of four hours, we succeeded in carrying a long line of field works of over a mile in length, from the river bank by a battery of thirteen heavy guns, and on the opposite bank by a line of redoubt of over a half a mile in length for riflemen and field pieces in the marshes and swamps and dense forests, which line of works was defended by eight regiments of infantry; 500 cavalry, and three batteries of field artillery of six guns each.

The position was finally carried by a gallant charge of our men, which enabled us to gain the rear of all the batteries between this point and Newbern, which was done by the rapid advance of the fire force up the main road and railroad. The naval fleet meantime was pushing its way up the river, throwing their shot into the forts in front of us, the enemy retreating in great confusion, throwing away blankets, knapsacks, arms, &c., across the railroad bridge and country road bridge. They burned the former and destroyed the draw of the latter, thus preventing further pursuit and causing a detention in occupying the town by our military force—but the naval force had arrived at the wharves and commanded it by their guns.

I at once advanced Gen. Foster's brigade to take possession of the town by means of the naval vessels, which Com. Rowan had kindly volunteered for the purpose. The city was set on fire by the retreating rebels in many places, but owing to the exertions of the naval officers the remaining citizens were induced to aid in extinguishing the flames so that but little harm was done. Many of the citizens are now returning, and we are now in quiet possession of the city. We have captured the printing press, and shall at once issue a daily sheet.

By this victory our combined force have captured eight batteries, containing 24 guns, six guns each, making in all sixty-four guns, two steamboats, and a number of sailing vessels, horses, a large quantity of ammunition, commissary stores, quartermaster stores, forage, and the entire camp equipment of the rebel troops; a large quantity of rosin turpentine, cotton, &c., and over 200 prisoners. Our loss thus far ascertained will amount to 21 killed and 406 wounded, many of them mortally; among these are some of our most gallant officers and men. The rebel loss is severe, but not so great as our own, having been effectually covered by their works.

I beg to say to the General Commanding the army, that I have endeavored to carry out the very minute instructions given me by him before leaving Annapolis, and thus far events have been singularly coincident with his anticipations. I only hope that we may in future carry out in detail the remaining plans of the campaign. The only thing I have to regret is the delay caused by the elements.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, March 19.  
The tug Leslie, which arrived here late last night, reports that the rebel force at Aquia Creek, the buildings and wharves were on fire. The supposition being that the rebels had evacuated and taken and burnt them.

The town of St. Augustine was surrounded without a fight. The town authorities receiving Commander Rogers in the town hall, and after having been assured that he would protect the loyal citizens, they raised the flag with their own hands. The rebel troops evacuated the night before the appearance of the gun boats. This is the second of the old Government forts that has been taken by Com. Dupont.

## The 51st Pennsylvania Regiment.

NEWBURN PA., March 19.  
We have glorious news from the Fifty-first Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel J. F. Hartranft, now in service in Burnside's expedition. The regiment is mainly composed of officers and men of the old Fourth Pennsylvania, of the three months' term.—Sergeant Major C. Jones Ireland, of that regiment, writes home that the Fifty-first, after taking the enemy's battery on the left of the defenses of Newbern with the bayonet, was the first regiment to plant its colors, along with the flag presented by the ladies of New-ristown to the old Fourth, (three months' regiment,) in the enemy's entrenchments.—Thus their gallantry at the reduction of Newbern fully vindicates the fame of the old regiment, and does honor to the Old Keystone.

Keep out of politics—out of quarrels—out of law—out of debts—out of idleness—out of this shoes—out of damp clothes—out of the matter of brandy—out of public offices—out of matrimony, unless you are in love or there is no way in the bargain—and keep clear of the monstrous sin of cheating the printer out of his just dues.

Two Irishmen were going to fire off a cannon, just for fun; but being of an economical turn of mind, they did not wish to lose the ball, so one took an iron kettle in his hand to catch it, and stationing himself in front of the loaded piece, he exclaimed to the other who stood behind holding a lighted torch.—"Touch it easy, Pat!"