

# The Democratic Watchman.

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## Miscellaneous.

[From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.]  
Capture of Manassas by the United States.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Editor T. T.—Patriotism, my boy, is a very beautiful thing. The surgeon of a Western regiment has analyzed a very nice case of it, and says that it is peculiar to this hemisphere. He says that it first breaks out in the mouth, and from thence extends to the heart, causing the latter to swell. He says that it goes on raging until it reaches the pocket, when it suddenly disappears, leaving the patient very Constitutional and conservative. "Bless me!" says the surgeon, intently regarding a spoon with a tumbler round it, "if a genuine American ever dies of patriotism, it will be because the Tax Bill hasn't been applied soon enough."

I believe him, my boy! On Monday morning, just as the sun was rising up like a big gold watch "put up" at some celestial Simpson's, the sentinels at Fort Corcoran were seized with horrible tremblings at a sight calculated to make perpendicular hair fashionable. As far as the eye could reach on every side of the Capital, the ground was black with an approaching multitude, each man of whom wore large spectacles, and carried a serious carpet bag and a bottle-green umbrella.

"Be jabers!" says one of the sentinels, whose impudent English frequently causes him to be taken for the Duc de Chartres. "It's the whole Southern Confederacy coming to board with us."

"Alsey, my boy," says the other sentinel, straightening the barrel of his musket and holding it very straight to keep the fatal ball from rolling out, "tis the specks of all your previous descendants coming to ax us, was our grandmother the Secretary of the Navy."

Right away came the multitude, their spectacles glistening in the sun like so many exasperated young planets, and their umbrellas and carpet bags swinging like the pendulums of so many infuriated clocks.

Pretty soon the advance guard, who was a chap in a white neck tie and a hat resembling a stone pipe in reduced circumstances, poked a sentinel in the ribs with his umbrella, and says he:

"Where's Congress?"

"Is it Congress ye want?" says the sentinel.

"Yessir!" says the chap. "Yessir!—These are friends of mine—ten thousand, six hundred and forty-two free American citizens. We must see Congress. Yessir!—dammit! How about that tax bill? We come to protest against certain features in that bill."

"Murder an' turf!" says the sentinel, "tis it the taxes all them odd chaps is after blaming?"

"Yessir!" says the chap, hysterically, jamming his hat down over his forehead and stabbing himself madly under the arm with his umbrella. Taxes is a outrage. Not at taxes," says the chap with sudden benignity, "but the taxes which falls upon us—Why can't they tax them as is able to pay, without oppressing us ministers, editors, merchants, lawyers, grocers, peddlers, and professors of religion?" Here the chap turned very purple in the face, and his eyes bulged greenly out, and says he: Congress is a ass."

"That's true for you," says the sentinel, "they ought to exempt the whole nation and tax the rest of it."

The multitude then swarmed into Washington, my boy, and if they don't smother the Tax Bill, it will be because Congress is case hardened.

The remainder of the Mackerel Brigade being ordered to join the Conic Section at Accomac for an irresistible advance on Manassas, I mounted my gothic steed Pegasus on Thursday morning.

Pegasus, my boy, has greatly improved since I rubbed him down with Snob's Patent Hair Invigorator, and his tail much less like a whisk broom than it did at first. It is now fully able to maintain itself against all flies whatsoever. The general of the Mackerel Brigade rode beside me on a spirited black frame; and says he:

"That funeral feast of yours is a monument of the home affections. Thunder! says the general, shedding a small tear over the color of Schiedam Schnapps, I never look at air horse without thinking of the time when I buried my first baby; its head is shaped so much like a coffin."

On reaching Accomac my boy, we found Captain William Brown at the head of the Conic Section of the Mackerel Brigade, dressed principally in a large sword and brass buttons, and taking the altitude of the sun with a glass instrument erected by means of a bottle.

"Ah," says William, "you are just in time to hear my speech to the sons of Mars, previous to the capture of Manassas by the United States of America."

Hereupon William mounted a demijohn laid lengthwise and says he:

"Fellow Ansacondas!—Having been informed by a gentleman who has spent two weeks at Manassas, that the Southern Confederacy has gone South for its health, I have concluded that it is time to be offensive. The great Ansacondas having eluded Barnum, is about to move on the enemy's rear."

"Rear aloft your peaks ye mountings, Rear aloft your waves, O sea! Hear your sparkling crests ye fountings, or my love's come back to me."

The day of inaction is past, and now the United States of America is about to swoop down like a exasperated Eagle, on the chickens left by the hawk. Are you ready my sagacious reptiles to spill a drop or so for your sinking country. Are you ready to rise up as one man—

"The rose is red, The willow blue, Sugar is sweet, and Bully for you."

"Ages to come will look down on this day and say: they died young. The Present will reply: I don't see it; but the present is just the last thing for us to think about—Richmond is before us, and their left it be we shall take it in a few years."

It might be for years and it may be forever. Then why art thou sitting in pride of me here, which is priority. I hereby divide this here splendid army into one corps d'armee, and take command of it."

At the conclusion of this thrilling oration my boy, the corps d'armee formed itself into a hollow square, in the centre of which appeared a man, clad in ambalance.

"Tell me my gay Achilles, what you carry in that?"

"Ha!" says William, balancing himself on one leg, "them's my Repeater. This morning, says William, sagaciously. I discovered six Repeaters among my men. Each of them voted six times last election day and I've put them where they can't be killed."

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## A Fortunate Kiss.

The following pretty little story is narrated by Frederika Bremer, who vouches for its truthfulness:

In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student, a noble youth, with a great love for studies, but without the means of pursuing them. He was poor and without connections. Still he studied, living in great poverty, but keeping a cheerful heart, and trying to look at the future, which looked so grimly at him. His good humor and excellent qualities made him beloved by his young comrades. One day he was standing with some of them in the great square of Upsala, prattling away an hour of leisure when the attention of the young men became attracted by a young and elegant lady, who at the side of an elderly one, was slowly walking over the place. It was the only daughter of the Governor of Upsala, living in the city, and the lady with her was the governess. She was generally known for her goodness and gentleness of character, and looked upon with admiration by all the students. As the young men stood, gazing at her, as she passed on, like a graceful vision, one of them suddenly exclaimed:

"Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth!"

The poor student, the hero of our story, who looked on that pure, angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration:

"Well, I think I could have it!"

"What!" cried his friends in chorus, "are you crazy? Do you know her?"

"Not at all!" he answered, "but I think she would kiss me now if I asked her."

"What! in this place, before all our eyes?"

"Yes, in this place, before your eyes."

"Freely?"

"Freely."

"Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner, I will give you a thousand dollars!" exclaimed one of the party.

"And I,"—and I," exclaimed three or four others; for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and the bet ran high on so improbable an event.

The challenge was made and received in less than time we take to tell it.

Our hero (my author told me whether he was handsome or plain; I have my peculiar ideas for believing that he was rather plain, but singularly good looking at the same time,) immediately walked off to the young lady, and said:

"Mine fortune, my fortune is now in your hands."

She looked at him in astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspirations, and related, simply and truly, what had just occurred between him and his companions.

The young lady listened attentively, and at his ceasing to speak, she said blushing, but with great sweetness:

"If by so little a thing so much good can be effected, it would be foolish for me to refuse your request;" and publicly in the open square, she kissed him.

Next day the student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the man who had dared to seek a kiss from his daughter in that way, and whom she had consented to kiss so.

He received him with a scrutinizing bow, but, after an hour's conversation, so was pleased with him that he ordered him to dine at his table during his studies at Upsala.

Our young man pursued his studies in a manner which soon made him regarded as the most promising student in the University.

Three years were now passed since the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second one to the daughter of the Governor, as his intended bride.

He became later, one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, and as much respected for his acquirements as for his character.

His works will endure while time lasts, among the works of science; and from this happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden even at the present time, and whose wealth and high positions in society are regarded as trifles in comparison with its wealth of goodness and love.

A patriotic landlady, patronized by one of our exchanges, in her desire to emulate the generosity of city governments and other corporations in continuing the wages of absent soldiers, has given notice that if any of her boarders will enlist, she will allow their board to run right on all the time.

Can the spirit of generous devotion to the interests of the country go any further than this?

The following notice was found posted on the bulletin of a Western Post Office, up Nick Whiffles way:

Lost—a red kaf. He had a white spot on his legs. He was a heifer kaf. I will give three dollars to anybody who will bring him home.

## Army Correspondence.

CAMP WORTH, NEAR NASHVILLE, TENN., March 31, 1862.

MESSRS. EDITORS!—My last letter was written and mailed at Munfordsville, a few minutes before we received orders to march for this place. We left there at 8 o'clock, A. M., the 11th inst., and made that day a march of about seventeen miles, and encamped near the Mammoth Cave, Ky.

Owing to a few miles of the turnpike not being macadamized, we had to leave it and take a blind road through the wood, which we found very hilly and muddy; the distance, however, was only about twelve miles, until we again reached the turnpike.

Many of our teams did not arrive in camp till about twelve o'clock the next day, where we were impatiently waiting for them. After the teams were fed, we again took up our line of march, and continued it till about 8 o'clock that night, when we encamped in a beautiful orchard, using the apple trees for posts to fasten the picket rope, to which we tied our horses. We were ordered to be ready to march at four o'clock the next morning, and at the appointed hour the whole column was moving toward Bowling Green, where we arrived about ten o'clock, A. M., making a march of nineteen miles.

When daylight made its appearance, we found we were traveling through a beautiful country, the land rich and well improved; but as we neared Bowling Green the marks of the army became more visible.

Many large brick farm houses stood doorless, windowless and cheerless, where all around but a few months ago was gaiety, mirth and happiness. The timber and fences for miles around Bowling Green have been destroyed by the soldiers who were encamped there.

Bowling Green, no doubt, has been quite a business place, and is beautifully located; but when we passed through, it was almost depopulated, the streets and alleys were filled with dirt and filth of every kind.

The town has every appearance of, at one time, being well fortified; the breastworks and batteries still stand in bold defiance to be closely scrutinized by the Federal soldiers, as they pass by.

We had an opportunity of entering the batteries and walking along their breastworks, which seemed quite a curiosity to many of the regiment. Both the railroad and turnpike bridges being consumed by fire, about the time the enemy evacuated the town, we were obliged to cross the river on a pontoon bridge, which we did with safety.

On the afternoon of the 14th inst., we again took up our line of march, and took up our quarters about dark in a large church which stood near the pike, traveling a distance of twelve miles during a heavy rain. The church being two stories high, nearly the whole regiment took shelter in it from the drenching rain. The next morning we went to move at an early hour, and arrived at Mitchellville, Tenn., about the middle of the afternoon, where we encamped for the night, on an old camp ground of the enemy's.

The remaining part of our way to Nashville we found good road and had pleasant weather—the distance from Bowling Green seventy miles. Here, also, we found the bridges burned, and crossed the Cumberland land river on a steam ferry boat. Here we were gratified with a sight of one of the gun boats that was engaged in the battle of Fort Donelson.

She was viewed with interest from the ferry boat. Thirteen heavy guns were visible.

There are no signs of any fortifications having been erected near the city, which, I think, is evidence that they never dreamed it would fall into our hands, till a few days before they left the place in such confusion.

There are many splendid residences, and costly structures erected in and around Nashville, but I need not attempt to describe them, as it has already been done by a reliable pen, in your number of the 20th ult.

But I would say here, that business is dull at present, but many who had left are returning. Very many houses and places of business are yet closed, and perhaps will remain so until this war terminates.

A number of steam boats arrive daily with troops, and regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade are moving on Southward in the direction of Columbia, Tenn.

Gen. Buell and body guard left here last Monday for the same place. His headquarters are as yet at Nashville.

We have just learned with regret of the death of Corporal Thaddeus Longwell. He was unwell when we left Munfordsville, but had no desire to be left behind, and succeeded in riding his horse until we reached Bowling Green, when he was compelled to give up and was conveyed the remaining part of the way in an ambulance. He was sent from camp to one of the many hospitals in Nashville, where he died on the 26th inst.

As a non-commissioned officer he was obedient and dutiful, always willing to discharge the duties entrusted to him. Kind

and social with his fellow soldiers, he had gained the esteem of all. His tent-mates, in fact, the whole company are stricken down in sorrow at losing one so courteous and agreeable; but he has been called from time to eternity while in the discharge of his duties, by a higher power than any on earth, and by one who doeth all things well—therefore we should not mourn, but apply the admonition to ourselves: Be ye also ready.

I stated, in a former letter, that our regiment had been divided into three battalions. Each is now occupying different points. The first battalion is at Frankfort, twenty miles distant. The third thirty miles distant at Lebanon, Tenn., and the second (to which we belong) is encamped three miles south of Nashville. The Colonel and all the regimental officers are with the second battalion.

We are now furnished with North's Patent Revolver, which is considered a good article. Upon a fair trial made the other day by some of the officers, they proved to do good execution at a distance of one hundred yards. Why we are not furnished with the regular cavalry carbines, I am unable to say, as we returned the guns as unfit for service, that were issued to us at Camp Crittenden, Indiana. I hope we may get them soon. As my letter is getting somewhat lengthy, I will close with my respects to all.

Yours truly, J. P. H.

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.—Earth has some sacred spots, where we feel like losing our shoes from our feet, and treading with reverence; where common words of social converse seem rude, and friendship's hands have lingered in each other, where vows have been plighted, prayers offered, and tears of parting shed. Oh! how thoughts hover around such places, and travel back through unmeasured space to visit them! But of all spots on this green earth, none is so sacred as that where rests, waiting the resurrection, those we have once loved and cherished—our brothers, or our children. Hence in all ages, the better part of mankind have chosen and loved spots of the dead, and on these spots they have loved to wander at eventide and meditate. But of all, even in the charnel houses of the dead, none is so sacred as a mother's grave. There sleeps the nurse of infancy, the guide of our youth, the counsellor of our riper years, our friend when others desert us; she whose heart was a stranger to every other feeling but love—there she sleeps, and we love the very earth for her sake.

"IF YOU PLEASE."—When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last he took was a little tea. On his servant handing it to him in a saucer, and asking him if he would have it, he replied, "Yes if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy are expressed by them. He who had commanded the greatest armies in Europe, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah how many boys do. What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters and sometimes to their mothers. They order so. This is ill bred and unchristian, and shows a coarse nature and hard heart. In all your home talk remember, "if you please."

Among your playmates don't forget, "If you please." To all who wait upon or serve you believe that "if you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the dictionary. Don't forget these little words, "If you please."

A BOY PRISONER.—A St. Louis correspondent relates the following incident in the prison hospital at St. Louis:—A little drummer boy was evidently dying. A lady spoke to him, asking if he wanted anything. "No," was the feeble answer, but with a wistful look at the kind face over him, he said his mother had sent him from Mississippi to fight and defend her home. He did not regret it, but wanted to see his mother. He gave his name and his mother's address still looking wistfully, as if there was something on his mind. At last he said: "My mother is a good woman, too. She would treat a poor sick prisoner kindly, and if she were with your son, she would kiss him. I will kiss you my dear boy for your mother," said she. She kissed him, and in a few minutes he died.

WHO PLANS THE VICTORIES?—A Washington correspondent of the Springfield Republican gives the following interesting bit of testimony, which concerns with a multitude of others, to show that our recent course of victories has not been the result of chance or impulse:

"The subject was under discussion at a dinner table where Gen. Banks was present; and he, who, by the way, stands by Gen. McClellan most loyally, quietly remarked that while in consultation with Gen. McClellan last November or December, the latter incidentally took down a map, and pointed out to him upon it every movement that has since been made by our armies; and as to Manassas, he said that we should either drive the rebels from it in a successful battle or they would evacuate it of their own accord."

## The Glorious Battle Fields Concealed in the Near Future.

Whether the war to crush the Rebellion is to be indefinitely prolonged or to be practically ended by midsummer next, according to the expressed belief of Secretary Chase, would seem now to depend upon two momentous battles, one apparently impending in Virginia, and one on the Tennessee borders of the Cotton States. Concealed behind the veil which hides the near future are two names, now as obscure and homely as were "Pos Ridge," "Mill Creek," and "Oldland No. 10," a few months ago, but names which are hereafter to shine like day-stars in the history of the Republic. What so-called hamlets, what little streams, or what insignificant ranges of hills are to furnish these two names it is forbidden us now to know; but before the spring months are over we feel the deepest confidence they will be upon all our lips, and will be ranked among "the immortal names that were not born to die."

In the Southwest the fast gathering and formidable hosts of the Rebels surround the position of Buell, Grant, Smith and their brave companions with profound interest. Men's eyes are turned in that direction with deep anxiety. Bragg and his forces are reported there from Pensacola, Van Dorn is called from Arkansas. Beauregard is there, with the debris of the beaten armies of Zollicoffer, Buckner, Pillow and Floyd, and the raw levies from Mississippi and Alabama, and it is clear that a pitched battle of a decisive character is to be fought near where these forces are now concentrating. But on our side the tried and victorious men of "Somerset," "Henry," and "Donelson," are there, so gallantly and efficiently generated, so well organized and disciplined, so powerfully supported and so inspired by their recent triumphs, as to justify full confidence in a signal victory, whether they are the assailants or the assailed.

But in the Army of the Potomac, now moving through and occupying the country so long and so insolently held by the enemy, and so near to the National Capital as well as to ourselves, our people feel a more profound interest. Somewhere in this region, between the Rappahannock and the James, lies one of the fields which is to furnish one of the new unknown but soon to be immortal names to which we have referred.

Toward this point is gravitating, by progressive steps, one of the finest armies the world has ever seen. The leader is McClellan. While we hear but little through our own press of the movements of this army, enough is known, even through Rebel sources, to assure us that it is moving irresistibly on. Where its different corps are divisions are, and just where they are tending, it would be imprudent even to conjecture. It is sufficient now to state that the fullest confidence is felt by the Government in its numbers and in the high discipline to which it has been brought by its gallant leader; and that that leader, so long the subject of unmerited reproach, is held in the highest favor by the Government, and an equal confidence is felt that his present march is a march to assured victory.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Cincinnati paper, speaking of the capture of Fort Donelson says:

"Colonel Kinney, of the Fifty-sixth Ohio, related to me one of those strange and melancholy incidents which the fortunes of war sometimes bring to pass. As he was riding along the breastworks a day or two after the surrender, and while many of the dead were still unburied, he observed before him a private in his regiment named Bowman, strolling along. As he came up he noticed the latter suddenly start back, as if transfixed at the sight of a body before him. Approaching him, the Colonel asked him what surprised him, and added that he supposed he would have become accustomed to seeing dead bodies by this time. Turning to his inquirer, with an expression on his face such as only a discovery like this could produce, and pointing to the body, he replied: 'Colonel, that is my brother!'"

His brother had been a resident of Tennessee, and had joined the rebel army, but he had no knowledge of his whereabouts, or thought of his being one of the victims of the bloody conflict, until he thus accidentally stumbled across his dead body. Procuring a blanket, and the assistance of some comrades, he wrapped him in it and buried him in the spot where he had fallen."

FRANKLIN ASKING FOR WORK.—When a youth, Franklin went to London, entered a printing-office, and inquired whether he could get employment.

"Where are you from?" asked the foreman. "America," was the reply. "Ah!" said the foreman, "from America? A lad from America seeking employment as a printer? Well do you really understand the art of printing? Can you really set type?"

Franklin stepped up to one of the cases, and in a very brief space of time set up the following passage from the first chapter of John.

"Nathaniel said unto him, can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accurately, and so contained a delicate proof so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him a character and standing with all in the office.