

The Democratic Watchman.

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NO. 46.

Select Poetry.

SONG OF THE DEMOCRACY.

Addressed to Father Abraham.

BY DOUGLAS A. LEVINE.

We are coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand strong,
To save you from the clutches of the Abolition throng.
You've heard from Pennsylvania, and from Indiana, too,
And Ohio has been speaking through her ballot box to you.
The sturdy men of Iron, from the Furnace and the Mine,
With the Hoosiers and the Backs boys are wheeling into line,
They are marching to the music of the Union as of yore,
And New York is coming after them, Three Hundred Thousand more!

We are marching, Father Abraham, to that familiar time,
With which so oft in former years, we've shared the same doom.
Once more from hill and valley it rings forth with cheerful sound,
To gladden every household where a loyal heart is found.
See! Every star is blazoned on the banner we unfurl;
For the Union that Jackson saved, our Seymour will uphold.
To scatter all the Nation's foes—the Union to restore,
We are coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand more!

We are coming, Father Abraham, and as we march along,
We'll relieve you from the "pressure" of the Abolition throng.
You told them that you couldn't make a pig's leg of it all,
And that against the Comet Paps! bulls would not avail.
They wouldn't heed your anecdotes, or listen to your pleas,
They were the White Men should be slaves and Niggers should be free!
But you need not mind their ravings now, or trouble at their roars,
For we are coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand more!

We are coming, Father Abraham, so cast away your fears;
It's the new era's "clashes" that is ringing in your ears.
They promise to cast us Traitsors! But we point you to the blood,
That's also too Virginia's soil—that dyes Potomac's flood—
That's also the hills of Maryland, the plains of Tennessee,
Such "Traitors" Father Abraham, this Union loves to see!
It's a growing "Traitor" army that is thundering at your door,
And New York will swell its columns with Three Hundred Thousand more!

We are coming, Father Abraham, to vindicate the Union,
To hold the banner up—to guard the Nation's name.
Our motto is "The White Man's Rights," for this we've battled long—
For the well lighted way, with earnest hearts and strong.
For the well lighted way, with earnest hearts and strong.
For this we'll crush the Nation's foes, and save the Union as of yore,
This speaks the North! Oh! Abraham you'll lead us mighty on,
When New York shall swell the chorus with Three Hundred Thousand more!

Miscellaneous.

Ellen Woodman.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

There was a sound of revelry in the old mansion of John Woodman, and the rich and influential people of the town of Lynn were gathered there to celebrate the eighteenth birthday of Lynn's celebrated daughter, Ellen Woodman.

Old John Woodman was a wealthy Tory, and used every exertion in his power to further the reign of tyranny and to subvert the spirit of rebellion that had shown itself at Lexington and Concord, and was every day waking in the different parts of the colony. His only child, Ellen, was a fervent, noble disposition, and, besides, uniting many excellent qualities as a woman, she possessed much of that spirit that her father sought to put down; and, with all the influence she possessed, she worked for the good of the patriot cause.

Her father determined to show his resentment by marrying her to a young British lieutenant, by the name of Joseph Winslow, who, as a soldier, stood high, but as a man, was far below his rival, John Pettigill. This young man had long been in love with the beautiful Ellen, but, as his only qualifications were manliness, of course he met with no favor at the hands of the old Tory, who, to put him fairly at bay, had engaged his daughter to Winslow.

But the young Englishman was far from being the one that could win the heart of the Tory's child, for she loved the young farmer; and now that fate had set a seal upon her hopes, she cared not for the splendor that sported so wantonly at her side.

On the occasion referred to there were gallant youths and beautiful maidens assembled to pay their respects to her; but she sought the first opportunity that presented itself to meet her lover in the garden, where she had often listened to the mellow melody of his voice, and beneath the tree where she had acknowledged a love for the one she now despised of being nearer to a friend.

There were eyes to watch their move-

ments, and ears beside their own to listen to their words and store them up against her. A few days after this there was a rumor that General Ward and the Committee of Safety had resolved to erect a fort on Bunker Hill, and defend it against whatever force the British might see fit to send against it. This word found many echoes and many responses from the hardy husbandmen who lived in the vicinity; but in no place did it draw together a finer company than in Lynn.

The evening preceding the morning they were to march for Charlestown, young Pettigill, who had been chosen captain of a company, went to pay his respects to Ellen, and to say farewell, perhaps forever.

"And you are determined on going, then?" she asked, as he mentioned the subject to her.

"Yes, I have been chosen captain of the company, and feel it to be my duty to lead them on," said he.

"I am glad; and yet I fear something may happen to you, and that—"

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knocked Winslow's sword to the ground. "Now, if it please you, we will obey Mr. Woodman, for I would scorn to kill you, contemptible thing!"

"How is this, sir? How dare you invade my gardens and attack my friends?"

"Your friend attacked me, and you see I have defended myself."

"But we shall meet again," said Winslow.

"I hope so, and if Gage has no better men in his army than you are, you will have the pleasure of staying with me when we meet."

"Begone, knave!" said Woodman.

"When I have finished my business, if you please," and motioning to Ellen who stood but a few steps from them, he took both her hands in his, and turning to his vanquished foe and his father, said—

"I came to bid your daughter farewell; and now that this fellow has entered as a cherub for her, we will have all, and trust to the kindness of our swords for obtaining her."

"I agree to that," said Winslow, as he drove his dishonored sword into its scabbard.

"But I have a word to say," replied Woodman.

"Rest it there," said Winslow; "for if he dares to beard the lion in his den he shall know how weak he is, and be put out of the way."

"Perhaps," replied the young captain, and then turning to Ellen, added—"You hear the bargain, my friend, and I know you will abide the result. Farewell, my heaven-born beauty."

"Farewell," said she, gazing so lovingly into his face while a tearful trembling in her eyes she spoke. "I love the cause you go to fight for; and if you fall, I will cherish your memory as that of the dearest friend I ever had."

"Ellen, this from you are you mad?"

"No, father; I shall place all upon the result of war, for I love this man; and if he wins I will be his wife whether you wish it or not."

"Zounds! this from my daughter?"

"Rest it there, Mr. Woodman," said Winslow, "for if I win she will love me all the better, and if I fall I shall not lose much."

"But it shall not be!"

"I had rather it would be, if you please."

"But he is a rebel."

"She loves him!"

"Is it possible?"

"Rest it there; I am anxious to vindicate my honor," said Winslow, beginning to show his bravado again.

"As you say: yes—"

"Farewell, Ellen! God bless you!" and, casting a look at the two discomfited individuals who stood apart, our hero started away.

The sultry summer sun was pouring his oppressive rays upon the dry earth, and all hearts were pined the enervating tools, and were busily at work throwing up a rude fort on Breed's Hill. Col. Prescott and his men still toiled on where they had toiled the whole night long, and heeded not the melting sun, so eager where they to entrench themselves against the foe who was holding his iron rule over Boston.

But this painful labor was not to be for a long time, for already the battery on Copp's Hill began to send the messages of destruction among them, and the vessels that lay in the river to belch forth their fury upon that noble defense, who quailed not as the shots fell fiercer and faster among them.

Anxiety and commotion began now to spread on every hand, and there were hurried equipments and stern commands were quickened and ruled so lately and so profoundly.

At this juncture Captain Pettigill and his company of noble volunteers arrived at the redoubt, and at once relieved those who had borne the heat and burden of the day. But, before the rude fortress was completed, there landed upon the shores of Charlestown a force much their superior in point of numbers, but who, under cover of their batteries, sent themselves upon the green sward, and, in the presence of those fatigued and hungry patriots, refresh themselves with a hearty dinner, as though they did not deem the work before them of sufficient importance to make an innovation in their customs.

Meanwhile the volunteers were pouring into the fort, and were making every preparation in their power to repulse the foe who were feasting before their attack. Another regiment landed, and, under General Pigot, they prepared to advance upon the rebels, little thinking how many of them should

find their bed.

"The bloody turf of Bunker Hill!"

There was a brief silence now, and one could almost hear the palpitating hearts of those who were ensconced within these muddy walls. The dark wreaths of smoke were gently borne away by the breeze, and formed into a fierce monitor who should gaze upon the events about to be translated below.

It seemed like a theatre when the music has ceased, and all are watching breathlessly for the curtain to rise upon a tragedy, in which Tyranny and Freedom struggled together. Hark! the drum! They have begun the march, and, with confident strides, they start upon their treacherous errand.

Within the fort all is hushed as the grave; and those in command, or those who promulgated words of cheer, spoke low but with firmness. Firmly the tyrant apprehensions, and yet no sign of danger awakens them to their fate; and now, within a few rods they are about to charge upon the fort with a shout, when a murderous volley sends hundreds of them to their long homes, and opens fountains of blood whose current flows down the hill, telling the first tale of war.

Confusion and dismay follow, and the few who escaped death throw down their arms and fly in terror from the spot; and, pointing the first bright star of that glorious constellation that now waves over the descendants of those who fought there.

But British pride was not to be humbled thus; and, after rallying their scattering numbers and obtaining reinforcements, they again marched up the hill of slaughter.

This time they were not that haughty smile, nor marched up with that imperious stride of contempt, for they had learned a most bitter lesson; and, as they stepped over the dead bodies of their companions, they thought how many moments should pass before they, too, should find a gory bed beside them.

Guided on by their officers, they again approached the fort, and are again driven, in sad dismay, headlong down the hill, where, like a half slaughtered herd of sheep, they huddled in groups and gazed in silent horror upon the devastation and bloodshed before them.

A consultation was held, and, with the advice of all their generals, Gage resolved to attack it on the two sides and in front at the same time. Bringing their artillery up, the result was more fortunate for them, for the patriots had expended all their powder and were now breaking open the cartridges that belonged to the artillery of Captain Gridley to supply themselves. The redoubt was soon captured and its occupants put to flight, but those who occupied the "rail fence" still held out, and proved themselves all but invincible.

Here Captain Pettigill and his brave company, in company with the veteran Stark, poured volley after volley upon the foe, and succeeded in retaining their defence long after those who had occupied the redoubt had retreated, and the intimated Warren had yielded up his life for the cause of human freedom.

But the assaulting force were too powerful and that Spartan band were at last forced to give way and mingle in the retreat which was pursued forth in bloody colors all around them. Their retreat was calm and self-possessed, as they manfully disputed every inch of ground over which they passed, and which was strewn with the dead and dying of friend and foe.

Pettigill, sword in hand, was forced away from his command, and found himself in the thickest of the fight, where, ever willing, he made many a noble stand, who dared to cross blades with him. At one moment he found himself hand to hand with a powerful cavalry soldier, who had lost his horse, and slashing about him like a madman, but he had bravely commenced with this person when Lieutenant Winslow joined in the attack.

The sight of this man woke up every energy that he possessed, and with the fury of a lion, he parried and returned the blows of his antagonist. He soon felled his first man, and then turned to Winslow.

"Now, poor coward, I will try you," he said, as he grasped his sword, and stood prepared to commence the fight.

"We shall see now," replied Winslow.

"You know the prize?"

"I do, and shall win it."

"You may," he replied, as they closed in deadly combat.

The fight was now horrid in the extreme; hundreds were dying for their lives, and hundreds were wrestling with the foe, while the British artillery played upon them with wanton fury and bio dy effect. Into this furious throng our heroes were driven; but still they fought on, and it would seem that Winslow had the advantage, coming, as he did, into the fight fresh and all prepared; he watched his intended victim, hoping he would fall by other hands, or be attacked by another, that he might stab him from behind, like the coward that he was. But

fortune was with Pettigill, and he laid his cowardly antagonist among the dead, and left the field with his sword as a trophy.

CHAPTER III.

We need not speak of the results that came eventually from the work of that terrible day, but will keep to our story.

John Pettigill was one of the many heroes who made themselves felt on that day, and for his bravery, the colony rewarded him with the title and office of Brigadier General, an office which he knew how to fill and how to honor.

Taking up their wounded and burying their dead, Pettigill and his brave followers started towards Lynn, and their whole route was one continuous ovation to the heroes who had snitten down so many of the foe on Bunker Hill. Before them on every hand the negro of their valor had gone; and from every house along the road there came a shout of welcome that amply repaid them for all their suffering.

On their arrival at Lynn there was a grand reception given them; and, among those who came to pay their tribute of praise to the brave patriots, was John Woodman and his beautiful daughter. The list of killed and wounded in the British army had reached them, and among the former he found the name of Joseph Winslow, and had also heard of the particulars of the encounter with Pettigill, how, alone and single-handed, the latter had smitten down two of the enemy's best swordsmen, and that, too, when they were both attacking him.

Whatever it might have been, there surely was something that had turned old Woodman's mind, and brought him in company with Ellen, to welcome the returned soldier.

As soon as the formalities were over, John Pettigill rode forward to where he was standing, and raising his hat courteously presented the shattered sword of the Englishman to Woodman, who took it with some reluctance.

"Take it," said he, "it was honorably won, and I shall leave it to fulfill its mission."

"You are a brave man," said Woodman, without looking him in the face.

"It must be so when John Woodman the Tory says it," replied the young officer.

"I have of late taken a different view of things for this last battle has convinced me that there will be something come of this cause."

"When such men as Warren yield up their lives in it, liberty must follow."

"Come to my house to-night and we will talk the matter over," replied Woodman, as the young man turned to take his leave of them.

"I will, with many thanks," and the trio parted to meet again in the evening.

That evening the old mansion was lighted again, and as brilliantly as when it was last noticed. But there was a different gathering there now, for those who had escaped the terrible pangs of war were now seated at his table with wine and mirth and sentiment flowed like water from a fountain.

Nearly every man of standing and influence in the town was there, taking part in the festivity. But the hero of the evening was the brave and lately promoted officer John Pettigill.

"I may as well say it first as last," said Woodman who had essayed to speak to him several times but seemed to fail for the want of confidence.

"What would you say?" asked Pettigill.

"Why that you are a noble young man; and if this will convey to you my high sense of respect take her, and be as true to her as you have been to the upholding of your cause," and he led the blushing happy Ellen and gave her hand to Pettigill, who raised it to his lips.

"I thank you sir and my duty shall now be done with a greater zest than ever. But I must follow the fortunes of this war a little while longer, until we succeed in forcing the tyrant from our colony. But let this sword hang upon the wall as a memento of what I won, and of our plighted troth."

"It shall be so," replied the father.

He kept his word, and Pettigill followed the fortunes of war until England, entirely relinquished her hold upon the United Colonies, and then returned to Lynn, where amid the fresh honors he had brought with him from Yorktown, he led the happy Ellen to the altar, and made her his wife.

The old mansion is still standing, and even now there are many stories told of Ellen Woodman and her gallant husband.

Delicate injuries must to a degree be remembered, for a deliberate precaution is needed to secure us against their return.

SCENE IN A POLICE OFFICE.

The prisoner in this case, whose name was Dicky Seivul, alias "Store pipe Pete," was placed at the bar and questioned by the judge to the following effect:

Judge.—Bring the prisoner into court. Pete.—Here I am bound to blaze as the spirits of turpentine said when he was all a-fire.

"We will take a little fire out of you, how do you live?"

"I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they asked him if he'd be roasted or fried. 'We don't want to hear what the oyster said or the spirits of turpentine,' either."

"What do you follow?"

"Anything that comes in my way," as the locomotive said when he run over the little nigger.

"Don't care anything about the locomotive. What is your business?"

"That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken off the table."

"If I hear any more absurd comparisons, I will give you twelve months."

"I'm done, as the beefsteak said to the cook."

"Now sir, your punishment shall depend on the shortness and correctness of your answers. I suppose you live by going round the docks?"

"No sir, I can't go around the docks, without a boat and I ain't got one."

"Answer me sir. How do you get your bread?"

"Sometimes at the bakers, and sometimes I eat taters."

"No more of your stupid nonsense. How do you support yourself?"

"Sometimes on my legs, and sometimes on a cheer," (chair).

"How do you keep yourself alive?"

"By breathing, sir."

"I order you to answer this question correctly. How do you do?"

"Pretty well I thank you. How do you do?"

"I shall have to commit you."

"Well, you've committed yourself first, that's some consolation."

A DOUBTFUL CHARACTER.

A letter from Nashville, to the Press says:

For the past two weeks the military authorities have been very strict, and as no person is permitted to leave the city who is not loyal, necessarily a vast amount of questioning takes place at the Provost Marshal's office. A few days ago, a tall, dejected-looking, middle aged man, made his appearance before Col. Gillem, and elicited a pass. The first question put by the Colonel was—

"Are you a loyal man?"