

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTA, PA.

ONLY A WORD.

A frivolous word, a sharp rebuff. A puffing in angry haste. The sun that rises in a shower of bliss. The loving look, and the tender kiss. Has set on a barren waste. Those pilgrims tread with weary feet, Paths destined never more to meet.

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

"He is the only man I would follow in the field."

BY DR. T. T. BOYER.

Prior to, and indeed up to, the magnetic thrill of horror produced by the coercion proclamation of Mr. Lincoln, of 17th April 1861, the people of Virginia were looking eagerly to the Convention at Richmond, then occupied in discussing the propriety of the States secession. After that fatal moment of American history the gaze of Lee was turned away from the civil councils and took in the camps of a bloody revolution. He knew that a people taught from their infancy to cherish their ancestral pride and love of liberty, would not tamely submit to the coercion now mooted, but would appeal to the Supreme Disposer of all things and endeavor by his help to hew out for themselves an honorable place, not among the Federal provinces, but among the nations of the earth. As long as there was any hope of preserving the compact of States, even after his dear old mother had gone so far along the path of Love for the Union as to bring upon her children the name of laggards in the march, and sluggards in the storm, she was not deserted by the Union-loving Lee, but as soon as the edict of coercion had gone forth, the cavalier-loving liberty more found his heart estranged from everything which attached him to the Union, and his conscience freed him from every obligation to remain with his kith and kin.

George Washington, the rebel chieftain of the ragged, bare-footed men, who in the first revolution, left their footprints tinged with blood upon the snowy fields of Valley Forge, and deeply impressed their deeds upon the memory of the world, did not willingly discover the relations which bound him as a law-abiding subject to the sovereignty of Great Britain. It was the Stamp Act Extra-Constitutional, which called forth from Patrick Henry that powerful speech which moved to action the stern members of the Colonial Legislature. A greater wrong here an attempt to bind the necks of the sovereign to the slavish yoke of sectional fanaticism. As Washington's commission was written on the rebel paper unmarked by the loyal badge of a stamp, so the warrant which outraged Virginia placed in the hands of her noble sons binding them to defend her, ought to have borne the impress, no coercion. Virginia in her convention had listened to the voice of a distinguished son of South Carolina, as he told of the wrongs endured by the South, and pictured the pleasing scenes of peaceful secession through which he led Southern sovereignty to a glorious future. Virginia listened and was silent. Memory reverted to the golden days of the past, and she pressed the Constitution—the offering of her own son to her great beating heart. But when struck by the blind blow of a blundering giant as from Washington City, Abraham Lincoln hurled the thunderbolt of coercion among the people, that proud old commonwealth turned away from the idol of her heart now desecrated, and mastering her grief uttered defiantly through her firm lips the word Revolution.

entered him to hold command. Gettysburg, says Cooke, "Was the Waterloo Cemetery Hill, the Mount St. Jean of the war?" The Virginians who charged there had the right to say, "the old Guard does it—it does not surrender." Not without good reason is the anniversary of this great battle celebrated at the North with addresses and rejoicings, with crowds and brass bands and congratulations. The American Waterloo is worth making that noise over, and the monument there is a National conception. That monument should be a Lion as at Waterloo. Take care, Messieurs, the world will say Lee.

The war from May, 1861, to April, 1865, was truly a war of great simplicity, by no means instructive to the military student, but possessing all the interest attached to bloody fighting. During this period perhaps more than all others, the great genius and leadership of Lee was made manifest. You can't help being vividly impressed by the spectacle of two bull dogs clinging to each other with teeth and nails. Two game cocks, cutting each other's eyes out with their galls—a hundred thousand men who, breast to breast, tear each other to pieces. That terrible and ghastly campaign, dragging its bloody steps from the Wilderness to Appomattox, may not have been war exactly as the world understands it; its glare was baneful but brilliant. The plan of Grant was to hammer and hammer, to fight and go on fighting until one was dead, to grapple and drag his great adversary and hurl him into the "last ditch," turning the war as it was before into slaughter. He knew well that Lee could only be crushed by hard blows. The army of Northern Virginia was thus acknowledged by Grant to be a body of men whom he could not intimidate, General Lee, a commander whom he could not out-general, and he resolutely to shatter that army by simple brute force, by the sheer weight of his sledge hammer, "drumming continually." He would overcome Lee, not by maneuvering, but by simple, plain, hard fighting, and Grant was not mistaken in the least, he appeared to have a just conception of the work before him. The paper had been tried for three long years, and Lee, that great sword man, had parried every lunge. But in these brief hunts upon General Grant's war theory, as applied to Lee, it is proper to say that the program was thrust upon him. His plan, he says in his report, was "to hammer continually against the armed force of the enemy and his resources, until by mere attrition if by nothing else, there should be nothing left of him but an equal submission to the laws of the Constitution and Laws." "An equal submission." Ah! Mr. President Grant, that phrase seems a mockery to-day, December, 1870.

But that was after his first encounter with Lee, it was there that the attrition program was found necessary. But we are admonished that in this article we cannot dwell on the plan of battle, the historian has already done that. But following the movements of the combatants we will glance for a moment at their relative numbers; therein is the true glory of the South and the greatness of General Lee, a heritage of honor of which nothing can deprive him. The official statement of the war made Grant's available force present for duty, May 1st, 1864, 141,166 men. During the month of May reinforcements to repair losses of the Army of the Potomac were constantly sent forward, making the number of his troops nearly or quite 200,000 men. Lee had for duty at the same time, as the rolls of his army have shown, 52,626 Pickens and Breckenridge brought him afterwards 10,000 at most. With about 62,000 troops of all arms, Lee fought from the Rapidan to Petersburg repulsing the assaults of nearly or quite 200,000.

What was the explanation of Lee's paucity of troops? Why did that army which had numbered 67,000 bayonets at Gettysburg, now number only about 40,000? It would require a volume to answer these questions. The fact alone need be stated, that the force defending Virginia was reduced to that. But they were the "Old Guard" of the army, men who had made up their minds to fight to the end, whose courage and constancy not hunger, hardships, nakedness, wounds nor death could affect, who had resolved to live or die with Lee. And they adhered to that resolve with unshaken constancy to the end. They fought over every step of ground from the Rapidan to Appomattox, with a nerve and dash so stubborn that their very enemies wondered, and when cut down to less than 8,000 bayonets, they were driven to surrender, there were tears on the gaunt faces black with powder which had never been thus melted before. Ten words from Lee had brought those tears. The roar of Grant's cannon had only made them laugh and cheer.

Lee drew his sword in defence of the great Democratic principle of self-government, on which this Union was founded, and to preserve the common liberties of the American people. This fact is unmistakable, and through the entire North and South this greatest and purest man of the military power of the so-called Rebellion was looked upon with feelings of respect by all, except a very small number of the very basest and most fanatical of our population. It is the honor and admiration which honest humanity always pays to a truly splendid character. Character is greater than talent—"mightier than the sword"—for it lives in the adoration of mankind which the achievements of the sword are obliterated by the rust of time. After all, character is the true test of real power in an individual.

"He was a man take him all in all," is the highest praise a mortal can hope to win or wear. We behold the triumph of character in the plaudits which the Roman people declared when they said, "The victorious cause might please the Gods, and the vanquished cause pleased Cato!" What is often called failure is the greatest success in the way of fame. The assassination of the usurper Caesar was a failure so far as bringing back the lost liberties of the Roman people was concerned; but the undertaking was ornamented with the splendor of Brutus—one of the noblest points in the admiration of mankind. After the lapse of two thousand years its glories are undimmed, and they will become brighter and still brighter as ages pass away. The name of Brutus will be synonymous with virtue and liberty as long as the memory of man shall live. Rebel is a word which however awful in its significance in the imagination of ignorance and roguery, need have no terror for a truly brave and virtuous patriot. The "Rebel of to-day is oftener than otherwise, the greatest hero and the most splendid character of history while the intensely "loyal" man of the hour if his cowardly name survives to get into history, is quite as apt to pass there as the meanest specimen of a wretch that ever sneaked through an inglorious resistance. When the truth respecting his own comes to narrate the events of the last ten years of American history, he will be confronted with the pregnant fact that what was called "Rebellion" was led by such characters as Lee, and Stephens, and Davis, and Jackson, while the other side was represented by a B. N. Butler, a Stanton, a Pope, or a Mohr.

When the intimate conduct between the North and South began, General Lee bore a reputation untarnished by a single spot, and the following letters, one to General Scott and the other to his sister, show that in taking the step he did, he was moved by no motive that was not inspired by a sense of duty and by the most earnest impulses of patriotism and virtue.

ARLINGTON, VA., April 20, 1861. GENERAL SCOTT—Since my interview with you on 18th instant, I have felt that I ought no longer to retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once but for the struggle it cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted all the best years of my life, and all the ability I possessed. During the whole of the time—more than a quarter of a century—I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors, and the most cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one General have I been so much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my ardent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to my grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame will always be dear to me. Save a defence of my native State I never desire to draw my sword. Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me,

Most truly yours, R. E. LEE. Lieut. General, WASHINGTON SCOTT, Commanding U. S. Army.

A copy of this letter to General Scott was enclosed in the annexed letter to his sister Mrs. A. M.

ARLINGTON, VA., April 20, 1861. MY DEAREST SISTER—I am grieved at my inability to see you. I have been waiting for "a more convenient season" which has brought to many before me deep and lasting regret. Now we are in a state of war which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia after a long struggle has been drawn, and though I recognize no necessity for such a state of things and would have forborne and labored to the end for redress of grievances—real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I would take part against my native State. With all my devotion to the Union and the feelings of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relations, my children, my home. I have therefore resigned my commission in the army and serve in defence of my native State, with a sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed. I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword. I know you will blame me, but you must think of me as kindly as you can, and believe that I have endeavored to do what I thought right. To show you the feeling and struggle it has cost me, I send you a copy of my letter to General Scott, which accompanied my resignation. I have no time for more. May God guard and protect you and yours, and shower upon you every blessing, is the prayer of your devoted brother,

R. E. LEE.

Of course, it will be said that General Lee committed a fatal error when he resolved to resign his commission in the U. S. Army, and follow the fortunes of his State. But would it not have been amazing if he had resolved to do anything else? He had been taught by Jefferson, the father of the Declaration of Independence, that States could withdraw their delegated powers. He had also been instructed by President Madison, the father of the Constitution, that "a delegated is not a surrendered power," and "that there is no power above that of a State to judge in the last resort." This doctrine had never been called into question by any sane man, or respectable statesman, from the foundation of the Government to the unfortunate election of Abraham Lincoln. And more than this, he knew that Virginia had ratified the Constitution and become a member of the Union only on condition that she should have the right to resume her delegated powers whenever in her opin-

ion it should become necessary for her own safety. More still, he knew that from time to time, for more than a quarter of a century, various northern States had petitioned Congress for a dissolution of the Union, and that the New England States had several times taken steps to withdraw "peaceably if they could, forcibly if they must." Under these circumstances, was there any depravity on the part of Gen. Lee in the course he pursued? We dare answer this question with an emphatic no! We dare go further and say that we firmly believe it will be the verdict of history that this act involved no crime, and was not in the least inconsistent with the loftiest patriotism and the most illustrious virtue. We should despise ourselves if we were wanting in the integrity and courage to thus plainly utter our honest opinion in relation to a public character, whom we believe was one of the foremost men as well as one of the purest patriots that lived in the present century. And it is a question which impartial and inexorable history must sooner or later settle, whether a success on his part would have proved a benefit to his country and the great principles of civil and religious liberty by preserving the great principle of self-government and liberty which was established by our forefathers here. The Union as established by our fathers was dear to Gen. Lee, as it was to every body in the land, except the negro-equalizing revolutionists now in power. They were and are the real enemies of the Union. They, and not Gen. Lee, were the traitors to the great American principle of government. And we have quite as much respect as patriotism for that by no means small number of Northern journals, who fully understand this question, who know that the obstructions to the lasting peace of the Union are even now as they ever were, not in the South but in the North, and yet most culpably fail in rebuking the impudent, noisy, senseless public harangue, which would regard men like Lee and Jackson as traitors, and men like Ben Butler and Stanton as patriots. Shame! Eternal shame! There is not a single leading statesman in the South, nor indeed a single Southern man, who is not a believer in and admirer of the principles of the Constitution and the Union. But there is not a single leader of the Northern faction now in power who does not hate and who is not laboring to overthrow this principle. Disunionism, civil enmity to the principles of the Union, is at this moment confined to the Northern States. Here it scowls and sneers, and mumbles its infernal incantations in the face and eyes of honest patriots, and there are not twenty editors to be found in all the country who have the pluck or manhood to strike the false covering from the foul and seditious monster. They venture to utter some timid, doubtful protest, but they leave monstrous usurpation, the shameful fraud, in full possession of the field. When every honest Democrat editor and speaker will speak out his real thoughts and say boldly that he believes men like the illustrious Lee to be patriots, and men like the execrated Stanton to be seditious and traitors, there will there be more honest men in the land than there are now, and there will be a better hope for liberty, for our country's lasting peace and honor.

Gen. Lee, in all respects a model American, his life pure, ennobling, and a valuable lesson for the imitation of all who seek to be truly great and respected members of the country. As a humane Christian general, he had on his many imitators, no superiors. As a man and Christian, and truly patriotic citizen, he was preeminently successful. That he failed in establishing firmly the great principles of Washington and the fathers, was no fault of his. He died, mourned by all whose tears would be respected at any honorable grave. Unlike the vaunted Targot of the North, Stanton, who died, "Well, he is dead."

—As the polite agent of the Lexington and Louisville railroad was going through the ladies' car, checking baggage he asked a pretty young lady if she had any baggage which she wished taken to the hotel. She replied—"No sir." The agent then asked her if she desired a bus. She instantly gave him a sweet smile, and replied—"No, I am not in a bustling humor this evening." The agent dropped his memorandum book, hastily retired to the baggage car, and said he felt unwell.

THE STRONGEST MAN—There is a man living in Calhoun county, Miss., who is supposed to be the strongest man in that State, if not in the entire South. He is thirty-five years of age, and weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds. He has been known to carry three bars of railroad iron, when it takes from three to five ordinary men to carry one. He can take a cask containing forty gallons of whiskey or water (the former is preferred, we presume) and raise it from the ground and drink out of the bung hole with as much ease as another could out of a common pitcher; and he has frequently taken a barrel of flour under each arm, and balancing a sack of salt on his head, carried them for several hundred yards with apparently but little effort. He offers to bet that he can lift thirteen hundred pounds.

The wind is unseen, but it cools the brow of the fevered one, sweetens the summer atmosphere, and ripples the surface of the lake into silver sparkles of beauty. So, goodness of heart, invisible to the material eye, makes its presence felt; and from its effect upon surrounding objects, we are assured of its existence.

"I do not say," remarked Mrs. Brown, "that Jones is a thief; but I do say that if his arm joined mine I would not try to keep sheep."

Hardshell Sermon in Arkansas.

Text: "And when they rise up airily in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses."

My brethren and sisters, I will preach unto you this day, wind and weather permit, from the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah, thirty-sixth verse, which reads as follows: "An the destroyin' angel smote in the camp iv the Syrians a hundred and fore-score and five thousand men—and when they riz up airily in the mornin', behold they was all dead corpses."

"An thus it is, my beloved irens and angel brethren, that the destroyin' angel stalks abroad, ready to send us to the honeyard before we e rise up to the mornin' and set down to break fast. An it is said, my irens, that it goes red and violet blue, but it is no use tryin' to honey tangle around the angel Gabriel when he toots his horn for you to get under dirt, for you'll nev' to want you here, sartin'."

"An when they riz up airily in the mornin', behold they was all dead corpses."

"An I tude to say, and sez I, 'twas angodly free, et you swear in that way you'll foreve' an eternally romantize yer immortal soul, and ever get a noble when you go a fishin'." An sez he, "You go to thunder, you darned old no-happen no-begotten mistake of creation! et you had to get the grass out of a cotton trap with tree niggers, you'd get on a stump an' cuss yourself out iv your darned old yaller hole."

"An he says, 'Let 'em rise, and the devil take 'em all.' 'Oh, sufferin' letter-seller!' sez I, 'Et you would but see to grace, ye might come an' jine the havily pure, and be mancipated from the shackles iv sin, and 'scape everlastin' perdition!'" An he cocked up his gun, an' sez he, "I had twenty six likely niggers mancipated on my hands, an' et you open your jaw, bone hot mancipation to me agin, I'll make buzzard vittles out'n your infernal ole catfess quacker'n hell could scorch a rat."

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All Sorts of Paragraphs.

A hand to hand affair—Marringe. MERE matter of form—Pitting a dress. A good time to eat dinner—When it is ready. MORE people run for office than rough I. Idleness is the sword like mind, and the blight of genius. Hot war, it is said, will make sole leather water-proof. Wild pigeons are never seen in the Rocky Mountain. To pay great attention to trifles indicates a little mind. The most successful "captured romances" bank robbers. King William says, "Small favors thoughtfully received." Statement of the wine merchant—Leave me, love Medoc. Who is a sword like beer? Because it is no use till it's drawn. He who marries for wealth, sells his happiness for half price. Pride, perceiving humility honorable, often borrows her cloak. Harmless mirth is a cordial against consumption of the spirits. Housewife's motto—whatever they do, dust with all thy might. A Memphis poet describes dueling as thus went on a christian age. Govern your thoughts when alone, as a woman when company. The U. S. Senate has knocked some of our citizens out of their senses. Iowa has planted fifteen million of trees within the last three years. He is doubly a conqueror who, when a conqueror, can conquer himself. "I'm off when you talk of working—as the cork said to the ginger pop." A steam going in Manchester, England is called the "American devil." Indulgence is a stream that flows slowly, yet it undermores every vessel. It is not so good as he should be, who does not strive to be better than he is. An invalid in the seashore is trying to get up his strength by eating sea-sells. Kansas offers land at forty cents an acre but you have to plow it with a sled boat. A backward spring is produced by presenting a red hot poker to a new nose. If you always live with those who are "homo," you will learn yourself to limp. The eye is an index of the character. Physiognomy reveals the secret of the heart. Mr. C. Jefferson, the son of Rip Van Winkle, is playing an engagement in New Orleans. Louisville girls cut onion lozenges to discourage young men whom they do not care to cultivate. Brigham Young has recently started a bank at Salt Lake City. The checks are made to read "to the credit of the Lord." "His mother's Boy," is the title of a new English novel. The youth ought to be thankful that he wasn't some one else's boy. Young lady—"Will this road take me into the village, my lad?" "Jewson pumpkin." "Yes, mister, for well, if y' loorn round an' go 'tother way." After a wedding it was formerly a custom to drink honey dissolved in water for thirty days—a moon's age. Hence the origin of the honeymoon. In Austria, asbestos bottled in is used as a wick for kerosene lamps, and being, as its name implies, combustible, thus prepared, it burns nearly a year. I must have raised a laugh at the expense of the orator, who, when he went to apostrophize the American flag, exclaimed, "Forever float that standard shone." "Samba, why am dat nigger down dere in de hole of de boat likk a chicken in de egg?" "I gibs up." "Because he couldn't get out, if it wasn't for de catch." The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to your children, a good example; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity. A poor man who was ill, being asked by a gentleman whether he had taken any remedy, replied, "No, I ain't taken any remedy, but I've taken lots of the physic." Mr. Smith was never so miserable in the whole course of his life, but when his friend Jones asked him to take a chair, he said he would wait till one came round. A New England spinner, who went out to Nevada about a year ago, writes home that she has already a husband and a pair of twins, and hasn't got much acquainted yet. Captain Gladstone to a British mariner at the mast head—"How does the sea look ahead there?" British mariner—"Vary 'evey and swell'n' Cap'n, a nasty Black Sea!" A Galvestonian, whose henry had been robbed of five Bramas, requested the thief to call and "take away the rooster, as he is very lonely, and no questions will be asked." "I ain't a going to live long, mother," said a wo-begone looking younger one one day, to his maternal parent. "Why not, pray?" "How 'n my pantloons is all tord out behin'!" Was the conclusive answer.