



A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Temperance, Literature, Science, The Arts, Mechanics, Agriculture, The Markets, Education, Amusement, General Intelligence, &c.,

"WE STAND UPON THE IMMUTABLE PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE—NO EARTHLY POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."

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### Volunteers Chorus.

Come sing the praise  
Of our brave grandfathers before us,  
Who bore to the wars  
Our flag of Stars,  
With a good old rousing chorus!  
Through thick and thin,  
Mid battle's din,  
King George's rage defying,  
They marched to the field,  
And would not yield,  
But kept the old flag flying.  
Chorus.—Then here's three cheers,  
For the volunteers!

To the sound of the drum,  
They come, come, come,  
From every hill and valley,  
Like the waves of the sea,  
For the land of the free,  
With hearts of fire they rally!  
On! on to the fight,  
Thro' the day, thro' the night;  
There'll soon be stormy weather  
By the girls we love,  
We'll heroes prove,  
Or stand and fall together!

Chorus.—Then here's three cheers, &c.  
Here's the green mountain men,  
From the wood and glen,  
And from the craggy highland,  
And the ice or the snow,  
With his rifle true,  
And the stout boys of Rhode Island!  
The Empire State,  
Who cannot wait,  
Crowds on from her furthest regions,  
And the mighty West,  
From her teeming breast,  
Pour down her conquering legions!

Chorus.—Then here's three cheers, &c.  
We'll hang Jeff. Davis  
On a tree,  
Upon our own plantation!  
And his reward  
Give Beauregard,  
And charge it to the Nation!  
And we'll bring from the wars  
The stripes and stars,  
When all our toils are over,  
With a song to the praise  
Of the good old days,  
And live and die as clover.  
Chorus.—Then here's three cheers, &c.

### A New Version of an Old Song.

DEDICATED TO THE KING. THE LION.  
God save our King!  
God save our noble King!  
God save the King!  
Send him the way he waves,  
Lifts his hand to heaven,  
"Rule, Cotton" "Rule the waves,"  
God save the King!  
Outwearing truth and fame,  
Cotton shall cover our names,  
Freedom an empty name,  
God save the King!  
Careless of good or ill,  
Cotton is our sovereign will,  
While we our empty pockets fill,  
God save the King!

### ARTEMUS WARD IN THE SOUTH

#### HIS TRIALS AND ADVENTURES.

I had a narrow escape from the sonny South. "The swings and arrers of outjars fortin," alluded to by Hamlick, warn't nothin in comparison to my troubles. I came mucky near swearin some profane oaths morn'n ont, but I hope I didn't do it, for I've promise that whose name shall be nameless (except that her initials is Betsy J.) I'll jine the Meetin House at Baldinsville just as soon as I can scrape money enuff together so as I can 'ford to be pins in good stile, like my welly naburs. But if I'm confiscated again I'm afraid I shall continue in my present benighted state for sum time.

I figured conspicuously in many thrilling scenes in my tower from Montgomery to my humsted, and on several occasions I thought "the grate comic paper" wouldn't never be imliched no more with my lubrications. After bidden addo to Jefferson I started for the depot. I saw a nigger sittin on a fence a playin on a banjo. "My Afrikin Brother," sed I, cotin from a Track I onct red, "you belong to a very interestin race. Your masters is goin to war exclusively on your account."

### Senator Douglas's Last Hours.

The Chicago Tribune, in a long notice of Senator Douglas, says:—"In his last days, he gave those who stood near to minister to his wants, the most convincing assurance of the depth and earnestness of the lively love of country that filled his heart. In his waking hours, as well as in those moments when the violence of his disease unseated his great intellect, he was busy with national events, and the conflict that is now upon us. It was his last wish that the work which will regenerate the country while rescuing it from his enemies should go rapidly on. To one, in a wandering moment, he said, 'I station you at the Relay House Move on!' Of another he asked, 'Why do we stand still? let us press on! Let us to Alexandria quick!' To still another he said, 'Telegraph to the President, and let the column move on!' And so throughout the progress of the disease which struck him down, he was thinking of his country and his peril. At Washington, in his imagination, he was in the command for which nature had fitted him, and which would have been bestowed had he lived, he seemed to direct events and dictate victory. And when the lucid intervals came, he was, if not so emphatic, not less sincere. The salvation of the Republic was uppermost in his thoughts by day and by night. His own condition, the imminent peril of death, his complicated affairs gave him no concern. Almost his last coherent words, were an ardent wish for the honor and prosperity of the Republic, by the defeat and dispersion of her enemies. The country, regardless of party distinctions, wherever the love of the Stars and Stripes is not repressed by the terrorism which he knew and hated, will treasure up his dying prayer and make his hopes and aspirations the rule of patriotic endeavor."

In another article the Tribune says:—"It was not until some ten days since that Senator Douglas's illness assumed an alarming type. From the first he had been attended by some of our best medical talent, and latterly it was thought desirable to summon him to the city of Washington, in whose care Mr. Douglas has passed through former severe illnesses. Dr. Miller and the Washington relatives of Mrs. Douglas reached Chicago on the 25th inst, and since then have been closely in attendance upon him. "Throughout the latter part of last week, Mr. Douglas's condition was deemed extremely critical, with the chance against his recovery. His primary attack was acute rheumatism, which rapidly assumed a typhoid character, and continued from the first very unyielding. After some ten or twelve days, his malady was complicated by an ulcerated sore throat, which soon yielded. Torpor of the liver and constipation of the bowels ensued, soon followed by a jaundiced condition, accompanied by poisoning of the blood, which prostrated his nervous system still more."

A wandering and delirious state accompanied his illness more or less from its inception to its fatal close. At such times as he was rational last week, he seemed aware of the grave fears entertained in his behalf, and on one occasion said to those about him, that he knew his constitution so much better than they did, he felt confident he should recover from the attack. Doubtless his will and courage, joined to his great physical powers, had much to do with his so long continuing to resist a malady before which few men would have rapidly succumbed.

"Throughout Saturday it was feared he could not survive many hours. As nightfall drew near, without any positive change having taken place in his disease, he yet seemed easier, and so passed the night. He had only brief intervals of consciousness after that, but lay in a quiet state, gradually but surely sinking. At times he briefly rallied, but it was not to a clear conception of what was transpiring about him. On one occasion, indeed, it was evident that memory and habit of mind was strong in the dying statesman, and that his thoughts were once more in the Senate Chamber. One of his physicians, Dr. Hay, was administering a blister. "What are you doing?" asked the patient; "stop, there are twenty against me, the measure is defeated."

"At an early hour yesterday morning he had an interval of rallying, was rational, conversed briefly with those about him, and then sank again and quietly until ten minutes past 9 A. M. when he breathed his last quietly and without a struggle.

"His devoted and loving wife remained with him to the last moment. Madison Cutts, his brother-in-law, Miss Young of the Tremont House, B. G. Caulfield and Dr. Hay were also present."

The number of letters directed to parties in the seceded States is not materially decreased from the number sent before the issuance of the Postmaster-General's proclamation. If persons are fond of writing missives which find their way only to the dead-letter office, we congratulate them on the opportunity now presented to carry out their desires. The stoppage of mail matter to the rebellious States is complete, and will continue so till the rebellion is crushed.

### An English Talent.

If the English are remarkable for any one quality, it is for their facility in making themselves disagreeable and disliked. This they have practiced so unremittently on the continent of Europe that they have not a single sincere friend amongst the Continental Powers, from St. Petersburg to Lisbon. They were formerly tolerated for the facility with which they spent their money; but now, as only themselves say, the Americans have eloped them in that respect. Their facility for exciting unfriendliness and its results were strikingly displayed after Wellington's campaigns in Spain. No sooner was peace made than the English were astonished to find that they, the allies of the Spaniards, were less popular than the French, who had been devastating the country for years. So, too, the prints of Napoleon's victories are to be found hanging everywhere through the countie which he conquered, but who ever saw on the continent a print of Waterloo, the battle in which England considered that she liberated Europe?

For many years the Americans have been more friendly to the English than any other people. Where could such a spontaneous oration be called forth for any member of the royal family as that received here by the Prince of Wales? Friendship such as this, from a free and intelligent people, was certainly worth cherishing; but where is it now? Gone, dispelled, thanks to English banking after cotton—shattered by the ribaldry of the London Times, so extensively reprinted in this country, and by the studious misrepresentation of kindred journals.

The senseless vituperation of these papers is laying the foundation of a hostile feeling towards England which may yet render a war welcome. She has tried her hand twice upon us, and we scarcely think the results were encouraging for future contents.

### Difference between Forts and Fortresses.

There is but one fortress in the United States—Fortress Monroe; all the other fortified places defending our harbors are called forts. The distinction betwixt these two terms is very wide. All fortresses are forts or fortified places; but all forts are not fortresses. A fort may be simply an advanced work to protect the extended walls of a fortress. Generally fortresses are extensive enclosures for the reception of the garrisons, and built for the protection of cities.—In the United States no extensive fortified places, with large garrisons, have been constructed for the defence of cities. Fortifications in this country have had reference principally to harbor defence.

Fortress Monroe, with its capacity for a garrison, (it includes 75 acres,) was constructed for the defence of the important Navy Yard of Gosport and Norfolk, now in possession of Virginia or the Confederate States. The construction of the extensive walls of a fortress involves the highest science of engineering. Not so with the fort. The former implies polygons, bastions, curtains, glacis, covered ways, plans, scarps and counter scarps, ravelins, redans, and the whole vocabulary of engineering science. Add to this a vast expenditure, or circumvallation, to contain a large garrison of troops, and a fortress rises to its proportionate majesty. A full garrison for fortress Monroe is 3,000 men.

### Death of Hon. Geo. M. Keim.

On the 10th inst., the Hon Geo. M. Keim died at his residence, in Reading, after a short but painful illness. On the 5th inst., while attending to his duties as Captain of a Company of Home Guard, he was attacked with paralysis, and although every endeavor was made by skillful physicians, it was found impossible to resuscitate him.

An early age General Keim was elected a member of Congress from Berks county.—In the year 1843 he was appointed United States Marshall of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. At the late election he was one of the Brekinridge Electors, and labored zealously in the cause he had espoused. He was a man of generous impulses, cultivated intellect, and enlarged views of men and affairs, and his loss will be keenly felt by a large circle of personal and political friends. He leaves a family of three sons and three daughters.

### General Scott.

History teaches the best lesson that man can learn. When we bring up its records with the present—when we array its truths with our own experiences, we are as often impressed with the fact that we have been mistaken in our estimation of men and our judgment of their merits, as we have heretofore shown our ingratitude for their services. Gen. Scott, for instance, was as great a man and as skillful an officer twenty years ago, as he is now, but how many of the American people would admit the fact? He fought as well as Lundy's Lane as he did from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, but when the smoke of battle had vanished and the intoxication of victory had passed away, Gen. Scott was rejected by the American people for the highest office in their gift, and the honor conferred on one below him in rank in the Army, and scarcely as equal as a wise and sagacious statesman. The rejection did not affect the loyalty of the Hero. While the American people thus preferred another, Gen. Scott expressed no chagrin at his own rejection, and showed no bitterness towards those who were successful, but steadily and sternly devoted himself to his country. He was almost forgotten in the midst of the political revelry and debauchery that filled the country after the Mexican war—forgotten by all save the malvolence and spite of those who were then in power. It was not enough that the American people should refuse him their confidence after he had crowned the national escutcheon with the trophies of his victories, but it was reserved for the American Government to attempt the disgrace of its own veteran chief, to labor to destroy one who was bleeding for wounds he received while struggling in its defence. Had such ingratitude occurred when the Caesars wielded their falchions, the hero, backed by his army would have demolished the government that sought his disgrace. But while all the other departments were reeking with corruption—while place made men dishonest, and public servants either became secret or avowed traitors, Winfield Scott stood alone, the friend of his ungrateful country in her darkest peril. He saw the Army dwindling away under the influence of treason—he beheld his resources destroyed, its supplies fished, and discipline closed his lips, but he was still the friend of his country. For four years he was aware of the existence of treason, but was prevented from striking, until at length he and the excesses of traitors brought the guilt before the country—and when Winfield Scott stood forth almost the only support and defender of that country. He turned a deaf ear to flattery, and remembered none of the insults and neglects heaped upon himself. He refused the appeals from the State of his birth, scorned their offered honors and spit upon their proffered prizes. His country was in danger, and that demanded and received his loyalty, his labor and his services.

Honor then, to Gen. Scott. He may be engaged in his last campaign, but the last laurel to decorate his home will never be wreathed. That will be immortal.

PARSON BROWNLOW'S DAUGHTER.—A gentleman just arrived in Chicago from Knoxville, Tenn., brings intelligence of affairs in that city. He says that 2,500 Secessionist troops are stationed there, for the express purpose of over-awing the Union men. It is a part of their business to engage in quarrels in saloons, and in street fights, with all who are not friendly to Secession. Two men were last week shot for no other offence than speaking words of loyalty to the Federal Government. The house of the celebrated, bold-hearted, and out-spoken Parson Brownlow, is the only one in Knoxville over which the Stars and Stripes are floating. A few days ago, two armed Secessionists went at six o'clock in the morning, to haul down the Stars and Stripes. Miss Brownlow, a brilliant young lady of twenty-three, saw them on the piazza, and stepped out and demanded their business. They replied that they had come to "take down them d—n Stars and Stripes." She instantly drew a revolver from her side and presenting it, said: "Go on! I'm good for one of you and I think for both!"

"By the looks of that girl's eye she'll shoot," one remarked. "I think we'd better not try it; we'll go back and get more men," said the other. "Go and get more men," said the noble lady; "get more men and come and take it down, if you dare." They returned with a company of ninety armed men, and demanded that the flag should be hauled down; but on discovering that the house was filled with gallant men, armed to the teeth, who would rather die than see their country's flag dishonored, the Secessionists retired.

### Newport News Point.

The origination of the name of this Point, lately made notorious by the advance of Gen. Butler's force, is thus explained:—"The early colony on James River was at one time reduced to a straitened condition, and some of its members started down the James River, with the intention of proceeding to England. They reached the bend in the river, which is at present an object of interest, and paused for some days. When they were about to set sail, they saw a ship coming up the Roads, bearing the British ensign. They delayed till it should arrive. It proved to be Lord Newport's ship, with his Lordship on board, who brought the intelligence that the ship which the colony had long before despatched to England for supplies, and which was many months overdue, was near at hand, bringing much needed relief. Meantime, his Lordship distributed provisions among the colonists, who, from these circumstances, named the place "Newport's News," on account of the good tidings which his Lordship brought them."

### The Post Office Department.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—The Postmaster-General is engaged in determining on a new style of stamped envelopes, to be ready for the public use in a few days. The new stamps will not be furnished until the first of August. These changes have been rendered necessary by the large supplies retained by the Postmasters in the Seceded States, and now used by them without equivalent to the United States Post Office Department. About two dozen of these Postmasters have returned balances of stamped envelopes and stamps in sums ranging from eighty cents to five dollars, while the Postmaster of Mobile recently accounted for \$200 worth. Although the Postmaster at Memphis had in his possession such property amounting to \$8000, he wrote for an additional supply of larger value, but this was refused, his dishonest intentions having been detected.

### Elegant Extracts from Southern Papers.

From the Vicksburg Whig.  
Is the North peopled with Christians, or with savages? Is the light that shone from Calvary's bloody summit extinguished, and are our Northern foes only guided by the dark and lurid flame that pilots devils to their carnival? Has the Congress of Hell held its session, and have they commissioned all the legions of the damned to demonize our enemies? Has Lucifer given a furlough to all his infernal cohorts? Has he established his church in every Black Republican's heart, and has he ordained Belial and Moloch his High Priests? Are we to have a war with devils? These questions must be answered. Our implacable foes, goaded on by a hatred that is remorseless and unrelenting, because they have insulted and injured us, have already answered them. They have inaugurated a war of extermination—a war in which no mercy is to be shown or quarter given. Let it be so! The South has never asked a favor of her enemies. She asks none now.

From the Lexington [Ky.] Statesman.  
We rejoice at the death of Ellsworth, and only regret that every man who followed him did not share his fate; we lament the sacrifice of the gallant Virginian. \* \* \* We trust that every Colonel in the Federal service will meet his Jackson, and that every Hessian will find his grave upon her soil.

From the New Orleans Delta.  
Thus far the Northern herds have lost two of their most renowned Colonels before they have encountered any army force of the South. Ellsworth, an upstart summer-settler, who carried a strolling company of so-called Zouaves about the country last Summer, exhibiting their feats of grand and lofty tumbling at 25 cents admission, children and negroes half price, has suffered the penalty of an act of audacity and insult to the Confederate States; and Col. Voeuburg, a commander of one of the New York regiments, died recently from the effect of over-exertion and excitement, at the Relay House. This is the beginning of the end. There are a few others of these ruffians whom we commend to the special notice of our sharpshooters. The blue-eyed demagogue of Massachusetts, the uxorious Sickle, and shoot-him-down Dix, have a very earnest ambition for the subjugation, and we hope they will be allowed a fair chance of earning the laurels they seek.

From the Charleston Mercury.  
Our telegraphic despatches come laden with news of momentous import. The heart beats high, for war has commenced in Virginia—Alexandria is lost, Hampton is occupied, and the cause is won. We would not have had it delayed a day. Let the march of war be onward, let the tramp resound throughout the land; for the thunder of his tread proclaims the eternal independence of the great Conservative, Southern Slave Republic. Fling high the Cap of Liberty, and God speed the Old Dominion!—Regenerate and disenthral from the political vassalage to the brutal mobocracy under which she has so long been held, as under an opiate drug, again the old State of the Cavalier blood has roused her in her pride, to shield her honor with her breast. Let the blow come, and let it cleave the Continent of America as with a cimeter, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

War has commenced—the soil of Virginia has been invaded and occupied by a ruffian horde, and, if we mistake not the stuff of which Southern men are made, that blow has at last been struck which shall peel, like the lightning from heaven over the vast forest, through the million of burning hearts at the South. Not so much that Virginia has been outraged, not that Alexandria has been overrun, not that Hampton is occupied; but that one of those deeds of heroism has been performed which paints the pages of history in light, bring back the days of noble chivalry, and spread glory over the escutcheon of the Mother State. The deed of patriotism performed by Jackson has stained, for the first time, the "Stars and Bars" of the Confederate flag with blood—and that blood worthy of a true Southern heart—the blood of a martyr and a hero.

Upon his own hearth he fell, arms in hand dealing death to the insulter of that flag—one man against a thousand murderers. He fell, bewed to pieces by the rabble horde.—But his spirit will live—upon the storm—and like the hurricanes of the South, will sweep from the uttermost shores of the Gulf to the rugged mountain peak of the North. It will soar over the fields of bloody battles to come, and shriek aloud for vengeance amid carnage. It shall rush forth in the booming of every cannon, and shall gleam in the flashing of every Southern blade. And it will live, too, in times to come, when the smoke of battle shall have passed away, and the memory of blood shall have almost been forgotten. The name of Jackson shall be enshrined in the heart of Virginia, as the name of Jasper in South Carolina, and recorded upon the brightest pages of her history. His death is a victory won, and his name shall be inscribed, in monumental marble, by the side of Virginia's worthiest sons.

### Hark to the Bugle's Call.

BY WM. MARSHALL SWAYNE.  
Hark to the bugle's call—  
Our country's laws defied;  
The muster life and drum,  
Treason is up in arms!  
Come to the rescue—come!  
Arm for the deadly strife—draw for the flag of the free!  
Ring out—ring out the battle shout—death or victory.  
See! where our flag lies torn—  
Our country's laws defied;  
Down with the traitor foe—  
Scatter his columns wide—  
Charge on the traitor band—strike for the flag of the free!  
Ring out—ring out the battle shout—death or victory.  
Patriots tried and true,  
Prompt at your country's call  
Sweep from our broad domain  
Treason and traitors all!  
Charge on the rebel bands—follow them where they flee!  
Ring out—ring out the conq'ring shout, victory!

### CLIPPINGS.

A glorious camp meeting that, at Fortress Monroe.  
Who wants a better "National Him" than General Scott?  
Major General George McClelland, next in rank to General Scott, is only thirty-three years of age.  
Dogs are said to speak with their tails.—Would it be proper to call a short-tailed dog a stump orator?  
England will send a fleet to the American coast to protect her commerce against Jeff. Davis' pirates.  
The Connecticut State Prison is the only institution of the kind in the country which is run at a profit.  
Gen. Bragg has prohibited any letter writing from the C. S. A. army before Wickens to the newspaper.  
Union Clubs are forming all through California, and the hope of sympathy with the South is clubbed out forever.  
The number of troops which have left New York for the seat of hostilities is twenty-six regiments, or about 25,000 men.  
The President has endorsed the action of the Missouri Brigade by issuing a commission of Brigadier-General to Capt. Lyon.  
There is a firm in Elgin, Illinois, known as "Gray and Lunt." Half the letters come to them are directed to "Lay and Grant."

In Richmond, Va., they are issuing shimplasters for twenty-five and fifty cents, and others redeemable in payment for taxes.  
Horseflesh is regularly quoted in the market prices current of several towns in Germany, not on the hoof, but out up for food.  
A new projectile has been invented in France, weighing 90 pounds, which, falling in a column of troops is expected to kill 100 men.  
Two men were frozen to death on the first day of May, at L'Islet, C. E., while returning from a sugar bush in the vicinity of that place.  
Jefferson Davis, in his late message, confessed that only eight millions of the fifteen million dollars Confederate loan were subscribed.  
Spurgeon commenced his pulpit career at the age of 19, in a small town at Cambridgehire. His popularity is increasing.  
Dr. Livingston, the African traveler, writes that he has passed many large fields of cotton on the Zambesi, the article having a pile an inch and a half long.

The Red Rover of Alabama, Mr. Yancy, has not been publicly received by the British Minister, yet he seems to have succeeded in getting its private ear.  
Some slanderer asserts that paper makers are the greatest magicians of the age, inasmuch as they transfer beggars' rags into sheets for rags to lie on.  
A Mexican recently dug the body of an Indian from his grave, near Mokolome Hill Cal., and took from the mouth of the defunct three dollars which had been placed there by his tribe.  
Some of the Southern papers are advocating the erection of a monument to Jackson the murderer of Ellsworth—who has, they say given new lustre to the historic name.—Oh, H—icory.

Gen. Scott says that when soldiers go to battle they carry their stomachs with them. The rebel soldiers realize this, and thus far, when attacked, have taken the care to turn that portion of their body from the assailant.  
The Detroit Tribune states that C. H. O. Reardon, one of Cadigan's regiment, the gallant six hundred who rode through that solid phalanx of Russians at Balaklava, and sabred the artillery men at their guns, has enlisted in the Coldwater Light Artillery Corps of Michigan.

SENTINEL CHALLENGES.—A gentleman late from the troops at the Relay House says the sentinels have, in many instances, a pleasant way of making challenges:  
A fellow who had been fishing on the Potapoco, and had secured a fine string of fish was stopped by the usual question, "Who goes there?" "Fisherman was the answer.  
"Advance, fisherman, and drop two shad," said the alert sentinel, looking out for his own commissariat.  
The Montgomery Confederation gives the following from the correspondent:  
"On the first night after my arrival, in passing from one quarter to another, I was stopped by a sentinel whom I recognized as private P—, (though he did not recognize me.) I was asked for the counterpane, and replied, "a friend with a bottle." The reply was "advance bottle and draw stopper," which I did, and was suffered to pass on my way rejoicing."