



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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A New Song to an Old Tune.

BY RALPH RANDOLPH.

Yankee Doodle came to town,
To view the situation,
And found the world all upside down,
And a rumpus in the nation;
He heard all Europe laugh in scorn,
And call him but a noodle;
'Lough on,' he cried, 'as sure as you're born,
I still am Yankee Doodle, &c.'

He found the ragged Southern lions
A-training like tarantulas,
They'd stolen all his silver spoons,
And rifled his plantation;
'I'll wait awhile,' he quietly said,
They may restore the plunder,
But if they don't, I'll go ahead,
And thrash them well by thunder.
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.,

And then the lovely queen of Spain
Told him in honeyed lingo,
That she had courted—not in vain—
A dandy in Domingo;
'My dear,' said he, 'if you will roam
With all the male creations,
Pray, don't come home—I can't at home,
Allow amalgamation.'
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.,

The British lion slyly eyed
A bullet of cotton—
'Dear Yankee Doodle,' soft he cried,
That stuff is slave begotten;
A brother's tears have bleached it white
It speaks your degradation;
But I must have it wrong or right,
To keep away starvation.
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.,

'Hands off! hands off!' good cousin John,
Said Yankee Doodle,
'I am no bragging cotton don,
Who'll bear the system feudal;
I've heard you praise in Exeter Hall,
Of sin and slave pollution,
And now I see 'twas blarney all,
You love the cotton creation.'
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.,

'False words and deeds from high or low,
Bring righteous retribution;
And cousin John, you know
The whole combined creation;
The frigate Constitution
She now is but a rotten boat,
But I have half a notion,
To set her once again afloat.
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.,

'And if in League with her of Spain,
With all the past forgotten
You dare to lift the hand of Cain
In aid of old King Cotton,
Be sure you guard your pocket toys
You call your "bread" omnions,
For I have lots of Yankee boys,
Can flog your killing minions.
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.,

I trust in God, and in the right,
And in this mighty nation;
And in this cause would freely fight
The whole combined creation;
For when, in time's impartial gaze,
The nations are reviewed all,
I know the need of honest praise
Will rest on Yankee Doodle.
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.,

Child's Morning Hymn.

The morning bright,
With rosy light
Has waked me up from sleep;
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive,
And lead me live,
Blest Jesus, near thy side.

Oh! make me rest
Within thy breast,
Great spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee,
Then shall I be,
Prepared to see Thy face.

Letter from an Austrian Officer.

His opinion of the Great Battle and the War.

[From the Cincinnati Daily Commercial.]

CINCINNATI, O., U. S. A., July 26, '61.

Commonly aware to the interference of foreigners in the terrible struggle that is now impending in your blessed country, I could not stand idly by at this important crisis and think that the least thing I could do to help to sustain the glorious institutions of your fair land was undone.

Though not claiming any pre-eminence of knowledge of military affairs, more than should be known by persons having the same opportunity, I must say that my knowledge may be superior to the most of your countrymen, having graduated in the Military College of Royal Engineers of Sweden, and spent fourteen years in the Austrian service. This experience has given me many chances to be thoroughly acquainted with military campaigns.

In our European wars it has always been the custom to attack entrenched encampments or fortifications with never less than ten or twelve times the number of the besieged. But how different the late battle in your country, where we see twenty thousand volunteers endeavoring to cope with three or four times the number, the former without cavalry, or a sufficient amount of approved artillery, the latter behind tremendous masked entrenchments, guarded by powerful parks of artillery, and seconded by large squadrons of hussars. Certain it is that the unequalled general of your forces (Scott)

knew the number of his own men, and it is not possible that he allowed an enemy to be so near without an approximate knowledge of their strength; and the only reason in the world for the attack was the *coute qui coûte* impetuosity of your civilians.

With every confidence in General Scott and his able corps of engineers, one thing is sure, they have too much to attend to—too many apprentices to oversee. This is no time for idle speculations. Your countrymen must be up and doing; no time must be lost. Prepare your civilians to act the part of soldiers.

Your President should place an army of at least six hundred thousand men in the field at once; the men have been offered and should be accepted at once; an army of two hundred thousand strong should be at Washington; a division one hundred thousand strong at Fort Monroe. Generals Patterson and McClellan should at once, or as soon as possible, unite and take a convenient distance from Manassas Railroad, in an entrenched, strongly fortified earth works. The Fort Monroe column should move towards a point in the rear of the railroad, between the Davis army and Richmond, and, by certain, unflinching military understanding, should all attack the enemy at one time, the same hour. This will be sure to crown your arms with success. At the same time an army should be organized in your manufacturing States, at least 50,000 strong, to embark on board of ships, to attack on Southern coasts; another equally strong should enter the Mississippi river towards New Orleans; 100,000 good men should be mustered at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and go South by the latter river; 50,000 men should be sent through Kentucky, to co-operate with the other divisions of your very grand army; still another force of 200,000 men should be held in reserve, to act where their services may be most needed. Such a force can conquer; rest assured a smaller one may fail.

To a foreigner accustomed to the rigidity of individual power, your institutions appear, if anything, more magnificent than they are. Yours is the only real republican nation that has ever existed, and the eyes of all civilized nations are anxiously awaiting the result, to see whether your people think the Government worth sustaining.

There need be no fear of any first-class European power acknowledging the independence of the rebel States, without satisfactory evidence of their being able to sustain themselves, for many reasons: England distrusts Canada, and sees a turbulent spirit in Ireland, only awaiting a favorable time to revolutionize; besides, she is not entirely confident of her new bed fellow, Napoleon; and I assure you the latter is too well aware of the existence of the secret Carbonari, and the uncertainty of France, to interfere in any matter where there is no advantage to be derived by him.

Being on furlough from the Austrian service, with a predisposition to admire the United States, I have carefully noted in my travels over many portions of your country, every object or characteristic of your people, and assure you that I cannot imagine any outrage on the part of the Government that could be flagrant enough to cause any of your people to rebel. Yours is a mighty country, unequalled in the whole epoch of history, and I treat the people in your majesty to come forward and sustain the authorities.

Civilized mankind sympathizes with the North; the accused supporters of human slavery, of despotism, of tyranny, of oligarchy, are alone in their accused schemes.—The unlooked for war may be the cause of very hard times, but the people are or ought to be ready for the sacrifice. Their late outpouring of money, men, everything, to sustain their good country, convinces me that it is not dead in vain.

In this emergency a good plan would be to have a committee to hire or engage every able bodied man to drill daily; make your city one vast camp for home defence, and, if necessary, pay every volunteer two or three francs a day. If you have not the ready money, let a scrip, based on the first credit of your city, be issued in such sums as is needed to pay your home forces. Let the pay be ever so small, it would prevent much suffering, relieve the pressing necessities of many, keep the poorest from starving, and, let come what may, would be a phalanx strong enough to slaughter any foe daring enough to disturb your quietude.

Supposing your taxes would be doubled, would it not be better than to have your city in danger, your citizens suffering from hunger? A committee of five, or any other number, of your good-hearted, responsible citizens in each division of your city, would be appointed to arrange the affair systematically. Though not wishing to doubt the devotion of the citizens of Kentucky, I must say, in all candor, that there are many there of high and low degree who would glory to see the slave propagators conquer. Place your city beyond reach of all such evil disposed citizens.

Though a devoted subject to his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, whom and whose cause I am ever ready to support with my life, if need be, I offer any knowledge of arming and fortifying your city I may possess, without any charge, as my small token of appreciation of true liberty, knowing that his

Majesty will not object, as he loves Republican America as I do, and that it is only second to my own country. Let every man be a conscript. Go out to battle to preserve the boon handed down to you by your forefathers, and your country must be, will be, sustained.

GODFREY F. C. TRATZKY,
Captain Co. E, Fourth Royal Top. Eng.,
Austrian Service.

The Deadly Rifle.

The returns of "killed and wounded" at the battle of Bull Run are necessarily imperfect, but enough have been received to show that the losses among officers, especially "commissioned" ones, are much larger in proportion to their number, than those among privates. The killed are 2 Colonels, 1 Lieutenant-Colonel, 2 Majors, 16 Captains, and 7 Lieutenants; and the wounded, 2 Acting Major-Generals, 8 Colonels, 1 Lieutenant-Colonel, 3 Majors, 16 Captains, and 33 Lieutenants. The casualties among captains are particularly noticeable. Making every allowance for the extra exposure of officers on horseback and those on foot in front, or at the side of their companies, there is still no doubt that a large number of the killed and disabled on that fatal day were singled out and shot by expert marksmen, who were enabled to take deliberate aim from rifle pits or behind trees.

The distance between the hostile forces was repeatedly small enough to permit the picking off of individuals with perfect certainty by any person moderately skilled in the use of the rifle. What loss was sustained among the officers of the enemy is not known; but, as many thousands of the United States forces engaged were also armed with rifles, it may fairly be supposed that the sharpshooters in our ranks used these weapons with deadly effect upon the wearers of shoulder straps and swords wherever they could be seen.

What is to be Done with Them?
What is to be done with Northern sympathizers with treason? You may know them by the piteous whinnings with which they deprecate war—by their groanings about "coercion" and "subjugation," and by their extreme concern about Mr. Lincoln's violations of the Constitution, in his efforts to preserve it, although they have nothing to say about Davis' effort to destroy it altogether. They are all of them sneaking hypocrites, and the surest way to judge them is to watch their faces upon the receipt of news. If it is disastrous to the rebels, their visages at once put on a lengthened, solemn look. If the Union army has met with a disaster—if one of our faithful officers has been assassinated by a rebel, their eyes brighten at once.

These men, were they in Maryland or Missouri, would smuggle powder and shot to their Southern brethren—would engage to the extent of their courage in driving out friends of the Union and confiscating their property or destroying it. But they are where their treasonable sympathies can do no harm and where we can allow them to remain and enjoy the protection of the Government which they would gladly see destroyed. All that we would lay up in store against them is simply a truthful record of the fact that in the hour of its greatest peril they stood with the enemies of the Government and gave their sympathies to the conspirators. We would have this known for at least one generation, and to this end hope they may be inspired with sufficient courage to place themselves where they belong. They can do it safely.—*Harriburg Telegraph.*

Kentucky.

Old Kentucky again most gloriously expressed her attachment and devotion to the Government under which we live. "She was the first new State to come into the Union, and she will be the last to go out." In spite of the recent National disaster at Manassas, and the sneaking but vindictive treachery of her Senators, Breckinridge and Powell, and her representative Burnett—Kentucky has by a tremendous vote repeated the verdict she declared in June. That she gave near fifty thousand majority for unconditional loyalty to the Union, in her choice of Representatives in Congress. Now, with a far less important issue before the people, and under greater difficulties, she has given nearly as great a majority for the maintenance of the Union and Constitution against the attacks of all their enemies. The new legislature is largely for the Union, and comparatively few of the counties have given a decent vote for secession. Kentucky still clings with unflinching tenacity to her ancient faith, and will never be carried over to the cause of treason by the degenerate sons who seek to betray her. In Joseph Holt the Unionist of Kentucky possesses a tower of strength, and with such a sentinel of liberty upon the rampart, the schemes of her rebel Governor can not avail to plunge her into the vortex of destruction.—*Bucks County Intelligencer.*

Gen. McDowell's Reasons for His Defeat.—Gen. McDowell says that our defeat was caused by the superior forces of the enemy. That the men composing our army represented every profession in civil life, but were unacquainted with the rules and tactics of warfare. That the teamsters even the artillery could not change their position without creating alarm. McDowell also said that he would wager his life that two-thirds of his officers had never before seen a cannon ball in the air.

Hissing Yankee Doodle.

On a bright day, shortly after the Fourth of July, when the American troops were making warlike preparations for a fight with the rebels, there might have been seen in a tent, not far from Arlington Heights, a number of officers seated around a rudely constructed table, upon which were two geese, several chickens, a port folio, and paper, pen and ink.

Beyond the lines that formed the official circle stood a soldier, without cap, cartridge-box, belt, musket, or side arms. The Judge Advocate took his seat, and thus formed what the reader may readily suppose a court martial.

The disarmed soldier was charged with killing and capturing two geese and two chickens, thus violating an order of the Commanding General preventing the forcible taking of personal property. A court-martial at such times, though not wanting in dignity, is generally hurried to conclusion.

The charge was read, the evidence was elicited, and it seemed to weigh heavily on the prisoner. He stood with downcast looks, when presently the Judge Advocate said: "Sir, you have heard the charge, and the evidence adduced to sustain it. It has been proven by the most positive evidence that you did early on the morning of the fifth of July, boldly level your musket, loaded with round ball and buckshot, and then did discharge said weapon the contents thereof taking effect in the vital parts of two geese and two chickens, the property of some person or persons unknown. Thus you did on that occasion violate the order of the commanding General, which was issued to prevent the killing, maiming, chasing or wringing the necks of any geese, chickens, ducks, geese, pigeons, cows, sheep, goats, bulls, calves, sows, hogs, boars, roasting pigs, or any other domesticated animal of whatever form or nature. Now, sir, what have you to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?"

"Sir," said the prisoner, raising his head, and revealing the features of an irrepressible Yankee, "I acknowledge that all the evidence adduced is true, so far as it goes. The motives, however, which prompted the act are known only within my own bosom, and I should like to have a record made of them in mitigation of punishment."

Judge Advocate—"Speak freely, and slowly; Clerk, be sure and record every word."

Clerk—"Yes, sir; proceed prisoner."

Prisoner—"May it please your honor, gentlemen, that the celebration of our National Birthday Anniversary formed the flame of my patriotism into an eternal conflagration. My buzzum was a boiler over with the warm elixir of 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'" I felt happy, then, as much so as if I were celebrating the birthday of our country at my gay and happy Green Mountain home, far up in the State of Vermont. I felt, sir, that I could have eaten Jeff. Davis for breakfast, lunched on Beauregard at eleven, served up Wigfall at three o'clock ordinary, and made my supper on the hull army of rebels. I had scorching my eyebrows—sing'd my whiskers—pealed the skin from my face—burnt my fingers, and got a piece of a percussion cap in my eye, on firing the thirteenth round in the general celebration of the everlasting, glorious old Fourth. But I didn't kee for all this yere; I was patriotic—I was determined to be patriotic, and early on the mornin' of the 5th I felt particularly vivacious, and thought I'd take a mornin' stroll in the jaws of the valley. I hadn't got along very far 'fore I sees the geese and chicken comin' along."

"Well, as I said afore, I felt a mighty sight of patriotic feeling in my buzzum, and just to keep up spirits, I whistled Yankee Doodle, and then listened to the echoes a comin, back from the woods, soundin' for all the world just like my own mountain home. I thought the woods were all for the Union, I felt glorious, I whistled again and again, and so did the woods. Well, as I said afore, the geese came along, and I increased the sound of my whistle. I put my fingers in my mouth, and did just so. (Here the patriotic prisoner gave a blow that would have done no discredit to a Pennsylvania locomotive.) I got about half-way through the chune, when the geese set up an eternal almighty hissing, and stuck their long necks and heads at me."

"Crotch all hemlock, an' gosh mighty, but I fired up; I was all possessed and bilin' over with patriotism and glory, and says I, 'darn ye—ye'll hiss Yankee Doodle, will you? Now darn ye, take that,' and I blazed away, and two chickens dropped."

A smile played on the faces of the members of the court-martial, and there was a deal of suppressed laughter.

"But the chickens, sir—the chickens," quickly replied the Judge Advocate, biting his lips; "they did not hiss?"

"Well, no sir," they did not hiss; they seemed to be held in reserve to cover the retreat of the rebel geese, and they fell because they were in bad company.

The next day the soldier was on duty, none the worse for the court-martial. What he came of the geese and chickens never could be accurately ascertained.

Representative Lovejoy, of Illinois, has been authorized to raise an additional regiment in that State.

The Northern Mother.

They are all in the army,
My three boys, and gallant boys;
They've changed the peace of home life
For martial pomp and joys.

It tore my heart strings sadly
To see them march away,
But when their country called them,
I could not say them nay.

There's one that grasps a true sword,
Commissioned to command;
There's one within the ranks found
With musket in his hand;

There's one, and he's my youngest,
Whose stirring drum doth beat
The faultless martial measure
For proudly stepping feet.

Their Father fought before them
On many a bloody plain—
At Erie and at Chippewa,
At York and at Lundy's Lane.

O, may his spirit nerve them
When in the battle's brunt;
For should they fall, I know then
They bear their wounds in front.

God shield my three brave darlings
Throughout these crimson wars!
God help them in defending
Our good old Stripes and Stars.

God speed them on their mission
To quell the Rebel foe!
With strength, that each arch-traitor
May need no second blow.

And when my youngest boy beats
The long roll roll at night,
To tell of foes advancing,
And bids them arm for fight,

God give unto my other boys,
Amid the battle's flame,
To one—dashing son to lead,
To one—unsparing aim.

The list of slain and wounded
I'll read with trembling breath,
To see how many darling sons
Have met untimely death.

And should mine be among them,
I'll read with trembling breath,
To see how many darling sons
Have met untimely death.

Freedom's soil has only place
For a free and fearless race;
None for traitors false and base.

Perish party! perish clan!
Strike together while ye can,
Like the arm of one strong man.

With one heart and with one mouth
Let the North unto the South
Speak the word bedditing both:

What though Issachar be strong,
Ye may lead his back with wrong
Over much and over long.

Patience, with her cup o'rran,
With her weary thread outspun,
Murmurs that her work is done.

Boldly with treacherous art,
Strike your blood-wrought chain apart!
Break the Union's mighty heart!

Work the ruin if ye will!
Pick upon your own heads an ill
Which shall grow and deepen still!

With one heart and with one mouth
Let the North unto the South
Speak the word bedditing both:

What though Issachar be strong,
Ye may lead his back with wrong
Over much and over long.

Patience, with her cup o'rran,
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Boldly with treacherous art,
Strike your blood-wrought chain apart!
Break the Union's mighty heart!

Work the ruin if ye will!
Pick upon your own heads an ill
Which shall grow and deepen still!

With his handmaid's right arm bare
With his heart of black despair,
Stand alone, if stand ye dare!

Onward with your fell design—
Dig the gulfs and draw the line—
Fire beneath your feet the mine!

Deeply when the wide abyss
Yawns between your land and this,
Shall ye feel your helplessness.

Parson Brownlow of Tennessee.

Most people throughout the country—and those especially who "take the papers"—have heard of Parson Brownlow, the famous editor of the Knoxville *Whig*, away down in Tennessee. He is, unquestionably, as original and eccentric as he is a marked character. He is better known and understood in the Southern than in the Northern States. Judged by such selections as have appeared from his pen, in the newspapers, one would regard him as a rough, uncouth, ill-mannered bully, better suited for a rough and tumble fight, among frontiersmen than to the amenities of civil life. The least one would anticipate of such a fierce fighter would be a brace of revolvers in his belt and a fourteen bowie sheathed down his back. But the personal appearance of the redoubtable Parson is quite the reverse of this; indeed he appears like a modest, civil and well behaved gentleman of intelligence and respectability.

Parson Brownlow is a Methodist clergyman in full standing, very popular as a good christian exhorter of his sect, and an editor and politician of the rank and most violent type. He carries into all his public acts, religious, political or personal, the same exuberant spirit of zeal, abuse and defiance. He has edited and sustained for more than twenty years, the *Whig* in a fighting community, and probably never issued a paper in which some one was not heartily abused and defied by name.

He is a fighting parson, belongs to the "church militia," believes in conversion to the doctrine of Christ, and to the Whig doc-

trine by "apostolic knocks" and puts his faith into the heartiest possible practice.—One of his quaint sentences paragraphs was that he "fought the Democrats six days in the week and the Devil on Sunday."

A bitter and "irrepressible" feud existed between him and a brother parson of the same persuasion, named Haynes, for years, but inimitable Brownlow always came on "the top of the heap." Their wrangle kept their conferences in hot water—and Billings gate had full reign in all their controversies, but the "fighting parson" triumphed and Haynes was turned out of the church.

A characteristic story is related of him which is worth reading. Upon the borders of Virginia, there was a settlement of rough "hard shell" Baptists. The Methodists had long essayed to effect a lodgement in this quarter, but were summarily defeated by the decisive mode of turning their missionaries neck and heels out of the place—and this is no very tender or "do as you would be done by" style of christian treatment. With such vigor did these Baptists hold this tower of the Lord, that the Methodists with all their zeal for propagating the gospel, and their resolute devotion to the great duty, paused before this Baptist Gibraltar. The task appeared to be a hopeless one, and no one of the faithful seemed anxious to encounter the risk of personal violence—especially as a coat of tar and feathers had been designated as the fate of the next warrior of the cross who should appear in that region in Methodist garb.

At last, however, Parson Brownlow was appointed to the duty of converting these heathens from the error of their ways. The Parson was much younger and less celebrated than he is now, but the same fiery and reckless spirit animated him that has since extended his reputation so widely.—He knew the risks he was chosen to encounter, and rather relished the novelty and excitement of this new field. Accordingly, he mounted upon his horse, with the inevitable saddle bags of the Southern horseback traveler, he entered the enemy's camp, and announced his purpose to give the barbarians of that locality "a creed of the true doctrine on the holy day to follow." The result was that his horse and saddlebags were taken as spoils, his person roughly maltreated, and he was turned loose in the "outskirts" of the place, and ordered, at his peril, never to steady daylight in that quarter again. The Parson footed it home as best he might, but soon after re-appeared at the scene of contest and conflict, with another horse and another pair of saddle bags, to commence his labors. His treatment was commensurate with the hearty and religious indignation of his foes, and once more the parson footed it home sore and horseless.

A third time the irrepressible Brownlow appeared upon the field, to be served about as before; only his pertinacity and courage had worked upon the curiosity as well as the fancy of a portion of the good people of that section. Some were for hearing what "the cuss was arter" but he was finally again unhorsed and unsaddled, and started home afoot; but he had effected a lodgement among those rude people, who loved pluck and grit if they did not love Methodism. Of course he was expelled again. And sure enough the fourth time, with the fourth horse and fourth pair of saddle bags appeared the persevering Brownlow. By this time there had arisen a decided curiosity to hear what the "cuss had to say"; and the parson was allowed to preach. Well suited to the rude congregation before him, he soon won their confidence, and closed a decidedly popular man. A dozen invitations pressed him to dinner—a universal request that he would come again as soon as he could, and full restoration of the value of the lost horses and saddle bags proved the final triumph of the "irrepressible Methodist." The final result was, the place became the most invincible of Methodist strongholds, and Parson Brownlow one of the most popular preachers among them.

Training at West Point.

At West Point the cadets are daily trained to shoot at a target with the musket or rifle. They fire ten targets, the size and form of a man. Each squad is arranged in lines, so that each cadet and each squad is recorded, so that the qualities of each as a marksman are well known to the instructor.

While on a visit to this famous military school last summer, we paid close attention to the rifle shooting of the cadets. It was what may be called in general, loose firing; yet we could not fail to notice how some of the cadets appeared to be born marksmen, while others appeared to be naturally incapable of learning the art.

Brigadier-General Lyon.

The telegraph last evening brought to us the sad intelligence of the death of Brigadier-General Lyon, commanding the United States forces in Missouri.

Gen. Nathaniel Lyon was the son of a substantial farmer of Ashford, Connecticut, and was the descendant, paternally and maternally, of families who were distinguished for intellect and integrity of character. His mother was of the Knowlton family, which produced two of the distinguished officers of the Revolution—one, the famous Col. Knowlton, who, as Major, commanded the Connecticut boys at the Old Rail Fence, on the left wing of the American army, at Bunker's Hill, and was afterwards killed at the battle of Harlem Heights, New York.

General Lyon was educated at the United States Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated with distinction in 1841, and remained in the army until the time of his death, having risen to the rank of Captain in the Second Infantry; and by the recommendation of the Missouri volunteers became their Brigadier-General. He was in the prime of life as a military commander, having been but forty-two years of age. He had great experience in his profession, especially in the rougher duties, which fitted him so especially for his position as Commander-in-Chief of the Missouri forces. His service had been principally upon the frontiers—in the Florida, Texas, California, Oregon, Kansas and other Indian and border wars. He was with General Scott's division during the Mexican campaign, and was breveted August 20, 1847, "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco," and was wounded at the Battle of the city of Mexico, September 13, 1847. He had a strong physical constitution, a high order of intellect, and an energy which knew no bounds.

Important Act of Congress.

AN ACT to defame and punish certain conspiracies.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That if two or more persons within any State or Territory of the United States shall conspire together to overthrow, or put down, or to destroy by force, the Government of the United States, or to levy war against the United States, or to oppose by force the authority of the Government of the United States; or by force to prevent, hinder, or delay the execution of the law of the United States; or by force to seize, take, or possess any property of the United States against the will or contrary to the authority of the United States; or by force, or intimidation, or threat to prevent any person from accepting or holding any office, or trust, or place of confidence, under the United States, each and every person so offending shall be guilty of a high crime, and upon conviction thereof in any district or circuit court of the United States having jurisdiction thereof, or in district or supreme court of any Territory of the United States having jurisdiction thereof, shall be punished by a fine not less than five hundred dollars, and not more than five thousand dollars; or by imprisonment, with or without hard labor, as the court shall determine, for a period not less than six months nor more than six years, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

Approved, July 31, 1861.

'The World Subject to the South.'

A Richmond (Va.) journal utters this idle talk:

Luckily we cannot too often repeat or too strongly impress it upon our readers, we of the Southern States, are wholly dependent on our cooperation from foreign Powers. We can live and prosper without assistance from any quarter. But not so with others. The most civilized and powerful nations of the globe are directly dependent upon us for their welfare, and even for the subsistence of their people. Next to being able to exterminate them ourselves, the greatest pleasure we can enjoy is to witness their extermination by others. For this reason, it is, we pray eternally that they may be involved in horrible wars with all the Powers of the earth—be swept from the ocean and be exterminated from the face of the globe.

The English, who have come to appreciate the Yankees at his true value, and entertain a just contempt for him, imagine, and probably very correctly, that his doom is sealed, without a blow from them. But if that blow is necessary, it will not be without effect.

THE PRAYING CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.—On the Sabbath morning on which the battle of Lake Champlain was fought, the British Commodore sent a man to the masthead to see what the Americans were doing on Commodore McDonough's ship. The look out told him that they were gathered about the mainmast, and he accordingly reported to the Commodore. "Aha!" said Commodore Downie, "that looks well for them, but bad for us." And so it proved, for at the very first shot from the American ship, which was a chain-shot, the British Commodore was cut in two and killed in a moment. Commodore McDonough was a man of prayer, and brave as a lion in battle. He died as he lived, a simple hearted, earnest Christian.

A FATAL PRIZE.—The Cracy journals announce the death in that city of a man named Brikowski, who won the great prize of 250,000 forins in the Austrian lottery last year. To obtain immediate possession of his fortune he had paid a discount of 11,000 forins, but from the moment he got it in his possession, he seems never to have enjoyed a moment's peace, so fearful was he that some robber would strip him of his unexpected wealth. He kept it in an iron chest, locked up in an arched vault, and visited it morning and night, to see that all was safe, till at last, from excitement and anxiety, he fell ill, and thence supervening, death soon delivered him from all his troubles.