



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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[From Harper's Weekly.]

The Two Furrows.

BY C. H. WEBB.

The spring-time came—but not with mirth—
The banner of our trust,
And with it the best hopes of earth
Were trailing in the dust.

The farmer saw the plow from far,
And stopped to his plow field;
Not the blade of peace, but the brand of war,
Till its stars were bright again,
Let other sow and reap.

"When traitor hands that flag would stain,
Their homes it woman kept,
Till its stars were bright again,
Let other sow and reap."

The farmer sighed—"A life-time long
The plow has been my trust;
In truth it was an ardent wrong
To leave it now to rust."

With ready strength the farmer tore
The iron from the wood,
And to the village smith he bore
That plough-share stout and good.

The blacksmith's arm was bare and brown,
And loud the blows he roared;
The farmer hung his plowshare down—
"Now forge me out a sword!"

And then a merry, merry rhyme
The sounding anvil rang;
Good sooth, it was a nobler rhyme
Than ever poet sang.

The blacksmith wrought with skill that day,
The blade was keen and bright,
And now where thickets is the fray
The farmer leads the fight.

Not as of old that blade he always
To break the meadow's sleep,
But through the rebel ranks he lays
A furrow broad and deep.

The farmer's face is burned and brown,
But light is on his brow,
Right well he wote what blessings crown
The furrow of the plow.

"But better is to-day's success,"
Thus ran the farmer's word,
"For nation's yet unborn shall bless
This furrow of the sword!"

JENNIE WOOD; THE CHILD HEROINE OF KENTUCKY.

BY CHARLIE LAWTON LOVELL.

One of the first settlers of Kentucky was Daniel Wood. Leaving a comfortable home in one of the Eastern States, he, with his family, consisting of his wife and a little daughter about eight years of age, sought a home on the far western borders of Kentucky. Here he soon built himself a log cabin, and, assisted by a lame but faithful negro servant, who had accompanied him from the east, he soon had quite a patch of ground cleared, and began anew the life of a farmer combined with that of a hunter.

Prosperity smiled upon his efforts, and six months passed without anything occurring to mar the even tenor of his way.

It was a bright, beautiful morning in June. Old Sol had just turned out from his eastern couch, and peeping over the hills, was bathing the horizon in crimson with his smiles;—and, armed with his trusty rifle, and a pack of skins strapped upon his back, Daniel Wood issued from his cabin door. He was bound on a visit to a neighboring station, some miles distant, to purchase a new supply of ammunition and other little necessities and luxuries that were needed at the cabin. Pausing upon the threshold of his home, he took a long and anxious round.

"Keep a good lookout, Molly," he said, turning to his wife, who was just behind him, and who had come to the door to bid her husband "God speed" on his journey.

"Keep a good lookout; although the red skins ain't shown themselves yet, that's no knowing when to expect the varmints; and they might pop out on you 'fore yer knowed anything 'bout it."

"Never fear, Daniel," returned his wife; "there is no danger. The Indians have never been 'round here; besides, we have done nothing to anger them, and I don't think they will interfere with us. But look to yourself, Daniel; the trail through the forest to the station is a long one, and you know not what danger may surround you."

"Never fear for me, Molly," answered the frontiersman; "while I have faithful Sallie here,"—and he lovingly patted the neck of his rifle—"I will be dangerous work for any redskin to come within shooting distance of me; so never fear, but keep up a good heart—I shall be back before dark."

And he pressed a kiss upon the lips of the buxom dame.

Just at this moment the burly form of Lame Jake, the negro, made his appearance round the corner of the cabin, returning to his breakfast from his early labors in the fields. For a moment he gazed upon the pleasant scene, his eyes glistening with delight and mirth; then he broke out:

"I golly, massa! Arn't you gwine to kias poor old nig, too, 'fore you goes? Yah, yah, guess you'd better! guess you'd better!"

And Old Jake shook with suppressed

mirth at his humorous conceit.

"Go 'long, you black varmint!" answered his master, laughing. "Git you grub and then stay around the house till I come back; and take good care of your mistress and my little darling here."

And he patted the golden tresses of his daughter.

"Needn't tell me dat, massa, needn't tell me dat. Old Jake look out for dem as long as he got a single bref of life in his ugly ole carcass, dat he will. Lor' bress you, massa, if one of dem ar red debbils come round anywhere near ole Jake, dey git fits, now I coax you. If dis ole uig gits one of dese yer claws on him, Igin gone sure!" and Jake held up one of his mammoth hands. "Good bye, massa; neber fear Igin as long as ole Jake's 'round."

And with these words Old Jake disappeared into the house, whilst the pioneer also turned to depart, waving a last adieu as he mysteriously disappeared in the depth of the forest.

The sun had reached the meridian; Jake, true to his master's orders, had remained in the cottage, and was now helping to prepare the noonday meal. Jennie, the golden haired daughter of the pioneer, was getting the dishes upon the table, while the matron herself went forth to the little spring, some hundred yards distant from the cottage, to bring the pure cold water that was to be their beverage. Slowly she approaches the spring, her eyes anxiously cast around to spy any suspicious motion of a leaf or bending of a twig, for once or twice during the morning hours she thought or imagined she saw the suspicious movement of the under growth in the forest. She has reached the spring at last. Suddenly she stops. What is that in yonder clump of bushes? It flutters in the air like the gaudy plumage of some forest bird. It is a bird's plume, but it rests upon the head of some pointed savage. You would hardly have noticed it,—but the eyes of the matron are sharp,—not only her own life, but that of her darling child depend upon her. Now for presence of mind. She must not let them know she has discovered them, and perhaps she may yet regain the house.

Calmly she fills her pail with water and turns to replace her steps. Already has she passed over one quarter of the distance between the spring and the house. Will she reach there safely? her heart throbs audibly. When—oh, horror!—a savage and appalling yell strikes upon her ear; too well she knows its import: the savages have started in pursuit! She must reach the house before they do or all is lost. She drops her bucket and starts on the race for life. Terror adds wings to her flight, and she will distance her enemies. No one burly savage gained her side; but he harms her not, but swiftly continues on toward the house. What means he by that maneuvre? alas! her hearts tells her too well—the house once in the possession of the Indians, all are at the mercy of the savage foe.

Loudly she called Jake to shut the door; but the negro stands with the handle of the open door in his hand, fierce determination depicted on his swarthy visage. The matron and the Indian gain the house together, and both cross the threshold at the same moment. But as Mrs. Wood passed the servant, he calls to her:

"Bar de door, missus!" And with one spring he is upon the savage.

Jennie slams to the heavy oak door as the rest of the Indians dash up to it. One of them, more speedy than the rest, gets his red visage caught between the door and the post, and thus prevents Mrs. Wood from getting the door securely closed; but the matron has as quick as thought, slipped the bar into its loop in one side of the door, and using it as a lever, presses the oak barricade tightly against the body of the savage, and holds him there a prisoner, whilst his body protects the door from the assaults of his companions outside.

But how goes on the fight inside.

We left Old Jake grappling with the Indian. Far once the negro had found his match and each, clasped in the embrace of the other had fallen to the floor. Now they rolled over from one side of the room to the other, and at last it seemed the Indian would be the victor. He had succeeded in getting the negro beneath him, and had drawn his knife to finish his enemy, when, with one great effort of strength, Jake, as the knife of the Indian was about to seek his heart, partially relieved himself and seized the Indian by both arms, held him motionless—the knife suspended in the air.

"Old nig got you now, you red cuss," puffed Jake. "No use yer tryin', yer can't git away! Ole Jake ain't much on his pins dat's the truf, but jist luf him git dese yer arms onto anything and dey hol' tighter nor def to a dead nig—shure!"

And Jake spoke the truth, for, though lame and feeble in his legs, his arms were strong enough to lift a ton. But Jake was in a bad fix; for, although he held the Indian immovably, he was himself a prisoner, and for some time he cogitated what to do. Mrs. Wood could not help him, for she had as much as she could do to keep the door closed against the Indians outside. If he had only sized the savage by the wrists, he might have broken them, and so make him powerless; but, unluckily, he had caught

him about the middle of the forearm, and with the savage writhing about him it was impossible to shift his hold with safety.—What could he do? A happy thought strikes him. There is a sharp axe under the bed; could he get that. But, how could he use it? That was the question, and he took a tiger hold upon the Indian, that made him, stoic though he was, writhe with pain.

"I golly! you'll twist worse nor dat, you debil!" muttered Jake, as another idea worked its way through his wool. Then calling to Jennie, "come here Miss Jennie, Dossen't git scart, chile, he can't git away."

"I'm not afraid of him, Jake," she said, as she stepped forward, her eyes flashing anger and hate on the savage foe. "What can I do to help you, Jake? Oh, I wish I could kill him!"

And she shook her little fist at the Indian.

"Ugh, he kill, scap you, bymby, may-be!" growled the Indian, as he made another attempt to free himself.

"Maybe you won't, neither," answered the brave girl. "But what shall I do, Jake—what shall I do?"

"I tell you, Miss Jennie," answered Jake, hope beaming on his dusky countenance. "Dat's an axe under de bed—mighty sharp one, too. Yah, yah, ole nig sharp him up yesterday. Didn't know what for do—guess Indian fiad out, pooty soon. Well, Miss Jennie, you git de axe, cum up behind Igin and gib him one good lick in de hed and kill him. Dat's what you do."

For a moment, Jennie, in horror, shrank from the deed. She was pot afraid, but the idea of shedding blood had something horrible in it to the child, even if it was the blood of an enemy. She looked at her mother inquiringly.

"Shall I do it, mother?" she asked.

"It is our only hope of safety, Jennie," replied the matron, after a moment's hesitation. "Do it, if you can, daughter; it is the only way to save our lives."

"I can do it, and I will!" answered the brave girl, and she sprang to get the axe.

The Indian had listened attentively to the short conversation. Little as he understood he knew they were contriving some plan, but what it was he could not make out. The appearance of the axe soon enlightened him on that point, and as he saw the young girl approach with the weapon, his struggles to get away became almost superhuman, and he had nearly succeeded in his object as the axe descended upon his head. A sudden movement of the Indian rendered the blow partially ineffective, and the axe glanced off merely inflicting a slight wound. But again the young heroine raised the weapon, and again it descended, this time with fatal effect and the savage sank dead at her feet.

Dropping the axe, Jennie turned, in horror, from the sickening spectacle. Old Jake sprang to his feet with a hoop that was audible to the Indians on the outside, and seized upon the axe.

"I golly, missus," he shouted, "dat's de way to sarve 'em out!" Then pointing to the savage who, a prisoner in the door, had been a witness to the fate of his comrade, Jake continued, "jus' let in dat under red cuss dar, an' we'll sarve him off in de same manner. I golly, I tink I'll hab a cut at him anyhow!"

And he hobbled toward the door; but the Indian saw him coming, and knowing his fate if he stayed there he gave a yell and making one great struggle for liberty and life, he succeeded in releasing himself, but not without leaving a considerable portion of his gaudy dress and painted countenance as the door closed; and Mrs. Wood joyfully fixed the stout oak bar, that had done such good service in its place. Yell upon yell arose from the savages outside of the house; but suddenly they were drowned by the sharp crack of a dozen rifles, and the hope of rescue sprang up in the hearts of the besieged. Flying to a loophole in the wall of the cabin, Mrs. Wood looked out.—A dozen Indians lay dead on the ground, while the survivors were flying in all directions. And issuing from the forest were some eighteen or twenty hardy frontiersmen headed by Daniel Wood himself, who sprang across the open pace and was welcomed with opened arms by his overjoyed wife at the threshold.

The cabin was soon filled with the woodsmen, while Jennie—dear, brave Jennie, was lauded to the highest pitch for her courage. Nor was Old Jake forgotten. The opportune arrival of Daniel and his friends were then explained. It seems that one of their neighbors, while hunting in the woods, discovered the Indians; and watching them, had seen them make toward Mr. Wood's. The man hurried to the station to obtain help, and there found Mr. Wood. A party was soon raised and on the march. Our readers know the rest. But Old Jake ever after asserted:

"Dat if missus had only luf dem red cuss in, in one at time, Missie Jennie and dis ole nig would hab killed dem all off—Shur's yer born."

In the battle of Bull Run, Henry Benson of Kenosha county, Wis., fought gallantly with his regiment, the 2nd Wisconsin. He was first shot through the hand, and exclaimed, "There goes one hand for the Union. Rally, boys, and down with the traitors!" Just then a ball struck him near the heart. He died, exclaiming, "Tell my father I die like a man fighting for the Union."

The English Press on Bull Run.

When the *London Times* declares that the Secessionists gained a victory at Bull Run—"a complete victory—as much a victory as Austerlitz"—one wonders which most predominates, its simple effrontery, its palpable ignorance, or its notorious mendacity. The *London Daily Telegraph*, which sets it down as only "second to Magenta, or to Solferino, in actual slaughter," is just as badly informed. Our readers should know that the *Telegraph* long had been a liberal, independent journal, but has lately become the thick-and-thin advocate of the Palmerston Ministry, and especially of the small morsel of morality, Earl Russell, who exactly realizes the idea Tom Moore's satirical poem, "There was a little man, and he had a little soul."

In the battle of Magenta 20,000 Austrians were placed *hors de combat*, 7,000 were taken prisoners, and 12,000 muskets and 30,000 knapsacks were picked up. At Solferino, the Austrian loss was considerably greater,—but the victory there lost Lombardy to Austria, confirmed the exile of the Grand Duke, transferred Tuscany, Parma, and Modena to Victor Emmanuel, and paved the way for the annexation of the Kingdoms of Naples, Sicily, and all the rest of Italy except Venetia and the small remnant of Italy not defended by French bayonets.

When the news of Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz reached William Pitt, he was almost paralyzed with dismay, surprise, and anger. He grasped the despatch, and conclusively crushing it up his hand, exclaimed, "Then we may roll up the map of Europe for the next twenty years." In six weeks, he was a dead man—heart-broken by a victory which made Napoleon virtual master of the continent of Europe. In that battle, 10,000 of the Austro-Russian army were left dead on the field, 20,000 were taken prisoners, 185 pieces of cannon, 400 caissons, and 45 standards were captured. The French lost 12,000 men, and Napoleon's forces of 80,000 men was opposed by 84,000 of the allied army. That was a battle, which at once placed Northern Europe at the conqueror's feet, and closed the campaign by the peace of Presburg.

Compare these great European battles, which immediately decided most momentous points—namely, the supremacy of Napoleon I., and the liberation of Italy,—with our battle of Bull Run. We had a small force engaged,—we won the victory at first,—we sustained one of those sudden and inexplicable panics which sometimes paralyze the best troops (as with the French on one occasion, during the Italian war of 1859) we did not lose a single standard; the enemy was either unable or unwilling to follow up the "victory"; and our troops are now preparing for a renewal of the campaign, with better discipline and better heart than before, for they have unbounded confidence in the united command of General Scott and General McClellan.

If the *London Times* should desire to be considered "the leading journal of Europe," (a title which it modestly claims for itself,) it must get new and well-informed writers. Every military man—every reader, in fact, of ordinary knowledge, whether derived from books or conversation—must detect, at once, the reckless and even impudent mendacity which declares Bull Run to be "a complete victory—as much a victory as Austerlitz."

Mr. Russell, upon whose long report the *Times* rests for information, saw nothing of the fight, which had been raging some seven hours before he reached Centerville, the terminus of his journey. Indeed, he only describes the retreat—the rout, if the word suit him better. Considering that he had left his escort seven miles behind him, by the time he had reached the Long Bridge over the Potomac, and actually was one of the foremost fugitives who reached Washington, distancing every other newspaper man out on service that day, his sketch is very clever.—We shall not too curiously inquire how he was able to describe scenes from which he travelled as fast as ever his galloping steed could carry him.

We repeat, the rout has given us as a lesson which was needed. It has checked, and probably stopped, the tendency to be influenced by the advice or the reproaches of civilians, and has placed the conduct of the war in the hands of capable military chiefs. If Europe has any idea that the United States will not carry out the firm purpose of compelling the revolted South to abandon its treason and come back under the shelter of the Constitution, it will do well to think otherwise. We won Freedom, in our struggle for Independence, by the same self-reliance and valor which we now shall exercise to succeed, with so just a cause as ours, would be to nullify the glory of the past—in the words of the poet:

Was it for this we sent out
Liberty's cry from our shores?
Was it for this that her shout
Thrilled to the world's very core?

As the *London Daily News* says: "The defeat of the North shuts the door to compromise or to acquiescence on any terms the South can offer. The Union is bound to conquer now. The spirit of New England and the Northwest will rise to the occasion; and we, of the old ranc, tried and strengthened by many reverses, shall not be surprised if our kinsman never rest until they have turned defeat into victory."—Philadelphia Press.

Evergreen Mountains of Life.

There's a land far away 'mid the stars we are told,
Where we know not the sorrows of time;
Where the pure waters wander through valleys
of gold,
And life is a treasure sublime,
'Tis the land of our God—'tis the home of our soul,
Where ages of splendor eternally roll—
Where the way-wearied traveler reaches his goal,
On the evergreen mountains of life.

Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss,
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fanned,
When we faint in the deserts of this.

And we sometimes have longed for holy repose,
When our spirits were worn with temptations
and woes,
And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows
From the evergreen mountains of life.

Oh, the star never treads the blue heavens at night,
But we think where the ransomed have trod,
And the eye never smiles from its place of light
But we feel the bright smiles of our God.

We are traveling homeward, through changes and gloom,
To a kingdom where pleasure unchangingly bloom,
And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb,
From the Evergreen Mountains of Life.

THE BROKEN HEART.
BY MRS. W. E. BENSON.

I saw her once and loved her,
For her face and form were fair,
No tear was then within her eyes,
Nor on her brow a care.
I saw her loved another,
And envied him his lot;
Oh, how I mildly worshipped her!
But you she knew it not.

Why did I let her give her heart,
So trusting pure and kind,
To one who valued not the gift,
Nor the beauties of her mind.
He only loved her when she smiled,
Or when she looked most fair;
He sought not to retain her love
By a husband's watchful care.

I saw her weeping and alone,
Why smote those tears so fast?
Was it the dread of griefs to come,
By the memory of the past?
I felt that she too soon had found
His love upon the waves,
Though he vowed to love and cherish her,
Beneath the holy fave.

When last I saw her, oh, how changed!
Was that much neglected one!
Too proud to utter a complaint,
Sad, silent, loving on.
I saw her pass a tiny form,
And watched her parting breath;
How fondly was that dear one held
In her cold embrace of death!

British Neutrality.

On Tuesday, the 6th of August, the British Parliament was prorogued, after the customary Ministerial document, called "the Speech from the Throne," was read by the Lord Chancellor. One sentence runs as follows:

"The disquisitions which arose some months ago in the United States or North America have unfortunately assumed the character of open war. Her Majesty, deeply lamenting this result, has determined, in common with the other powers of Europe, to observe a strict neutrality between the contending parties."

This is a fair promise. We wonder how it has been kept. Lord Palmerston told the House of Commons that a blockade was no blockade unless it were so strictly kept that vessels could enter or leave the prescribed port. Lord Lyons, long suspected of strongly sympathizing with the South, is actually accused, at this moment, as having entered into communication with Mr. Jefferson Davis as to the terms on which England would recognize "the so-called Confederate States" as an independent nation. And, to crown all, the *London Morning Post*, Palmerston's organ and property, declares that there is a *de jure* Government in "the South," and proclaims it as "a fact that the South has achieved its Independence." If this be Palmerston's idea of neutrality, it will not give satisfaction here.

Let England play false now, or even attempt it, and she will precipitate herself into a deadly war with this country. We can raise sufficient soldiers to subdue Southern Rebellion and punish British audacity, and we will do it. For every four men now under arms against the South, there would be five and twenty ready to pull trigger against a British enemy. We have had ample experience of the insolence of such a foe, and we have already punished it in a very indispensible manner. If England wishes a war with this country—on no other account than because it has flourished under republican government—we will not say "No," and then Earth may hide—wars engulf—fire consume us, but they shall not to Slavery doom us; If they rule it shall be over our ashes and our graves; But we've smote them already with fire as the waves,
And now triumph on land ere before us,
To the charge—Hoover's banner be'er us.
Is England anxious to lose Canada and her West India Islands? Then, the readiest way is to acknowledge the South, which will cause a war with the United States. The issue of such a contest would simply deprive England of her Atlantic and trans-Atlantic possessions, besides placing her at the mercy of France.—Phil. Press.

Many a man is black-balled by those who are hardly fit to perform that operation on his boots.

A Captain Sold.

A gallant volunteer officer was badly sold a few days since. He was searching the Louises of citizens for arms, with a squad of men, and on arriving at the residence of an old gentleman named Hayes, was met in the hall by his daughter—a beautiful black-eyed girl of eighteen—who appeared deeply agitated, and implored the captain not to search the house. The officer was immovable resolved to do his duty, and the more bent upon searching from the apparent dismay of the fair girl. "Indeed—indeed," she exclaimed, "we have only three guns in the house."

The captain smiled incredulously. Fetch them to me," said he, remembering the fate of poor Ellsworth. The young lady hurried up stairs, and returned with an old rusty double-barreled shot gun that no prudent man would have ventured to load and discharge. "The others—the other two?" demanded the officer. "Oh, sir, my brothers!" sobbed the girl. "I cannot take them from them!"

The captain pushed her on one side—"Forward, men!" he shouted, falling into the rear himself. As the file of soldiers busily mounted the stairs the young lady clung to the skirts of the officer, who was the last to ascend, exclaiming, wildly,

"But—but, sir, my brothers—you will not harm my brothers?"

The captain shook her off somewhat ungraciously and rushed up after the soldiers, who by this time, reached the closet door of a chamber. After a pause, the men pushed open the door, and rushed in with bayonets fixed, when two juvenile Zouaves, of the ages of eight and ten years, fully armed and equipped with wooden guns, appeared drawn up in line before them. At the same moment the silvery laugh of the black-eyed beauty was heard on the stairs, echoed by a couple of chambermaids, who were peeping over the banisters from above. The officer beat a hasty retreat, without making a seizure of the two remaining guns.—New York Sunday Mercury.

The great necessity of the hour is the general diffusion of a feeling of confidence in the Government, which is manifestly doing all in its power to maintain the integrity of the Republic; and we do not wonder, therefore, that those who delight in singling out different members of the Cabinet for attack, and who persist in constant fault-finding, are regarded at Washington as virtual allies of the insurgents. If any real abuses exist at a time like this, there are better ways of remedying them than by resorting to newspaper clamor, which is calculated rather to dampen the ardor of our soldiers, and to chill the patriotism of our citizens, than to accomplish any other object.

During the Bull Run battle an order was given to a New England company to lie down and load, and only rise when in the act of firing. During the hottest of the conflict Captain Law observed a man standing while loading. "Contrary to order," exclaimed the captain, "you must lie down while loading." "The fact is captain," said the man addressed, "I'm so plaguesy fat that if I lie down to load it takes so long to get up again." The captain turned away with a smile, and left the fat man to choose his own method of fighting.

ANECDOTE OF VALLANDIGHAM.—Previous to the attack on Sumpter, the notorious dirt eater of Ohio made a boast that the first regiment that left Ohio, to fight against the South, would have to march over his dead body. It so happened that the 1st Ohio regiment won from his district and marched past his house. When close upon it, the regiment halted, and the Colonel said:—"You are now to pass the dead body of Vallandigham; let every man hold on to his nose!" which they did until all had passed.

The *London Spectator* has this paragraph in its heading of "News of the Week":—"The American Congress has voted the men and the money required by the President, and twenty per cent. more, and the House of Representatives has affirmed by 92 to 55 that it is no part of the duty of officers to capture fugitive slaves. The hand moves slowly on the dial, but it moves, and when the finger passes the hour, the knell of Slavery will ring out with a clang which will startle Europe."

James, my son, take this letter to the post office and pay the postage on it. The boy returned highly elated and said: "Father, I send a lot of men putting letters in a little place, and when no one was looking, I slipped yours in for nothing and bought a gingerbread with the money."

It appears that the capture of Mr. Nelson, member of Congress from Tennessee was effected through the treachery of a man of whom, in Virginia, he inquired his way. He was entrapped and taken by a party of forty horsemen.

Do those who clamor for peace in our midst ever reflect that if they were to make any profitor of the sort to the rebels Davis and Beauregard it would be laughably and instantly refused?

PENNSYLVANIA is promptly and nobly responding to the recent order of the Secretary of War, and her citizens stand in honor or any drafts that may be made upon their patriots.

You cannot preserve happy domestic pairs in family jars.

The Peace Politicians.

The intriguing politicians who are seeking to prevent a vigorous prosecution of the war forget that we are not living in ordinary times when their chief mission is merely to put an Administration on trial, but that the existence of a nation, and all the great interests and future prosperity of millions of their countrymen, are at stake. No matter what men may think of the past, or what criticisms they may feel inclined to make upon the mighty events transpiring around us, the first attention of every good citizen is due to the stern realities of the present, and his highest duty is to stand gallantly by the Government which, in this crisis, is the representative of the majesty, the honor, and the power of the American people. For the war suddenly forced upon us by the internal enemies of our country, we were almost totally unprepared, and it was utterly impossible at the outset of the conflict to foresee every contingency, to guard against every error, and to do everything in the best manner possible. But no rational or impartial man who scrutinizes the course of events, can deny that an earnest and resolute effort has been made to grapple effectively with the extraordinary difficulties and embarrassments that have unexpectedly arisen, and that whenever experience demonstrated that any particular regulation was erroneous or prejudicial, it has been speedily corrected.

And now, looking at all the dangers which menace us and the exact position of our country as fully in the face as possible, with all the light that the experience of the last eventful four months affords, who does not see that the highest interests of the loyal section of this country demand a vigorous and earnest support of the Administration in its efforts to suppress rebellion, and to roll back the tide of war upon the wild hordes that threaten to precipitate itself upon the capital, that is even now seeking to gain possession of Missouri, and that boasts that it will soon be able to invade Pennsylvania, to capture Philadelphia and New York, and to burn Boston? We are well aware that this is only an idyl threat, but what a terrible reproach upon us it is to reflect that more than twenty millions of loyal people should be thus persistently and unceasingly taunted by a band of traitors, who are not sustained by a white population of more than a few millions—and that our capital is daily and hourly threatened by them! We must remember that, no matter what may be the final termination of this struggle, our character and position in the scale of nations is now fairly at stake, and that if we fail in a contest where the odds are apparently so strongly in our favor, our doom is sealed henceforth and forever, and we will be regarded by every vigorous and intelligent people as the veriest helots and cowards that disgrace the earth. If we fail in the discharge of our duty, not only will the Union be forever broken and the demons of anarchy and discord, or of tyranny and despotism, reign supreme over our fair land hereafter, but all our rights will be ignored, our power destroyed, our self-respect sacrificed, and our future destiny will become as miserable, hopeless, and disgraceful as our former history has been glorious, prosperous, and honorable. Those who prate to us of peace when there is no peace, seek but to lure us to eternal shame, misery, and disgrace. They are, indeed, the men who are doing most to protract the war and to prevent the return of the old state of security and prosperity among us, because they are seeking to paralyze the energies of the nation and to destroy its capacity to crush the rebellion that has produced all our present calamities. The only safe and true road to a lasting and honorable peace is that which leads to the overthrow and dispersion of the insurgent army. War was caused by the traitors first commencing a series of unprovoked assaults upon the Southern forces of the nation and by their efforts to place a large army in the field to capture our capital. Peace can only be produced by the overthrow of their army and the triumph of the Government over those who have wantonly and wickedly assailed it. There can be no other peace which would afford us security, or that would not cover us with disgrace. There is no limit to the extravagance and injustice of the demands of the traitors; and if the loyal portion of this country, far superior to them in numbers, should be weak enough to yield under the pressure of threats and the power of the insurgent army, confessions which a sense of justice and propriety impelled it to deny it could never hope to cope in a struggle with a powerful foreign country, or to guard itself against unceasing future aggressions.

It therefore becomes the true friends of peace to assist in the vigorous prosecution of the war. The policeman who attacks a gang of rioters and seeks to arrest them, does so, not to fight for the sake of fighting, but to restore order; and the man who tries to persuade him not to do his duty, or who endeavors to prevent a body of policemen, sufficiently large to quell a riot, from reaching the scene of disorder, is really a foe to the best interests of society, and an enemy of peace, although he may pretend that his chief desire is to avoid a collision between the violators of the law and its supporters.

You cannot preserve happy domestic pairs in family jars.