



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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Be in Time.

The voice of wisdom hear, Be in time, be in time, The voice of wisdom hear, Be in time, Be in time, To give up every sin, In earnest now begin, For the night will soon set in, Be in time, be in time, For the night will soon set in, Be in time.

Backslider dost thou hear, Be in time, be in time, Backslider dost thou hear, Be in time, Be in time, Thy sinful course forsake, Thyself to prayer partake, Thy deathless soul at stake, Be in time, be in time, Thy deathless soul at stake, Be in time.

Though late you may return, Be in time, be in time, Though late you may return, Be in time, Be in time, Though late you may return, Be in time, Be in time, While the lamp holds out its burn, Be in time, be in time, While the lamp holds out its burn, Be in time.

Ye aged sinners hear, Be in time, be in time, Ye aged sinners hear, Be in time, Be in time, Your sad sires are ebbing fast, Your dye will soon be cast, Ye aged men make haste, Be in time, be in time, Ye aged men make haste, Be in time.

Should you the work delay, Be in time, be in time, Should you the work delay, Be in time, Be in time, Should you the work delay, Be in time, Be in time, Death will be a solemn day, Be in time, be in time, Death will be a solemn day, Be in time.

O! should the door be shut, When you come, when you come, O! should the door be shut, When you come, Be in time, be in time, O! should the door be shut, When you come, Be in time, Be in time, O! it will be late to pray, Be in time, be in time, O! it will be late to pray, Be in time.

Ye who are young in years, Be in time, be in time, Ye who are young in years, Be in time, Be in time, Ye say you're in your bloom, And far from the dark tomb, But bid your day will come, Be in time, be in time, But bid your day will come, Be in time.

The gospel strains at hand, Be in time, be in time, The gospel strains at hand, Be in time, Be in time, Behold your station there, While Jesus pays the fare, And we'll all unite in prayer, Be in time, be in time, And we'll all unite in prayer, Be in time.

Yes! I know that this life is a wilderness dim, Where the upas spreads many a deadly, dark bough, And the cold winds are sighing a sorrowful hymn, As they stir the dark leaves of the traveler's brow; Where the deep, unguessed fountains so oft look like tears, And we meet with the trace of many a form That sunk down for a while into the torture of fears, When that dark forest bent to the pitiless storm.

But there's loveliness still in the wilderness dim, For we often may meet with a soul cheering flower, While a sweet hymn of gladness, instead of the hymn, Warns of "hope" from the depth of some rose-wreathing bower; And when onward we struggle through mazes of morn, Some brother, who also is wandering, starts To our side, and in one blissful moment is born, A dear friendship that never shall fade from our hearts.

So, we'll rush not to oft at this wilderness dim, But as much as we can, give no heed to the boughs; Of the dark upas stirred by that sorrowful hymn, While we hail the least blossom to twine on our brows; Nor forever by upas and night-shade will roam There's a garden of myrtle and laurel in store At the end of the forest where sparkles a home That our brothers and sisters have entered before.

From the Harrisburg Telegraph.

Another Western Vindication.

It is gratifying to behold the manner in which the great west repels the attacks that a few interested and disappointed speculators had been making on the Secretary of War. These vindications are the more valuable because they come from a class of men in whose confidence government can alone rely for support: the great producing and agricultural classes of this still mightier west. We have already quoted largely from numerous of the most prominent journals in the west, the very clearest vindications of the Secretary of War, but the following from another of the most respectable journals in the same quarter, is too truthful not to be placed on the same record in the columns of the TELEGRAPH, for the purpose of affording the old friends and neighbors and the great mass of the people of Pennsylvania, additional proof of the high estimation in which Simon Cameron is held by the people of the

western States. We quote from the Washington correspondence of the Press and News, one of the leading newspapers in the State of Wisconsin. From the style of the correspondence we are induced to believe that it is from the pen of one of the editors of that journal. It is as follows:

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28. "A stay in Washington of a week or ten days has satisfied me of that gigantic preparation now making for this war. When the blow is struck it will blot out all hopes of the rebels. Still, I do not look for a termination of the war, even after a decisive blow is struck. The leading rebels will fight hard to avoid a halter, or flight from the country—a most certain doom. The longer they can protract the war, the longer they escape their fate.

The different members of the Cabinet labor day and night; and as this gigantic movement is more in the hands of the War Department, so its duties are more oppressive. General Cameron, its head, is the man of all others for that position. With untiring industry, courage, quick and ready knowledge of human character, incorruptible integrity, he has accomplished wonders in his department. Since he took possession of it he has gathered the reins left by the traitor Floyd, and as if by magic, he has built up and given life and energy to a grand efficient system, that will soon devolve itself to the country. If any man in this Government is contributing his full share to the success of the war, it is him. Late and early he is at his post.

I am well informed by a friend, now a guest in his house, that often, long after midnight, he admits messengers to his bedroom, and lays on his bed counselling and giving orders and instructions. This great labor is wearing him out, but his determination never flinches. Like his gallant brother who fell at Bull Run, he will die in the harness rather than falter in this perilous hour. I do not wonder that he is bitterly assailed. At times upon him come from two sources. First that class of men who come here to steal and rob the Government. Their name is legion. Their arts and devices are past finding out and it seems that all grades and conditions of life contribute to this army of plunderers. Against this class of men Gen. Cameron has set his face, and his Spanish firmness is immovable. No one, friend or foe, can induce him to wink at or encourage, directly or indirectly, the least wrong to the Government. He is incorruptible and pure, and these public robbers and thieves are fully convinced of it, and hence their howl for a change in the cabinet. Some New York merchant-politicians, professing great patriotism, figured largely as a committee to save the government. Finally, one of their number proposed to sell a steamer to the government at \$502,000. The President and cabinet approved the purchase, and directed the Secretary of War to close it at the price named. Gen. Cameron took the precaution to send an agent to New York to examine the vessel, and to learn all that is proper to know. He discovered that a few weeks before the owner had offered the vessel at \$252,000, at private sale. This was communicated to Gen. Cameron, who at once refused to make the purchase, and thus defeated this conspiracy, under professions of patriotism, to rob the Government of \$100,000.—Thereupon the participants in this nefarious attempt at plunder raised the howl against the Secretary of War, and have since been continually engaged in attempting to poison the public mind against him.

I will give you, in a few days, further instances of attempts by these patriotic and disinterested merchant-politicians to rob the government; also of other attempts promptly and firmly put down by Gen. Cameron.—You may rest assured that he will come out of this trial triumphant. The rebel influence in the free states has also been busy at work to prostrate him and to destroy his usefulness.

A LOOKER-ON—MISSOURI. No part of our country presents greater points of interest at the present time, than Missouri. The recent proclamation of Gen. Fremont has turned all eyes in that direction. None condemn his declaration of martial law. It was not a day too soon.—His warning that all traitors in arms within the military lines, would be tried by court-martial, and, if found guilty, shot, is the only mode of treating this piratical rebellion. None condemn him for this obvious, wise and humane decision. The personal and real property of rebels is pronounced confiscate. This is also approved by the loyal part of the country.

In the midst of this general approval, comes up a faint rumbling cry of dissatisfaction because the slaves of rebels are declared to be FREE MEN. Why in the name of our country, is this kind of property to be held more sacred than any other? Are they not laboring to raise provisions for the rebels? Are they not employed on their fortifications and even in a military capacity? No other "property" can be so important to the rebels. Yet, we have some thin skinned individuals who demur to this manifest duty of the bold and unflinching commander of our Western army. They want the same thing done, but they want it glossed over with "contraband

of war," or some other circumlocution which shall not say they are free men. Nonsense! Gen. Fremont is not the man to become a slave dealer or a slave driver. This is a slave-driver's rebellion and the "contraband of war" plea recognizes a kind of right of property in man as in horses and other chattels. Gen. Fremont will not stultify himself by admitting as right, what these slave-drivers are fighting for. The moment he holds slave property more sacred than any other, he admits just what the rebels say, viz: that slave property should have the protecting care of the Government above all other. But the "department of the West" is not involved in this stupid, timid—we had almost said—cowardly nonsense. All property of rebels is declared confiscate, and no civilized law, except the States enjoying sovereignty by virtue of their loyalty, can recognize property in man. No power exists to sell or dispose of slaves by virtue of civilized military law, and they become, by virtue of the act of confiscation, absolutely, what Gen. Fremont declares them, FREE MEN. He has no power, by virtue of his office, to dispose of them otherwise. If he should sell them, he deserves to be condemned with the barbarians who trade on the African coast. If he should compel them to labor without compensation, he would be scorned by the whole civilized world. He has done just what honesty, frankness, and a military necessity demanded. Nothing more, nothing less. The country and the world will commend him for it, and he will add to his fame by being the first to boldly declare such entire confiscation.—Chester County Times.

Treason. We have read of a point in space where gravitation turns the other way. Something analogous to this has lately been taking place in the history of the country. Treason, the criminal exception, has threatened to become the rule. Patriotism and loyalty seemed about to be robbed of Constitution and government, and treason to be on the point of seizing, perverting, and appropriating it. In the whole history of nations it would seem impossible there should ever have been so treason-pervaded, treason-saturated, treason-ridden a people as we. The deadly light, with one or two honorable exceptions, took possession of the Cabinet, and the oath to support the Constitution became a blind behind which traitors wrought for the overthrow of that instrument. The Executive failed fast and loose with the very existence of the nation, and Senators boasted in the Capital their purpose to divide it. And while they spoke they plotted. From Cabinet and Senate the crime spread to the army and navy, so that the men who constituted the national bulwarks, by sea and land; who were to watch and fight, while the peaceful nation slept or while it forgot all danger in the quiet pursuits of civil life, deserted their posts, or rather faced about and became assassins and slayers of those whom they were set to defend.

National law-givers and soldiers and sailors with their words and swords of treason, took their way through the South, and with fiery persuasion and iron coercion, soon perverted the whole States of traitors, with whom the ancient loyalty quickly became a crime, the flag a badge of dishonor, our national songs hated discords, and the Declaration of Independence a malicious slander. What was epidemic in the extreme South was only less disastrous in the border, and sporadic even to the extreme Northern and Western frontiers.

One of the saddest effects of the widespread treason was, that it debilitated patriotism, even where it was generally scorned and repudiated. Even after the attack on Sumter, the first fervor of indignation had taken time to cool, newspapers were still found to excuse the treason and condemn the war, and the secessionists, more or less outspoken, was the next-door neighbor to the loyalist.—The love for the Union, among its true friends, was strong, but not strong enough to insist unrelentingly on the suppression of traitorous newspapers, not strong enough to break up intimacies with the utterers of treasonable opinions and sympathizers with rebellion. This amiable but fatal weakness showed itself in the conduct of the Government as well as in private life. How long was it before manifest traitors, known to be aiding the enemy, were seized and shot up; how the newspapers dared to defame the Government for such acts of necessary precaution; and what a storm of astonished criticism followed!

And to this hour, although the Government is beginning to measure up to the demands of the hour, how many abuses are still permitted to remain. The Government charitably permits some journals to do for want of patronage, which should have been crushed by the strong hand, while it allows others to live on but denies them the use of the Post-Office for circulation. One bold stroke, and righteous as bold, and safe as righteous, would silence every treasonable press wherever the Government now has control. There are prints in New York whose "News" might well be spared; and in Baltimore, there are those for whose utterances silenced would be a good "Exchange," whose "Sun" might safely go down to rise no more until the close of the war.

We who preach against sin, must denounce treason as one of its specific forms. There is not a reason that would urge us to pray for the country and for the Government that does not call loudly for our abhorrence of traitors. With us treason is not a mere political heresy, destitute of moral character, but a foul sin, and it is for want of a distinct conviction of the true moral character of this crime, that we have seen so much vacillation in regard to it in the loyal States. Because it puts in jeopardy political interests, men have labored to narrow it down to a political question. Those who would be shocked at the bare thought of hesitating in the choice of sides in regard to the African slave trade, or any inferior form of plunder, seem to think it excusable to hesitate here. And yet a moment's thought would show them that murder, theft, arson, and perjury, on a scale frightfully immense, are all parts of this so-called political question. If there ever was a moral question, touching every virtue and every vice, pregnant with the fate of millions living and yet to live, it is that which the nation is now discussing with the rifle and the sword. Treason against this Government is treason against God and against humanity, and the Church, roused and inflamed by this aspect of it, will fan the fires of patriotism with the whole breath of religion.

No ingenuity of crime can alter its true character; no apology can mitigate it.—Treason is only the vilest when seen in the light of secessionist theory, or when attempted to be excused by the election of Lincoln. When criminal ambition is strong, reasons for doing its bidding may well afford to be weak. The leaders of this rebellion, with whatever of romance surrounded, by whatever genius or courage characterized, are among the worst of mankind, and should always be remembered as the deliberate authors of the misery now afflicting the nation. And it seems to us that whoever now prates of "peace" or of "olive branches," whoever, by word or deed, in public or private, orally or in print, does anything to weaken the Government at Washington, to give "aid and comfort" to the enemies of the republic, or to help in the escape of a traitor, is at heart, in sympathy with the basest treason on which the sin has ever shined.

Indictions of Liquor. It was when maddened by drink that Dr. Graham committed murder. Hartley Coleridge, a man abounding in amiable qualities, who inherited much of his father's genius, with all his father's infirmity of purpose, could never master his propensity to drink. He was a scholar, a gentleman, a poet and—a drunkard. Edgar Poe—but why speak of him? The story of his miserable end is more familiar to the people even than the melancholy refrain of the "Raven." Charles Lamb, the gentle Charles, the kind, the tender, the beloved, could sacrifice as much for his sister, but could not help being carried home and put to bed in insensibility drunkenness. Douglas Jerrold is a devotee of gin. For many years, it is said, he has been impairing his fine powers by habitual excess in drink. Byron, Burns, Steel, Hone, and a host of other names, eminent or illustrious, might be added to the list of distinguished drunkards. Burns, we are confident, had not died in the prime of life, a defeated heart-broken man, his destiny all unaccomplished, if he had not been addicted to convivial drinking. And who knows for how much of Byron's reckless verse the world should curse the gin bottle?

In our colleges, is not the secret demijohn one of the perpetual anxieties of president, professor, and parent? At our fashionable parties, is champagne—one of the vilest of drinks—moderately consumed? Do not our grand banquets generally degenerate into occasions of disgusting excess? Are the sons of leading citizens the most temperate of our youth? Is it poor women who buy brandy drops by the pound?

Talk no more of shutting up only the low grogeries. All grogeries are low, and all grogg is pernicious, whether sipped by gentle men, sucked by ladies, or swilled by the "dregs of the people."—Life Illustrated.

The New Treasury Notes. The new Treasury notes are in a state of forwardness under the direction of the American Bank Note Company. All the notes are guarded by an indestructible green ink, which effectually protects them against the photographers and counterfeiters. The \$5 note is embellished on the left margin with a full length figure of "America," standing on a globe with the motto "E Pluribus Unum," and on the right a portrait of Alexander Hamilton.

There are five plates of 10's, four notes on each, made payable at the places specified above, and printed in the same colors as the five. On the left is an admirable likeness of President Lincoln; in the centre the American Eagle, and on the right a full length figure representing Arts.

Five plates of 20's, payable as above, and in the same tints, in the centre of which is a full length figure of justice. The other parts of the notes are filled with a combination of a geometrical lattice work and other securities against counterfeiting. The small denominations are payable on demand, and will be ready for circulation in a very short time.

In addition to these notes, the following 7.5 interest notes, payable three years after date, the interest payable semi-annually, are in the course of preparation, and will be issued early in this month. Fifteen distinguished by a large engraving of the American Eagle; one hundred dollar notes, which will be ornamented with an engraving of General Scott, the best and most life-like portrait of the original that has yet been issued. The five hundreds have a portrait of Washington in the centre, and a figure of Justice, and on the right a figure of Fortune. The \$1,000 note has a fine portrait of Secretary Chase; the \$5,000 note has a picture of an Indian woman supporting the arms of the United States, with an appropriate background and figure of Justice on the left.

The 7 3-10 interest notes specify on the face that they are convertible into twenty years 6 per cent. United States Bonds, and also state the interest per day on notes of each denomination.

THE PRINTER-PIEND. The night was dark—and not a star Peeped through the path-ering gloom, And silence brooded o'er the type In the composing room.

The printers had to supper gone, And recent were their places, When through the door a villain crept, And stole Dick Johnson's spaces! O, foullest wrong beneath the sun! O, deepest of diabolisms! The darkest crime that can be done Is that of stealing spaces.

When the forgiving angel's pen All other sins erases, Alas, unatoned shall still remain The sin of stealing spaces. Dick went to "lunch," and left his case Filled—running o'er—with letters, And thought he would return again When copy should get fatter.

When he came back he took his place Again before his cases— You should have seen his attitude When he beheld his spaces! It was no time for charity Or other christian graces, He wildly cried—"I'll dot the eyes Of him who stole my spaces!"

The fiend still lives and walks the earth, And so must we all flourish; He cannot die—a wretch like him— For rest awaits him never! And printers, for long years to come, Will tremble at their cases, Well knowing that his spirit still Is fond of stealing spaces.

Secession. The em's hot rays were falling fast As through a Southern city passed A man who bore, amidst rowdies low, A banner with this strange motto— Secession! His brow was sad, his mouth beneath Smelt strong of fire and every breath; And the North's Avallanche! The accents of that unknown tongue— Secession!

In happy hours he saw the light Of household fire gleams warm and bright; Above the spectral gallow show, And from his lips escaped a groan— Secession!

"Try not that game!" he Lincoln said, "Dark lower the thunder overhead; That mighty North has been defied, But still that drunken voice replied— Secession!"

"Oh! pause," the Quaker said, and think Before the leaps from off the brink! I scorn was in his drunken leer; And still he answered with a sneer— Secession!"

"Beware the pine tree's bristling branch! Beware the North's Avallanche! And that was Scott's restraining voice; But still this was the traitor's choice— Secession!"

At the close of war, as toward their homes Our troops as victors hurried on, And turned to God a thankful prayer, A voice whined through the startled air— Secession!

A traitor by a soldier keen, Suspended by the neck was seen, Still grasping in his hand of fate That banner with this strange device Secession!

There, to the mournful gibbet strung, Lifelong and horrible he hung, And from the sky there seemed to float A voice, the angel's warning note— Secession!

From Gen. Rosencrans's Column. Another Victory in Western Virginia. FLIGHT OF THE REBELS UNDER FLOYD. Capture of His Camp Equipage, Baggage, Ammunition, and Personal Property. OUR LOSS FIFTEEN KILLED AND SEVENTY WOUNDED.

CLARKSBURG, VA., Sept. 12.—A battle commenced about 3 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, near Sommersville. Gen. Rosencrans, after making a reconnaissance, found Gen. Floyd's army, 5,000 strong, with 16 field-pieces, entrenched in a strong position on the top of a mountain, at Camp's Ferry, on the west side of the Gauley river. The rear and extreme of both banks were inaccessible, and the front and masked batteries with heavy forests and a close jungle. Col. Lytle's Tenth Ohio Regiment, of Gen. Benham's Brigade, was in the advance, and drove a strong detachment of the enemy out of their camp on this side of the position, the state of which was then unknown. Shortly afterwards his scouts, consisting of four companies, suddenly discovered themselves to be in front of a parapet battery and long line of pillboxes for riflemen, when the battle opened fiercely. The remainder of the Tenth and Thirtieth Ohio, were brought into action successfully by Gen. Benham, and the 12th Ohio afterwards by Capt. Harstieff, whose object was an armed reconnaissance. The enemy played upon our forces terrifically with musketry, rifles, shells, and canisters, causing some casualties.

Col. Lytle's Tenth Ohio, consisting of Irishmen to charge the battery, when he was brought down by shot in the leg. Col. Smith's Thirtieth Ohio engaged the enemy on the left, and Col. Lowe's Twelfth Ohio directly in front. Col. Lowe fell dead, at the head of his regiment, early in the hottest fire, by a ball in the forehead. McMillan's howitzer battery and Snyder's two field-pieces, meantime, were got into the best position under the circumstances, and soon silenced two of the rebel guns. The fight was slackening at intervals, but grew more furious. The German brigade was led into action by Col. McCook, under the direction of Adjutant General Harstieff, but after a furious fight of three hours, night coming on, compelled the recall of the troops, and the men laid on their arms, within a short distance of the enemy, each ready to resume the contest on the next morning.

But Gen. Floyd fled during the night, sinking the boats in the river, and sinking the temporary bridge which he made when he first occupied the position. The turbulence and depth of the river and the exhaustion of the troops made it impossible to follow him. Floyd left his camp equipage, wagons, horses and large quantities of ammunition and fifty head of cattle. Our loss is 15 killed and about 70 wounded—generally flesh wounds. The loss of the rebels was not ascertained, as they carried their dead and wounded with them.

Capt. McGraw, of Cincinnati, Capt. McMullin and Lieut. S. B. of Ohio, are among the wounded, but not dangerously.—Twenty-five of Col. Lytle's men, who were taken by Floyd at Cross Lanes, were recaptured. Floyd's personal baggage, with that of his officers, was taken. Gen. Benham's Brigade, which suffered the most, will be commanded by Gen. B. in person, and Col. McCook led his Brigade. Generals Rosencrans and Benham, Col. McCook, Col. Lytle, Col. Lowe, Capt. Harstieff, Captains Snyder, McMullin and Burke, of the Tenth Ohio, and other officers, displayed conspicuous personal gallantry. The troops were exclusively from Ohio, and showed great bravery.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF GEN. ROSENCRANS. WASHINGTON, Sept. 12. The following dispatch was received at head quarters this evening: HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA, Camp Scott, Sept. 12, P. M. To Col. E. Z. Townsend:—We yesterday marched seventeen and a-half miles, and reached the enemy's entrenched position in front of the Canby Ferry, driving his advanced outposts and pickets before us. We found him occupying a strongly entrenched position, covered by forests to dense to admit of its being seen at a distance of three hundred yards. His force was five regiments, besides the one driven in. He had probably sixteen pieces of artillery. At 4 o'clock we began a strong reconnaissance, which proceeded to such length that we were about to assault the position on the flank and front when night coming on, and our troops being completely exhausted, I drew them out of the woods and posted them in the order of battle behind ridges immediately in front of the enemy's position, where they rested on their arms until the morning. Shortly after day light a runaway "contraband" came in and reported that the enemy had crossed the Gauley river during the night by means of the ferry, and a bridge which they had completed. Col. Ewing was ordered to take possession of the camp, which he did about seven o'clock, capturing a few prisoners, two stand of colors, a considerable quantity of arms, with Quarter Master's stores, including camp equipage. The enemy have destroyed their bridge across the Gauley, which here rushes through a deep gorge, and our troops being still much fatigued and having no material for immediately repairing the bridge, it was thought prudent to encamp the troops and occupy the ferry and the captured camp. We sent a few rifle cannon shots after the retreating enemy, to produce a moral effect. Our loss will probably amount to twenty killed and one hundred wounded. The enemy's loss is not ascertained, but from the report of the prisoners must have been very considerable. W. S. ROSENCRANS, Major General Commanding. It has never been positively known how much Arnold received for his treason.—Nor will it, probably, ever be known how much the rebel government pays its "peace" emissaries at the north. But it is known that Arnold was always despised by those whom he served. So will these "peace" traitors be despised by the rebels. They will kick the man when they get through using them.