



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 the Waverly Magazine. An Incident.

BY J. E. MUFFLY.

It was one of those cold, cloudy, rainy days in the early part of the season, just the kind of weather that has a tendency to make one feel gloomy and down-cast, that I left my office after my usual daily routine of duties had ended; and, buttoning up my coat, I hastened on with chattering teeth, anxious to get in out of the rain. As I was hurrying on through a beautiful park which adorns the capital city of the "Old Keystone State," I noticed a group consisting of man, woman and child, seated under the outspreading branches of one of the numerous trees, as if to shelter themselves from the storm.

The man seemed sad and weary; his shoulders were placed on his knees, and his head rested in his hands; his eyes were fixed on the ground with a vacant stare, while his frame quivered as it by some deep inward emotion. By his side sat one of the most beautiful and forlorn specimens of human nature I ever beheld. She was thin and old, evidently suffering from the cold. The tears were falling thick and fast on the little brown head of the child; a little girl of about eleven summers, who was nestling close to her mother's bosom, as if to seek some protection from the cold and driving rain. But I passed on, an idle spectator of their sorrow!

After going a short distance I was prompted by that inward feeling of the heart which the beneficent Creator has seen fit to graciously endow mortal man with sympathy for each other—to retrace my steps and ascertain, if possible, the cause of their seeming sorrow. I accordingly approached them and inquired the cause of their grief. The woman raised her pale face, which still bore traces of former beauty; the tears rolling down her cheeks, and with quivering lips tried to tell me, but sobbed choked her utterance.

The husband then raised his head, and after a painful effort, relating to me his story. He said he had been living on the banks of a beautiful little stream in the State of Virginia, where he and his family had lived up to the time that this most lamentable and fearful scourge, civil war, had broken in upon our hitherto peaceful and happy country—a life of uninterrupted peace and happiness. But, like a thousand of others, was forced to abandon his Southern home and flee away, choosing rather to leave the enemies of his country—all that he had been enabled to accumulate by years of honest toil, than be compelled to fight against the glorious stars and stripes, with his ensigns streaming, his ships and stripes so redolent of hope, carrying joy and gladness wherever seen by the true-hearted and brave, and which he had been taught, from childhood, to hail as the noblest emblem of earth.

One night, taking his wife and two little ones, together with a few articles of furniture and wearing apparel, on a wheelbarrow, he turned his face northward to seek friends who can picture the anguish of that desolate family, when thus forced to leave their pleasant home where they had spent so many happy years, and around which clustered the cherished associations of early youth, recollections which are very dear to every heart? Need I tell you of the many weary days of journeying beneath the scorching rays of the sun; or of the many nights they spent with no covering but the blue canopy of heaven, exposed to the pitiless rain—or of the innumerable hardships and sufferings which they endured on their long journey through a wild and thinly settled region of country? or, of the fond mother whose arms oftentimes dropped languidly at her side, and her weary body and aching limbs often sank exhausted by the roadside? Still she bent over her precious burden with the deep, fond love which a mother's heart alone can feel for her offspring; but all of her most tender care, and the hours of anxious watchfulness availed not; its soft and rosy cheek grew paler day after day, its eyes of heavenly blue grew more dim and sunken; its pitting moans, which awakened all the sympathies of a fond mother's heart, grew fainter, and, with her tearful eyes raised heavenward, she would implore God to spare its life.

The ravings and fearful struggles became less violent, until its pitting wails were hushed in death. No stately hearse, with its gay cortege, was there; no man of God with his solemn voice was there to perform the last sad rites; no friendly hands were there to aid them, and no eye, save God's, to behold their tears, as they scooped out a little grave by wayside, and placed their treasure in the cold ground. No winding sheet or coffin shielded its silent breast from the clouds of the valley, which those fond parents placed on its lonely grave.

Gentle readers, fond mothers, that little babe had starved to death! They were starving! Already many days had passed since they had tasted food. The husband and father had become too weak to propel the

wheelbarrow, and was compelled to abandon it. The little girl had traveled many weary miles on foot, but now her little feet refused to carry her farther. The mother, almost broken hearted, and suffering from the gripings of hunger, had sunk exhausted, unable to proceed further on her journey.

It was the dreadful thought that he must starve that caused the father's frame to quiver; often had he tried to obtain employment to enable him to procure food for his famishing family, who were dearer than life itself, but in vain. How sad they feel, among strangers, no home, no friendly hands outstretched to minister to their wants, or relieve them in their hour of bereavement, and of pressing necessities. It seemed to them as if every glimmer of hope had been blotted out. A feeling of utter hopelessness pervaded that mother's mind, and caused her tears to flow. Her cup of sorrow had been filled to the brim, and she felt that she had drunk it off to the very dregs. Despondency had taken the place of hope; she now longed for death to relieve her from her sufferings, which seemed to her almost beyond human endurance.

But their day of deliverance came. God watched over them and raised up for them kind friends, who, after supplying them with food, placed in their hands a purse, and a through ticket to a western State, where a brother dwelt. They departed on their journey with happy and grateful hearts, feeling that those who put their trust in God will not be forsaken in the day of trouble.

And now, kind reader, let us leave them in their new home, situated on some beautiful prairie of the west, believing that their minds will often revert to that sacred spot, the lone grave by the roadside, where their cherub child sleeps its last long sleep, unmindful of earth's cares and sorrows; and that the glory which shines through its silver tomb may be their guide to that better land, where they shall behold it a brighter cherubim, its lips no longer parched, its cheeks no longer pale, or its eyes dim and sunken, but filled with a heavenly radiance, while its pitying means and heart-rending wails are no longer heard, but its infant voice singing anthems of praise to Him who hath said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And, although the day and age of miracles has passed away, yet in their place is laid a law of God, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," heal the broken hearted, comfort those who mourn, and minister to the necessities of the needy and unfortunate in your midst.

"Occasional" of the Press makes the following allusion to the peculiar traits of the man at the head of the Government:—President Lincoln has made very few speeches, which is a wonder, considering that he was as famous on the hustings in his own State. He rather avoids oratorical display. His forte seems to be that of quiet, quiet humor. For instance, the other day, when Mr. McMichael and the Philadelphia delegation were presented to the President by Secretary Cameron, one of the Philadelphia delegates expressed a hope that Mr. Lincoln would soon send his troops by the way of Richmond; that those who had subscribed the money, &c., had a right to look for some such demonstration. "Father Abraham" looked at him quietly for a second, and then said, "Will you tell us the route to take to Richmond?" We tried at Manassas, and found it like Jordan's; but he did not mind, as he might have added, "a somewhat hard road to travel." It was on the same occasion that he colloquially said, that in this crisis, we ought all to bear and forbear; to trust in each other, to believe that our public servants are honest until the reverse is proved. If we could not employ our capital better, to distribute it by giving employment to the unemployed; to encourage the troops before they leave for the wars; to inspire enlistments, and above all, to insist that the newspapers should cease complaining, in order that the honest public sentiment may be consolidated around the constituted authorities.

Ellsworth's Dexterity.

He practiced the manual of arms in his own room until his dexterous precision was something akin to the sleight of a juggler.—He investigated the theory of every movement in an anatomical view, and made several most valuable improvements on Hardee. He re-arranged the manual so that every movement formed the logical groundwork of the succeeding one. He studied the science of fence, so that he could hold a rapier with De Villiers, the most dashing of the Algerine swordsmen. He always had a hand as true as steel, and an eye like a falcon. He used to amuse himself by shooting ventilation holes through his window panes. Standing ten paces from the window, he could fire the seven shots from his revolver and not shiver the glass beyond the circumference of a half dollar.

GETTING A WEDDING COAT.—Among the anecdotes related by Dr. Bushnell, in his sermon at Lehighfield, illustrative of the Age of Homespun, was this:—One of the aged divines of that county, still living, was married during the Revolution, but under singular difficulties. There was an obstacle to the wedding which seemed insurmountable. He had no wedding-coat, nor was wool to be had to make one, and it was in the dead of winter. Yet all parties were ready, and he was anxious to be married without delay.—At last the mother of the intended bride discovered the difficulty, and promptly had some of her sheep shorn and sewed up in blankets to keep them warm, while of the wool she spun and wove a coat for her intended son-in-law.

Scandal is fed by as many streams as the Nile, and there is often as difficulty in tracing it to its source.

Brownson's Review on the Rebellion.

This important organ of Roman Catholic opinion, which has been distinguished in all its history, both by its ability and conservatism, discusses, in the number for the present month, the question of "Slavery and the War." The discussion is marked by great vigor and fearlessness in the statement of conclusions. We shall do our readers a service by placing before them some striking passages.

"The Effect of a Peaceful Division."—Now, suppose we adopt the policy urged upon us by the peace-makers, traitors, and cowards of the loyal States, consent to a peaceful division of the United States, and recognize the Southern Confederacy as a separate and independent nation, what would be the result? Two comparatively equal independent Republics, existing side by side? Not at all. Spread out the map of the United States before you, and see which Republic would have the advantage in territory, soil, climate, productions, and all the sources of national wealth, strength, and material greatness. You would give to the Southern Republic full three-fourths of the whole territory of the Union; for the South would consent to no division now, that did not include the States of Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, and all the territory South of the line running due west from the north-west angle of Missouri to the Pacific. You would give up to the South what would then be a foreign power, the whole Gulf coast, and the whole Atlantic coast, except the narrow strip from the Potomac to the Delaware. You would leave the North a majority of the present population of the country, and nominally the superiority in wealth of the North depend chiefly on our superiority in commerce and manufactures, their superiority could not be long maintained.

The Southern Republic, producing raw materials consumed chiefly in Europe, would be a great exporting republic, and would naturally in its policy favor exports to European markets. From those markets where it disposes of its raw materials, it could, by means of a lower tariff on imports than the Northern Republic could afford to adopt, more easily and cheaply supply its own demand for imports than it could from our Northern markets. It would thus drive our manufacturers from its markets, and by importing from abroad for itself, greatly diminish our manufacturers, and at the same time both our foreign and domestic trade. In addition, we should not only lose our Southern market for our imports and manufactures, but should hardly be able to keep our own. Imports should seek Southern ports, and in spite of any possible cordon of custom-houses and custom-house officers, would find their way into all the border States of the Northern Republic, and up the Mississippi and Ohio into the great States of the West and the North-west, to the most serious detriment of our own trade and manufactures, and consequently to the retention of our relative superiority in wealth and population. In spite of our industry and our enterprise, we should soon find ourselves a state far inferior in wealth and numbers to our Southern neighbor."

"The Union Sacred to Liberty."—After criticizing gently and with due affection the mistake of the Government in trying to conduct the war on peace principles, and insisting that the "administration should strike quick and strike hard," the reviewer boldly announces that the Union must be held sacred to liberty.

"Would you rally them [the people] and render them inviolable against the foe? You must give them another battle-cry that that of 'Law and Order,' or you will not stir their heart, that mighty American heart which conquered this country from the savage and the forest, proclaimed and won its independence, constituted the Union, and made the American nation one of the great nations of the earth. It is not for us, even if we were able, to give the battle-cry; it must be given by genius in authority, and fall either from the lips of the President, or the Commander-in-Chief of our armies.—Neither may as yet be prepared to utter it; but, if this nation has a future, if its destiny is, as we have hitherto boasted, to prove what man may be when and where he has the liberty to be himself, uttered by one of the other it ere long will be, and in tones that will ring out through the whole Union, and through the whole civilized world now anxiously listening to hear it. The Union is and must be sacred to liberty. Here man must be man, nothing more, and nothing less. Slaves must not breathe our atmosphere; and we must be able to adopt the proud boast of our Mother Country: 'This slave that touches our soil is free.' This is the destiny of this New World, if destiny it have.—the destiny our fathers toiled for, and to which we their children must swear to be faithful, or die to the last man."

"Generosity consists not in the sum given, but in the manner and the occasion of its being bestowed."

"Charity would lose its name were it influenced by so mean a motive as human praise."

"When modesty is once extinguished, it never returns."

"What most resembles half a cheese? The other half."

"The muscles of the human jaw produce a power equal to four hundred and thirty-four pounds. This is only what science tells us; but we know the jaw of some of our lawyers is equal to a good many thousand dollars a year to them."

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From the Methodist. Management of Large Armies.

The New York Staats Zeitung, which is now loyally devoting its unquestionable ability to the services of the Union, compares in a recent number, the size of our army of the Potomac with the largest armies heretofore aggregated in Europe. The article contains so many striking facts that we have translated it for our readers. As to the speculations of the Staats Zeitung we have no y to say that we have every confidence in the capacity of Gen. McClellan "to handle" his thousands of men. But to the article:—

"It is not generally known, that there is now concentrated on the shores of the Potomac a larger body of troops, than has ever been congregated in modern times, except in the battle of Leipsic. Neither Gustavus Adolphus, nor Frederick the Great, nor Washington Wellington, nor Scott, had ever under his immediate command anything like the number, which is now under the command of General McClellan. Frederick the Great never led into the field more than 80,000 men at a time, but all his great battles were fought and won with bodies of troops, ranging between 30,000 and 60,000. Napoleon, at Austerlitz, vanquished with 80,000 men, the united Russian and Austrian armies counting about 100,000. At Jena and Auerstadt, there were 130,000 men under the command of the Emperor of the French.—

The bloody battle of Wagram was fought with 150,000 men against the Austrians, and in the equally celebrated battle at Borodino about 120,000 Frenchmen were opposed to the Russians. The decisive battle at Waterloo was fought with only 80,000 Frenchmen against Blucher and Wellington. But the battle of Leipsic set in motion a gigantic army of about 500,000 men, Napoleon having under his command about 200,000, and the united forces of Russia, Austria and Prussia, about 100,000. It will appear from this comparison that the armies which are confronting each other on the Potomac, were exceeded in number only by those vast armies, which, on the plains of Leipsic, decided the fate of Europe."

"On the continent of America no battle has ever been fought before that of Bull Run, in which as many as 60,000 men were arrayed against each other. Washington never had more than 30,000 men at a time under his command; Jackson never more than 15,000 men, and Scott never more than 20,000. The issue of the great battle between the forces of McClellan and Beauregard has therefore a greater importance than has attached to any previous battle fought on the soil of America."

"It requires, doubtless, a military talent of the very highest order, to set in motion an army of 150,000 or more men, to watch and direct with unremitting presence of mind the movements of every division, to throw reinforcements, at the right moment, upon every threatened point, to spy every weak point of the enemy and to reach it without delay, and to obtain the minutest acquaintance with all the details of the territory, over which the movements of so large an army extended.—Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, in his correspondence with Archbishop Hughes, ascribes to the first Napoleon the opinion, that none of his Marshals was able to lead into battle a corps of 50,000. Whether this be true or not, the history of the battle at Bull Run undoubtedly proves, that the chief generals of the two opposing armies were unequal to the great task devolved upon them. Beauregard had an entire army stationed only a few miles from the battle-field, of which no use was made, neither during nor after the battle, and the seasonable arrival of a part of the troops of Johnston was needed, to save him from a signal defeat. Gen. McDowell had a strong reserve, which if employed at the right time, would have been able to repulse the troops of Johnston, and thus to bring on a different decision of that fatal day. It is generally agreed, that neither of the two generals on that occasion proved his ability to direct an army of 30,000 according to the rules of strategy."

"The country now looks confidently to a young general of only thirty-two years, for exploits, which, if he succeeds, will at once place his name by the side of the most renowned military chieftains of modern times. The above Statements will leave no doubt, that the work which he has been called upon to perform is much greater and much more difficult, than appears at the first glance.—May a kind Providence give him strength for the proper discharge of his duties, and lead him to a glorious and decisive victory."

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Hon. Caleb Cushing on the War.

Hon. Caleb Cushing, of Newburyport, made the following eloquent and forcible remarks at the annual gathering on Salisbury Beach, Mass., a short time ago:

There is no man or woman who does not deplore civil war, but whatever may have been our antecedent there is no uncertainty as to the duty of every citizen of the United States. We are in formal war—war declared by insurgents—war declared and accepted by the Government of the United States. In the eye of the law the duty which devolves upon the citizen is clear and unmistakable. It is to accept the constitutional fact of the war. I know it as well as any other man, and from the secession of the Southern States, I have abstained from sympathy, countenance and intercourse with them.

The second duty is an active duty. In time of war each subject owes to the government (who has a right to demand it of him) his body, his health and his thought; his body to defend the government, his means to sustain the government, his moral allegiance to support the Government and the Constitution. I do not state these things more deeply than I feel them. Would to God that all would feel it their duty to support the Administration in this hour of trial. I opposed the President in the last election, and others of us did the same, honestly, openly, but from the part of us who would be supposed his political enemies came no such vituperation against the administration as I have seen in some of the leading journals of the party which elected him. Now, much as I resisted the present administration as it was coming into power, I here declare, that whatever has been said of me, or thought of me to the contrary, I have from the 4th of March, 1861, sunk all opposition. And let me tell you on this 17th day of September, that but one thing remains to the United States, and that is to conquer victoriously.

In such a time as this to talk of political parties is out of the thing. Party now is but the dust in the balance, the foam in the wave in comparison with Union and victory.—When peace shall again revisit us, then and not till then, will I criticize. When two hundred and fifty thousand of my fellow countrymen are in arms for the defence of the government, I will not do it. We must have victory to insure respect from the South, to dictate proper terms of peace, and to stand up in the face of the world friendly or unfriendly, to have their profound regard. I have been called disunionist, secessionist, traitor; but I believe I can truly say that no man in Massachusetts has lost more and sacrificed more than I have in friends, certainly in political power. Am any so absurd, so malicious, as to suppose that I would have these sacrifices for nothing? I forgive them. I have for thirty years, from the time when I perceived the clouds of the coming storm gathering in the North and in the South, done all I could in more than one party to avoid it for my country.

And let us now in this great temple of nature, by the music of this sounding ocean, swear to be faithful to the government of the United States, and to restore the constitution of our country.

Cotton Growing in the Colder States.

We have recently had an interview with Capt. Richard Kendall, who was formerly connected with the United States Coast Survey, in reference to the feasibility of introducing into the Middle or Northern States, a cotton producing tree which grows in similar latitudes in South America. The Captain is quite enthusiastic in the opinion that the tree will flourish wherever our will grow.—He exhibits specimens of the tree and cotton produced by him in Baltimore county, Maryland. The section of the tree examined is a hard wood, two inches in diameter, having five annual rings. The cotton fiber is long, fine and silky, resembling and apparently equalling the best Sea Island cotton.

Of the tree in its native habitat, in various proportions of the Western Coast of South America from the Equator to the Northern part of Patagonia. Capt. Kendall says it flourishes best in Southern Chili, in about 40° South latitude. He found in growing; at an elevation of 7000 feet above the ocean, almost in the regions of perpetual snow. The tree resembles the white mulberry in general appearance of the branches, bark, and leaves, the average size and height being about that of our common peach trees. It begins to produce bolls the third year from the seed, and continues healthy and vigorous—according to the accounts of natives—from thirty to fifty years. It attains its full size about the eighth year. It is propagated by seeds and by cuttings. Near the tropics it is evergreen, and begins to produce seed the first year after sowing, but there it is only a shrub, growing five or six feet high.

"Father, I think you told a lie in the pulpit this morning," said the little son of a clergyman. "Why, what do you mean?" "Sir, you said, 'one word more and I have done.' Then you went on, and said a great many more words. The people expected you'd leave off, 'cause you promised them. But you didn't, and kept on preaching a long while after the time was up."

A Friendly Interview.

A Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune says:

I have just learned the particulars of two interviews which took place on Sunday last between some members of Col. Hays's Eighth Pennsylvania Regiment and the Virginia Forty Third (rebel), stationed on the Potomac banks at Great Falls. The river is here not more than a hundred yards wide, and the pickets on both sides have occasionally hailed each other. On Sunday the rebels invited some of our men across, stating that if they would leave their arms behind them they would receive hospitable treatment, and be allowed to return.

One of the Pennsylvania boys stripped, plunged in, and swam over. He was helped up the rocks by a Virginia Captain, who gave him his overcoat to wear, and proposed that he should take a drink of whiskey. "If I drink," said the soldier, "it must be to our country." "Very good," said the rebel officer. "I will join you. Here's to our country." And the men on both sides of the river joined in a hearty cheer. The man remained an hour or two, and then swam back, a little numbless from the many healths he had been obliged to drink.

In the afternoon several of the rebels returned the visit. They were noticeably entertained, and exchanged buttons with our men, as souvenirs of the interview.—"We don't care anything about the war," said they, "and don't want to fight, but we can't help it. You Pennsylvanians are like friends and brothers, and we wish we had those d—d South Carolinians against us instead of you."

One of the Virginia officers took off his gold sleeve buttons, having no other disposable gift at hand, and received a quarter eagle in return. "Good Lord," said he, "it's been a long time since I've seen such a piece of money." They were all anxious to know the popular sentiment of Pennsylvania and the other Border States in relation to the war, and seemed a good deal depressed at learning the truth. They appeared to be tolerably well clothed and fed, and did not complain of their condition.

Two of the soldiers exchanged letters from their sweethearts. Various exchanges of newspapers, &c., were also made, and in the act our men received a letter from a sister of one of the rebels, without the owner's knowledge. I had an opportunity of reading the letter this morning, and give you an interesting extract therefrom: "Take care of your clothes [he writes] for I don't believe there is a yard of stuff for shirts or clothing in the whole country. There is not in the whole country a pound of coffee or a pound of sugar. Mrs. — uses honey in her tea. Send some of your money home when you get it."

It appears, from other parts of the letter, that the country has been entirely stripped of cloth, shoes, coffee, and sugar, and in the act our men received a letter from a sister of one of the rebels, without the owner's knowledge. I had an opportunity of reading the letter this morning, and give you an interesting extract therefrom: "Take care of your clothes [he writes] for I don't believe there is a yard of stuff for shirts or clothing in the whole country. There is not in the whole country a pound of coffee or a pound of sugar. Mrs. — uses honey in her tea. Send some of your money home when you get it."

How admirably Daniel S. Dickinson rebukes those who profess to support the war for the Union and yet oppose all the measures which the Administration adopt to carry it out! And how well he exposes those who cry out for peace between treason and loyalty. In his speech at the Cooper Institute he says:

"You, gentlemen, who are quivering in your seats, whoever you are—yes, peace men, fly from the Sud-m and Gnomrah of treason while you have a chance. Fly?—The storm of popular indignation is a good deal nearer than you imagine, and the fire and brimstone that will be sent upon you are a far in the distance. They are almost upon you. Don't stand there faltering. The days of peace propositions are over. It is treason now. You are marked out as an object of scorn. You can no longer be in favor of prosecuting the war and throwing querulous objections in the face of the Administration, besieged with every difficulty. If you mean to aid the Government, along with you, and shoulder your muskets. If you don't, shoulder your muskets and get into the opposite ranks. Start off; we will give you good riddance and play you cut to the rogue's march. You can no longer be upon both sides, in favor of your country and against it, in favor of the Union and against it, in favor of prosecuting this war and against the administration that makes peace a condition that they can make. No; the great pall is opened; choose your partner and take your position on the floor, and we will see whether you can keep step to the music of the Union or not."

McClellan and his Generals.

Bayard Taylor, in describing a recent review of the Union troops, says:

"I had an opportunity of contrasting McClellan with a score of Generals and princes. There were McDowell, Porter, Keyes, Blenker, Smith and Marcy, all manly, gallant faces, and figures of true military bearing; Cols. De Trobriand and Solm-Solm, with their dashing chivalresque air; the Prince de Joinville, twisted and stooping, lounging on his horse, his ardent and aspect of languid interest in all that was before him; and figures. A horse's length in advance sat the smallest man in the party, broad-shouldered, strong-chested, strong-necked, strong-jawed, one hand upon his hip, while the other by an occasional rapid motion, flung some communication to the passing squadron of cavalry. The visor of his cap was well pulled down over his eyes, yet not a man in the line escaped his observation. His glance seemed to take in at once the whole spectacle, yet without losing any of its smallest details. 'He is a commander,' said my Austrian friend. Something in his figure reminded me strikingly of Field Marshal Radetzky. I scanned the line of his face in vain for some marks of weakness, indecision, or timidity. All was cool, firm, prompt, determined, and self-reliant. If he does not justify the expectations of the nation, physiognomy is of no value."

The philosopher Frazer says that, "though a man without money poor, man with nothing but money is still poorer."

Arrest Extraordinary.

We learn that Wm. H. Russell, U. L. D., the correspondent of the London Times, who is spending a few days in Illinois shooting prairie game, was yesterday arrested near Wilmington, in Will county, at the instance of residents in the vicinity, for shooting on the Sabbath. We are not in possession of the particulars of the arrest, but learn that he was to have an examination at Wilmington to day. The legal authority for this arrest is contained in section 146 of the Criminal Code of this State, as follows:

"Whoever shall be guilty of any noise, rout or amusement on the first day of the week, called Sunday, whereby the peace of any private family may be disturbed, such person, so offending, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and up in conviction thereof shall be fined, in any sum not exceeding twenty five dollars."

By any section of the Criminal Code it is provided that such fine shall go "to the education of any poor orphan child or children of the proper county."—Chicago Journal, Sept. 30.

Census of New York.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5.—At the request of the Hon. Augustus Frank, member of Congress of New York, the Superintendent of the Census Bureau has prepared a statement of the white male population of the several counties of that State, between the ages of 18 and 45, and the proportion required from each county to furnish the quota of one hundred thousand men.

The Superintendent says the State presents an effective arming-bearing population of 766,344—about one-half of that of all the States South of Mason and Dixon's Line, equalling the combined military strength of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North and South Carolina, and Tennessee.

MORE TAMPERING WITH RAILROAD BRIDGES.—A gentleman of Zanesville, who was on the first train which passed over it on Monday morning, reports to the Zanesville Courier, that a railroad bridge, seven miles west of Xenia, and in the direction of Dayton, was damaged about a quarter of a mile from Xenia, and it was found on examination that braces of other timber had been removed, and if a train had ventured on the bridge it would have given way. The bridge was repaired in short order. It had been arranged to send a large body of troops over it that night, but by a large cause, either they were sent by a different route, and therefore no harm was done.

Private information has recently been received from the rebel army which renders it probable that their strongest position is about a quarter of a mile from the rear of Manassas Junction, where the entire available reserves of the South are being collected. This information comes from a person who has recently, in the interest of the Government, visited all the principal points from Richmond to Leesburg. He fully confirms previous reports of the disaffection and demoralization which exist in the rebel army, increased in a great extent by the recent national victory at Hatteras, and by the ill-success of Floyd, Wise and Lee in Western Virginia.

A Large Bored Steel Gun, manufactured at Pittsburg, was tried there recently. Three rounds were fired with very satisfactory effect, but a fourth round with a double charge, burst the breech plug bands, driving the gun. The ball, however, was driven completely through an eighteen inch tree traversed some distance beyond, and was buried four feet in the ground. The projectile is elongated in form, with a band of lead counterweight near the base, and turned in cylindrical grooves on the surface. This band after firing, was shown to have been perfectly rifled by the grooves in the barrel.

Lutheran Emigration to the West by the Mich. Central Railroad, is said to be very large now. More than twenty-five hundred Norwegians, passing through Liverpool and Quebec, to the Northwest, traveled over the road named during the last two weeks.

DANGEROUS PETS.—A monkey owned by an Edinburgh shopkeeper, lately snatched from its mother's arms a baby, 12 months old, and with its teeth and nails nearly tore the child to pieces before it could be rescued.

The State of Ohio has in store, within sixty miles of Cincinnati, over eighteen tons of musket and cannon powder, of the very best quality that can be manufactured.—This is being held for any emergency that may occur.

J. Knox Walker, of Tennessee, who was the Private Secretary of President Polk, is dead. He was Colonel of the Second regiment of Tennessee. His disease was congestion of the brain.