



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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Mr. Lofty and I.

Mr. Lofty keeps a carriage, So do I; She has dapple grays to draw it, None, have I; She's a prodder with her coachman Than am I

Brownlow's Last.

The following is merely an extract from the farewell address of Parson Brownlow, editor of the Knoxville Whig, published in Tennessee. He has been indicted by a Confederate grand jury, as being guilty of treason, because he still remained true to the Government of the United States, and sentenced to imprisonment. The following are his brave and patriotic sentiments: "This issue of the Whig must necessarily be the last for some time to come—I am unable to say how long. The Confederate authorities have determined upon our arrest, and I am to be indicted before the grand jury of the Confederate Court, which commenced its session in Nashville, on Monday, last. I would have awaited the indictment and arrest, before announcing the remarkable event to the world, but, as I only publish a weekly paper my hurried removal to Nashville would deprive me of the privilege of saying to my subscribers what is alike due to myself and them. I have the fact of my indictment and consequent arrest having been agreed upon, for this week, from distinguished citizens, legislators, and lawyers at Nashville, of both parties. Gentlemen of high positions, and members of the Secession party, say that the indictment will be made because of 'some treasonable articles in the late numbers of the Whig.' I have reproduced those two 'treasonable articles,' on the first page of this issue, that the unbiased people of the country may 'read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest' the treason.—They relate to the culpable remissness of these Knoxville leaders in failing to volunteer in the cause of the Confederacy. According to the usages of the court, as heretofore established, I presume I could go free, by taking the oath these authorities are administering to other Union men, but my settled purpose is not to do any such thing. I can doubtless be allowed my personal liberty, by entering into bonds to keep the peace and to demean myself toward the leaders of Secession in Knoxville, who have been seeking to have me assassinated all summer and fall, as they desire me to do, for this is really the import of the thing, and one of the leading objects to be attained.—Although I could give a bond for my good behavior, for one thousand dollars, signed by fifty as good men as the country affords, I shall obstinately refuse to do even that;—others, I will render it null and void by refusing to sign it. In default of both, I expect to go to jail, and I ready to start upon one moment's warning. Not only so, but there I am prepared to be, in solitary confinement, or die from old age. Stimulated

by a consciousness of innocent uprightness, I will submit to imprisonment for life, or die at the end of a rope, before I will make any humiliating concession to any power on earth! I shall in no degree feel humbled by being cast into prison, whenever it is the will and pleasure of this august Government to put me there; but, on the contrary, I shall feel proud of my confinement. I shall go to jail as John Rodgers went to the stake—for my principles. I shall go, because I have failed to recognize the hand of God in the work of breaking up the American Government, and the inauguration of the most wicked, cruel, unnatural and uncalled for war, ever recorded in history. I go, because I have refused to laud to the skies the acts of tyranny, usurpation, and oppression, inflicted upon the people of East Tennessee, because of their devotion to the Constitution and laws of the Government, handed down to them by their fathers, and the liberties secured to them by a war of seven long years of gloom, poverty, and trial! I repeat, I am proud of my position, and of my principles, and shall leave them to my children as a legacy, far more valuable than a princely fortune, had I the latter to bestow!

With me life has lost some of its energy; having passed six annual posts on the western slope of half a century, something of the fire of youth is exhausted, but I stand forth with the eloquence and energy of right to sustain and stimulate me in the maintenance of my principles. I am encouraged to firmness when I look back to the fate of Him "whose power was righteousness," while the infuriated mob cried out, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" I owe to my numerous list of subscribers the filling out of the respective terms, for which they have made advance payments, and, if circumstances ever place it in my power to discharge these obligations, I will do it most certainly. But, if I am denied the liberty of doing so, they must regard their small losses as so many contributions to the cause in which I have fallen. I feel that I can, with confidence, rely upon the magnanimity and forbearance of my patrons under this state of things. They will bear me witness that I have held out as long as I am allowed to, and that I could not avert the horrors of or successfully oppose.

I will only say in conclusion—for I am not allowed the privilege to write—that the people of this country have been unaccustomed to such wrongs; they can yet scarcely realize them. They are astounded for the time being with the quick succession of outrages that have come upon them, and they stand horror stricken, like men expecting ruin and annihilation. I may not live to see the day, but thousands of my readers will, when the people of this once prosperous country will see that they are marching by 'double quick time' from freedom to bondage. They will then look these wanton outrages upon right and liberty full in the face, and my prediction is that they will 'stir the stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.'—Wrons less wanton and outrageous precipitated the French revolution. Citizens cast into dungeons without charges of crime against them, and without the formalities of a trial by jury; private property confiscated at the beck of those we have in power; the press humbled, muzzled, suppressed, or prostituted to serve the ends of tyranny!—The crimes of Louis XVI fell short of all this, and yet he lost his head! The people of this country, down trodden and oppressed, still have the resolutions of their illustrious forefathers, who asserted their rights at Lexington and Bunker Hill!

WILLIAM G. BROWNLOW, Editor of the Knoxville Whig, October 24, 1861.

The Romance of War.

Captain Wilkes, the bold and responsible assuming Commander of the San Jacinto, who caused a gun to be fired across the bows of British steamer Trent, brought her to and relieved her of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and their Secretaries, is now about fifty-six years of age. Consequently, as "Jack Bunsby" would say, he was once younger than he is now. Though every inch a sailor, and not often given to the melting mood, the blind god once succeeded in sending one of his shafts clear through his rough sou-wester which found a lodging in his honest heart.—The bow from which the shaft was speed hung in the eyes of a fair girl, and straightway the jolly tar fell head over heels in love. He prosecuted his suit with vigor. The girl was "a lass who loved a sailor"—and so smiled upon him, and consented to become his wife. But the young sailor had a rival in the son of a respectable tailor-chandler, well to do, called Slidell, and young Slidell being considerably cut up by being out of duty, refused to "accept the mitten," but not having spunk enough to throw down the glove to his sailor rival, contended himself with "poisoning" the mind of the "stern parient" of the fair one, until he refused his consent to his daughter's marriage with the bold Charlie Wilkes, and insisted upon her giving her hand to young Slidell, which after many protestations and the customary amount of tears and hysterics, she did, and became "Mrs. John Slidell."

The End of Cotton.

If this rebellion may be attributed to the existence of any interest, or the development of any branch of industry or agriculture, surely it has been the cultivation of cotton. Cotton has been the staple of the South. It has been the source of all its revenue, and from the fact that it renders necessary an objectionable system of labor, the basis of its political power in the Confederacy. The most troublesome States of the Union were the Cotton States. The most ambitious and treacherous of the secession politicians are those who came from the districts where cotton is cultivated. The legislation necessary to the protection of cotton was, in many cases, antagonistic and injurious to the other great, and far more material, interests of this country. Cotton has been frivolous, exacting, and arrogant. Claiming to be "king" (in the pet phrase of Southern rhetoric), it exacted and exercised all the prerogatives of the most imperial monarchs. When it wanted a protective tariff it demanded a protective tariff; when it desired free trade, its leaders clamored for free trade, or threatened to dissolve the Union. Cotton sowed the seed of treason in 1833; it ripened into the full fruit of infamy in 1861. Cotton has been the servant of the Southern leaders, and master of the Northern public men. Its way has been one dark, unrelenting, and grasping tyranny; and it was only when it attempted to stifle constitutional liberty in this country, and to desolate the rich and extensive Territories of the West, by establishing perpetual slavery, that the loyal heart of the nation rebelled against its usurpations, and the loyal arm of the nation drew the sword to resist its progress.

It is, therefore, with a feeling of satisfaction, which we trust will not be mistaken for a selfish thought, that we look forward to the speedy downfall of this fatal power. We do not wish to see the cultivation of cotton terminated upon this continent, any more than we wish to see the end of the wheat crop in Pennsylvania, or the hay crop in Illinois. So long as cotton was a simple agricultural interest, restrained by judicious legislation, and recognized by the Government as other interests are recognized, we looked upon its growth as a kind dispensation of Providence, and the commerce it fostered a gratifying element of national prosperity; but when the interests of cotton seek to advance at the expense of national honor, and of national existence, then we greet their overthrow with pleas ure.

And that overthrow seems to be at hand. We have heretofore given our own humble opinion on this question, and rapidly-occurring events now justify what seemed then to be a mere newspaper speculation. The Prime Minister of England is a far-seeing, sagacious man, and his opinions are before us. In a recent speech he said to his auditors, "that although circumstances may for a time threaten to interfere with the supply of cotton, the temporary evil will be productive of permanent good. England shall find in various quarters of the globe a sure and ample supply, which will render it no more dependant."

Lord Palmerston evidently speaks by the card. He knows the resources of the British empire—its agricultural and commercial capacities. He knows that upon the cultivation of the cotton crop, and its supply to English factors at fair prices, depends the happiness of a large class of her Majesty's subjects. Lancashire needs cotton; its people must be employed, or the peace of the empire will give way to anarchy, riot, and probably revolution. Accordingly, with the money of the Crown, he has been developing the cotton crop in other quarters of the globe, and stimulating English enterprise to bring it to market. His agents have been in India, Australia, Turkey, the West Indies, and other countries beyond the seas, and they report a favorable prospect for the establishment of a cotton trade independent of America.

Considering all these facts, and especially the assertion of the Prime Minister, we may look upon the cotton tyranny as at an end. No matter what the result of this war may be, the cotton interest has received a fatal blow. If peace came to-morrow, the cotton capitalist of the South would find that the interest which they cherished and supported until it became a political monster, had been crushed forever. England will never more be at the mercy of factious rebels, who plot treason and plant cotton. And we have no doubt that the peace of the country, its real greatness, its prosperity, its agricultural and commercial strength, will be benefited by the success of English enterprise.—Phil. Press.

"We learn that the son of a distinguished citizen of Baltimore, in the French army, writes to his father that the French Ministers at a recent meeting voted unanimously to recognize the independence of the southern confederacy. He also stated that he knew of private individuals in France who would lend the United States Government \$50,000,000 if it was needed. The feeling was general in favor of standing by the old Union and give her funds to its support. France was always true to the United States and always will be."

Words spoken at a Momentous Time.

Shortly after Abraham Lincoln assumed the duties of President of the United States, while traitors infested the National Capital, and the gloom of rebellion was fast thickening over the face of the country, he was visited by several Governors of as many States, among whom was the chosen son of Pennsylvania, Andrew G. Curtin. The President was contemplating how to act. He seemed to be self-willed, and had the nerve, but something like a doubt lingered in his mind. He paced the floor in a meditative mood some time, and said but little. There was a solemnity in the crowd of intelligent men and statesmen around him, that indicated deep, thoughtful contemplation.

Each of the limited party present had already expressed his views upon the importance of the occasion. The whole machinery of the Government was in bad order, and in the several departments there were traitors still clogging the wheels. An unbidden tear started down the cheek of the patriot President, but he nerved himself for the work before him. The Temple of Liberty was tottering indeed; column after column was falling. His mission was the arduous one of rebuilding it. The President seated himself in a chair, once adorned by Washington, the Father of his Country, when all at once he sprang to his feet, and exclaimed: "Gentlemen, the Union and the Constitution must be saved. I have been contemplating whether the States will respond to my proclamation, if I issue it now. Governor Curtin, what will Pennsylvania do?"

Gov. Curtin, who was standing looking out of a window, turned and confronted the President, and replied, "What will Pennsylvania do? Why sir, she'll furnish a hundred thousand men in a week, if it be necessary." This noble and prompt reply of the favored son of the blue mountains of the Keystone State clinched the nail. They were the right words spoken at a momentous time. The eyes of the Springfield statesman grew brighter, his tall manly form stood more erect, and shaking hands with the Governor, said, "those words encourage me, they take all doubt from my mind, they ease my heart of a heavy weight, my proclamation shall issue to-morrow."

Joy beamed as brightly in that congressional hall of men, as the sun ever did, after a gloomy day. The proclamation was issued, and when the unseen electric spark sped the announcement to all parts of the country, a couple of companies from the interior of the State of Pennsylvania responded, and forthwith they arrived at the Capital of the Nation. Pennsylvania was first in the field, almost before the ink was dry in the proclamation; and the glorious old State has now more men, good, solid, noble, true-hearted, patriotic men in the American Army than any other State in the Union, and has a few more of the same sort left."

But for the reply of Gov. Curtin, or had he hesitated for a single moment, the issuing of the proclamation would have been delayed at a time when weeks were months and months were years. Pennsylvania had her hundred thousand men ready by the time the National Government wanted them, and thus the words of our own active, patriotic, and prophetic Governor have been well fulfilled to the very letter. He may be truly considered the "hero of the war." Important history will give praise to Gov. Curtin. His name will be as familiar as household words among all patriotic, Union-loving people, long after the names of the few miserable wretches who are so lost to all feelings of virtue, respect, and manliness as to calumniate him, shall have rotted with their carcasses in the grave of deep and blank oblivion.

His name is a tower of strength, and will increase in power as time progresses. Selfishness is not in his vocabulary. He stands this day in the wild sea of public opinion, like a proud, defiant rock in mid-ocean, around and against which the waves are expected to lash, but to go back into calm water again, without doing any harm. His noble reply to President Lincoln, when men of iron nerve were wanted, is a stamp of the true character of the man. It was the musical ring of the true metal, the joyous tone of victory at the beginning, and the death-knell of thieving usurpation and foul rebellion.—Weekly News.

The Louisville Journal says: We hear of more reports from the Confederate States than the booming of our victorious cannon. The secession press is alarmed, and lets out wholesome truths. The Raleigh (N. C.) Standard declares that "unless the movement (of our naval expeditions) is stopped at once by the strong arm of the confederate States, more than half the counties of this State will be attached to the Black Republican government before the Union Congress meets." It seems too that the public officers in North Carolina are as ready to secede from secession as the people, for the same paper says: "It is very evident that the State authorities will never make a move in that direction, owing to the reason that they are in the same with the Unionists." This is cheering.

North Carolina Wheeling into Union Line.

SCHESSON FROM SECESSIA. A Provisional State Government. Forty-five Counties Represented.

THE STATE OFFICES DECLARED VACANT. Marble Nash Taylor Declared Governor with Power to Appoint State Officers.

THE OLD NORTH STATE REPUDIATES THE REBELS.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune. HATTERAS INLET, N. C. Nov. 13.

The provisional State government for North Carolina, the establishment of which has been in contemplation for months past, was formally instituted to-day by a convention of delegates and proxies representing forty-five counties of the State.

The following ordinances were unanimously adopted: "By the People of the State of North Carolina, as represented in Convention, at Hatteras, Monday, Nov. 13, 1861.

"Be it ordained by this Convention, and it is hereby ordained and published by authority of the same:

"I. That this Convention, on behalf of the people of North Carolina, and acknowledging the Constitution of the United States of America as the supreme law of the land, hereby declares vacant all State offices, the incumbents of which have disqualified themselves to hold them by violating their oaths to support the Federal Constitution.

"II. That the office of Governor of this Commonwealth having been vacated by the death of John W. Ellis, and by the active treason to the Union of his Constitutional successor, Acting Governor Clark, therefore Marble Nash Taylor be and he is hereby appointed and declared Provisional Governor of North Carolina.

"III. That the Constitution of this State and its amendments, together with the statutes and laws thereof, as contained in the Revised Code put in operation January 1, 1856, be declared continued in full force; also such subsequent acts of the General Assembly as were not adopted in contravention of the National Constitution, or in derogation of its authority.

"IV. That the ordinance of the Convention which assembled at Raleigh on the 20th of May last, proclaiming the secession of this Commonwealth from the Federal Union, such secession being legally impossible, is of no force or effect; and said ordinance, together with all other ordinances and acts of said Convention, or of the General Assembly, made and done in pursuance of the treasonable purposes of the conspirators against the Union, is hereby declared ab initio null and void.

"V. That whereas it is desirable that this State shall be represented in the Federal Congress, and maintain her due weight in the councils of the Union, therefore the Provisional Governor be directed hereby to order special elections, in accordance with chapter 69 of the Revised Code, as soon as practically and expedient, in any district or districts now unrepresented. And, in view of prevalence of armed rebellion and disorder in many portions of this Commonwealth, the Governor is hereby directed to issue his certificates of election upon presentation of such evidence as shall satisfy him of the fact of an election.

"VI. That the Governor be authorized and empowered to fill such official vacancies by temporary appointments, and to do such acts as, in the exercise of a sound discretion, he may deem expedient for the safety and good order of the State."

The Convention has adjourned, subject to be reassembled upon the call of the President. Governor Taylor has issued his proclamation ordering an election for the Second Congressional District, to be held on Wednesday 27th inst.

The great seal of the State in possession of the Rev. Mr. Taylor, is a beautiful and very appropriate device. The Goddess of Liberty, representing the Union, bears in her hand a scroll containing the Federal Constitution, to the benefits of which North Carolina, typified by the Goddess Ceres, is suing to be admitted. In the distance is a ship emblematic of the commerce of the State.

Thus has another of the seceded States formally returned to her allegiance. May God speed the work now inaugurated in this good old Commonwealth, until her whole people shall be redeemed from rebel tyranny and usurpation.

THE TRAITOR BRECKINRIDGE.—The Louisville Journal thus closes a scathing article upon John C. Breckinridge. His fate will be that of a traitor.

In the last of the battle Borne down by the flying, Where mingles war's rattle With groans of the dying, There shall he be lying.

Monster of peridy, ingrate and fiend, his name will be eternally linked with those of Judas and Arnold, and when history seeks to recount the damning deeds of those who have entitled themselves to the execrations of mankind, that name will be foremost in the scroll, which was borne by one, who, in the very spirit of the arch-demon, thought it "better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

The full returns of the Maryland elections show that but one rebel Senator, and six Delegates are elected. The House of Delegates stands thirteen Union and eight rebels. Seven of the latter are of the number who hold over, and six of them represent strong Union counties. Bradford's majority for Governor is about thirty thousand. A special session of the Legislature is to be called by Governor Hicks, to undo the rebel legislation.

WRITE OFTEN.

Write to me very often, Write to me very soon— Letters to me are dearer Than loveliest flowers in June; They are affection's torches, Lighted at friendship's lamp Flirting around the heart-string, Like fire-flies in the damp.

Write to me very often, Write in the joyous morn, Or at the close of evening, When all the day is gone, Then while the stars are beaming Bright on the azure sky; When thro' the fading forest Cold the wild winds sigh, Draw up thy little table

CLOSE TO THE FIRE, and write, Write to me in the morning, Or write to me late at night, Write to me very often; Letters are links that bind Truthful hearts to each other, Fettering mind to mind, Giving to kindly spirits Lasting and true delight, If you would strengthen friendship, Never forget to write:

Mason and Slidell.

Whatever complications may arise from the arrest on board a British ship of the Lord High Commissioners of Secession to the Great Powers of Western Europe, it is certain that the faces of loyal Americans broadened into a universal grin at the intelligence of their capture. It was the fit conclusion of a week of good news—the best we have had since Treason broke out into Rebellion. Of all the arch-traitors, there are not two—not even Floyd and Jeff Davis—whose appearances among us as prisoners would have diffused more general and hearty satisfaction.

If there be one man who, more than any other, has schemed and plotted for years to bring the country to its present condition, that man is John Slidell of Louisiana. He was one of the most precious advisers of Gen. Pierce and the very evil genius of Buchanan's Administration, causing him to break faith with Gov. R. J. Walker of Kansas, and very nearly bringing the country then into the desolating civil war which he has at last forested. He meant to have had Slavery in the contest; he missed the mark, and, having set out to figure in the grand saloons of Europe as the leading Plenipotentiary of Cottondom, he finds himself landed in loyal States an arrested and strictly-guarded traitor.

His colleague, Mason, is not so bad a man, though he is as bad as he knows how to be. Had he half as much sense as pride and pomposity, he would have been twice the traitor he is. He has done his worst, however, to plunge the country into an abyss of blood and crime, and will worthily grace the cell in which his career has reached his fitting consummation.

—But what will Great Britain say to the taking of these two would-be Envoys by force from one of her merchant vessels? We do not know and we do not care. We shall endeavor to say nothing on the law of the case that may even seem calculated to forestall or embarrass the action of the Government.—If Great Britain demands the liberation of these gentlemen, reparation for their capture we propose to sustain such response as our Government shall see fit to make. For it is not possible to make such demand without in substance confessing that the Right to Search American vessels for British seamen, and to take away those who are adjudged such—which was the principal cause of the War of 1812—has no foundation in public law. If, then, the British Government sees fit to confess that it was utterly wrong in the collisions which engendered our last War—was wrong in every instance wherein she searched our merchant ships for those claimed as native-borne subjects of the British Crown—we trust our Government will stand ready to deal wisely and generously with the venerable penitent. She need not admit that she was wrong in particularly flagrant instances, such as the attack of the Leopard on the Chesapeake in 1808, and the burning of the Caroline at Schlosser (one of our docks) in the Niagara River, in 1838. If she is ready now to establish and abide by any doctrine on the general subject, we trust her profers will be received with distinguished consideration. But if she chooses to be satisfied with British precedents for the case immediately in hand, she can be supplied with them to her heart's content. In either case, the energy and decision of Com. Wilkes has secured a substantial triumph to our country.—N. Y. Tribune.

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS IN THE ARMY.—Among the members of the present Congress now in the active service of the United States against the rebels, are Hon. John H. McClearman and Hon. Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois; Kelllogg, of Michigan; Senator Wilson of Massachusetts; Senator Sherman, of Ohio; Hon. John S. Phelps of Missouri; Hon. J. S. Jackson, of Kentucky; Hon. McKee Dunn, of Indiana; Senator Lane, of Kansas, and Edward McPherson, of Pennsylvania.—Col Curtis, of Iowa, resigned his seat to accept the appointment of Brigadier General.

WISCONSIN ELECTION.—The election in Wisconsin resulted in a Republican triumph. We are proud to know, that in no State, which gave its full electoral vote to Lincoln and Hamlin, has a Democratic state ticket been successful since in any general election.

Ireland and the United States.

Again we hear of famine in Ireland. In some districts the destitution and suffering is represented to be terrible. Heretofore when the people of Ireland were starving, the first and most abundant relief came from this great Republic. Now while Ireland is suffering, the United States is in distress.—The hand of treason is uplifted. Great Britain—Ireland's persecutor—nerves the treacherous hand. But with all sorrow and suffering, a kind Providence has blessed us with abundant harvests; provisions of all kinds are abundant. We have to spare, and if we choose, can relieve the perishing people of Ireland. Why not do it?

It is no fault of Irishmen if British gold sustains this rebellion. It is no fault of Ireland if the rebels receive their supplies of ammunition from Great Britain in British vessels. It is no fault of the Green Isle, if British steamers seek to shelter and convey rebel leaders under the British flag. The sympathies of Ireland and Irishmen, are with the Union, in this greatest, grandest struggle for existence. Why should we not return this good will? While the government of Great Britain is doing all it can to aid in the destruction of the Republic, let us from the abundance which God has given us relieve the perishing subjects of Great Britain from starvation.

If we want to rebuke British intolerance and at the same time perform a mission of mercy, we could not perform it more grandly and effectually than by shipping a few cargoes of bread stuffs and provisions to neglected Ireland, under the protection of the undimmed stars and unaltered stripes of the still proud American flag.—Telegraph.

"A Caution to Privateers."

In the Liverpool Daily Post of October 31st is a paragraph, as follows, under the above head: "We have reason to believe that ships belonging to the United States, now leaving this port, are all being put in a condition to repel any attack that may be made upon them, while on the voyage to New York or other Northern ports, by the southern privateers. The merchant vessels here are strengthened in the upper decks and bulwarks and are pierced in order to carry guns, all of which are of the most improved construction. Experienced gunners have been engaged to work the cannon on board, and initiate the crew of each vessel into the art of gunnery so that, should the vessels be attacked by privateers, they would not be surrendered without a struggle. The equipments of these vessels, many of which are now on their way across the Atlantic, while others are ready to sail, are such that privateers will catch tasters should they come near any of these quiet-looking merchantmen the cargoes of which (so we are told) replenish many exhausted war depots. One ship now on her way is said to carry 1832's, which, if well used, would settle the accounts of any southern privateer who might attempt to prey upon the English merchantmen." It was full time for English merchantmen to be in proper trim for repelling the southern pirates.

Mr. BENJAMIN, the Secretary of war under the rebel government, is a member of a prominent social club in New York city. Since he joined the enemies of the country, repeated attempts have been made, by loyal members of the club to have him expelled; but as yet the resolution has been laid upon the table by the vote of the society. It was finally proposed to let the matter rest, in the expectation that his next dues would not be paid, and that he would, by that fact, cease to have any connection with the club. But when the time came round the dues were paid, and he still preserves his rights of membership. Mr. Slidell, who belonged to the same club, was not so fortunate. No friend advanced his annual fees to the association, and his name was accordingly dropped from the roll. Slidell, however, was now joined the select Junto who now hold a protracted meeting at Fort Warren, and he may find that assemblage quite sufficient to occupy his whole time and thoughts.

A Bloodless War.

It was evidently the design of the administration that this should be a bloodless war, if it were possible. It was never the wish of the true friends of this Government to mbrace their hands in their brother's blood, nor to run off their negroes! Causes arose beyond the control of the Commander-in-Chief, and lives have been the penalty, but were offered no lives have been taken. Look, for example, at Port Royal and the Eastern Shore of Virginia, and this is evidently the course to be pursued. If the rebels will lay down their arms, they will be protected in their persons and property by the Government, but if not, they must take the consequences.

It is very apparent that they are not all traitors who are found in Secession—they are not all South who are of the South, and as one section after another shall receive the protection they long for, the Confederacy will find itself growing "small by degrees and beautifully less" so fast that soon none will be left to do their reverence.

MAL APPOS.—It is reported that the South Carolina rebels have hoisted the black flag along their coast, since their "sacred soil" has been invaded by the Federal troops; and this is understood to be an intimation that they will give no quarters to invaders, but inasmuch as rebellion has more to lose by proclaiming a "war to the knife," than the Government has, it is probable that there is some mistake in the matter. They probably put up a black flag to signify "war for our darky's." It would have been much more appropriate to have hoisted a yellow one. That is a signal of punishment, to which South Carolina is now subjected; and it would also indicate the color of an important part of the Palmetto population.