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LETTER OF SENATOR DOUGLAS.

The following letter purporting to have been written by Hon. S. A. Douglas, a short time previous to his death, is going the rounds of the press. We do not vouch for its authenticity, but give it as it comes to us. It will be seen that the lamented Senator takes much the same position that Democrats do everywhere, viz: That we should sustain the Government as Democrats. What Mr. Douglas would have said had he lived to witness the misdeeds of the Administration, is not at all foreshadowed in this letter.—*Ed Gazette.*

CHICAGO, May 10, 1861.

My Dear Sir:—Being deprived of the use of my arms for the present by a severe attack of the rheumatism, I am compelled to avail myself of the services of an amanuensis, in reply to your two letters.

It seems that some of my friends are unable to comprehend the difference between arguments used in favor of an equitable compromise with the hope of averting the horrors of war, and those urged in support of the Government and flag of our country, when war is being waged against the United States with the avowed purpose of producing a permanent disruption of the Union, and a total destruction of the Government.

All hope of compromise with the Cotton States was abandoned when they assumed the position that the separation of the Union was complete and final, and that they would never consent to the re-construction in any contingency—not even if we were to furnish them with a blank sheet of paper and permit them to inscribe their own terms.

Still the hope was cherished that reasonable and satisfactory terms of adjustment could be agreed upon with Tennessee, North Carolina and the border States, and that whatever terms would prove satisfactory to these loyal States would create a Union party in the cotton States which would be powerful enough at the ballot box to destroy the revolutionary Government, and bring those States back into the Union by the voice of their people. This hope was cherished by the Union men North and South, and was never abandoned until actual war was levied at Charleston and the authoritative announcement made by the revolutionary government at Montgomery, that the secession flag should be planted upon the walls of the Capitol at Washington, and a proclamation issued inviting the pirates of the world to prey upon the Commerce of the United States.

These startling facts, in connection with the boastful announcement that the ravages of war and carnage should be quickly transferred from the cotton fields of the South to the wheat and corn fields of the North, furnish conclusive evidence that it was the fixed purpose of the secessionists utterly to destroy the government of our fathers and obliterate the United States from the map of the world.

In view of this state of facts there was but one path of duty left to patriotism. It was not a party question involving policy; it was a question of government or no government; country or no country, and hence it became the imperative duty of the Union man, of every friend of constitutional liberty, to rally to the support of our common country, its government and flag, as the only means of checking the progress of revolution and preserving the Union of the States.

I am unable to answer your questions in respect to the policy of Mr. Lincoln and cabinet. I am not in their confidence, as you and the whole country ought to be aware. I am neither the supporter of the partisan policy nor the apologist of the administration. My previous relations to them remain unchanged; but I trust the time will never come when I shall not be willing to make any sacrifice of personal feeling and party policy for the honor and integrity of the country. I know of no mode in which a loyal citizen may so well demonstrate his devotion to his country as by sustaining the flag, the Constitution, the Union, under all circumstances, and under every administration, regardless of party politics, against all assailants at home and abroad.

The course of Clay and Webster towards the administration of Jackson, in the days of nullification, presents a noble and worthy example for all true patriots. At the very moment when that fearful crisis was precipitated upon the country, partisan strife between Whigs and Democrats was quite as bitter and relentless as now between Democrats and Republicans.

The gulf which separated party leaders in those days was quite as broad and deep as that which now separates the Democracy from the

Republicans. "But the moment an enemy rose in our midst, plotting the dismemberment of the Union and the destruction of the government, the voice of partisan strife was hushed in patriotic silence." One of the brightest chapters in the history of our country will record the fact that during this eventful period the great leaders of the opposition, "sinking the partisan in the patriot," rushed to the support of the Government, and became its ablest and bravest defenders against all assailants until the conspiracy was crushed and abandoned, when they resumed their former positions as party leaders upon public issues.

These acts of public devotion have never been deemed evidences of infidelity or political treachery, on the part of Clay and Webster, to the principles and organization of the old Whig party. Nor have I any apprehension that the firm and unanimous support which the Democratic leaders and masses are now giving to the Constitution and the Union will ever be deemed evidence of infidelity to Democratic principles, or a want of loyalty to the organization and creed of the Democratic party. If we hope to regain and perpetuate the ascendancy of our party, we should never forget that a man cannot be a true Democrat unless he is a loyal patriot.

With the sincere hope that these my conscientious convictions, may coincide with those of my friends,

I am, truly yours,

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

To Virgil Hickox, Esq., Chairman State Democratic Committee.

SAILING UNDER FALSE COLORS!

The York Gazette says: the old ship "Republican" weather-beaten, leaky and drifted upon the shoals by the political storms through which she has lately sailed, is repainted, recaulked, the old name, "Union," painted in large letters on all her sides, and honest Democrats invited on board to assist in again getting her off the shoals and breakers, upon which her Sectional crew has wrecked her. To more easily deceive Democrats and Union men, the old torn and faded flag of Republicanism is temporarily hauled down, and a "brand new" flag with "Union" as its motto, run up. But all this will not save the concern from being dashed to pieces. The gallant Democracy, who have successfully guided the "good ship Democracy" over many a stormy sea, are not so easily deceived. Through the thin painting, that old name "Republican" still is visible, and the new name "Union" can't cover it. The old hulk still leaks,—the new flag floats over the old crew, and the old pilots who have run her upon the breakers and shoals who will still at the wheel. Now and then one who has professed Democracy and long sympathized secretly and openly with the old crew, distrustfully steps on board, and is welcomed with cordiality; but the more wise and patriotic of the Republican crew, ever fearful of their safety, are fully assured of their destruction when such seamen are shipped, and immediately a score of Republicans desert. They have less hope of their safety in such company, and, "like rats desert the sinking ship," new name, new flag and all. Day by day the crew "grows small by degrees and beautifully less." We warn Democrats not to ship on the concern.—Her new helmsmen, her new name, new flag and all, won't save her. The fate of the Petrel will be her's. A Democratic broadside will scatter her timbers over the waters. She is bound to go down, and her crew with her.

Party caucuses, party tricks of all kinds, and all the efforts of interested party leaders, will prove of no avail. Republicanism under every name is doomed, and the sooner these busy leaders realize the fact, the better for themselves and all concerned. The Democratic party in York county is stronger to-day than ever before. The young and gallant spirits of the party, and the well tried veterans, are aroused. Democrats who have not voted for years, will rush to the rescue of our country; deceived Republicans, by hundreds, will join their Democratic brethren in the glorious cause of the Union. No false flag is carried by the Democracy. The old Union flag still waves there. Let all true patriots rally under its sacred folds.

WHAT CONSTITUTES TREASON.

Judge CATRON, of the U. S. Supreme Court, in a recent charge to the Grand Jury, in St. Louis, laid down explicitly the following propositions as the law of the land:

1. That to constitute treason, there must be treasonable intent, as well as a treasonable overt act; and in order to make out treasonable intent and overt act, the party accused must have been leagued in a conspiracy to overthrow the Government.

2. That there are certain constitutional guarantees which the passion or the frenzy of the hour cannot touch, and among them is the right of expression and discussion and the freedom of the press.

3. That no sentiment, however hostile, can be held to be treasonable.

4. That the right of every citizen to bear arms is an inalienable right that cannot be infringed; and the fact of a citizen having arms, without being in league with a hostile force, was not an act for which his liberty could be abridged.

5. That it is the duty of the grand jury to protect both the citizen and the Government, and that they should not, on account of any fear, favor or affection, shrink from the discharge of that duty. As an arm of the Government, it is theirs to inquire into all offences brought to their knowledge, and bring to the bar of the United States Court all who have been guilty of unlawfully uniting against the Government and the laws of the land.

To tell if you love a girl—have some tallow headed chap go to her.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH, &C.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Constitution of the United States is regarded as an obsolete idea by some of the whippersnappers of the Republican party, as well as their Abolition leaders in this vicinity, it is well occasionally to refer to the principles and landmarks established by that ancient document for the observance of the people and their government.—Among the prerogatives explicitly guaranteed (and which is held sacred even in monarchial England) is the freedom of speech and of the press—a right which, for the first time in sixty years, is now sought to be, and is, trampled under foot by Abolition mobs. The Constitution provides as follows:—

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the FREEDOM OF SPEECH OR OF THE PRESS, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."—Constitution of the United States of America.

Judge A. G. Miller, of the United States District Court of Wisconsin, a position which he has ably filled for many years, in a late charge to the Milwaukee Grand Jury, clearly defined the law and the invariable usage of the Courts of this country in regard to these subjects. It may not be out of place for us to state that Judge Miller is a native of Cumberland County, in this State, was raised and educated in Carlisle, from whence he emigrated to Wisconsin some thirty-five years ago, and has for a long time sustained the reputation of a learned, able and honest Jurist. In his charge, he says—

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and the free communication of thoughts and opinions is one of the invaluable rights of man, subject to responsibility for its abuse." These principles are engrained into our very nature as free American citizens. I mean the liberty of the press and free discussion among men, upon all subjects relative to their duties and their rights as free citizens; but no licentiousness of the press and factious and scurrilous abuse and misrepresentation of men in places of public trust, which is the bane of free governments. In this time of excitement, and disposition to cast off restraints of law, some men, under the guise of extreme love of country, may be disposed to indulge their envy, hatred, malice and ill-will toward others probably much more worthy and patriotic than themselves. Men may assume a standard of patriotism and loyalty for themselves, but they cannot be permitted to pronounce other men traitors who do not, in their opinion, come up to that standard. The Constitution and Laws of the United States define the crime of treason; and by which every man is to be tried. There is no propriety in this free North, where every man is loyal to the Government, and where we hold no person in bondage, of inaugurating a system of secret police. In times of excitement, as men are more apt to be zealous than wise, we should keep before us the example of France, when the reign of terror became so intolerable that all classes of men were glad to seek refuge under a military despot. In this country it is proper and perhaps necessary that there should be a variety of sentiment upon every subject of governmental policy. Here, where the voice of the people rules the nation, free discussion is necessary and proper for public instruction.—From the Declaration of Independence to the present day there has not been one great principle of policy established without free, open and many discussion, and it is not probable that there ever will be, so long as the people continue to be free citizens under a Constitutional form of Government. Congress is prohibited by the Constitution from passing any law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press. Men at this time of excitement should avoid personal crimination and recrimination."

A STORY OF GEN. McCLELLAN.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer tells this story of General McClellan:

"General McClellan is in the habit of riding around occasionally in citizen's dress, accompanied by few of his staff. A few days ago he was walking through one of the encampments, across the Potomac, and passing the rear of the tents he saw a bucket of coffee standing near a fire. He asked what it was, and one of the soldiers said "coffee." "It looks more like slops," he replied. "Oh," said the soldier, "it is not fit to drink, but we have to put up with it, and our other food is not a bit better." "Oh, our Quartermaster is drunkmost of the time, and when he is not he is studying how to cheat." McClellan passed on, and seeing more evidence of the dirty and slovenly manner in which the Quartermaster conducted his operations in his tent, he accosted him with the remark that the men were complaining of bad treatment from him. Quartermaster flew into a passion, and swore it was none of his business, and he had better not come sneaking around trying to make mischief. McClellan answered him, telling him he had better be cautious how he talked. Quartermaster replied, "who are you, that you assume so much apparent authority?" "I am George B. McClellan and you can pack up your traps and leave!" The Quartermaster was stuck dumb, and McClellan turned and left him. That evening the Quartermaster left to the tune of the "Rogue's March," played by some of the boys who had got wind of it. They now have a Quartermaster who does not get drunk and cheat, and that regiment would risk their lives at the cannon's mouth for the man who does care how the men are provided for.

"The story has been circulated around some of the camps, and the officers are now always on the look-out for the General, and of course do not have too much lying around loose."

To live happy—mind your business.

HOW DOES IT LOOK.

On the 18th day of February, 1859, the President of the United States transmitted to Congress a message urging the importance of legislative action for the protection of American citizens and their property while in transit across the Isthmus, between our Atlantic and Pacific possessions, and to authorize the President to employ the land and naval forces of the United States to protect the lives and property of American citizens from lawless violence while upon this route. In this message the President does not name any sum that would be required to carry out this measure, nor did he propose to transcend his constitutional power in any respect. He simply stated that upon a "sudden emergency" when the lives and property of our citizens were in danger, he might in that case "direct any armed force in the vicinity to march to their relief." Nothing more was asked for in this law than what every loyal citizen would pronounce for the interest and honor of the whole country; yet the message had no sooner made its appearance than the entire Republican party set up a howl over it. There was no talk then about "sustaining the Government." That might go to sticks for all they cared, and the lives and property of our citizens with it, so that they could be gratified in their opposition to the acts of the National Administration. When this message of the President appeared, the Republican papers, all over the country, published it with the following headings in the largest type, as the Republican style of ushering in a Government message in February, 1859. See Republican papers of that date:—

THE PRESIDENT HAS ASKED FOR THIRTY MILLIONS!

HE NOW SEEKS THE SWORD!!

THE CONSTITUTION TO BE SET ASIDE!!!

Shall the President be made King?

FAREWELL TO REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT IF CONGRESS ACCEDES TO THE DEMANDS OF THE OLD FEDERALIST.

Suppose a Democratic paper at this day was to publish one of Lincoln's war messages, with a heading of a similar character, there is not a Republican paper in all the North but would cry out with its loudest bellow, "suppress the paper and arrest the traitor!" It would be but right and consistent that these loud-mouthed Union brawlers, who go in all of a sudden for sustaining National Administrations, give us an analysis of their feelings when the above disloyal sentiments appeared! Did they flare up into a high state of excitement and splurge about "treason and traitors" and invoke "mob violence," and all that, or did they connive at the treason because a Democratic President was at the head of the Government? We rather suspect the latter was the course they pursued, for they were never known to let an opportunity slip to embarrass the Government and bring it into disgrace and dishonor while under Democratic rule. We will now teach them a lesson, that they never practised, by showing them that the Democracy will stand by the Government no matter who administers it, and will give it all the support in their power to restore the Union and bring back the blessings of peace to our unhappy and ruined country.—*Valley Spirit.*

THE TRUE WAY TO FORM A UNION PARTY.

The Louisville, Ky., Democrat, edited by Col HARNY, who led on the Union ticket which so signally triumphed over Secessionism at the late election there, thus points out the only way in which a successful union of political parties for the restoration of the Union can be formed. "Abolitionism and Secessionism must be buried in the same political grave," says the Democrat. That's the talk! And while the Democracy of the North are ready to contribute of their men and money, more than their share to answer the requirements of Government to reclaim and protect public property, let them wage ceaseless war against Northern sectionalism, at the ballot box, as they always have done in days gone by. The Democrat says: "The Democracy of New York refuse to unite with the Republicans in political action, although the latter made an overture for that purpose. It is certainly desirable that party strife should cease everywhere, except on the issues involving the salvation of the country; but the way to effect it is not by a union of incongruous elements that are entirely antagonistic to each other. It would, perhaps, be thought preposterous, but we, nevertheless, suggest it, that the Republicans disband and support the Democratic candidates. They have made the experiment of a purely sectional party, and they see its fruits. It threatens to cost them their country. They can't have a Union with sectional denominations. No matter how wisely and justly a sectional party may rule, its domination is itself the vice that a country will endure. All men are not philosphers, and the millennium has not come yet. Even up and down town boys have ceased to wrangle and fight. The present contest is reduced to just about such a fight. No rights are involved; you can't get a secessionist to go back to the original cause of complaint. They are too insignificant before the startling magnitude of the contest, and the immense sacrifices they require. It is a blind, wicked, suicidal war of sections, with no rational basis, except blind hate. A statesman must despise the puerility of the contest, whilst he finds in the nature of man enough to account for it.

This Republican party is organized and built up on the antagonism of sections, and whilst it lives, the animosity its existence engenders will not die. It discredited the Union-savers those

who sounded the alarm of dangers ahead. They derided the cry of wolf, forgetting that in the fable the wolf did come at last. The first step to a restoration of the Union is a dispersion of the whole concern, a repudiation of the basis of its existence. Perhaps an entire breaking up of parties in the North might in the end answer the purpose; but a union with the dominant party there would be taken at the South as an acquiescence on the part of the majority. The whole north would be written down enemies. That the Union party believe. Its existence costs the country too much, and the sooner it begin to pass away the sooner will the calamities of war cease. Do they expect one section of this Union to dominate over the other at discretion, and that upon principles that cause all the hatred and animosity of the other? We submit no apology for this wicked effort in the South to destroy the Government. We grant the necessity of suppressing it; but Abolitionism that has produced it, must also be suppressed. Abolitionism and Secessionism must be buried in the same political grave. The patriot who loves his country must consent to sacrifice them both. Seward said "parties, platforms and men must be sacrificed to the Union," and he told the truth that once. The Union men of the South have made the sacrifice. We have given up parties, and separated from old party friends. We have given old creeds and platforms to the winds to save a country and free institutions. The people North must make the same sacrifice, no matter under what name they go. Whilst we acknowledge the necessity, this sectional antagonism must be smothered out and buried. We want now a Union party North and South, composed of men ready to sacrifice all, except the cardinal doctrine of free institutions, to the one object—the preservation of the Union!"

Will those of our Northern Republican newspapers which have so loudly exulted over the election of Col HARNY, and the success of the Union ticket in Kentucky, republish his views, as given above?

MR. WILLIS VISITS THE ARMY HOSPITAL.

In his last letter to the Home Journal, Mr. Willis describes the army hospitals as follows: "I was fortunate enough to see the interior of one of these hospitals, in a trip to Alexandria the other day, my 'sponsors' being three members of the Sanitary Commission, who were one of their visits of inquiry.—Mr. Olmstead, Dr. Van Buren and Dr. Agnew. With three such companions, a day anywhere could scarce be otherwise than interesting, and so was this to me; but a faithful description of it would be too painful for print. Omitting, therefore, some of the more harrowing scenes in the interior of the hospital, instructive as they were to my own unpracticed eyes, let me touch upon one or two of the other points in our visit and excursion.

"In one room of fifteen or twenty beds and patients my medical friends had examined the stump of a young man's right arm, which had been amputated the day before, and, as they passed on, I could not help asking a question or two of one whose cost of fighting for his country had been so great. He was apparently about twenty-two years of age, and really excessively handsome—and there he lay helplessly disfigured and disabled for the remainder of his life! What was to repay the youthful cripple—what to repay the wife or sweetheart at home—for this dread calamity?

"He was cheerful under it, however. Providence surely tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." I could not but wonder at the quiet resignation with which he told me the story of receiving his wound. It appears that his regiment (his name was Robert Steens, of Minnesota) was led into an ambush; and, after their first fire, found themselves with unloaded muskets only twenty or twenty-five feet from a company of riflemen, who had suddenly started up, and who, of course, fired deliberately—one of their rifle balls shattering the bone of his right arm. The pain was trifling, something like a boy's smart blow with a stick. The regiment retreated, and he with them; but, beginning to lose strength with the loss of blood, he lay down by the roadside and there fainted—brought in afterward, by one of the army ambulances. It is a short story, but it tells of the spoiling of a whole human life.

"In this same ward I could not help noticing the very attractive features and expression of one of the nurses, who seemed especially zealous in her calling. On inquiry, I found it was a Mrs. Foster, who had followed her husband's regiment to the war, and whose services had been found inestimable in the hospital since the battle. Miss Dix, finding her there, after a day or two, had objected to her as too handsome for the position, but there had been such a universal protest among the patients against her withdrawal, that the authorities had allowed her to remain; and she is now quite the favorite nurse of the establishment. Dressed in a dark colored calico, loose gown, with her short-cut black hair fastened back by a round comb, and without any ornament whatever, she moved about among the sufferers, a 'ministering spirit' indeed! It was quite evident that she was a woman of unusual tact and natural mental superiority. I wish she could have a 'degree' conferred upon her, by and by!

"This hospital at Alexandria occupied a large building, which was formerly a boys' academy situated very near to the old vine-covered church where George Washington used to worship. It is the airiest and cleanest portion of the town, and the arrangements for exercise in the yard of the establishment are eagerly made use of by the convalescent soldiers. A large tent in the rear accommodated the scrofulous portion of the patients. The only man who seemed to be suffering much pain, at the moment, was a poor fellow whose face had been

half carried away by a cannon ball, and he was walking about with both hands upon his bandaged jaws, in great agony. It is a pity that the stopping of the pain will not be the end of his misfortune!

OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR IN THE HOME GUARD.

The moment the flag was threatened, large bodies of men were called upon to rally in its defense. Being a large-bodied man, I rallied, and enrolled myself with the Home Guard.—The drill is very severe on me this hot weather, although I am constantly allowed an attendant with a fan and a pitcher of ice water.

I am constantly reminded that one of the first requirements of a soldier is to throw out his chest and draw in his stomach. Having been burned out several times while occupying rooms in an attic, I have had considerable practice in throwing out my chest, but by what system of practice could I ever hope to draw in my stomach? I can't "dress up"—it's no use trying. If my vest buttons are in line I am fat in the rear, and if I toe the mark a fearful bulge indicates my position. (There is no room for argument in regard to my sentiments—everybody can see at a glance just where I stand.) One evening we had a new drill-sergeant who was near-sighted. Running his eye down the line, he exclaimed sharply:

"What is that man doing in the ranks with a bass drum?"

He pointed at me, but I hadn't any drum—it was the surplus stomach that I couldn't draw in.

I am the but of numberless jokes, as you may well suppose. They have got a story in the Guards that when I first heard the command, "Order arms!" I dropped my musket, and taking out my note-book began to draw an order on the Governor for what arms I wanted.

They say I ordered a Winans steam gun, with a pair of Dahlgreen bowizers for side arms.—Base fabricators! My ambition never extended beyond a rifled cannon, and they knew it.

Although in respect to size I belong to the "heavies," my preference is for the light infantry service. My knapsack is marked light infantry. One evening the spectators seemed convulsed about something, and my comrades tittered by platoons whenever my back was turned. It was all a mystery to me until I laid off my knapsack. Some wretch had erased the two final letters, and I had been parading all the evening labeled "LIGHT INFANT!" The above is one of the thousand annoyances to which I am subjected, and nothing but my consuming patriotism could ever induce me to submit to it. I rallied at the call of my country, and am not to be put out by the rallying of my comrades.

I overheard a spectator inquire of the drill sergeant one day:

"Do you drill the whole of him at once?"

"No," he returned, in an awful whisper, "I drill him by squads!"

I would have drilled him if I had had a bayonet.

Specifications have been published in regard to my uniform, and contractors advertised for. The making will be let out to the lowest responsible bidder. In case the Guards are ordered to take the field, a special commissary will be detailed to supply my rations. This reminds me of a harrowing incident. On last drill night, an old farmer, who dropped in to see us drill, took me aside, and said he wanted to sell me a yoke of powerful oxen.

"My ancient agriculturist," said I, smiling at his simplicity, "I have no use for oxen."

"Perhaps not at present," quoth he, "but if you go to war you will want them."

"For what," said I, considerably annoyed.

"You will want 'em to draw your rations!"

The Guards paid me a delicate compliment at the last meeting. They elected me "Child of the Regiment," with the rank of first Corporal, and the pay of chief "Blowyer." I was about to return thanks in a neat and appropriate speech, when a reporter who was present assured me it was no use—he had got the whole thing in type, speech and all, and I could read it in the evening paper. He said he kept a "neat and appropriate speech, standing in type continually." I got his views, and held my peace.

Yours for the Union, including the Stars, also the Stripes,
FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

DEMOCRATIC DOCTRINE.—As far as we are able to discover amongst our exchanges, the Democratic press of the North may be said to be a unit in favor of sustaining the Government in the energetic prosecution of this war. The Democracy of the North deny the right of secession in toto. They have always done so. They denied the right of the New England States to secede from the Union in 1812. They denied the right of Massachusetts to secede in 1844, if Texas was admitted—and now they emphatically deny the right of Texas to secede. They go for sustaining the Union now as they have ever done—presenting no petitions for its dissolution, and scorning the men who would, under any circumstances, "let it slide." They also go for the Constitution and its guarantees, including the Liberty of Speech and the Freedom of the Press. This we call the true, manly and patriotic ground; and peace and harmony can only be re-established in the land, and secured for all time to come, by an inflexible and united adherence to this Constitutional position.—*Easton Sentinel.*

"I don't miss my church so much as you would suppose," said a lady to her minister, who had called on her during her illness; "for I make Betsy sit at the window as soon as soon as the bells begin to chime, and she tells who are going to church, and whether they have got on anything new."

Why is a retired carpenter like a lecturer? Because he's an ex-planer.