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Select Poetry.

WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

The winter moon rises high,
The yellow moon shines bright;
The frosty stars, like jewels,
Entwine the bow of Night,
And the windy winds are calling,
And the feathery flakes are falling.

The snow shines on the roof,
The snow drifts o'er the street;
Road-side and field are sprinkled
With the sharp translucent sleet.
Big icicles hang from the wall
Like spear in grotesque;
And a polished shield is thick enwrapped
Around the old oak limb;
While sparkling crystals on each twig
In liquid lustre swim.

The brook hath lost its merry song,
And ceased its playful chase;
O'er glistening lake a rosy throng
Of skaters ply their race;
The water-wheel is choked with ice,
Nor turns its dripping wheel;
Mute rests the frozen water-fall,
Mute rests the frosty stream.

The snow-birds perch on the garden rail,
The earth-creeps creep their foot;
Under the henlock mopes the quail,
With her half-perished brood;
And the purple snipe with the gale
Howls through the inclement wood.
The cattle huddle to the friendly barn,
The sheep to their folds remote;
The dame by the fire-side spins the yarn;
Her good man nods in his chair;
While children crowd to the chimney-seat,
Intent on fables, or pictured books.

From the Journal of Commerce.

THE OLD UNION.

No concealment is now attempted, by the radical party, of their views of the Union. It is deliberately laid down, baldly stated, continually reiterated, in their public journals and their private conversations, in speeches and letters, that the Union is destroyed, and that they have no desire to see it reconstructed. The mark is set at defiance. We have seen them for some months attempting to blind the public by the foolish question "do you prefer slavery to the Union?" as if there were any such issue before us. But when a few weeks ago the public began to urge on them the true question, "do you prefer the abolition of slavery to the Union?" these professed patriots at first sought to avoid the issue, and at length in despair of sustaining any longer their doubtful professions of loyalty, plunged into the fatal vortex of disunionism. They now say that they would not consent to-day to restore the Union as it was a year ago. They speak of it with horror as a covenant with death and a league with hell, which they would not consent to renew.

We do not exaggerate. Every word we say is susceptible of abundant proof from the columns of the radical party papers, of the past two weeks. The day is forever past when they can claim, with any show of truth or sincerity, to be loyal to the Constitution of the Union, and they must be, as they virtually consent to be, classed with the enemies of both.

The discussion of their peculiar tenets and doctrines would seem then to be no longer necessary. They are powerless for evil since their desires are exposed, and the fact is now beyond question that the Government is not under their influence, and will not be deceived by their wiles, or driven by their threats.

But it may be well for us, who remain true to the ancient faith of our country and our fathers, to look for a moment at the significance of that Union which those disloyal and ungrateful sons of American sires, unite with Southern enemies in reviling and casting off.

It is the most beneficent government on the face of the earth. It has grown to be such under the united efforts of Southern slaveholders, Northern merchants and manufacturers, and the steadfast labors of inhabitants of all portions of the land. Conservative in all its history, preserved in its conservative course by the fact that the various interests of North and South united were always powerful to overcome the efforts of radicalism in politics as in social life, it became the great nation whose history we are proud to recite, and whose name was the synonym of political grandeur in all parts of the world. Under the guidance of wise and distinguished rulers, sometimes slaveholders, sometimes Northern employers of free labor, always conservative men, under the watchful care of Senators and Representatives from every

State, every climate, every section, uniting in conservative views of policy, it obtained its position among nations which the ancient politicians dreamed of, but dared not despair of.

There are party politicians at the North, in this year of trouble, who charge on the fathers of the Republic the errors which have led it into the present time of trial. There are ambitious demagogues at the South who curse the Union which Washington and his companions founded, as a Union in which they cannot find the freedom and the power they desire. Both classes are moved by the very emotions which Washington foresaw, and against which he warned the nation. There was nothing in the constitution of the government against which either could complain. If the Massachusetts philanthropist desired a field for his large and expansive view of his duty to his fellow man, he might have found sins and sufferings in Boston that would have lasted him a lifetime of hard labor, and remained perhaps for his children to work on. If the ardent and aspiring South Carolinian did not find the United States broad enough for the efforts of his ambition, he might have, at least, been wiser than to confine his genius to the limits of one small State, or a Confederacy made up of only part of the old country. It was the union of Massachusetts and South Carolina that tempered the ambition, checked the reforming and disorganizing spirit, and made a solid and substantial basis of power for a great nation. It is easy now to say that we of the North do not want a Union in which Davis and Mason and Sibley shall return to their old positions. So it is easy at the South to say they do not want a Union in which Sumner and Lovejoy, and Giddings shall occupy places of power, and hurl their taunts and insults at the slaveholder. But this dealing with or talking of individuals, on both sides, is child's play, when we are discussing the welfare of a nation which is to live a thousand years after we and these men, traitors on one side, and abolitionists on the other, shall have been dust of the soil. We do want a Union, and no other Union can be devised, than just that old Union, in which Masons may meet Sumners in the Senate, and, if needs be, mind clash with mind, that the spark of truth be elicited to enlighten the people. Back of all this lies the error that the people must learn, that their representatives should be wise and harmless, sagacious and calm, and if, out of this present discord that old Union shall emerge safe, we venture the prophecy that the lesson will have been well learned, and the land will have rest from political demagogues and radical reformers for at least a hundred years.

What other Union would the Northern reformers have? We put the question to them, because the Southerners avow that they will have no Union, and these men seem to have some incoherent notion of conquering a new Union out of the war. Would they give to the general Government the powers of the States? That would be a nation, but not a Union. Would they have a grand Sheikh of Islam, a great interpreter of the reform faith, to be the dispenser of the laws, the judge of moral right and wrong for every State, the administrator of the *Highway Law*? The Saints will judge the world, if prophecy be true, but the time has hardly arrived yet, and the Saints are wanting among these reformers.

Not if since the patriarchs ruled their families in love, four thousand years ago, on the plains of Asia, there has been anything of government on the earth to be admired, respected, held in profound veneration, it is the American Union as it was in the year 1860 after Christ. To it every eye on the globe, among civilized nations, was turned with hope. Even the barbarians respected, and some among them revered it. No man, whatever his name whatever his creed, whatever his education, no man, failed to do homage to the work of Washington. As the religious world, the eyes of dying Christians turned with longing gaze to the Eastern skies, as if to behold the light above Jerusalem, so in the political world the faith and hope of men was directed Westward, and old statesmen, and worn out dealers in the broken theories of monarchy and absolutism died with their dim gaze turned to us, blessing in our glorious destiny.

These are no idle phrases, glittering generalities. In this hour of our trial, God forbid that any man should waste mere words in praising the American Union, or write of it as a relic to run high sounding periods. We write in soberness, and to that which is written the heart of every American responds, if he be true to the holy bond which the fathers bound. There may be men at the North who will sneer. They are enemies of their country. There may be men at the South who will divide. They are enemies to their country. We care not whether the man is Northern abolitionist or Southern rebel, he who says to-day, in the hour of darkness, that the old Union ought to fall, he who laughs at the Constitution, who denies its splendor among the long dim row of human inventions of government, is no true son of America, and no loyal defender of the nation.

SPECULATION IN MULES.

A great speculation has lately been brought to light in Cairo, between Quartermaster Watch and Commander Graham.

It appears that among other speculations, this Quartermaster captured several hundred mules from the Secessionists. The army regulations require that all animals captured from the enemy shall be advertised and sold to the highest bidder. In this case he only advertised them half and knocked them off to one of his own hands (there being no one else there), at \$33 each. A few days afterwards the government needed mules, when he purchased from his undertrapper the same mules at \$111 each, for Uncle Sam. The difference in price was of course divided between the Quartermaster and his hand.

Words of Startling Import—The Contractors Destroying the Nation.

This war has already produced many a subject for the painter and many a theme to be by our future poets wedded to immortal verse. What sublime devotion to soldierly duty was that which impelled young Greble to stand almost alone at his gun with "ad-ah" as his companion gunner, that he might protect, with his last charge, the retreat of Pierce and his men from Great Bethel! What an example of the most exalted heroism was that of Lyon, when he deliberately rode into the jaws of death to redeem the adverse fortunes of the day at Springfield! What a picture of unyielding patriotism and heroic courage is seen in the conduct of Mulligan at Springfield, fighting valiantly for nine days, against overwhelming odds, until his Home Guards—*not he*—were furnished into submission. These and scores of other hundred scenes will inspire many a pen and pencil in the bright and glad hereafter. But worthy of equal rank with these is the noble scene so recently witnessed off the stormy coast of Hatteras.—Burnside, unawed by the fierceness of the storm and the raging of the unchained elements, defying danger and death, as he passed from ship to ship in his little boat, cheering his men and gathering together the scattered vessels of his fleet.—This must live upon the minds of the people, and be embalmed in their memories through all coming time. But well will it be for the people, wise will it be for the Government, and fortunate will it prove for our glorious cause, if we all, while cherishing the memories of that sublime spectacle, remember also the startling words that were wrung from the heart of Burnside, in his hour of anguish—"THE CONTRACTORS HAVE ALMOST RUINED ME, BUT GOD HOLDS ME IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND, AND ALL WILL YET BE WELL."

Here we have crystallized, in this brief exclamation, the whole philosophy of the misfortunes of the war, and of the certainty of our final success. The contractors have almost ruined us; but God holds us in the palm of his hand, and all will yet be well. Who kept Burnside and his fleet, and his thousands and thousands of gallant men, for two whole weeks, exposed to destruction upon the stormy coast of the United States? Who but the reckless and guilty scoundrels who furnished vessels known to be unfit for the service! What cared they what stores and ships might be lost, what priceless lives might be sacrificed, what fatal blow might be inflicted on the cause, if they could only succeed in making money out of the country in her hour of necessity! What has thrown us back six long months, and disgraced us most in the eyes of the world? The disaster at Bull Run. And what caused that? Was it not the notorious fact that the War Department, instead of bending all its energies to the organization, the discipline, and the healthful and honest supply of the army, was just given over utterly to jobbers in contracts and military commissions? So entirely was the war regarded as nothing but a huge job, that for three months but little else was done than to parcel out the plunder. There was no time or opportunity to do anything else for the organized gangs of plunderers who thronged the streets and hotels of the Capital seemed to have absolute possession of the War Department, and excluded nearly all proper visitors and all legitimate business. And so this deplorable condition of things went on until the middle of July, when an armed mob, short of all necessary supplies, wholly unorganized and half demoralized, were sent out to battle, and the plundering system culminated in the calamity at Manassas. Besides the shame this brought upon our brave soldiers, the disgrace to our character abroad, the terrible sacrifice of life, the loss of millions of property, and the loss of prestige, it PROLONGED THE WAR INDEFINITELY.

After this disaster the outcries of the people and the denunciations of the press checked the evil to some extent, but did not stop it. Although more attention was paid to regular business in the War Department, the jobbers and speculators still had large sway, and besides plundering the Treasury did a great deal of mischief to what extent we need not recite, for some of the details are still fresh in the disclosures of Congressional Committees of Investigation. So shameful and monstrous were the abuses in contracts and purchases, that it is within the mark to say, that of the four hundred millions thus far spent on the war, full one-half, or two hundred millions, have gone into the pockets of the plunderers. We now see the natural and embarrassing result of this in what is to-day the worst trouble of the war—a pressing want of money for immediate use; for the people and the banks who are furnishing the Government prodigally, and stopped the supplies. If the Government only had now what has been wasted upon jobbers, middle-men, political hacks and go-betweens, it might carry on the war for six months, and perhaps to the end, without another dollar.

But there is a new state of affairs in the War Department. Vigor, honesty and economy are now the orders of the day. Congress is laboring to establish a satisfactory financial policy. This, however, is not all that should be done to bring the people and the banks once more to the pecuniary support of the Government. Many of the monstrous contracts that were made during the reign of the middle-men, are, doubtless, yet running. Secretary Stanton should strike at all these with a heavy hand. He has it in his power, one would think, to discover how, by whom, and thro' what influences these contracts were made. If so, he should discover and expose every detail of such transactions, that the guilty parties may be subjected to public contempt and disgrace, and, if possible, be also made to disgorge, and be brought to exemplary punishment. We believe that we but reflect almost universal opin-

ion, when we urge upon the Secretary of War to use his official power to this end; and we call upon John Covode, who rendered such priceless services in exposing the corruptions of the Buchanan Administration, to lend his aid. The men who have grown rich upon spoils wrung from the country in her hour of trial and sorrow, are no better than pirates, and should have as little mercy.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*, (Repl.)

TROUBLE IN THE WIGWAM.

While the Republican managers at Harrisburg are endeavoring to work the elements of opposition to the Democratic party into some new shape, the Republicans of Philadelphia, under the lead of Wm. B. Trout, Collector of the Port, are purging the Republican party of all its allies who are not straight-up-and-down Blue Republicans. The Philadelphia Press of Thursday has given the following account of the struggle between the Republican and "People's" parties:

"Tuesday evening was the commencement of a new epoch in the political history of Philadelphia. The contending struggle between the members of the Republican and People's parties was animated and interesting in many of the wards. In pursuance of the call of the Executive Committee, the R-republican party met in the different wards, and selected three delegates to meet in convention this evening, at the County Court House, for the purpose of making rules for their government. In the Eighteenth ward, which has heretofore been strictly People, after a closely contested struggle, the People's organization was abolished, and submerged into a Republican.—The same result was arrived at in many of the lower wards. In the Seventeenth the contest narrowed down to the native and naturalized elements of the People's party, the latter being successful in effecting a R-republican organization. The test required for suffrage was a pledge to maintain the Republican nominees, when fairly and honorably made, and a loyal support to the Administration in prosecuting the present war."

"This is an interesting fight as it stands, says the *Patriot and Union*, and a beautiful commentary upon all the Republican professions of non-partisanship. It appears that the R-republican organization in Philadelphia is making war upon the 'People's party,' and that in many wards the latter organization was abolished, or merged into the Republican party. The test required for suffrage, we are told, was a pledge to sustain the Republican nominees and the Administration. Nothing appears to have been said of the R-republican party for the sake of the Union.

It appears to us rather ungrateful for the Republicans of Philadelphia to wage war against their faithful and obsequious allies, the so-called 'People's party,' because without some such blind as this the State of Pennsylvania could not have been carried for the Republican candidates. There has never been a fair and open Republican party in this State. While the organization has been substantially Republican, it has not had the courage to come out under that name. It has been an 'Opposition,' or a 'People's' party, or anything else but nominally Republican, and some of its leaders are now maneuvering to make it a 'Union' party. But the Republicans in Philadelphia are in favor of making a clean record, and coming out in their true colors. We wish them success, if for no other reason than that Republicanism may be put to the popular test, to demonstrate how really weak it is in this conservative and loyal State of Pennsylvania.

THE UNION NOT TO BE RESTORED.—The Boston correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* scouts the idea that the Union is to be restored, and mocks at the President for appearing to believe it. We quote:

"The restoration of the old Union is impossible, admitted to be so practically, by everybody, including Mr. Lincoln himself. Mr. Cameron proposes great changes in the boundary of States, and I do not understand that Mr. Lincoln objects to this part of his report. Virginia is already dismembered; Tennessee is to be enlarged; and so on. The exigencies of the war may make the resolute extinguishment of half a dozen rebel States, as political organizations, as necessary. Florida may yet be ceded to Spain, and Texas to Mexico. The old Union! poh! poh! It is a thing of the past. To call a man disunionist who is not in favor of allowing things to be restored to the condition they were in before the election of 1860 is very poor and cheap and harmless nonsense."

THE MORGAN CASE.—A new feature in the Morgan affair in the purchase of vessels for the navy has just been developed. It appears that certain parties were authorized to sell to the Government the New York and Savannah line of steamers, for which they are to have two per cent, brokerage on the gross amount of the sales.

In the meantime, Mr. Morgan purchased them for the Department, for which he was paid by the same party two and a half per cent. The broker now comes forward and sues the owner of the steamer for his two per cent. The defendant claims that he is not bound to pay, and insists that he can establish the fact that a "ring" was formed to prevent the Government from getting the New York steamers, except at an exorbitant price, established by the ring. The testimony of Secretary Welles, Assistant Secretary Fox and others, is now being taken by a commission to be used in New York in a trial which will come off in a few days.

EXCHANGED.—So far about twelve hundred prisoners on each side have been exchanged. The system of exchange inaugurated by our Government is fully reciprocated by the rebel authorities.

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

EDITED BY SIMON SYNTAX, ESQ.

Friends of education who wish to enlighten the public on the subject of teaching the young idea how to shoot, are respectfully requested to send communications to the above, care of "Bedford Gazette."

SCHOOL SONGS.—The following beautiful song is taken from a collection of school songs, called the "Day School Bell." Wherever it has been introduced it has become more popular with the pupils, than "Dixey" itself, and there certainly is more sense in it.

In all schools where singing is practiced—and it should be practiced in every school—we would recommend the "Day School Bell" as just the thing.

OH! I WISH I HAD MY LESSON.

TUNE—"Dixey's Land."

I'm glad I live in the land of learning,
Wisdom's height I'm just discerning,
Far away, far away, away, far away,
Although sometimes I'm sad and weary,
And the way looks dark and dreary,
I'll away, I'll away, away, I'll away,
Cuevas.

Oh! I wish I had my lesson,
I do, I do,
In learning I will end my days,
And live and die in wisdom's ways,
I'll try, I'll try,
I'll try to get my lesson,
I'll try, I'll try,
I'll try to get my lesson.

Some children always fret and worry,
Because they can't learn in a hurry,
Right away, right away, away, skip away,
But as for me as I grow stronger,
I will strive to study longer,
Work away, work away, away, work away,
Oh! I wish I had my lesson,
I do, I do, &c.

Sometimes I think of the sunny hours,
The golden bees, and pretty flowers,
Far away, far away, away, skip away,
But then I know when school is over,
I can run in the fields of clover,
Skip away, skip away, skip away,
Oh! I wish I had my lesson,
I do, I do, &c.

I love my school next to my mother,
Next to father, sister, brother,
Work away, work away, away, work away,
While I am young and while I'm ruddy,
I will work and I will study,
Work away, work away, away, work away,
Oh! I wish I had my lesson,
I do, I do, &c.

SPELLING CLASSES.

The subjoined article, on the above subject, is from the pen of Prof. J. J. STUTZMAN, Co. Supt. of Somerset county. The Professor is a regular "walking dictionary," and has put forth Herculean efforts to make the teachers of his county the same. As he is thoroughly orthodox on orthography and orthography, his views are entitled to great consideration, and we recommend them to the teachers of this county.—But bear him:

"We hold it to be a maxim in teaching that pupils should always be required to repeat what they have been told or shown, as a proof both of their attention and their mastery of the subject presented. In teaching spelling we should take care that all the elements are uttered distinctly, and with proper loudness of voice. Where Teachers are negligent in these particulars, it is often inelegantly abbreviated into *twity*, it into *eyesick*, *ment* into *minty-ment*, and so on, while some of the little dears spell in so low and desponding a tone that one might almost be tempted to believe that they had forgotten their dinner baskets!—It might be deemed superfluous to say that words should be correctly pronounced, did we not occasionally hear men of this stamp give out *wan-eye-tye* and *wan-ah-tye* for *vanity*, *loom-eye-nay-re* for *luminary*, and many similar monstrosities. With unclassified scholars we have at present nothing to do. As for the rest, they may be divided into beginners, intermediate, and advanced classes, and the following remarks must be understood mainly to apply to spelling on the book.

In teaching primary classes in spelling, it will be well for the Teacher, at least where the lesson is new or difficult, to prepare them for recitation by spelling each word for them in succession, the class following in concert, which, when rightly conducted, will also be found an important means of teaching a good articulation. But concert spelling, as well as concert reading, is liable to several abuses. To prevent it from degenerating into a drawl, he should spell the whole word at once, in a distinct and lively tone, and direct each scholar to imitate him, without waiting for any body else. After the word has been spelled by the class, one may be

called upon to spell it again, and if he fails, it may be passed to the next, or a show of hands may be called for; but if the class fails, the Teacher should spell it again, followed by the class as before. When the lesson comes to be repeated, or where it is not had enough to demand this preparation, each pupil should be required to spell his word twice over in his turn, distinctly, and not hurriedly, but with a pause, so as to give time for the necessary corrections. Many are still content to tell scholars, without requiring them to re-spell the words missed, which is a loose and careless practice at best. Or, if deemed preferable, the Teacher may spell through the lesson with them first, and then hear them spell it word about, or, if it is still too hard for them, let them take their seats and study it over.

In the intermediate classes scholars are better prepared, and should pronounce each word before they spell it, (as all should be required to do in spelling off book) and always so as to make every element distinctly understood. To enable them to study their lessons, they must be taught the accent and the author's notation, and for that purpose they must be required to give the notation of each word after spelling it, and even after they are supposed fully to understand it, they should be made to do it whenever they make a mistake. As for the advanced classes, where they are sufficiently familiar with spelling books to pronounce words readily at sight, instead of the present routine of many schools, they should have one good lesson each day, pronouncing each word twice, with proper distinctness, without spelling it, giving the author's notation whenever they mispronounce a word, as a means of enforcing attention. The common practice is very faulty; for what can be more disagreeable to an intelligent spectator than to see all the larger scholars drawn up in a great galaxy, straggling line through the length of the room, to mumble over half a page in a speller they ought to have by heart, when they could pronounce a lesson of two pages in the same time, and with much greater benefit to them? If this stupid performance is designed to teach scholars to spell in the book, it is altogether too careless to answer any useful purpose; but if it is resorted to merely to help them study their spelling lesson, it is a waste of time, and they had much better get it at their seats."

WHAT THE "DOUGLAS DEMOCRATS" THINK OF FORNEY.

The Pittsburgh *Post* of the 24th ult., the leading Democratic newspaper in Western Pennsylvania, and a firm and consistent supporter of Mr. Douglas in the last Presidential election, administers a scathing rebuke to John W. Forney, for his impudence in presuming to speak for the friends of Mr. Douglas through the columns of the Philadelphia *Press*, while he is in the pay of the Republican party. The *Post* gives a sketch of the career of Forney: shows that up to the time when he quarreled with Mr. Buchanan he was the most obsequious and pliant tool of the "slave power" of the South, declares that Douglas never trusted Forney, and that the great principle of Popular Sovereignty for which Douglas contended was used by Forney as a mere pretext; that he remained in the councils of the Douglas Democrats only to betray them; and that, from the malignant opponent of Simon Cameron, he became that man's tool, and was, through his influence, rewarded for his treachery by being elected Clerk of the Senate of the United States. The *Post* continues:

"We have thought it necessary to remind our readers of these few points in this trickster, Forney's career, because he still has assurance to speak in the name of the Douglas Democracy. His game now is to arouse as much feeling as possible against what he styles the Breckinridge Democracy of Pennsylvania, and after harping upon that string for a sufficient time, a union of the Douglas men of Pennsylvania with the Republicans is to be proposed. Forney's paper has been at this game for more than a week, and after it is properly ventilated, we are to have another convention of such Douglas men as himself and John Hickman to propose and accept such terms as they can command. It is the old dodge but will not succeed. John W. Forney has 'un his course; he never can transfer another Democrat to the ranks of Abolitionism. We, too, are for a Union of Democrats, regardless of former differences in regard to dead issues, and we are for extending the right hand of fellowship to every man who is in for suppression of the rebellion and the restoration of the Union; but no affiliation with that poisonous thing Abolitionism: no communion with those whose hatred of slavery is stronger than their love for the Union. The restoration of the Union at all hazards and at all costs, no matter who or what suffers in bringing it about."

We are glad to see that the genuine friends of Douglas are so fully aware of the game which this insolent demagogue is attempting to play for the benefit of his Republican masters. If Forney can succeed in detaching enough Democrats from their organization to again defeat the Democratic party, he would be in a position to claim a magnificent reward for his services, and that is about all he cares for.—They seem to know what he is driving at. In the language of the *Post*, his power for mischief to the Democratic party is gone; and gone forever, they know him, and none so well as those he has so shamefully destroyed—the Douglas Democracy of Pennsylvania.—P. & Union.