

# The Watchman.

C. T. ALEXANDER, }  
JOE W. FUREY, } Editors.

BELLEFONTE, FEB. 13th, 1862.

## ANOTHER VICTORY.

Since the capture of Fort Henry, a full account of which we give in another column, Burnside's expedition has achieved another triumph on Roanoke Island. Lynch's rebel fleet has been partly captured and partly dispersed, while Gen. Wise's forces on the Island have suffered a total defeat. Gen. Burnside took a great number of prisoners, and a large amount of arms, stores, &c. It is stated that the rebel loss was very heavy. A dispatch in the *Bulletin* says that the fight lasted three days. No further particulars up to the time of this writing have been received.

## ARREST OF GEN. STONE.

Brigadier Gen. Charles P. Stone, who commanded the Federal forces at the battle of Ball's Bluff, has been arrested for treason, and sent to Fort Lafayette, by order of Secretary Stanton, there to await a court martial.

The air is full of the most exciting rumors. A telegraphic dispatch to this place says that Richmond has been burned by the rebels, and that Elizabeth city has also been evacuated and burned by the confederates.

**THE RASCALLY CONTRACTORS.**—In the history of this war, according to the *Albany Evening Journal*, the meanest attributes of nature have received the most striking illustration. After stating some of the startling developments of fraud brought out by the investigations by different committees, the *Journal* says:—"If the cause of the Union fails—which God forbid!—the shame and the guilt must rest not so much with the army of Jeff. Davis at the South, as with the army of PLUNDERERS at the North."

## Senator Bright.

The case of Senator Bright was disposed of in the United States Senate on Wednesday last, by his expulsion. The vote stood as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Anthony, Browning, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Davis, Dixon, Doolittle, Fassenden, Foot, Foster, Grimes, Hale, Harlan, Henderson, Howard, Howe, Johnson, King, Lane, (Ind.) McDougal, Morrill, Pomeroy, Sherman, Simmons, Sumner, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson, Wilmot, Wilson, (Mass.), Wilson, (Mo.)—32.

NAYS—Messrs. Bayard, Carlisle, Cowan, Harris, Kennedy, Latham, Nesmith, Pease, Powell, Rice, Saulsbury, Ten Eyck, Thompson, and Wiley—14.

The vote resumed said that the rebels had voted in favor of the resolution, it was adopted.

Speaking of this outrage, the *Patriot and Union* has the following language:

The Senate of the United States has tried and expelled Jesse D. Bright for treason.—It has by a two-thirds vote proclaimed him unfit to hold a seat in the body. We shall not attempt to review the circumstances of the case. The public is familiar with all the facts against Bright, as well as the fact that two leading Republican Senators, representing in part the two greatest States in the Union, protested against his expulsion as unjust and prompted by party spirit.—But the case is one yet to be tried before the tribunal of public opinion, not upon narrow and technical rules, but in the full light of the results of the great rebellion which this nation is now working out in agony and blood. The case to be tried is not so much with reference to the loyalty or disloyalty of Jesse D. Bright, who as an individual is of the smallest possible consequence, as between the friends of the Union and Mr. Bright's accusers. Was Mr. Charles Sumner a fit representation of loyal devotion to this Government? Was he the proper man to prosecute and condemn a fellow Senator for infidelity to the Union? Which has been the most instrumental in alienating the two sections of the country, and in promoting that bitter sectional hatred which has resulted in this deplorable civil war, Jesse D. Bright or Charles Sumner?

This question admits of but one answer, Charles Sumner ever since his entrance upon public life has devoted his whole time and talents to fanning the sparks of civil discord until they have spread over the country in a roaring and consuming conflagration. His whole heart and soul have been in this work. When the country was at peace he sought to create discord. He rarely opened his mouth without assailing the institutions of one half the States of the Union. His bitter and incendiary philippic against slavery and slave owners were eagerly read by the Southern disunionists and paraded before the Southern people, as evidence that the North was determined to interfere with the Constitutional rights of the slave States, and as proof that the South must seek security in rebellion and disunion. Which was the most efficient Northern ally of Southern Secessionists, and accomplished more to bring about the present state of affairs by his disloyal harangues, than if he had sent a thousand emissaries to the South with improved patent firearms. And this is the man who is presumed to act as the representative of the loyal sentiment of the people—this patriot who could not endure the presence of Bright in the Senate. Jesse D. Bright may have met with just punishment for corresponding with a traitor, but even handed justice will yet proclaim Charles Sumner the greater criminal.

## Army Correspondence.

CAMP THOMAS,  
NEAR BARDSTOWN, KY. Feb. 4.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Thinking it might be interesting to the readers of the *Watchman*, to hear from the Seventh Pa. Cavalry, I shall endeavor to give you a short sketch of our trip from Harrisburg to this place.—Company E, to which I belong, was raised principally in Clinton county, and is composed of sturdy young men, who are nearly all unmarried and in the prime of life, who enlisted with that spirit which induces all true patriots to leave their homes, parents, wives and sweethearts to defend the flag of their country and maintain the Constitution that governs a free and happy people.

The Captain (J. B. Shuler, of Nitany,) is well known to most of your readers to be a man well qualified to discharge the duties now devolving upon him, and in the estimation of the Regimental and Battalion officers as well as those of his own rank, he is a No. 1 Captain. This Regiment numbers about eleven hundred men and the same number of horses, and is divided into twelve companies and three battalions, and is commanded by Col. George C. Wynkoop, of Schuylkill county, who served in the Mexican War, and in the three months service distinguished himself in the skirmish at Falling Waters. All the officers as well as the privates under him, have full confidence in his ability to lead them upon the field of battle in any emergency. I shall not weary your patience by giving you a minute detail of all that transpired on our way from Camp Cameron to this place; but only give you such items as I think will be most interesting.

First, we left Harrisburg on the 18th day of December last, and arrived at Jeffersonville, Indiana, on Christmas, the 25th, where we encamped in one of the darndest mud-holes you or I or any person else ever saw. During our stay there it rained every other day, and sometimes twice a day, and we had mud on our right, on our left, in front, and in the rear, and in the middle one of the stiffest ever known to soldiers. Sometimes we were obliged to dig our horses out of the mud in order to get them to water.—While we were encamped there, we received our "musketoons"—a short kind of gun of about thirty-nine calibre, which some called carbines; but as they did not suit the mind of the Colonel, they were sent back, and other guns which look more like muskets for footmen than carbines for mounted men were received in their place. However, when the weather permits, we are practising with them, but generally on foot. I am informed that we are to exchange these for the regular breech loading carbines adapted to mounted men.

On Saturday, the 24th of Jan., we were ordered to prepare two days' rations, and be ready to march at six o'clock the next morning. We halted the order with joy, and set about getting ready for the march. We, next morning, were up and all ready, and were to march at an early hour. We were ferried across the Ohio river, and formed the Regiment in the streets of Louisville, Ky. With our gallant Colonel at the head of the column, we marched Southward about eight miles, and encamped on the left of the Loujville and Bardstown Turnpike. The day was fine, but that night it clouded up, and we woke up the next morning to find the ground covered with snow—on account of which we did not march the next day.

The next morning we took up our line of march, and traveled about eighteen miles, and encamped on the south bank of Salt River for the night. It rained nearly all night, but seemed to break off the next morning, and we struck our tents and prepared for marching; but about the time we were ready to march, it commenced raining, and continued all day. Notwithstanding we are furnished with talmas, or gun covers, we were wet to the skin; and our blankets were wet through, which we had strapped to our saddles. The roads were very muddy, so you can imagine what a wet and muddy looking set of fellows we were. We marched that day about fifteen miles, and are now encamped within two miles of Bardstown, in a Southeastly direction. We have a beautiful camp, but owing to the incessant rains which have fallen the last two or three weeks, it is a little soft, although it is upon an elevated spot in a beautiful grove owned by one of the good Union men of Kentucky.

The ground is so soft that we are compelled to dispen with drill on horseback, and take it on foot. We are surrounded by secessionists, but they do not trouble us as yet, as it is said that some of the Union soldiers were poisoned by eating pees and cakes sold to them by the secesh.

Within a few rods of our camp stands a tenantless house, which is riddled with bullet holes, which occurred last Spring between the secessionists and the house guards. There are no rebel soldiers in this neighborhood now, but on the contrary there are some four or five camps of Union soldiers within two or three miles of Bardstown, under the command of Brigadier Gen. Wood, who is a strict disciplinarian, and ever watchful for the health and comfort of the men under him. We have no sickness in our camp; none of our company are in the hospital. Some complain of sore throat, bad colds, &c.

I will just mention, that while passing through Louisville, I met with Gust. Schnell and James Curtin, of Centre county. They belong to Gen. Buel's Body Guard, and are encamped near that city. They look hale and healthy. As my letter is getting somewhat lengthy, I must close. Send me a

few of the *Watchman*, and direct to Carlstown, Nelson county, Kentucky. Company E, 7th Regiment, Pennsylvania Cavalry. Yours truly,  
JAMES P. HUGHES.

BURNSIDE EXPEDITION,  
AT ANCHOR IN PAMLIKO SOUND N. C.,  
February 2d, 1862.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The Rebels are manifesting much concern at our delay, and are occasionally sending small crafts down the Sound making reconnaissance of our strength, and the cause of our delay. Their suspense, however, will be of but short duration, for orders have been received to be ready to move to night, but I don't think we will get off before morning. On the morning of the 29th, a Rebel schooner was sent approaching from the North West, evidently for to take a look at our formidable array of vessels. When one of our gun boats started in pursuit, and after a five hours cruise, retreated with the looked for prize. On the morning of the 30th, a small sail was discovered to the South West, and one of the gun boats started. We all expected to see the schooner, which she afterward proved to be, turn to the leeward and beat a hasty retreat; however, to our surprise and pleasure, she commenced moving directly for the gun boat, and when within a short distance, lowered sail and hoisted a flag of truce. She carried five men who were taken on board the steamer "Spaulding," where I immediately repaired with Captain Snyder, and the Reporter of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, and gleaned the following intelligence:

They represented themselves to be refugees from the Rebels, and members of the "Beaufort County Plover Boys," of the 7th Regiment, North Carolina State troops, commanded by Major Hall. Their names are as follows: Frial Stubbs, Peter McDavid, Thomas Bulger, Lewis Sanger, and John Smithson, all of whom are Northerners except Davis, he being a native of North Carolina.

Thomas Bulger, by birth an Irishman, had formerly served in the United States 3d Artillery, and previous to the storming of Fort Sumpter by the Rebels, he was sent to Charleston with dispatches for Major Anderson. Here he was arrested on charge of being a spy, sent to Stone Point, some two miles south of Charleston and after being held in "durance vile" for two months, succeeded in making his escape into North Carolina, but only to be impressed into the Rebel service, from which he, at the first opportunity, deserted with his companions, reaching our fleet, as before stated. The 7th North Carolina Regiment is stationed at Middleton, Hyde county, and about twenty-five miles south west of this Inlet, and consists of nine companies, numbering about six hundred men, two hundred of whom are sick in the hospital with measles, smallpox, and other contagious diseases, induced by their scarcity and poorly cooked rations. They are reported as being poorly clad, and under exposure to the stormy weather. They are reported as being poorly clad, and under exposure to the stormy weather. They are reported as being poorly clad, and under exposure to the stormy weather.

The most important matter for you, however, is your individual duty. What can you do?

The foot of the oppressor is on the soil of Georgia. He comes with lust in his eye, poverty in his purse, and hell in his heart. He comes a robber and a murderer. How shall you meet him? With the sword at his threshold! With death for him or for yourself! But more than this—let every woman have a torch, every child a fire brand—let the loved homes of our youth be made ashes, and the fields of our heritage be made desolate. Let wickedness and sin mark your departing steps, if depart you must, and let a desert more terrible than Sahara welcome the Vandals. Let every eye be leveled by the flame, and every village be laid in ashes. Let your faithful slaves share your fortune and your crust. Trust wife and children to the sure refuge and protection of God—preferring even for those loved ones the charred house as a home than loathsome vassalage to a nation already sunk below the contempt of the civilized world.—This day be your terrible choice, and determine at once without dissent as honor and patriotism and duty to God require.

Fellow Citizens—Lull not yourselves into a fatal security. Be prepared for every contingency. This is our only hope for a sure and honorable peace. If our enemy was to day covered with the pestilence which we would like to see him in every quarter of this Confederacy, we know his base character would not be so easily assuaged. Let them, the smoke of your homes, fired by woman's hands, tell the approaching foe that over sword and bayonet they will rush only to fire and ruin.

We have faith in God and faith in you—He is blind to every indication of Providence who has not seen an Almighty hand controlling the events of the past year. The wind, the wave, the cloud, the mist, the sunshine and the storm have all ministered to our necessities, and frequently succeeded us in our distress. We deem it unnecessary to recount the numerous instances, which have called forth our gratitude. We would join you in thanksgiving and praise if I could be for us, who can be against us?

Nor would we condemn your confident look to our armies, when they can meet with a foe not too greatly their superior in number. The year past tells a story of heroism and success of which our nation will never be ashamed. These coward rations, however, should only stimulate us to greater deeds and soldier efforts. An occasional reverse we must expect—such as has depressed us within the last few days. This is only temporary.

We have no fears of the result—the final issue. You and we may have to sacrifice our lives and fortunes in the holy cause; but our honor will be saved unscathed, and our children's children will rise up and call us "blessed."

HOWELL COBB,  
R. THOMAS,  
M. J. CRAWFORD,  
THOMAS R. COBB.

—That's a hard lick on Greeley from a brother abolitionist.

## Important Address to the People of Georgia.

Fellow Citizens:—In a few days the provisional government of the Confederate States will only live in history. With it we shall deliver up the trust we have endeavored to force for your benefit, to those more directly selected by yourselves. The public record of our acts is familiar to you, and requires no further explanation at our hands. Of those matters which properly has required to be secret, it would be improper now to speak. This address, therefore, will have no personal reference. We are well assured that there exists no necessity to arouse your patriotism, nor to inspire your confidence. We rejoice with you in the unanimity of our State, in its resolution and its hopes. And we are proud with you that Georgia has been "illustrated," and we doubt not will be "illustrated again by her sons in our holy struggle. The first campaign is over; each party rests in its place, while the winter's snow declares an armistice from on high.—The results in the field are familiar to you, and we will not recount them. To some important facts we call your attention:

First. The moderation of our own Government and the fanatical madness of our enemies have dispersed all differences of opinion among our people, and united them forever in the war of independence. In a few border States a warning opposition is giving way before the stern logic of daily developing facts. The world's history does not register a parallel instance of a revolution based upon such unanimity among the people.

Second. Our enemy has exhibited an energy, a perseverance and an amount of resources which we had hardly expected, and a disregard of Constitution and laws which we can hardly credit. The result of both, however, is that power which is the characteristic element of despotism, and renders it as formidable to its enemies as it is destructive to its subjects.

Third. An immense army has been organized for our destruction, which is being disciplined in the unending stories of the sea, our enemy is enabled to throw up on the shores of every State the nucleus of an army. And the threat is made, and doubled the attempt will follow in our spring to crush us with a giant's grasp by a simultaneous movement along our entire borders.

Fourth. With whatever alacrity our people may rush to remonte one and should our energy our Government may use its resources, we cannot expect to cope with our enemy either in numbers, equipments and munitions of war. To provide against these odds we must look to divine course, on finishing during and universal self-sacrifice.

Fifth. The prospect of foreign interference is at least remote one, and should not be relied on. If it comes, let it be only auxiliary to our own preparation for liberty.—To our God and to ourselves alone we should look.

These are stern facts; perhaps some of them are unpalatable. But, we are deceived in you if you would have us to conceal them in order to deceive you. The only question for us and for you is, as a nation and individually, what have we to do? We answer—

First. As a nation we should be united, forbearing one to another, frowning upon all dissensions, and every effort being directed to giving a truthful and generous confidence to those selected as our leaders in the camp and council chamber.

Second. We should exercise every nerve, and strain every muscle of the body politic to maintain our financial and military health, make, and by rapid aggressive action, nullify our enemies' feet, at their own firesides, the horrors of a war brought on by themselves.

The most important matter for you, however, is your individual duty. What can you do?

The foot of the oppressor is on the soil of Georgia. He comes with lust in his eye, poverty in his purse, and hell in his heart. He comes a robber and a murderer. How shall you meet him? With the sword at his threshold! With death for him or for yourself! But more than this—let every woman have a torch, every child a fire brand—let the loved homes of our youth be made ashes, and the fields of our heritage be made desolate. Let wickedness and sin mark your departing steps, if depart you must, and let a desert more terrible than Sahara welcome the Vandals. Let every eye be leveled by the flame, and every village be laid in ashes. Let your faithful slaves share your fortune and your crust. Trust wife and children to the sure refuge and protection of God—preferring even for those loved ones the charred house as a home than loathsome vassalage to a nation already sunk below the contempt of the civilized world.—This day be your terrible choice, and determine at once without dissent as honor and patriotism and duty to God require.

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## Fort Henry in Possession of the Federal Troops.

CHICAGO, Feb. 7.  
The expedition against Fort Henry, on the Tennessee river, has been actively successful, and the Fort is now entirely in the possession of the Federal troops.

Battle at Fort Henry.  
CHICAGO, Feb. 7.  
Fort Henry on the Tennessee river, surrendered yesterday at two o'clock, after a determined resistance. The fight, which lasted one hour and twenty minutes, was conducted by the gunboats Cincinnati, Essex and St. Louis. The Cincinnati fired one hundred and twenty five rounds, and received thirty four shots from the rebel guns.—Only one man killed. The St. Louis fired one hundred and ten rounds, and received no damage. The Essex was disabled at the tenth round, by a ball striking her boiler.—Thirty two killed and scalded to death.—Captain Porter was badly scalded, but not dangerously. Two rebel generals, one colonel, two captains, and one hundred privates were taken prisoners. The Fort mounted seventeen guns. The land forces did not reach the scene of action for two hours after the surrender.

The Memphis and Ohio railroad bridge, fifteen miles above Fort Henry, was taken possession of by our troops.

[FURTHER PARTICULARS.]  
CINCINNATI, Feb. 7.—The *Cincinnati* and *Cincinnati's* Cairo correspondents give the following account of the bombardment and capture of Fort Henry.

Yesterday at half past twelve, the gunboats Cincinnati, St. Louis, Carondelet and Essex, the Tylor, Conestoga and Lexington bringing up the rear, advanced boldly against the rebel works, going to the right of Painter's Creek Island, and above which on the east shore of the river stands the fortifications. Keeping out of range till at the head of the island, and within a mile of the enemy, passing the island in full view of the fort, we steadily advanced—every man at quarters—every ear strained to catch the flag officer's signal gun for commencing the action.

Our line of battle was on the left, the St. Louis next, the Carondelet next, the Cincinnati, for the time, being the flag ship, having on board Flag Officer A. H. Foote, and next the Essex. We advanced in line of battle, the Cincinnati's bow being abreast when at 12:30 the Cincinnati opened the ball, and immediately the three accompanying boats followed suit. The enemy not being backward, gave an admirable response, and the fight raged furiously for half an hour, the steadily advanced receiving and returning storms of shot and shell, when getting within 300 yards of the enemy's works, we came to a stand, and poured into their right and left. In the meantime the Essex had been disabled, and drifted away from the scene of action, leaving the Cincinnati, Carondelet and St. Louis alone engaged. At precisely 1:40 the enemy struck his colors, and the fort was ours. The rebels, as seized the throats, arms and caps of the 300 or 400 sailors of the gun boats can be imagined.

After the surrender which was made to Flag Officer Foote by General Lloyd Tilgham, who defended his fort in the most determined manner, we found the rebel infantry encamped outside of the fort numbering about 2,000 men, and the rebel artillery in command of the fort. The fort mounted seventeen guns, mostly 32 and 34 pounders, one being a 68 pounder. The rebels had also on the fort 23 pounders burst during the engagement, wounding one of their gunners. The rebels had also on the fort 23 pounders, worked by 64 men, the number, all told of our prisoners. They lost five killed and ten badly wounded.

The heavy firing continuing in their flight, a vast deal of plunder has fallen into our hands—including a large and valuable quantity of ordnance stores. Gen. Tilgham is disheartened, and thinks it one of the most damming things that he has ever known of his hands surrendering to a superior force. Flag Officer Foote remarked: "I am glad to see a gallant officer." Flag Officer Foote replied: "You do perfectly right, sir, in awarding me such honors. I have blown my brains on water before I would have surrendered to you."

In the engagement the Cincinnati was in the lead, and flying the Flag Officer's pennant, the chief of the fleet, Flag Officer Foote, and Capt. Stemple crowded her defiantly into the teeth of the enemy's guns.—She got thirty-one shots, some of them going through her hull.

The Essex was crippled when about half through the fight, and when crowding steadily against the enemy, a ball went into her port side, (forward port) through her heavy bulk head and squarely through one of her boilers, the escaping steam scalding and killing several of her crew. Capt. Porter, his aid, S. P. Briton, Jr., and Paymaster Lewis, were standing in the direct line of the shot, the latter being in the center of the group. A ball struck Briton on the top of his head, scattering his brains in every direction. The escaping steam went into the pilot house, instantly killing Messrs. Ford and Bride, pilots.

Many of the soldiers, at the rush of steam jumped overboard and were drowned. The Cincinnati had one killed and six wounded. The Essex had six seamen killed, and two officers and seventeen men wounded, and five missing. No casualties on the St. Louis or Carondelet, though shot and shell fell upon them like rain. The St. Louis was commanded by Captain Leonard Paulding, who stood upon the gun-boat, and fought the guns to the last. Not a man flinched, and with cheer upon cheer sent shot and shell among the enemy.

Official Report of the Fort Henry Battle.  
WASHINGTON, Feb. 7.  
Secretary Welles has received the following dispatch:

U. S. FLAGSHIP CINCINNATI OFF FORT HENRY, TENNESSEE RIVER, Feb. 6, 1862.

The gunboats under my command, the Essex, Commander Porter; the Carondelet, Commander Walker; the Cincinnati, Commander Semble; the St. Louis, Lieutenant Commanding Paulding; the Conestoga, Lieutenant Commanding Phelps; the Tylor, Lieutenant Commanding Shirk, after a severe and rapid fire of one hour and a quarter have captured Fort Henry, and have taken Gen. Lloyd Tilgham and his staff with sixty men as prisoners.

The surrender of the gunboats was unconditional, as we kept an open fire upon them until their flag was struck. In half an hour after the surrender, I handed the Fort and prisoners over to Gen. Grant, commanding the army after his arrival at the Fort in force. The gunboat Essex had a shot in her boiler.

## Evacuation of Romney, Va., by the Rebels.

PETERSBURG, Feb. 7.  
The *Wheeling Intelligencer*, of yesterday, says: "We learn from soldiers who arrived last evening from Patterson's Creek, that the rebels evacuated Romney on Monday night last. They either feared an attack on their forces, or contemplated making one in another direction."

"Down With the Old Union."  
The abolition traitors are growing bolder. At the outset of the war, they declared that its object was to restore the Union. Of late, however, they are throwing off the mask, and now openly declare that they do not wish to see "the old Union restored." Gerrit Smith, Wendell Phillips, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Horace Greely and their new converts, O. A. Brownson, are among those who have placed themselves unequivocally upon this platform. Many others have done so by their actions. But the individuals have openly avowed it. In his Tuesday's paper Greely says:—"Speaking for ourselves, we can honestly say that for that old Union which was kept in existence by southern menaces and Northern concessions, we have no regrets, and we wish for no reconstruction. Who wants any Union which can only be preserved by systematic wrong, and by organized political blunders? Who wants any Union which is nothing but a continuation to lacker Fourth of July orations until now?"

Thus speaks the most widely circulated organ of the party which has professed all along to be fighting for the Union. It has no regrets for the loss of that Union, which for eighty years, has showered such inestimable blessings upon the American people—which has never, at least until a recent date, even begrudged a single citizen, or deprived him of his rights of person, or person or property without due process of law. A Union which has never known a tax-gatherer or a standing army—a Union where labor received adequate reward, and where the comforts and even luxuries of life have been more equally distributed than in any country on the face of the globe, whether in ancient or modern times—a Union where education and general intelligence have been accessible to the masses—a Union where paperists and alms houses are comparatively unknown—a Union where man has been lifted on the highest position of a subject to the glorious equality of a citizen and a freeman—a Union where the God-given rights of man were first recognized, and the only spot in this wide world where they ever have been—for the loss of that Union, as this, Horace Greely has no regrets.

"Down with the old Union," he cries, "and launch forth under my directions."  
Can a government which for a century has worked out such boundless blessings to all under its influence, have had wrapped up in it, a "systematic wrong" or a "great political blunder"? The idea is utterly impossible. You cannot gather figs from thistles or grapes from thorns. The men who laid the foundation of our Union were the wisest statesmen the world has ever known. They were as far superior to the flippant analytics who are now assuming to teach the country, as day is superior to night. They were not perfect, nor do we suppose that their work was absolutely perfect, but as a whole, we do say that the Constitution, and the Union, which they have bequeathed to us, if fairly administered, the best Government ever devised by the minds of mortal men.

The wretch who can sneer at it, the vile scoundrel or traitor who can be so scoundrelous hands upon it, deserves the worst of punishment. For being faithful and true to this Constitution and this Union we have been hunted down, and our business destroyed. These abolition traitors have been closely watching. The hue and cry that these conspirators raised, stopped our papers in the mails. Their lies and misrepresentations as they suggested, would choke us down; but we have lived to see them throw off the mask, and we now hurl their words of treason back into their teeth. We know their hearts. They have always hated this Union. It is no new sentiment generated by Greely. For twenty years, in season and out of season, he has labored to bring about his treasonable schemes. Not Satan is his great rebellion in Heaven ever exceeded the desperation and fenish industry of this reckless fanatic—who "fears not God nor regards man." Since he first commenced his career he has polluted society with his filthy freeloader abominations, tainted religion with his infidelity, and ruined our politics by his disgusting negro fanaticism. Once, and once only, has he feared this bold conspirator to beg for mercy. The trembling coward implied the forfeiture of a hated business powerful antagonist, to save him and his from the wrath of an outraged people. The *Herald* generously threw over him the mantle of protection, or, perchance, he would not have lived until the 28th of January, 1862 to cry "Down with the old Union!"

But it is well to get the sequel. The announcement is now openly made that the *New York Tribune* does not wish to see the old Union restored! Is this the sentiment of the party which it represents? Who are the traitors if this is the programme? Why talk of a Constitution? If the old Constitution is not to be followed, then surely Mr. Lincoln is not President! Why might not McClellan, or May, Fremont or any body else, who may have the power, exercise supreme authority? If this is the programme, then we are fighting for empire, and any nation of Europe would have a right to interfere. Such, then, is the confession that at last comes from the Abolitionists.—They have been denouncing every one who did not agree with them, as secessionists; and now they come out and acknowledge themselves traitors! Opposed to the old Union, the old Constitution, and ready to "let it slide." Again we ask who are the traitors? What shall be thought of an Administration that allows journals a free use of the mails, which have come out openly against the Constitution and the Union, and denies it to those who have always been strongly in favor of them?—*Caucasian.*

A woman's heart is like a fiddle—it requires a bow to play upon it.