

BEAVER ARGUS.
BEAVER, PENNA.
Wednesday, Nov. 19th, 1862.
C. Nicholson, Editor
S. M. Pentecost & Co.,
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subscriptions for us at our Local Rates.

The editor having been absent for some time, accounts for the want of the usual amount of editorial in our issue of this week. We hope the Star, as well as our readers, will excuse us this time.

The following touching and appropriate remarks were delivered by Judge Agnew, previous to sentencing Elio F. Sheets, convicted of the murder of John Anselmy. They were spoken in a sad and solemn manner, and brought tears to the eyes of many who were unused to weeping:

Elio F. SHEETS, the prisoner at the bar, you were indicted for the murder of JOHN ANSELMY. A jury duly selected, free from every objection, intelligent and upright; after a long, patient and impartial trial, have found you guilty of murder in the first degree. What have you to say why the sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you? If you have any plea you are now permitted to say it.

[Here the prisoner arose to his feet, and, in answer to the question, said, in a low tone, "I am innocent of the murder."]

You have naught to say but that which you have said, and we are now about to pronounce sentence upon you. Before we do so, listen to what we have to say concerning your crime, and its enormity. But though you stand before us, as a convicted criminal, think not that we would avail ourselves of your unhappy situation, to insult or cast unnecessary reproach upon you. No such unworthy motive influences us in performing this the last, and most solemn duty the law devolves upon us. What we have to say is demanded by your own interests, and the duty we owe to society.

Alas! unfortunate youth, you were guilty of a triple crime. You took your uncle's horse, and then you burnt his barn, with all its contents, to conceal the theft. Not even the sufferings of the poor dumb brute, consumed in its flames, deterred you from this cruel and wicked act. A heart so steeped to suffering, that could commit so black a crime, would not hesitate to do a darker deed. When the unfortunate Anselmy came to your farm, riding the very horse you had stolen, you saw that your crime had found you out. There stood the man at whose table you sat, and in whose presence you traded the horse, but eight days before. There stood the horse you had put away. Your uncle's burning barn, and the terrible crime you had committed, arose before you; and the hellish thought entered your heart, of taking away, at a single sweep, the evidence of that crime, by putting aside, forever, both man and horse.

At your instance, or upon his own suggestion, the unfortunate Anselmy started to cross your farm to the road which led him home. You followed him, or what is more probable, went with him to lead down the bars, and lay down the fence. Just when you arrived at the most retired spot, most sheltered by woods, where the act could be committed with the least fear of detection, the spot upon which the sounds of the pistol shot, heard at three different points concentrated; there you took the line of your victim, and thereabout his body and his horse remained till night. When a night of uncommon darkness had shrouded the face of nature, and hidden objects from sight, you lifted the dead body upon the horse, and seated on the saddle behind it, you carried it to the place it was found, in a wild and un-frequented hollow; where, but for accident, it might have lain till decomposition had done its work. But Providence ordered it otherwise. To complete your purpose, you must there take the life of the horse. You deliberately held your pistol to the center of his forehead; but you mistook the spot, and the bullet entered too low for the brain. A second but hurried shot took effect in his jaw. The horse, too powerful to be held, broke loose from you, again you came up with him, and discharged three balls into his body. He fell and died in open ground, where he was seen from the road; and the saddle, that you left on him in your haste, and in the darkness, led to his discovery, and thereby to the finding of the body of the deceased.

When the deed was done, no eye was upon you, but that unseen Eye, which is everywhere. No one knew your intention, or your act, but God himself. We are human, and cannot follow the Judge of all the Earth into the secret recesses of the heart, and there perceive the hidden springs of action. We can judge only by external circumstances. But such is the nature of truth, and such the divinely appointed order of things, that crime will ever leave its traces behind it, and the means of its detection. Such have been the traces left in this case, and they all point with a fearful distinctness to you as the criminal, and even to the very mode in which your crime was committed.

You are in the morning of life, having tasted its freshness only. But your youth will plead in vain. There is no hope. Oh, how sad a sight!—On one so young, and yet so steeped in guilt! If you ask for mercy, think of your victim, the unfortunate Anselmy, whom you sent so suddenly and so ruthlessly to his long account.—Think of the cruel wounds you gave him. Not content with the two shots which brought him to the ground, twice you poured the deadly bullets into his back, and twice you put the pistol to his temple, and lodged its contents in his brain.

Miserable young man! You have broken laws, both human and divine, and offended against Earth and Heaven. You stand along with Cain of old—a murderer. Your hand is red with human blood. Were it your hand alone, water might wash it all away; but your soul is stained with guilt—so deeply dyed, naught but blood alone can wash the guilty stain away. For you there is but one hope, and one only—the blood of the Saviour of mankind. To him be your only resort. Let no hope of a pardon prevent you from making your peace with God, through the merits of his son. Time will be afforded you for this purpose; and the sentence, which we are about to pronounce, will be deferred in its execution for awhile.—Make a good use of it, and be reconciled to your offended Creator. Rest assured the Redeemer is your only hope. We pity you; but, alas, we cannot save you. Could we restore you to innocence; could we place you where you stood before that fatal night, when tempted by Satan, you commenced your career in crime, we would do so eagerly, earnestly. But alas, we cannot.

Prisoner at the bar, receive your sentence. It is considered and adjudged by the Court here, that you, the said Elio F. SHEETS, be taken hence, to the goal of the county of Beaver, from whence you came; and from thence to the place of execution, within the walls of the yard of the said goal, on the day hereafter to be fixed for your execution, by the warrant of the Governor of this Commonwealth; and that you there be hanged by the neck until you be dead. And God have mercy upon your soul. And the Clerk of this Court is ordered, within ten days hereafter, to transmit a full and complete record of the trial and conviction, to the Governor, according to law.

For the Argus.
PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 19, '62.
MR. EDITOR.—I have a vague impression that I promised long ago, to write you now and then whilst wandering through this world of care. If I fear you will think the promise has been but poorly observed.

I reached this place some days since. The city was not so dull as I had expected. Business is tolerably brisk. The removal of Gen. McClellan raised quite a flurry here, this being his native place. He has here many friends, true and loyal men; whilst it is also true that every one of the Hugs and Red Jukes are loud in his praise. This is his misfortune, not his fault. We hope that God will yet save this nation. True, it is in a very critical condition. When we look back on the past, and reflect on the terrible ordeal through which we have passed, we are astonished that we have a government to-day.

When Gen. Holt inquires why the rebels, in such an unbloody cause—poorly paid, poorly clothed, poorly equipped—have done so much and we so little, let them look for an answer to the conduct of so many of our Generals. Such has been their indifference, if not treason, that after eight months spent at vast sacrifice of life and treasure, little or nothing is done. Can any sane loyal man believe that nineteen millions of loyal people, with all the advantages on their side, could not have put down five millions of traitors, if honestly and earnestly attempted? Stone, McDowell, Miles, Forten, Buell and now McClellan are out of the way. We hope it is not too late to save the nation yet.

Whilst all these Generals were doing nothing, or worse than nothing, demagogues of the same politics were denouncing the administration for all its faults, weakness, imbecility or treason of their political brethren. Such audacity and wickedness the world never witnessed. But although we are rid of a few incompetent or treacherous Generals we have still a vast multitude of smaller fry, who infest the taverns in every city, town and hamlet of the North; chaps whose sole business seems to consist of abusing loyal men and drinking liquor. They have in many instances threatened to resign in certain contingencies, but alas! they have not kept their word. Could this class all be got rid of, and good and true men put in their places, a great improvement would be effected. Then, again, another class has to be noticed—the thieves and swindlers. Men who form rings to swindle the government by robbing the poor soldier or in any other way they can accomplish it. Here again the demagogues of the same politics, who denounce the administration for all its faults, and stealing three-fourths of it is done by men of their own politics.

The Press here sustains the cause of the country "through sunshine and through storm." So also the North American and News. The Enquirer fights for who best pays. The Bulletin is very nice Miss Nancy's, hopes and trusts Burnside will carry out the great plans of McClellan!

A CITIZEN.
New York, Nov. 17.—The Tribune says we are credibly informed that the clandestine negotiations have been opened between certain Democratic leaders in this city, and the head traitor at Richmond, looking to a reconstruction on the following basis:—First. The States now in rebellion are to elect members to present themselves at Washington, and claim seats in said Congress on or before the first day of January next. The members so chosen are to be fully in the rebel interests, but are not to be persons who have so conspicuously participated in active treason as to be liable to conviction as traitors within the strict definition of the Federal Constitution.

Second. The House being so fitted, will at once have a conjoint conservative and rebel majority, who will proceed to notify the President that the rebellion is substantially ended; that the rebel States are all duly represented in the House; that consequently his proclamation of freedom is null and void, and slavery fully under the protection of the Constitution.

Third. Congress, thus reconstructed, is to proceed forthwith to repeal all acts bearing hard upon the traitors of the last two years, and to pass such others as may be necessary to secure perfect impunity to them all.

Fourth. A Convention of States is to be called, wherein the united conservative Democratic and rebel strength is expected to be overwhelming, and it is to be pledged beforehand to make whatever changes in the Convention the slaveholding and slavebreeding interests may deem essential to their own future security and permanent well-being.

These are in substance the conditions forwarded from the city to Richmond by the first envoy, but we did not learn that they were accepted; on the contrary, we understood that they were not, the rebel chiefs insisting on disunion as the basis of peace, but not absolutely closing the door against further negotiations, and according to our judgment, a second embassy from our conservatives is now in Richmond, or is well on its way thither; hence we may expect to hear further within a few days.

HON. JOS. HOLT ON THE WAR.
Letter from Judge Holt to Collector Barney.
Necessity of Sustaining the Government.

To THE EDITORS OF THE EVENING POST.—The accompanying letter from the Hon. Joseph Holt was written in reply to a letter from me, expressing to him my personal desire that he would accept an invitation which has been sent to him by a committee of gentlemen to attend and address a public meeting in this city, upon the state of the country and the issues of the times. Mr. Holt wrote the letter so hastily that he did not think it quite fit for publication, and therefore at the time marked it "private."

But he has just now at my request, consented to its publication; and I therefore place it at your disposal, with the remark, however, that neither in existing circumstances, nor under any circumstances short of the absolute inability of the United States Government, to prosecute a vigorous war against the Rebels, would foreign intervention be, in my opinion, defensible or excusable; and in such a case there could be no need of such intervention, as the quarrel would be adjusted between the contending parties according to their relative strength.

HIRAM BARNEY.
New York, Nov. 10, '62.

Judge Holt's Letter.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 25, 1862.—Hon. HIRAM BARNEY, Dear Sir—Your favor of the 22d inst. has been received. An invitation similar to that which you so kindly urge upon me I have been obliged, within a few days, to decline, in consequence of engagements here which occupy every moment of my time, and I must now make the same answer to yourself. There will doubtless be present with you on the occasion referred to, those capable by their eloquence of effecting all the good that popular addresses can now accomplish. I must be frank, however, and say that to me it seems that what is at this moment needed is not words, however glowing, but heroic deeds. The tongue of an archangel could scarcely comfort and animate the popular spirit in the presence of the inaction of our armies.

HOW THE REBELLION STANDS.
After an unparalleled expenditure of treasure and the marshaling of such armies as the world has never seen, and after sacrifices which are clothing the land in mourning, at the expiration of eighteen months from the commencement of the rebellion we find it more defiant and determined, and more successful in its invasions and applications, than at any moment since the struggle began. This is not a lack of devotion on the part of the people, who have poured out their blood and treasure like water, nor yet from any lack of courage on the part of our brave volunteers. Our soldiers have been everywhere painting for a sight of the enemy; whilst the great heart of the country, in its solemn and earnest solicitude, is like a ground swell of the ocean, pressing in our forces towards the battlefield. A saddened belief is rapidly spreading that, unless the present condition of things is speedily changed, our cause will be lost.

BOLD AND AGGRESSIVE MOVEMENTS DEMANDED.
An immediate, bold and aggressive movement upon the enemy, following up every blow struck and gathering the fruits of every victory gained, is what is required for our deliverance. To the accomplishment of this single object the thoughts, the efforts and the prayers of the whole country should be directed. If those who are in the front will not go forward, the public safety will demand that they be assigned positions in the rear.—What are the sensibilities, what the reputation, or what the cherished schemes of any General in this field, as compared with the life of the Government and country as ours?—If, with the cloudless skies, and bracing air and fine roads of the autumn, our vast and completely appointed army cannot do its work, when will it be able to do so?

If Lee, Jackson and Longstreet can move with promptitude and dashing color, in the cause of treason and barbaric vandalism, why cannot our efficient move as promptly and as fast in the cause of honor and loyalty? How much longer will the nation endure that all its sacrifices be fruitless? Its conviction that it possesses, twice told, the power to subdue this rebellion is not more complete than, in my judgment, will be its determination that neither the follies nor the crimes of men shall render that power unavailing.

THE TORPIDITY OF OUR ARMIES THE CAUSE OF PARTY RESURRECTION.
It is this torpor of our armies—this hope deferred for the hundredth time—which has unfurled that party banner whose shadow is now resting on so many of the loyal States. It is not disloyalty which has prompted the deplorable movement, but a weariness and discouragement consequent upon the losses, humiliations and languor which we have suffered. Yet it is the most alarming sign of the times, and can only be arrested by decided military successes. It is the law of the very existence of such political organizations, to seek strength by assaults upon the administration, in whose hands, or weak or woe, is the direction of those movements upon which necessarily depend the preservation of the Union.

These assaults will grow in vigor and bitterness as they progress, and while thus indirectly affording "aid and comfort" to the Rebellion, will make continual, albeit unconscious, approaches towards an open affiliation with it. Let those who are called

upon to vote a party ticket in the midst of the tragic events now upon us, ponder well before doing so, the disastrous consequences of such a policy—a policy from whose baleful tendencies no purity of motive can possibly detract. Let them hesitate long before they sow the seeds of dissensions, whose bitter fruit may be upon the lips of their children's children.—Let them not forget that by thus presenting a divided front they degrade our cause before the world, they paralyze our own strength, and add immeasurably to the hopes, the confidence and the power of the enemy.—Already the Confederate press is pointing the doubtful people of the South to these rising distractions among ourselves, in a tone not merely of hopefulness, but of exultation.

CONTRAVERSIES ALL-TIME.
If any man, as a motive for such a course, suppose, that he has ground of complaint against the President, let him take heed that his ill-directed hostility does not put in jeopardy the Republic itself, for whose preservation from overthrow the President is incessantly and loyally laboring. What has a controversy with the President of the United States to do with the question of loyalty to our country in the midst of such a struggle as this? If he errs—as the best of men are liable to do—he is soon to pass away with all his deeds, but our Government and country should, and if we are true to them, they will endure for countless ages to come. The President, with all the dignity and responsibility belonging to his position, is but a pilot on the national ship, in a single watch of the night.

Who will be so insane as to follow, ever indirectly, in scuttling the ship, merely because he has a quarrel with the pilot, from whose hands the helm is soon to be wrested? Who is willing that a savage shout, as of victory, shall go up from that army of ferocious Rebels, whose hands are doubtless dyed in the blood of our people? Who is willing that a thrill of joy shall run throughout the entire South, and that bonfires and illuminations shall be kindled in the city of Richmond, over the triumph of the Opposition in the great Empire State? If such there be, let them vote a party ticket. The occasion demands the development of the sublimest phases of human character. If with the duties to our land and to our race which are pressing upon us, we cannot rise above a miserable scramble for party spoils and power, then the sooner we creep into our graves the better.

FOREIGN INTERVENTION THREATENED BY OUR INACTION.
Another danger which is threatened from the inaction of our armies comes from abroad. This Rebellion is as ubiquitous in the curses it scatters as it is foolish in its spirit. The conflict, from our commercial and other relations, concern the happiness of the civilized world. Foreign nations, with a forbearance which cannot be too much commended, have without interference, waited patiently, and given us every opportunity to subdue the Rebellion. But, unless some decisive military demonstration soon takes place, and the South is occupied by our forces, these nations will conclude that we lack either the will or the power to re-establish the Union.

FRANKEL EVILS OF INTERFERENCE.
Already a member of the English Cabinet (Mr. Gladstone) has openly declared that "Davis has made no nation of the South," and such a pronouncement, from such a source, cannot but be accepted as having a startling significance. If the vast army in whose presence, as it were, a half beaten enemy is leisurely destroying one of the most important railroads of the loyal States does not do its work speedily, European Governments must ere long yield to the clamor of their impoverished and starving populations, and there will come intervention, "with all its woes." Upon this will follow at once, intimate entangling alliances with the South, to be succeeded by hostilities with us, and, in all human probability, by the permanent establishment of the Rebel Confederacy.

What fate might befall our own institutions amid the bankruptcy and demoralization of any proslavery spirit, consent on such a disempowerment, I will not trust myself to inquire. We cannot hope to escape from this train of events by any exploits of our navy, however brilliant, occupying the Southern coast and the cities upon the sea shore. This, though well and very well, will be but scratching the extremities of the giant instead of dealing blows at his heart. This heart palpitates defiantly in the armies of Lee and Jackson, which have so recently ravaged Maryland, and still from the banks of the Potomac threaten the capital.

"FOR ALL THINGS THAT ARE FOR THE UNION."
My faith in all this matter is simple and briefly stated. It is this:—For all things that are for the Union—against all things that are against it. I am for the Union as unconditionally as I am for protecting my own body from every cost and hazard, from the knife of the assassin. No human institution, no earthly interest shall ever be weighed in the scales against the life of my country. Least of all will I approach with unshod feet, or permit to be weighed, an institution, the feeding fountain of whose being—the African slave trade—the laws of my country have for more than forty years denounced as a crime worthy of death—a crime, not against any particular code, or any particular form of civilization, but a crime against the very race to which we belong. Hostis humani generis, in the designation which the Christian legislation of the United States has given to the African slave trader.

I yield to no man in veneration for the Constitution, or in determination that its blessings shall be extended to those who respect and obey it. The door to all these blessings is widely open to the Southern people, and they are earnestly invoked by the President to enter in and enjoy them.

INTERESTS OF THE SOUTH IN ITS OWN HANDS.
These institutions and their every interest are in their own hands, and can be saved not only from ruin, but from the slightest injury, by the utterance of a single word—a word of duty and of honor. But, if in their passionate pursuit of separate empire, and in their blind resentments against brethren who have never wronged them, they refuse to speak that word, and prefer to perish themselves, rather than that the loyal States shall escape destruction—be it so. The world will judge aright, and history will record its judgment. But, is it not childish pride to say, that the South can claim to be at the same moment the protectress and the destroyer of the Constitution?

ourselves, none have been more anxious than we have been, to afford the splendid opportunity afforded for all have silenced all who have complained of his slowness, of his backwardness to engage the Rebel army. Victorious at South Mountain and Antietam, the country certainly expected him to follow up his successes; and that penitence, manifested by the people at the long delay, has since intervened, with little or nothing accomplished, has been less than miraculous. He, like General Buell, has certainly had fair chance; and if he is made to give place to another, it is because the agonizing suspense created by what seem needless delays; the order to "advance" is imperative; the neglect to do so plain; and unless good and sufficient reasons—better than seem now to be presented—justify the five weeks inaction which has enabled the bulk of the Rebel army to run away in safety once more, all must agree that the Government ought to have commanders who will move forward if it is to be held responsible for results.

Let us remember the assaults upon the Government for months past, on account of its slowness, its neglect to crush the rebellion. Is it just to the "inaction of its subordinate staff" to be saddled upon it, if it can be shown that it has done all in its power to enable the subordinate to move?—And what avail in this particular case is conceded ability, real generalship, if it is so qualified by inaction, or caution, as to render "great armies" little else than permanent garrisons for a frontier when they are dependent upon for an advance; for offensive movements to put down other armies always in motion?

What General Halleck asserts in his letter all I know to be true, viz: that the Army of the Potomac has been better supplied than the armies of the West, which latter have achieved a vast extent of country, so much to be regretted. And this even without our aid. We have only to recur to the real condition of the Rebel forces, to the immediate antagonists of the Army of the Potomac, to feel assured that the condition of the latter has always been infinitely superior in every supply that can be named. To those who have seen the ragged, starved, shoeless, unhealthy crew of portions of them, who have, under Lee, held our splendid troops so long in check, the conclusion is mortifying to the last degree; and the country must have better reason than I should think have yet appeared why our own has hesitated to fight, when the nation has been in agony lest "winter quarters" should be the cry once more, whilst army contractors' avarice were to fatten upon these endless delays.

We have referred to the desolation of the land, which must, as compared with the Rebel army, as compared with our own. Here is what the Richmond Whig of last Saturday, justly and honestly says of it:—
"It is terrible to think that hundreds, and thousands of our brave troops, our sons and brothers and friends, who are suffering and who may be comfortable, are in the bitter weather (the snow storm recently) without the comforts of homes, of pajamas, or even of convicts in the penitentiary—are literally huddled in the snow." * * * This is to be an alarm, no sensation paragraph. The condition of the army is heart-rending.

On reading this declaration reflecting the miserable condition of the Rebel army, would it not be the condition of all that was the time to move upon it, to crush it, to annihilate it? Can the people be made to believe that an army so wretched, so plighted, decimated more and more day by day, whose tracks are marked literally in hospitals crowded with men literally gone out, in a condition to hold its own against vigorous pursuit—bold movements of our own? Can a man stand guard, perform picket duty, "stagnated in the snow," and in the flight towards Richmond, outdistance men to distance?

These are considerations which will force themselves upon public attention in dealing with this matter. There is no escaping them. Our army has been close to its base of supplies, and what is more—as is demonstrated by General Halleck's letter—the needed supplies have been furnished the Rebels remaining unfulfilled. We ought long since to have whipped, annihilated this ragged and dispirited army; and yet the cause for failure lies where it may, that we have not done it is a disgrace to us in the eyes of the world.

And if there are those amongst us who think to deal softly with us who are deluged in their public duties at a crisis so fearful in the history of the nation, we have no sympathy with them. Too much has it been the case since the great conflict began, that the consideration of whether one or another high functionary should be "mortified" or his "friends disappointed" has sent thousands of the ranks and dotted men—to premature graves. It is high time all this was done with. When any man of his "feelings" from the President to the most obscure soldier in the army, that professing patriotism, either of any should stand in the way of the nation's real good? Happen what may to individuals, the nation must be saved; and we have more respect and regard for the poorest soldier than hobbles along our streets upon his crutches, as evidencing his devotion to his patriotic, than for the highest who cavil for position, who pride of what is due their "feelings," who when the existence and happiness of millions are at stake.

Of the change in question—the substitution of General Burnside for McClellan in the Army of the Potomac—no good may come of it, but there is present comfort in the fact

in prosecuting the war, while exercising our right to weaken the enemy, we may destroy not only ships upon the sea, and fortresses and cities upon the land, but human life upon the battlefield. But what institution, what material interest is more hallowed than human life, and what material interest is there, belonging to the enemy that we are obliged to spare ourselves? The Constitution is a charter of National life, and not of National death. All movements which seek or tend to the dissolution of the Government created by it, and of which it is the soul, are in conflict with its spirit and with the scope and end of its enactments, and may be resisted to the death by its express or implied authority. Neither the keenest vision nor the most delicate ear can detect in any line or letter of that glorious charter the faintest breath of sympathy with treason or traitors.

Pardon those hurried words, which are spoken in reprimand of mine, but in grief alone. There is abundant cause for sorrow, but none for despair. No man more desires the re-establishment of the Union than does the President himself. Let it be our trust that while an October sun is yet shining the mind of which all depends will devise ways and means to clear every obstacle to the onward march and triumph of our armies.

New York has already sent a hundred and seventy regiments into the field. The markets they bear prove that they are unconditional Union men. God forbid that the fathers and brothers and sons whom they have left behind should, through a show of disunion at the ballot box, do might to weaken their hands, or to add to the strength and courage of the traitors whose swords are lifted against their bosoms.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. Holt.

[From the Baltimore American, 11th inst.]
The Charge of Commanders and the Reason For It.
Our readers will find in our issue of to-day an article from the Washington Tribune in relation to the removal of General McClellan from the command of the Army of the Potomac, which excites attention as dealing with the "reason" for such removal, and accompanying it is a letter from the Commander-in-Chief, General Halleck, setting forth in form of replies to interrogatories from the War Department other reasons, or a portion of them, which appear to have been influential with the Government in determining it to take so grave a step. It is a step the more important, when we consider that it has been taken whilst our immense army may be deemed in line of battle, certainly whilst it may be supposed in the midst of active forward movements. The Chronicle feels the country that what the Government has done in this instance was the result of long and patient consultation by the part of our highest military authorities; and that the "reasons" will doubtless be made public should the interests of the country demand their disclosure.

It is easy to conceive of imperative reasons existing why the Government has taken occasion to act in this matter without accompanying its action with full explanations for such course, but probably the whole story of General Halleck's communications already referred to, when he says what we shall proceed to quote:—

"On the 6th of October, he (General McClellan) was peremptorily ordered to cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy or drive him South. Your army must move now while the roads are good. It will be observed that three weeks have elapsed since this order was given." (General Halleck's letter, it will be observed, is dated the 28th of last month.)

The whole country has shared with General Halleck the anxiety expressed for a forward movement; and for