THANKSGIVING SERMON.

Benton, Calhoun, McDuffie, Cass, Choate, And the lower House, too—what an assemblage there meet the gaze. Lived there a man in those halcyon days of the republic who would have presumed to *lobby* a bill through in either or both Houses by the use of money? There are sitting before me now grey-headed men who know that the man who would have ventured such an attempt upon the integrity of one of the then representatives of the nation, would have been roughly and properly dealt with. I sadly fear the sun of those days has set to rise no more, unless we have an entire moral and political reformation.

Another alarming sign of the times is the growing spirit of insubordination, commencing in the family and running through society in all its ramifications. Behold the veriest boys and girls who throng our thoroughfares. What boisterousness, what profanity, what obscurity! And yet these are the germs of our future as a nation.—Then, again, look at the frightfully growing disregard of law, both constitutional and statute. But, perhaps the *most* dangerous sign of the times which we are called on to observe, is the assumption of the military over the civil power. The knell of all former republics tolled out upon the morning of that sad, sad day, when the military triumphed over the civil authority. You have but to refresh your memories with the history of the past to understand this thoroughly. And there is nothing more true than that "history repeats itself." When that great privilege of which England and America boast as the brightest evidence of their civilization and christianity, the writ of *habeas corpus*, was assailed, and you were left at the mercy of anybody and everybody, it required but another cast of the die to fix upon you a military despotism. Then your light would have gone out at noonday. Nicodemus asked with startling emphasis, when the chief Priests were clamorous for the blood of Jesus:—"Doth our law judge *any* man before it hear him and know what he doeth." So asks the *habeas corpus*, why arrest this man—why ruthlessly tear him from his wife and children? Doth *our* law judge any man before it hear him and know what he doeth?—And in thunder tones it rolls out *no! no!* and thus the great chart of the American citizen's liberty stands by his side as the military despot drags him away under the cover of midnight, and "pleads like angels, trumpet tongued, against the deep damnation of his taking off." Let us be fearlessly jealous of our rights. We are the sovereigns. We make the laws. It is *we*, the people of these United States, who make Presidents and Governors. They are *our* servants appointed to serve us, and if they do not please us, we put them out and put others in their places. What other nation can, like ourselves, make use of the plural pronoun, we—*We* the American people—*We* the sovereign people. Thank God for this proud distinction!

Let us never lose sight of the fact that as the Union is made up of separate and independent States, so also are the States made up of individual sovereigns, and just so long as each citizen maintains his individuality, amendable only to the laws and Constitution, so long we are safe. The most alarming thought to a right thinking man in this matter is the fact that we are departing from our old landmarks. Would that I were able to impress upon all my countrymen the danger of such a course, and especially the necessity of guarding against all fanatical and unconstitutional innovations. What can be more unnatural, more unreasonable, than any attempt to amalgamate discordant elements which God never intended should be united? We are a nation of white men. Our national compact was formed by and for white men. The Convention which assembled to form our Constitution was composed of white men, and the Chairman of that body was no less a person than George Washington, the pure uncompromising patriot. Think you that he, or any other of the wise and good men composing that assemblage, ever contemplating the idea that the government they were using their best efforts to establish was to be any thing but a government of white men?—Thank God I have never seen the time when I could say "let the Union slide"—when I could pronounce the great chart of our nationality "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," or declare the flag of our country to be a "flaunting lie." Let us keep our government as it was originally intended by its founders. The moment you admit the negro to an equality of citizenship, you make him eligible to any office within the gift of the people from the Presidency down—otherwise he is not your political equal. All I ask is that the man who is so clamorous for negro equality should throw open the doors of his house and invite him to share in his social enjoyments—permit him to take a seat on his crimson velvet sofa, tete-a-tete with his beautiful daughter, and freely accord to him the right to demand her hand in marriage, if he be so inclined. Then and then only, will I believe in and respect his consistency. Until then I deny the propriety of his assuming as his own any such characteristics. No man is a better friend to the negro than I am.

I would have him cared for, protected, and elevated in the scale of humanity, as far as possible. But it must be in his proper place and position. If you have any real regard for him, or for the comfort of the white man, do not attempt this pernicious, this fatal work of equalizing the races. My dear people, you have long known that I entertained the most serious fears in regard to the final issue of this question, which for many years has been agitating the minds of the two sections. It came at last, and in such horrible shape as nothing but the lapse of time can banish from the memory of any who lived during that fearful period. Thank God, it is over, and now our duty is to endeavor by every means in our power to promote, as far as in us lies, the peace and happiness of the nation now once again united, and, above all, to allay that thirst for blood which I am forced to fear still lingers in the breasts of many who bear the name of Christian.

Let us now consider what are our prospects for the future. I must confess that to my mind it bears a threatening aspect, and that the whole political heavens are overhung with clouds surcharged with ruin. What can ward off the impending doom? Can armies or navies? Can hatred and strife? Never! We must come back to the old landmarks, as I have told you before. The pulpits must cease their cry for blood and vengeance and preach the gospel of peace and good will. Every American citizen must be a man, and a white man too. Taking for the rule of his political life the Constitution, as prepared and interpreted by its framers, and having an intelligent perception of the rights guarantied to him by it, he should exercise those rights without fear or favor.—And this brings to mind an overflowing compliment made by an English paper to the former slaveholders of the South, in which it said that inasmuch as the leading politicians of this country propose *at once* to confer upon every negro over 21 years of age the right of suffrage, it is of course to be taken for granted that these negroes must have been well instructed by their masters in all questions of political ethics, and consequently all that has been said and written as to the condition and ignorance, and utter degredation in which they were kept up to the moment of their emancipation goes for nothing.

No, my friends—No such means as these will avail us, if we wish to escape future destruction. The evil is too deep-seated for any more patching up or temporizing, to remedy it. We must strike at the root of it. We must as a people be imbued with virtue, intelligence, and scriptural piety. Then, and only then will we be safe. These alone are the bonds which can hold us together. Our destiny is in our own hands. The men who fill all official stations must be men of unblemished integrity. Those whom we appoint to make our laws, must be of the highest order of intellect and morals. The ermine on the judicial robes must be as pure as the snowflake on its way to the earth.—Every man who goes to the ballot box must go as a *free* man, untrammelled by fear or bribe. Our noble manhood must be untarnished by passion, prejudice, or avarice. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind, St. Paul says, "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth," and David, the King of Israel, with his dying breath charged upon his son Solomon, "I go the way of all the earth—be thou strong therefore, and show thyself a man" and Paul again exhorts all men thus: "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, and quit you like men—be strong." He also declares, "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child—but, when I became a *man* I put away childish things." Let us understand and apply to ourselves this glowing and eloquent admonition. As American citizens let us be *men*—strong in our political rectitude, and in every Christian grace and virtue.

My people, I have done. I have endeavored to give you my simple yet firm convictions of what I believe to be the state and condition of the country, and of what the future will be. I beg you to believe that it has been done in all truth and honesty, without any attempt or design at dictation or interference with the conscience of others. I am only too willing to accord to others the right which I claim for myself—that of thinking and acting for myself. But in my humble position as a minister of the Church of Christ, I feel that a solemn duty rests upon me to warn those who are my special charge and care of the perils which surround them in this day and generation, and to implore each and all to exert his individual influence to avert the consequences which must befall this nation in the event of no effort being made to roll back the tides of sin and ruin which are, day by day, rushing in upon us. Let each one lend his voice to swell the cry of "Peace on earth and good will to men." And when the last great day shall come, when Gabriel, with one foot on the land and one upon sea, shall sound the trumpet which shall call the nations of the earth to judgment, may you and I, mine and yours, be of that mighty host who shall take up their march around the throne of God, having received from our Lord and Master the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servants, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

SKETCH OF OTERO.—One of the Havana newspapers gives the following sketch of Mr. Otero, who was lately so brutally murdered at Brooklyn:

"Otero was a native of the province of Asturias, Spain, and might have been about thirty-five years of age, more or less. He came to this city (Cardenas) when quite young, and went to work, soon succeeding by his assiduity and honorable conduct in making a tolerable fortune. Within the last few months fortune favored him in the lottery with a prize of twenty-five thousand dollars, and with his enterprising and eager character, desirous of advancing the interests of the country to which he owed his fortune, he proposed to endow this city with a handsome coliseum. With this view he purchased the old theatre, the only one of the kind then here, before the Lyceum was built, and instead of an ugly house, which in no way corresponded with the progress and culture of the city, he raised a building which cost him his fortune. The perseverance, fatigues and arduous labors of Mr. Otero in completing his work are well known to all Cardenas.—Already our friend was congratulating himself on his success, since the hopes of seeing his building finished before next carnival were his golden dream. This is his work—there is his capital, acquired by so much honest industry. We have seen the painting, which he had entrusted to that excelent scene painter, Monte Lilla, almost completed. Where only remained to get ready the seats in the parquet, the boxes, railings, and other appendages, for which purposes he went to the United States, where the hand of the assassin put an end to his existence."

THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.—It is understood by the Washington news gatherers that the President's house was cleared of articles of furniture to an extraordinary degree when Mrs. Lincoln left it. The subject has been kept from the public as much as possible, as it was a matter of scandel disgraceful to the country. The *Express* correspondent says:

THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

is in a very *shabby* condition the *old occupants* having used up all the appropriations, *as well as the furniture*. Both Houses of Congress are preparing for a fresh appropriation.

"I visited (said Mr. Riddle of Delware, in the U. S. Senate,) the White House, or Executive Mansion, as it is called, last week, *and it is a disgrace* to the country.—*Hartford Times.*

CHRISTMAS!—The day will soon be at hand, when Santa Claus will again open his liberal hand and make his young and old friends rejoice by the handsome and unexpected presents, which he will extend to them.

The death of Turkeys too, seems to be the general cry, and a conspiracy against them is already on foot, and while thus our citizens intend to have a sumptous feast, we have no doubt that in their anticipations of the coming holidays, they will not forget the printers; editors too are fond of turkey, and when some of their subscribers make them a present of a turkey, they too will enjoy Christmas, and pleasantly remember the kind donor. But while all this is to be thought of, we hear it stated—that very nice and cheap Christmas presents such as Albums, Scarfs, Gloves, &c., are to be had at the store of JULIUS NEUWHAL, between Drs. KIEFFER and ZITZER, North Hanover street, Carlisle. It is also further rumored, that to appear at the dinner table in a neat and elegant fitting suit, it is necessary to go to the store of JULIUS NEWHAL, who keeps constantly on hand the finest, best and cheapest stock of all kinds of clothing ever offered at Carlisle. His stock consists in Overcoats, suits of all grades and shades, Coats, Pants, and Vests, Undershirts, Drawers, Neck Ties, Handkerchiefs, Hats, Collars, &c.. &c. Give him a call, and we know that you will be pleased. Remember the place, between Drs. KIEFFER and ZITZER, North Hanover street, Carlisle. JULIUS NEUWHAL.

Carlisle, Dec. 14, 1865—tf.

☞ If you want Holliday presents, go to J. HUTTON—2t.

HO! FOR THE HOLIDAYS.—J. HUTTON has just received a splendid variety of useful and fancy goods for the Holidays, and also a beautiful assortment of Cloaks, Shawls, Woolen and Knitted Goods, &c. and all bought at reduced prices, he offers rare inducements to buyers. Don't fail to give him a call and you will save money. Store two doors above LEONARD'S corner, North Hanover street Carlisle—2t.

☞ J. HUTTON'S is the place to get fancy notions, don't forget the place—2t.

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

BRATTON & KENNEDY,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VIRTUE LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE

CARLISLE, PA., DEC. 21, 1865.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In consequence of the change made in our business, we are about to open new books with our subscribers. We desire to settle up all old running accounts immediately, and respectfully request those who are indebted to the *Volunteer* for subscription, advertising, job-work, &c., to come forward at once and settle. This must be attended to by all, as it is absolutely necessary that we close up our old books without delay. We hope to be able to do this before the first of January, and thus start new with the new year.

JOHN B. BRATTON.

TO PRINTERS.—For sale at this office, a good WASHINGTON PRESS—the one on which the *Volunteer* is now printed. Also, CASES, JOB LETTER, and other materials for which we have no use. They will be sold on very reasonable terms.

NO PAPER NEXT WEEK.—In compliance with a rule heretofore observed, and for the purpose of giving our workmen a few days of recreation, no paper will be issued from this office next week.

RETAILERS, PLEASE NOTICE.—Wm. BLAIR & SON, Carlisle, offer a very large assortment of best Philadelphia made Candies at city prices, without freight. Call and see for yourselves.

"PROFESSOR DAY" AT RHEEM'S HALL.

In compliance with the urgent request of many leading Republicans of our town, the negro orator of Massachusetts, "Prof. DAY," delivered an address at RHEEM'S Hall, in this place, on Tuesday of last week. At the appointed hour the sable "Professor" arrived on the stage, and after divesting himself of overcoat, took a seat. The Rev. J. F. CLEBE (Episcopal minister,) then offered up a prayer, and at the conclusion introduced his "colored brother" to the audience.

The "Professor" is a light mulatto, and has the appearance of a dark-skinned Spaniard. He spoke well and fluently, and plead ardently for negro-equality. He advocates the right of the negro to vote, to occupy the jury-box and to hold office. In fine he contends that all men, black and white, should be judged by their merits and not by the color of the skin. In regard to the amalgamation of the two races he said every man and woman should be permitted to gratify their own taste. If a white woman desired a black man for her husband, that was her business, and if a white man desired a black wife, that was his business. It was all a matter of taste, which should not be interfered with by any one or by law.

These were the principal topics the "Professor" discussed. Unlike some of his white "brethren," who advocate the same disgusting dogmas he advocates, he was not abusive of those who disagree with him in opinion. Unlike THAD. STEVENS, Judge KELLY, WILSON, SUMNER, PHILLIPS, and other negro-equality demagogues, he eschews epithets, and for this he deserves credit. His speech was well received by his hundreds of Republican listeners, and he was frequently interrupted with loud applause.

We looked for a full report of DAY'S speech in the last *Herald*, but it did not appear.—Not only that, but no reference whatever was made to it or to the immense Republican meeting got together for the purpose of hearing it. Why this silence? The *Herald* may as well come out first as last, for the only plank on which its party now stands is the negro-equality plank. After persuading "Professor DAY" to come all the way from the *State* of "Bosting" to make a speech before the "loyal" Republicans of Carlisle, it is too bad that his effort is not even noticed by the Republican organ. It was a good speech—of the kind—and advocated the principles of the Republican party; and for the *Herald* not to comment on it, is a piece of incivility we were not prepared to see. Had it not been for this notice we give the speech, our country friends never would have known that we had a monster Republican meeting in Carlisle, which was addressed by a Boston negro.

CHURCH DEDICATION.—We are requested to announce that Zion's Church, at New Kingston, belonging to the Evangelical Association will be dedicated on Sunday morning next, Dec. 24th.

TO THE FRIENDS OF EDUCATION.—On Friday, Dec. 29th, delegates from various parts of the county will assemble in Carlisle to consider the subject of establishing a State Normal School for this district. This is a matter of no small moment to the public.—The delegates are deirous that the friends of Common School advancement shall attend, and thus give their approbation to the movement.

GEO. SWARTZ,
County Superintendent.

A SPECIAL despatch from New York to the Philadelphia *Ledger* says, Secretary Stanton has written to intimate personal friends here that he will resign his place in the Cabinet immediately after the 1st of January. His health, he says, needs repose, and his private business affairs require attention. Possibly he may visit Europe in the spring.

The country will not care where he goes, so he goes out of the position which he has disgraced.

CHIEF JUSTICE BOWIE, of the Supreme Court of Maryland, has rendered a decision sustaining the Registry law of that State which excludes from voting all who cannot take the test oath prescribed in the new constitution. Of course he did—he was appointed on purpose.

CHRISTMAS.

On Monday next Christmas will be upon us with all its festivities and merriment, as well as with its more serious and more earnest duties. To the young it always brings mirth and jollity in its merry train. It is grand gala season of the year—a time of freedom in its broadest sense—a period of unrestrained enjoyment, when the quiet "old folks" are respectfully requested by "Young America" to stand aside and give place to the romp, the sport and the dance. Just about this time the "little folks" are beginning to prepare their biggest stockings, for the expected visit of their ancient friend, *Santa Claus*, who always manages to creed through the most diminutive key-holes, and steal down the smallest chimneys, expressly for the purpose of filling their baskets with all kinds of treasures. Good, generous soul, how many has he made happier by his annual visitations—how many innocent hearts will beat high with delight, as the happy dawn arrives which unveils the promised gifts of the munificent St. Nicholas!

Christmas!—the festive season of the year. In the language of the poet,

"The season for courting, for weddings and cake,
For turkeys and puddings, and all the good things,
For eating and drinking, for happiness sake,
And soaring with poets on fancy's bright wings"

We tender our readers the congratulations of the season, and wish one and all, old and young, high and low, rich and poor, saint and sinner, a right "merry Christmas."—May it be their good fortune to surround bountifully spread tables, pass the day enjoyably, and have a good time generally.—Christmas! As we write the word thoughts of happy, hilarious, long-to-be-remembered festivities flit through our mind. Christmas! What associations cling around its memories. In spite of war's alarms, in spite of the melancholy pall which hangs over our once happy country, the natural juvenescence of the human heart asserts itself over all troubles and afflictions, at the return of this ever precious season. Away, then, for the time, with all thoughts of sorrow, with all memories that perplex the mind or afflict the heart, and let us think of nothing but imparting or receiving happiness and pleasure. This is no season for complaining. The old owe it to the young that no shade of sadness should check their fervor of expections of enjoymetit. The rich owe it to the poor that charity, with open hand and heart, should be busy in dispensing its gifts at the period which reminds us of Him, who gave all for us. The happy owe it to the afflicted, that the "bruised reed" shall be lifted up and the sorrowing heart shall not go uncomforted. But, above all, it is to the dear little ones that we owe at this time our smiles and favors. It is emphatically childhood's holiday, and it is the privilege of all to administer something, though it be a "trifle light as air," to its enjoyment.

In accordance with custom, we publish below the charming lines of Prof. Moore, which have become inseparably associated with Christmas times, and which are always read with pleasure by old and young:

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopo that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced 'thro their heads;
And mama in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter,
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash,
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid that eagles his courses they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As the leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house top the courses they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too:
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof,
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound,
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot!
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack;
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly,
He was chubby and plump; a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself,
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings—then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!"

THE PAPER EXTORTION.—We hope Congress will have opportunity to pay a little attention to the paper monopoly, this session. It is well known to every one engaged in the printing business, that within the past few months, the paper monopolists, taking advantage of every little pretext, such as one or two mills stopping for want of water, or because one is burnt occasionally, have again put all kinds of paper to an exorbitant price, knowing full well that their customers have no remedy. We hope there may be men enough in Congress—men who cannot be bought by the paper interest—to do justice to the public by voting a reduction on the present prohibitive tariff.

CONSTITUTIONAL REFORMERS.—Since the opening of Congress no less than 40 amendments to the Constitution have been proposed by radical members in the Senate and House. Proceed, gentlemen! Abolish the old Constitution, if you will; but such as *you* can never give us a better.

MR. CHAMBERS' SERMON.

We invite attention to the sermon we publish this morning, delivered in Philadelphia on Thanksgiving Day by that great pulpit orator, christian, patriot, and honest man, Rev. JOHN CHAMBERS. It is a rare gem—terrible in its condemnation of wrong, and powerful in its appeal for the right. In these days of recognized corruption and crime, a sermon like this is peculiarly appropriate, and it is to be hoped that, like bread cast upon the waters, it will be found after many days. For the last four or five years the pulpit has resounded with appeals to the worst passions of men, and debauched clergymen have not hesitated to applaud and endorse crimes of the blackest character. They preached from the gospel according to Sharp's rifle, and not from the gospel of Christ and his apostles; and thus, as far as in their power, assisted in the spread of infidelity and lawless wickedness. Never did they open their lips to condemn the wide-spread dishonesty and unblushing scoundrelism that cursed our land. Nor did they even dare wag their tongues, when, at the commencement of the last Congress, infidelity triumphed by electing an Infidel to the Chaplaincy of the House. Political influences had favored his election to this position, and that fact sealed the lips of the "loyal" pulpit slangwangers and made them dumb like dogs.

But, we are digressing. We again ask our readers to peruse carefully Mr. CHAMBERS' sermon. It is a master production, and not one syllable or one word of it can be gainsayed. Bought up traitors and Abolition thieves may howl over it, but honest men and patriots will thank God that we have a man in the pulpit who has the will and the ability to plead for Constitutional law and justice, and to denounce wickedness in high places. It is time, aye full time, that those intolerable cormorants who have for over four long years been gorging themselves on the people's treasure, and at the same time putting law and decency at defiance, should be held up for the finger of scorn to point at. It is time that those who have been stealing under the plea of "loyalty," should have the mask torn from their bloated faces. Let the people ponder over the undeniable truths contained in Mr. CHAMBERS' discourse, and, our word for it, they will thank its distinguished author for his bold advocacy of the people's rights.

THE DISUNION PARTY.

When the jackass put on the lion's skin and went forth among the beasts assuming the airs of the lion, his long ears betrayed him. The trick failed and the imposter was exposed. The so-called "Republicans" of our country have successfully accomplished what the jackass could not accomplish. They have, by false pretence, by fraud and lies, obtained possession of all departments of the Government, and now they throw off all disguise and announce the objects they had in view from the first, but which they persistently denied when they wanted the people's votes and money. When Mr. LINCOLN was made their candidate for President in 1860, they denied that they were Abolitionists, or that their candidate stood pledged to "wipe out slavery," cost what it might. Now they tell us they were always Abolitionists and "always desired the extinction of slavery." When they wanted an army of a million of men, they pretended great love for the Union, and in their papers and in their speeches the cry was "for the restoration of the Union." This was the cry that touched men's hearts and induced them to "rally around the flag." But now, owing to the valor of our *white* braves, the rebellion is at an end, and what do we see and hear? Why, we are told that the war was not for the Union at all, but according to THAD. STEVENS and the Jacobin majority in Congress, it was a "war for the African and his race!" And, judging them by their votes in Congress, as well as by their declarations, they want no Union and will have none. They refuse to permit Southern members of Congress to take their seats, and thus they favor disunion just as they formerly did. They pass tax bills applicable to Southern States, but refuse those States a representation in Congress, and are therefore repeating the very outrage that was committed upon the United States by England, and which outrage our ancestors enumerated as one of their principal complaints against the mother country previous to the war of the Revolution. And these men—these disunion members of Congress—are the leaders of the so called "*Union* party." The advocates of disunion calling themselves "*Union* men," indeed! Was ever impudence and fraud more completely exemplified? No, no—these old disunionists—these men who headed the Buck-shot war in our own State, and declaimed against the old flag and branded it a "flaunting lie," have the old leaven in them still, and they are now, as they always have been, disunionists and traitors. Power and pelf is what they are after, and the more anguish and commotion we have in our country the better are they pleased. Calling themselves "Union men" is a sorry trick and fraud, much greater than that attempted by the jackass when he put on the skin of the dead lord of the forest.

☞ "THE RIGHT WAY," is the name of a new Republican newspaper published at Washington city. Fifty thousand copies are circulated each week *without cost to receiver, either in subscription or in postage.* Of course some body pays for it, and it is not going too far to suspect that it comes out of the Treasury, either directly or indirectly. This paper advocates negro equality and negro suffrage. The number before us defends and justifies the negro rebellion in Jamaica, and says: The *best* people on the island, by far, are the blacks; the whites, as a class, are indolent and licentious." And again "At this day the black men and women of Jamaica are an honor to their race, and would not rise in rebellion now without due and ample cause." Doubtless among the delightful things in store for us, in this once happy country, are just such rebellions and just such brutal butcheries of white men and women as have taken place in Jamaca, and it is very clear, that the Abolitionists have always desired and do now desire it. They will approve and justify all negro rebellions, but woe to the white men who claim to have any rights.

NICE French and American mixed Candies at WM. BLAIR & SONS, south end, Carlisle.

GENERAL GRANT'S REPORT.

The extreme length of Lieut. Gen. GRANT'S report, which was read before Congress last week, will preclude us from giving it entire, but we trust, at some future day, to lay at least a portion of it before our readers. It is a plain, concise and methodical history of the last days of the war, written by him who, probably more than other human being, controled the destiny of that war. Gen. GRANT tells us first how he organized success, and then how he accomplished it; and his methodical arrangement and simple, unvarnished eloquence tell the story so plainly that a child may understand it. The most interesting and remarkable portion of this report is that in which the Lieutenant General proves his greatness in little things as well as in large things. After BEN. BUTLER'S ignominious failures at Petersburg and Fort Fisher, he took it upon himself to sneer at the military genius of Gen. GRANT. GRANT in return has put his foot upon BUTLER, in his usually modest and unassuming style, and crushed the "beast" so flat that his most intimate friends have not yet been able to recognize him. He makes no assault upon the indomitable hero of Big Bethel and Dutch Gap—that of course would be beneath the dignity of the Lieutenant General—he simply states the facts, and is willing to let the American people draw their own inferences. The result is that *Major General* BENJAMIN F. BUTLER is no more. The telegraph informs us that he departed this life, after a brief but painful *struggle*, on Tuesday of last week—in other words, he tendered his resignation and it was promptly accepted. It is sad, indeed, to think that we shall never again have the starred and buttoned General traveling over our State and denouncing Democrats as traitors, who were loyal to their country while he was voting sixty or seventy times in the Charleston Convention for JEFFERSON DAVIS as his candidate for the Presidency of the United States. It is sad, indeed, but "such is life."

It will be seen, by the following good hit in *The Age*, that *Mr.* BUTLER, since his retirement from military life, has gone into the *brine* business:

"An evening city contemporary last Saturday published the following despatch from Washington:

Gen. Butler writes to a friend here that he has a rod in pickle for the Lieutenant General.

"If the ex-Major General has any discretion left, he will let his "rod" stay in "pickle," and thus prevent his getting into a worse scrape than he now is. Upon several occasions, since he donned the regimentals, he valiantly removed it from its preparatory brine, and each time he came to grief—the "rod" being wrested from his clumsy hand and mercilessly laid upon his own back. History fails to record a single instance in which his weapon did not, like the boomerang, return to punish the thrower. At Big Bethel he tried it, but the rebels completely demolished him. He attempted to bully the Lowell stone-mason, and received a severe threshing. His famous powder boat blew up every thing but the object at which it was aimed. Even the dogs of Norfolk, whose tails, it was said, he cropped for "disloyal practices," kept on in their wicked ways, and continued to run about the streets as shockingly "disloyal" as ever. His threatened tilt against "the Lieutenant General," in whose recent official report he was bottled up and tightly corked, will be just as disastrous; and if he foolishly persists in his announced attack upon one who now worthily possesses so large a share of the people's love and gratitude, he will take nothing by his motion, except, perhaps, learning the lesson that, ottentimes

"A gun well aimed at duck or plover,
Bears wide and kicks its owner over!"

WHO ARE THE TRAITORS?—President Johnson, in his message of the 5th inst., lays down the following principle:

"The best security for the perpetual existence of the States is the "supreme authority" of the Constitution of the United States. The perpetuity of the Constitution brings with it the perpetuity of the States; their mutual relation makes us what we are, and in our political system their connexion is indissoluble. The whole cannot exist without the parts, nor the parts without the whole. So long as the Constitution of the United States endures, the States will endure, the destruction of one is the destrction of the other; the preservation of the one is the preservation of the other."

The Union is "indissoluble." States cannot go out of their own accord; and there exists no authority to *put them out* or *keep them out*. Treason, therefore, consists in the endeavor to put or keep them out. This is the fair and legitimate meaning of the President. The Southern secessionists, who undertook to take States out of the Union, are thus placed side by side with radical abolitionists of the North who are determined to keep them out, or destroy their identity by converting them into conquered territory. Stevens, Wilson, Sumner, Kelly & Co., are thus arranged as equal in treason to Davis, Johnson, Lee, Beauregard, & Co.

A PIECE OF HISTORY.—The Hon. George F. Curtis made a speech to the Democracy of Brooklyn a few weeks ago. He in the time of Clay and Webster, belonged to the old Whig party. This conversation took place three days previous to the death of the last statesman of Massachusetts. Curtis was with him, and gives some of his last words:

"He had been very ill for several days, and it was apparent to all about him that his life was now rapidly and gradually drawing to its close. He had, that morning, for the first time during several days, paid some attention to the political news; it was just before the Presidental election, which resulted in the choice of Gen. Pierce over General Scott, and the returns from some of the previous State elections were coming in pretty heavily against us Whigs. We were alone together, and I mentioned to him the news which had come down from Boston the day before. Calling me to his bedside by my Christian name, he said:—"The Whig candidate will not be elected. You love your country, and you think its welfare involved in Whig success. This has been so; but let me warn you, *as* you love your country, to give no countenance to a sectional geographical party. The Whigs, after this election, will break up, and upon the ruins of our party a sectional party will arise. The stability of the Union will hereafter depend upon the Democracy."

DON'T LIKE THE CONTACT.—The Republicans are very anxious for negro equality for others, but not for themselves. Whenever it touches their exclusiveness the tune changes. At the Literary Convention held in Philadelphia last week, negroes were admitted as delegates. This gave offence to some of the republican participants, and the result was, that a resolution was adopted at a stated meeting of the "Philelethian Society," requiring its delegates to withdraw. The resolution was passed by a vote of 16 to 8; thirteen of the sixteen being republicans.

CUFFY IN THE JURY BOX.

That intolerable humbug, SUMNER, is at work for the "pet lambs," as Mr. LINCOLN called the negroes. This radical enthe legislative hall of a great nation perly intoxicated with partisan success. long list of bills which he had prepared ing the recess of Congress, and of which relieved his steeped brain, ere the Sen was properly organized, treated of the throughout. One of the resolutions remarkable negrophobist provides "grand juries shall consist *one-half* of sons of *African descent* in places where *sixth* of the population are Africans." makes *one* negro equal to *six* white men intelligence and moral worth. What encomium on the *morale* of Massachusetts Again, his bill provides that in petit ju "where the matter tried relates to an in inflicted by a person of African descent a person not of such descent," or *vice versa* the jury is to consist of six whites and blacks, and prejudice against the negro made ground of challenge and exclusion; there is no provision made respecting pr dice against the whites. This is a provi that no white man would have had the ma city to have asked on his own behalf. Catholic Irishman can ever hope for distinguished consideration, although he have perilled his life to save that of the tion which adopted him. On the contr the act passed by the Legislature of Pen sylvania, April 14, 1834, and re-affirmed the penal code of 1865, provides that "alien shall, in any civil or criminal whatsoever, be entitled to a jury *de me tate linguæ*, or partly of strangers." act was passed by white men to apply criminately to white and black; but it is proposed to change it respecting the negro and leave the poor white man in *statu quo*.

"O, judgment! thou art fled to brutish beas
And men have lost their reason."

GRANT SHOWING UP BUTLER.

The pricking of a bubble shows its hollowness at once. Human bubbles sometimes manage to float for a long time but they are pierced by the sharp point of keen spear of truth and their utter emptiness exposed to the public view. Now, and then, however, some pretentious character disposed of by a single rude thrust. But the beast, as he has been aptly termed, has been blown into a kind of meretricious notoriety by means of the pens of mendacious porters for radical newspapers. Gen. Grant in his report, which all men will receive truthful, most effectually disposes of as would be here. The New York *Herald* in its review of General Grant's report, forcibly says:

Grant's references to Butler put that dest ty personage before the country in the pro er light for the first time. They show him a practical, sincere man regards such an eccentity, blatant pretender, and justly hold him to contempt. Butler was instructed from first in the campaign against Richmond that city was his objective point, and that was to co-operate with the Army of the Potomac, and to seize or invest the rebel capitol while Meade engaged Lee on the Rapidan. The plan was perfect, and no more or less ingenuity than Butler would have used it possible to spoil it. Butler, however, managed wonderfully not to do what was required of him. He was shown that Richmond could not be reinforced from the south or from Lee's army, and was at his mercy; but instead of seizing it he sat down at Bermuda Hundred and wrote despatches and "entrenched" himself from further operations against Richmond, as if he had been in a bottle strongly corked. Such is Grant's contemptuous disposal of Butler's co-operation against the rebel capitol. Subsequently, when Grant was crossing the James, the enemy left the road from Richmond to Petersburg on Butler's front undefended, and Butler seized it. Grant seeing the advantage, sent the Sixth corps to enable Butler to hold what he had taken, but Butler kept the Sixth corps in idleness, while the enemy recaptured the road. Nothing in Butler's Fort Fisher failure could have put the climax to these achievements. Grant shows how the order for Weitzel to act against Richmington was smothered by Butler, how Butler went where he was not sent, and came away when there was no reason; and then how Terry, with nearly the same forces, accomplished what Butler had declared impossible. As the sequel to this Grant most truly says: "At my request Major-General Butler was relieved, and Major General O. C. Ord assigned to the command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina." Butler in this report and Butler before the Committee on the Conduct of the War—making speeches at Lowell—are very different persons.

Married.

On the 14th inst., by the Rev. S. P. Sprecher, Mr. AARON HECK, to Miss MARY ANN RHULE, both of Perry Co.

On the 19th inst., by the same, Mr. JOHN FOREE, to Miss SARAH E. COMP, both of Perry Co.

On the 12th, inst., by Rev. Wm. D. Lovere the Rev. G. T. GRAY, of the East Baltimore Conference, to Miss ALICE A., daughter of Col. W. B. Mullen, of Mt. Holly Springs.

Markets.

CARLISLE MARKET.—Dec. 20, 1865.

FLOUR, Superfine, per bbl.,		
do., Extra,		
do.. Rye,	do.,	
WHITE WHEAT, per bushel,		
RED WHEAT,	do.,	
RYE,	do.,	
CORN,	do.,	
OATS,	do.,	
SPRING BARLEY,	do.,	
FALL do.,	do.,	
CLOVERSEED,	do.,	
TIMOTHYSEED	do.,	

PHILADELPHIA MARKET, Dec. 20,

FLOUR, superfine,	
" EXTRA,	
RYE FLOUR,	
CORN MEAL,	
WHEAT, red,	2 10 a 2
" white,	2 50 a 2
RYE,	
CORN, yellow,	
" white,	
OATS,	
CLOVERSEED,	
TIMOTHY SEED,	
FLAXSEED,	3 10 a 3
BARLEY,	1 40 a 1
WHISKEY,	

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply to the next Court of Quarter Sessions of Cumberland county, to be held on the 8th day of January, 1866, for License to keep an Ale and Beer House and Restaurant in the West Ward of the Borough of Carlisle.

W. R. JACKSON.

Dec. 14, 1865—2t*

NEEDSFOOT AND MACHINE OIL, MILLER & BOWERS