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D. W. MOORE,
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PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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NEW SERIES—VOL. II.—NO 13.

I do not Like to Hear Him Pray.

I do not like to hear him pray,
Who times at twenty-five per cent
For that I think the borrower may
Be pressed to pay for food and rent;
And in that book, which all should read,
Which says we after shall be blest,
As sure as I have eyes to read,
It does not say, "take interest."

I do not like to hear him pray,
"Let blessings on the widow be!"
Who never sends her home to say,
"If want o'ertake you, come to me."
I hate the prayer, so loud and long,
That's uttered for the "orphans' weal,"
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,
And only with the lips doth feign.

I do not like to hear him pray,
With face as long as any rail,
Who never means his debts to pay,
Because he can't be put in jail.
For caution asks the written bond,
Refers to the "written word,"
And he's a knave, wherever he's found,
Who never comes the debt to own.

I do not like such soulless prayers:
If wrong, I hope to be forgiven;
No Angel's wing them upward bears—
They're lost a million miles from Heaven.
I do not like prayers to hear,
And, studied, from the lips depart;
Our Father lends a ready ear—
Let words be few—the heart be true.

A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

BY AN IRREPRESSIBLE HUSBAND.

"So you want to go to the country, do you?" I said to my amiable spouse, as she turned herself in arranging the trimming of our little girl's bonnet. The little one herself had just asked her mother if she would wear that bonnet when she went to see grandmother.

"Yes," my wife replied, "I think it would be of benefit to the children. They, as well as myself, need change of air."

"I suppose you have fully decided when and where to go," I said.

"No," she answered, "I meant first to consult with you before I came to any decision."

"Well, that was wise in you, at least," I replied, "for my private opinion is that you won't see the country this year, at all events. I don't understand, either, why you can't remain in the city as well as I. You never heard me talk of going into the country. Why, I should as soon think of going to Africa. The city is always much cooler than the country, and everything which serves to make life endurable is to be found in town, while out of it you can get nothing. If there is one place I dislike more than another, it is the country."

"But remember, my dear," said my wife, "that you very often go into the country for a day or two at a time on business; but I never obtain any such change."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, "I don't see why you should. You have everything provided for you, and you have nothing to do but stay at home and enjoy yourself, while I must run the risk of losing my life on a railroad in attending to business, so as to enable me to provide for you and the children."

"You find time, though, on these occasions," my wife said, "to get a few hours' shooting; which is not always business alone that keeps you away."

"Well," I said, "suppose I do occasionally steal an hour from business to shoot or fish, haven't I a perfect right to do so? You speak as if it were a sin. I'm certain I work hard enough after I get back, to pay for the indulgence. You wives, though, think that husbands ought to do nothing else but work for their families. And whether the weather be hot or cold it matters very little to you; but the moment June arrives, you, forsooth, begin to talk about the heat, and your health, and change of air for the children, and summer complaints, and hint, and insinuate, and suggest, and finally declare that you must go to the country to escape that boisterous Fourth of July, with its noise and dirt. You want to go only for a few days, but as you get away you settle your nerves down for the entire summer under green trees, and when we poor husbands write to you to come home, after the Fourth is passed, you answer that it would be dangerous to take the children back to the city until the cool weather arrives. So the result is that we husbands destroy our health by hard work, and partaking of cooling-house dinners, while you sit in ample gowns, and eat strawberries and cream, and enjoy yourselves generally, without cares and annoyances of any kind."

"Well, I confess," said my wife, "that you have drawn a graphic picture, but one that is scarcely correct. For my part, I have my cares and troubles when in the country as well as I do in town; but the change of life is agreeable and beneficial, and enables me to endure the confinement which is mine the rest of the year."

"Well," I said, "I don't see how you will be able to do this season; the times are so hard I can scarcely obtain money enough to enable us to live at home. You know as well as I do that I have met with losses during the last few months, and now I can spare a cent for unnecessary expenses is more than I can tell."

"I shall not require more than a hundred dollars," said my wife, "to get ready with; and then our board in the country will not be much."

"I don't wish to hear you say any more about this," I said; "I can't give you a hundred dollars, and you must content your little soul with remaining in town this summer. Oh, you needn't look so grumpy about it, for it can't be helped."

"I suppose," my wife said, "that if my mother-in-law and the children to visit her, that you will not object to our going, especially as it will not cost anything for board, and our expenses for the whole three months will be scarcely fifty dollars."

"I had rather pay your board for a year,"

I said, "at a fashionable hotel, than have you spend a week in that miserable village where your mother lives. I don't see why you can't be contented to stay at home with me, instead of forever wanting to be visiting your mother. Why, it seems to me as if you were there only the other day, and now you wish to go and spend the summer with her. This is another of your mother's confounded conspiracies against my happiness. Why she, who has two or three daughters at home with her, wants you there too, I don't see. I should think she would be glad you were off her hands. As for having the children under their control, I won't consent to it. She spoils them by indulgence, and destroys all the good effects of my tea-hings. What grandmothers were invented for I don't know. If there is one class of persons I dislike more than another, it is grandmothers."

"I am inclined to think," said my wife, maliciously, "that if it had not been for you, my dear mother would not now have been a grandmother. So that you have yourself to blame, after all, simply because you married me."

"Fshaw!" I exclaimed, "If I had not married you some one else would, and then the old lady, I have no doubt, would have been grandmother to a lot of ugly imps with red hair."

"I wish," said my wife, "you would not speak to me in that way; and, moreover, I don't think it respectable in you to call my mother an old lady."

"I may be mistaken," I said, "but it seems to me that a woman of sixty has a right to be called old. Why, I sometimes look at you, and imagine I perceive traces of age in your face."

"I am not so old as you are, at all events, and if age is leaving its marks upon me, it is owing to your own unkind treatment. But I should like to know whether I can take the children and make my mother a visit."

"If it so you know that your mother wants you," I asked.

"Because," my wife replied, "she has written for us to come."

"I thought so," I said; "then all your talk about going into the country to board was mere moonshine."

"No," she answered, "for I had rather be elsewhere than to my mother's because I think she has cares enough without my adding to them. But still I think it would be more advisable for me to go to my mother's than to remain in the city during the hot weather."

"Well, now, my dear," I said, "listen to me. I have invited my sister and her family to pass the month of July with us, and I received a letter to day from her saying that she will be here on the first of this month; so, under the circumstances, I don't see how it will be possible for you to leave home until August, and then, if you like, you can spend a few weeks with your mother. My sister has not been here since last August, and her boys are anxious to spend the coming Fourth of July in the city. I knew it would be an agreeable change for her and them, as the country is dull enough where they live, and the Fourth is always a stupid day in their vicinity. I don't red to day," I continued, not heeding the sad looks of my wife, nor seeming to notice the tears that filled her eyes, "fifty dollars' worth of fireworks, which I think will be enough to keep her six boys busy all the Fourth."

"You look as if you didn't think that quantity would be sufficient for them," I said, as with a clouded brow she turned her face from me, gazing out of the window toward the setting sun, which was, doubtless, sinking behind the mountains which sheltered the village where her mother lives. "I will order more, if you deem it necessary."

"Do as you think best," she replied; "I have nothing to say."

"But what do you think about it?" I still persisted.

"I think fifty dollars enough," she said, "to throw away in fireworks, in such hard times as these."

"Well," I cried, "I am glad to see you have grown economical within a few minutes. By the way, you had better write to your mother and tell her you can't go to her at present; but in August, if the times are better and I can spare the money you shall certainly go."

"I don't desire to go at all, now," she replied; "it is not likely that I shall be able or well enough to get ready to go anywhere, after having waited a month on your sister and her six great boys."

"Now you had better sulk a little," I said; "it has always been just so since we were married. I can't invite any of my relations here but you get vexed about it. At all events, my sister and her six great boys, as you call them, are coming here, and you will have the very best of it."

My wife said nothing in rejoinder, but laid down, with a sigh, the bonnet she had been retreating for the little girl to wear when she should go to visit her grandmother, and putting her handkerchief to her eyes, left the room.

"That thing is along with," I said to myself, as the door closed behind my wife, "and now let me light my cigar, and read the evening papers."

Life at Fort Lafayette.

HOW THE IMPRISONED REBELS EMPLOY THEIR TIME.

We have been furnished with the following interesting account of matters at Fort Lafayette by Mr. M. C. Stanley, a recent inmate thereof, who was discharged upon an investigation of his case, which established his entire innocence of the charges brought against him, and exhibited him as a perfectly loyal Union man.

Upon the arrival of the prisoner at Fort Hamilton he is at once delivered into the charge of Col. Burke and the document for his commitment exhibited. This document comes from either the Secretary of War or Secretary of State, according as the prisoner is one of war or of State. Col. Burke thereupon has the accused ferried across the little channel which flows between Fort Hamilton and Fort Lafayette, and upon his arrival in the latter stronghold he is given into the charge of the commanding officer, Lieut. Wood, who writes out a receipt for his prisoner. After this formula is over he is shown to his quarters, which of late have been the casemates or gun rooms around the wall of the fort. This economy has been necessitated by the filling up of the more desirable officer's quarters by the first arrivals.

As soon as the new comer is left to himself he is at once surrounded by his new fellow prisoners and plied with questions as to his name, where he came from, and what are the charges against him, which usually wind up with an expression on the part of the interrogators of doing all they can to render his stay as agreeable as possible. The conversation continues, and when friendly relations have been established he is very blandly asked what he will have for his dinner or supper, according to the hour at which he arrives. In the same breath they extol the delicious character of beef steak, with mushrooms, and broiled chicken or other savory dishes, and urge him, some to have the former, others the latter. In a maze of astonishment at this good treatment of criminals by the offended Government, he states his choice or perhaps expresses a wish for a little of several of the dishes mentioned, and the character of the wine then comes up for extolment and the ways get into quite a dispute among themselves as to the relative qualities of the Burgundy, Port, Madeira, Claret, &c., which is given them at dinner. The still further astonished prisoner drinks all this in with considerable pleasure, and beginning to get over the fright which his arrest and incarceration have produced, congratulates himself that a stay at Fort Lafayette is a capital thing. But his fond delusion, at least the one produced by his fellow prisoners, soon vanishes when the conversation, which by this time has, of course, changed to other subjects, is suddenly interrupted by the signal for dinner or supper, and he is conducted to his seat in the dining room, where, in place of a mahogany table with lustrous white damask cloth, silver service and richly cut glass ware, all of which his imagination had conjured up, he discovers a plain deal table, unpainted and without a cloth, with a tin plate containing a piece of partially cooked pork, a tin cup of coffee and a large chunk of bread. As he contemplates this in dismay, a loud laugh from his fellow prisoners, who, from the door have been watching his movements, throws a little light on his disordered intellect, and he perceives that he has been the victim of a hoax. This constitutes his initiation into Fort Lafayette society, and he in turn becomes as eager as the rest to "sell" his next new comer.

This is one of the ways in which the inmates manage to while away the time, and, in fact, it has become so popular among them that the announcement in the daily papers (which, by the way, they receive every morning regularly before eight o'clock, of an arrest at once creates quite an excitement, and everything is prepared to thoroughly initiate the expected individual.

Those of the prisoners who have means and friends can pass time in comparative comfort. A mess has been established by permission of the commanding officer, which is under the control of an ordnance sergeant attached to the post. It numbers about thirty, and at a cost of one dollar a head per diem, the table is supplied, from market daily with good food of every description, together with such viands and liquors as they may choose to purchase extra. The table is better, in fact, than such as are provided in second class hotels at fashionable watering places. The sleeping arrangements are also very comfortable. The mattresses, bedding, blankets and sheets are of good quality, and care is taken to keep them clean. The beds are small iron ones, which are folded up in the daytime, making additional room in the somewhat confined quarters.

Two hours a day are allowed to prisoners for exercise out of doors in the open space in the centre of the fort, viz: between six and seven o'clock in the morning and between five and six o'clock in the evening. In the intervals they are confined in the rather commodious quarters which are appropriated to officers when the fort is completely garrisoned, where they amuse themselves playing chess, draughts, backgammon, whist and the like, read the newspapers, or discuss the events of the day as they reach them through the last mentioned channel. At nine o'clock every light is extinguished and universal silence prevails until the next dawn awakes them to re-enact the same unvaried routine.

In cases of sickness Mrs. Wood, the lady of the commanding officer, is unremittently, through her domestics, in kindness and attention, and has won the esteem of all the inmates for her considerate amiability.

With the water occasionally had on account of absence of rain, with some defects in the cooking arrangements, which are not sufficient to supply the extra quantity of rations now in demand, rendering them only partially prepared for edibility, the prisoners still manage to pass their time of incarceration in a much more pleasant manner than is generally believed, with the exception only of the privations, or pirates as they are deemed, who are closely confined and supplied with government rations. They are not denied, however, any luxury which is sent in from outside, nor prohibited from purchasing such, as they sometimes do by clubbing their limited funds together.—Herald.

The scenes around the streets of Lexington, Friday, after the surrender, beggars all description. The howls of joy and drunken jubilation, coming from 30,000 throats, made up a sound scarcely less than when, two days before, 18 pieces of artillery and ten thousand small arms were shattering the air in one hideous chorus. The officers of the Confederates were generally gentlemen, and behaved as such; but as for the common soldiers and their course, that evening, I don't believe it could be equaled were all hell to be turned loose for a general carnival.

Whisky, of course, was there—in men's brains, in their eyes, brandished in bottles, galloping "like mad" along the street, hoarsely bellowing over the grand victory, cursing, blaspheming, yelling, bubbling, hurrahing—laying in the gutter insulting prisoners, quarreling among friends—thus and more did whisky—the grand moving spirit that won the battle, and then rejoiced over its success.

Very true, scarcely a hundred of the Confederate troops were uniformed—scarcely two had guns alike—no two exhibited the same trappings. Here went one fellow in a shirt of brilliant green, on his side an immense cavalry sabre, in his belt two navy revolvers and a Bowie knife, and slung from his shoulder a Sharpe's rifle. Right by his side was another, upon whose hip dangled a light medical sword, in his hand a double-barrelled shot-gun, in his boot an immense scythe, on his heel the inevitable spur, his whole appearance from tattered boot, through which gazed audaciously his toes, indicating that the plundering of many a different locality made up the whole. Generally the soldiers were armed with shot guns or squirrel rifles; some had old lock muskets, a few had Minie guns, and others Sharpe's or Maynard's rifles, while all, to the poorest, had horses.

The very elite of the Confederate forces were there—Generals Price, Rains, Slack, Parsons, Harris, Green, Hardee, were all there—Colonels Saunders, Payn, Real, Turner, Craven, Clay, and, in short, I believe, the balance of the 35,000 men, all either colonels or majors, as I was introduced to no one who was not one or the other.

The treatment extended by the Confederate officers to the prisoners was both humane and courteous; they protected them, when possible, from insult and plundering, and as much as possible, extended to them the courtesies which a chivalrous enemy treats a conquered foe.

I saw one case that shows the Confederate style of fighting. An old Texan, dressed in buckskin and armed with a long rifle, used to go up to the works every morning about seven o'clock, carrying his dinner in a tin pail. Taking a good position he banged away at the Federals till noon, then rested an hour, ate his dinner, and resumed operations till six p.m., when he returned home to supper and a night's sleep. The next day a little before seven, saw him, dinner and rifle in hand, trudging up street to begin again his regular day's work—and in this style he continued till the surrender.

But little damage was done to the city. Col. Anderson's house was literally sprinkled with grape and musket shot, and the brick house south of the College was burnt to the ground; another lost its roof and contents; while all in that immediate neighborhood retain more or less marks of the contests.

The dead of the Federals were not buried till the next day after the surrender; and a more loathsome sight than these blackened, hideous corpses I never saw or imagined. Some seventy horses were also killed. These, too, were as hideous and disgusting in many respects as the poor remains of humanity that lay about them—all poisoned the air with the stench of decomposition, and shocked terribly the sensibilities by their ghastly wounds, their agonized positions, and loathsome evidences of decay which characterized them all.

POSTAGE STAMPS.—The Post Office Department has made a blunder, it is evident, in directing that, after a certain date, the postage stamps hitherto in use shall not free letters sent by mail. A postage stamp, however small the amount, as much represents a Government obligation as a treasury note. The note is a promise to pay at a certain time; the postage stamp is a promise to carry a letter through the post office whenever used. Note and stamp are documentary evidence that money has been paid to the Government. To repudiate a treasury note and to repudiate a postage stamp involves the same principle, though there is a difference of value. The stamp holder and the note holder are equally public creditors. The Government must either give new stamps for old, or, what is still easier, let the old stamps free letters as long as any remain out.—Philadelphia Press.

THE EFFECT OF THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY UPON THE NORTH—HENRY CLAY'S OPINION.

At this time when a strong effort is being made by the Abolition politicians of the North, to have this war take the turn of emancipation of the negroes of the South, it is interesting to read the opinion of Henry Clay, expressed in a letter written to Rev. Walton Colton, of the effects of that measure. Read it:

ASHLAND, Sept. 2, 1843.
My Dear Sir: Allow me to select a subject for one of your tracts, which, treated in your popular and condensed way I think would be attended with great and good effect. I mean abolition.

"It is manifested that the ultras of that party are extremely mischievous, and are hurrying on the country to fearful consequences. They are not to be conciliated by the Whigs. Engrossed with a single idea, they are for nothing else. They would see the Administration of the Government precipitate the nation into absolute ruin before they would give a helping hand to arrest its career. They treat worst and denounce most, those who treat them best, who so far agree with them as to admit slavery to be an evil. Witness their conduct towards Mr. Briggs and Mr. Adams in Massachusetts, and towards me."

"I will give you an outline in the manner I would handle it. Show the origin of slavery. Trace its introduction to the British Government. Show how it is disposed of by the Federal Constitution; that is exclusively to the States, except in regard to fugitives, direct taxes and representation. Show that the agitation in the free States will first destroy all harmony and finally lead to disunion—perpetual war—the extermination of the African race—ultimate military despotism."

"But the great aim and object of your tract should be to arouse the *latent classes of the Free States against Abolition*. Depict the consequences to them of immediate abolition. The slaves, being free, would be dispersed throughout the Union, they would enter into competition with the free labor—with the American, the Irish, the German—reduce his wages—be confounded with him, and effect his social and moral standing. And as the ultras go both for abolitionism and amalgamation, show that their object is to unite in marriage the laboring white man and the laboring black woman, to reduce the white laboring man to the degraded and degraded condition of the black man."

"I would show their opposition to colonization. Show its humane, religious, and patriotic aim. They are those whom God has separated. Why do Abolitionists oppose colonization? To keep and amalgamate together the two races, in violation of God's will, and to keep the blacks here that they may interfere with, degrade and debase the laboring white."

"Show that the British Government is co-operating with the Abolitionists for the purpose of dissolving the Union, &c.—You can make a powerful article that will be felt in every extremity of the Union. I am perfectly satisfied it will do great good. Let me hear from you on this subject."

HENRY CLAY.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.
Yellow autumn is certainly the most delightful season of the year for a sojourn in the country. The usually pure air, the transparent atmosphere, the azure arch of heaven, the rich, ripe fruits, the golden ears of Indian corn, and the gorgeous and variegated foliage—all combine in producing scenery, the magic beauty of which charms the eye and rejoices the heart. And, yet realizing citizens and their families return to their homes amid all the monotony of brick and mortar streets, and mingle in the active and anxious cares of busy life. The natural is exchanged for the artificial—the repose of the country for the bustle of the town. There is much to regret in parting from the fields and woods at this truly glorious period of time, when hill and valley are robed in their richest apparel, when the forest is at once sublime and gay, with grandly spreading oaks, darkly waving pines, cedars that rival Lebanon, and the leaves of dazzling and many colored brilliancy that illumine the bosky thickets, as they sparkle and wave gracefully from the boughs of the beech, chestnut, dogwood, and maple. Did any true heart ever bid adieu to a charming hillside, or valley, which it had tenderly cherished in the early summer morning, the midday ramble, or the moonlight evening walk, without an involuntary sigh, perhaps with a starting tear? The heart throws out its multitude of radicles on every side. It becomes attached to a tree, a landscape, a prattling brook, a waterfall and even to some humble vegetable tribe of the garden. They form for it a kind of population inferior to the human in deed, but yet making a constituent and important ingredient in the locality we love. All these including the favorite horse, or cow, or dog, are linked together in the loving idea we have of a residence in the country. They can no more be separated from it, than one can think of home any where, and forget the dear relatives and friends, that make it so. We do not only the person who can live in a country village, however strange at first and destitute of all he ever knew, and yet years not for fellowship, and contracts no strong attachments. But the sojourner, who floats along the currents of life—and all are sailing on its ocean, none are at rest, few even at anchor, must be constantly sandering these bonds; and this it is, which among other causes, spreads a melancholy hue over so many of our days, till from frequent repetition the sober look grows to be the settled habit of the soul and countenance. Yet there are worse passages in life than sundering summer ties. Some of them—it would be too much to expect all, may be renewed when nature shall herself awake from her wintry syncope.

A Brief Biography of Gen. Rosecrans.

General Wm. Starke Rosecrans, was born in the county of Delaware, State of Ohio, on the sixth of September, 1817.—His ancestors on the father's side were originally from Amsterdam, and on the mother's they were of the Pennsylvania Hopkines, one of whom signed the Declaration of Independence. At the age of eighteen, on his own direct application to the Secretary of War, (the Hon. Joel R. Poinsett) he was appointed a cadet at West Point in the year 1837. He graduated among the five, and became brevet lieutenant of engineers in 1842. His first military station was Fort Monroe, where he remained one year first assistant to Col. R. E. DeRussay. In August, 1843 he married Miss Ann Eliza Hegeman, an accomplished and worthy member of the old New York family of that name, and was ordered to West Point to act as Assistant Professor of Engineering and Natural Philosophy.

After remaining four years at the Academy, he was transferred to Newport, Rhode Island, and made engineer in chief of the fortifications at Fort Adams. During his stay there, from 1846 to 1853, he was charged with surveys of New Bedford harbor and Taunton river, Massachusetts, and plans of fortifications, which he executed to the satisfaction of the War Department. In 1853 he was made constructing engineer at the Navy Yard, at Washington, D. C. In November, 1856, he resigned his commission in the army, and engaged in civil engineering and architecture in the city of Cincinnati. In 1855 he accepted the superintendency of the Cannel Coal Company, of Coal River, Kanawha County, Virginia, and of the Presidency of the Coal River Navigation Company, which he retained until April, 1856, when he removed to Cincinnati, and engaged in the manufacture of coal oil and prussiate of potash. This was his business when he was called by Maj. Gen. McClellan to act as chief engineer and aide de camp, and thence, shortly after, promoted to a Brigadier Generalship in the regular army.

In all these various positions, General Rosecrans has exhibited the most spotless integrity. None ever knew him whose respect and confidence he did not command; and the writer of this sketch could not repress a smile when, among certain papers kindly submitted to his inspection by the amiable and accomplished Mrs. Rosecrans, he lit upon a letter dated Washington, August 14, 1854, testifying to Mr. Rosecrans high abilities, integrity and energy, and signed "Jettison Davis."

Soberly, the General suits to the refinement of the gentleman, the frank, free spoken manner so taking with our Western population. In person he is a little above the medium height, rather thin, and very erect, with no feature so striking as his broad forehead and clear gray eye. Gen. Rosecrans is a member of the Roman Catholic Church.—Harper's Weekly.

Ex-President Buchanan on the War.

At a Union meeting at Haysville, Chester county, Pa., the following letter of ex-President was read:

WHEATLAND, near Lancaster, Pa., Sept. 28.
Dear Sir: I have been honored by your kind invitation as chairman of the appropriate committee, to attend and address a Union meeting of the citizens of Chester and Lancaster counties, to be held at Haysville on the 1st of October. This I should gladly accept, proceeding as it does from a much valued portion of my old congressional district, but advancing years and the present state of my health render it impossible.

You correctly estimate the deep interest which I feel, in common with the citizens who will there be assembled, in the present condition of our country. This is indeed serious; but our recent military reverses, so far from producing despondency in the minds of a loyal and powerful people, will only animate them to more mighty exertions in sustaining a war which has become inevitable, by the assault of the Confederate States upon Fort Sumter.

For this reason were it possible for me to address you, waiving all other topics, I should confine myself to a solemn and earnest appeal to my countrymen, and especially those without families, to volunteer for the war, and join the many thousands of brave and patriotic volunteers who are already in the field.

This is the moment for action; for prompt, energetic and united action; and not for the discussion of peace propositions. These we must know, would be rejected by the States that have seceded, unless we should offer to recognize their independence, which is entirely out of the question.

Better counsels may hereafter prevail, when these people shall be convinced that the war is conducted, not for their conquest or subjugation, but solely for the purpose of bringing them back to their original position in the Union, without impairing in the slightest degree any of their constitutional rights.

Whilst, therefore, we shall cordially hail their return under our common and glorious flag, and welcome them as brothers, yet, until that happy day shall arrive, it will be our duty to support the President with all the men and means at the command of the country, in a vigorous and successful prosecution of the war.

Yours, very respectfully,
JAMES BUCHANAN.

Rev S. H. Rosecrans, brother of the General, is pastor of a Catholic Church at Cincinnati, and editor of the Telegraph, the organ of Archbishop Parcell.

Five States held their annual elections on Tuesday last, namely, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, and Minnesota.