

Clearfield Republican.

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NEW SERIES—VOL. II.—NO

IS IT FAIR?

I know a young man, a noble fellow, who prosecutes a successful manufacturing business. Altho' possessed of an abundant competence, he devotes himself with untiring assiduity to the interests of his factory, ten hours every day. His eyes and hands are everywhere.

Half a year ago he married a beautiful accomplished girl, who is said to speak four of the languages of southern Europe, (where she has resided several years,) with the fluency of natives, while she touches the keys with infinite grace and skill.

Four months ago they began house-keeping, a week since they gave it up in utter disgust.

The three servants figured conspicuously in all their griefs.

The coffee was always execrable, the steak a shame, the cruet stands and spoons not fit to be seen, and the whole house in a confusion and covered with dirt.

The husband bore it as long as pride and patience could endure, and then sacrificing everything at auction, returned to boarding, resolved never to suffer the miseries of house-keeping again.

I was never more indignant than when I heard of it. If the beautiful bride had learned one less language, and devoted the year to learning the mysteries of house-keeping, she could have made my friend's house a real paradise. Ignorant of everything, she could but weep and despair.

Suppose her husband's management of his business had been like her management of that which belonged to her, what would become of them?

I don't think the match a fair one. On one side it was a cheat. A young lady of the same merely ornamental class in discussing the case, exclaimed, "She did not agree in the marriage contract to play the part of a household drudge!"

I replied, "Did the husband agree to play the part of a factory drudge?" But does not the relation imply mutual obligations which this wife has utterly failed to meet?—*Dr. Gymnastics.*

GREELY TURNED PREACHER!—The New York World and other papers inform us, that on Sabbath week Rev. Dr. Chapin, (Universalist) was unable, from indisposition, to occupy his pulpit, and that HORACE GREELY officiated for him. What the text was we are not informed, but the World says it ought to have been, as most applicable to the speaker, the passage in St. Matthew, XXIV, 15: "When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy place, (whose reareth, let him understand,) then let them which be in Judea flee into the mountains."

NEGROES IN OFFICE.—We see it stated that in the New York Custom House some seven or eight positions, formerly held by white men, are now held by negroes.—*Exchange.*

If a speedy check is not put to the Abolition proceedings, not only negroes will crowd white men out of offices, but thousands of the laborers of the North will have the bread taken out of the mouths of their families by negro competition with them in work. That is the tendency of things: to exalt the negro at the expense of the white man.

A UNION PARTY.—The idea of a "Union" party, to be composed of old Republican fossils, is worse than ridiculous. The predominant element—Abolition—is disunion and the plunder element cares only for spoils. Fortunately for the country there is now, as there always has been since the organization of our Government, a true Union organization, the Democratic party. The Democracy made our country great, prosperous and happy, and it would have continued so to this hour, but for the spirit of sectional Abolition.

WEDDING FEES.—The religious papers occasionally get off a spicy item. The reverend editor of one of these papers, in a recent issue, says:—"In our experience, we have married people for 37 cents; we have married for a counterfeit bill!" Dr. Bestian, in copying this item adds:—"We may soften our German friend's grievances by quoting the case of the minister who received as a wedding fee a salt codfish, which, when he had taken it home for his table, was chiefly eaten by the bride and groom, who called upon him at dinner."

"I've brought you this bill till I am fairly sick and tired of it," said a collector to a creditor, upon whom he had called at least forty times.

"You are, eh?" coolly rejoined the creditor.

"Yes, I am," was the response. "Well, then you had better not present it again. There will be two of us pleased if you do not; for, to tell the truth, I'm sick and tired of seeing that identical bill myself!"

THE BATTLE BEFORE RICHMOND

BY WILKINSON THE WRITING EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

Wilkinson, the chief writing editor of the Tribune, sends the Tribune two brief accounts of the two days' battle on the Chickabombing. Whether they are prejudiced ones, we can't yet say. They are the first bold and graphic accounts yet published, and we make copious extracts from them. On the 21st he writes:—"The storm of last night was the most furious fall of rain and explosion of lightning I ever saw. Not a regiment, not a company, scarcely an officer was exempt from its chilling and exhausting effects. The rebels seized upon it as an element of military advantage, and, having fully prepared themselves, fell suddenly on our pickets, scattered them inwards, and held Casey's regiment in actual battle while their pots and kettles were yet on the fires, and many of the men were drying their wet clothes. I cannot tell how the small earthwork and the rifle pit at the front were so quickly taken out of our possession. The number and the quality of the guns in the fort I am ignorant of. But pits, fort, and guns, whether siege or field, changed owners suddenly."

Now I face the first truth in the history of the Union Disgrace at the Seven Pines—and I shall not dodge it. The important place of danger, the front, was committed to a General whose division was composed of raw troops marched down Fourteenth street, in Washington, in the last week of February, 13,000 strong—and has been so neglected and so allowed to go undisciplined, that 7,000 of them could not by any possibility have been gathered together this morning—a division so left to itself to luck, and the devil, that it has lost, literally lost 700 men and upward since it left Williamsburg—a division whose commander has long been conspicuous as searching, miles ahead of his marching columns, for comfortable quarters. Upon this division, out of place in the front, the shock of battle fell—and knocked it into disorder and ruin faster than I conceived it possible for Anglo-Saxon troops to be moved by any power less than God's thunderbolts.

A SPECIMEN OF STRONG, BUT, WE TRUST, HIGHLY COLORED WRITING.

Wilkinson then goes on to describe the advance of Peck's brigade, with which he was, and says: "The current of stragglers and skulking had fully set in, and was sweeping in a great shameful flow down the Williamsburg road. It was the most astonishing of spectacles. Great, healthy, vigorous men, who had volunteered to fight the battles of Freedom, walking rapidly back from the first touch of the foe, with boxes full of cartridges and muskets in their hands, sound in mind and limb, but, thank God! looking mean as sheep-thieves when they encountered the stars of brave men, and simulating lameness and every form of sickness when cavaliers, not combatants by profession, damned them in their fury for cowards, and endeavored to breast them backward with their horses into the fight—great hulking portlions, falling into every possible variety of limp out of rapid, strong walking; depressing with pleasure either shoulder with terrible wounds; quickly gathering into their bosoms mutilated arms, wholly untouched with bullets; going through the whole disgusting pantomime of sickness of the stomach in reply to fierce questions as to where they were going, and why the devil they were not fighting; with false speech and falser looks, asserting every conceivable acute attack of disabling disease as a justification for going to the rear, and letting the cause they had sworn to defend go to the devil."

It was amazing. It was a new revelation! But a moment's reflection, and a sharp observation of the numbers on the caps of the streaming cowards, explained the phenomenon, as it appeared to a civilian. The brass figures 100, 101, 103, 104, told of enlistments as late as January and February, and conclusively proved the greenness and inexperience of troops who had been taught nothing save how to march and to camp, and who deteriorated daily under the command of a general who had neither youth, enthusiasm, pride or combativeness. Down the road they came—over the fields on either side of the road they straggled fast—through the safer woods they skulked away, and sought the rear. Most were muddy, showing that they had lain down to avoid the shell and shot—very many were without arms and accoutrements.

The crowd grew thicker. The Provost Guard formed across the road to stem its dastardly flow. Before three o'clock, Gen. Keyes found that Casey's entire division was already on his way to the place where he was wanted. He came on the ground about a quarter after three, and gathering as rapidly as he could all the elements of the situation in the strange woods and unknown swamps, took command, and infused his indomitable spirit into the falling fight. He sent back to Kearney, and Jamieson, and Birney, and Berry—he who so timely brought salvation upon his bayonet points to us at Williamsburg.—While they were coming up I went ahead once more to see the 50th go into the fight.

The movement in response to the order "Forward!" was not impulsive from front to rear. It hitched, in sections, like the drawing out of the joints of a field glass. Omen of evil! In thirty minutes red-capped and red-tressed men, mostly without their muskets, were under the fire of the scorn and jeering of the New York 62d—a fire more galling and insupportable, as it seemed to me, than any that ever spouted from muskets. "Mousheer, the mus is the other way!" "Hello, lobsters! we are Union men; we ain't rebels. What are you running at?"

for?" "The 62d is good shelter; fall in behind!" Not a wrathful reply was made. The bursting of the rebel shells over head, the screaming of their solid long shot, and the cutting off of the tree tops, made the place and the time totally unsuited for repartee or discussion. The 62d opened its laughing ranks, and the gory colored, but unbloody, passed through and passed on.

WHY GEN. BIRNEY WAS ARRESTED.
About four o'clock Couch and Peck came from the left, and passed through the line of fire and went at right angles over to the railroad, to repel a movement in a similar direction made by the rebels away beyond the scene of Casey's sharp repulse. The conflict they sustained in the woods was bloody and unequal.—Peck's horse was shot through the neck, shot again in the flank, and soon had both his hind legs cut off by a cannon ball. Reinforcements were called for, and Heintzelman intercepted a regiment moving to the front, and ordered it over to the railroad. He subsequently ordered Birney's Brigade to march right up the track and save the fight. The brigade did not get into action, and Birney is under arrest.

M'CLELLAN IN HIS SICK BED.

McClellan, before this, at his headquarters, twelve miles off, roused by the cannonade and by the telegraph, got out of his sick bed and put a portion of Sumner's Corps into motion up the railroad.—Kearney, too, had come up the Williamsburg road, and Jamieson had gone eagerly forward into the hell of shell and shot and smoke, as did Berry at the head of his Michigan men. A ball tore off his hat, and his manly fight was fought bare-headed. The line of battle at this time was nearly a mile wide, and almost wholly in the woods. The enemy, in overwhelming numbers, had forced us back at least a mile, and were piling up troops on our right toward the railroad. The firing at this point, at about 5 o'clock, was a marvel to me.

It is claimed that that at Williamsburg was heavier twice or three during the day, but that is not my judgement. I can compare this to nothing but the roar of Niagara. It had no spaces—no cracks.—It was solid, continuous, deafening. Over it the incessant bursting of shells and screaming of solid cannon shot, riddled the racket with great swarms of noise, which compelled men touching each other in opposite saddles to shout when they talked. The straggling set in briskly from before this fire. Superhuman efforts, aided by Heintzelman, and aided by his Surgeon, Milburn, and Colonel Adams, and others, stopped a full regiment for awhile, and rallied them around their colors, but could not long hold them against the storm of whistling bullets and case-shot. The crowd rolled off the field, carrying away some who meant to stay.

THE AWFULNESS OF THE CONFLICT.

To my dying day I shall have in my ears the wailing shriek of a private of the First Long Island, shot dead beside my horse with a percussion musket ball, whose explosion within the wound I distinctly heard, and which must have overwhelmed him mortally more than it did physically. Not running, nor terrified—only unwilling to stay—this crowd straggled partly in the road, mostly in the woods, back, back, to the line of the rifle pits. Conell had made a week ago. On the way Hooker's Brigade was met, and met with the hurrahs of applause due to brave men.

Darkness fell Sedgwick on the railroad, master of the ground occupied in the afternoon, by the rebel forces, and from which he had gallantly driven them. Our extreme right is now beyond the advance of yesterday. We are probably behind the morning position of our center three-quarters of a mile, and a full mile behind our morning's position on the left. The loss of property and material is awful, embracing eight guns and the contents of at least four camps. The loss in killed, wounded and missing is more awful.

Among the dead is Casey's Commander of Artillery Col. Bailey, and Col. Howell of the 85th Michigan. [Pennsylvania he should have said—Carroll.] The wounded include Gen. Wessels, Devens, Cols. Campbell, Champlin, Briggs, Morris, and a large number of Captains and minor officers. Up to nine o'clock in the evening, one hundred wounded, operated on, had been sent off by rail to West Point or the nearest landing. 'Tis but a title of the whole. The surgeons are yet at work.—Heintzelman's horse was shot, as was Peck's and Jamieson's; Keys was wounded, and numerous staff-officers were dismounted.

It is now two o'clock in the morning, and McClellan is here, and the best troops in the army are within his short reach, and the sun will set to-morrow upon a great Union victory, or upon the bloodiest defeat that rebellion ever gave to Constitutional Government and its armed defenders.

THE SECOND DAY—GOOD NEWS.

Wilkinson writes again on Sunday morning. While waiting to make up for the Surgeon's memoranda a list of the killed and wounded in the battle of the Seven Pines, I lister, to the furious musketry which this morning renews the fight upon the ground where the combatants separated last night. It is about a mile off only, and the white smoke rising through the dark pines and oaks marks accurately the altar on which slavery and rebellion are making choicest sacrifice to the demon of war. Of the thundering, roaring volleys, like that which I described yesterday, there have been but two. And well there may have been for the men who long face such fire are made of cast-steel. They necessarily must be "heroes of a hundred fights."

We pick up news to-day in fragments. There were three divisions of Johnson's

choicest troops precipitated upon our advance left yesterday. Longstreet commanded. If these divisions are of average strength of ours, the enemy's force was forty thousand. This number of the divisions is stated to us by the prisoners whom we took yesterday—every one of them of the truest Blackwell's Island type of face, and gait, and dress. Of the regiments, John Cochran's is for the present annihilated. He himself is safe, but his Lieut. Col. Shaler, an admirable officer, is said to be killed. After sustaining a heavy fire, they were charged upon in overwhelming number, and scattered, with what loss is not known.

Gen. Van Wyck was struck by a shell which did not explode. The blow fell on his saber, which was bent, with the sword within to a complete right angle. The Col. was knocked down and disabled, but not permanently injured. Gen. Beven is shot through the fleshy part of the calf of the leg. The wound, while disabling, is not serious.

Gen. McClellan.—Good news! Richardson has taken the second line in flank, while Heintzelman and Hooker are said to have dashed at them in front. The statement goes electrically from group to group of this country-seat, that the rebels run like sheep. The fire recedes, and its diminishing volume and distinctness denote a flight on their part and a pursuit on ours.

The Family of Benedict Arnold.

From the New York Observer.
Little has been known of the descendants of Benedict Arnold, although he left three children. No public record of their conduct or position exist, and yet two of them were officers of merit in the British army. By a fortunate circumstance, the writer is able, in a degree, to supply this deficiency, and to redeem Arnold's descendants from the infamy to which his name and character were consigned. In a recent visit to England, he was gratified by an accidental meeting with a grandson of Arnold, his only living male heir. The Rev. Edward Arnold is the rector of an established church in Hertfordshire, some twenty miles west of London. He is at least 35 years of age, of medium size and dark complexion, with an expressive and elegant face. Young A. is a man of great decision, and in his profession exhibits much ability and energy of character. He voluntarily made known his relationship, and will be unhesitatingly condemned the conduct of his grandfather, he thought that some acts of ingratiation, if not injustice, on the part of the Government, should be allowed as extenuating circumstances. He freely conceded the great crime of treason, but he claimed there was wrong on both sides. An invitation to visit his very beautiful rectory, where his quality was most cordially extended, enabled me to gather some interesting facts, which must be peculiarly interesting to Americans. Two of Arnold's sons died in the army, and one of his grandsons, brother of the Rev. Edward A., fell bravely fighting at the head of his company, before Sebastopol. The eldest son reached high rank in the East India service, where he was an officer during nearly half a century, before his death, some three years since, he received many marks of distinction from the British Government. Numerous tokens of high professional regard are preserved by his nephew. Among them there are many medals and a hundred guinea sword, a splendid testimonial for wisdom in council, courage in the field, long service, and eminent devotion to his country. A pair of pistols used by Arnold in a duel in London, are also in the possession of his grandson. He felt insulted by the remark of a gentleman, (Lord Surrey), and the traitor challenged him. Arnold fired with out effect, but his antagonist withheld his shot, turning his back on Arnold with the contemptuous remark, "I leave you to the Hangman." The British Government gave Benedict Arnold large tracts of land in Canada, as the pecuniary reward for his treason. Some of it was near Brockport, on the St. Lawrence river. But a large portion of it (3000 acres) is near Toronto, between that city and Lake Simcoe. This property was owned for a long series of years by Arnold's eldest son, but being little about it, except by an occasional brief letter from the Canadian agent furnished. Upon his death some years since, it reverted to the Rev. Edward Arnold, the only living male heir, and he began a series of inquiries about the property. No reliable or satisfactory intelligence could be obtained, and he feared that the land was entirely valueless. He was assured by the agents that much of the soil was poor and swampy, scarcely exceeding £2 per acre in value. But Mr. A. was told by less interested parties that it was in the vicinity of Toronto, the property was vastly more valuable, and he was advised to wait further developments.

Subsequent investigations at the request of Mr. Arnold, have discovered the land to be among the most valuable in Canada. The 3,000 acres now owned by him, but formerly the property of Benedict Arnold, has been found located together in the finest agricultural region, and in the immediate vicinity of the railway Georgian Bay in Lake Huron, to Toronto. Competent judges pronounce it worth from \$50 to \$75 per acre. Thus the young and meritorious clergyman has suddenly been placed in possession of an estate valued at nearly \$200,000, which a month before, from the representations of faithless agents he would gladly have sold for \$10,000. The Rev. Edward Arnold married the daughter of an English earl, and ultimately will inherit a large fortune. But his Canadian property, now in the hands of more competent and faithful agents, the practical rewards of the grandfathers' treachery.

The Cost of Negro Emancipation—The Kentucky Unionists' View of it.

The Louisville Democrat has taken the trouble to indite a mathematical emancipation, by compensation of negro emancipation, by the Federal Government. The plain practical people of the country will attach some importance to the Democrat's figures, although, of course, they will be considered nothing by the ideal philanthropists, who are seeking this great change in our social and industrial system, and who are resolved to trample upon all the obstacles that oppose their design. The Democrat's figures, or, to use the Yankee phrase, "calculations" the matter thus:—*Wayne Co., Ohio, Democrat.*

"A calculation of the expense of an emancipation scheme would certainly astonish the minds of the people and show its utter impracticability. There are in this country, upon a rough estimate, 5,000,000 of slaves. The value of each of these according to the price put upon them in the late act purchasing and freeing the negroes of the District of Columbia, is \$300. Suppose the price paid down was only two hundred. This would draw from the people the sum of one thousand million dollars at a single draft. The real value of negroes to the master would be, according to prices before the war, about \$400 apiece. At that time a man was worth, on an average, \$800, a woman \$50, and it but fair to presume that the value of younger negroes, less than this, would be made up by the excess of the price of the men and women. This additional \$200, taken from the owner, is as clearly \$200 to be lost, as the price, \$200, paid down. The cost, then, of emancipation, provided colonization was not attempted, and provided after emancipation, would be the round sum of \$2,000,000,000. Let us be within bounds—put it at only \$1,200,000,000."

The negro labor after emancipation is clearly nothing. We want no stronger proof of this than the stringent laws of the Northern States, excluding them from their borders. If the negro labor was at all profitable in these States, it is but fair to presume that they would be admitted, if not invited, to them, as the white labor is.

"Then we are to estimate emancipation as removing four millions of laborers from a population in the Southern States of thirteen millions, or nearly one third of the whole population, and at least four-fifths of the whole laboring force. Is it in the bounds of human calculation to estimate what such a measure would be? We believe it incalculable; we believe it infinite; the measure would be utterly ruinous. But, in order to make some possible estimate, we can place it at another \$1,200,000,000. This places our debt at \$2,400,000,000. Now, suppose we place the sum required to colonize these negroes at \$100 per head. This gives an additional sum of \$400,000,000. And the sum total becomes \$2,800,000,000. These creatures, when they are removed, must be supported for the first two or three years. Just for food, clothing and the mere shelter of a tent, the government pay \$151 per annum. This does not include pay, bounty or transportation. All of these necessary articles of clothing and food would have for two years to be forwarded to the colony. Suppose, to come under the mark, we were to place this at only \$100 per head for two years. This would be \$800,000,000 more. The cost of protection would probably be \$20,000,000. To recapitulate: For the purchase of freedom, \$2,000,000,000 To additional loss to the master until equally good labor was supplied, 500,000,000 To loss of the laborers, 1,200,000,000 Expenses of removal, 400,000,000 To support for two years, 800,000,000 To protection, 20,000,000 Total debt, \$3,920,000,000

"This is three thousand six hundred and twenty millions to be paid for Mr. Lincoln's scheme of emancipation. We have not included the cost of the territory to which they were sent. That would be ten millions more, but when we run into thousands of millions we are quite willing to throw in to Mr. Lincoln such a trifle as that."

"Suppose this to be in perpetual stock, as in England. The interest to be annually, at four per cent, would be \$156,800,000. To collect this would take an additional ten per cent, increasing the cost of Mr. Lincoln's scheme by the neat sum of \$159,280,000, paid directly out of pocket by the people of the United States and from which they receive no benefit, but a positive injury. If the war debt is placed at six hundred millions, and made perpetual, we have four per cent, more interest on it, amounting to \$24,000,000. The annual expenses of the government we can safely estimate at a hundred and fifty millions more. Thus we would begin the world at the commencement of immediate emancipation at about \$325,000,000 per annum. This supposes a national debt never to be paid, which is essentially contrary to American policy. It also supposes perpetual peace and property—blessings not likely to follow. The annual tax upon a country greatly exhausted one year with another, would be about \$500,000,000 per annum. Oh! but we bear that in the midst of war, says one—but we suppose no man is fool enough, to suppose we could keep up a perpetual war at that expense. We bear it now because we know it will be short, and hope that we can, instead of making the debt perpetual, gradually pay it off. We want future years of prosperity to share our burden of the present. The Government could no more pay it than it can now pay down the sum of \$500,000,000 in gold, and that would be required of it every year."

"One of the teamsters of an Ohio regiment was discovered to be a woman.—Her name was Ann Scaddy."

The Fifty-First.

A friend sends us the following copy of a request to publish it. It is taken from the Harrisburgh Telegraph of the 10th inst. We omit the introductory remarks of the Telegraph, giving what it says in conclusion, and in doing so we would remind our neighbor of the *Telegraph's* saying that Democrats have not "served praise for the poor soldiers who are putting out their life's blood" for their country—that this abuse of these same soldiers comes from the leading Abolition organ in the State.

The Fifty-First regiment is commanded by Col. Hartmann, and we believe is recruited principally from the neighborhood of Yorktown: One of the companies, however, is from Centre county, including some 15 or 20 young men from the lower part of this county. The company was raised by Capt. A. Snyder, who resigned, and it is now commanded by Capt. W. H. Blaine of Bellefonte, and Lieut. P. A. Golden, of this county.

NEWBERRY, N. C., May 3, 1862.
Since my last, we have had another battle, (Camden) which for the time it lasted, was fully equal in severity to either of the others. At any rate our regiment was put to the most trying test to which troops can be subjected. The Ninth New York, (Hawkins' Zouaves,) undertook to make a charge, but, being repulsed, he was "retreated" right back upon our lines, and in fact ran clear through us before they got over their flight. But I really don't believe it cured a single "Pennsylvania Dutchman," (as they call us,) to move out of its tracks. A part of this regiment executed a like brilliant maneuver at Rockwell, but the pictorial omitted this picture from their mammoth wood cuts, and I presume will do the same thing again. Pennsylvania is far behind in the "pencil wars."

It is customary, when a regiment is about to engage in a charge, for the men to divest themselves of their overcoats and knapsacks, leaving them in any secure place which may offer at the time. This precaution had been taken by the men of the Fifty-First, and after the Hawkins' Zouaves had broken through the line of the Fifty-First, in their desperate cowardly effort to get beyond danger, these same Hawkins' Zouaves actually rifled their knapsacks and carried off the contents of the Fifty-First Pennsylvania regiment and left behind for safety while they were gallantly quelling a fire to flight, from whom the New Yorkers had been panic stricken and damaged. We suggest that Harper's Weekly delineates this flight by an illustration in some of its future issues.—*Telegraph.*

ENCOURAGEMENT.—The recent election of Stiles, regular Democrat, to Congress, in Bucks and Lehigh, over LEAN, the so-called "Union" candidate, by a majority several hundred larger than that obtained in the same district in 1860, is a cheering indication that Abolition Unionism is in the wane, and can no longer deceive Democrats or other true friends of the Constitution and the Union.

All possible efforts were made by the Black Republican leaders in the district, and by FORNEY outsiders, to defeat Stiles. He was denounced as the candidate of "BRECKINRIDGE," as a "traitor," as a "secessionist," as a "sympathizer with the rebels," &c., &c.; but it was all falsehood and misrepresentation failed; being the answer which the enemy of FORNEY and the Abolitionist worked desired. The Democracy of the district proved true to their organization, and principles as they have always been true to the Constitution and the Union.

The course of the Democracy in Bucks and Lehigh should have its influence on the Democracy of the whole State, and cause them to unite cordially on the broad and patriotic basis of "the Constitution as it is, and the restoration of the Union as it was," in the approaching State campaign. All past differences in the Presidential contest of '60, were buried and forgotten. Breckinridge and Breckinridge were entirely ignored, and although Col. Stiles was well known as an open and earnest Anti-Lecontean Democrat, yet the whole party of the district zealously rallied to his support.

The result of this election affords ground of encouragement and hope for the country—for the whole country—and should inspire the true friends of the Constitution as it is and the Union as it was, to look out and rally around the old Democratic party as the only human instrumentality by which sectionalism can be effectually overcome, and the North, South, East and West can be again brought into that condition of union, peace, and prosperity, which once blessed the whole land, and which all good citizens cannot but desire see once more restored.—*West Chester, Information.*

The Republicans say that the Democratic party is responsible for the treason of BRECKINRIDGE because he once belonged to our organization. Well, let us see how the same line of argument will work of the other side. JOHN TYLER, ALEX. H. STEPHENS, HENRY A. WISE, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, and scores of other rebel leaders were all at one time Whigs. Are the Republicans who once belonged to the Whig party to be held responsible for the conduct of these traitors? JOHN BAZZ, who supported in 1850 for President, by the Native Americans, FELIX K. ZOLLNER, HENRY MANSFIELD, and SAM HORNER were all leading men of the same party. Are those men, then, in the Republican ranks, who were once Native Americans, to be called traitors, because prominent members of their party are? Let some of those who have so much to say about "Breckinridge Democrats" answer.—*Easton, Democrat.*