Clearfield Republican.

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PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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Select Poetry.

LEECHES.

'Tis strange indeed, in times like these,
How many show their feeling
And love of country in a kind
Of "gently o'er me stealing!"
One man goes prating long and loud
About our "bleeding nation;"
But while the soldiers gape around
He robs them of a ration!

Another, with long face he asks
A blessing on our forces;
He wants a chance to try his hand
In contracting for horses!
"He's loyal to the Stars and Stripes,
He voted, too, for Jackson;"
As long as his contract lasts he says,
"Old Abe, just lay the tax on!"

Another's oldest brother went
To school with Mrs. Lincoln's;
To show his love for country he
Would furnish it with *six* cans!
He'd like to *cap* old Uncle Sam,
And try that style of b'ee ding;
And all the while he prates about
"This *damnable* seceding!"

Another wants a sutler's berth,
"To fight he isn't able;"
And so he'd like to do his share
By furnishing the table!
"He loves his dear old country's flag,
And Yankee Doodle Dandy;"
And so he shows his love for them
By selling poisoned brandy.

Go where you choose, look where you will,
You'll find these army leeches;
In church, in Congress, on the stump,
A making *Union* speeches.
Round bar-room fires these wintry nights
They drink their whiskey toddy;
While shiver, shiver in the camps
The men they clothed in shoddy!

Away with all such men as these,
Who rob our flag's defender's!
To Warren and to Lafayette
With all such base pretenders!
And if at all our dear old flag
Is to be rent asunder,
Let it be done by *rebel* hands,
And not by those of plunder!

APPEARANCE OF THE NEW COMET.—The second comet of 1862, discovered at the Dudley Observatory and at Cambridge on the night of the 18th ult., has, within a few evenings, become quite a conspicuous object.—It is now about eight degrees distant from the polar star, and on a line with the two Pointers, from the nearer of which it is fully twice as far distant as the pole. It is known as Tuttle's comet. When first discovered its motion appeared to be very slow; but this was owing, doubtless, to its great distance from the earth, 135,000,000 miles. It then resembled a nebular body. Subsequent investigations showed that it was approaching our globe at the rate of two and a half millions of miles daily. The embryo of a tail was first observed on the 13th inst., About the 26th inst., the comet is expected to attain its greatest brilliancy. Up to that date at least it will shine through the whole night.

THE FLAXSEED CROP.—In reference to the new crop of flaxseed, the Cincinnati Price Current says: A good deal of inquiry has been made of us regarding flaxseed. The crop is a large one and has been saved in good order. The yield is fully twenty per cent. greater than that of last year.—The contract system controls the bulk of the crop, however, so that the price is an arbitrary one, and indicates nothing, the crushers furnished the seed to the farmers on condition that they sell them the crop at one dollar per pushel, and hence this is the price the farmer now gets.

A RESERVE CORPS.—It is stated that it is not the intention of the government to put the last 300,000 troops in the field immediately, but to keep them as a reserve corps in the different States. The various rendezvous will be camps of instruction, in which the men will have a fine time for the remainder of the summer, receiving the same pay and bounty as those in the field.

AT LYNN, the other day, a Sunday school teacher asked a little girl who the first man was. She answered that she didn't know. The question was then put to an Irish girl, who answered: "Adam, sir," with apparent satisfaction. "La!" said the first scholar, "you needn't feell so grand about it—he wasn't an Irishman."

☞The last words of Gen. McCook, who was murdered by the rebel bushwhackers were addressed to an old friend and companion in arms. The gallant soldier said with his last breath: "The loss of ten thousand such men as you and I would be nothing, if the sacrifice would save a government like ours."

☞The reason why two buttons are put on behind a coat is that they were anciently used to support the sword belt, and the tailors have stuck to the practice ever since.

'Bob is that dog a hunter?'

'No; he's half hunter and half setter. He hunts bones when he is hungry, and sets by the fire when he's satisfied.

AN ANGEL.

A little pauper boy sat down on the curbstone and tried to think. His feet were bare, red, and cold; but never mind that. The chill air penetrated his ragged garments; but never mind that. He wanted to think. Who are those people passing him, looking so warm and comfortable? What did it mean that they should be happy and cheerful, and he so sad?—None of them had such heavy hearts;—that he was sure of. He looked up into the cold blue sky. What was it, and who lived up there? Somebody said once that God would take care of him. Where was God. Why didn't He take care of him? O if he could only see God for one little minute, or the angel that the good man told him of when his mother died! Did folks ever see God? Did they ever see angels?

An organ grinder came near and took his stand. The melody he played lightened the little boy's heart somewhat; but it didn't warm him, it didn't make him less hungry. He kept shivering in spite of music; and he felt so all alone, so despairing. Then the organ grinder passed away; he never heeded the little child sitting on the curbstone; he had so many things to think of. The carriages passed by, and the carts, and a company of soldiers; but it was all dumb show to him—he was trying to think, with such a dull pain at his heart. Presently three or four coarse looking boys gathered behind him, and winked and laughed at each other. In another moment the youngest gave a thrust, and over went the poor little homeless child into the gutter. One scream, one sob of anguish, as he gathered himself up and looked after the boys, now flying away with shouts o' mirth. O how cruel it seemed to them—how cruel! The little hungry boy walked slowly on sobbing and shivering to himself. He didn't know what he was walking for, or why he was living. He felt out of place—a poor little forlorn spirit that had lost his way—a bruised reed that any one might break—a little heart so tender that a look was anguish, how much more a blow!

The little boy stood at last near the corner of a street. An apple stand, at which he gazed with longing eyes, not far off, was tended by a cross looking old man.—There were cakes on the stand, and the poor little mouth of the homeless child watered as he saw one boy after another deposit his penny and take his cake. He had no penny, and though there was hunger in his eyes, the cross-looking old man never offered him a morsel.

The tempter came. The old man's back was turned. A vile boy at his side—at the side of the homeless child—nudged his elbow. 'You take one,' he whispered; 'I'll give you half.'

The little child gazed at him steadily. He saw something in the bleared eyes that made him shrink—something set his heart to beating.

'I tell you, hook one,' whispered the boy; 'I wont tell, and we'll go away and eat it.'

'I don't want to steal,' said the homeless child.

'O you fool!' muttered the brutal tempter, and smote him in the eyes, his heavy hand dealing a blow that sent the poor little child against the wall, his whole frame quivering with anguish. The terrible blow had almost blinded him for a moment. A great sob came up in his throat. O what have I done to be treated so?' There never, never was a God, or He would not let him suffer so, and that because he refused to be wicked. I don't believe that ever a man in his deadliest bereavements suffered more than that sad little child. His heart was literally swelling grief, and though he could not reason about it, he felt as if there were great and sore injustice somewhere.

He started to cross the street. A dark blinding pain made his poor temples ring.

'Back! back! Good heavens! the child is under his feet. Back! back!

'O mamma, it is our horses ran over a poor little boy! O mamma, mamma!'

'Is he hurt much coachman?' The woman's face is pale as ashes. 'Yes he is hurt badly. Take him right in, don't wait; carry him right in and up stairs. It was your carelessness. The child shall be attended to.

There is no anguish now. Perhaps God saw he had borne all he could, and so took the poor little broken heart there to heal.

How very white and quiet! 'O a sweet face, a sweet face!' murmured the woman bending over the boy; and tears fell upon his forehead, but he did not feel them.

'O the poor little boy!' Sobs Nelly; 'the poor little boy! I wish he had kept on the sidewalk; I wish he had stayed home with his mother.'

Alas, in this world there was no mother to keep him.

The doctor came, said he was not dead, but would very likely die. There was a hospital near. The poor thing had better be sent there. But the good woman would not allow that. She would care for him herself, she said. He had been injured by one of her horses, and she felt it was her duty to attend to him. Besides, it was likely that the child had no mother. Such a boy as he, with his face so sweet and girlish, so pure and lovable would never be sent on the streets like that if he had a mother. Besides (and here tears fell) there was a little mound not yet green over just such a child. No, no, it was not in her heart to put the poor wounded boy away Let him stay whether he lived or died.

The weary, weary days passed on. One morning the little boy opened his dim blue eyes, but he did not know himself.—His glance fell wearily on his hands. There were white bands around his wrists, with ruffles on them. The bed was snowy white, too, and a crimson white fell over everything.

'Dear God! I am in heaven,' murmured the child. 'Yes, God will take care of me now.'

What visions of loveliness glance l forth from the shadow behind the bed. The rich curls fell around a face of exquisite beauty. The beaming eyes looked love and gladness upon him.

'O yes! there is an angel!' he said softly. 'I am glad. They won't knock me over again, they won't make me steal apples here, and perhaps I shall never die again. Now, I want to see my mother.

'My dear boy, are you better this morning?' asked a low soft voice.

He turned slowly and wearily.

'Is it mother?' he murmured.

'O yes!' and there were quick sobs and tears; 'yes my little child, I will be your mother, and you shall be my son. Will love me dearly?'

'Yes, I do love you mother, is it heaven?'

'Heaven! no, darling it is earth; but God sent you here to our hearts, and you shall be loved and cared for. See, here is a little sister, and you will be very happy with her. Kiss him, Nelly.'

Her rosy lips touched his pale ones, and a heavenly smile lighted up in his face. The past was not forgotten, but it was gone. No more mouldy crusts, oaths, harsh words and blows. No more begging at basement doors and looking half famished to envy a dog knawing a bone in the streets. No more fear of rude children who never knew where their own hearts lay, no more sleeping on doorsteps, and listening in terror to the drunken quarrels of the vicious and depraved.

Yes, the past was gone, and in the rosy future were love, home, even God and the angels. Certainly, sweet spirits had guarded that child, and guided him out of securing evil into positive good. Surely, henceforth he would put his hand trustfully in theirs, and turn his face Heavenward. Yes, it was so to be. The dear, teachable child—a jewel picked from the mire, a brand snatched from the burning was yet to illumine the dark pathes of this world with his holy, Heaven-like teaching. Like a dove he was to go forth over the waters, and find the olive branch with which to garland his glad tidings. Blessing, then, on all who hold their arms out towards needy little children making their homes arks of refuge. Beautiful stars shall they have in their crowns of rejoicing, for surely there is no jewel brighter in all the world, and perhaps in all eternity, than the soul of a little child.

SWEAR THEM.—The New York *Herald*, referring to the refusal of the clergy of Nashville, Tenn., to take the oath of allegiance, says:

As a companion piece to this refusal of clerical secessionists to take the oath, we should very much like to see the clerical abolitionists here at the North obliged to swear to support the Constitution. Governor Morgan or Gen. Morris, the military commandant of New York city and vicinity should attend to this matter at once, and haul up Cheever, Beecher and other abolition clergymen immediately. These men have denounced, ridiculed, hated, assailed and trampled upon the Constitution, and have blasphemed it by calling it "a covenant with death and a league with hell." Let us see if they will swear to support and defend such an instrument. Who believes that they will? And yet if they will not, in what are they better than the rebel parsons? Come here is the touchstone of loyalty. Let it be applied. These Abolitionists have served the Devil in God's livery, and preached treason from God's pulpits long enough. They should now be obliged to change either their opinions or their calling.

"WHY DON'T YOU GO!—The following which we take from the Cincinnati *Commercial*, is too good to be lost. It is not only witty, but slightly sarcastic:

The Resort Courteous.—A Fourth street merchant said to his hired man the other day:

"Here, Patrick, here's fifty dollars; now go and enlist in some good regiment, right away; enlist in some regiment, I don't care what one it is."

"I'm obliged to you, but I should rather be excused," said Patrick: "Here's a hundred dollars," pulling the roll out of his pocket, "here's a hundred dollars, if *you'll* enlist in some good regiment."

SINGULAR AND SUDDEN DEATH.—George Bell, a well known butcher in this city, died suddenly this morning under the following singular circumstances: Some time during yesterday afternoon he was engaged in skinning a cow, which had died of some unknown disease. While thus engaged he was bitten on the arm by a fly which had been feeding on the carcass. The bite excited no attention at the time, but soon Mr. Bell's arm began to swell and inflame, and became very painful. The swelling rapidly extended to all parts of the body, and at an early hour this morning Mr. Bell died in great agony.—*New Albany (Ind.) Ledger.*

A SOULLESS MAN.—An Iowa orator wishing to describe his opponent as a soulless man, said: "I have heard that some persons hold the opinion that, just at the precise moment after one human being dies, another is born, and the soul enters and animates the new born babe. Now I have made particular and extensive inquiries concerning my opponent *thar*, and I find that, for some hours before he drew breath, nobody died. Fellow-citizens, I will leave you to draw your own inferences."

A NEGRO PROPOSITION TO GUARD PRISONERS.—Gov. Tod, of Ohio, having refused the services of colored volunteers, the colored men of Cleveland and Cuyahoga counties have made him an offer to raise some regiments to guard the Confederate prisoners at Camp Chase and Sandusky, and thus relieve two regiments of well drilled soldiers for service in the field.—The Governor, however, declined the proposition.

ADDRESS OF THE STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

At the meeting of the Democratic State Central Committee, held the 29th ult., the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Chairman call upon the loyal men of Pennsylvania, through the Democratic Standing Committees of the several counties, to meet in the several cities and towns of the State, at such places as shall be designated by the said Standing Committees respectively, on the 17th of September next, to celebrate that day as the anniversary of the day of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States.

Pursuant to this resolution, I call upon the Democratic Standing Committees respectfully in the several cities and counties of Pennsylvania to request the Democrats and all the other loyal citizens to convene in mass meetings at such places and at such hours as they respectively may designate, on the 17th of September next, to commemorate the adoption of the Constitution of the United States of America.

Since the 17th of September, 1787, there has been no period in the history of America when it was so eminently fitting and important as the present to bring to the attention of the American people, great fundamental principles, which must underlie any Government where civil and religious liberty exist, and especially those that underlie the Government of this Union—a Union which rests for its foundation upon that Constitution which affirms and proposes to make sacred and perpetual those principles. That Constitution and that Union "one and inseparable"—are now assailed by foes throughout the whole land; by Secessionists in the South and by Abolitionists in the North. The former by a bold, organized, armed movement, strike directly and avowedly at the whole sovereignty and existence of our Constitutional Government. The latter by equally direct efforts but from under the cloak of recently declared friendship and patriotism, are seeking to thrust their traitorous stilettos into the hearts blood of the nation

The people of this land are the source of all power. They made Constitutions, and they can, and, (unless they would become the victims of despotism or anarchy) must uphold them. The great fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty asserted in the American Constitution are essential to secure us in the enjoyment of life and property, and in the pursuit of happiness. Among these are "the freedom of speech and of the Press," "the right of the people peaceable to assemble," "the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures," that "no warrant shall issue but upon probable cause supported by oath or affirmation;" "that no person shall be held to answer for a capital or other infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land and naval forces, or in the militia when in actual service in time of war or public danger;" that no citizen shall "be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law," that "in all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State or District where the crime shall have been committed, which District shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation, to be confronted with the witnesses against him, to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense." That the powers not delegated to the United States, by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States, respectively, or to the people."

Among "the powers not delegated to the United States" but "reserved to the States respectively or to the people," is the right to hold elections and to determine upon and fix the qualifications of voters. With the people of Pennsylvania this great right is fixed by the Constitution of the State, and no power but that Constitution, and laws enacted in pursuance thereof, can prohibit the exercise of, or limit or restrain that right—a right most inestimable to our people, and "formidable to tyrants only."

Fellow countrymen, on the coming anniversary of the day of the adoption of the American Constitution, in the exercise of "the right of the people peaceably to assemble," let us all solemnly and reverently, in the face of all men and before Heaven, declare our firm determination "to pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honors," "to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." Let us afford to President Lincoln the most indubitable evidence that, in the observance of his oath of office to do the same thing, we will uphold and support him, just as readily as we have already shown him that in filling up from our ranks the great bulk of the army, now and heretofore in the field, we have always been ready at whatever sacrifice to strike down open and armed defiance to the execution of the laws and to the sovereignty of the Government. As Democrats, and as therefore loyal men, we can know no other principle of political action, but to uphold the Government and obey the laws; and that the best evidence of our firm purpose to do so is, that as a part of the people, we will demand the maintenance of the Constitution in all its parts and the preservation of the Union in its perfect integrity, and that we will hold all men, North as well as South, who assail our Constitution, in whole or in part, as disloyal men, and the enemies of the Union of these States. President Lincoln, in his inaugural address, quoting the entire provision in the Constitution of the United States, relative to the return of fugitives from labor from any State, truly said that he found that provision "as plainly written in the Constitution as any other;" and in the same address he justly declared, "I have no purpose directly or indirectly to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so." Yet the abolitionists of the North are to-day bringing to bear upon President Lincoln a fearful pressure to induce him to exert all the power which his official position in present circumstances affords, to act counter to this plain provision in the Constitution and to his own pledge to the American people. This pressure has been so great that the President, in his high position, was induced to appeal to the Union loving Congressmen from the Border Slave States for relief.—Let the whole loyal people of the State of Pennsylvania come forward in mass meetings, and with one patriotic and determined voice give assurance to President Lincoln of that relief which he seeks. Let us assure him that the only relief he can ever obtain is from the loyal masses, numbering at least 300,000 men in Pennsylvania alone, who are firmly resolved that as they are the source of all power, and *are* the supreme power in the land, they intend to "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States," against all its foes, whether Abolitionists or Secessionists.

Come fellow-countrymen, as you value the great principles of the Constitution—as you love the Union of these States—as you would avert despotism or anarchy—as it is your right to defend the Constitution against all its foes, and as you have the power to do so, devote the 17th of September next to such demonstrations of the popular heart as will give moral support to all the friends of the country and serve to guide the policy of the officers of the government in opposition to deadly and fatal counsels. I need not add the counsels which the abolitionists seek to give. Next to the possession of our constitutional rights, we should strive to secure the most thorough observance of order, and the personal rights of every citizen. Our enemies seek to impute to us a willingness to produce a collision of forces. If, by this, is meant merely a determination to have our rights under the Constitution, at whatever sacrifice, let us assure them that while we feel that to surrender these rights would degrade our manhood, and, therefore, no such surrender ever will be made, yet as good citizens we will yield everything but our honor and these rights to avert such collision.—We will appeal to, we have the right to expect, and I trust and hope, yea, believe, we shall have the help of the officers of Government to aid us in preventing our rights and averting such collision. Let us show these enemies that we well understand the baseness of the hearts that, determined upon monstrous wrong, would persist in such wrong, and impute direful catastrophies which they may thus occasion to the friends of the Constitution—of the laws, and therefore of the preservation of perfect order. Standing up as we do, only to resist aggression upon our rights, upon the heads of the aggressors must be the responsibility of any consequences of evil. But, which may—you, my countrymen, and the officers of the Government co-operating, guided by kind Heaven—avert.

F. W. HUGHES,
Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee.

Philadelphia, August 14, 1862.

Not a Word.

Has the Republican press had a word to say against Wendell Phillips, who publicly boasted that he had been engaged for nineteen years in the work of destroying the Union?

Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against Vice President Hamlin, who knowing Phillips' treasonable sentiments, publicly left the Speaker's chair, in the United States Senate, and almost embraced him on the floor of that body?

Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against Senator Wade, who declared publicly in the Senate, that "the man who prates about the Constitution in this great crisis, is a traitor?"

Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against Representative Bingham, who said in the House only a month ago, "Who in the name of Heaven wants the Cotton States, or any other State this side of perdition, to remain in the Union, if slavery is to continue?"

Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against Thaddeus Stevens, who recently said in Congress that he "was not for the restoration of the Union, if slavery is preserved?"

Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against any of the fanatics who declared "the Constitution a league with hell," and the "Union a covenant with the devil?"

Not a word!

Had it a word to say against any of its friends who have plundered the treasury in one year of a greater sum than the yearly current expenses of Mr. Buchanan's administration.

Not a word!—*Lebanon Advertiser.*

OPPOSED TO THE DARKIES.—The following provisions in the new Constitution, for Illinois have been adopted by a large majority:

No negro or mulatto shall migrate to or settle in this State (of Illinois) after the adoption of this Constitution.

No negro or mulatto shall have the right of suffrage, or hold any office in this State.

The General Assembly shall pass all laws necessary to carry into effect the provisions of this article.

FROM GEN. POPE'S ARMY.

THE BATTLE of CEDAR MOUNTAIN

The following extracts of a private letter (dated 12th instant) from a member of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, Hartsuff's brigade, give interesting details of the battle at Cedar Mountain. We find them in the New York *Post*.—*Baltimore Sun.*

SEVERE FIGHTING.

Crawford's brigade, in our division, stationed in the centre, fought like tigers and were dreadfully used up. They advanced through a wood, emerged from it, and crossed an immense field under a very heavy fire from forces far superior in numbers. After they were cut to pieces our brigade was ordered up. We went thro' the same wood, but more to the right, and came out into the same broad field.—The first thing I noticed on coming out of the wood was the immense number of bodies lying about the field, and then I saw a long line of rebel battalions, drawn up opposite, almost concealed by the fire from their pieces. The Second Massachusetts, the Third Wisconsin and Twenty-seventh Indiana were placed in the edge of the wood, behind a snake fence. I could not see what went on in the other regiments. Our men were ordered to lie down until the enemy came nearer; almost all the officers kept on their feet though.

SEVERE LOSSES.

After awhile the rebels got us under a cross fire, and our brigade had to retreat. The rebels advanced so close to the Second Massachusetts before the latter gave way that it was easy to distinguish all their features. We lost most at this time, but also inflicted a heavy loss on the regiments opposed to us. Four hundred and seventy four enlisted men were taken into action in the Second. Of these one hundred and twenty were killed and wounded and thirty seven missing. We were not under fire more than thirty minutes.—Twenty-two officers went in, and eight came out—five were killed, five wounded and four captured, three of whom are thought to be wounded. It is supposed that Captain Russel tried to take care of Major Savage, who was wounded and taken prisoner.

All our officers behaved nobly. Those who ought to have staid away wouldn't. Goodwin, Cary, Choate and Stephen Perkins were all quite ill, but would not stay away from the fight. Choate is the only one of the four not killed. Goodwin could not keep up with the regiment, but I saw him toiling up the hill some distance behind, with the assistance of his servant.—He had hardly reached the front when he was killed. It was splendid to see the sick fellows walk right up into that shower of bullets as if it were so much rain.

SCENES ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

Yesterday I went over the battle field with the General. The first man I recognized was Cary. He was lying on his back with his head on a piece of wood. He looked calm and peaceful as if he was merely asleep. His face was beautiful, and I could have stood and looked at it for a long while. Next we found Captain Williams, then Goodwin, Abbot and Perkins. They had probably been killed almost instantly, while Cary lived until 2 p. m. of the day after the fight. His first sergeant was shot in the leg, and lay by him all the time. He says he was very quiet, spoke little, and did'nt seem to suffer. We found a dipper of water which some rebel soldier had brought. They took everything from him after he died, but returned a ring and locket with his wife's miniature to the sergeant.

All these five were superior men. Every one in the regiment was their friend. It was a sad day to us when they were brought in dead and they cannot be replaced. It is hard to believe that we shall never see them again, after having been continually together for more than a year. I don't remember a single quarrel of any importance among our officers during all that time. Gordon's brigade was kept together and remained in position all night and the next day. Troops have been coming in pretty fast since the fight, and we have a strong position. There is a growing confidence in Pope.

Union Troops Ready for an Advance.—The Confederate troops still pouring into Gordonsville.

The *N. Y. Times* has the following:

Washington, Aug. 18.—One of the special correspondents of the Times has just arrived here from Culpepper. He reports everything ready for the advance of the army. Stirring news is anticipated in a day or two. The whole army, with the exception of Gen. Banks' corps, were encamped along the Rapidan. The men are in the best spirits and impatient for the advance.

A contraband, who formerly belonged to an officer on Jackson's staff, came within our lines yesterday. He represents the rebel loss in the late engagement at Cedar Mountain at 3,000. Some of the rebel officers, he says, estimate it at even a higher figure. He also confirms the statement that the rebels are pouring troops into Gordonsville. He estimates the number there at 100,000. They have their best troops at that point. They confess that if they lose the coming battle Richmond will fall into the hands of Pope. Desperate exertions will therefore be made to maintain their position at Gordonsville.

A number more of the dead rebels were found in the woods near the Rapidan yesterday. They were buried by our own troops.

DONATION.—The Cumberland Co., (Pa.) Agricultural Society on Saturday donated $500 to the society in Washington for the relief of sick and wounded Pennsylvania soldiers.