

Clearfield Republican.

D. W. MOORE,
G. B. GOODLANDER, Editors.

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

BACK AGAIN AT THE OLD CAMP,
May 7th, 1863.

MY DEAR JANE:—I had intended to give you a detailed account of our campaign of the last nine days—which seems to be hardly as many hours—but the fact of us having marching orders now, and not being in camp long enough to recruit our wasted energies, I must merely state that we heard much and saw but little, and are perfectly satisfied that rebels fight with terrible desperation for a cause which they consider as pure and holy as that for which our ancestors fought the haughty Briton in the great American Revolution of former days.

We left our camp on the 28th ultimo, and returned to it about noon to-day, and are now to take up our line of march again at 5 o'clock this evening. We had a hard and tiresome march from below Frederickburg to the pontoon crossing on the right wing of this army, a distance of about twenty miles—with heavy knapsacks, hot weather and sandy roads. We got there and got our position assigned us at 3 o'clock on Sunday morning the 3rd inst., and there waited for daylight to come so the ball would open; at last it came, and with it came the heavy boom of cannon and the terrific crash of musketry. Such desperate fighting has not been surpassed in any of the battles of this war, so our soldiers tell us. I would try a description of it if I had the power to make even a faint resemblance to the terrifying scene. We laid on the field on the night of the battle, and the corps next to us was engaged. The firing occasionally would slacken and the artillery would entirely cease; we would then soon hear the terrible and shrill cheer of the charging party as they advanced on the rifle pits of their opponents, when they came within short range such volleys of musketry, grape and canister as swept across that field was enough to make the heart of the bravest brave beat quick with excitement. In this terrible suspense we were compelled to lay for the whole of that memorable day, expecting every moment to be led up to the relief of our dying comrades. But that day and the one following, and the next were away and the elements seemed to decide the contest by rendering the road impassable for our trains. We therefore left our position at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 6th, and marched with a silent quickstep toward the river, where we encamped a little after daylight. There was a host of people there and arriving when we got there, it looked as though we might be able to compete with any army that was ever raised, and recorded in history. But as the Spartan band of three hundred checked the progress of the millions under Xerxes, so did the rebels check the progress of the invincible Hooker. Well, we hurried on, through the rain and mud, sliding, plunging and wading through a villainous compound of mud and water, till many of the boys sank down exhausted by the roadside; still we toiled on till late at night amidst a most terrific thunderstorm. We lost our way and sought protection through the woods and seeking deserted camps—for houses were out of the question—all the beautiful farms and nice houses that adorned the banks of the Rappahannock last year are consumed or destroyed by the ruthless hand of the warrior. I got in an old brigade headquarters and found plenty of good wood, where we built a fire and dried ourselves as best we could.

Ben was nearly gone up, he could hardly walk; and he said if I had not found some quarters for us he would have died. Our Captain too, was very weak, and had been so during the whole march, but still he crawled along. But there is no need to name individuals, for we all suffered much and feel to day as though we were "played out soldiers." But what makes this thing look worse is the fact that there was no use in doing it, for we might as well have stayed along the road, as to have tried to march back here to our old camp.

But field officers know but little what the private soldier endures while carrying his knapsack,—that is, his whole available property—house, wardrobe and kitchen furniture; and they seem to care as little as they know. A circumstance illustrative of the first-mentioned fact transpired while the trains were recrossing the pontoon; the rain was falling in torrents and the night was dark and cold, when the trains first began crossing a few soldiers were shivering on the bank of the river, where there was no fire to be had; they asked the officer in charge of the pontoon to let them over the river to get some fire in the woods on this side that had been built by the engineer corps. But he would not let them cross; yet he immediately after called for the contractors to come forward, and cross in front of the wagons. Some soldiers attempted to cross on their own, when the guard was ordered to bayonet the first one that attempted to cross. Ben says when he saw that he cursed the war and its supporters, and would have damned them to the lowest regions if his prayers could have been answered.

Ben has not much respect for "what are here called 'superior officers.'" He looks on a man who is less intelligent and humane than himself as being his inferior, no matter what his rank may be; and last night, after we got our fire built a lieutenant of the 150th came up to warm and stay with us; so when we wanted to lay some brush down on the wet ground to lay on, so as to get some sleep, the lieutenant was sitting where we wished to make our bed. Ben told him to get up, he seemed to hesitate, but Ben told him to "git, for that was our fire;" he then obeyed, but seemed to think that Ben was rather bluff. So this morning while I was getting some coffee, the officer and I got talking politics and discussing the late

battle, he said that we killed ten to their one. I told him that that might do to tell people that didn't know better, etc.; well, we got on the general principles of the war and its conduct, and of course Gen. McClellan came into consideration, and the impudent little Abolitionist squint said "McClellan was either a traitor or a coward." Ben could hold no longer, and said it was a lie! The officer began to open his great coat and find the way to speak to him that way. Ben said "he did not care, for it was a d—d lie, and the man that said it was a liar, and ought to be kicked." I looked for a little fuss, but lost no time in making up my mind to pin the villain to the ground with my bayonet if he attempted to shoot, and probably my looks betrayed my intention; for the little pimp cooled his patriotic zeal for his master Greeley, and found some adjustment about his coffee necessary that required his immediate attention. This same officer was previously boasting about his coolness and bravery in time of danger, and said he was sleeping all day on Sunday when the battle was raging so fiercely. Ben took occasion to tell him that that was about the amount of interest he felt in the cause of the Union—so he got the one hundred dollars per month and had but little duty to do he was perfectly willing to let the battle rage, and the war to continue so he was not exposed to danger and continue to draw pay.—The fellow began to think he was getting in bad company and dropped the conversation as soon as possible.

The time is soon up now to start again on our march and I am sleepy, and should have been sleeping instead of writing, were it not for the interest I know you feel in our condition. Ben is lying on the bunk asleep and all is quiet in camp, the boys are drowsy and tired.

Isaac Smith was in the fight and came out safe. Only two of Co. K, boys, 84th Regiment, are left. Some were killed, some wounded and some taken prisoners. Isaac did not know those that were left.

George Lozire, Perry Kriss, Geo. Miller and two other boys of our company were left behind on picket duty and have not come up yet; I am a little anxious for their safety, but hope for the best.

WM. CARR.

The Devil's Choicest Servants.

The Devil, as is his custom once year, held an examination to see which of his puppets had labored most faithfully in his service. Calling them together, he questioned them as to what they had performed.

"I," said one, "raised a mighty whirlwind, which blew the sands of the desert upon a caravan of Christian pilgrims, and they all perished."

"Pooh!" said the Devil, "what of that? Their souls were all saved!"

"I," said another, "sunk a ship loaded with Christians, and they were all lost."

"But their souls were all saved, so that did me no good," replied the Devil, contentedly.

"Well," said a third, "in that part of America from which your majesty has often regretted receiving so few subjects, I, by good management, have succeeded in having one of your majesty's particular friends appointed ruler, which was no sooner effected than he adroitly set the inhabitants by the ears fighting over a question, which he told them at the time, 'would still remain the same, after years of bloodshed!'"

"That's better," cried the Devil, "and if it can be kept up, as you say, that country will yet afford us a good crop."

"And I," said a fourth, "have not been idle in that part of the world. I have cultivated the most intimate acquaintance with many of their divines, and have persuaded them to drop the Bible and take up war politics, and they are having a vast influence among the circles which have been wont to look to them for advice."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Devil, "you are the smartest imp of them all, and shall have the highest place in my favor. I see that I shall have no cause to complain of that country being unproductive to my kingdom hereafter."—*Newark Journal.*

PORTRAIT OF A CONTRACTOR.—Greely's laudatory sketch, or true portrait rather, of a swindling Government contractor, is a fine piece of humor, and if it were not too sorrowfully true, might well excite "unextinguishable laughter."

If we had the artist's hand and eye necessary for the purpose and equal to it, we should like to model a contractor of the contractor species; and to lecture upon this lay-figure through the tax-paying cities and hamlets of the North. The face should be of brass moulded from guns long since burst; the heart of iron made from bits of unserviceable mortars; the paunch should be stuffed with rusty pork and mouldy bread; but the feet should be of pure treasury gold; around the shoulders we would drape a piece of canvas cut from a discarded tent; upon the legs we would put a pair of shoddy inexpressibles; in the hand we would place a pistol dangerous only to the user; while shoes with paper soles should guard the golden feet;—the whole to be placed for the admiration of a tax-ridden community, upon a chair constructed from the timber of some condemned transport, bought for a great price and not worth a little one.—We appeal to P. T. Barnum, Esq., the great patriarch of showmen, if that figure would not draw at twenty-five cents, with reserved seats at fifty.

There is something like enchantment in the very sound of youth, and the calmest heart, at every season of life beats its double time to it.—*Janitor.*

The Latest Raving of Abolitionism.

Theodore Tilton, the melancholy appendix to Beecher's *Independent*, insults public morals by openly recommending amalgamation between the negroes and the whites. As a matter of logic, this is, no doubt, the last consequence of the Abolition doctrine, as it is now carried out by its apostles under the auspices of the Administration. But Mr. Tilton says: "It is not the black blood which must be infused into white veins; but white blood which must be infused into the blacks." How this one may be done and the other prevented, is a matter of physiological research, of which Mr. Tilton alone seems to possess the secret. If he intends to effect this by intermarriages, then it is clear that he does not consider the happiness of the parties immediately interested, but simply the new variety which is to spring from such unnatural connections. Marriages to be happy, and to result in the proper education of the children, must be assorted in regard to temper and disposition, as well as to the social standing and education of the parties. These things the philosophers of the black school entirely ignore; they would degrade our own women to elevate the negro, and to renew an experiment which has failed during a period of five thousand years.

"We have absorbed the great Irish race, we absorb the great German race, why not also the great Negro race?" exclaims Mr. Tilton. You have not absorbed the great Irish race, and you are far from absorbing the great German race, though you exhibit as great an ignorance on the subject of absorption as any negro on a Southern plantation. Races have never been absorbed in history; on the contrary, you can trace them after thousands of years, even when they have sprung from the same parent Caucasian or Mongolian stock. Any civilized nation can absorb a number of individuals, or even families; but not a whole race. If 100,000 or 200,000 Germans emigrate annually to the United States, and scatter over the whole surface of the country, they may be absorbed by marriage, and their individual characteristics gradually extinguished; but where they have settled in considerable numbers they have retained their peculiar characteristics, their industrious habits, their frugality, and even their language. Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, in short, all the Western States can furnish proof of this assertion. And if the Irish settled in masses, like the Germans, the same would hold of them. But they prefer remaining in the large cities, where, by their familiarity with the language, they find more ready employment and means of distinguishing themselves in all the learned professions. That even there they form powerful associations, has been so repeatedly demonstrated, that the preachers of the doctrine of absorption will have to wait for some centuries before they can accomplish the job. The French have not yet absorbed the Alsatians, though they intermarry with them, and hold them politically for more than two hundred years; neither have the Austrians absorbed the Magyars, or the Spaniards the Sicilians, or the English the Scotch, with whom they are now united for more than one hundred and fifty years. The Russians have in like manner failed to absorb the Poles, and have not succeeded even in absorbing the Finlanders! The Abolitionists may boast of their numbers; but we defy them and their descendants, whether white or colored, to absorb four millions of negroes.

"The truth is," says Mr. Tilton, "in an ecstasy of nonsense, 'the negro is in every way equal to the white man, is he not superior to him in many respects?'"

That the negro is superior to many a white man we readily admit, after reading Mr. Tilton's learned dissertation; but that the average negro is equal to the average white man, is an unblushing falsehood.

Professor Moleschott, the first physiologist of Europe, and a man who is neither influenced by abolition nor by pro-slavery sentiments, has proven by actual experiments that the brain of the negro contains less phosphorus than that of the white man, and that the average quantity of his brain is less than that of the white man by two ounces. Historically, the negro appears entangled with the white race from the remotest antiquity to the present time; yet nowhere do we see even an independent imitation of the civilization of the Greeks, Romans, Phoenicians, Portuguese, Spaniards, French, or English in any negro tribe. Out of themselves they have produced nothing—not an idea to enrich mankind. But the Abolitionist cries: "Give them the same education as to the whites!" To which we answer: Who has educated the Caucasian race? Who has taught the Mongolians in China and Japan? *Ex nihilo, nihil fit.*—And after all these failures for a period of five thousand years, comes the great Abolition lecturer of New York, and recommends amalgamation. Such are the aberrations of the human mind! Why not send Mr. Tilton South, to practice harmlessly on his favorite theory, without offending the moral sentiment of the people of the North, and insulting our wives and daughters?—*Philad. Age.*

A WIDOW'S USE OF THUNDER.—Every time a storm came on she would run into Mr. Smith's house (he was a widower) and clasp her little hands and fly around till the man was half-distracted for fear she would be killed, and the consequence was she was Mrs. John Smith before three thunder storms rattled over her head.

The celebrated horse, Ethan Allen, has been purchased by Frank Baker, of San Francisco, for \$16,000. It is said that the horse has lost somewhat in reputation of late, but Mr. Baker's sixteen thousand reasons on the other side ought to be taken as conclusive.

Vallandigham Meeting in New York.

The New York papers of yesterday contain long accounts of a public meeting held at Union Square, in that city, on Monday evening, to sympathize with Mr. Vallandigham, and to "denounce his recent arrest, trial and imprisonment." The papers differ very widely in their estimate of the number of persons present. The Herald says it was among the largest public meetings held in the city during the war; the World claims that the attendance numbered 25,000, while the Tribune says 5,000, and the Times only 3,000. The New York Sun says:

The meeting was large, probably six or eight thousand persons in all, and a majority of those constituting it seemed to be in rapport with the most ultra sentiments of the speakers in their denunciations of President Lincoln and of Judge Leavitt, who refused the writ of habeas corpus to Mr. Vallandigham. The meeting had the usual accompaniments of public assemblages, music, police and calcium lights, and there was not as much expressed sympathy for secession as perhaps some persons anticipated. All the speakers condemned the mode of conducting the war—all wished the Union restored, and most of them held that the South would come back readily if men in power were democrats in whom the South could have confidence that there would no longer be a purpose to rob them of their property in slaves.

There was speaking from four different stands, one among the speakers were the Hon. Eli P. Norton, Prof. Mason, G. Gunther, J. A. McManis, Judge McCann, Dr. Merkle, Judge Birdsall, Capt. Rynders, Col. R. D. Gorman and others. Letters of sympathy were read from A. Oakley Hall, Richard O'Gorman, C. Ingersoll, F. O. J. Smith and others. The following resolutions were adopted by the meeting:

"Whereas within a State where the courts of law are open and their process unimpeded, soldiers under the command of officers of the United States army have broken into the residence and forcibly abducted from his home the Hon. Clement L. Vallandigham; and whereas a body of men styled a military commission have arraigned before them and tried the said Hon. C. L. Vallandigham, a civilian and eminent public man, for words spoken in the discussion of public questions, before an assemblage of fellow-citizens, and whereas the said military commission have sentenced him to a punishment as yet unknown, but which is to be announced in some military order to be promulgated hereafter; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the citizens of New York here assembled, denounce the arrest of Hon. C. L. Vallandigham and his trial and sentence by a military commission as a startling outrage on the hitherto sacred rights of American citizenship.

Resolved, That the exigencies of civil war require the fullest and freest discussion of public questions by the American people, to the end that their temporary public servants may not forget that they are the creatures of the public will, and must respect the obligations and duties imposed upon them by the constitution of their country, which is the authentic, solemn expression of that will; and that whenever, upon the orders of military commanders, and from fear of their spies and informers, American citizens not in the military service shall fail to approve or disapprove measures of public policy, to denounce or applaud the commander in chief and to advocate peace or war, as their judgments may dictate, they have ceased to be freemen and have already become slaves.

Resolved, That we reverently cherish that great body of constitutions, laws, precedents and traditions which constitute us a free people, and that we hold those who designedly and persistently violate them as public enemies.

Resolved, That we are devotedly attached to the Union of these States, and can see nothing but calamity and weakness in its disruption, and shall continue to advocate whatever policy we believe will result in the restoration of that Union.

Resolved, That at a time when our fellow-citizens are falling by thousands upon the battle-field, and human carnage has become familiar, we employ the Federal authorities not to adopt the fatal error that a system of imprisonment and terrorism will subjugate the minds and stifle the voices of the American people.

Resolved, That we call upon the Governor of the State of New York, and all others in authority to save us from the humiliation and peril of the arrest and trial before military commissions of citizens whose only crime shall be the exercise of a right without which life is intolerable and republican citizenship is a false name and a false pretense.

Resolved, That the refusal of the judge of the district within which the Hon. C. L. Vallandigham is incarcerated, to grant a writ of habeas corpus is, in itself, a nullification of the Constitution, and an infamous outrage upon the clearly defined rights of the citizen.

Resolved, That we fully and heartily endorse the language of our noble and truly patriotic Governor addressed to the meeting assembled at Albany on Saturday, the 6th instant, that the arbitrary arrest and imprisonment of Mr. Vallandigham is 'an act which has brought dishonor upon our country, which is full of danger to our persons and homes, and which bears upon its front a conscious violation of law and justice.'

Resolved, That while fully and heartily endorsing the manly and outspoken sentiments of the Governor of New York, we shall do all in our power to sustain him in his determination to preserve inviolate the sovereignty of our State and the rights of its people against Federal encroachments and usurpations.

Gov. Seymour's Letter to the Vallandigham Meeting.

ALBANY, May 17.—The following is the letter of Governor Seymour to the Vallandigham meeting last night:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, May 16.
I CANNOT attend the meeting at the Capitol this evening, but I wish to state my opinion in regard to the arrest of Mr. Vallandigham. It is an act which has brought dishonor upon our country. It is full of danger to our persons and our homes. It bears upon its front a conscious violation of law and justice. Acting upon the evidence of detailed informers, shrinking from the light of day, in the darkness of night, armed men violated the house of an American citizen and furtively bore him away to military trial, conducted without those safeguards known to the proceedings of our judicial tribunals. The transaction involved a series of offenses against our most sacred rights. It interfered with the freedom of speech; it molested our rights to be secure in our homes against unreasonable searches and seizures; it pronounced sentences without trial, save one which was a mockery, which insulted as well as wronged. The perpetrators now seek to impose punishment, not for an offense against law, but for the disregard of an invalid order, put forth in the utter disregard of the principles of civil liberty. If this proceeding is approved by the Government, and sustained by the people, it is not merely a step toward revolution—it is revolution; it will not only lead to military despotism—it establishes military despotism. In this aspect it must be accepted, or in this aspect rejected. If it is upheld, our liberties are overthrown, the safety of our persons, security of our property, will hereafter depend upon the arbitrary will of such military rulers as may be placed over us, while our constitutional guarantees will be broken down. Even now the Governors and Courts of some of the Western States have sunk into insignificance before the despotic powers claimed and exercised by military men who have been sent into their borders. It is a fearful thing to increase the danger, which now overhangs us by treating the law, the judiciary, and the State authorities with contempt. The people of this country now wait with the deepest anxiety the decision of the Administration upon these acts. Having given it a generous support in the conduct of the war, we pause to see what kind of Government it is for which we are asked to pour out our blood and our treasures. The action of the Administration will determine in the minds of more than one-half of the people of the loyal States whether this war is waged to put down rebellion at the South or to destroy the free institutions at the North. We look for its decision with most solemn solicitude.

(Signed) HORATIO SEYMOUR.

Figures do not Lie.
The *Tribune* says Lee's army at the time he crossed to give him battle only counted 50,000 men. The *Times* says Hooker's army at the same time numbered 159,300 men. It thus appears that with more than three times Lee's army Hooker was unable to whip him in the first fight, and unable to do it with twice and a half his number of men after he got his reinforcements.

According to the statements of the *Tribune* and *Times*, Hooker's loss in killed and wounded, in the several battles, amounted to only 12,000 to 15,000, which, with the prisoners captured by the enemy, numbering five or six thousand more, would make the total loss from 23,000 to 24,000. Lee it is stated by the same authorities, lost more than Hooker did, or about 30,000 men—exceeding half his original force. He could not have been reinforced by more than 10,000 to 15,000 men. That would leave his whole force after his losses—including the loss of Gen. Jackson, who was a host in himself—from 30,000 to 40,000 men. Before this small force Hooker retreated with an army which after all his losses, still numbered 159,000 men, or about four to one of the enemy. So much for the generalship and fighting qualities of the new Napoleon.—*New York Herald.*

APPOINTED CLERK.—Thomas Brown, a brother of "old John Brown," the hero of the Harper's Ferry massacre, has been appointed to a \$2,000 clerkship in the Treasury Department, he having become tired of the army and resigned.—*Washington paper.*

We think the Browns (the sons and brothers of "old John") are now provided for, all of them having been quartered upon the Government at very snug salaries. After "old John Brown" had made his murderous raid upon the women and children of Harper's Ferry, the Republicans or Abolitionists, began to think they had gone too far, and attempted to divest themselves of the responsibility of that act but no sooner were they in power than they exhibited the most marked affection for the Browns, and the favors of the Administration have been extended to them ever since. The John Brown raid was a portion of the plan adopted by the Abolitionists to involve our country in civil strife.—*Carlisle Volunteer.*

Golden Grains.
Every man is closely connected with his fellow man; nor should any distance of relationship enter into consideration where there is a common nature.

We often make life unhappy in wishing things to have turned out otherwise than they did, merely because that is possible to the imagination which is impossible in fact.

To ruminate upon evils, to make critical notes upon injuries, and to be too acute in their apprehensions; it to add on to our own tortures, to feither the arrows of our enemies, to lash ourselves with the scorpions our foes, and to resolve to sleep no more.

Girls, before you decide to accept a man as your companion for life, look well to his resentments. See if he hates anybody soundly. If so, you run a great risk in marrying him. A man who can hate well has not the qualities to make a good friend. A truly noble soul will not hate bitterly, even though deeply injured. He stands on too high a ground. He may be deeply hurt, and much displeased; he may avoid one he knows to be his enemy, but he does not harbor bitter hatred in his soul.

A noble mind is not always on the lookout for little offences, but takes good humoredly slight annoyances that are plenty enough in every one's pathway. Do not countenance a person who thinks to add to impotence by blustering at hotel servants, or railroad employees, whenever he feels it safe to do it. Instead of proving him a cosmopolitan, as he vainly thinks, his barking and snarling only show his affinity to a puppy. Do not marry a rowdy if he is ever so rich, hoping that your influence will reform him. See to it that he is well reformed before you take a step from which you can never recede while life lasts.

It is an excellent sign for a young man if he is kind and attentive to his mother and sisters. Such a one will be quite sure to make a kind husband. There is something kind and genial and worth loving in a young fellow that all the children run to, if they wish to ask a favor—one the little girls are not afraid to ask to carry them across the muddy streets—one the boys look to naturally help them out of trouble with "That plucky kite"—one who has a few minutes to spare from his work, to put up a swing that shall furnish weeks of enjoyment to the little folks.—Children are sharp observers of human nature, and depend upon it a young man that all the children like, has something about him worth liking, whether he wear homespun or broadcloth.—*Mothers Journal.*

It is related that one day last week a large, red faced woman, with a porter's load of expensive finery upon her person, entered the largest jewelry store in New York, and inquiring for diamonds, a magnificent assortment of rings, brooches, ear-rings, necklaces, &c., were selected before her. From these she selected three thousand five hundred dollars worth, which she requested might be sent to her house with the bill. The clerk would find her husband at home, she said, and he would pay for them. A pen and card were handed to her, and she was requested to write her address. She hesitated, her broad face turned from red to crimson, and finally, in great confusion, she made her mark (a big cross) on the card, and tossing it to the salesman, said: "That; I meant time to write, but I guess he'll know that." The illiterate queen of diamonds was a contractor's wife.

A young lady of high accomplishments, the family being without a servant at the time, stepped to the door on the ringing of the bell, which announced a visit from one of her admirers. On entering, the beau, glancing at the harp and piano, exclaimed: "I thought I heard music—on which instrument were you performing?" "On the gridiron, sir, with the accompaniment of the frying pan," replied she. "My mother is without a servant, and she says I must learn to finger those instruments sooner or later, so I have this day commenced a course of lessons."

THE GUNS OF THE REBELS.
The guns of this famous iron-clad now lie on South Commercial wharf, Charleston. They consist of two long eleven-inch columbiads, and will soon be mounted for our defense—valuable acquisitions no less than handsome trophies of the battle of Charleston harbor.—*Charleston Mercury.*

What we want to do—and what we must do if we are to succeed—is to crush the Rebellion by physical force.—*A. B. Ev. Journal.*

Has all reliance upon the Emancipation Proclamation been abandoned? We don't wish to earn a reputation for ferocity, but we can't resist the temptation to ask the question!

The Vicksburg *Whig* of the 21st ult., excuses its shortcomings thus: "We owe our readers an apology for the scarcity of reading matter in this morning's paper. The shells from the Yankee batteries across the river burst so close to our office yesterday that the printers could do but little work."

The famous Gen. McNeil, of Missouri, was accidentally wounded a few days ago by the discharge of a pistol, but not dangerously.

A MILITARY COMMISSION.—Major General Schenck has ordered a military commission to assemble in Wheeling, Va., for the trial of offenses against the United States.

Chancellorville is not a village but a fine and elegant residence, owned by two brothers named Chancellor, one of them a clergyman.

The farmer is a conqueror who wins victories upon important fields—at the point of the plough-share.

An immense Democratic mass meeting was held in New York on the 19th ultimo.

The man who moved an amendment injured his spine by the operation.

The child who cried for an hour didn't get it!

He who preaches war is a blasphemer for the devil.—*Heavenly Messenger.*