Clearfield Republican.

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

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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LETTER FROM PHILIPSBURG.

PHILIPSBURG, JULY 4th, 1863.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

DEAR SIRS—A letter was published in the *Raftsman's Journal* of July 1st, 1863, emanating from a small luminary of this village, styling himself "Leroi." I would not notice this letter were it not to give you a correct account of the military company which left this place on the 18th of June last. The personal slanders of Leroi are not worth noticing—considering the source from which they come—and as fanatics are hardly responsible for what they may say, I will not retaliate by abusing prominent citizens of his party.

This company or squad, was commanded by a person whom we will call Captain Black, of this place. Let us hear Leroi, he says, "But who were they that went?" I will admit you have told the truth once. They were all Abolitionists. Every man belonged to the black school, and they went; yes, sir, they went to war, with all its horrors and hardships staring them in the face. Their dauntless courage failed not. Many a tear stole down the cheeks of these valiant soldiers as they received the last fond embrace and lingering kiss, from their affectionate wives, or pressed, perhaps for the last time, to their sobbing breasts their little ones, who had just learned to lisp the words, by papa!—No wonder they were overpowered by their feelings. They were about to leave all they held dear, and exchange their happy homes for the field of battle. But they had made up their minds to respond to the Governor's call, and they were going, regardless of the dangers they had to encounter. "Brim full of wrath and cabbage," these sturdy soldiers took their leave of Philipsburg; revenge was prominent in every feature; their brows were knit; their teeth set; their loins girded for the deadly strife; their tread was firm and manly, and each one was fully armed with a brace of *quart* revolvers loaded to the nozzle with Jersey lightning; (no doubt presented by Leroi to keep up their courage) the trees of the forest bade them a silent adieu as they passed along, while the frogs in the gutter belched forth in trembling accents, "blood en nouns." Some say an intolerable stench followed the wagons as they passed along—caused, no doubt, by the drying up of the mudholes as this *fiery* phalanx passed over them. The locomotive at Sandy Ridge caught the infection, and snorted most vigorously; while the boiler almost collapsed with sympathy. The Big Fill is supposed to have sunk six inches as they passed over, and dirty water was seen to issue from the solid rocks!

It is not necessary to relate the hardships which these soldiers endured before they reached their destination—Bloody Run—ominous name! They arrived there in the evening, and after laying waste the neighboring hen-roosts and spring-houses (to prevent surprise,) they resigned themselves to tired nature's sweet restorers—balmy sleep and Jersey lightning. The next morning a terrible commotion occurred in camp. It was reported the enemy were in the neighborhood of Chambersburg, and *might possibly* advance this way. Horror of horrors! This was something entirely unexpected. They had no idea of seeing an enemy when they left home. Yet here they were—away over at *Bloody* Run—with none of their friends to console them in their affliction. A council of war was immediately held—and perhaps a more solemn assembly never met. Horror was depicted on every countenance! They were choked with fear! Captain Black proposed a Jersey lightning phlegm cutter—which composed their nerves sufficiently to proceed to business. Captain Black suggested "an immediate retreat to Philipsburg," which was at once acquiesced in by the council, and they gave him three cheers for this noble "stroke of strategy." But it was necessary to have a vote of the company. They were accordingly drawn up in line of battle. With faltering steps and pale faces did these men fall into the ranks—casting an occasional look behind them to see if the course was clear. Captain Black ordered them to prepare for inspection—when each flask was found to be about half full. After inspection, they were ordered to take a nerve composer, which was immediately executed—the officers taking two, as a mark of distinction. Captain Black now told them an officer was present to administer the oath; (several were seen to take phlegm-cutters without orders, and were placed under guard;) that it was necessary to do so before they could be armed and equipped, and received into the U. S. service; that they must serve 3 or 6 months, or during the emergency. The Captain stops to observe the effect, and after taking a phlegm-cutter, said, "My brave comrades in arms, listen to an old soldier in arms—to one who has read the history of the Mexican war, and one who has heard his grandfather tell of the Revolution—you need not take the oath, or serve your country any longer, *unless you desire;* (several more men were placed under guard for taking phlegm-cutters;) our hardships have been great; but—but—our devotion to our country in its hour of danger has surmounted every obstacle, and we can return to our families crowned with laurels—if—if—you will but do your duty—*and not take the oath!*" The officer now came forward, but "nary man" would take the oath. They piously remembered that the Good Book said, "swear not at all." Capt. Black now told them they would retreat to Philipsburg, and there hold their ground at all hazards! The wildest joy was manifested throughout the camp. Captain Black was again cheered for his superior strategy, while several empty flasks were buried with the honors of war.

Messrs. Editors—The Abolitionists all returned home in a few days. They looked as brave as sheep. They had nothing to say. They had shewn themselves cowards in the hour of their country's peril, and they shrank from the gaze of every honest man.

A quotation or two from Leroi, and I will close. He says: "They dropped their implements of trades and professions and marched forth at their country's call" Yes, *and then marched home again before Leroi's chronicle of the fact had astonished the world!* Brave men, these Abolitionists! afraid to fight for that country they pretend to prize so highly! afraid to fight for that negro they love so dearly! It was hardly to be expected they would fight for that Constitution which the champion of their party calls "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell!" Leroi again says: "The present moment, however, is such a magnificent one for showing up who are and who are not in favor of the restoration of the Union by deeds and not gas that I cannot let it pass by without giving some of the facts." Messrs. Editors, we know the "facts," and we know the deeds which these soldiers performed; and if we depend on such men to "restore the Union," God help us—*for they will not.* From Leroi's confession, and my own observation, I am fully convinced the Philipsburg Abolitionists will never help *restore* the Union. Leroi has fully "showed up" those who are *not* in favor of such restoration, and we fully believe the fanatic. A man who, from Old line Whiggery, has adopted every shade of the political transformation of his party up to Abolitionism and negro equality, *should* know who are in favor of a restoration of the Union, and who are not.

CITIZEN.

The Voice of Dr. Bangs.

The following letter was written to the N. Y. Methodist in January 1861, by Rev. Dr. BANGS, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In learning and in piety, Dr. Bangs is one of the most eminent of living clergymen.

"The *relation* of master and slave has never to my satisfaction, been proven to be a sin. That there are great evils connected with it, or that may grow out of it, I have no doubt. So there are evils that may result from the marriage relation, or the relation of parent and child, but this does not prove the relation to be a sin.—A great change has come over the public feeling, both North and South, within the last twenty-five years. One extreme begets another. The extreme measures of the North on this subject have driven the South into the opposite extreme. Heretofore, there were thousands at the South who considered slavery an evil, but a necessary evil, which they knew not how to remove; but now, so far as I could learn, they have come to the conclusion that "the institution" is right and scriptural, and the best state possible for the blacks. I will not stop to argue the point at all—I merely state the fact. As to the physical condition of the slaves at the South, I believe they are better off than the free blacks of the North; better fed, better clothed, better housed, and do less work. They appear the happiest people to be found—their masters and mistresses having all the care and expense. I am told the laws of Louisiana and Mississippi are very severe in protecting the slave.—The Methodists are doing a great work among them. Many missionaries are employed on the plantations—some of them are paid by the planters themselves, some by the Missionary Society, and some congregations in New Orleans support themselves. I conversed with a brother preacher who is constantly laboring among this people, and he gave a thrilling account of his mission.

"The movements of the Abolitionists of the North have been productive of evil to the masters and slaves, exasperating the former, and causing them to restrict the privileges of the latter. Oh, when shall this wicked strife come to end, and brotherly love and fraternal intercourse return?"

With regard to the state of public feeling at the South, he says:—

"As far as I could learn, there is but one opinion on this subject at the South—all are for secession, differing only as to how and when. Most were for immediate and separate action, while others and a much less number, were for co-operation with other States, and waiting until such co-operation could be effected. The ultraism of the North has begotten the ultraism of the South. They look upon all Northerners as Abolitionists, and believe that the election of Lincoln to the Presidency demonstrates a combination and determination in the North to use the power of the government to crush out their institutions. Whether this be true or false, right or wrong, they sincerely believe, hence the haste and determination for secession. * * *

"I determined to reason with my brethren at the South. They heard me patiently—no one returned an uncivil word, but I fear that few were convinced. Indeed, they were not in a state of mind to reason calmly. I told them they were just like our ultra Abolitionists at the North, and when did an ultra Abolitionist listen to reason? They have split the Church, and now the nation may go to fragments and they will not come to the rescue. Is this the spirit of Christ? Is this the gospel of peace? Will the God of love and peace be with us if we continue this unrighteous warfare? Let us give the South their just claims, and let their institutions alone. Cease this unchristian strife—there is a worse evil than slavery—*brother warring against brother!*

"I love my Southern brethren. They are as warm and true-hearted Christians there as anywhere on the face of the earth, and they are as honest in their views of things as we are. We must beware of rash judgment. God will judge us all in the last day. Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for my Church and my country! Shall I live to see this beautiful structure, which my father assisted to raise with his blood scattered to the winds? I pray you, ye men of strife and contention, stop—hands off!—repent, undo as far as you can the mischief you have already done. As long as I live, I will pray for the peace of Jerusalem, and the Union of these United States. O God, the Lord of Hosts, arise, and save Thy heritage, for vain is the help of man.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

TRIUMPH OF THE FEDERAL ARMS.

Graphic Description of the The Third Day's Fight.

[Our space forbids us giving detailed accounts of the battle of Gettysburg on Wednesday and Thursday the 1st and 2nd instants. Of the struggle on those two days it may be said that the result on the first day was decidedly disastrous to the Federal arms; and that of the second day without much advantage to either side. The great struggle seems to have been reserved for Friday, the 3d, resulting in a still more decided defeat of the invading hosts. No fighting of consequence took place on the 4th—both armies resting, burying their dead, &c.; but on the morning of the 5th it was discovered that the enemy was retreating towards the Potomac, by way of Hagerstown, &c, when the pursuit immediately commenced.—From the many different detailed accounts of Friday's operations, we select the two following, as being the most precise and graphic, though perhaps somewhat highly colored.]

[Correspondence of the New York Times.]

NEAR GETTYSBURG, Saturday, July 4th. Another great battle was fought yesterday afternoon, resulting in a magnificent success to the national arms.

At two o'clock P. M., Longtreet's whole corps advanced from the rebel centre against our centre. The enemy's forces were hurled upon our position by columns in mass, and also in lines of battle. Our centre was held by Gen. Hancock, with the noble old Second army corps, aided by Gen. Humphrey's division of Sickles' corps.

The rebels first opened a terrific artillery bombardment to demoralize our men, and then moved their forces with great impetuosity upon our position. Hancock received the attack with great firmness and after a furious battle, lasting until 5 o'clock, the enemy were driven from the field, Longstreet's corps being almost annihilated.

The battle was a most magnificent spectacle. It was fought on an open plain, just south of Gettysburg, with not a tree to interrupt the view. The courage of our men was perfectly sublime.

At 5 P. M., what was left of the enemy retreated in utter confusion, leaving dozens of flags, and Gen. Hancock estimated at least 5,000 killed and wounded on the field.

The number of prisoners taken is estimated at 3,000, including at least two Brigadier Generals—Olmstead, of Georgia, and another—both wounded.

The conduct of our veterans was perfectly magnificent. More than twenty battle flags were taken by our troops;—nearly every regiment has one. The repulse was so disastrous to the enemy that Longstreet's corps is entirely used up.—Gen. Gibbon was wounded in the shoulder. Gen. Webb was wounded and remained on the field. Colonel Hammel, of the Sixty-sixth New York regiment was wounded in the arm.

At 7 o'clock last evening Gen. Meade ordered the third corps, supported by the sixth, to attack the enemy's right, which was done, and the battle lasted until dark, when a good deal of ground had been gained.

During the day Ewell's corps kept up a desultory attack upon Slocum on the right but was repulsed.

Our cavalry to day is playing savagely upon the enemy's flank and rear.

L. L. CROUNSE.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Inquirer.]

ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE, *Near Gettysburg*, Saturday, July 4th,—10 P. M.—Our last report left off at Friday morning—the battle was then raging with such ferocity as has ever been known in the annals of war. Our lines formed an arc, something the shape of a horseshoe, the arc being directly in front of Gettysburg, one line of artillery being in front of the cemetry, which is located upon a high hill directly in front of the town on the east side. Our right ran along the Baltimore turnpike, and our left on the Taneytown plank-road.

The earliest dawn of day was ushered in by the opening of such a roar of cannon as would lead on to believe that all the fiends of hell were hurling thunderbolts at each other. Quick as lightning the gunners of two hundred and fifty pieces replied, and a hundred thousand men of the Army of the Potomac sprang to their feet and clasped the triggers of as many trusty weapons; the rebel lines formed around our horseshoe; our army lay upon five hills, between which of each were ravines, some wooded, some open, and others covered with low bushes; beyond them all, and distant from half a mile to a mile and a quarter, were other hills, on which the rebel battle flag was flying.

The very earth seemed to tremble, but our lines wavered not. The musketry in the woods and in front of the batteries vied with one another in the incessant rattle. Now and then the fire would slacken in some quarter, and then again it would start up in some fresh place, as though our lines were swaying to and fro. On our extreme right the rebels had on the previous evening, secured a position which rather broke into our lines, and it was determined to dislodge them.

The twelfth and a portion of the sixth went in, and the rebels were driven back, and our lines formed to be held. About 1 P. M., the enemy could be seen massing his troops in three columns—Ewell in the streets of Gettysburg, Hill to the left of the town, and Longstreet up on the right about two and a half miles.—Longstreet made an attack east of the cemetry, and Hill on the opposite side of the town. On they came, up to the very mouths of the cannon, up the hill sides, along which were stone fences in all directions. Our riflemen lay behind them, and as the rebels played on us at Fredericksburg, so we poured a sheet of flame into their faces as they came within range, and hundreds were piled up as quickly as grain would fall before the reaper's iron hand. About three o'clock the rebels under Longstreet succeded in reaching the top of the hill just in the rear of the cemetry.

Their battle-flag was planted boldly upon the crest and a shout went up from the demons who seemed to court death and destruction, but our lines swayed but for a moment; back they went, the ground was regained, and our lines again intact. At other points they succeeded in gaining temporary advantages, but ere they could realize their importance they were torn to pieces and hurled back upon their column, and so the column swayed until they could no longer get the troops to make a charge.

Then Ewell, who had laid in town all day, ready to cut his way through when our centre was once pierced, began to fall back. The reinforcements he had sent to the other columns were in vain, our left was pushed out nearly a mile, and the sun set over one of the most fearful scenes of carnage there has been during the *whole war.*

Every corps was engaged, and the whole army covers itself with such immortal glory that we cannot at present individualize the daring acts of heroism or the unparalled manner with which our army received the assaults and hurled back their mangled columns.

Our men were all burried by detachments of our men who were taken prisoners, but there still remains many scattered between the points where our picket lines are now drawn. What they are doing to day we have not yet learned satisfactorily. The general impression is that they are retreating to Williamsport. It is not known positively that they are, but nearly all indications point that way.

Our pickets on the left and around the edge of the town have kept up a continuous firing all day; his sharpshooters are engaged in picking off any one who may show his head within their range. This morning a large force of rebels appeared about four miles south of Gettysburg, on the Emmitsburg road, and commenced throwing up defensive works. No threatening move had been made in that quarter, and it is surmised that it is being done to enable them to hold their present position, which is as strong as the one we hold, until they accomplish some particular purpose they may have in view

Torn to pieces as they are, having lost 30,000 or 40,000 men in the last five days, they are not yet used up. They have all their artillery yet, and those who remain, we are informed by our wounded men who was left beyond the town, marched out in solid columns, as though they had been on dress parade. Their endurance, their desperation, their utter disregard of life, is certainly worthy of a better cause.

When Ewell had his corps drawn up in line ready for battle in the streets, on Friday afternoon, he made a speech and told them they were on the march now for Baltimore, and that Hills and Longstreet's corps would smash our lines, and drive us toward Baltimore; while his old and trusty corps would dash on to Baltimore and Washington; but perhaps the disarrangement of the first part of the work will prevent him from pushing "on to Baltimore"!

Stuart's cavalry started early yesterday in the direction of Frederick; had Lee succeeded in driving us, Stuart would have rode direct to Washington; where he will go now is uncertain, but he may be watched.

There is scarcely a house or barn left in town which is not more or less pierced by balls. It is not known that any citizens were killed during the engagement, but it is reported that several were shot down during the first assault upon the place.

No buildings were burned until this afternoon about three P. M., when the rebels fired three houses on the Emmitsburg road, and the last one outside of the village; the heavy rain prevented the fire from spreading, and they soon burned up. Southeast of the town about half a mile was a large brick mansion, which they burned last night, and now behind its charred walls they fire upon our pickets.

The cemetery fence is destroyed. Cannon balls, tearing through iron rails and marble monuments, have strewn them in all directions. This may not have been the first time a battle has been fought in a graveyard, but never one of such ferocity and desolation. Some of the men have raised up tombstones and crawled under them for protection.

When the enemy poured cross fires into our men at this point our wounded would crawl between newly made mounds to escape.

Broken caissons, guns, and all the accoutrements of war are scattered over acres of ground, mingled with the dead and dying, friend and foe. The rapid putrefaction of horses and men has already made a stench in some quarters almost unbearable.

Large numbers of women and children passed out yesterday and went towards Hanover, fearful to remain longer for fear of the town being shelled and burned.

On Friday some of the Louisiana Tigers got into the town and sacked the stores and many private houses.

North Carolina troops have suffered severely, and they evinced willingness to be captured in nearly every instance.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.

The following extracts are taken from late Southern papers:

AFFAIRS AT RICHMOND.

The Whig of the 1st inst., says:

"The ladies' gunboat, built at the navy yard opposite Rocketts, was successfully launched on Monday afternoon. She was christened the "Virginia." The launch was witnessed by a number of persons, and was accomplished without any delay or difficulty at the time appointed. The "Virginia" was built under the immediate superintendence of Mr Wm. A. Graves, one of our chief naval constructors, and is regarded as a model vessel of her class.

"The store of E. W. Tompkins, on Broad, near the corner of 8th street, was entered on Monday night, and robbed of some $3,000 worth of goods, including a lot of tea valued at nearly $1,500.

Chas. D. Saunders, son of Dr. James Saunders, of Lynchburg, and a member of Moormans' Battery, Stuart's Horse Artillery, fell at Upperville, in Loudoun county, in one of the late engagements."

THE CROPS IN ALABAMA.

The Mobile Register thus speaks of the crops:

"From correspondents up the road we learn that the wheat crop which is immense, is safely gathered. Flour has taken a lofty tumble. Wheat has been sold at $2 per bushel, and the highest price named is $2 50. It will not be sold to speculators, but to consumers and the government. Should speculators get hold of any, the government officer will take charge of it at once, and put a quietus to all such work

"The prospect of corn is beyond belief. Many think it will not bring over 25 cents a bushel. Of sweet potatoes and peas a very large crop is planted."

"GONE OVER."

J. M. Flemming, a young lawyer of considerable promise, and formerly county representative from Knox county, Tennessee, recently crossed the Federal lines, and is now hand in glove with the abolitionists in Nashville. He took the oath to support the laws and constitution of the Confederate States some eighteen months since.—*Richmond Whig.*

SPECIE.

[From the Richmond Whig, of the 2nd instant.]

Gold is falling and silver is tumbling.—Yesterday the brokers were buying silver at $4 50 premium, and gold at $6. Ten days ago they would have paid $6 50 for silver and $7 for gold. Specie was very scarce then, but now people who have been hoarding it are beginning to think it is as well to be turning some of their coin into seven per cent. Confederate bonds, and many of them are acting upon this conviction. As the offerings increase at their counters, the brokers "crawfish" in their rates, and if sellers are not discouraged and driven off by the hourly *decline and* the premium will still further decline. It is singular, if not significant, that the *selling* rates for specie have not declined *pari passu* with the buying rates. The brokers are still asking a heavy premium for both gold and silver, and, perhaps it is best that they should do so for the present.

GEN. DIX "ON TO RICHMOND."

[From the Richmond Enquirer, of the 30th June.]

The appearance of portions of General Dix's command at the White House and other points on the peninsula has been, in our opinion, a fortunate circumstance. It has recalled the thoughts of our people from the avocations of trade and money-making to the real business of every man during the continuance of this war—the defence of this city. As soon as it was definitely ascertained that a Federal force of any importance had disembarked at the White House, the citizens of Richmond, almost to a man, left business of every kind and organized themselves into companies, battalions, regiments and brigades, selected officers, received arms and ammunition, and ascertained their place of rendezvous and their positions in the defenses of the city. The first real, actual appearance of the enemy accomplished in one day more than all the proclamations of the authorities would have accomplished in a month. A force of from eight to ten thousand fighting men has thus been added to the army corps that now garrisons Richmond.

This was not the most service rendered the Confederacy by the opportune appearance of Gen. Dix. Brigades and divisions which had been, as it were, lying around loose, have been concentrated at Richmond, ready to meet Dix, should he advance, as well as to follow quick upon his track should he attempt a cross march to Fredericksburg and Acquia creek, on his way to reinforce Hooker.

That army that now garrisons Richmond is competent to meet the enemy; nay, more, to advance towards Washington, and play an important part in the capture of that place. Gen. Dix will be so closely and vigilantly watched as to be unable to dodge off in the direction of the upper Pamunkey. His present position is one of safety; protected by gunboats, and contiguous to his transports, he will not, we presume, be attacked by the garrison of Richmond, though the military organized by Brig. Gen. Custis Lee is fully competent to defend the city if the garrison should be sent to drive Lee to his transports.

☞ Ferguson the poet, died of starvation. A splendid monument adorns his grave, and on it is written: "He asked for bread and ye gave him a stone" The finest sarcasm ever uttered

Revelations of Prison Life.

Some of the greatest villains on the face of the earth are to be found aboard a convict ship. Their conversation is awful to hear—it is so filthy and blasphemous.—Here and there amongst them you may find men who are anxious to reform, and have brought a taste of religion with them out of some model prison. These men are called "Joeys" by the ruffins they are packed with, and who persecute them out of their senses almost. If a Joey is only caught saying his prayers, woe to him.—It might be supposed that there is some protection for a man of this sort, if he appeals for it; nothing of the kind. There is no officer on duty between decks. The sentinel cannot get to the persecuting mob, and he doesn't want to; he enjoys the sport too much himself. An old gentleman with a short temper is a perfect God-send to his fellow-convicts; he is kept in everlasting rage, and the more he froths and swears the more fun there is, of course. Honors among thieves I've heard of, and believe, partly; but there is little of that in a convict ship. They rob and plunder one another without mercy, and nothing is too hot or too heavy for them. It is this plundering and tormenting that causes so many disturbances on board.—It is here, too, that old grudges are paid off. If one man has done another any injury in the prison they came from—betraying anything, for instance—his life is not worth much when they come together on board a ship. A mob of enemies is soon enlisted against him who rob him of his food, garrote him, and beat him unmercifully. These pranks are generally played in the dark. The poor fellow reports his tormentors to the doctor, perhaps; but if he does, so much the worse for him. He has to suffer double then, for mischief making. So he finds at last that he had better take his miseries quietly; though it is not easy to do so when it comes to scalding. That is a favorite way of ill using a black sheep. A man comes down the ladder with a bucket of boiling tea or water, and if any one he has a grudge against happens to be near enough for the purpose, he has an accident, tumbles off the ladder and souses his "mark" in the boiling liquor. He may get scalded himself in the tumble, but he will run the risk of that if he feels pretty sure of having his revenge. All sorts of gambling go on in a convict-ship, cards, dice and dominoes being made out of almost anything the men can lay hands on. Those who would read to each other are annoyed by the roughs; their scripture reader is made a laughing-stock of. Tobacco, pipes and grog are to be got by paying a good price to the sailor, and so with gambling and rioting, and worse, the voyage is got over. Convicts ought to have some employment on board ship; that, and gratuities for good conduct, would make a reformation, I am confident.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE OLDEST CONTINENT.—Prentice of the Louisville *Journal*, is occupying himself and instructing his readers, by writing a series of geological articles. We extract the following paragraph from his last essay. Commending Sir Charles Lyell's new work he says:

"The intelligent reader may learn that the North American Continent was the first dry land that rose above the waters. There are on this continent many regions that were geologically very ancient, at the very time numerous places in Europe that are hoary with historic age were not yet born from the womb of waters. When Europe and Asia were not continents, but represented only by a few islands consisting of what are now their mountain peaks, scattered over a vast expanse of ocean; when Mt. Etna was yet unformed, and the island of Sicily was still buried beneath the Mediterranean; when the Atlantic seaboard back to the Apalachian Mountains, and the Valley of the Mississippi up as far as Vicksburg were yet beneath the ocean, there were roaming among the Mahnvais Terres of Upper Missouri, in the midst of profuse vegetation, some of the strangest animals that have ever gladdened the mind of a naturalist. They became extinct before the era of the mastoden and elephant, and they differ not only from all living species but from all fossils obtained from contemporaneous geological formations elsewhere."

Even his Enemy's Speak well of him.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer*, one of the paid organs of the Administration, says "*Judge Woodward is a citizen of unimpeachable character, an able jurist, and a patriotic gentleman. So far the Convention manifested the old time sagacity of the party.*"

The Easton *Express*, another journal that is warm in the support of President Lincoln's war policy, remarks when speaking of the receipt of the news in that quarter:

"*The nomination of Judge Woodward appears to give general satisfaction here. We have heard the nomination spoken very highly of by several Republicans.*"

We have yet to find one journal, save Forney's *Press*, that calls in question his abilities, no matter what complexion they are politically. Nothing can be said against his character as a citizen or reputation as a judge.

☞ The Spaniards were the first to discover Canada; but at their arrival, having found nothing considerable in it, they abandoned the country, and called it *El Capo di Nada*, that is a cape of nothing; hence by corruption sprung the word Canada, which we use in all our maps.

☞ The greatest men are men of simple manners. Parade, show and profession of compliments are the artifices of little minds, made use of to swell them into an appearance of consequence, which nature has denied to them.

☞ The study of Astrology or Astronomy, it is said, sometimes leads to infidelity or unbelief in God.