

Clearfield Republican.

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PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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Poetry.

THE CLEARFIELD IRON-CLADS.

Is SEVERAL PARTS.—PART I.—BY CHACKY.
Come out ye bloody iron-clads!
To fight the rebel enemy,
Who's plaguing "cute" you know.

Now, shoulder whop! eyes right and dress!
Front—Mar-tin, wipe your nose
Part whop! that's slick—now carry whop!
John—, turn out your toes.

Charge baynets!—that's your sort, my boys,
Now, quick time—march! you're tight;
Just so we'd poke the enemy
If they were but in sight.

Now sergeant Aliek call the roll,
Let each answer where he stands,
All ye that have't got no arms
Will answer with your hands.

Lieutenant C—, put on my hat;
They say you have some prime,
A very little—thank you—hem,
That's quite enough this time.

The camp's surprised! poor Jimmy's lost!
By platoon whop! halt—dress!
Here EL and Jack, and Will, and Sam!—
There's mourning in your mass.

I say you J—, keep your canteen down,
We're going for to travel;
Captain, I want to halt, then, oh!
My shoe is full of gravel.

Ho—strike up music—for'ard march,
Now point your toes, you lomar;
For yonder is a flock of sheep,
Strike home for empty stomachs.

Confound that ram, he's spoiled my calf!
But load like I will bear it;
My breeches rent, my stern cloth split
Here, Ned, be quick; repair it.

Nay boys, 'twas not a bag of truce,
That linen fluttering to the breeze,
For "nary" flock of sheep that lives,
Can bring your Captain to his knees.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Flour and meal of all kinds should be kept in a cool, dry place.

Keep coffee by itself, as its odor affects other articles. Keep tea in a close chest or canister.

Oranges and lemons keep best wrapped close in soft paper and laid in a drawer of linen.

The cracked cocoa is the best; but that which is put up in pound paper is often very good.

To select nutmegs, prick them with a pin. If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

The best rice is large, and has a clear fresh look. Old rice sometimes has little black insects inside the kernels.

When a cask of molasses is bought, draw off a few quarts, else the fermentation produced by moving it will burst the cask.

The small white sago, called pearl sago, is the best. The large brown kind has an earthy taste. These articles, and tapioca, ground rice, etc., should be kept covered.

Butter that is made in September and October is best for winter use. Lard should be hard and white, and that which is taken from a hog not over a year old is best.

Rich cheese feels soft under the pressure of the finger. That which is very strong is neither very good nor healthy.

To keep one that is cut, to it up in a bag that will not admit flies, and hang it in a cool, dry place. If mould appears on it, wipe it off with dry cloth.

Salt cod should be kept in a dry place where the odor of it will not affect the air of the house. The best kind is that which is called Dun, from its peculiar odor. Fish skins for clearing coffee should be washed, dried, cut small, and kept in a box or paper bag.

As a general rule, it is most economical to buy the best articles. The best is, of course, always a little higher; but good articles are best. It is a sacrifice of money to buy poor flour, meal, sugar, molasses, butter, cheese, lard, etc., to say nothing of the injurious effect upon the health.

Of West India sugar molasses, the Santa Cruz and Porto Rico are considered the best. The Havana is seldom clean. White sugar from Brazil is sometimes very good. Refined sugar usually contains most of the saccharine substance, therefore there is probably more economy in using loaf, crushed and granulated sugars than we should at first suppose.

Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar, and should not be used till three months old. Bar soap should be cut into pieces of convenient size, and laid where it will become dry. It is well to keep it several weeks before using it, as it spreads fast when it is new.—*German Town Telegraph.*

SALTING BEEF.—The following is said to be a superior receipt for curing beef for winter use.—First, rub salt into it and let it remain for 24 hours to draw out the blood; then take it up, let it drain and pack as desired, having ready a pickle prepared as follows: For every 100 lbs. of beef use 7 lbs. salt, 1 oz. saltpetre, 1 oz. Cayenne pepper, 1 qt. molasses, and 8 gallons water; put these all together, boil and skim and let cool; then pour it on your beef. It is supposed this amount of water will make brine enough to cover the beef.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Republican.

BECCARIA TOWNSHIP, Nov. 1863.

Messrs. Editors:—Have you got any "sour-visaged," dry-lipped, and peevish old maids, "cut" in your section of the country? If you have, and they are not too useful, send them, post-haste, to Beccaria. We have a pair of excellent clowns, who perform and play outside of the "arena," without the use of canvas and "center-poles and braces." They act behind the curtain, (hallo! that's misspelled,) however, but admittance is, I think, gratis, and their dramatic performances are so grotesque and indescribably laughable, that, naturally humorous gents and ladies, would sink under their exceedingly exhilarating effects. Those clown's dramatic "pieces" are so poetical, that if given in too large "doses" would melt the jolly and gay to a liquid, *instantly*. We don't wish to have those "brilliant actions" which are attracting the attention of so many of our lovers of "fun" dispensed with, hence our application for hearers.— Their principal plays are

"Woodward's gone up 'Salt River'" in the steamboat "glory"—(they forget that part of the dramatic piece.)

"Curtin has 'him' the pole," and he is higher up the "pole" than Woodward is up Salt River. If he would fall off he would break his precious neck—it's long enough to tie, though

"Hail to the draft; or Copperheads beware" and

"Rooster flap your wings and crow!"

yes, crow! let your charming notes chime in with the crowing of Niggerheads; do your best, shanghai's; roll it out Niggerheads, ti-um-tilly-tilly; oh what a melody; whoop-de-doodle-oo; give us some more; ring in your sweetest strains—

"Birds of a feather all flock together," then your symphony—it's so charming; yea it enraptures our inmost feeling, and sends our blood tingling to our fingers' ends, and down our legs to our toes; it sends a thrill of sweet felicity into our brains; the nerves carries it into every nook and corner of our bodies; it stimulates every organ, and each performs its functions with vigor, and—it tickles us all over—*he! he! he!*

When those famous actors heard of Curtin's election, they "growled big," one was even compelled, by his sudden distension, to get a new suit of daddy's trousers, and *et cetera*; and the other one was, happily, the possessor of a suit of "Lin-lum" blues—lucky dog; he's got an additional twinkle in his ever-twitching mouth. He has a very curious name—*Er*. Deputy Provost Marshal Bar-Keeper; as a martial he is *vice*; as a bar-keeper, he is *par-excellence* (?); he will stand the live long day pouring into that clap-trap smut machine, misnamed "Raftman's Journal." The other will sit on his new porch and sing songs: *Hi ding diddle, ho ding da*. While above him shines the word *Un-ion*—*ion* figured on the smooth side of a board, and stuck up on a pole, a striking emblem of Curtin climbing the "pole;" the house was regenerated last spring, and we need not wonder, then, that it was *re-christened*, hence the appearance of the word *Un-ion*. It was intended for a sign, and if the first letter was altered slightly it would be a sign indeed! it would then represent what it was, or ought to have been, calculated to represent.

Union! what a world of meaning is embodied in that one word! The Abolition oligarchy at Washington are sapping and undermining the Constitution, and it means *Un-ion*. The "Jacobin Club" usually called Congress, are passing acts (not laws) that are obnoxious to the mass of the people, and antagonistic to our civil and religious liberties; and it means *Un-ion*. Even the whining curbs, who are dangling, like greased and dirty tassels about the tail of Power, are committing every crime that their fiendish minds can conjure up, or their blood-stained hands be engaged in; and they say they work in the cause of the *Un-ion*. Vice, corruption, treason, sensuality and tyranny are all folded up in its enticing greatness.—Oh! what black and damning deeds of infamy are perpetrated by the banditti of demons who style themselves *loyal*, yet they screen all these heinous crimes behind the word *Un-ion*—voluntinous word indeed! What, Loyalty! ah real unionists beware! these are our country's worst enemies. These are the traitors whom our nation must fear! They dread the name of the Constitution, and loathe the name of liberty. Sons of the devil you need not boast of those high sounding names. The name of Democracy, or even of Copperheads will live in the memory of the people, when your own will be rotten in dark oblivion. Your names will

be breathed only with the sighs of mothers whose sons you have murdered. Then cease your boasting and ranting about your pretended loyalty. But enough of this, there are enough of Beccaria's sons who know more of this than I do, and many more in Clearfield, yea and the world is filled with such knowledge. I will now let this pass, and fall back to the topic I first introduced: Forgive me friends, if this episode may set hard-upon any of you Loyalists. I left these clowns or actors, in Glen Hope, one reading, and the other sitting on the stoop, communing with his own thoughts, or, perhaps studying his next play. What will it be?

"Come 'nigs' buy of my wares!" or will it be:

"We'll have a jolly-fection-oh!" no, let us have,

"Away sad thought, you haunt me," and

"muses read my destiny, and reveal it to my soul."

Why, you need not apply to the muses for a revelation of this secret. I can tell you at once, you can't live forever, that's certain; the events of your life will reveal themselves as they pass along;—another certainty is, you will live till you die, if you don't grow too fast and thus end your precious life before your time arrives, and oh! what a thought! our theater would sink in ruin's then.

Come, broad-hearted men, if you think your souls cannot be melted to fluid, come out from the darkness of solitude and be reduced to mirth; this world has no pleasures if you cannot laugh till your sides are sore.

Come, women, from the dismal regions of taciturnity unto the light of joy. Oh! be enraptured to your hearts' content. Come,—theatre open at all times—from "early morn till silent eve," on main st., at the corner of woodhouse alley, sign of the "Big Onion"—oh! beg pardon—"Big Union" I meant!—what a blunder—*ex* deputy provost marshal, bar keeper, chief manager and actor.

YOUNG NESTOR.

Four Kinds of Democrats.

The *La Crosse* (Wisconsin) *Democrat* says "there are four kinds of Democrats in the country."

1st. The Democrat who openly and above board lets his voice and pen be heard for the right and against the wrong.

2d. The Democrat who says nothing, but waits patiently to see who is coming out ahead.

3d. The Democrat who for a few dollars in greenbacks will accept some paltry office at the hands of an Administration which despises him and which he despises, and then endeavors to earn his price by abusing, vilifying and libeling the party which is more honored by his absence than his presence.

4th. The policy Democrat who shifts, turns, rolls, wiggles, changes ends and jumps high and wide for the top of whatever plank may come up. If there is a show for Democracy to win the day, they will support it; if not, they will support all opposition parties. If there is a chance to make a few dollars by blending with some big end of niggerism, they gently slide into the channel, and go bobbing down the stream with "if" and "but," or "in certain contingencies," or "had it been" or "were the cases different," they might, like men, stand up for their faith. They back and fill—contradict themselves, blow hot and then blow cold—first praise, and then censure—take a bold stand one day and turn like a scared cat the next. We do n't like such men. There is no dependence to be placed in such men. They will betray and sell their best friends. Selfish at heart—and cowardly by nature, eager only for spoils, they live and die political "might have been's." No matter what a man's creed is—if he stands up for it bravely we respect him.

This is no time for men to follow the lead of cowards. Those who are afraid to go ahead—to pioneer the political wilderness, had better take back seats and regain their self-appointed leadership.—Be a man or a mouse. A Democrat or Republican. For God's sake don't beg and crawl, and whine and play into the hands of our enemies. If the cause of the Democracy is right, stick to it. If not, leave it and go where you belong. Sell out if position is what you want. Do as Judas did, then hang yourselves. Become a tool for a niggerized Administration, or stand up for a white man. This half-way dodging, milk and water, half-round style, is played out. If the present is not a time to take a position, we would like to know when the time will come.

SIMON CAMERON'S ATTACHMENT CASES SETTLED.—In the United States Circuit Court, in Baltimore, on Monday last, the cases of Charles Howard, Wm. A. Gathell and John W. Davis, Police Commissioners of Baltimore, against the Ex-Secretary of War, Simon Cameron, to recover, severally, \$10,000 damages for the arrest and imprisonment of the plaintiffs in July, 1861, were finally disposed of. The suits were taken from the docket by consent of the plaintiff's counsel, on the Statement in open Court by the counsel for defendant, that he was authorized by his client to say that the latter (General Cameron) had no part in the arrest and imprisonment of the plaintiffs or either of them.

THE PRESIDENT & HIS BODY GUARD.

(Washington Correspondence Chicago Times.)

Maximilian to be Recognized—Quarrel among the Generals—A Solution of the Controversy.

Your readers will not have failed to observe the exceeding bad taste which characterized the remarks of the President and Secretary of State at the dedication of the soldiers' cemetery at Gettysburg. The cheek of every American must tingle with shame as he reads the silly, flat, and dishonouring utterances of the man who has to be pointed out to intelligent foreigners as the President of the United States. And neither he nor Seward could refrain, even on that solemn occasion, from spouting their odious abolition doctrines. The readers of the Times ought to know, too, that the valorous President did not dare to make this little journey to Gettysburg without being escorted by a body-guard of soldiers. For the first time in the history of the country, the President of the United States, in travelling through a part of his dominions, on a peaceful, even on a religious mission, had to be escorted by a body-guard of soldiers. When it is added that his route was through Baltimore and a part of Maryland, the recent scene of such flagrant outrages on the rights of the citizens of that State, you will readily comprehend that it was fear for his own personal safety which led the President to go escorted as any other military despot might do.

And this is the man who, not contented with trampling on the Constitution of his country, taking away the liberty of his fellow-citizens, and abrogating the Monroe doctrine, is now ready to strike hands with the Emperor Napoleon for the establishment of a monarchy in Mexico; for it is said that overtures have been made to the Administration to the effect that, if our Government will recognize Maximilian as Emperor of Mexico, then the French army will withdraw from Mexico. The Administration, it is said, has entertained the proposal favorably, and will no doubt agree to the infamous proposition. What else could be expected from an Administration with such antecedents?

I telegraphed you a few days ago the outlines of a quarrel that has arisen among the Major generals of this army. It is a funny quarrel, illustrative of the blundering that is permitted in the War Office at Washington. Immediately after the battle of Chancellorsville, Brig. Gen. Birney, who bore a conspicuous part in that memorable engagement, was promoted for his gallantry to the rank of Major-General, his commission dating May 29. A few days afterward Gen. Pleasanton received a commission of the same rank, dated June 1, which was likewise issued for meritorious services at Chancellorsville, at the battle of Gettysburg, Brig. Gen. Warren was notified on Gen. Meade's staff in the capacity of Chief of Topographical Engineers. He did most excellent service on that occasion, and was wounded in the discharge of his duties, and was subsequently recommended for promotion. He was not at the battle of Chancellorsville at all, but some how or other his commission was made out and antedated May 3d, immediately after Chancellorsville, as if it had been won in that battle, thereby giving him rank over both Birney and Pleasanton, who not only did win distinction at Chancellorsville, but have also received honorable mention in every engagement and movement since, including the battle of Gettysburg, in which action Birney commanded the 3d Corps after Sickles was wounded on the first day of the battle, and Pleasanton commanded the cavalry corps throughout, while Warren was only acting as a staff officer. With this light, has the President been just in appointing the latter to rank the former? I understand that the President disclaims the act, as does also Stanton, both of whom profess to admit its injustice, but neither of whom take any steps to correct it. Doubtless it was a blunder committed by the clerk who was instructed to fill up the commission; but its being a blunder does not relieve the officers who suffer by it. They have forwarded a formal protest against it, but even that does not relieve them. Warren still ranks them both.

Some of the elements of the traditional jealousy between regulars and volunteers enter into this affair. Warren is a regular. Meade, who recommended him, is a regular. Halleck, through whose hands the applications for promotions must pass, is a regular. The Adjutant General's office is controlled by and filled with regulars. Birney is a volunteer; has worked his own way up from a Colonelcy to a Major-General's rank. It would not do to permit him to rank a regular; so, forgetting in their haste Pleasanton, a hoc-cus-cocus was played, and, without anybody knowing when or how or anything about it, Warren is made the ranking officer.

But now the question arises how to settle the row Birney and Pleasanton have kicked up. They promise faithfully to go into the Senate at the approaching session and defeat Warren's confirmation, unless the affair is settled before. They ask that their commissions shall be dated back to the 2d of May, when Birney already ranking Pleasanton, the three will have their appropriate positions. French, Major-General, who has reasons for not liking Warren, takes sides with Birney and Pleasanton, as does also Sedgwick, actuated by honorable motives. Meade, with the unflinching regular influence at Washington, stands by Warren.

The regulars have hit upon a solution of the controversy that they fancy will not lower their dignity. They are working like beavers to get Birney to accept a department, hoping thereby to get him out of their army, where the question of rank will not so materially affect him, and thus quiet him, when Pleasanton's

commission will be dated back they have offered him a nigger department, but he didn't see it. Then they proposed Kansas, with Jim Lane and squatter sovereignty, but the bait was not good.—Then Washington was darkly hinted at; but that failed. At last they come out squarely and offer him the Middle Department. Birney quietly smokes his cigar and says, "I'll see about it." Take it all together and it makes a very funny quarrel, and one that will enter somewhat into the wranglings of the Senate this winter, to relieve the monotony of discussions on the appropriate sphere of American citizens of African descent.

GREAT SALT LAKE.

Among the great natural curiosities of North America, the great saline body of water in Utah Territory, known as Great Salt Lake, stands in the first order. The lake itself is not individually so great a curiosity as when viewed in connection with surrounding correlative indications, which give us a combination of natural wonders truly astounding. The water-marks show that the lake is now a mere remnant of what was once of the mighty water collections of the earth—perhaps of a body of water that spreads itself throughout the whole Utah basin. Provo Lake, a body of water, distant perhaps seventy-five miles from the great lake, is surrounded by indications of a like character, that directly point to an early period when its individuality was lost within the limits of a mighty sea that absorbed both itself and Great Salt Lake. Along the base of the mountain walls of the valley, if we may so term the limits of the basin, are distinct water marks of various elevations. They are clearly discernible at a distance of twenty-five miles the more elevated order being from seventy-five to one hundred feet above the level of the valley. They are almost conclusive evidence that a great sea once existed in Utah Valley, whose breakers have left the marks of their power indented upon the rocky front of their mountain outlines, as a monument of their power. The different elevations of the water marks show the gradual declination of this sea, from a body of water, covering, may be, tens of thousands of square miles, to the present salinuous body of about sixty miles in length and forty or fifty in breadth. This presumption is strengthened by the existence, throughout the entire valley, of neapote deposits, such as shells, petrified fishes, water-worn rocks, etc. Upon this theory, the inference may be drawn that Great Salt Lake is gradually diminishing; but this is not the case; it is now reduced to a basis of fixed causes which will give it perpetuity in its present extent. The moisture of the atmosphere of these latitudes is sufficient to always keep it supplied with a uniform quantity of water. The melting snow of the mountains swells the river in the spring and summer the empty into it, and when this melting is prevented by the coldness of the fall and winter, those rivers fall, and by evaporation the lake rapidly declines—the evaporation carrying off more water than the streams deposit. It is in this declining condition that coarse salt is obtained from the bench of the lake in quantities of *infinitum*. Now, so long as the meteorological system prevails, the lake must continue the same as now.

No theory is settled upon by scientific men as to the cause of the salty nature of the lake. We have an opinion of our own which we believe to be rational. The rivers emptying into it—Canaan, Jordan, Webber, Malade, and numerous smaller streams—head in the mountains, where they are supplied by myriads of mountain brooks, some of which undoubtedly have their source in salt springs. These brooks impregnate the great water-carriers of the lake with salt to so small an extent, though it be, that it is not perceptible to the taste; and they carry it into the lake where it must forever remain and accumulate, as evaporation increases the proportion of salt to the water. The salt may have been carried to the lake over a hundred miles, and it has perhaps been accumulating there for thousands of years; and thus it must continue to accumulate through all time, if the supply should be inexhaustible.

The volcanic indications surrounding the lake are peculiarly impressive, and could well be made the subject of the natural philosopher's study. The whole face of the country appears to have passed through caloric influences of the intensest character. Enormous rocks fringe its margin, which are charred as black as ebony from the operation of heat, and their fragmentary condition bespeak the mighty convulsions which they passed through. Near the lake's centre there is quite a large island, upon which these volcanic indications are equally emphatic. This island is very fertile, and is owned by the Church, which institution holds it for the exclusive purpose of grazing. All the stock which comes into the grazing office—all Mormons are compelled to pay one-tenth of everything that they make or raise to the Church—are taken to this island, and there must be thousands of head upon it. It is reached by small sailing vessels. So extremely salt is the water of Salt Lake that piscatory life is impossible. Its average depth is fifty feet.—*Portland (Oregon) News.*

A Democratic contemporary complains that whenever an Abolition traitor comes to his place to make a speech he invariably begins by informing the audience that he has been a Democrat. We suppose the scoundrel does that to make it appear that some time in his life he has been in good company. Though he dies, he is not destitute of an ambition to appear respectable.

The Philadelphia *North American* says:—
"When the government wants anything it takes it. The other day it walked into the locomotive works of M. W. Baldwin and took four locomotives just finished. Two of them were made to the order of railroad and anxiously awaited."
This is not exactly Austrian despotism, for it is worse than that. And the once free people of the United States submit to it with the patience of spaniel dogs. Our fathers thought they had established a country in which the people owned the Government, but Lincoln has turned it to one in which the Government owns the people.

A man should throw off all heavy and oppressive thoughts when he seeks his pillow. Let him not lie down, like the camel, under his burden.

Place the Constitution and the Union! I place them together. If they stand they must stand together; if they fall they must fall together.—*Daniel Webster.*

The Silver Regions of Nevada Territory.

(Correspondence of the Cincinnati Enquirer.)

AUSTIN, LINNEN Co., NEVADA TERRITORY, Oct. '63.

Our little party left Salt Lake City on the 22d of August last, by way of the overland mail road, which is the most direct but by far the most desolate and barren of all routes leading to the Pacific coast. When about three hundred miles from Salt Lake City, we first learned of the excitement at the Reese River mines, and resolved to try our fortunes there. We approached the place on the 14th of September, weary, ragged and hungry. I had walked over fifteen hundred miles while on the way, part of the time shoeless and without food. Four of us only had come along for hundreds of miles through tribes of hostile savages.

We found everything in a state of excitement, and every one crazy about the recently discovered mines. Fabulous stories were told of the wealth of the country. One man, while digging a post hole, had struck a silver ledge, and sold it for sixty thousand dollars. A poor emigrant, stopping for a day, had found a vein, sold it for forty thousand dollars, and gone on his way rejoicing. A thousand similar stories are circulated. A glance convinced me that there was a reality about it, although probably not so brilliant as had been pictured.

In February last, silver was discovered here, and the first cabin erected where now stand the united towns of Austin and Clifton. They at present contain 8,000 inhabitants, and the influx continues at the rate of hundreds daily. Every facility that the country can afford for building is employed, and houses are erected as if by magic. Several quartz crushing mills are in operation, and many more are approaching completion. Everything is bustle and confusion. The mountains appear to be literally filled with the precious ore, and tons of it are daily being brought in. All day the clang of hammers are heard, and the stillness of the night is broken in upon by the rattle of stamps and the explosion of mines. Next spring will bring fifty thousand miners and emigrants to Austin and the vicinity. The wealth of the country is incalculable, and there is a fortune here for every willing worker. Laborers get from five to six dollars per day, and mechanics from eight to ten. We have no currency outside of gold and silver. Greenbacks are worth but sixty cents on the dollar, and taken reluctantly at that.

To the uninitiated, a mining town presents a strange appearance, especially where it springs up in a day. The towns of Austin and Clifton are situated in a mountain gorge or canon, the principal street running through the centre, and extending probably three miles. The mountain is almost perpendicular, and for a mile up on either side covered with houses of every description—stone fronts, frame adobe, log and brush huts, tents, etc.—and chaotic confusion. The main street—occupied by stores, restaurants, drinking and gambling saloons—is crowded at all hours.

The recent discovery of silver in this section of Nevada is but the beginning of the end. The entire country is filled with it. Within ten years the mountains stretching from the Pacific to the Platte River will be a continuous mining town. The mineral wealth of the country is inexhaustible, but enterprise and muscle are required to develop it. These the old States must furnish.

The *Richmond Enquirer* of the 11th ult. contains the following:

"Since the bombardment of Vicksburg, commenced (on the 17th of August) up to Thursday last, 15,583 shots had been fired at it, of which, 12,302 struck. Of the garrison, twenty-seven have been killed, and sixty-nine wounded. The flag during the same time has been cut down thirty-three times. The average weight of shot being 200 pounds, the weight of iron thrown was 3,116,000 pounds, or 115,439 pounds to each man killed, 30,370 pounds of iron to each casualty. If the charges of powder averaged fifteen pounds, we have 233,745 pounds of powder used, or 2,657 lbs. of powder to each man killed, and 2,434 lbs. of powder to each casualty. Sumter in ruins, laughs at her enemy, who still fears to pass her battered walls. Charleston will have a valuable iron mine in the ruins of Sumter, and even now, when iron is scarce and sells high, industry at very little risk, might make a fortune."

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