

The Patriot & Union.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 1 1863

O. BARRETT & CO., PROPRIETORS.

Communications will not be published in the PATRIOT and UNION unless accompanied with the name of the author.

DEMOCRATIC STATE NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,
HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,
OF PHILADELPHIA.

FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT,
WALTER H. LOWRIE,
OF ALLEGANY COUNTY.

TO THE PUBLIC.
THE PATRIOT AND UNION and all its business operations will hereafter be conducted exclusively by O. BARRETT and T. G. POMEROY, under the firm of O. BARRETT & CO., the connection of H. F. Reynolds with said establishment having ceased on the 20th November, inst. NOVEMBER 21, 1862.

If we were disposed to offer any excuse for the meagreness of our columns to-day, we might say that most of our correspondents and pressmen have taken up arms in defence of the State Capital, and we were obliged to get along with as little matter as possible and as best we could. The employers from this office who have taken arms against the invaders of our soil are, we believe, all Democrats, and we understand that the employees of the Telegraph establishment who have gone into the service, with, we believe, one exception, are of the same political faith. We state this in no spirit of exultation, but merely as a sign of the times.

The Situation.
This evening, 7 o'clock, June 30, 1863, the situation of the capital and the people of the capital city of Pennsylvania, and of the gallant soldiers on the opposite bank of the Susquehanna is much more comfortable than it was at this same hour yesterday. Then we expected momentarily to hear the roar of artillery and the sharp yells of musketry of men engaged in deadly conflict. Now it is certain that, for some reason we may imagine, but cannot give, the enemy have fallen back, apparently on their retreat towards Dixie.

It is but justice to say, in this connection, that we owe much to the sister States of New York and New Jersey for the prompt assistance they rendered us. But for their assistance our capital might now be a heap of smouldering ruins, and the citizens without homes, compelled to begin anew the labors of years which they had expended to make themselves and families independent and comfortable. We must not forget what we owe to these sister States—no one who has the heart or soul of a real, true, genuine man ever will. For, be it remembered, before the State furnished a single soldier for defense against the invasion, New York and New Jersey had their thousands, their organized and equipped regiments, on hand ready to meet the invader and spill their blood in our defense. This is enough to make the heart of every true son of Pennsylvania respond to the heart-beat of every true son of New York and New Jersey. We are brothers—let that suffice.

The sons of the Old Keystone were not themselves slow to respond to the call of the constituted authorities, but not having been organized under military laws, they were necessarily slower than their brethren of the Empire State and New Jersey. However—although lacking confidence in the wisdom and integrity of their rulers—they came, finally, and in numbers, to the rescue of the Commonwealth, and, thank God and the patriotism of the people, the tide of invasion seems for the present to be turned.

We shall not go into particulars, for in truth few reliable particulars are known. The stuff which we read in the press of Philadelphia and New York is simply disgusting, and we shall not try to emulate it. It is enough to say that, for some reason, the rebel armies have fallen back, and the Capital of Pennsylvania is safe at least one day more.

LATER—HALF PAST NINE, P. M.—We vouch for nothing—we give the tale as it was told to us. Gen. Heintzelman's headquarters, we understand, are at Chambersburg. Gen. Pleasant has captured three hundred of the enemy's wagons, and Gen. Geary is said to be at Coldwater, York county, after having distressed the enemy greatly. A gentleman direct from Mechanicsburg says that a fierce skirmish was going on there at half past six, p. m., between the advance of the Federal forces, two New York regiments, and the rear guard of the rebels.

The Two Civilizations.
With the radicals of the North, and of the South also, there is a fatal delusion. The lives of hundreds of thousands have been sacrificed to it during the last two years, and the interests of millions put in great peril; the liberties of mankind are in danger, very great danger, from this delusion. These radicals assert that the two civilizations North and South are incompatible with each other; that they cannot exist in harmony under one government; that now is the time for their final and perpetual separation.

It is not strange, also, that they really stand on the same platform? The Secessionists and the Abolitionists are another apt illustration of the principle that extremes meet. They do meet on this ground, and both assert that the two civilizations can never be made homogeneous. Of course the logical conclusion is that we can no longer have a Union as we have had it.

In speaking of the opposition, the New York Evening Post asks, "Why is it that they shut their eyes to the fact that there can be no peace between the North and South while slavery exists? Eighty years of incessant bickerings and dissension ought to have convinced them of this truth—ought to have convinced them of the fundamental antagonism of states of society founded on the one side on liberty and on the other side on slavery." * * * There is no doctrine of revelation or science clearer than that of the utter incompatibility of these two social systems. * * * Either slavery must be suppressed at the South, or liberty must be suppressed at the North."

This is the sentiment of the administration, or, at least, the leading members of it. This

defines their position, their purpose, the aim of all their efforts. It is the enunciation of the principles and the platform on which these gentlemen stand whom hold the government, and who have, so often, directed our armies to terrible and unpardonable slaughter.

Let us see how the Richmond Examiner stands. It says Vicksburg must not fall, but if it does fall, then war will have only commenced; that the North and the South are two distinct and incompatible civilizations; that they never again can be joined under one flag; that the only plain, simple, naked issue between the North and South is that of subjugation and independence; and that subjugation means no more nor less than extermination.—The Richmond Examiner, and the Evening Post, the one a leading rebel, and the other a leading Federal paper, both reiterate the same sentiments. Do we not tell the truth when we say this? Let honest men answer.

Then what is a fair statement of positions? It is this: The Secessionists believe that there are two civilizations here, and that they cannot live together in the same Union. The Abolitionists believe exactly the same thing.—Then why do we fight? For this: the Secessionists for independence, the Abolitionists for the emancipation of the slave, and the destruction of the slave system.

To the independence of the South the North will not consent, though half a century of war be necessary to prevent it. Negro equality at the South cannot be accomplished though there be half a century of war for that purpose.

Now these simple, plain propositions the people of this great North and South should apprehend in all their force. They are true. If the fathers now living do not acknowledge them to be true, their children, in sackcloth and ashes, will. Then where lies the solution of this problem? Who will concede in the least? All ask; the conservatives of the whole nation will determine what shall be done, and when they decide, the ultras in both extremes will be compelled to acquiesce. The majority of thirty-one millions will ultimately ask for, and maintain, the Constitution as it is, the Union as it was. Men in and out of power may as well consider this, and make up their minds to submission, for, as sure as the time comes, they will be called on to yield, however bitter the submission.

We should hear no more of distinct civilizations. Those who talk it, and say that they cannot live under one flag, talk against the interests of mankind.—Boston Post.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AND THE INVASION.

While the whole nation stands aghast at the formidable invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania by the columns of the Confederate army guided by Lee, and Longstreet, and Ewell, and Beauregard, we are compelled to stand still another shock in the sudden removal of the commander of the Army of the Potomac, without any other reason assigned than his own consciousness of inefficiency. This is terrible—but it is not the worst. Instead of supplying his place by the restoration of McClellan, in whom the whole army and nine tenths of the people have confidence, and whose appointment would have done more to drive back the invading horde than all the troops we can raise to meet the emergency, the administration, dumb, in spite of all the experience it has had, has ventured upon the fearful experiment, in this terrible crisis, of appointing a leader who is only known to the army as a brigade, or at farthest, corps commander. For this step, unwise and injudicious as it is, they will be held accountable to their countrymen. General Meade is a brave and experienced commander. What a mere intelligent soldier can do, we have no doubt he will do. Indeed we have confidence that he is, as a commander, far superior to Hooker, who was a bragart and a humbug so far as military capacity to lead a large army was concerned. Gen. Meade is a fine soldier—but so also was Hooker—the mistake is that neither of them, when chosen to lead the army—both of them at critical periods—had given any decided evidence of ability to command to advantage such large bodies of troops as compose the Army of the Potomac. With Gen. Meade as commander we hope all may go well—but his appointment, as was the appointment of Hooker, is a mere and very dangerous experiment, which the administration should and will be held accountable for. The appointment of McClellan would have aroused the spirit and enthusiasm of the whole North. With him at the head of the army we should to-day, independent of the Army of the Potomac, have 200,000 troops in the field, and the enemy who have insolently invaded our soil would, in three days, be ignominiously driven back, annihilated or captured. As it is we accept the circumstances as they have been unwisely thrust upon us, and will do the best we can, hoping and expecting victory, though judgment seems to have deserted our rulers. The New York World, in the following article, expresses our own views:

If the news which the telegraph last night flashed over all the land do not rouse the whole nation to a sense of its instant and fearful peril, like a fire-bell in the night, then we indeed deserve the doom which Providence seems, by the hands of our rulers to be preparing for us.

In the face of the invading army of Lee, the Army of the Potomac, already demoralized and disheartened by the repeated and objectless sacrifices which recklessness and incapacity have exacted of its patient valor, suddenly finds itself subjected to a change of commanders, which transfers it from the control of one general who has lost, to that of another who has not won, its confidence and its respect.

The possible, would to Heaven it were not simple truth to say the probable, consequences of this indescribable step, to the army involved, to the nation, and to the cause for which the nation bleeds and has so long been bleeding, are so momentous and so terrible that in the contemplation of them all other thoughts are silent.

This is no moment in which to brand, as history will brand it, his presumptuous folly, climbing by its dread results to the height of crime against the state, whose moral suicide now fitsly closes his brief but fatal tenure of command. Till the hand of Apollo is once more upon the reins of his fiery chariot, and the world draws breath from its peril, let Phœton lie where his madness has hurled him.

Nor can we dwell to-day on the guilt of those men in the government who have seen the toils of the invading army drawn daily closer round about the helpless and agonizing incapacity of the general who now throws up in despair the command which it was their solemn duty long since to have transferred into other hands than his. Whether ignorantly deluded, or wickedly

deluding, these men have been cheating the nation into hope while all around them hourly preacher death and death, it matters little just now to inquire.

The American people, by the open confession of the National authorities, are this day standing face to face with the impending annihilation of their finest army; the impending ruin of their National Capital; the impending fall of their National Government. The general who has caught up the sword thrown away by Hooker is a brave and worthy officer. He will doubtless do all that, under so fearful a responsibility as this which has fallen upon him, can be expected of a man inexperienced in high command, and suddenly called to extricate a great army from the straits into which it has been led by a general who avows himself beaten before he has felt the first blow of his enemy.

But it would be trifling with the highest interests to conceal the simple fact that the Army of the Potomac knows General Meade only as a subordinate officer who has done nothing to prove himself equal to such an emergency as that in which the army now finds itself deserted by a general of whom it knows that he has resigned the position he has cramped upon himself sacred pledges to reach, had he believed that there was so much as possible to be won. Had the baton of command been passed to a general tried and trusted by the army, there would still have been danger in the execution of the plans and movements of the campaign. But to the execution of these modifications the army would in that case have proceeded with an alacrity and confidence which it were now altogether insane to expect of them.

But it is idle to speculate on what might have been. For what may be, let the Nation at once prepare itself. It is well, doubtless, to hope even against hope. It is possible that General Meade may defeat, at the eleventh hour, the ripe combinations of the splendid commander whom the Confederates have lauded, at the head of a hundred thousand veterans, against the heart of the Union. But he is the worst of traitors or the maddest of men who will rest the future of the nation, even for a few weeks, upon such a possibility. The duty of the hour is plain and imperative to all men. The people of the United States must prepare this day for the worst, as if the worst at once were to befall. It is well, doubtless, to hope even against hope. It is possible that General Meade may defeat, at the eleventh hour, the ripe combinations of the splendid commander whom the Confederates have lauded, at the head of a hundred thousand veterans, against the heart of the Union. 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