



AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Editor.

"TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVER IT OER THE DARKENED EARTH."

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Select Poetry.

Our Orders

Waver no more alike, ye Lyons looms... To deck our girls for joy's delight... The crimson flowers of battle bloom...

General & Political.

The Fremont Imbroglia.

We had intended to not say one word on the subject of the Fremont troubles--but justice to the administration compels us. We know that Dr. John told over the County that Fremont would be sustained; we see a set of Republican newspapers denouncing the President for removing him; and we desire to put the facts before the people and show them that Mr. Lincoln is right...

The Republicans immediately bristled up and denounced us for denouncing Fremont and endeavoring to make him out a badly abused and persecuted man. Thurlow Weed, the personal and political friend and associate of President Lincoln has very kindly stepped forward to sustain us. In his correspondence, from Washington, to his paper the Evening Journal he gives the following full length portrait of General Fremont. The Republicans can take a good look at it and then continue to denounce us, for denouncing General Fremont, to their hearts content...

General Fremont.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26. "Since it cannot be concealed or denied that Gen. Fremont's conduct in Missouri has been the subject of official inquiry, as is now the occasion of Executive vituperation and of popular solicitude, I have made it my business to obtain, from various but reliable sources, information from which the people, as jurors, may safely render a verdict. On coming, as I have, to a conclusion unfavorable to Gen. Fremont, it is scarcely needful to say that I had, in doing so, to 'conquer' my 'prejudices.' My relations to Gen. Fremont have been intimate and pleasant. I believed him eminently upright and patriotic. I thought him well fitted for the high command with which he was invested; and he went forth with my heartfelt aspirations that he would render good service to our country and win glory to himself. Passing much that might be said, impugning the sense and taste of Gen. Fremont, and confining myself to accusations undeniably true, I submit to the readers of the Journal some facts which will show them how lamentably a favored general disappoints the popular expectation. When Gen. Fremont reached St. Louis, he took as his headquarters a house for which the Government was paying \$20,000 a year. He surrounded himself with a numerous staff, none of whom were residents of Missouri, organizing, simultaneously, a body guard, consisting of nearly three hundred horsemen, through which access to the chief is as difficult as the approach to a monarch in the darkest ages of despotism. He has appointed and commissioned, without the shadow of authority, more than fifty officers, with the rank of colonel, lieutenant colonel, major, captain, &c.—Col. Andrews, the United States paymaster, was required to pay these officers, and upon his refusal to do so was threatened with imprisonment. He was also directed to make an illegal transfer of \$100,000. The officers belonging to Gen. Fremont's staff are interested in army contracts.—Captain Haskell, an aid, is a partner of Colonel Dograf in mule, hay and other contracts. Captain Turnly, a United States commissary, was ordered to receive and pay exorbitant prices for inferior mules, from Capt. Haskell, and upon protesting against this wrong, was ordered away from the post by Gen. Fremont. Captain E. M. Davis, of Gen. Fremont's staff, received a contract for blankets, which, on delivery, proved rotten and worthless, and though condemned, were paid for and sent to the hospitals. The muskets purchased by Gen. Fremont in France, are worthless. After Gen. Meigs limited the price to be paid for oats at 30c, corn 25c, hay at \$17.50 a contract was made with Boyd & Palmer (Palmer, Cook & Co., of California notoriety) at 34c for oats, 30c for corn, and \$10 for hay, amounting in the aggregate to \$100,000. General Fremont, on his arrival at St. Louis, was met by the aid of Gen. Lyle, accompanied by Major Phelps, M. C. asking for reinforcements, which were not sent. The indebtedness of the quartermaster's department, for Gen. Fremont's command is over four million and a half. The disastrous course of things is attributable to the 'million influences' of Californians with whom Gen. Fremont became unfortunately connected in mining operations, and who hurried from the Pacific on learning that he was intrusted with a high military command. These ill-omened men, some or all of whom left a dark record in California, seem to have obtained either a voluntary or constrained control of the quartermaster and commissary departments of Gen. Fremont's military districts. The result and consequences are fatal alike to the interests of the country and the usefulness and reputation of the commanding general. They impeach either his head or his heart, and so far as he is practically concerned, it is not material which; for whether a wicked or a weak General, he is unfitted for so great a trust. Nor are these faults, grave as they are, the only ones to which he is obnoxious.—The war is being prosecuted by the army under his command, in a way which recalls and deepens the horrors of vandalism.—Without conquering traitors he is converting Union men into enemies. His line of march is marked and memorized by spoils and ravages which disgrace an age of civilization. We have a letter dated 'Tipton, Mo., October 17,' from an intelligent, observing, truthful friend, from which we take the following extract: "From Tipton to Warsaw the march was one continuous devastation, without the least regard to principles or interests. One Union man, who had kept five sons from joining the secession forces, had his place literally gutted, the men of Asboth's and Sigle's divisions killing, on his farm alone, forty sheep, three cows, two steers, and stealing eight horses.—The cavalry galloped over prairies lassoing mules and shooting oxen, sheep and hogs, then chucked them into their already overloaded wagons. There is scarcely a feathered biped left within five miles on either side of their march; not a whole looking-glass or an unfringed bureau, or blanket that has not been seized. For all this there is no excuse, the army having an abundance of provisions and stores. "The army has now reached Warsaw and can advance no further, and never was intended to advance further. Price and his army are to-day more than seventy miles ahead of ours. Fremont does not expect, and never did expect to overtake him. "Let the least disaster happen to us in front, and not a man will ever return to tell the story—for we shall have left behind us a maddened, beggared, famishing, frenzied population, in which those who were Union men ten days ago, are to-day our most bitter enemies. "Such license adds horrors to the legitimate and unavoidable evils of war. An army that leaves such remembrance along its line of march will be forever execrated. "It is sad to record these things of a youthful general, from whose career the country looked for heroism tempered with humanity. But high as our hopes were of Gen. Fremont, we cannot afford, when—whether from fault or misfortune—so much depends on the wisdom and integrity of generals, to be deceived. I am, by the force of evidence which cannot be resisted, constrained to admit that he has signally failed to discharge, with usefulness to the country, or credit to himself, the duties of his station."

The Army Vote.

No one can misunderstand the law with reference to the army vote, unless the misunderstanding be a willful one, and intended to accomplish unworthy objects. The Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of Philadelphia, has not the slightest right under the law, to take into consideration Regimental returns, so that the Schimmelpfenning returns, purporting to be Regimental, are of no more use than so much waste paper, and if the Prothonotary desires to retain his good name for honesty, and to act in accordance with his oath of office, with fidelity to all parties whose interests are entrusted to his keeping, he will, without another moment's hesitation, refuse to act on that nefarious return. There is also, no doubt of the frauds committed in Melvan's Regiment, as certificates have been produced where two or three companies held no election, but the returns have been received by the Prothonotary, giving the Republicans a large majority, not only for city and county officers, but Ward officers. A committee of gentlemen have been in Washington investigating the frauds which have been perpetrated against the army and the citizens of Philadelphia, and it is alleged that they intend to prefer charges against Col. Melvan, at headquarters, for having signed returns without knowing that they were genuine. The Committee are still actively at work, and some astounding developments may be anticipated. It is said the Committee was informed by General McClellan, that an officer of a company who would designly practice such a fraud, was not to be trusted, and should not remain in the army. However, as the law stands we have nothing as yet to do with the Colonel of the Regiment so far as the Prothonotary is concerned, but merely with the Captains and Lieutenants of companies. The Committee have abundant evidence to establish the fact that certain companies of Melvan's regiment never voted at all, when at the same time returns of votes as if cast by these companies have been returned to the Prothonotary; and moreover, the Captains of these companies deny that any vote was given by them. These election frauds have not only been attempted so far as this city is concerned, but throughout the State, with reference to the Assembly ticket and county officers, in order to defeat the anti-Republican candidates, so that the Republicans may have a majority in the Legislature.

We call again on the independent press throughout our Commonwealth to look after this thing, as in the present troubled state of affairs, it is highly important that the BALLOT BOX should not be used by demagogues to accomplish their damnable ends. Let this infamous conspiracy be crushed in the bud, while Philadelphia and Pennsylvania are still exempt from the horrors of intestinal strife. Philadelphia Evening Journal.

The Wide-Awake Man. DEDICATED TO THE STAY-AT-HOME BLUE CAPS. Now, while our soldiers are fighting our battles, Each at his post to do all that he can, Down among rebels and contraband chaffers, What are you doing my Wide-Awake man? All the brave boys under crosses are sleeping, All of them pressing to march with the van, Far from the home where their sweethearts are weeping, What are you waiting for, Wide-Awake man? You with the terrible war like monthader, Fit for a Colonel or chief of a clan, You with the waist made for sword belts and sabres, Where are your shoulder straps, Wide-Awake man? Bring him the bluish-green garment of woman! Cover his face but in freckle and tan: Master the Apron-Bring Guards on the Common, That is the corps of the Wide-Awake man. Give him for escort a file of young musketeers, Each of them armed with a deadly rattle, They shall defend him from laughter and gibes, Alas! by low boys at the Wide-Awake man. O, but the Blue Caps Guards are the fellows! Drilling each day since our troubles began— "Haul up your walking sticks!" "Shoulder muskets!" This is the style of the Wide-Awake man. Catch me counting my pores with strangers! Think how the cowardly out-runners ran! Is the struggle of stay at home Blue Caps? March on my corps, says the Wide-Awake man. Such were the staff of the Malakoff towers, Such were the soldiers that seized the Redan; Truculent housemaids and blood-thirsty Quakers Have met the wrath of the Wide-Awake man. When the brown soldiers came back from the borders, How will they look while his features they scan? How will he feel when he gets marching orders, Signed by his lady-love, Wide-Awake man? Now, thin, nine cheers for the North bearing Rangers! How the great hills throb and beat the big gun! First on the field that is furthest from danger, Take your white feather plume, Wide-Awake man. Fairly Fair.

The Lessons of the Hour.

The election in Pennsylvania has come and gone, but it has left a lesson behind pregnant with instruction for those who will be instructed thereby. One year ago the democratic party was swept from power in this country as the Simoon sweeps away the sands of the desert and blots in its course every vestige of animal life. In vain that party pleaded for the Union of the States and the integrity of the government. In vain through its press and by its orators—through every channel in fact by which it could reach the public ear or attract the public attention, did it admonish the people that the success of a sectional organization would produce civil war and dismemberment of the States. They would not heed nor hear. There was not enough left of the democrats of this State, so far as their organization was concerned, to even call it a party. All branches of the public service were filled with the opposition, and for the third time since the organization of the government, the democracy hung its harps on the willows and retired to mourn for the sad fate of their country. Their prophecies have been fulfilled—their predictions, in all their terrible reality, have come to pass. War—murderous and desolating war, now raging in place of peace and contentment. We are rapidly becoming a nation of military accomplishments, and when the end shall be no one can tell.

But a change has come o'er the spirit of our dreams. Starting out long before this campaign commenced with the idea that the democratic party was now dead, the leading political element of the country essayed to crush out every vestige of its vitality. Its presses were mowed or placed under the ban of an exacting public opinion that would tolerate nothing but an actual obedience to the helms of the party in power. Its orators and public men were degraded to insignificance—such as the czar of all the Russias would hardly dare to load upon one of his subjects. The final dissolution of the democratic party was announced, with so much earnestness and zeal, that everywhere the timid faltered and fell back—the doubting hesitated and looked about to be sure which would, in the end, be the strongest side; and, that large class of politicians who have no principles but the leaves and fishes—who have in turn belonged to all parties and adhered to none, went clear over and joined the opposition under the specious cry of "Union!" But what has been the result? Undismayed by the disasters that have befallen its country, or the defeats that but a year ago overtook its party, the ever-living, active, breaking sentiment of democracy, inherent in the hearts of the people, has been at work and performed its mission through the ballot box. Pennsylvania has been redeemed from the rule of the venal—redeemed from the rule of sectionalism—and has returned to her old ancient faith. It has often seemed strange to us that anybody can for a moment distrust the recuperative power of the democratic party. Yet such there are. "The democratic party is dead," is a story that has been said and sung for seventy years; and yet

how, from the dust of sackcloth humiliation it always arises! No defeat humbles—no degradation subdues it. Clad in the panoply of right—imbued with the principles of Union and good government—once overturned and stripped of the robes of power, it always arises with renewed vigor and energy to resume its position as the conservator of good government and the protector of the national integrity. Such has been its history, and such it ever will be. The spirit of democracy cannot be subdued or annihilated. It will live while free government shall live—live in the hearts of men—live in the attributes of God—live forever! This election then has written out the first great lesson—often written but as often forgotten, that the democratic party is not dead, neither doth it sleep. It is a thing of life as active and elastic as when it was breathed into an organized existence by Thomas Jefferson. It is raising up and reaching out for the control of this government, and it will as surely grasp the object for which it reaches, as that the object lives to be grasped. The name of folly and madness has been gained, and wearied with exhausting war and sectional strife, the government will again fall back into the hands of those who so long and so successfully controlled it, to be again united in a solid and enduring whole or we shall have come to naught. And this will teach the people by an experience so sad and so bitter that they will never again forget, never hereafter distrust the democracy of this country. Faults it may have—correction it may sometimes need, but all there must be made and cured within its own organization. To go outside of that cures them no better, and only imperils the country. And it will teach another thing. To those who are democrats in sunshine and desert as in storm—those who, when the tempest lowers desert the ship and pray lastly that it may go to the bottom—those who betray their party, its principles and the friends of their whole life, to take refuge in the bosom of their enemies and the enemies of their party—it will teach them that there is but one safe road to political distinction, and that is the old and well-trod pathway that the democratic legions have traveled since seventy years ago. But there is another and a practical lesson taught by this election. It is that the people of this country have no confidence in the ability of the present Administration to settle the difficulties that the country now finds itself involved in. We are not to say that Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet have not done what they could to defend the government against this rebellion. Probably they have, but that this war can ever be settled by and between Mr. Lincoln, the Representative of Northern radicalism to a great extent, and Davis the representative of southern ultraism, no right thinking man can for one moment suppose. With the hosts of northern legions at his command—with an army the like of which the world has seldom seen—Mr. Lincoln may, and we trust will, break the back of this rebellion. But more than that is required. Bayonets cannot make a union of a people and cement it in that affection for the government that shall render it enduring. An element stronger and a sentiment more sacred must first all underlie the foundations of a government of States united as one people—the sentiment of nationality—of fraternity—of equality. To these sentiments the democracy of the country has always been loyal and the southern people know it has been. To the democracy they will hearken—to their admonitions and guarantees they will give heed. The people of the north now see and appreciate this, and so as another lesson of the hour, we see them calling our party back to power, and to the control of the government.

We have thus glanced briefly at the lessons of this election. They are full of instruction, and we trust our Republican friends will heed them. In succeeding numbers we shall elaborate more fully. Lucerna Union.

FRANMONT VS. PATTERSON.—Why is it that those Republican papers which were so fierce in their attacks upon General Patterson a few months ago, have nothing to say now, touching the shameful speculations in Fremont's Department, or of the manifest stupidity and incompetency of their particular friend and Ex-candidate for the Presidency, "John Charles"? Would it be he have made a nice President?

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The Past and the Future.

At this date one year ago, says the Patriot and Union, we were on the eve of a Presidential election. The State elections had gone against the Democratic party. No reasonable doubt existed of the election of Lincoln. The Republicans were in high spirits. The air resounded with exultations at their anticipated victory. The streets of every city and village were ablaze with the torches of their Wide-Awake processions. Democrats were depressed and disheartened. Defeat stared them in the face as a party, and they saw with gloomy forebodings the promulgation of danger to the Union. What was the language of both parties at this time, and how does it now look in the light of experience and existing facts?

The Republicans promised unexampled prosperity as the result of their success.—They treated the idea of danger to the Union with disgusting levity. Men who ventured to raise a warping voice against the perils of the future were treated with upstart ridicule. They were ill boding prophets—professional "Union savers"—dough-faced politicians—Southern lick spittles, cringing at the lash of the Southern task-master. The election of Lincoln would quiet all this party clamor, raised for the purpose of frightening freemen into compliance with the demands of Southern arrogance. They would subside like whipped spaniels after the election of the Republican candidates. Then would commence the bright chapter in American history. A protective tariff would develop the long dormant resources of the North—give employment to the laborer and prosperity to every branch of manufacture. The blighting curse of slavery would be forever excluded from the territories, and the soil partitioned out among hardy Northern emigrants. There would be work for the laborer, "land for the landless," prosperity for the manufacturer, unalloyed happiness for the people, and the beginning of the golden age for the American Republic. Such were the predictions and promises confidently uttered by every Republican orator and every Republican press in the land.

Where are now all these promised blessings? We have a protective tariff, but what good does it do us? We have a homestead law, but what advantage is it to the landless? One year ago the Democratic party anticipated danger to the Union, and besought the people not to elevate to power the representatives of a sectional party. They believed it to be a dangerous experiment in a popular government to close its rulers in the face of the earnest and defiant protests of the people of one half of the States. They contended that concession and compromise was not only a just policy but a necessary policy for the prosperous government of a nation so diversified in its interests and institutions as our own.—They argued for peace and harmony.—They pleaded earnestly for the Union.—But their counsels and warnings were unheeded. The people believed that there was no real ground of alarm—and scathed into security by the promises of party leaders committed the fatal blunder of trusting a sectional party. The Democratic party recognized their right to make this decision, and bowed in submission to the popular will.

We cannot repeat the errors of the past, but we can profit by its lessons in the future. Our first duty is to put down rebellion against our lawful and Constitutional government, regardless of the errors of opinion instrumental in its elevation.—Our next duty is to put down the Republican party, which desecrated the people.—Happily its decline is as rapid as its rise. It has received a fatal blow in Pennsylvania. In New York it seeks concealment in a union with other parties. In Ohio it did not venture to set one of its own men up as a candidate for Governor—but consented to the election of a life-long Democrat. In the extreme west it has won its last victories. Decay is eating into its heart. It is everywhere dwindling down to its original abolitionism—and so insubordinate and lawless is this faction that the Administration will at last be constrained to turn to the Democratic party as its firmest supporters and the only true National organization capable of subduing rebellion and maintaining constitutional government.

The Hon. John J. Crittenden, in spite of his advanced age, is said to be the first private in the Frankfort Home Guard and has declared his intention to go into camp and remain in service until the Confederates are driven from the soil of Kentucky.

The Mobites Rebuked.

Many of our readers will remember the announcement in the papers but a few weeks ago, of the destruction of the office of the Easton Sentinel by an excited and infuriated mob—who styled themselves "Unionists."

All lovers of law, order and good Government, in short, all true patriots, read the announcement with feelings of sorrow and regret. If, said they, the editor of that paper has been guilty of any crime, of any treason to the Government, he is amenable to the laws, and should be arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to punishment, such as the nature of his crime deserves.

They felt that to countenance these unlawful proceedings was to encourage and initiate a reign of terror and violence here in our midst, which would only result in anarchy, confusion and bloodshed. That the people of the North, (who should be united, at least in fidelity to the Government and its laws,) would raise their arms not against its enemies in the South, but against one another in the North, and that a man's property or his life, would not be worth an hour's purchase.

Honest men of all parties condemned these proceedings as subversive of the natural and constitutional rights of men—the right of free speech and of the Press.—Strange to say, the Republican newspapers of the Country with a few shining exceptions, endorsed them, either directly or maintained a studied silence upon the question of rightfulness or wrongfulness and yet the echoes of the cry "free speech," "free press," "free soil," "Fremont, &c," made by these very newspapers, have hardly died away.—What a change has come over them! These words, "free speech," "free press," their rallying cry of '66, now fall upon their ears as meaningless and unbecoming as the whistling of the idle winds.

The Editor of the Easton Sentinel immediately procured a new Press and new type and resumed the publication of that journal, with scarcely a week's delay.—He offered the files of his paper for public inspection. He challenged their closest scrutiny, and asked those who had destroyed his property and abettors to point out one single word or sentence, which would justify them in their charges against him of being a sympathizer with Secessionists. No such word or sentence could be found or was found.—He was nominated by the Democratic party as a candidate for the Legislature, his loyalty, and merits were fully canvassed.

He abated not one jot or tittle of his opposition to fanaticism, sectionalism and abolitionism, but pursued the precise course he had for months previous. He met the most persistent and determined opposition—he was charged with being a Secessionist, a Tory and a traitor. This new "no party" dodge was resorted to in order to defeat him. He stood up manfully against that transparent trick, and exposed its fallacy. The result of the election has shown that mob law and violence is not only condemned by all honest men of all parties, but has received a most emphatic rebuke in old Northampton County where the whole Democratic ticket was elected by a majority of over 1,200, and D. H. Newman, editor of the Easton Sentinel has been fully endorsed by the people who know him best, by being elected to represent them in the next Legislature.—This result affords us more gratification than the election of any other man in the Commonwealth, excepting the election of our own Representatives, Geo. S. Tutton, and Levi L. Tate, who were reviled, abused and misrepresented without stint. The votes and acts of these men in our next Legislature will show that the confidence of their constituents has not been misplaced. Long live Tutton, Tate and Neiman!

What's Wrong?

The Harrisburg Telegraph, a radical Republican sheet, of the M. B. Lowrie School, mourning over the election, says: "The lesson of Tuesday last revives, with mournful force, the memory of the fate of the once glorious and intellectually powerful Whig party. Our defeats in certain localities remind us of the ingratitude which cursed the last throes of that mighty organization; and thus, by the incursions of the present, the Republican organization is fearfully warned that the same path, tortuous, dark and uncertain, has been opened to it, through which its honest masses will be forced to tread."

There is no use of your crying over spilt milk, Mr. Telegraph. It is all up now—you are gone dead entirely. This new Union dodge did the business in these parts. How about Harrisburg! Hurrah for the Democratic Union party!