

The Monitor

BY S. J. ROW.

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DAYLIGHT'S CLOSE.

O' how sweet when daylight closes,
When the western sun reposes,
And the dew is on the roses,
Brothers, then how sweet to rove
Through the meadow and the grove!
O' how sweet when toil is ending,
Day and night so softly blending,
Sweet to hear our songs ascending,
Brothers, then the starlight grove—
Songs of gratitude and love!
O' how sweet the bells low pealing,
In the car as softly stealing,
Home we go with grateful feeling,
Pray to God who reigns above,
And, with songs of praise and love,
Sink to rest.

GENERAL FREMONT'S OPERATIONS.

From the Philadelphia Press.
The annals of the crisis through which we are passing are the most varied, the most vivid ever written by War. The world has no parallel to the extent and the degree of the treachery disclosed by the last few months; but neither has it such sublime records of incorruptible manhood. If it has its Gosport, it has, too, its Monroe. It balances the base surrender of Pensacola by the heroic retention of Sumter. It contrasts Lee with Lyon; Buchanan with Lincoln. It puts side by side the raid of Ewell and the retreat of Banks; the retreat of Jackson and the advance of Fremont.
It is to this latter operation that we wish to call special attention. The retreat of General Banks has been thoroughly discussed, and has taken definite shape in the public mind as one of the most masterly movements of the war. The "iron man's" name is already gloriously chiseled in iron. But the advance of Gen. Fremont, having been through a region less known and less near, has not received the same amount of praise to which a detailed examination of the difficulties surmounted and the results achieved would entitle it. The data, though confused, are now sufficient for us to understand the movement; they are scattered over the letters of many correspondents. We give this succinct abstract of them.
At the time General Fremont received orders from the War Department to move to the rescue of Banks, or the chastisement of Jackson, his army was at Franklin, in the centre of Pendleton county, Virginia. The place is only forty-five miles south of the extreme western boundary of Maryland, but between it and that State stretch innumerable spurs of mountain ridges. Pendleton county is hemmed in on the east by the Shenandoah mountains, on the west by the Alleghany; while through it, in every direction, run series of ridges, appropriately described by the name of Fork Mountains, and others entitled, with less sarcasm, Bull Pasture Mountains. Jackson was at this time at Winchester, north-east of Fremont. Fremont's evident course was, therefore, to move down in a south-easterly direction to Harrisonburg, make there a junction with McDowell, and intercepting Jackson, compel him to fight his way through the united forces or surrender. But McDowell could not get any respectable body there in time; and it was impossible for Fremont to move an inch further south. He was already seventy miles from his base of supplies—separated from them by mountain-roads of such impassability that his little army had been for a week without any food, and he was reduced to the verge of starvation. It was exhausted by the forced marches, and he had no transportation adequate for a third of its force, and between over-work and under-rations, was in no state to move anywhere, even under the most favorable condition of travel. Besides by moving south-easterly, the General would be separating himself still further from his supplies; the country being utterly exhausted, he would have to cross the Shenandoah at a difficult point, and meet a substantial junction with McDowell. The practical exigencies of his situation compelled him, therefore, to choose the tedious alternative of encompassing three sides of a square, instead of making a short-cut of the fourth. Who can believe that, receiving his orders late on Saturday night, with his army as worn, and the chances of co-operation so uncertain, Fremont's plans were determined and digested with such rapid precision, his orders and tactical arrangements made with such energetic dispatch, that his troops were in full motion on Sunday morning, shaping their course due north for Petersburg. Amid constant rains, with food anything but constant, over roads cut and gullied by the army transportation of months—wet, jaded, hungry, sick, an unfavorable season, an unfeeling purpose, a big, heavy heart, dashed their men on to Petersburg. Into the town they trilled on Monday—still willing, but really too weak, for an immediate further advance. But they halted only till Tuesday, beginning then their easterly course. One mountain ridge after another is left behind; toil, privation, suffering, are endured patiently—for Jackson and the Shenandoah valley are beyond. Knapsacks, tents, stores, and all unnecessary impediments are left behind. The work is earnest, and the men earnestly bend themselves to it; with light backs and light hearts they resume the march. Friday sees them at Wardsville; on Saturday they triumphantly stand on the ridge that overlooks the valley so longed for, so toiled for; and in the afternoon they camp, for the first time in months, on a plain.
But there is no rest for them. They are at an important junction of roads; one to Winchester leads northeast; one to Strasburg, west. They are in the midst of the foe. Again, the relief of this man! Having accomplished, with exhausted forces, over a hundred incredible miles in seven days, he yet ventures to attack Jackson, and actually defeats his rear-guard! But, meanwhile, the bulk of the rebel army passes down to Strasburg in the cleverest nick of time, McDowell flanking it on the east, Fremont on the west, but unaided, unable to stay its course.
It is evident that no human efforts could have got a mile more out of Fremont's men than that general actually obtained; but it is equally clear that if the junction with McDowell had been made a day earlier, Jackson's whole force would have been captured or dispersed. We may learn critical charity from the thwarting, by circumstances, of such indomitable genius, when we take down our maps and reread, amid fire-side comfort, because "Jackson is not intercepted."

Ab, the brilliant marauder's plumes are dampened. His boasted crowing has subsided into an impatient cackle! A race for life down the valley! The rapid raid a more

rapid retreat! The pursuit of five thousand men is one thing; being pursued by twenty-five thousand quite another. An advance brigade of McDowell meets Fremont at Strasburg, and the united forces push on. Desperate enough, too, to keep up with the frightened Jackson! For Shields is on the east side of the mountains, seeking a chance to cross, and there is a long road yet between Strasburg and Charlottesville. The rebel is compelled to destroy many of the stores just captured with such hurrahs; prisoners taken by him escape in the confusion caused by the hard pressing columns in the rear, and join our lines; and beyond Strasburg, the rear-guard is again defeated. Onward still both parties press—the recently victorious and well-supplied rebels, and the worn and hungry Federals. A race for the bridges! So desperate that at Woodstock we saw, and that at Mount Jackson we quickly rebuild. Let it be remembered that Fremont is marching through a country wholly plundered by the rebel force in front, and is distant a hundred and fifty miles from his depot of supplies. Nevertheless, he fights a third another battle, and still follows every trace of the rebel march to Harrisonburg. He is now beyond all previous Federal advance, and, in commemoration of it, adds another victory to his list.
Meanwhile, Shields has been keeping up a parallel march the other side of the mountains, not daring to risk the time for crossing. The ridge melts away at Harrisonburg, and as the rebel marches down to the Shenandoah at Port Republic, Shields comes in just at his rear. But he has only a handful of men in his advance, and is thrown back to the main force, after fighting of fierce desperation.
Here the game is probably ended. Jackson holds the bridge across the Shenandoah, and is within short distance of Charlottesville, where he will be safe. What is the result of his raid? He captured some eight hundred prisoners; of these, two hundred have escaped, and we hold at least six hundred of his men—leaving no balance in his favor. He injured us slightly by destruction of stores; but Shields has more than repaid him at Milford and Conrad's Store; and if we had paid a hundred fold dearer for the raid, it would cheaply have bought the exhibition of such generalship as that of Banks and of Fremont.

NEW ISSUE OF DEMAND NOTES.—The government is about to make a new issue of demand notes of small denominations, amounting in the aggregate to one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. Some objection has been made to this currency, but experience has proved that it is the best and the safest for the community. Heretofore brokers made fortunes by the depreciation of the small notes on the different States. So great was the discount that some wild cat currency was depreciated even ten per cent. The discount came, of course, out of the pockets of the people, and the money dealers were made rich at their expense. Sometimes the banks issuing bills were broken, and the notes became worthless. In this case the losses of the people were considerable.
The new currency of the general government remedies all these evils. It is safe and sound. It is as good as gold everywhere. Such is the appreciation in which it is held at the South that as soon as our armies take possession of a rebel city there is great anxiety to invest in these demand notes, and to get rid of the Confederate shillings as soon as possible. Why is it that a Federal paper holds so high a rank? It is because of the basis on which it rests, the strength and stability of the government, its good faith to the creditor, and its ability to pay. The value of the demand notes is further enhanced by the patriotism of the people, who, under no circumstances, will depreciate them; for that would be only destroying their own public credit, and the loss would have to fall ultimately upon themselves.
All that is needed to perfect the security of these notes, and to make assurance doubly sure, is to pass the Tax bill, and that is now at such a stage that a few days will suffice for its final passage, by the agreement of the Senate and House of Representatives on the points on which they differ. It will be immediately signed by the President, as a matter of course. By its bill and the tariff bill, income will be secured of over two hundred millions per annum. According to the calculations of Mr. Chase, the average of the interest paid on the government bonds, is four and three-quarters per cent; but let us put it at five per cent, and we would thus have, by the results of the Tax bill and the tariff, the ways and means of not only paying the interest on the bonds, but of creating a sinking fund to pay the principal—payment which will be so evenly demanded that it is merely nominal. Even should the expenditures finally top four thousand millions, which is a far higher figure than they can ever reach, the estimated products of the Tax bill and the tariff would be ample for the payment of the interest. Thus from the vast resources of the country, from the diffusion of wealth and the patriotism of the people, a tremendous war can be carried on without material injury to the finances of the country, which would render bankrupt in one year the greatest Power of Europe. This is the secret of the safety and security of the demand notes of the government of the United States—a mystery which astonishes and confounds the calculations of all the great financiers of England and France.—N. Y. Herald.

Scene—cabin of the New World. Little boy, with a letter in the post, eyeing old gentleman in blue and yellow, and with a large mouth.—Who made that slit under your nob, old fellow? Old gentleman.—Sir, you are impudent.—Little boy (suggestive)—Careless cuss, wasn't he? Cut a little deeper he'd have your head off.

Andrew J. Vallandigham, represented as a brother of the notorious Democratic leader in Congress, has been arrested at Clinton, Missouri, for marauding against Union citizens, horse stealing, jawhacking and rascality in general.
The bill for the punishment and prevention of polygamy in the Territories, one section of which repeals and annuls the laws and ordinances of Utah on this subject, has passed the Senate.

A Man excused himself for marrying by saying that his friends declared that he drank too much for a single man.

BROWLOW IN PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. Browlow addressed the citizens of Philadelphia recently, at the Academy of Music, on the subject of the distracted condition of our country. The Hall was crowded, and the Parson was received with great applause. Below we give an abstract of his speech, on that occasion:

Ladies and Gentlemen: In appearing before you this evening, under the circumstances I do, and with all the surroundings, I propose to advise you, in the outset of anything and everything I may say, of what you will not fail to have discovered before I take my seat, that I do not claim to present my subject with an eloquence that charms, a diction that fascinates, or a style of oratory that captivates. I can say in good faith and in all sincerity, that I regret this, knowing, as you and I do, that there is no power on earth equal in its influence upon the human mind to the power and influence of oratory, when it is finished and complete. But I have one consolation in my attempt to address you to-night, and that is, that I address an appreciative audience. I have no doubt, I know it, I feel it in my bones, that I address an appreciative Philadelphia audience—an audience here to listen to some facts in reference to the great rebellion and its operations down South; to the gigantic conspiracy of the nineteenth century, without parallel, in its wickedness, and its infernal composition, this side of hell. [Applause.]

I know what I am saying, from beginning to end, and I shall look to what I say, that in my manner of saying—more, if you please, to the subject matter than to my studied effort to display. Mr. Browlow then related the manner in which he had lost his voice, several years ago; how his throat was operated upon internally, by a physician in New York, and externally operated upon in the South; how he recovered his voice, at Cincinnati, after his release from the Knoxville jail. I attribute, he said, the only circumstance of the miraculous restoration of my voice, to the fact that I was making war upon this infinitely infernal rebelion, the work of the meanest men of the Southern Confederacy—the disappointed and ambitious leaders, the most unmitigated scoundrels that now breathe the air of heaven. You have purer men in your penitentiary than the leaders of this rebellion in the South [cheers], and I know there are better men in hell. [Cheers.] We are in the midst of a fearful rebellion, a rebellion without parallel, so far as its wickedness is concerned. It is a rebellion for which there never did exist, and does not now exist, even the shadow of a pretext. We are in it because we have been plunged into it by the demagogues and wicked men of the South. I don't scruple to say that you have some men at the North, a small class, I know, who are agitators, and have been all the time agitating the subject of the peculiar institution, and have really done the slaves of the South more harm than good and the cause more harm. [Applause.] While I say this, I have the frankness as a Southern man, born and raised in the South, with all my interests there, with the full expectation of living and dying there—for I purpose neither to emigrate nor to go else. [Applause.] I say I have the frankness to say before you what I say at home, and will say again, in the face of the entire Southern community—that you of the South, and not you of the North, brought on all this trouble. [Applause.] We did it, and are mainly responsible for it—and the gallows will never receive its dues until the leaders of this rebellion are hanged. [Cheers.] The Devil will be cheated of his just dues until he has the exquisite delight of roasting the leaders in hell. [Cheers.] I am here not for the purpose of pandering to any Northern feeling or prejudice. I am here to state the whole truth and nothing but the truth. What are the facts in regard to the origin of the present state of things? My language then 1860, we entered into a Presidential contest, and we have been waded to do once in every four years. We brought forth the candidates upon the track, and we had a sort of four-horse race. Some of us supported one ticket and some another. It fell to my lot to support Bell and Everett, a Union ticket, a good Union ticket, as we intended it to be. We were unsuccessful. We failed to elect our men, and the great leader and man upon our ticket had gone, since that time, not exactly the way of all earth, but the way of all South. Col. Bell has delivered, under threats of violence, a diatribe speech and turned lecturer in favor of breaking up the Union. I have nothing harder to say of him in his absence, than to ask that you pity the sorrows of a poor old man. [Laughter and applause.] The other member of the ticket who fell in a night, the right side up, marked with care. Glorious man wherever you come across him! I allude to Edward Everett. [Applause.]

When I sum up the whole thing, I am brought to the mortifying reflection that the ticket you and I supported had all its strength in its hind legs. [Laughter.] Others of you supported, and did it in good faith, the Douglas and Johnson ticket. You, too, were unsuccessful. Douglas, poor fellow, is dead—a gallant little man when living; and if alive today, he would be a Brigadier General in the army, supporting the Government. [Applause.] Others of you supported a third ticket; and before God, permit me to say that was the meanest ticket that ever was supported. [Applause.] I allude to the Breckinridge and Lane ticket; two men who loaned themselves to this infernal disunion party, whose design was to break up the Government. Many of you supported that ticket, and you ought to be ashamed of it to-night. [Applause and laughter.] The fourth and last ticket on the track was known, and is still known as the Lincoln and Hamlin ticket. [Cheers.] If your papers have not acquainted you with the fact, I have the exquisite pleasure of announcing to-night that your ticket was successful [cheers] as I did in 48 hours after the polls closed, as my honored representative in Congress, Horace Mann, on my left, will bear me out. [This reference to Mr. Mannard elicited cheer after cheer, which Mr. M. acknowledged, after which Mr. Browlow proceeded.] Mr. Mannard and others and myself have fought them to the bitter end, and we are still fighting, and we intend to pursue them to the gates of hell, and as they enter, make mouths at them. [Laughter.] As I was saying, I came out editorially in my paper, the most widely circulated paper in Tennessee, and announced that Lincoln was fairly and squarely elected

under the form and law of the Constitution, without fraud, without cheating, and that was the bounden duty of every good man in North America to obey cheerfully, because the majority, as expressed at the ballot-box had so said, and I declare my purpose to do so, and at the end of four years, if Lincoln didn't make the right sort of a President, to pick our flint and try it again. But this Secession party and their neighbors and disunion leaders had intended to break up this Government for more than thirty years, and if they had been successful in electing Breckinridge, and Lane, they only intended the Government to continue for four years, during which time it was their settled purpose to steal all the money in the coffers, manufacture all the arms they could at Springfield and other points, transport all the arms to the South, erect fortifications, and at the expiration of the four years entirely disarm the North, take charge and put an end to the Government. Did not Pryor say upon the floor of the House, "We can get the Crittenden Compromise but we don't intend to have it, and we don't intend to have any other compromise—we intend to dissolve the Union?" Mr. Browlow referred to other evidences of the settled plan to destroy the Union, no matter what the North would offer. During the eighty years the Government has existed, we of the South have had the control of it twice to your once. Five of our men were elected a second time, making forty years of office, while not a man north of Mason and Dixon's line was ever permitted to be elected to the Presidential chair the second time, and we seized two or three of your Northern gentlemen with Southern principles as soon as they were elected. [Laughter.]

Mr. B. referred to the composition of the Senate and House at the time of Mr. Lincoln's election, as a sufficient check upon Mr. L. if any had been needed. He then recounted the suffering of the Union men in East Tennessee when hanging was the daily amusement of the Secessionists, and he gave the names of those who were thus executed. Referring to the advance of General Negley into that section of the country he expressed the hope that he would be reinforced so that he could drive the devils into the Gulf of Mexico. Not until that is done will they find the last ditch. Concluding his narrative of the suffering endured by the people of Tennessee for their devotion to the flag, he said, "I am mortified and humbled before God and my country, when I know that we have lots of men in the North who sympathize with the rebellion. If I had my bond with the devil for the production of a dozen of the meanest and most God-forsaken, hell-deserving creatures on the face of the earth, and if I wanted to get a premium upon the payment, I would turn over to the devil twelve Northern men who sympathize with secession. [Cheers.] Every man who ought to be ridden on a rail out of Philadelphia [cheers], and if you make an appointment at one of your parks, to-morrow, I will lead the way. [Cheers.] We men of the South who have suffered at the hands of the Secessionists make it a personal matter when we find men at the North sympathizing with the traitors. [Cheers.]

In closing, he referred to the exhausted condition of the South, and predicted that the contest could not last much longer. It will come down if we have to force, if we have to subjugate, or if we have to exterminate the people of the South, and supply their places with a better class of men.

The Speech of the Hon. Ed. McPherson, of Pennsylvania, in the House of Representatives, on the 6th of June, is a masterly production, and we regret that we cannot spread it at length before our readers. He spoke in reply to Messrs. Verrees, of Indiana, and Vallandigham, of Ohio. The following extract is exceedingly well conceived:

Sir, I do not wonder that the gentleman referred to realize that their self-appointed task is as arduous as it is hopeless. No rotundity of speech, no pompous or repeated protestations of pure, and lofty, and unselfish purposes; no self-delusions, can drive from the public the conviction that such a work, at such a time, is in the highest degree unfit, unwelcome, and unworthy. They are themselves not insensible to these considerations, for, feeling them, they both seek to justify their course to their Government, and by broadly asserting that, in a certain sense, they will sustain it against all foes at home or abroad. "In a certain sense!" What a world of meaning is comprehended in this qualifying clause. How suggestive of danger to those engaged—of warning to those sought to be enticed.

Mr. Chairman, I will not trust myself to discuss the merits of gentlemen. It does not become this place to cast, or attempt to cast, a suspicion upon any one's loyalty, or to stain upon any one's patriotism. Least of all should I thus assail a member of the American Congress, of whom the suspicion of even a shade of disloyalty is an imputation of guiltiness equal to any and every crime. But in times of great public danger, when savage foes have banded for the overthrow of the Government, the extinction of American nationality, and the degradation of free institutions, and when armed hosts, inflamed with hate, possessed by demonic passions, and brutalized by slavery, are pointing their gleaming bayonets at the nation's heart, and cleaving down the sons of our pride, is it not, to say the least, inopportune, that those whose great responsibility it is to meet these grave events, and save our matchless institutions, must withdraw themselves from these duties to protect their reputation from the fierce warfare of partisan rivalry? But the friends of this Administration make no plea, and seek to escape no responsibility. They are willing to meet its enemies, at all times, on all points, and as firmly and courageously as they have met the armed enemies of the country. And they will bury both in the common, dishonored grave which the people will dig.

The rebels can well afford to give up all their church, cow and dinner bells to Beauregard, for they never go to church now, their cows have all been taken by foraging parties, and they have no dinners to be summoned to.

The people of Sweden—his native country—have voted Ericson's medal for his services in connection with the Monitor.

SECRETARY STANTON.

From the Boston Evening Transcript, June 2.

When two influential newspapers of this city claiming to be friendly to the present Administration, in utter ignorance of the facts indispensable to correct judgment, have seen fit to call for the removal of Mr. Stanton, and when one of those journals the *Daily Advertiser*, has been for weeks joining with the *New York Herald* and the *Boston Courier*, and with every thing bitter, factious and treasonable, in ignorant abuse of that eminent person, it becomes a matter of simple justice that he should have the public benefit of some of the great facts of record in his favor. We propose, by a simple exhibition of authoritative facts, and in no spirit of mere partisan attack and defence, to show that it is to him, whom the *Daily Advertiser* charges with all which it regards as wisdom in the central conduct of this war—to him whom so many newspapers have attacked because, in the interest of his country and with the thanks of all their readers, he stopped their longer doing the work of spies in conveying information to our enemies—to him, whose noble self-abnegation and stern patriotism have closed his mouth from answering a series of falsehoods, beginning with the charge of his diverting troops from General McClellan and ending with the charge of his diverting them from General Banks, to gratify personal jealousy and ambition—that it is to him, next certainly to the President, that this country owes more to-day than to any other man in it.

To do this we must go back to the condition of affairs when he first took office. In what we have to say of General McClellan we draw a clear line between his plans and acts as Commander-in-Chief and his ability as General at the head of an army in the field. We believe him to be fully competent where he is, and we shall not cease to believe in his eminent fitness and hope for his triumphant success in his present campaign, unless frustrated by events and by authoritative military criticism to another conclusion.

It is clear that when the main direction of the war was left to a Commander-in-Chief, that more than purely military calculation must occupy his mind, and if he must see the value of time in relation to national finances, to a democratic form of government, and to foreign intervention; in short, that he must have some of the qualities of a great statesman as well as all of the qualities of a great General. When Mr. Stanton became Secretary of War, what was the posture of affairs under General McClellan's plan and direction? The country was under lasting obligations to his demonstrated faculty for organizing, and it became necessary to state how little else had been done, why so little had been done, and to whom the country is indebted for what was done in February and March, and to its position before the world to-day.

Mr. Stanton came into power when foreign intervention seemed imminent, with no one great military advantage yet followed up, and with capital distrusting the national finances, on which all depended. With the breadth and vision of a statesman, and with a terrible earnestness and force of will of a Cromwellian, he brought into the national councils, for the first time since the war began, comprehensiveness, decisiveness and a thorough realization of the value of time to this nation. For the first time the national debt was expressed. Some minor mistake like a letter to Gen. McClellan, New York Tribune, in earnest. Of great mistakes he made none. He found Gen. McClellan virtually directing the whole war and responsible that no more had been done, and had fixed in his determination that no advance should be made until April. In this determination Gen. McClellan still further fortified himself by a vote of eight of his generals against four.

Mr. Stanton saw at once that no advance until April involved national despondency, a tax levied upon the people for an immense debt which had borne no fruit in victory, no weather and a fall campaign, distrust and a great fall in national stocks, and a possible, if not probable, foreign intervention. Then, through him, was issued the President's order No. 1, over Gen. McClellan's head, and against his protest, peremptorily commanding an advance at all points on the 23d of February. General McClellan was placed at the head of the Army of the Potomac, and ought to be Commander-in-chief. Mr. Stanton simply became a real Secretary of War, taking into his capable hands the reins which Mr. Cameron had either necessarily given to others or misused himself. The President had, at last, a great right arm to lean on, and each was strengthened and greater for the other.

The movements in the West under Commodore Foote, which sent joy and hope through the hearts of the people, or at least without regard to General McClellan's plea, or attempt directly from Com. Foote's communications, or a question to the Navy Department and its orders to him; and without further enumeration it is only necessary to say that the series of brilliant successes during February and March, which threw new life into the nation, which gave us a Fort Henry, Bowling Green, Columbus, Donelson, Island No. 10 and Nashville, which forced respect for us abroad, if it did not prevent intervention at home, and the execution of the plan of the Commander-in-Chief, and against his protest. What that plan was, were it proper to discuss it, becomes of little consequence when we know that no advance was to be made until April and when it was found that the Commander-in-Chief had communicated none to the other Major Generals.

While expressing as we have our faith in Gen. McClellan as the commander of an army—all the more because, as civilians, we are entirely incompetent to form a judgment of his military acts since he was placed at the head of the army of the Potomac—we are free to say, and we think all candid men will agree with us, that, in the light of the trustworthy acts we have given, it was the most fortunate event in the history of the war when Edwin M. Stanton became Secretary of War, and General McClellan was placed where nothing more than purely military ability was wanting.

We have reason to believe that nobody regretted more than Mr. Stanton that the *New York Tribune* attacked General McClellan. It is almost the only newspaper on our whole seaboard which has attacked him, and since he has left for Yorktown even the *Tribune's* com-

plaints have mainly ceased. No one can trace to Mr. Stanton complaints against General McClellan as the head of an army, and it is simply cruel to connect him with the random and ill-considered criticisms of others. Whatever his opinions may be, he is too wise and too just to complain of a General as long as he kept at the head of a great army in the face of the enemy.

And now what are the facts as to the charges of diversion of troops from General McClellan, which have taken contradictory and absurd shapes, which have had the support of some letters written by a few honest officers in the field, with only special and limited knowledge, as well as those of omniscient newspaper correspondents, of newspapers which have merited suppression for early treason and persistent factiousness, and even of a few Republican newspapers, like the *Daily Advertiser*, which, instead of going to the proper sources for full knowledge, have been as dogmatic, as they have been ignorant. In the first place, let it not be forgotten that the President and Cabinet have at their side a special military adviser, Gen. Hitchcock, who has been called the *Cesar of our army*, and whose skill as a strategist, and whose powers of combination are commensurate (on the highest military authority) with his general culture and comprehensiveness. And he is not the only general eminent by nature, culture and experience, who is called into consultation. The idea that Mr. Stanton alone interferes with or changes military plans is simply absurd.

No agreement was ever made by the President or the War Department with Gen. McClellan to send to the Peninsula the whole of McDowell's corps. For reasons no doubt sufficient to his mind, with reference to his position upon the Peninsula, he desired the whole, which would have left no national soldier between the forts across the Potomac and Richmond by way of Fredericksburg. A large part of McDowell's command was, however, sent to him, which was so much in excess of agreement, and when the correspondence of the War Department on that subject sees the light, it will be found that the President himself interfered with the wishes of men left to General McDowell, original agreement. But for the President wisely insisting, that for the safety of Washington and that General McClellan might be aided by a flank movement under General McDowell, all of McDowell's army would have gone to the Peninsula.

And yet Mr. Stanton has been charged with diverting troops from Gen. McClellan, in violation of original agreement, and with his having prevented this flank movement upon Richmond, which was so long delayed because more men had been sent to Gen. McClellan than he was entitled to by agreement. The simple truth is, that the reduction of General McDowell's command, by sending so large a portion to Gen. McClellan, beyond agreement, if not in full compliance with his wishes, caused the very derangement of original plans, which has been charged upon Mr. Stanton. Until Gen. McDowell's force was increased, and the disposition of troops changed, these facts could not be publicly stated.

In regard to the withdrawal of troops from General Banks it would have been simply deplorable had it not been for the support of the Government, it nominally supports, and before relying on the statements of an excited officer, who only knew certain facts in relation to his own column, to have waited to learn the overruling military reasons and necessity for the withdrawal, of which that officer and the *Daily Advertiser* knew literally nothing. General Banks is not in the habit of communicating to his subordinates the important plans or the necessities for changes of plan of a campaign.

We are at liberty to say as much as this: That General Banks, on a full understanding of the military necessity, cheerfully acquiesced in the temporary and necessary abandonment of a plan, in whose original conception and partial execution he had the most cordial and effective support of the Secretary of War. And we know further that Mr. Stanton was among the last to yield to the necessity, and that the President himself intervened and wisely decided that the troops should be withdrawn. It is moreover the fact that the necessity for the diversion of troops from Gen. Banks grew out of and was in aid of Gen. McClellan's wishes, and his call for more troops.

We have only to say further that the major part of the facts stated in this article have been for weeks in our possession, and that their publication has been made proper and necessary by the lapse of time and by the most ignorant, virulent and persistent attacks upon a Government, whose lips have been closed against saying a word which might, even by implication, injure one of its own generals or officers in which we were all engaged. We have said that we know the facts. We say this deliberately and on our responsibility as journalists and as gentlemen. If it be objected that the facts stand unsupported by the names and sources of information, we can only add that the assumption of knowledge of plans and changes of plans in the many newspapers which have for two months violently attacked the Secretary of War and the Government, rests on no exhibition of authority whatever. It will be time to name sources of information when any respectable authority, so situated as to know governing facts, is produced. In due time the whole truth will see light.

Gov. Johnson is enforcing his proclamation in Tennessee. A Union soldier had been freed from by a concealed foe in Murfreesboro, and for this two secessionists were arrested, including a brother of Mr. Ex-President Polk.

The Knoxville Register complains that the Union men of a town in East Tennessee, while some of Morgan's men were passing on the street, "threw rocks at them." Perhaps they wanted to rock the rascals to sleep.

The more we learn of the retreat and fighting by General Banks' men, the more are we called upon to admire their bravery and endurance.

Parson Brownlow says there is only one office in the gift of Government he would like—that of General Hangman for East Tennessee.

General Banks has received the official thanks of the President and Secretary of War for his masterly retreat to the Potomac.