

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

A Full Account of the Three Days' Conflict.

As a connected narrative of the memorable battles fought on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 1st, 2d and 3d of July, near Gettysburg, in Adams county, Pennsylvania, will be valuable for reference, and also satisfactory as a resume of the details furnished in our despatches, we think the following carefully written account will be acceptable to our readers:

Gen. Meade took command of this army on Sunday, the 28th ult. At that time his headquarters were at Frederick, and Lee's at Hagerstown. It will be seen that he was in the southwest, and consequently in the rear of the foe, eminently threatening his line of retreat. The army of the Potomac began its campaign from that moment. Orders were issued for the several corps to move early in the evening, and on the morning of the 29th our whole brilliant and hopeful host was in motion towards Pennsylvania. The First, Third and Eleventh corps encamped on Tuesday at Emmetsburg; the Second and Twelfth also pitched their tents near by. The Sixth corps marched to Carlisle Wednesday morning, the first day of this month forever memorable. The First Corps, under Major-General Reynolds, and the Eleventh, under Major-General Howard, started for Gettysburg, Reynolds in command, where they arrived at 10 o'clock, A. M. The corps, in the advance, marched directly through the town. The enemy was discovered posted in a wood to the westward, near the Lutheran Theological Seminary. The beginning of the three days' conflict was at hand.

THE BATTLE OF WEDNESDAY.

One who has been in the presence, who now sits among the echoes, and whose brain teems with rushing memories of a conflict so recent and so vast, may well pause before attempting to indicate its magnitude or describe its progress. Rash as the advance of Gen. Reynolds has been pronounced by many brother officers who now lament his death, I question whether it was not after all for the best. It served at once as a reconnaissance, showing the enemy's exact position and probable force, and as a check upon any offensive movement which that enemy might have been intent upon. It secured the Army of the Potomac the commanding position on Cemetery Hill, from which the battles of the two succeeding days were chiefly fought, and which, had the rebel commander anticipated the engagement, he would doubtless have secured for himself. Not less, perhaps, than the skill of the generals who directed the battle on our side, gave us the victory. When, therefore, the heroic First Corps, and its fated commander placed themselves in the terrible dilemma of Wednesday morning, they won a knowledge by their sacrifice worth all the world to us thereafter. The corps marched in the following order: First division, under Gen. Wadsworth; Third division, under Gen. Doubleday; five full batteries, under Col. Wainwright; Fourth division, under Gen. Robinson.

A portion of our artillery took position half a mile south of the Seminary. The enemy opened fire on it with such fierceness as forced the batteries to retire, which they commenced doing in good order. Gen. Wadsworth immediately came to their aid; two of his regiments, the 2d Wisconsin and the Twenty-fourth Michigan charged the rebel infantry, forcing them in turn to retire. The batteries assumed an excellent position further in the rear, which they held during the day. Gen. Reynolds now rode forward to inspect the field and ascertain the most favorable line for the disposal of his troops. One or two members of his staff were with him. The enemy at that instant poured in a cruel shrapnel fire upon the group of officers, a bullet struck Gen. Reynolds in the neck, wounding him mortally. Cry out with a voice that thrilled the hearts of his soldiers, "Forward! for God's sake, forward!" he turned for an instant, beheld the order obeyed by a line of shouting infantry, and falling into the arms of Capt. Wilcox, his aid, who rode beside him, his life went out with the words, "Good God, Wilcox, I am killed!"

The command of the corps devolved upon Gen. Doubleday, who hurried to the front, placed it in position, and awaited a charge which it was seen the rebels were about to make. An eminence whereon stood a piece of woods was the important point thenceforth to be defended. The rebels advanced and opened fire from their entire line. They were instantly charged upon by Meredith's Western brigade, who, without firing a shot, but with a tremendous cheer, dashed forward with such swiftness as to surround nearly 600 of the foe, who were taken prisoners. A strong column immediately advanced against us from the woods, and, though volley after volley was poured into them, did not waver. Their proximity and strength at last became so threatening that the brigades of the Second division were ordered to make another charge, which was even more successful than the first. Their momentum was like an avalanche; the rebels were shot, bayoneted, and driven to partial retreat, more than two regiments falling into our hands alive. Our ranks suffered fearfully in this demonstration, and it was evident that such fighting could not long go on. The Eleventh corps now made its appearance, and its General (Howard) assumed command of the forces. Steinwehr was ordered his artillery being placed in the latter position. The other two divisions of the Eleventh corps, under Shultz and Barlow, then supported the First Corps on the right in time to resist two desperate charges by Ewell's troops. A third charge was now made by the entire rebel force in front, which comprised the corps of Hill and Ewell, sixty-two thousand strong. The shock was awful. The superior numbers of the foe enabled them to overlap both our flanks, threatening us with surrounding and capture. Their main effort was directed against our left wing, and notwithstanding the gallant fighting done by our soldiers at that point, they at last obtained such advantage that Gen. Howard was forced to retire; his command through the town to the east, which was done in good order, the compliments of the rebels meanwhile falling thick among it, in the shape of shells, grape and canister. The two corps were placed in line of battle on Cemetery Hill at evening, having withstood during the entire day the assaults of an enemy outnumbering them three to one. Not without grief, not without misgiving, did the officers and soldiers of those corps contemplate the day's engagement and await the onset they believed was to come. Their comrades lay in heaps beyond the village whose spires gleamed peacefully in the sunset before them. Reynolds the beloved, and the brave, and Zook slumbered beside him. Barlow, Paul, many field and scores of line officers had been killed. The men of the First corps alone could in few instances turn to speak to the ones who stood beside them in the morning without

meeting with a vacant space. The havoc in that corps so frightful as to decimate it fully one-half, and that in the Eleventh corps—nearly so, from the "spectacular" which rested upon it before—was scarcely less great. Yet the little army flinched not, but stood ready to fall as others had fallen even to the last man. With what a thrill of relief Gen. Howard, who had sent messenger after messenger during the day to Slocum and Sickles, saw in the distance at evening the approaching bayonets of the Third and Twelfth corps, only they can tell who fought beside him. Those corps arrived assumed positions to the right and left of the First and Eleventh on the heights about Cemetery Hill at dusk. The enemy made no further demonstration that night. Gen. Meade and staff arrived before 11 o'clock. The commander then examined the position, and posted the several corps in the following order: the Twelfth (Slocum) on the right, the Eleventh (Howard) next, the Second (Hancock), First (Doubleday), and Third (Sickles) in the center, the Fifth (Sykes) on the extreme left. The situation was brilliant, commanding. For almost the first time in the history of this army's career belonged the advantage in the decisive battles which ensued.

The heights on which our troops were posted sloped gently downward from our front. The line stretched in a semi-circle, its convex centre toward Gettysburg, the extremes toward the southwest and south. Ledges on the interior sides gave our soldiers in some instances a partial shelter from artillery. Every road was commanded by our cannon, and the routes by which Lee might otherwise retreat in case of his defeat were all in our possession. At every one weaker than others reserves were judiciously posted, and the cavalry—an arm of the service scarcely brought into play in some recent and destructive battles—protected both our flanks in immense numbers.

THE BATTLE OF THURSDAY.

On what a spectacle the sun of Thursday rose, the memory of at least that portion of our forces who witnessed it from Cemetery Hill will linger forever. From its crest the muzzles of fifty cannon pointed toward the hills beyond the town. From the bluffs to the right and left additional artillery frowned, and away on either side, in a graceful and majestic curve, thousands of infantry moved into battle line, their bayonets gleaming like serpents' scales. The roofs of Gettysburg in the valley below, the rifts of woodland along the borders of Rock creek, the orchards far down on the left, the fields green and beautiful, in which the cattle were calmly grazing, composed a scene of such peace as it appeared was never made to be marred by the clangor of battle. I strolled out to the cemetery ere the dew was yet melted from the grass, and leaned against a monument to listen to the singing of birds. One note, milder than the rest, had just broken from the throat of an oriole in the foliage above me when the sullen rattle of musketry on the left told that skirmishing had begun. Similar firing soon opened along the entire rebel line, and although no notable demonstration was made during the forenoon, it was apparent that the enemy was feeling our strength preliminary to some decisive effort.

The day wore on full of anxious suspense. It was not until four o'clock in the afternoon that the enemy gave voice in earnest.

He then began a heavy fire on Cemetery Hill. It must not be thought that this wretched fire was unanswered. Our artillery began to play within a few moments and hurled back defiance and like destruction upon the rebel lines. Until six o'clock the roar of cannon, the rush of missiles and the bursting of bombs filled the air. The clangor of shot and shell, the crash of musketry, the confusion and awe of a combat which did not confine him. With the calculation of a tactician and the eye of an experienced judge he watched from his headquarters on the hill whatever movement upon the murky cloud which enveloped the rebel lines might first disclose the intention which it was evident this artillery firing covered. About six o'clock P. M. silence, deep, awfully impressive, but momentary, was permitted as if by magic to dwell upon the field. Only the groans unheeded by the wounded and dying, only the murmur—a mournful memory—of the breeze through the foliage, only the low rattle of preparation for what was to come, embroidered this black stillness. Then, as the smoke beyond the village was lightly borne westward, the woods on the left were seen filled with dark masses of infantry, three columns deep, who advanced at a quickstep. Magnificent! Such a charge by such a force—full 45,000 men, under Hill and Longstreet—even though it threatened to pierce and annihilate the 3d Corps, against which it was directed, drew forth cries of admiration from all who beheld it. General Sickles and his splendid command withstood the shock with a determination that checked, but could not fully restrain it. Back, inch by inch, fighting, falling, dying, cheering, the men retired. The rebels came on more furiously, halting at intervals, pouring volleys that struck our troops down in scores.

General Sickles, fighting desperately, was struck in the leg and fell. The 2d Corps came to the aid of his decimated column. The battle then grew fearful. Standing firmly up against the storm, our troops, though still outnumbered, gave back shot for shot, volley for volley, almost death for death. Still the enemy was not restrained. Down he came upon our left with a momentum that nothing could check. The rifle guns that lay before our infantry on a knoll were in danger of capture. Gen. Hancock was wounded in the thigh, General Gibbon in the shoulder. The 6th Corps, as the 1st with such shots and such volleys as made the rebel column tremble at last. Up from the valley behind, another battery came rolling to the heights and flung its contents in ranks. Crash! Crash! With discharging deafening, terrible, the musketry firing went on, the enemy, reforming after each discharge with wondrous celerity and firmness, pressed up the declivity. What hideous carnage filled the minutes between the appearance of the 5th Corps and the advance to the support of the rebel columns of still another column from the right, I can not bear to tell. Men fell as the leaves fall in autumn before those horrible discharges. Faltering for an instant, the rebel columns seemed about to recede before the tempest. But their officers, who could be seen through the smoke of the conflict galloping and swinging their swords along the lines, rallied them anew, and the next instant the whole line sprang forward as if to break through our own by mere weight of numbers. A division from the 12th Corps from the right reached the scene at this instant, and at the same time Sedgwick came up with the 6th corps, having finished a march of nearly thirty-six consecutive hours. To what rescue they came, their officers say and told them. Weary as they were, bare-foot,

hungry, fit to drop for slumber as they were, the wish for victory was so blended with the thought of exhaustion that they cast themselves in turn en masse into line of battle, and went down on the enemy with death in their weapons and cheers on their lips. The rebel ranks were broken by this "feather." His line staggered, reeled, and drifted slowly back, while the shouts of our soldiers lifted up amid the dead and wounded, proclaimed the completeness of their victory. Meanwhile, as the division of Slocum's corps on the extreme right left its post to join in this triumph, another column of the enemy, under command of Gen. Ewell, had dashed savagely against our weakened right wing, and as the failure to turn our left became known it seemed as if determination to conquer in this part of the field overcame alike the enemy's fear of death and his plan for victory elsewhere. The fighting was terrific, and for fifteen minutes the attack to which the three divisions of the 12th Corps were subjected, was more furious than anything ever known in the history of this army. The 6th corps came to their support, the 1st corps followed; and from dusk into darkness, until half past nine o'clock, the battle raged with varied fortune and unabated fury. Our troops were compelled by overpowering numbers to fall back a short distance, abandoning several rifle-pieces and an advantageous position to the enemy, who, haughty over his advantage and made desperate by defeat in other quarters, then made a last struggling charge against that division of our right wing commanded by Gen. Geary. General Geary's troops immortalized themselves by their resistance to this attempt. They stood like adamant, a moveless, death-dealing machine, before whose volleys the rebel columns withered and went down by hundreds. After a slaughter inconceivable the repulse of Ewell was complete, and he retired at ten o'clock P. M. to the position before referred to. The firing from all quarters of the field ceased soon after that hour, and no other attack was made until morning.

THE BATTLE OF FRIDAY.

As one who stands in a tower and looks down upon a lengthy pageant marching through a thoroughfare, finds it impossible to the close to recall in order the appearances and the incidents of the scene, so I, who sit this evening on a camp-stool beside the ruins of the monument against which I leaned listening to the robin of yesterday, find it impossible to recall with distinctness the details of the unparalleled battle just closed. The conflict, waged by 160,000 men, which has occupied, with scarcely an interval of rest, the entire day, from A. M. until 6 o'clock this evening, contains so much, so near, and such voluminous matter of interest as one mind cannot grasp without time for reflection.

The last engagement has been the fiercest and most sanguinary of the war. It was begun at daylight by Gen. Slocum, whose troops, maddened by the loss of many comrades, and eager to retrieve the position lost by them on the preceding evening, advanced and delivered a destructive fire against the rebels under Ewell. That general's entire force responded with a charge that is memorable even beyond those made by them yesterday. It was desperation against courage! The fire of the enemy was mingled with yells, pitched even above its clangor. They came on, and on, and on, while the national troops, splendidly handled and well posted, stood unshaken to receive them. The fire with which they did receive them was so rapid and so thick as to envelop the ranks of its deliverers, with a pall that shot them from sight during the battle which raged thenceforward for six dreary hours. Out of this pall a struggle came to the rear. The line scarcely flinched from its position during the entire conflict. Huge masses of rebel infantry threw themselves into it again and again in vain. Back, as a ball hurled against a rock, these masses recoiled, and were reformed to be hurled anew against it with a fierceness unfruitful of success—fruitful of carnage, as before. The strong position occupied by Gen. Geary, and that held by Gen. Birney, met the first and hardest assaults, but only fell back a short distance before fearful odds, to re-advance, to re-toss and to hold the place in company with Sykes and the division of the Third and Hamme's (Berry's old division) of the Third, when, judiciously reinforced with artillery, they received and continued the contest until its close. It seemed as if the gray-uniformed troops, who were advanced and re-advanced by their officers up to the very edge of the line of smoke in front of our infantry, were impelled by some terror in their rear, which they were unable to withstand as they were to make headway against the fire in their front. It was hard to believe such desperation voluntary. It was harder to believe that the courage which withstood and defeated it, was mortal.

The enemy gradually drew forward his whole line until in many places a hand to hand conflict raged for minutes. His artillery, answered by ours, played upon our columns with frightful result, yet they did not waver. The battle was in this way evenly contested for a time, but at a time when it seemed problematical which side would gain the victory, a reinforcement arrived and were formed in line at such a position as to enfilade the enemy and teach him at last the futility of his efforts. Disordered, routed, and confused, his whole force retreated, and at 11 o'clock the battle ceased and the stillness of death ensued. The silence continued until 2 P. M. At this moment the rebel artillery from all points, in a circle radiating around our own, began a terrific and concentrated fire on Cemetery Hill, which was held, as I have previously stated, by the Eleventh and Second corps. The flock of pigeons, which not ten minutes previous had darkened the sky above, were so thick that now, instead of sailing harmlessly above, descended upon our position. The atmosphere was thick with shot and shell. The storm broke upon us so suddenly that the soldiers and officers, who leaped, as it began, from their tents, or from lazy siestas on the grass—were stricken in their retreat with mortal wounds and died, some with cigars between their teeth, some with pieces of food in their fingers, and one at least—a pale young German, from Pennsylvania—with a miniature of his sister in his hands, that seemed more meet to grasp an artist's pencil than a musket. Horses fell, shrieking such awful cries as Cooper told of, and writing about in helpless agony. The boards of fences, scattered by explosion, flew in splinters through the air. The earth, torn up in clouds, blinded the eyes of hurrying men; and through the branches of the trees, and among the grave-stones of the cemetery, a shower of destruction crashed ceaselessly. As, with hundreds of others, I groped through this tempest of death for the shelter of the bluff, an old man, a private in a company belonging to the 24th Michigan, was struck scarcely ten feet away by a cannon ball, which tore through him, extorting such a low, intense cry of mortal pain as I pray God I may never again hear. The hill, which seemed alone devoted to this rain of death, was clear in nearly all its unsheltered places within five minutes after the rebel began.

Our batteries responded immediately. Three hours of cannonading ensued, exceeding in fierceness any ever known. Probably three hundred cannon were fired simultaneously until 4 o'clock, when the rebel infantry were again seen massing in the woods fronting our centre, formed by the First and Second corps. Gen. Doubleday's troops met this charge with the same heroic courage that had so often repelled the enemy in his desperate attempts. The charge was made spiritedly, but less vigorously than before. Gen. Webb, commanding the Second brigade, Second division of the Second corps, met the main fury of the attack with the steady fire that served to retard the enemy's advance for a moment. That moment was occupied by the rebel General Armistead in steadying his troops behind the fence. Gen. Webb immediately ordered a charge, which was made with such eagerness and swiftness, and supported by such numbers of our troops, as enabled us to partially surround the enemy, and capture Gen. Armistead and 3,000 of his men. The courage which accompanied this charge and the terror inspired by it, were so great as to reduce the foe to actual cowardice. They fell upon their knees and faces, holding forward their guns and begging for mercy, while their escaped comrades, panic-stricken and utterly routed, rushed down across the ditches and fences through the fields and through Gettysburg. Not a column remained to make another start. The triumph fought for during these three terrible days belonged at last to the noble Army of the Potomac.

TRACES OF THE STRUGGLE AT THE CEMETERY.

Monuments and head-stones lie here and there overturned. Graves, once carefully tended by some loving hand, have been trampled by horses' feet until the vestiges of verdure have disappeared. The neat and well-trained shrubbery has vanished, or is but a broken and withered mass of tangled brush-wood. On one grave lies a dead artillery horse, fast decomposing, under the July sun. On another lie the torn garments of some wounded soldier, stained and saturated with his blood. Across a small headstone, bearing the words, "To the memory of our beloved child, Mary," lie the fragments of a musket shattered by a cannon shot. In the centre of a space enclosed by an iron fence, and containing a half dozen graves, a few rails are still standing where they were erected by our soldiers and served to support the shelter tents of a bivouacking squad. A family shaft has been broken in fragments by a shell, and only the base remains, with a portion of the inscription thereon. Stone after stone felt the effects of the feu d'enfer that was poured upon the crest of the hill. Cannon thundered, and foot and horse soldiers trampled over the sleeping places of the dead. Other dead were added to those who are resting here, and many a wounded soldier still lives to remember the contest above those silent graves.

POSITION OF CEMETERY HILL—ITS IMPORTANCE.

The hill on which this cemetery is located was the centre of our line of battle and the key to the whole position. Had the rebels been able to carry this point, they would have forced us into retreat, and the whole battle would have been lost. To pierce our line here was Lee's great endeavor, and he threw his best brigades against it. Wave after wave of living valor rolled up that slope only to roll back again under the deadly fire of our artillery and infantry. It was on this hill, a little to the right of the cemetery where occurred the charge of the famous brigade of Louisiana Tigers. It was their boast that they never yet foiled in an attempt to take a battery, but on this occasion they suffered a defeat and nearly annihilation. Sad and despirited they mourn their repulse and terrible losses in the charge.

THE REBEL DEAD.

Retracing my steps, before reaching the extreme left, I returned to the centre of our position, on the Cemetery Hill. I do not follow the path by which I come, but take a route along the hollow, between the two ridges. It was across this hollow that the charges were made in the assault upon our position. Much blood was poured out between these two swells of land. Most of the dead have been buried where they fell, or gathered in little clusters beneath some spreading tree or beside clumps of bushes. Some of the rebel dead are still uncovered. The first that meets my gaze, I come upon suddenly, as I descend a bank, some three or four feet in height, to the side of a small spring. He is lying near the spring, as if he had crawled there to obtain a draught of water. His hands are outspread upon the earth, and clutching at the little tufts of grass beneath them. His liver-colored cap and tunic are still hanging on him, and his hat is lying near him. His musket is gone; either carried off by his comrades, taken by some relic seeker, or placed in the accumulated heap by our own soldiers.

The body of another rebel attracts my attention by singular circumstance. The face is discolored in the extreme, black as that of the purest Congo negro. The hands are as delicate as those of a lady and of snowy whiteness. With the exception of the face, the body is but little swollen, and there are no signs of the commencement of decomposition. Several bodies that I find show blackened faces, but no others than this display such a contrast between the color of the face and hands. Near a small white house on the rebel line lies the body of an officer, evidently a lieutenant or captain. His right arm is extended as if to grasp the hand of a friend! All possible positions in which a dying man can fall can be noticed on this field.

SHELLING GENERAL MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS.

The little farm house on the Emmetsburg road, where General Meade held his headquarters during the cannonade is most fearfully cut up. It is already known how Gen. Lee masked his artillery and opened with one hundred and thirty pieces at the same moment. Two shells in every second of time fell around those headquarters. The shells tore through the little white building exploding and scattering their fragments in every direction. Not a spot anywhere was safe. One shell struck through the doorpost, another in the chimney, a third shattering a rather, a fourth cutting off the legs of a chair in which a staff officer was seated; others severed and splintered the posts in front of the house, howled through the trees by which the dwelling was surrounded, and raised deep furrows of the soft earth. At the fence in front of the building the horses of aids and orderlies were standing. A dozen of the frightened animals fell by the rebel projectiles, and others broke away and fled in the wildest flight towards the rear. One staff officer, and another, and another, were wounded. Strange to say, amid all this iron hail, no one of the staff was killed. Every man stared death full in the face, and had little prospect of escaping unhurt. Barely in the history of war has there been a scene to equal this.

LEE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY. FREDERICK, July 12, 1863. The following general order of General R. E. Lee to the

Rebel army, issued from Hagerstown, on Saturday, was found when General Kilpatrick entered the town on Sunday morning:

GENERAL ORDERS—NO. 16.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, July 11, 1863.—After the long and trying marches, endured with the fortitude that has ever characterized the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, you have penetrated to the country of our enemies, and recalled to the defense of their own soil those who were engaged in the invasion of ours. You have fought a fierce and sanguinary battle, which, if not attended with the success that has hitherto crowned your efforts, was marked by the same heroic spirit that has commanded the respect of your enemies, the gratitude of your country, and the admiration of mankind.

Once more you are called upon to meet the enemy from whom you have torn so many fields, the names of which will never die. Once more the eyes of your countrymen are turned upon you, and again do wives and sisters, fathers and mothers, and helpless children, lean for defense on your strong arms and brave hearts. Let every soldier remember that on his courage and fidelity depends all that makes life worth having, the freedom of his country, the honor of his people and the security of his home. Let each heart glow strong in the remembrance of our glorious past, and in the thought of the inestimable blessings for which we contend; and invoking the assistance of that benign Power which has signally blessed our former efforts, let us go forth in confidence to secure the peace and safety of our country. Soldiers your old enemy is before you. Win from him honor worthy of your right cause, worthy of your comrades dead on so many illustrious fields. R. E. LEE, Gen. Comd.

THE CONTENT IN WHICH THE REBELS HOLD PEACE SNAKS.

We take the following remarkable article from the Richmond Enquirer, of June 12th, in which the whole tribe of Peace Snaks, who are endeavoring to embarrass the Government, and thus give aid and comfort to the Rebels; are brought under the old-time slave-driver's lash:

TWO YEARS HENCE.

In two years, say many persons here, we may probably have peace—that is, always provided we continue to repulse and defeat the invading enemy. The Yankee Democracy is certainly arousing itself and preparing for a new struggle (at the ballot-box) in the great cause of the "spoils," or as they call it, the cause of Constitutional Liberty. Those Democrats are evidently beginning to raise a Peace platform for their great Presidential election; and if they have the good luck to be helped on and sustained by more and more serious disasters of the Yankee army in the field, there is no doubt that the present devotees of the said spoils at Washington may soon be so discredited and derided that our enemy's country would be ripe for such peaceful ballot-box revolution.

It is sincerely to be hoped that those earnest champions of constitutional freedom will be helped on and sustained in the manner they require—namely, by continued and severe reverses in the field; and it is the first and most urgent duty of our countrymen so to help and sustain that Democratic party. It is nothing to us which of their factions may devour the "spoils," just as little does it signify to us whether they recover or do not recover that constitutional liberty which they so wantonly threw away in the mad pursuit of Southern conquest and plunder. But it is of the utmost importance to us to aid in stimulating disaffection among Yankees against their own Government, and in demoralizing and disintegrating society in that God-abandoned country. We can do this only in one way—namely, by thrashing their armies and carrying the war to their own fire-bridges. Then, indeed, conscientious constitutional principles will hold sway; peace platforms will look attractive; arbitrary arrests will become odious; and habeas corpus be quoted at a premium. This is the only way we can help them. In this sense, and to this extent, those Democrats are truly our allies, and we shall endeavor to do our duty by them.

But they evidently look for other and further help at our hands, and of quite a different sort. No doubt they are pleased for the present, with the efficient aid which the Confederate army is affording them. Chancelleryville was a God-send to them, and a tremendous repulse at Port Hindson is quite a plank in their platform. Yet they understand very well that no matter how soundly their armies may be happily beaten; no matter how completely Lincoln's present war policy may be condemned by its results, yet all this will not be enough to enable the terrified Democracy to clutch the "spoils," or, as they phrase it, to restore the Constitution to their fathers. This, of itself would never give them a Peace-Democrat President and Cabinet; it would only result in another Abolitionist administration; with a new Secretary of War, and a new Commander-in-Chief, and a slightly different programme for "crushing the rebellion." Those Black Republicans are in power; after long waiting, pinning, intriguing in the cold shade of the opposition; and they have now the numerical preponderance so decidedly that they both can and will hold on to the offices with a clutch like death. The Democrats can do absolutely nothing without "the South," as they persist in terming these Confederate States; and they cannot bring themselves to admit the thought that we would refuse to unite with them (as alas! we used to do) in a grand Universal Presidential campaign, in a Democratic Presidential campaign, with a Peace platform, and the "Constitution as it is." In fact, this whole two years' war, and the two years' more war which has yet to be gone through, is itself, in their eyes, only a Presidential campaign, only somewhat more vicious than ordinary.

This explains the Vallandigham Peace Meetings in New York and New Jersey; and the "manly declarations" of Mr. Horatio Seymour and other patriots. "Do not let us forget," says Fernando Wood, writing to the Philadelphia meeting, "that those who perpetrate such outrages as the arrest and banishment of Mr. Vallandigham, do so as necessary war measures. Let us, therefore, strike at the cause and declare for peace and against the war." This would sound very well if any effect "declaring for peace" could have any effect whatever in bringing about peace. If a man falling from a tower could arrest his fall by declaring against it, then the declarations of Democrats against the war might be of some avail. As it is, they resemble that emphatic pronouncement of Mr. Washington Hunt: "Let it be proclaimed upon the housetops, that no citizen of New York shall be arrested without process of law." There is no use of bawling from the housetops what everybody knows to be nonsense. Of this resolution of the New Jersey meeting, it is resolved, that in the illegal seizure and banishment of the Hon. C. L. Vallandigham, the laws of our country have been outraged; the name of our United States dis-

graced, and the rights of every citizen menaced, and that it is now the duty of a law respecting people to demand of the Administration that it at once and forever desist from such deeds of despotism and crime. [Enthusiasm.]

Demagogues. The startling that Mr. Sterne saw in the cage, said only "I can't get out." It would have been more "manly" to scream, "I demand to get out—I proclaim on the housetops that I will get out."

Another of the New Jersey resolutions throws an instructive light upon this whole movement, and its objects: "Resolved, That we renew our declaration of attachment to the Union, pledging to its friends, wherever found, our unwavering support, and to its enemies, in whatever guise, our undying hostility, and that God, willing, we will stand by the Constitution and laws of our country, and under their sacred shield will maintain and defend our liberty and rights; 'peaceably if we can forcibly if we must.' [Great cheering.]

This phrase, "wherever found," implies that there are friends of the Union in this Confederacy, and the resolution obligingly pledges to them the support of the New Jersey Democracy—not surely without an equivalent return.

To the same meeting, Gen. Fitz John Porter writes a letter, declaring, "of course, for the Constitution and resistance to despotism, and ending thus: "The contest of arms, however, will not be required; the certain and peaceful remedy will be found in the ballot-box. Let us all possess our souls in patience. The remedy is ours."

Gen. Fitz John knows well that the remedy is not theirs, unless "the South" consent to throw its votes into that same ballot-box; and it is for this, and this only, that the Democratic hook is baited with "Peace." But in a speech of Senator Wall, of New Jersey, before a Democratic Club of Philadelphia, (which we find printed in The Sentinel), is a passage more fully expounding the Democratic plan than any other we have seen. He says:

"Subjugation and annihilation being alike impossible, I am in favor of an immediate cessation of hostilities, for an armistice—that amid the lull of the strife the heat of passion shall have time to cool, and the calm, majestic voice of reason can be heard. In the midst of such a calm I am for endeavoring to learn from those in arms against us what their demands may be, and inviting their co-operation in the name of a common humanity, to some plan of reconciliation or reconstruction, by which the sections may unite upon a more stable basis—a plan in which the questions upon which we have differed so long may be harmoniously adjusted, and each section, by virtue of the experience developed in this war, may profit by the experience. If it shall be found that sectional opinions and prejudices are too obstinate, and the exasperations of this war have burnt too deep to settle it upon the basis of reconciliation or reconstruction, then I know that separation and reconstruction are inevitable."

Here is the whole plan; an armistice, and then "inviting their co-operation." During that armistice they hope that the "calm, majestic voice of reason," and a "common Christianity" might do something considerable. The game, as they call it, would then be on the board, with stakes so tempting. Mr. Wall would endeavor to learn from us what our demands are?

Anything in reason he would be prepared to grant us; but if we replied, our demands are, that you bring away your troops from every inch of our soil, that you leave the Border States free to decide on their own destiny, that you evacuate all our forts and towns which you now hold, and make us rid of you and the whole breed of you forever; then Mr. Wall would exclaim, "What do you call that the calm, majestic voice of reason? Is that your common Christianity? He would say, when I spoke of the calm, majestic, &c., I meant the spoils; when I said a common Christianity, I meant money. Let us talk rationally—how much common Christianity will you take?"

In vain is a net spread in the sight of any bird. We are aware of them; and we will watch them well, and the friends of the Union, "whosoever found." Our spies go a little further than theirs—we hope, to so disorganize and disintegrate society in our country that they will rush into armed revolution and anarchy. We spit upon their ballot-box. We care not what they "demand" in resolutions, nor what helpless trash they proclaim on the housetops. We do not believe in their power to attain so much as an armistice for two years to come. If an armistice, indeed, were offered, and the invading troops were withdrawn, of course we should not object to it;—and good use could be made of it.

But mark well, ye armistice mongers! During that suspension of hostilities all negotiations must be between Government and Government. Our lives should be more strictly guarded than ever. No negotiations or fraternization of parties by public meetings or private conferences; no bargaining with the calm voice of reason; no secret plotting of Wall's "Common Christianity." But armistice there will be none, and we are glad of it. Our sovereign independence is already won and paid for with treasures of brave blood. It shall not be sold by peddlers, to be built into a Yankee platform.

THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.—An intently Conservative and pro-slavery, but not exactly pro-rebel sheet—thus tartly rebukes the more reckless Copperheads:

We look at the columns of the Philadelphia Evening Journal; we read the speeches of peace factionists and the resolutions of their meetings, and while they have no word of commendation or encouragement for those who are engaged in fighting the battles of this war for the preservation of the Union, we find that they are equally and most significantly silent in condemnation and execration of the Rebellion and of those who are endeavoring to overthrow the Government. When such men propose an armistice, we can see, but little difference between them and the rebel in arms; the former would destroy the rebel by cunning strategy, and the latter by open assault. The patriotic Democracy, to which we turn with hope and encouragement in these terrible trials, is firmly in favor of sustaining the Government in all these measures which it deems indispensably necessary to secure a peace by putting down the Rebellion, and the more steadily and resolutely it adheres to this policy, the more extended will be the scope of its usefulness, and the more brilliant the success which it must achieve before the people.

We have voluminous extracts from rebel papers of late dates. On the 3d of July the people were told that Lee's army is marching towards Baltimore. A considerable number of his men were doing so as prisoners of war, as the Enquirer will learn very soon. A Mr. Grant had taken Vicksburg, his natural playfulness of spirit seems to have shown itself, by his sending out parties of negroes to inform Johnston's army that he intended to make an assault on the city on that day.