

# AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it"—A. LINCOLN.

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## "Our Country Yet Remains."

Speech delivered by Simon Nixon, at Brownsdale, Butler Co., Pa. Sept. 30, '64.

Friends and Fellow Citizens:—There are many vacant seats here, where once sat your sons or brothers, now on the battle field. (If there be any Democrats here let them come up close and occupy these vacant seats, for I want to talk to them.) In appearing before you, after four years of silence and three years of perils and suffering, in defence of our country, I would do great injustice to my feelings, if I did not express my sincere thanks to our Creator and preserver for this favor.

We all have in this short period been brought to mourn the suffering and death of beloved friends, slain by the hands of traitors, upon the altar of constitutional human liberty. And to-day, a Christian sympathy for the cause for which they have given their all, as well as a despondent hope for those who have gone to bear their bosom to the sacrifice, has brought us here to-day. Let us not forget them for a moment, but while they stand at the guns, let them have our prayers, and let our cry be, "Don't give up the Ship."—Let us say to them to-day, while we walk in our peaceful streets, surrounded by all the blessings of a republican government, that we are not unmindful of those who walk amid the thunderbolts of treason, to defend the flag that protects us. Let us assure them that we never partake of the luxuries of life, but we at least think of them, their hard labors, their hard marches and their hard tack—that we never lie down upon our downy pillows, without a prayer for the sentinel, who walks his beat in the cold storm at the midnight hour, to watch over us.

Let us say to these defenders of the republic. If we can't eat your hard tack; if we can't share your cold damp bed; if we can't watch with you, we can *love* with you; and no Republican ever voted to deprive you of this right, but we are happy to-day to be able to say to you, the noble defenders of our country, that while you have protected us from invasion, we have guarded your sacred rights from the hands of traitors at home; and the veteran who has lost one arm in defence of his country and can no longer fire a musket, can at least fire a ballot against treason. And we desire to say to the soldiers, that, basest of all, this same Democratic party that sought to deprive them of the right to vote, now ask their suffrage to elevate them to power. Having been a soldier myself for three years, I know a soldier has to endure much; but this is the greatest indignity, the meanest insult I ever knew offered to an American soldier; if any soldier can swallow it and vote the Democratic ticket, he is unworthy to wear the uniform, and deserves to be a slave forever; but knowing a soldier's spirit, I can assure you there will not be one found; the soldier will give his vote where he gives his life, for his country. The Copperhead party knew this, and therefore, they opposed his voting. Great God!! think of it, the man who gives his life blood for his country, shall not enjoy its privileges. But all these things show the affinity between our enemies, north and south, and brings the struggle more definitely before us. It is time that all understood it.

I have not the anxiety in addressing you, I had four or eight years ago. Then I saw the steady silent approach of the enemy, while a deep sleep brooded over the nation, but now worn down by watching and care, I can lie down to rest with the satisfaction of knowing that the republic is awake, never again to slumber so long, as treason is hid in Democracy.

**TREASON.**  
By the term treason, I do not mean such treason as Washington against the crown of England, or Gen. Grant, or Butler, against the Democratic party, but such treason as Jefferson Davis and Vallandigham against Constitutional Liberty. The greatest crime known to earth, and the most damning to those who sympathize with it.

If, when Admiral Farragut had Fort Morgan surrounded, by sea and land, he had sent word to Gen. Page, informing him that he was surrounded by five times his number, both by sea and land, that it was impossible for him to make his escape, and useless for him to resist, but he need not surrender, for he would have an immediate cessation of hostilities, I would have called him a traitor.

But when these United States have this rebellion surrounded by sea and land, with five to one, we the commerce of the world them blockaded, we shipping millions of bushels of grain to Europe, they almost in famine, and a man calling himself the nominee of the Democratic party for President, sends word to these rebels, that they need not surrender, that he will soon be in power, and he will order an immediate cessation of hostilities; I leave

you to say by what term he deserves to be known.

**WAR.**  
But two calamities greater than war, can befall a nation. By the present war, we hope to be preserved from both, first from secession which is death, and second from slavery which leads to barbarism, and is worse than death. We are told this is a *crucial* war, how could it be otherwise? Could you expect a war waged for the extension of a barbarous institution, to be other than a barbarous war? Yet in justice we see the burden of the calamity fall where it belongs. The crack of the slave drivers whip, and the voice of the auctioneer have died away in the sound of freedom's cannon. The chattle has received a musket for his chains, and for the cries of the whipping post, we have the cries of victory. The barbarism of the Cavalier has cost him his life. The ravages of war have made the plantation a desolate plain, a family reared in luxury and indolence and left in want, beg a few hard tack from a colored soldier to sustain life. How hard, and yet how just.—Now listen to what Abraham Lincoln said in his inaugural address. In speaking to these people, he said, "You can have no war with this government unless you are yourselves the aggressors." They became the aggressors and the responsibility is with them.

But there are some who say this is an "Abolition war." Well this is so just as the Ram Tennessee is now a Union vessel. The rebels built her at a great expense, armed her, and plated her for the purpose of destroying our fleet, but now she is captured and is a formidable Union gunboat. The rebels built this war, and one of their best gunboats was the Ram Slavery, she drifted over to us and we have re-fitted her, put in engines of freedom and now she is one of the best gunboats we have got. All I have to say is, if any man is not in favor of such abolition he is no Union man, and consequently must be a traitor.

It has already become a historical fact that a war waged for the extension of slavery in this country has resulted in its abolition, some are not pleased with this part of our national history and they blame the Abolitionists. They never could have done it—some blame the Republicans, but they do us too much honor. Some blame Abraham Lincoln, but the true author of so great a calamity is to be found in him who died that all might be free.

**UNION.**  
When I was a boy, I heard the Union was in danger, but I believe it is stronger to-day than it was then, because the ties that bind us together remain the same, and the institution that sought to divide us is practically dead, but the fact is, this Union is now being fought for, your sons, your brothers, your fathers, are fighting nobly and these same men who then cried the Union is in danger, now cry "cease firing" therefore I have become suspicious of these Union savers. You know your merchants here to be solvent, but if you would see advertisements upon the streets, that they were solvent, that moment you would become suspicious. In reading Lincoln's letter of acceptance, I do not find the word Union once, but McClellan used it fifteen times and I became suspicious, but had he used it fifteen hundred times you could not have made any sensible man believe but the Chicago Platform meant, if the South would condescend to live with us, we would be their slaves, but if not, we would build them as good a house as we could on one half of Uncle Sam's farm, for they had always been very good brethren, and we did very wrong to fire on them first at Fort Sumter.

When a man tells me he is in favor of this Union, and in the next breath tells me he is opposed to fighting for it, I tell him he is a liar and the truth is not in him. Did you ever know a man own a farm as large as Virginia or Georgia and you go to take it from him, and he would not fight for it. But have not the leaders of the Democracy told us a thousand times, that these States did not belong to us, that they had a right to secede and we had no right to coerce them? These are the men who would have you believe, that cowardice will bring victory, and that dishonor, disunion, anarchy, and eternal ruin are preferable to a noble war for the Government of your sires. Voters of Pennsylvania remember, our brethren slain upon every battle field, and let no cowardly act of yours dishonor the cause for which they died. The responsibility is with us. Let us show to traitors in this hour of our nation's peril that we are really the Keystone State. We have the coal, the oil, the iron—the power, the light, and the sinew; we will give the power to free labor, the light to free thought, and the sinew to the Union of

these States. We have brothers slain upon every battle field of this Union, they died for this country, and we will never consent to visit their remains in a foreign land. They died for freedom, and we will not see them slumber beneath the tread of a slave. They died like true soldiers, and we will not disgrace their graves by a cowardly compromise with the traitors who murdered them. No! The Keystone State stands by the Union, and when she falls, if fall she must, it shall be amid the ruins not of eleven but of thirty-four States.

**SLAVERY.**  
I am aware it is no longer necessary, to prove slavery the hinge of this great conflict, but in times gone by, I have often strove to convince the people of this fact, when many were so patriotic, they could see nothing but "The Union" and "The Flag" and so blind they could not see the enemy of both. While addressing a crowd at the first of this war to raise volunteers I said, "This was but the means to the end, which would be freedom." I was interrupted by one of these men who declared his eternal hatred to abolitionism. I pitied his weakness, but so long as he would volunteer I was satisfied. Two years rolled round, and I saw this man a wounded abolitionist fighting for the emancipation proclamation. But I only give to-day for the One Hundred Thousand, brave men we sacrificed in the commencement, to find union in slavery, when the fact is, it contains no U, no N, no I, no O, no not one letter, and what is more significant than the element of union. It is in intelligence, virtue and christianity, that we are to look for union, not in the ignorance, licentiousness and barbarism of slavery—slavery striving to break up this republican government for thirty years. All the leaders of the rebellion and slaveholders. All the Slave States out, or trying to get out of the union. An organized rebel government, with slavery for its corner stone, seeking to destroy us, and yet One Hundred Thousand men had to die to prove the destruction of slavery a military necessity. I am not blaming Abraham Lincoln for this, but public opinion, which is and ever must be king in a republican Government. But you ask can I talk of nothing but slavery? Why could the nation talk of nothing else for the last forty years? You can not march on with your Pacific Railroad, in your struggle for wealth and greatness, while the groans of the slave cry to heaven against you. Slavery is the hinge of this rebellion—cut loose the hinge and the platform of rebellion drops, and those who stand upon it are suspended between a hell they have merited, and an earth they have cursed.

I have seen hundreds of slaves with straight hair blue eyes; fair complexion, some as white as any man here. Now is this enslaving the black or the white race? You call us a negro loving party, but when the Southern Democrat makes his negro-wench the mother of his children and then marks, brands, whips and sells them, that may be negro loving, but it is the degradation of the Democratic party. I am constantly reminded of the fact that I am talking to a professedly christian people; and I would have you to remember that there is always a connection between our sins and our sufferings, when you are called upon to behold, the great suffering of our nation. I would have you to remember our sins are great—for 240 years we have practiced this iniquity, you held no slaves you say, yes you did. What separates your State from Maryland? A simple line such as separates your farm from your neighbors. It was not the line held the slave there. It was the oath you had registered in the Constitution that if he crossed it you would return him to his master. We could not violate it, and we could not get it changed, but "He whom the gods would destroy, he first maketh mad." The slave master levied war against the Constitution, and forfeited his right under it, and thus is wiped out in the blood of the nation, the sin that has so long cried to heaven against us.

Well did Jefferson say, "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just. It is estimated that during the existence of slavery more than forty millions of the sons of Africa, have been brought to the shores of the new world and sold into bondage. At least one-half per cent in the passage, think of this, from the waves of the mighty deep, forty million victims cry against the defenders of this institution. But of the eighty millions brought from the shores of Africa only ten millions now survive, think of this, seventy million victims have been offered on the altar of this institution in America. Yet this is the institution which the Democratic party seek to take into their arms as a new bond of union after it has cost us half a million of lives

and two thousand million in treasure; and again I say to you Democrats, and lovers of slavery. Let these people go!! Already they have cost the first born of every household and will you not be content until we are all swallowed up in the Red Sea of God's just punishment. A hundred years hence when you and I are forgotten, the student of history will read of slavery, of the slave trade, of the barbarities of both, of compromises, and broken compromises, of the national sin of slavery, and when he opens the last book and reads of the cruelty and suffering of the many years of war through which this nation had to pass—he will not curse Abraham Lincoln, nor the Republican party but he will lift up his eyes to heaven, and say O, God!! Thou art just.

**THE NEGRO.**  
There are those among us, who pretend to justify their course toward the Negro, by saying, or more generally by insinuating, that the Negro has no soul. That he is a species of the Monkey tribe, &c. Now arguing this question politically, it makes no difference whether he has a soul or not, we know he has a big foot, which has cursed every soil upon which he has trodden, especially when that foot wore a chain; to keep our fair territories from being thus cursed, was the purpose of the Republican party, and how successful has she been? Kansas free, all our territories free, Maryland free, Missouri free, and slavery only living in the fortunes of the Democratic party. But to those who, when they can defend their course by no other argument, begin to insinuate that the Negro has no soul, I would say, there are thousands of Negroes more intelligent, more virtuous, and more religious than yourself, then your soul must exist exclusively in your white skin, and such I believe to be the case, for such men seldom have common sense. But man is the only religious animal, and the Negro is very religious, naturally more so than Copperheads. Notwithstanding the opposition to the negro on this score, I find these men think that the negro will do as a substitute for all the soul they have, when the draft comes off, and I believe they have full more soul for their country than Copperheads have. I have seen the negro fight, I have seen him wounded in battle, but I never heard him cry for a cessation of hostilities, but for "Fort Pillow" often. The negro has soul enough to fight for his liberties, and soul enough to know that God made him to be free. I find some here so ignorant that they think we take the masters negroes just as we take his horses, this is not so. I have seen several thousand contrabands taken, but never did I see one either compelled or influenced to leave his master, when we go on a Cavalry raid, we spread great consternation through the country. The master and his family have always taught the negro that we had horns, and that we lived on black meat, and if we got them, we would eat them. They get the news of our approach a short time before we arrive. Sometimes the master (if not in the army) takes his gun and goes to join some guerilla party. The overseer takes the most valuable of the slaves toward some place of safety; others are sent to hide the horses, mules &c. in the woods, often he has hid the horses, in curiosity he crawls to the edge of the woods to watch the approach of the Yankees—as the first goes by he lies low, he says, they don't look like our people, but I see they have no horns, and I don't believe they live on black meat. I had a dream, that we is all going to be free, and I believe the time has come; God bless me I'll risk it anyhow, and out he comes. The Yankees ask him if there are any Johnnies about there (and it is from the negro in such cases we get all our reliable information, and often I have seen him ride with our Generals, and guide them to the road) but the negro who hid the horses, has guided some of our men to the place, some of the negroes taken away by the overseer, have got away and are now coming in, they all are talking and shouting, and blessing God the day of their deliverance has come. All of masses horses and mules are hunted up, the jubilee clothes are put on, they have no valuables to pick up, but in less than half an hour from the time they saw the first Yankee, every one that can get anything to ride is mounted. I have seen three on one horse, some are so old that they can't walk, but all that are able, resolve to follow, and off they start. Ask them where they are going, and they will tell you, "going to be free, going with you's all!" "Bless God I always prayed that you'n's all might whip." "I bless God, I knew he would make us free some time. See the move of those on foot, 'tis not the sluggish motion of a slave, but the march of freedom, 'tis a ludicrous sight, but to see those souls, young and old, male and female,

on their march to freedom, born in chains, now rejoicing in liberty, you may call it Military Necessity, Emancipation or Abolition, it is a scene over which Angels might weep for joy. In Maryland and Virginia, you will find some free negroes, and always in circumstances that will compare favorably with the poor whites. It is a perversion of facts to say the negro is incapable of taking care of himself, and will become a vagrant if set free. The negro has always been accustomed to labor, although he never got the laborers hire, the only class we have to fear will become a nuisance is the chivalry who never did work, and the officers of our army who have forgotten how. I knew a negro in Montgomery county, Md. who paid twelve hundred dollars for himself, and five hundred for his wife, he sent three sons to the army, and is the owner of a small farm, lives in freedom and is now preaching a free gospel, it would do Democrats good to listen to.—Well, two hundred thousand of these negroes who were once slaves, are now in the government employ. One hundred thousand armed. This Gen. McClellan and the Democratic party says is wrong, and they proposed to disarm them, and return them to slavery. McClellan condemns the Emancipation policy in his letter of acceptance, and now we must have a cessation of hostilities, that you may say to them; take off these belts, lay down these arms, put on these chains, go back to your master. I am aware you are professedly a christian people, and as such you ought to be able to pray for anything you are able to vote for. Now if you will appoint a day, I will come to hear you pray after this wise: "O, Lord, hear us, one hundred thousand black men fighting for our Union, (they have left their chains and are fighting to protect us from a barbarous foe.) O, Lord, we pray thee that these men may be speedily disarmed, and again made to wear their chains, and O, Lord, enable their masters to punish them effectually for having left their chains; all this we would ask for the sake of Him who died that all might be FREE! Whenever you can endorse this prayer as a christian, you can vote for McClellan. For my part, I believe the negro is a man, with a black skin and a soul, and a right to himself, and that God will punish any nation which deprives him of that right. I further believe that the negro was stolen from the coast of Africa, and we owe them transportation as a race, to their native land. I believe they have a right to vote, and hold office, and enjoy all the privileges of a republican government, but in a country exclusively their own.

**COMPROMISE.**  
We are told by the Democracy, that the times demand conciliation and compromise, that the Constitution was framed in this way, and therefore we should become half traitors and compromise with treason—this may not be much of a downfall for Democrats, but it is more humiliation than we can ever see. True our forefathers compromised with slavery, and to-day we see its fruits in all the miseries by which we are surrounded. Can you point to any example in history where the Compromise of the right has finally been productive of good? First we gave a license of twenty years to the slave trade, gave a representation to the slaveholder for all the Africans he could steal, and agreed if they ran off we would return them—still the nation carefully guarded her territories against this institution, but encouraged by privileges gained by former compromises, she received for her threats a compromise in 1820 which gave Missouri to slavery. In 1836 she gained by compromise, seven counties more added to Missouri. In 1854 you compromised yourselves out of the compromise line of 1820, and received instead Squatter Sovereignty. In 1856 you formed a Squatters Sovereignty Platform at Cincinnati, and on this the hermit of Wheatland sat during the incubation of this rebellion. You went to Charleston in 1860, thought you would have nothing to do, but nominate Stephen A. Douglass, but you found the monster which for 40 years you had given link after link still demanded another. Squatter Sovereignty was no longer solid ground for slavery, it demanded you to say that a territorial legislature had no right to exclude slavery from a territory, this you refused to do, yes, the Northern Democracy, for once refused to compromise. They took, the Squatter Sovereignty principle. The Republicans that freedom was the normal condition of the territories, and the slave power demanded protection. With our three respective platforms, and candidates we went before the people. Abraham Lincoln was Constitutionally elected, and the Republican platform was declared the policy of this nation. Was there anything wrong about this? The government

administered by this policy, has grappled with this fiendish rebellion encouraged and strengthened as it was by these compromises of 40 years. We have made no compromise, but in this short space of time freedom has gained, all of the territories, Missouri, Maryland, Tennessee, and planted her banner in every State in the Union. Is there anything wrong about this? Certainly under such circumstances there is only one name for the spirit that cries compromise, and that is, treason, and again I say treason to liberty. We have a rebellion now the history of which is compromise—conceived and brought forth in compromise, and now a party which held power so long, by these compromises, seek another lease of power by the humiliation of the national honor, and tell you can have peace, by bringing back that flag of the Union, which your brave soldiers have carried over the dead bodies of friend and foe, through Fort Donaldson, Murfreesborough, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Chattanooga, the clouds of Lookout Mountain, and planted in the geographical centre of this rebellion, bring back this flag, and send back the one hundred thousand armed slaves to their masters, give Rebels the Mississippi river, the Weldon Railroad and Arlington Heights and they will tell you "this is the Confederate States of America." I tell you once for all, the compromise proposed is treason and its end is the division and destruction of this country. Compromise with traitors is treason. "Is life so sweet or peace so dear as to be purchased at the expense of treason?" As good citizens you have an oath in heaven to defend this government, and now it is assailed, but you are five to one of your enemies, and is compromise with treason, is treason itself the best defence you can make? Shall cowardice lead to purgery? The honorable position of the Republican party is, "no compromise with traitors." Will you sustain it, I have seen your brethren die upon the field of battle, but no one did I ever hear breathe the breath of compromise, or curse Abraham Lincoln. A kind word for dear friends, a prayer for their country, a curse for traitors, a groan of agony and all is well. They could die in glory, shall we compromise in shame? At the battle of Fredericksburg a boy was wounded and died on the field where no one could reach him, but his last act was to write on a piece of paper "please tell my father I died for my country." I wrote to his father in N. Y. and received an answer with many thanks, saying "he was my only son but I am happy to know he died for his country." Will that father compromise? You and I must soon die, would you not rather like this young man, receive the shafts of oppression and treason in your bosom and die a glorious death, leaving a free country to posterity, than to die a miserable cowardly death here at home voting for "peace, compromise, cessation of hostilities," and the Democratic party.

**PLATFORM.**  
I wish to ask the Democracy and the slave power what they have done with Cuba, that was to be "obtained at the earliest possible convenience." Ah; how things have changed. They would be well satisfied to-day if they could secure Virginia to slavery. Well may the tho't of Cuba and James Buchanan bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every Democrat. Some of you will remember when I told you in '56, "if you voted for James Buchanan, the time would come when the blush of shame would tinge your cheek as your prattling babes would ask you if you voted for this man." But four years had not elapsed, until our nation was dressed in shame that has not yet been wiped out, although it has cost the blood of half a million. Will you heed the lessons of the past and hearken to my voice. Had you taken my advice in '56, you could have saved this rebellion—you could have saved your brother's life—you could have saved the \$800,000 you paid for that substitute—you all could have saved the blood of the nation—but to-day, I can offer you no such chance, I can only say "YOUR COUNTRY YET REMAINS." (And if you will allow me to add) "by that dread name we wave the sword on high, and swear for her to live for her to die," then we can preserve and perpetuate it. If not, you are a cowardly traitor, I repeat it you are a traitor. Our country to-day knows no third party. She is struggling for existence, you must be either for or against her.

But let us compare the Platforms of the two parties, the party in favor of the Government says, "Laying aside all difference of opinions, we pledge ourselves to do everything in our power to aid the Government in quelling by force of arms this rebellion now raging against its authority," this is the language of loyalty. The party opposed to the Government says, "This war having failed for four

years, we demand an immediate cessation of hostilities, a Convention with the States in rebellion, and peace by compromise"—this is the language of treason. The torics in the revolution after four years, sung the same song, but Washington fought them, three years more, and established this Government, are not our liberties worth the price paid for them 80 years ago. The Chicago Platform commences "in the future as in the past we will adhere to the Union under the Constitution" forgetting that the South have thrown off the Constitution, all the Union we have with them now is through Grant, and Sherman, and this the Democrats want to cut loose. A traveler left an Irishman to "hold his bride" while he eat supper, while he was gone the Irishman fell asleep, the horse slipped the bridle and ran off, when the traveler came back, the Irishman wanted a quarter. Where is my horse? Truth and I don't know. Well why don't you hunt him up, what are you doing here. Please your honor I'm "holding on to the bridle" I want a quarter. So with the Democratic party, ask them where the Union is they will tell you "I don't know." What are you doing here why are you not out in Georgia or Virginia looking for it? Please your honor I'm holding on to the Constitution. Just as if the rebels would come back and with their own hands put on the bridle of the Constitution, this they will never do, the fact is James Buchanan fell asleep and the horses broke loose. We have caught Maryland, Virginia, Missouri, Tennessee, Louisiana and we are after the rest, if you come along we will soon have them all. No, I won't do it. I'll set here, curse Abe Lincoln, vote the Democratic ticket, and "hold on to the bridle." Will you give that man a quarter of a vote. But nerved to a more vigorous exertion, by a lust for power, they want to ride again they take the bridle in one hand, and the salt of slavery in the other, and go after the horse in the direction of Canada, when they get to Chicago, they stretch out the hand and cry, Peace! Peace!! Peace!!! But the wily horse Jeff says: "I see Sherman dow here with the bridle; I can't come to lick out of your hand until you call him back—then they cry, "an immediate cessation of hostilities." "Sherman come back," "come back" but Sherman won't come back until he fetches the horse Jeff, with him, then we will bridle up as before, except Poor Jeff, this cotton cord you have broken so much we will throw away, and try a piece of hemp.

Did you ever read the history of the Chicago Convention? Was it not a conclave of traitors, governed by such spirits as Vallandigham, Voorhes Powell, &c. Did they not adjourn with an insinuating threat to meet again before the 4th of March next? Did they not threaten and council opposition by every means in their power to the government in Maryland, Missouri and Kentucky, because in these States a man has to swear he is not a rebel before he is allowed to vote. Who made the motion to make the nomination of McClellan unanimous? Vallandigham. Who was chairman of the Platform Committee? Vallandigham. Did they not pass a resolution requiring of Gen. McClellan as his first act, "to liberate the traitors, confined in Louisville?" Who prayed at the Chicago Convention? The Bos-slavery Bishop Hopkins all the way from Vermont, the only Minister of the gospel in Vermont that would do it. He prayed powerfully for the Lord to help them, and about that time they did get quite a hoist down at Atlanta.

**M'CLELLAN.**  
All the Chicago Platform lacked, was an apology to Jeff Davis, this we have in McClellan's letter of acceptance, in which he says: "The preservation of the Union was the sole object for which the war was commenced. It should have been conducted for that object only." Yes Mr. Davis, we have done very wrong, we should not have permitted the negroes who raised your corn and your breastworks, to come over and bear arms for us, now you are nearly starving, I am sorry to see it; I never favored it, and I will send them all back; in the meantime be of good cheer, and don't surrender but dodge as well as you can, you shan't be shelled any after the 4th of March next. I will declare an "immediate cessation of hostilities." Thus the very name of McClellan nerves the rebels in arms against our Government to-day, and is worth fifty thousand men to the enemy. Democrats wonder how the army of the Potomac can forget McClellan; they do not forget him, but how can you expect them to vote for him, when he is shooting them every day; no wonder the rebel army cheered when they heard of his nomination, he is now their only hope. Surely in such a position, thou art LITTLE Mac, indeed. As a soldier I shall always respect the