M'Clellan of Antietam but, neither as a soldier nor a loyal man can I vote for the Chicago M'Clellan—they are, in my opinion, two very different men. Antietam M'Clellan was cheered by the soldiers of the Union, he fought for his Government and was the associate of such men as Reno, Hooker, Burnside, Fremont and Abraham Lincoln; but this Chicago McClellan appologises to Jeff. Davis, is cheered by the soldiers of the rebellion, and rioters of New York city; he cries, "cease firing" and is the friend and associate of such men as Valandigham, Vorhees, Pendleton and Jeff Davis.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Abraham Lincoln has proved himself neither an adventurer, nor a monarch, but a good president. Concious that while he was the ruler, he was likewise the servant of the people; he has not sought to lead public opinion, neither has he lagged behind; but realiziug the fact that public opinion must rule in this government, he has always acted with and consulted the best interests of the people under the Constitution. His abilities, his wisdom, and his integrity have been tested as was never that of any other man under this government, and he has proved to be a man possessing all the qualities of a great, just and wise ruler. You may see his greatness in his acts, his justice in his punishment of traitors, his goodness in his emancipation proclamation, his mercy in his Amnesty proclamation, and his consistency in all his public life and documents, they are all true to Union, Liberty, and no compromise with traitors. The man who has no friends except among those who love this country. The man, of whom soon it will be said, he has given liberty to a race, freedom and peace to a a nation. Some talk of imbecility—you called the orator of the nation to Gettysburg and Abraham Lincoln said more in five minutes than he did in an hour.—Some complain of his tyranny, yet these are the very men he has saved from the scaffold. Much is said about his persecution of Vallindigham, yet he pardoned Vallindigham from States prison and sen him to his friends in the South.

In four years he has driven the enemy from Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland, conquered Virginia, Kentudky, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas and Lousianna. Blockaded 2,000 miles of coast. Defended our settlers against the incited savage. Maintained the honor of the nation at home and abroad. Fortified our seaports. Opened up the navigation of the Mississipp. Increased the pay of our soldiers. Fortified and defended our National Capitol; completed the dome, sat upon it, The Goddess of Liberty, and declared liberty to a race, and freedom to a nation.

And yet when he went into power, he had, no army, no navy, no treasury, no guns; and was obliged to pass to the National Capitol in disguise through a crowd of *midnight* Democrats. With all this miraculous success, and wielding a power such as few men have ever done, he grows not haughty, but calls upon the people to return thanks to God. Abraham Lincoln appears to realize the fact that like all the rest of us he will *die* some day soon, and the greatest record he can leave on earth is "*A friend of human liberty*" this he has already done, and his name will be a word of praise upon the lips of happy millions, a thousand years after the Chacago Platform and all who support it are burried in eternal infamy.—But some say Abraham, why did'nt you call for 500,000 at the first of the war? Did'nt many of you say I had no power to calll for any? Why did'nt you recruit more in the fall of 61? Did'nt every Journal in the land blame me for extravaganee in recruiting what I did? Why did'nt you issue your Emancipation Proclamation at the first of the war? What did you oppose it when I did issue it? Why did'nt you draft long ago, and bring this war to a close? What did you oppose the daft for when I did make it? Why did you arm the negro? Why did'nt you arm yourself? Why did'nt you arm the negro long ago? Yes you said you would'nt fight along side of him, and I waited until I found you would'nt fight along side of any body and then I armed him.

You must bear in mind we have passed through a crisis in which great prejudices have been overcome, that this is a Republican Government and popular opinion must be consulted. Considering Abraham Lincoln as the Representative of the people, he has always taken the proper action in the proper time, and the proper place, while to the principles of union and liberty he has ever been as true as the heavens, no *little* man can ever fill the place of Abraham Lincoln, his principles are not written on paper to be changed by the fortunes of a day, but as he came from a poor boy to his present position, through the *rank* and *file* of our country, the genius of true American Institutions have been written upon his heart and have become part of his nature, with him the words *liberty* and *union* have become flesh and blood and the *last* joke of Abraham Lincoln will be "no compromise with traitors."

In talking of President Lincoln a few days ago, a Copperhead told me he would hang him. I asked him if he had not dealt *honestly* with this people? Yes, he said he believed he was an honest man, then I advised him to wait a few days until we would see whether we had another, for they were scarce.

But some complain of his suppressing the Habeas Corpus; the fact is, he has denied that writ to traitors. Is there any thing wrong about that, he had a constitutional right to do so, and no man can find fault except he sympathize with treason, and such men we don't expect to be friends of Abraham Lincoln. These same men complain of the suppression of the Weldon railroad, or any other highway of treason. Show me a man who cries against the President fer his suppression of the Habeus Corpus, and I will show you a traitor. Others who are also traitors complain because they cannot *speak* treason. The Democratic party in Ohio, once took a fit because Valandigham could not stand up before a public audience, and council *resistance* to the draft and *desertion* from our armies, but they got better when the people brough beat them 100,000. But I ask, could you speak your political principles before this war, in the south? No, Freedom of the speech and of the press was unknown there, even in time of peace, lest you might set the magazine of slavery on fire; this magazine is now exploded, and if you support this Government she will soon be free indeed. You talk of the abridgment of your rights, and yet you have more rights than ever you improved. You have a right to fight for the Government that has protected you, but you prefer to lay around and curse Abraham Lincoln, and the Administration

I have seen your brethren in Virginia and Maryland, robbed of everything that they had on earth, by war, and yet they remained loyal to the Government. But you who have never seen or felt the destroying hand of war, curse the very man who has protected your self and family in the peaceful enjoyment of all you have. Suppose your country or yourself by the enemy. Here they come, you are in bed, presently your house is occupied by the enemy, every thing valuable is carried away. Your children cry around you for fear—perhaps you are arrested and carried away; if not, you go out in the morning on your once beautiful farm—you have no fence, no corn, no grass, your horses are stolen; of your cows, pigs and poultry, you see nothing but the hide and feathers. Your garden is demolished, your orchard destroyed, your smoke house emptied of the last ham and the "last herring," you see one man with your coat on, another with your hat. Your children cry for breakfast, but your flour is in rebeldom an hour ago. But the bugle blows, and in fifteen minutes your democratic friends are gone. You walk out and your family follows to view the desolation. All is gone save the large pot and it contains the bones of the last turkey. Here lies your old pocket book but "nary a red." Here lies your public and private papers torn, mutilated and destroyed even to the deed of your place. Your daughter finds part of a letter from her "Dear Dannie" trampled in the mud with her Sabbath-school bible, but his likeness is lost. Your boots are gone but you make a barefooted pilgrimage to the family graveyard. No neat fence now impales your noble dead, no sweet flower blossoms on the grave of your "little Annie." And the marble blocks reared to the memory of your ancestors have been broken down, while your hearts are broken *anew*, and you weep over the graves of the departed You behold (*as did the citizens of Chambersburg*) your house in flames. Oh the barbarians! Great heavens!! The barns on fire!!! *What shall I do?* Repent of your sins, believe in this Union, support this government, vote for Abraham Lincoln and thou shalt be saved. The picture is not colored, these calamities have befallen your brethren and may soon befall you. To guard your homes from such barbarism, Abraham Lincoln declared to them, that they "should be protected in all their rights under the Constitution," that they "could have no war, unless they were themselves the aggressors;" but they became the aggressors. Since that, he has enlisted soldiers, called for volunteers, called for militia, drafted men, built ships of war, declared a blockade, proclaimed freedom to slaves, paid bounty to volunteers, armed the negro, fortified our cities and guarded our rivers, all to defend you from such barbarism, and restore the peace and happiness of this Union. He is now after these rebels, he has just chased them through Winchester and Atlanta, and your brave sons and brothers who have marched without rations, fought without sleep, and slept without a covering, bled without a sigh, and died without a groan, now look down from the good soldier's rest on high, and ask your protection for their graves, for the cause and government for which they died. And now in the name of *humanity*, in the name of all that is *near* and *dear* to humanity, in the name of the *God* of humanity, I ask of you not to vote against your chief magistrate and his noble army, who through perils and sufferings *you know not of*, have defended your lives and property from destruction, your families from misery and want, your altars from desecration, and the green graves of your sires from dishonor.

PEACE.

I wonder if any of you men have lived in a land of snakes all the days of your life, and don't know that when a Copperhead cries peace, he means to bite you.—I have often spoken to you in times gone by, and many of you are sorry you did not listen to my warnings, but to-day remember I tell you this cry for peace means secession, means a division of the United States. The Copperheads see this rebellion nearly run down, they sympathize with it, they think if they cannot fight for it, they can stand back here and call the dogs of war away. Where does this cry of peace come from? Does it come from those who desire to see this Union preserved, and this Government perpetuated? Does it come from those who are fighting for its preservation? No! It comes from such men as Pendleton, who always voted against coercion, and such Democrats as voted to rob the soldier of his right of suffrage. We have 30,000 prisoners to-day, in Georgia, suffering all that humanity can suffer, offer them a release if they will sign the Chicago Platform, and they will tell you like true soldiers, that they will *die first*.

President Lincoln, the Republican party, and the soldiers, are all for peace, and heve been from the beginning; every time the soldier goes to fire his musket, he cries "peace," if the Johnny's come over, lays down ther musket, swear to support this Government, and be loyal, he is sent as far north as Philadelphia, and goes on his way rejoicing in peace and freedom from the draft—but if no body comes over, the soldier fires again; this is the peace we demand: "Obedience to the Constitution and laws of the United States," but the peace of the Chicago Platform and its *appologizer*, G. B. McClellan, is first, a cecessation of hostilities, second, a withdrawal of our army; third, a raising of our blockade; fourth, disarming of 100,000 of our soldiers, and their delivery to the enemy; fifth, a strengthening of the rebel army, of their forts and fleets, a replenishing of their Commissaries and Arsenals, and then the haughty hand of *treason* will show you the boundary of the "Confederate States of America." But there is a man over there, who ought to wear gray clothes, says to me: Nixon, don't you think if we would declare a cessation of hostilities, and *we Democrats* would go down to Charleston and commence where we left off in 1860, take off our hats, get down upon our knees and say to our friends of the south: "We lost Bull Run" and now we are willing to vote for the Breckenridge Platform, and say that a "territorial Legislature had no power to exclude slavery from a territary," that we would disarm their slaves and send them back, re-establish slavery in the District of Columbia, re-enact the Fugitive Slave Law, repeal the Confiscation Act. Don't you think if we would do this, and ask them to receive us back into the Democratic party, they would do it? Well I think they would not. But suppose they would, the next question would be, who do you propose for president? You say M'Clellan, they say Jeff Davis. The next question is, what will you call it? You say Union, they say Confederate. Well you will compromise we know that. They say if we give you M'Clellan, you must give us the name; you say we have always been for the Union, we can't call it "*confederate*," so you take Union and Jeff. such is your peace, such your compromise. Then why in the name of common honesty—you miserrble sneaking Copperheacs don't you vote for Jeff. Davis *now*.

But *they will* tell you, you talk like a crazy man. What good will your Breckenridge platform do us where slavery is disorganized, the territories free and slavery abolished in Missouri. What good will slavery do in the District of Columbia with Virginia and Maryland free. Of what use a fugitive slave law, while you *pray* for the *oppressed*, and what can we do with an *Abolition* soldier as a slave. Once we fought for slavery, but now it is dead, we have no hope in union with you, we desire none. To talk to the *leaders* of this rebellion about peace, it is only to exasperate them, they remember the sweet peace they once had and the guarantees of property, but now all is gone. He looks upon his once happy family, brought down from oppulence and pride to want and misery, he looks upon his ruined estate, his devastated fields and with the energy of dispair he resolves "to swim the sea of slaughter or sink beneath the wave," you can not compromise with these arch traitors. Like rebel angels they have lost a heaven and only seek to reign in hell. But there are a class with whom you *can* compromise, they had nothing to do with this rebellion except they were forced to fight its battles. They have often told me they had no interest in slavery they owned no slaves, they hated both master and slave, they don't like the society in which they have been raised because it don't like them. They will tell you that when they go to the masters house, its not "good morning poor man," but, he sends his nigger out to meet him at the gate and inquires what he wants. These men with few exceptions can't read, they know nothing except that its "a right smart distance over there a clever ways" and have no idea about this war except that they will tell you "we don't think youn's all ought to come away down here to fight we'ens all. *They think* that *we* rebelled against the Southern Confederacy and come down there for plunder. Many of them enlisted for six months and have now been in three years and a half, they would like to see the war ended, but there is only two ways for them to get out of it—one is to crawl under the ground and the other is, to crawl into our lines. The former, Gen. Grant says in a letter of the 16th of August, about a thousand are doing every day. They swear to support the government, are liberated and sent North. We have several regiments in our service composed exclusively of deserters from the rebel army. Here is the road to peace they cannot long stand this decimation, support your armies, prosecute the war, declare freedom to their slaves, freedom to their soldiers and soon by our example we will be able to declare liberty to the world. Well, but you Democrats think slavery is in the Constitution and you ought to do something for it—well now what can you do? Your fathers thought they would do something—they took the powder of slavery and the lighted match of freedom and they put them into the Union gun, the powder exploded and the gun burst, we are now gathering up the pieces you want to put slavery back in again, but when you come to look for it you can't find it. The fact is slavery has been a thorn in the body politic of this nation since its formation, the body has gone through all the stages of inflamation, it is now festered and Abraham Lincoln who is sworn to preserve protect and defend the body, has declared it necessary to preserve the body, that the thorn be taken out, and here history dates the natural and painful death of American Slavery, and every Union man thanks God. This institution has marred our peace and happiness ever since the formation of the government, we look forward with bright hopes, for we know of no subject, so aggravating that could ever arise again to divide us. Being one people, speaking one language, inhabiting one country and having a common history, in the *death* of slavery there remains no longer anything to distract or divide us, and in the bonds of liberty and union we rejoice in the prospect of eternal perpetuity and vigor. But cowardly spirits impatient for immortal disgrace still cry, peace! peace! Who ever heard before of a man when he had his antagonistd down and was about to give him the death blow, cry peace, it is not natural, the fact is the cry comes from some friend of the man Jeff who is down. It reminds me of the crue. mother out west, she had five sons and a pet bear, the boys quarreled about the bear, the bear got loose and killed two of the boys, the other three to protect themselves and avenge their brothers death fought desperately with the bear, at last they got him down, one stood over him with an ax and was about to inflict the death blow, the cruel mother had been looking on all the while, saw her two sons killed without saying a word, but now she comes out, "dont strike:" "peace," "an immediate cessation of hostilities" its my bear" raised in the family" protected under the Constitution."

So with the Democracy, they have looked on during this struggle and have seen the bear murder 100,000 of their brethren, but now when they see the bare-naked beast of slavery down the ax of death uplifted they rush out, "peace," "immediate cessation of hostilities" "it is my beast, and never should have been interfered with if it did kill the boys, they were to blame, it shall not be hurt, it was raised in the family and is entitled to protection." The moral is which will you do, take the part of the cruel mother and help the beast or will you help bleeding suffering humanity. Do you wish another family circle formed including the beast which has murdered your brethren, or will you vote for "Union and liberty." The irrepressible conflict is upon you, you are called upon to bear your share in the great work in preserving this Union from destruction by the bare naked beast of slavery; of preserving it a home for Liberty of speech liberty of the press, a home for Bibles, for Christianity and the oppressed of every land. If it were possible for you to shrink from so noble a duty I ask, would you be base enough to do it? Would you run off from your comrades in battle and cry peace "peace" "cessation of hostilities" "bring back your armies" "evacuate your positions" and yet those men who thus seek to pave the way for the overthrow of this nation, pretend to be *Union* men. They remind me of Gen. Miles in September 1862, he was left to defend Harpers Ferry, he destroyed his large guns on Maryland Heights, and evacuated that position a thousand feet above the ferry and so steep you might throw hand grenades all the way down, with his eight thousand men, he could have held the ferry against *Jupiter*, but just as the Copperheads now propose, he left the heights came down into the valley of humiliation. Jackson occupied the heights and Miles cried "peace." Miles died by the ferry, and *you* may die by this Union but you can never hold it, if you evacuate the position that commands it. Gen. McClellan may tell us to evacuate the heights, as perhaps he told Miles, but we as citizens have more privilege than as soldiers—not a private soldier but knew it was the loss of the *ferry* to give up the *heights*, but soldiers have to obey orders, but to-day we say, Mr. McClellan we tried your plan once, now we intend to staud by the *President*—hold the *heights*—hold the *Union*, and you may go to Tren on N. J. This is the soldiers cry, will you say to these men who have toiled for three years and borne their tattered flags over a hundred battle fields from Williamsburg to the heights of Petersburg, that they shall evacuate and compromise the honor and existance of the nation for a peace of an hour *They* are the men who know the value of what they have gained. They are the men who have suffered, they are the men who have felt the hand of oppression (for to be a soldier is to be a slave, no Habeas Corpus there) They are the men who have *marched* while you have *slept*, *fought* while you have *dreamed of treason*. *These* are the men to raise the cry of peace and compromise, yes, when those who have to bear the turmoils of a soldiers' labors, all the humiliation of military discipline and all the perils of battle, cry compromise, then I say compromise, yes, then let the nation compromise—but its *traitors* cry, compromise, not *soldiers*. Not one soldier to-day will vote for it, all the compromise the soldier asks, is that when he has served his time out, that you will come out and relieve him and if you will not come, he prays that you may be drafted, an I there are those among us who I yet hope may learn the value of the liberties they enjoy by being compelled to share in their defence. Yet I must say I feel proud of my native township, if every part of our country was as well represented, we would have an army of three millions in the field, this is the way we cry peace and the only way it will ever be obtained, after sending our quota of a three million army we are able to protect ourselves and our ballot box, true we have some men among us who ought to wear grey clothes, but we say to them as did Abraham Lincoln "you can have no war with us unless you are yourselves the aggressors." How hard it is for us too meet these men and treat them as neighbors and friends when we know they encourage (by their votes,) the enemy to shoot and murder our brothers in the field, but we must recollect that they have brothers there too, and they certainly would not be so cruel, they are only misguided by a blind prejudice, they know not what they do, let your prayer be "Father forgive them." I can count around me scores who once acted with them and thought as they thought and the desertions daily from the Copperhead party, are nearly equal to the desertions from the rebel army; and more encouraging to the friends of this Union. Let us learn "to labor and to wait." I practically appeal to the young men of our country, to be faithful, I am not unmindful how they have responded to my call, fought and bled for their country, while their fathers remained worshipers of early prejudices, these old men one by one will die and be forgotten, I hope forever, for I never would wish their children to be taunted as were the decendants of the tories of the revolution. That man over there would think very hard if I would tell him he shot his own son, I do not believe he would do such a thing, and yet I tell him before God by his vote he encouraged a rebel to do it.

In this war brothers are often arrayed against brothers. In the spring of '63, I stood picket on the Rappahanock. One day a rebel soldier came over on a raft to trade some tobacco, I told him I didn't use the weed, but he drank some coffee with us, and I expected as did his comrades on the opposite shore that he was going back, but presently he said, "I have been fighting over there for two years, I have nothing over there, my brothers live in Indiana, if you have no objections I believe I will not go back." I sent him with a sentinel to Head Quarters. As he went up the hill, I expected the rebels would fire and I told our boys to be ready. When he got started a piece they hallowed, "John, where are you going." "Going to see my brother," he said. "I always thought you were a d——d abolitionist," and that was all there was of it.—Now believe me that man was a good soldier, he had the manly appearance and bearing of a soldier. He had fought with these men through Williamsburg, Hanover, Malvern Hill and Antietam, and, although he had no interest with them, yet I could see in that man's countenance, that while those old comrades in battle stood on the other shore, it was wounding to his pride to leave them. So it is with many noble democrates we have among us, their sons or their brothers are over on this side, away down in Virginia or Georgia, fighting to maintain this government, but they have been fighting on the other side for twenty years, and to-day, although they have no interest there, and feel in their heart that they are wrong, yet they cannot wound their pride so much as to come over. I would say in all kindness, if like this man they had lived a soldier's life for two years it might help their pride. But let me say to you to-day, you know you are wrong. I ask you kindly to come over, I don't want any of your democracy. I don't use the weed. But you have been drinking of the bitter waters of rebellion for four years, come and drink of the waters of Constitution and Liberty.—You know that you are wrong, and the sooner you swim the Rappahannock that separates you from your sons and brothers, the sooner you will have a clear conscience. When the Democracy halloo. "Where are you going?" tell them you have a wounded son or an affectionate brother over on this side and you are going to see them. They may tell you that they always thought you were an Abolitionist, and that will be all there will be of it. They won't fire on you, for we stand on this side ready to fire back.—"The bravest deed over a man done was to acknowledge that he was wrong."

I am pleased to see that you still continue to build churches, until they are almost on every hillside. I love to see it. Only see to it that you vote as you pray. I wouldn't give more than thirty pieces of silver for that man's religion, who can taste treason in the sacramental cup. And what are you worth as a christian, to your country, if you vote with the New York rioters and Richmond rebels. We are told that religion and politics must be kept separate. Yes, we have no right to ask what church Abraham Lincoln belongs, but if we suspect his loyalty, and know that he was nominated by such traitors as Valandigham, was cheered by the rebel army and the New York rioters, it would be our duty to ask what denomination we belonged to, what was our profession, and whether our religion would permit us to vote for him.

I like to see consistency. The heathen, when they go away from the temple, or wherever they go, have a small god in their pocket. I want to see men who profess to believe in Christ, to carry him along to the election. As one who has labored eight years for the salvation of this country, I take this opportunity to return the thanks of the country to the ministers of the Christian church. They have been her right hand men in this great struggle for national existence and nationtl liberty. I have found them always with us, in the church, in the election, in the battle and in the hospital. I know I speak the truth when I say that Abraham Lincoln owes his election to the spirit of Christianiy in our country, and as every act of his administration comports with a pure Christianity. I have reason to believe he will receive the same support from the Christain churches. I am aware that in the first of this war Jeff Davis fought to protect slavery, and Abraham Lincoln fought that no person should touch it. But that policy has long since been changed, and his emancipation proclamation is before you for approval or disapproval. We have in it a guarantee for our future peace and prosperity, something worthy of the great crisis through which we have passed, and above all our country yet remains. Let us protect and defend it. This war has been no war for conquest, for every battle has been fought on our own soil. It has been no war for persecution, for the enemy have been welcome at all times to come and share the blessings of liberty with us.

CONCLUSION.

In couclusion, I again appeal to you to stand by your brothers in arms, do not say to the enemy surrounded by your brethren, that he need not surrender. Do not tell the enemy they can have the gunboat Nashville, or the gunboat Slavery. No man can believe you are in favor of this Union, when you are opposed to fighting for it. You fight your neighbor for twenty years for a strip of land the breadth of your back, but more honorably you can fight your enemies, and get a clear deed for the breadth of your back down in Virginia. I have told you slavery was the hinge of this rebellion, we must cut the hinge before it will drop, it is and always has been a military necessity. We had no success until after the Emancipation Proclamation, Slavery is the horn which has goaded you from one compromise to another, and finally goaded eleven States out of this Union. You can have no peace until you destroy the horn. They tell their slaves you have lived on black meat, but the fact is they have clothed and fed themselves with black meat all their lives. You must not allow them to return to their cannibalism but learn them to live by the sweat of their brow and then you can live with them in peace. Had slavery not existed you could have had no rebellion. Had we no rebellion we could have no war. Already slavery has taken your first born, and draped every house in mourning, and again I say. Let them go! Let them go!!

I have told you, compromise with traitors is *treason* and under the circumstances cowardice is no name for it. You remember in 1860 you refused to compromise but now Stephen A Douglas is dead and you would go back to Cearleston and tell them they fired the first shot, they might fire the last for you would fire no more. You would hold on to the broken bridle but let the horse go. We say mend the bridle—it was slavery broke it, kill the monster, harness up anew, drive on with our thirty-four horses and this grand chariot of universal freedom, and let crowns and kings, thrones and despots tremble as we pass. Will you with McClellan cry "cease firing" or will you with your President say, no compromise with traitors? Will you with McClellan and Miles evacuate the heights or will you with Abraham Lincoln, Grant Sherman and Sheridan hold the height hold the ferry, hold the Union, hold the free Government of your fathers and the respect of the civilized world. The prospect is glorious, the prodigal son that left his fathers house, has spent his fortune in r oting and rebellion. He has lost his territory he has lost his slaves, he has last his Vicksburg, his Port Hudson, his Mississippi. his Fort Morgan and his Atlanta. He has lost his cotton, his corn, and his salt and soon naked and starving, he will be coming back, then we will go out and meet him and cry "peace" then we will kill the fatted calf, and there will be joy in the land, such as was never known before. My Democratic friends swim the river of your party prejudice which seperates you from your country. Come over and rejoice with your wounded brother on that great day.

Come out to the election, you have given the soldier a vote, come and vote with him. You can form a line of battle here a *thousand miles* from danger, and give them a support, that will cheer their hearts until they will shout for joy, will you do this, or will you vote so that the cheer shall go in hell-born shout from the ranks of the enemies?

Come out to the election, you profess to believe in the Bible, fetch it along, if you can't find a ticket put the good book in the ballot box, every line of it is for Abraham and the Union, no compromise with rebel angels, but a reward to the faithful. "Peace on earth, good will towards men." Come out to the election, you have the best Government on earth help your Chief Magistrate to preserve it. Are you in favor of this Union, vote for Abraham who is fighting for it every day. Are you in favor of peace then vote to conquer the enemies of your country. Do you wish to live an honorable life and die an honorable death, then vote to preserve the honor of your nation.

THE AMERICAN CITIZEN.

Butler, Pa., Wednesday, Oct. 12,1864

☞ Entrance to the AMERICAN CITIZEN Printing Office in the South on Jefferson street.

THE ELECTION

O. K.

THE ELECTION O. K. IN OHIO, INDIANA, AND PENNSYLVANIA.

The Election.

The election passed off quietly, so far as we have heard. The returns are incomplete, but sufficient is received to warrent us in saying that the county has been carried by the Union party on the *home* vote. How the majorities will be swelled when the soldiers are heard from, all can imagine.

The following are the returns as far as heard from. Democratic majorities: Mercer, 4; Butler, 42; Summit, 100; Clearfield, 113; Jackson, 55; Forward, 16; Bor. Butler, 66; Centerville, 7. Republican majorities: Slipperyrock, 21; Washington, 90; Parker, 74; Concord, 79; Fairview, 71; Connoquennessing, 45; Penn, 12. The county is good for two hundred on the home vote.

☞ Col. John M. Sullivan, who is home on his annual visit, informs us that all things are going on smoothly and satisfactorily at the Federal Capital. Entire confidence, he says, is felt in the progress of our armies. In political circles there seems to be no doubt as to the re-election of Mr. Lincoln.

Curtin on the Stump.

We observe by a cotemporary that Gov. Curtin although in feeble health at present, has taken the stump in the northwestern part of the State, for Lincoln and Johnston. No one either in or out of the State will be more warmly received or accomplish more good than the Governor.

War News

The war news is as encouraging as ever. Sheridan has had another encounter with Early and chased him. Jefferson Davis has gone South professedly on a recruiting expedition, but evidently, for the purpose of avoiding the perils consequent upon a longer stay in Richmond—it is too hot for him; and we should not be surprised if he had seen the capitol of the, so called Confederacy, for the last time. Richmond must *soon* fall. Every where the skies are brightening—peace and plenty will soon bless us once more.

The Fair.

Soon after the Agricultural Society had determined to hold a Fair, it became evident that there was an entire want of confidence in the possibility of the Society succeeding. This impression was harder to overcome than anything else; notwithstanding this discouraging feature, the Fair was by no means a failure—quite a variety of stock of all kinds was on hand, as also agricultural and other impliments. The ladies too, done their part—their needle-work, their floral collections &c., added greatly to the beauty and interest of the occasion. The weather was beautiful and the attendance was correspondingly large, every thing passed off pleasantly. Now that it has been demonstrated that a fair can be got up, under even discouraging circumstances, let all make up their minds that we will have a good Fair next season.

☞ At a Democratic meeting held in the Court House on Wednesday evening last, two New York speakers were present—the name of foreign speakers had brought out a respectable meeting—how they were disappointed! One speaker took his seat after speaking a few minutes—could not speak audibly, think he said something about a flow of blood to the head, the second speech was rather a tame affair so far as we heard it—not thinking it time well spent we did not stay to hear him through. We sympathized with the officers of the meeting, who must have felt essentially boared by the performance. We afterwards learned that one of the speakers produced our paper of last week, and read the article in reference to Major M'Laughlin—saying that it would do them a vast amount of good. That's an old game with them, and pretty well played out. Every meeting we had last fall was said to make them votes! it was in this way that our majority for Curtin was *cut down* to 15,000! Gen. Lee was much obliged for having his army cut to pieces at Spottsylvania and driven back to Richmond—his base was so much nigher! still we think he would as leave have staid at the former place.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

The mail from Butler to East Sandy, by way of Holyoke, Coultersville, Annsbile, Morrisville and Clintonville, 26 miles; leaves Butler on Monday and Friday of each week, at 6 o'clock, p. m.; returns on Tuesday and Saturday of each week at 7 o'clock, p. m.

The mail from Butler to Salem Cross Roads, by way of Saxonburg, Sarversville, Freeport, Shearer's Cross Roads, McLaughlin's Store and Oakland Cross Roads, 47 miles; leaves Butler on Tuesday and Saturday of each week, at 5 o'clock, a. m.; returns on Friday and Monday of each week, at 8 o'clock, p. m.

The mail from Butler to New Castle, by way of Mount Chesnut, Prospect, Portersville and Princeton, 28 miles; leaves Butler on Monday and Thursday of each week, at 6 o'clock, a. m.; returns on Tuesday and Friday of each week, at 5 o'clock, p. m.

The mail from Butler to Bruinsburg, by way of North Oakland, Barnhart's Mills, Baldwin and Brun, 25 miles, leaves Butler on Monday and Friday of each week, at 9 o'clock, a. m.; returns on Tuesday and Saturday of each week, at 9 o'clock, p. m.

The mail from Butler to New Brighton, by way of Petersburg, Brush-Neck and Zelienople, 29 miles; with two additional trips between Brush-Neck and Zelienople; leaves Butler on Wednesday of each week, at 7 o'clock, a. m.; returns on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, p. m.

The mail from Butler to Pittsburg, by way of Glade Mills, Bakerstown, Tully-Carr, Etna, Duquesne and Allegheny City, 32 miles; leaves Butler every morning, except Sunday, at 7 o'clock, a. m.; arrives at Butler from Pittsburgh by the same route, every day, Sunday excepted, at 1 o'clock, p. m.

The mail from Butler to Mercer, by way of McCandless, Brownington, Slippery-Rock, North Liberty, Linden and Bahn, 32 miles; leaves Butler every day, Sunday excepted, at 1 o'clock p. m.; returns by the same route, every day, Sunday excepted; arriving in Butler at 7 o'clock in the morning.

The mail from Butler to Indiana, by way of Coylesville, Worthington, Kittanning, Elderton and Shelocta, 48 miles; leaves Butler on Monday and Thursday of each week, at 4 o'clock, a. m.; returns on Tuesday and Friday of each week, at 7 o'clock, p. m.

The mail from Butler to Boydstown, 6 miles, leaves Boydstown on Friday morning of each week, arrives at Butler in the forenoon; departs for Boydstown same day after the arrival of the mail from Pittsburgh.

CONNOQUENESSING LODGE, No. 273, I. O. of O. F. holds its stated meetings at the Hall, on Main Street, Butler Penna. every Monday evening, commencing at six o'clock. Brethren from sister Lodges are respectfully invited to attend. By order of the N. G.

A. Y. M.—Butler Lodge, No. 272, A. Y. M. holds its stated meetings in the Odd Fellows Hall, on Main Street, Butler Pa. on the first Wednesday of each month. Brethren from sister Lodges are respectfully invited to attend.

By order of the W. M.

EMPLOYMENT.

$75 A MONTH!—Agents wanted to sell Sewing Machines. We will give a commission of $75 to all Machines sold, or employ agents who will work for the above wages and all expenses paid.

For particulars address

BOYLAN & CO., Gen. Agents.
DETROIT MICH.

Jan. 20.

DO YOU WISH TO BE CURED!

DR. BUCHAN'S

ENGLISH SPECIFIC PILLS cure, in less than 30 days, the worst cases of NERVOUSNESS, Impotency, Premature Decay, Seminal Weakness, Insanity, and all Urinary, Sexual and Nervous Affections, no matter from what cause produced. Price, One Dollar per box. Sent, postpaid, by mail, on receipt of an order. One Box will perfect the cure in most cases. Address

JAMES S. BUTLER.
General Agent, 427 Broadway, New York.

July 27, 1864:3mo.

Editors of Citizen:

DEAR SIRS:—With your permission I wish to say to the readers of your paper that I will send, by return mail, to all who wish it free, a Receipe, with full directions for making and using a simple Vegetable Balm, that will effectually remove, in ten days, Pimples, Blotches, Tan, Freckles, and all Impurities of the Skin, leaving the same soft, clear, smooth and beautiful.

I will also mail free to those having Bald Heads, or Bare Faces, simple directions and information that will enable them to start a full growth of Luxuriant Hair, Whiskers, or a Mustache, in less than thirty days.

All applications answered by return mail, without charge. Respectfully yours,

THOS. F. CHAPMAN, Chemist,
July 27, 1864:3mo. 837 Broadway, New York.

A Card to the Suffering.

SWALLOW two or three hogsheads of "Buchu," "Tonic Bitters," "Sarsaparilla," "Nervous Antidotes," &c., &c., &c., and after you are satisfied with the result, then try one box of OLD DOCTOR BUCHAN'S ENGLISH SPECIFIC PILLS—and be restored to health and vigor in less than thirty days. They are purely vegetable, pleasant to take, prompt and salutary in their effects on the broken-down and shattered constitution. Old and young can take them with advantage. Imported and sold in the United States only by

JAS. S. BUTLER.
No. 427 Broadway, New York.

July 27, 1864:3mo. Agent for the United States.

SECOND QUARTERLY REPORT OF THE

First National Bank of Butler.

OCTOBER 3, 1864.

Resources.	
Loans and Discounts,	26,494.00
United States Bonds,	53,00,000
Specie and Legal Tender Notes,	40,134.45
Due from Banks and Bankers,	16,487.88
Bills of this Bank on hand,	11,725.
Bills of State and National Banks on hand,	2001
Banking House,	2,578.29
Furniture and Fixtures,	406.80
Current Expenses,	1047.95
Taxes paid U. S. Treasurer,	44.87
	154,820,18

Liabilities.	
Capital Stock,	50,000
Circulating Notes,	45,000
Due Depositors,	62,200,45
Earnings,	2,519,73
Profit and Loss,	100,00
	154,820,18

I hereby certify that the above is a true abstract from the Second Quarterly Report made to the Comptroller of the Currency, to Oct. 3, 1864.

I. J. CUMMINGS, Cashier,

Oct, 5, 1864.

LOST.

ON Wednesday, August 31, 1864, a Gold Specimen Breast Pin, something in the shape of a heart. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving it at the Office of the American Citizen, or the subscriber.

Sept. 7, 1864:3t* WM. M. SHIRA.