

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.

VOLUME 2.

BUTLER, BUTLER COUNTY, PA. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1865.

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THE GHOST.

One stormy night in the month of December two travellers entered the inn at Lucrete and desired lodgings for the night.

"Sorry, gents," said the landlord, in reply to their interrogations, "but owing to the great trial which is to come off to-morrow, every bed is engaged, and I have not a spare corner."

"Trial of what?" asked one of them.

"Can it be possible that you have not heard of the murder of Janette Rochelle by young Fallow, whose case is to come up to-morrow?"

"No; we've just arrived in town and were ignorant of the fact. But cannot you give us a sofa or lounge in the parlor, or any other convenient place?"

"Impossible, gents; every inch is bargained for."

"Well, then, direct us to some private house where we can stay for the night."

"There isn't a spare bed in the village—except one, and that I don't think you would fancy much."

"Anything is better than walking the streets all night. What's the objection to the one you name?"

"Hush!" replied Boniface, seriously. "The house is haunted."

"Bah!" sneered traveller number one. "I'm not afraid of any of your hob-goblins. Where is the house?"

"The one directly opposite with closed shutters."

"Well, give us an armful of wood, a light, some food and drink, and we'll risk the consequences."

With many dubious shakes of the head and sundry shrugs of his broad shoulders, the landlord brought the desired articles, handed over a key, and wishing them a pleasant time, remarked, in parting:

"You'll find the house well furnished, and the bed-room directly over the parlor."

"Good night," replied the travellers, and out they went, crossing the street, passed through the creaking gate, unlocked the front door, and entered the dreary dwelling.

"Here's a rum go," said number one, whose name was Walker; "we start off on a trip of pleasure, and get stuck into a haunted house the very first night. But never mind; we'll make ourselves as comfortable as possible, and if his ghostship pays us a visit, let him look out for himself."

So they built a rousing fire in the grate, drew a stand up before it, and while Walker concocted a hot punch, his companion spread out the viands, and they set to, eating as only hungry men can. Then after sipping their beverage and smoking their cheroots, they made a careful inspection of the whole house, found it splendidly furnished as the landlord had told them, but discovered nothing unusual, or signs of anything supernatural. Carefully closing all the doors after them, they then repaired to the bed-room, and they were a few moments after, neatly tucked in bed, when Walker soon fell into a sound sleep, and his companion, De Marr, was just following suit, when he imagined he heard the door open. He immediately jumped up, and going to it found that it indeed was ajar. After carefully searching the hall, he closed the door, and placing a table against it, went back to bed.

Scarcely had his head touched the pillow, when noiselessly the table slid away, the door flew open, and in stalked a huge white figure, with the usual ghostly accompaniments, and of course approached the bed. Being a sensible young man, and naturally endowed with strong nerves, he was in no wise disconcerted. On the contrary, he concluded it was a sell, and sitting up in bed, quietly inquired of the spectre what it wanted.

Retreating toward the door, it beckoned him to follow.

"Nix-um a rouse," said De Marr; "you've got to speak before you get me out of this room. What do you want?"

"Follow me," said the vision.

"Well," thought De Marr, "it hasn't got a voice to scare anybody; besides, I wonder what it will amount to, anyway. I'm not a coward, so here goes," and he slipped into his pants and boots and followed, out into the hall, down stairs; then down into the cellar, stopping in the middle of which the ghost raised a large stone, disclosing another pair of stairs, down which he pointed De Marr to descend.

"No you don't, old fellow," he answered. "Go down first yourself!"

"Down!" said Mr. Ghost, and down he went, the ghost after, and the stone closing tightly behind them. He now found himself in a long narrow passage, lit only by the sort of a phosphorescent light emitting from the figure, which, with long strides, was leading him—whither? A

strange suspicion suddenly crossed his mind that there might be something in this midnight adventure after all. Suppose he was led into some snare where he was wanted to commit a horrid deed! How could he escape? He looked behind, but all was dark; there was no backing out, and besides, it might turn out a hoax; so on he pressed. After going, as it seemed to him a mile, the passage turned abruptly to the right, they ascended a long flight of stone steps, and after about half an hour's walking, again descended by means of a rope ladder. On, on went the ghost, and after him plodded De Marr, now beginning to get tired, and— it must be admitted—a little shaky. However he was bound to see the thing out, and so struggled on, now up stairs, now down, till it seemed as though they must have gone through the whole village. At last they came to a heavy iron door, which swung open at a touch, and admitted them to a long, narrow room, hung with heavy damask drapery at the opposite end from which they entered.—Two snaky lamps depended from the ceiling, throwing a gloomy light through the apartment, which was entirely unfurnished. As De Marr entered, he cast a hasty glance around, and his eye falling on the curtains, he was convinced that he saw them move as though some person was concealed behind their folds. This immediately aroused his former suspicions, which were not all allayed by the figure producing a huge double-edged sword, which it placed in his hand, and motioned him to thrust through the drapery.

The horrid truth at once flashed through his mind. He had been brought there to commit a cold blooded murder? To slay some innocent victim who had never wronged him—some one whom he had never seen? How could he commit such a horrid deed? Impossible!

With resolute determination he flung the weapon from him, and started for the door when the figure by his side quietly laid his hand on his shoulder. It seemed as though ten thousand electric shocks had passed through his system from that slight touch, and he screamed out in agony.

Once more it handed him the sword and pointed to the drapery. The cold sweat poured off in a stream, and, trembling in every limb, poor De Marr dropped on his knees and begged the demon to let him off. But prayers and supplication were alike in vain; it was immovable; there was no getting out of the scrape except by doing as it directed him to. So, folding his hands, De Marr essayed to say his prayers, asked forgiveness for the crime he was about to commit, etc., etc., and again grasping the sword, advanced with tottering feet towards the curtains. But his heart once more failed him; he resolved to die rather than go through with the awful tragedy, and again flung down the weapon. Once more the spectre touched his shoulder, once more the blood chilled in his veins, and he fell prostrate to the floor.

On recovering he found the sword again in his grasp, and the figure still pointing its long finger towards the drapery.

De Marr repeated his prayers, arose, feeling that such another shock would be worse than death, staggered forward, and with all his remaining strength thrust the sword through the curtain.

Did a heart-rending shriek arise? No? It was a gurgling, choking groan which fell on his ear, followed by an awful voice which exclaimed:

"Thunder and lightning! what are you ramming your finger down my throat for?"

And Walker kicked him out of bed.

PRINTERS AND DOCTORS.—An Eastern paper very justly comments on newspaper and medical credits:

"It is a notorious fact that doctor's bills and newspaper accounts in the sum of almost every man's indebtedness which he thinks of paying. Whatever may be his ability to pay, no difference if his chest be filled with old rusty dollars, he thinks some indefinite time will do to settle the aforesaid accounts. People somehow have a traditional notion that the practice of a physician and the publishing of newspapers are mere amateur professions, followed for amusement's sake, and for cost of which is little or nothing is expected. Yet there is not in whole round of business, as far as we know, a more expensive employment than that of a newspaper."

"If you see a half a dozen faults in a woman, you may rest assured she has a half dozen virtues to counterbalance them. We love your faulty women, and fear your faultless women. When you see what is termed a faultless woman, dread her as you would a beautiful snake. The bower of concealing the defects which she must have, is, of itself a serious vice."

PETERSBURG!!

SUNDAY'S BATTLE!

GRAND SUCCESS OF OUR TROOPS

Guns Turned on the Retreating Enemy

Gallantry of the Veteran 6th Corps

The Occupation of Petersburg.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF POTOMAC,

April 2. 1865.

The most important victory of the Army of the Potomac has ever gained in Virginia was won to-day, and the outer line of works which we have been trying in vain for months to overcome, has at last yielded to our victorious arms, and the greater portion of this army is to-night within a mile and a half of the city, on the southwest side. The struggle made by the enemy to retain these works has been of the most desperate character, and for the success obtained to-day we are indebted, not only to the strategy exercised by the commanders, but to the overwhelming numbers and bravery of the troops that did the work.

The orders for an attack on the line east and south of Petersburg by the sixth and ninth corps were carried out punctually at daylight, the artillery having been hammering away the greater part of the night along the entire line held by the above corps. Such a furious cannonade has very seldom been heard during the war, not even surpassed by that which was heard on the occasion of the mine explosion in front of Petersburg.

The Ninth corps troops engaged in the action were the 2d and 3d divisions, and Col. Samuel Hamman's brigade of the 1st division. The charge was made in front of the forts Hell and Rice, on the Jerusalem road, and was so successful that by 8 A. M. we were in possession of three fortifications. Fort Wahone being the extension of these works, contained fourteen guns, some of which were at once opened upon the enemy, by the men belonging to our infantry regiments. Just outside and about one hundred yards from Fort Wahone, was another work, to which the rebels retreated, and from whence they threw a most destructive fire upon our men, causing them to retire from the fort, when the rebels made a dash thinking to recover it entirely, but the guns in the right wing, as well as in the centre, had been manned and shot, and the assailants were driven back.

From this time till late in the afternoon the struggle continued, the enemy using every effort to recover the fort, while our men were as determined to retain possession of it. About noon it seemed that we should lose, but soon after the provisional brigade, under Gen. Collins, and the engineer brigade, under Gen. Benham, with Gen. Hanlin's brigade of the ninth corps, came on the ground, and by their timely arrival saved the gallant men in the fort from capture, and again caused the enemy to retire. The fire which rained on the ground around this fort was of the most terrible and fearful character, and at dark the position of the contestants was the same as during the day.

Gen. Wilcox with part of his division made an attack in front of Fort McGilroy, near the Appomattox, and took part of the line, but was soon afterwards compelled to retreat to his former position, owing to the lack of supports.

The loss of the Ninth corps will reach from 800 to 1,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners, among whom are Gen. Potter, commanding the 2d division, who is badly wounded in the groin, but not fatally it is thought; Col. Getchell, of the 31st Maine, severely; Maj. Bolton, of the 31st Maine, seriously; Col. Gregg and Lieut. Col. Winslow, 174th New York, wounded; Maj. Morrow, 205th Pennsylvania lost a leg; Lieut. Alexander, of the same regiment, killed. This corps has taken fourteen guns, about two hundred prisoners, and two battle flags. The latter were taken by the 211th Pennsylvania.

The sixth corps struck the enemy's line in front of Fort Welsh, near the celebrated Lead Works, and carried them with very slight loss. They pushed forth to the South Side Railroad, which they reached about nine o'clock, and in a short time after their arrival several miles of that railroad were torn up and destroyed. They then moved towards Petersburg, driving the rebels before them across Town Run, and into their inner line close to the city. They took a large force of prisoners, about two thousand in number, and some twenty guns.

al grand movement upon the rebel stronghold, by the armies operating against Richmond. I wrote while Gen. Wright's charge was in progress and before its glorious result could be ascertained. On Saturday night the situation was as follows: The 9th corps held the right of our line from the Appomattox river to Battery Lee. The 6th extended from the left of the 9th to a point opposite Ft. Fisher. The right of Gen. Ord's command, comprising Turner's and Foster's divisions, of the 24th, and Birney's colored division of the 25th corps, rested further to the left, near Fort Sampson, and its left joined the right of the second corps, which reached the Boydton Plank-road near Burgess Mills, Miles Division lying across it. Gen. Sheridan had the left wing, composed of the cavalry and the Fifth corps, and was thundering away on the rebel right and rear at Five Forks, on the White Oak road, without keeping up connection with the rest of the army.

The fighting up to that time had been principally confined to the cavalry, and the Fifth and Second corps, the cavalry and the Fifth having suffered the greatest loss. The rebels had made several frantic attempts upon our lines, seeming most fear of an advance on the Southside road.—From that direction the theatre of operations covered a front of almost unexampled extent, the continuous line being nearly twenty miles in length. The ground occupied by the left wing beyond the winter encampments of the army is generally rolling, covered thickly with second growth pine, interspersed with occasionally a hard field, and cut up with deep water courses running through swampy bottoms. In front, beyond Burgess Mills, stretching away toward Petersburg, along the Boydton road, is an open country, occupied by plantations. The roads were horrible, and the engineers' brigade was rapidly constructing corduroy, over which the long lines of ambulances moved slowly to Humphrey's Station, the terminus of the military railroad.

During Saturday night the lines seemed very feverish, volleys of musketry being heard at frequent intervals, sometimes swelling into a cautious cracking roar, while the popping of skirmishers rifles and the shlower discharges of artillery were increased.

Between ten and eleven o'clock, Saturday night, Gen. Parke charged the rebel work in front of the celebrated Fort Hell, with the divisions of Potter and Wilcox. The fortifications at this point are of great strength and the approaches are rendered difficult by a formidable line of abattis. The troops advanced very steadily until they reached the abattis, encountering a terrible fire of grape and cannister, and musketry fire. They wavered for a moment, recoiled and fell back nearly to Ft. Hill, but at once renewing their effort, they rushed forward, pulled again away the obstructions, swarmed over the parapet and rushed into the works with a dash worthy of the old guards of Napoleon.—They captured four forts, including Fort Mahone, directly in front of Fort Nell, turned the guns and poured cannister and grape into the retreating enemy.

The works taken here are the most formidable on the eastern front of the Petersburg defences. Brevet Maj. Gen. Potter, commanding the Second division, was dangerously wounded at this point. It was believed that he could not live, but this morning hopes are entertained of his recovery. The Ninth corps held the position thus gained until this morning.

The rebels, yesterday, made a number of desperate assaults to take Fort Mahone in some of them even reached the ditch, but they were each time repulsed with great slaughter.

At four o'clock yesterday morning Gen. Wright massed the whole Sixth corps, and silently advanced it to within a hundred yards of the rebel lines in front of Fort Fecher, where the men lay down to await the signal. The first divisions (Gen. Wheaton, had the right; the third division Gen. Seymour, the centre, and the second, Getty, the left. Each brigade and division had its own front and support.

About half past four o'clock, everything being in readiness the order was given, and the battle scarred veterans arose and advanced once more to their work of death.

The rebels opened a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry, but nothing could stop the onslaught. The men rushed forward with fury, forced the abattis and carried the works. Wright moved forward, and about nine o'clock a. m. he struck the South Side Railroad four miles north of the Appomattox. Among the killed is Gen. Russell, of the 25th corps, and Lt. Col. Crosby, of the 51st Pennsylvania, and among the wounded were Lt. Col. E. D. Holt, of the 50th New York, mortally, and Lt. Col. D. J. Carr, 7th New York, in the breast, severely. Gen. Gibbon is reported killed, but I cannot give for the statement. Maj. Gen.

This charge was one of the most magnificent ever made in this or any other war. Owing to the rapidity with which they have been executed, the loss in this as well as in the assaults made by the other corps, are comparatively light.—Some of the fortifications were carried by the troops advancing in column with arms at a right shoulder shift, Brevet Major General L. O. Grant, commanding the 2d Brigade, 2d Division, 6th Corps, was wounded in this charge. As the different forts were taken, their guns were turned upon the enemy. The 2d Brigade, 3d Division, in which are the 110th, 123d, and 126th Ohio, commanded by Col. J. W. Keifer, Colonel of the 110th, covered itself with glory. In one of the fortifications carried by them the rebel gunners fired a charge of shot and loaded with grape, but before they had time to fire our men had taken the pieces and they were at once put in charge of the 7th New York Artillery, of the same brigade, who saluted the retreating rebels with their own shotted guns. The 110th Ohio captured three rebel flags, and one of the 122d took the battle-flags of the rebel Gen. Ord. Wright sent this man to the rear with the flag, telling him he had earned his thirty days furlough.

While the gallant old sixth was thus engaged, the whole left of the line was in motion. Gen. Ord, with the divisions of Foster and Turner, attacked the enemy's lines in his front at Hatcher's Run, nearly at the same time with the charge of Gen. Wright, and carried them in fine style. The 123d Ohio regiment was the first to enter the works. Cook's brigade, of Heath's division, Hill's corps, occupied one of the forts at this point.

At the same time also, Humphrey, with the Second Corps, moved forward, sweeping everything before them. Hayes, Motte and Miles' Divisions carried the works in their front, swung to the right and moved rapidly across the open country, which skirts the Boydton Road, towards the left of the Sixth Corps, now considerably in advance.

General Sheridan advanced from Five Forks, on the White Oak road, keeping to the west of the Boydton road, and scattering the enemy before him on his onward course. He also struck the Southside Railroad at a point further westward, after some sharp fighting. The hospitals were all left far in the rear at an early hour in the day, and were quickly cleared out and sent to keep within reach of the irresistible advance. The country in the rear was wonderfully bare of skulkers, and none of the usual squads of stragglers were hanging about the hospitals and trains. Last night the enemy still held a contracted line of forts close to the city, from which they kept up a sullen cannonade upon our encircling troops.—The Ninth Corps had connected with the right of the Sixth, which had become temporarily isolated by its rapid advance, and General Ord had joined it on the left, the extreme left of the investing line resting upon the Appomattox River above Petersburg.

Cavalry Sheridan with his command, was moving up on the Danville road to embarrass the retreat of the foe, and the 2d corps, with pontoon trains, had moved upon the Appomattox several miles above Petersburg. Should the enemy remain, they were to be attacked at daylight. Skirmishing was kept up all night, and at half past three o'clock this morning Wilcox's division, preceded by the first Michigan, entered the city, driving the enemy's rear guard skirmishers before them. The rebels set the bridges on fire, blowing up that of the Southside road.

Petersburg is a finely built Southern city, and contains many handsome residences. Frequent marks are visible of the unwelcome Yankee visitors, who have dropped in during the past four months, though the damage done by the cannonading is not very extensive. Several houses were burned yesterday by our shells. Before leaving the rebels destroyed a large quantity of tobacco. Three pontoon bridges had been laid across the river to facilitate their retreat. General Lee was in Petersburg yesterday, directing in person the operations of his army.

Maj. Gen. Warren was relieved of the command of the 5th corps, and was succeeded by Gen. Crawford on Saturday night, owing, it is supposed, to some misunderstanding with Gen. Sheridan, who has independent command of the left wing. I am informed that Gen. Warren was on Saturday assigned to a command north of the Appomattox. Among the killed is Gen. Russell, of the 25th corps, and Lt. Col. Crosby, of the 51st Pennsylvania, and among the wounded were Lt. Col. E. D. Holt, of the 50th New York, mortally, and Lt. Col. D. J. Carr, 7th New York, in the breast, severely. Gen. Gibbon is reported killed, but I cannot give for the statement. Maj. Gen.

ransam, of Hill's corps, is mortally wounded and a prisoner, and there is a report, which lacks confirmation, that Gen. Hill is killed.

It has been generally remarked by surgeons that the proportion of killed and severely wounded among our men, to the number of slight injuries, is unusually small.

New York, April 4.

The *World's* account of Sheridan's battle of Five Forks, says: Sheridan's forces on last Saturday morning were three divisions of infantry, under Griffin, Ayer's and Crawford's two divisions of cavalry, formerly constituting the Army of the Shenandoah, now commanded by Merritt, under Devin and Custer; one division of cavalry of the army of the Potomac, under Gen. Crooks, and a brigade or more of cavalry from the Army of the James, under Mackenzie. In this composition, the infantry was to the cavalry in the proportion of two to one.

Sheridan was absolute. He visited every part of his line, though it stretched from Dinwiddie Court House to Quaker road, and along the Boydton plank road and its adjuncts. At daybreak, on Saturday, he fired four signal gunshots in honor of Warren he was off, and his cavalry, by diverging roads, struck their camps just south of Culpepper to certain Stony creek tributaries which wind northward, and control roads over Stony creek west, Crooks making the longest detour. Custer took the bottom, called the ambulance bed, and Devin advanced from Little Five Forks, the whole driving the rebels toward the left of their works, on the White Oak Road. Our men far outnumbered the rebels. It was part of our scheme to push the rebels into their intrenchments. This work was delegated to cavalry entirely.

Mounted carbineers were no match for infantry, so when the horsemen were close up to the rebels they were dismounted, and acted as infantry. A portion of them, under Gregg, and Mackenzie, still adhered to the saddle, that they might be put in rapid motion for flanking and charging purposes, but fully five thousand indented men, who had seen service in the Shenandoah and elsewhere were formed in line of battle on foot, and by a charge and deploy essayed the difficult work of pressing back the entire rebel column. This they were to do so very ingeniously that the rebels should go no further than their works, either to escape eastward or to discover the whereabouts of Warren's forces, which were already forming. Sheridan's object was to capture, as well as to rout them, so all the afternoon the cavalry pushed them hard, and the strife went uninterruptedly and terrifically, with the horses within call. The cavalrymen in line of battle, stood together like walls of stone, and welling onward like gradually elevating ridges. Now and then a detachment of rebels would charge down upon the swaying lines, threatening to annihilate us. Through wood and brake, and swamp, across field and trench, we pushed after, fighting the defenders steadily.

Part of the time Sheridan himself was there, short and broad, and active, waving his hat, giving orders, seldom out of fire but never stationary, and close by fell the long yellow looks of Custer, sabre extended, though he was worn with much work. At four o'clock the rebels were behind their wooden walls at Five Forks, and still the cavalry pressed them hard in front, while the battalion dismounted and charged squarely upon the face of their breastworks, which lay in the main on the northside of White Oak road. Then, while the cavalry worked round towards the rear of the infantry of Warren, though commanded by Sheridan was thundering away with cavalry, mounted and dismounted, and deluded the rebels with the idea that he was the sole attacking party. They lay concealed in the woods beyond Gravelly Run Meeting House, but their left was not half a mile distant from the rebel works.

Little by little Sheridan, extending his lines, drove the whole rebel force into their breastworks. Then he dismounted the mass of his cavalry, charged the works straight in front, still thundering on their flanks. At last every rebel was safe behind his intrenchments. Then the signal was given and the concealed infantry, many thousands strong, sprang up and advanced by echelon to the right. Imagine a great barn door shutting to, and you have the movement. If you can also imagine the door itself, hinges all moving forward also. One man out of every three engaged took a prisoner. We cap-

tured four cannons, an ambulance train, baggage teams, 8,000 muskets, and 23 battle flags.

The battle happened to us the enemy's flank, so that we can sweep down upon the Appomattox and inside of his breastworks, enabling us to shorten our lines of intrenchments one-half, and putting out of Lee's service fifteen thousand of his choicest troops; and all this, Gen. Sheridan tells me, has cost him personally no more than eight hundred men, and the service of no more than fifteen hundred men.

Giving it up.

Perhaps the most significant of the numerous signs of the times portending the early overthrow of the rebellion, is the fact that its sympathizers in the North give up the contest. If anything, they have been more determined than the Southern people, and have had quite as many reasons for desiring the success of a cause to advocate which was both unnatural and expensive. It is not to be presumed, therefore they would give up as long as there was the slightest prospect, and the white feather in this quarter may be taken to indicate in what light the rebel leaders, with whom they are on more or less intimate relations, view the prospect. We may readily suppose the *N. Y. World* would hold on so long as the rebel leaders did, and it is this that gives to its declarations how that the Southern cause is utterly hopeless, insignificant. The *World*, of Monday, undertook to give "some good advice to the South," and we think it was eminently successful. We quote:

We do not want the Southern ear for the purpose of communicating these facts; on this head the South needs no information. Nor is the proper inference from them so difficult to draw as to call for much assistance. What we would like to impress upon the Southern people is the importance to them—seeing that success must be in their own eyes nearly hopeless—of so acting in this emergency that friends of the Constitution in the loyal States may co-operate with them for the defense and protection of their and our common rights. In addressing them we would reason from their stand point; for we should expect to convince nobody by reasoning from principles which they do not admit.

It should be evident to every reflecting man in the South, that the most vital stake that can be dealt to State rights is a continuance of the war, now that the contest has become, on their side, hopeless. The only practical question that remains for their decision is, whether they will hereafter be equal members of the Union, or territorial dependencies.—The policy of the Democratic party would make them the former; of the Republican party, the latter. But the Democratic policy has little chance of success, so long as the South furnishes to the Federal Government sound and unanswerable reasons for keeping up large armies for holding them in subjection. The policy of the South to do is to disband its armies, peacefully insisting on its rights under the Constitution, but not precipitating these rights by setting up untenable claims. When they evince a determination to perform their duties, they will be in the strongest possible position for securing their rights. The pretext of military necessity by which the Constitution has been overriden, will then have no color of plausibility. If the consolidationists should then pursue their scheme of centralization, their design will have no cloak to cover its hideous nakedness.

Had the *World*, instead of acting as the ally of the rebels in the North, by doing its utmost to alienate support from the Government, instead of encouraging the South to continue the contest till the Democratic party obtained possession of the Government, when Southern independence would be recognized, used language like the above, and had it been the language of the Democratic party, who can say the war would not have ended many months ago, and thousands of lives and millions of money been saved? Impartial history will hold the Democratic party responsible for no small share of the blood and treasure spent in prosecuting the war. Its course was solely in view of party interests; and the advice of the *World*, now, it would seem, is for no other motive. "The Democratic policy has little chance of success," it says, so long as the South wages war against the Government—a self evident truth. We conclude, for the "Democratic policy" and the rebel policy have been so near identical that it was impossible to support one and not the other. We will not undertake to say they were not loyal-hearted Democrats who stuck to their party; but we undertake to say that there is not a man of them who has not felt how grievous was the burden imposed by the unpatriotic course of the party. Who will say that had the Democratic party continued to work up to the line on which it stood at the outset, it would not have been in power to-day?

The *World* confesses it, and to regain the lost ground changes front. It is too late. Faithfulness in the past is a poor title to the confidence of those who have been betrayed. The *World* and the Democratic party must stand on the record of the past three years—of opposition to the Government, efforts to divide the North, complicity with riots, and a policy that has afforded the rebels in arms their almost sure ground of hope.

—A wag being being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it." But reflecting a moment he added, in a tone of compassion and forgetfulness, "and yet I don't know why I should be—he never did me any harm."

WASHINGTON, April 4. HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF POTOMAC. April 3, 5 A. M.

Yesterday I sent you some account of the operations of the first days of the in-

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