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By J. B. OVIATT.

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AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was over at last. The sun which had walked calmly through the long hours of that terrible day, had gone down in a column of fire beyond the western hills, and now the stars are coming out swiftly, like golden petals scattered all over an azure sky.

And the stars looked down on the battle field as they have come out and looked down for scores of years on the fair young land which has arisen in strength and beauty, until amid all the nations there were none to compare with her—on the great cities that were hung like jewels on her green bosom—on the broad harvest fields that waved their tresses of joy through her golden summers—on the houses where the dwellers thereof sat peaceful and happy under their own vine and fig-tree—on all this had the stars which came up night by night to the watch towers of the sky looked until at last there came a change—and now where the harvest had waved their locks in the summer winds was the most terrible sight which the sun had ever beheld—the conflict which had raged hot that day.

The towers of the distant mountains had shuddered with the thunder of cannon, and the earth had drunk in blood as in autumn she drinks the equinoctial rain; but at last the day's awful work was done, and the night winds lifted the gray banners of smoke from the battle field.

The air was full of heat, and smell of powder; the dead lay thick together, with stark ghastly faces on the trampled grass, the wounded lay thick also, filling the air with moans—riderless horses rushed through the field, and the dying daylight and the solemn stars watched over all.

A little way from the battle field ran a small stream, making a blue fold in the dark grass, and two wounded men had crawled to its banks to slake their thirst.

And when the two men crawling along the banks looked up and met each other's faces they knew they were enemies, and they knew, too, that a few hours ago each had aimed his rifle at the other, and that aim had made the ghastly wound, a little way from the heart, which had drunk the life blood of each, and each glared desperately on his adversary a moment before he fell.

But there was no fierceness in the eyes of these men now, as they sat face to face on the bank of the stream; they sat still, dying men, who a few hours before had been deadly foes, sat still and looked at each other. But at last one of them spoke.

"We haven't either a chance to hold out much longer, I judge."

"No," said the other, with a little mixture of sadness and recklessness. "You did that last job of yours very well, as that bears witness," and he pointed to a round a little above the heart, from which the life-blood was slowly oozing.

"Not better than you did yours?" replied the other with a grim smile; and he pointed to a wound a little higher up—larger, more ragged and a deadly one.

And then the two men gazed on each other again in the dim light, for the moon had come over the hills now, and stood among the stars like a pearl of great price. And as they looked towards the falling star, a feeling of pity for the strong, and a feeling of regret for the weak, and a feeling of respect for that inexorable necessity of war, which made each man the slayer of each other, and at last one of them spoke.

"There's some folks in the world that'll feel worse, I suppose, because you've gone out of it?"

A spasm of pain was on the bloated features.

"Yes," said the man in thick tones, "there's one woman, with a little boy and girl, away up among the New Hampshire mountains, that'll feel high kill to hear of this; and then the man groaned out in bitter anguish, "Oh God have pity on wife and children."

And then the other drew closer to him; "And away among the cotton-fields of Georgia there's a woman and a little girl whose hearts will break when they hear what this day has done." And then a cry wrung itself sharply out of his heart: "Oh God have pity upon them."

And from that moment the Northern and the Southern ceased to be foes.—The thought of those distant homes on which the anguish was soon to fall, drew them close together in the last hour, and the two wept like children.

At last the Northern spoke, and he did more to himself than anything else, and he did not know that the other was listening greedily to every word.

"She used to come—my little girl, bless her heart!—every night to meet me when I came home from the field; and she would stand under the great plum tree that just beyond the back door at home with the sunlight making a yellow crown in her golden curls, and laughter in her eyes when she heard the click dancing in her arms, and she'd put her little red lips for a kiss. But my little girl will never watch under the old plum tree by the well for her father again I shall never hear the cry of joy as she catches a glimpse of me at the gate; I shall never see her little feet running over the grass to spring into my arms again."

"And," the Southern said, "there's a little brown-eyed, brown-haired girl, that used to watch in the cool afternoons on the plantation—I can see her sweet little face shining out now from the roses that cover the pillars, and her shout of joy as I bounded from my horse, and chased the little flying feet and the loud laugh up, and down the verandah. But, my darling you will never watch among the roses again for your father, and you and he will never go laughing and romping up and down the old verandah again."

And the Northern drew near the Southern, and the hot tears stood on his cold cheeks, as he said:

"Friend may God have pity on our fatherless children!"

"Amen," said the Southern, fervently.

Another spoke now in a husky whisper, for the eyes of the dying man were glazing fast; "We've fought like brave men together."

"We've fought like God in a little while; Let us now forgive each other."

The Southern tried to speak, but the sound died away in a gurgle from the white lips; but

he took the hand of the fallen foe, and the stiffening fingers closed tight over it, and his last look a smile of forgiveness and peace. And when the next morning's sun walked up, it looked down on two foes lying dead, with their hands clasped in each other, by the stream which ran close to the battle-field.

And the little girl with golden hair that watched under the plum tree among the hills of New Hampshire, and the little girl with bright brown hair that waited by the roses among the green plains of Georgia, were fatherless.

THE ISSUE MADE BETWEEN POLITICAL PARTIES.—We call attention to the Resolutions of the Democratic State Committee of this State. They define with calmness and clearness the position of the party on the momentous subjects of war and peace. They accept, with alacrity, and meet with boldness, the challenge cast down by the royal Leaguers at Utica; and accept the defence of the great doctrines of Civil Liberty against the assaults of its enemies.

The Loyal League was intended to serve the purpose of the used up organization of last year. The Republican party had subsequently ceased to exist, as soon as its incapacity for administration became manifest on its accession to power. The People's Party, the Union party, the No-Party party which were got up to succeed it, have sunk into dissolution. The Loyal Leaguers were to take their place and serve the purpose of politicians who had exhausted these previous devices; and whose old devices now failed to humbug the people.

The conception was an ingenious one. It combined the secret instrumentality of the old Know Nothing Leagues, with the public machinery for arousing popular enthusiasm. The Leaguers took hold of it. If money was needed the shoddy contractors, the Government bankers, the brokers who have become rich upon stock jobbing, were ready to furnish the money. The Tribune boasted that one banker offered twenty thousand dollars to the party fund. Sinecure office holders holiday General, and the hirelings of party were ready for the work.

They tried it and it failed. Why? Because in a crisis of the magnitude of the present, the depths of the popular heart cannot be reached by shallow devices. Humbugs such as these attempts might do for a day of prosperity, when political issues were trivial and the feelings which excite superficial. But now the fate of a Nation is at stake, and the masses will not permit themselves to be misled by gew-gaws and flouting devices; by each words and clap trap oratory; by the cant of the Pharisees, who have set up the worship of the War Moloch, or the slang of politicians, who, in the name of Liberty and Freedom, propose to organize a system of military despotism and arbitrary power.

These demagogues have come before the public with marked munieries. We strip from them their disguises and expose them to the people in their true character. But we do not propose that they shall avoid or evade the contest they have challenged. The Democrats will hold them to it. The acceptance which the State Committee have made of their wagger of battle, will be backed by every Democrat of the State—by every Democrat of the North.

The question of Constitutional Liberty, shall written Constitutions be valid; shall laws representative Government exist; shall laws be enforced; shall jury trial be secured; shall the asylum of home be sacred; shall the privileges of appeal, be assured to a citizen when accused? Or shall all these rights be prostituted before the military power, and Civil-Martial annul them, at will?

This is the issue and the single one, before the people. The questions of Peace and War are out of the hands of the Democracy. They cannot appoint generals nor negotiate treaties. They cannot, but by the force of public opinion, coerce or instruct the people on either subject. But they can defend their home rights; and they are pledged to do so; these resolutions they are pledged to do so; and they will fearlessly redeem the promise.—*N. Y. Argus.*

On the subject of the conflict, in Chicago, between the Courts and military, the *Journal of Commerce* says:

"It appears, then, that Judge Drummond's order, an order of the United States Court, the highest tribunal in the land, the highest in the world, since charged with the defence of liberty—solely on the ground that this order was issued for the approval of personal rights and public honor, and to prevent a wrong to both."

"It may be said here that courts do not issue injunctions to prevent military actions; that a judge might as well issue an injunction to stop a great battle. The only answer necessary is found in the fact that Chicago is no peaceful ground; that at this very moment a peaceful convention of the delegates of the people assembled there in a voluntary meeting to promote the commerce of the nation. Obviously there is and can be no possible reason for exercising military law in Chicago, to the extent of overriding the law of the Supreme Court."

Even if such a necessity is supposed to exist as if there were no war. All crimes in Chicago are cognizable by the courts.

"The court, then, was engaged in protecting the great American principles of freedom. The military arm was raised for a precisely contrary purpose. In such a case surely the court of the Supreme Court should be called out and sustained, while the other should be withdrawn."

"It is therefore a duty we owe to the Constitution, to sustain the court. It will not do when a man proposes to injure his neighbor's property, for the man to say, 'I am a soldier, and therefore no longer subject to the warrant of the Supreme Court.' Such a plea will not avail him in a civilized community."

"Such collisions are apt to lead to dangerous results. Thus it is in the power of the court to order its attachment to be enforced. Enforcing it may make it necessary to call out the posse comitatus, which is the whole force of the county or district. The collision thus occurring between the people and the military

might be very extended in its evil effects. Of what is a more imminent danger, the opposition of the military to law might induce disregard of law by the civilians, and riot and bloodshed ensue."

"Such acts rouse Americans to a feeling that liberty is threatened, and if it is threatened no promises or pledges will suffice to quiet the defenders of our birthright. We have most serious fears already of the result to come from these ill judged proceedings."

Gen. McClellan in Albany.

The noble co-commander of the army of the Potomac paid a brief visit to Albany, N. Y., on the 24th inst. He intended that it should be as private as possible, but the fact of his being in the city was soon known, and preparations were at once set on foot to give him a public demonstration. Learning of this, the General, he sought to avoid it, by leaving the city on the steamer at 8 o'clock; but the owners of the steamer refused to let her go until 11 o'clock. The rest of the story we will let the correspondent of the *World* relate:

"Two hours before that time the whole town was in the streets; the bells were ringing the fireman to their posts; the night was alive with rockets, bonfires and Roman candles; cannon thundered their welcome. Escorted by a jubilant crowd of soldiers and citizens, from the house of Mr. Pruyn to the City Hall, Gen. McClellan was fairly taken out of his carriage and borne up to the reception hall not upon the shields of hired Pretorians but upon the stalwart arms of patriotic volunteers, who had shared with him the labors, the perils and the dangers of the noble army, which keeps so faithfully in its heart of hearts. Speeches were made by the Mayor, by the General himself, by Mr. Pruyn, and by Governor Seymour, who congratulated the Democracy of Albany on their determination to do justice to a brave and loyal General, unworthily dismissed from his great command by an incompetent and tyrannical Administration.—From the City Hall a brilliant torch-light procession, winding, with picturesque and striking beauty, down the finely-sloping streets of this beautiful old city, escorted the General to the steam-boat landing, and he was received, on reaching the docks, with the roar of a hundred guns and a fresh display of fireworks, which were once more taken from his carriage and lifted on the popular wave to the deck of the steamer."

It was interesting to see how little of a political color the whole demonstration wore. Here and there sporadic shouts were heard for the next President; but the overwhelming burden of the popular voice was a hearty and continuous clamor for the "General of the Army of the Potomac!" Soldiers who fairly sought for the privilege of kissing or pressing the General, had called out repeatedly, "Go back to the army, and we'll all re-enlist." One man made his way up to his old commander, and, turning to the crowd, exclaimed: "I've been in the field two years, and I'm going home to my wife and children, but let 'Little Mac' say the word, and I'll go back with him to the Potomac to-night."

The malignant politicians who have sought to ruin Gen. McClellan in the popular esteem will find before long that their efforts have only been wasted. He holds a place in the hearts of the people, such as is possessed by no other living man, and this feeling grows stronger instead of weaker as each successive onslaught is made upon him by his enemies.

Parson Brownlow, in a letter to an Abolition League meeting in Chicago, used the following plain language:

"You citizens of Chicago call yourselves loyal, you glory in your loyalty; you proclaim it with the streets, and herald it in your press, and declare it from every platform, but it costs nothing to be loyal here in Chicago so far away from danger. Loyalty leads to the field."

A lady in speaking of a gathering of lawyers to dedicate a new court-house, said she supposed they had gone to view the ground where they must shortly lie!

A physician at one of the Paris hospitals has just cured a case of *delirium tremens*; brought on by excessive drinking, by the singular remedy of subjecting the patient to the constant influence of the vapor of spirits. The plan is new, having been long used in Sweden to radically cure drunkards in a cell, and all the foot of the end of the street is impregnated with brandy. At the end of four or five days they became completely disgusted with the taste, and smell, and they come out radically cured. The slightest smell of spirits at last makes them shudder.

A curious experiment is, it is said, shortly to be tried in London to turn the scarcity of rags to good account. A rag collecting Brigade is to be formed, to consist of boys—of course otherwise neglected and uncared for—who are to be organized under a committee, and who are to go from door to door, asking whether there are any rags to be sold. The boys are to have trucks, and will be furnished with weights and scales, and will buy rags at a settled price, giving a printed memorandum for the weight and price. The rag brigade, like the shoe-black brigade will be dressed in uniform, and will be under proper control and care, morally and pecuniarily.

MISTAKES.—The editor of the *Star* of the West furnishes the following modest attempt at correcting rather wide-spread mistakes:

It is a mistake to suppose that the subscription price of a paper is clear gain to the publisher.

It is a mistake to think that he gets his white paper for nothing.

It is a mistake to suppose that it is printed without cost.

It is a mistake to suppose that he can live bodily by faith.

It is a mistake to think it is easy to please everybody.

It is a mistake to suppose that money due for a paper would be just as good to us in a year from now as it would be now.

It is a mistake to suppose that he would not be thankful for what is due him and for new subscribers.

A Bold Soldier Girl.

The Louisville *Journal* of the 5th inst. contains the following:

Lieut. Garraty, of Park Barracks, brought to our office last evening a young girl in Federal uniform, who was arrested by Sergeant Murray, of the Patrol Guard, yesterday, near the railroad. She stated that her name is, Lizzie Compton; her parents died when she was an infant in Anderson county, Tenn., and strangers brought her up. She feared very well until the rebellion broke out, when she was living with Elijah Schermerhorn, who was a furious secessionist; and has since joined the Confederate army. Lizzie was true to the Union, and with female determination on all occasions asserted her loyalty, until the man attempted to punish her for her fidelity, when she left her home and found her way to a Federal regiment, the Second Minnesota, we think. For the last six months Lizzie has been known as Jack, and, although not more than sixteen years old, has gone through a great deal of service. Col. Mundy, commanding this post, proposed for her to resume the habiliments of her sex and take a position as hospital attendant, but she refused and reiterates her determination to die before she wears anything else but Uncle Sam's uniform, until the war is over. In this resolve she seems inflexible and says she can die but once.

She has a pleasant face, intelligent eyes, and dimpled cheeks, and is at present domiciled at the Park Barracks. Her conduct, as far as we can learn, has been irreproachable; and she feels perfect confidence in being able to protect her self. What future disposition will be made of her has not yet been determined. We shall at this rate soon have a battalion of female recruits.

We would not say to all young women "go thou and do likewise," but there are certain of the sex among those who are contrarily distinguished from the "female women" of the day—known as the "strong-minded"—to whom the injunction would well apply—to Miss Dickinson, for instance, who is making herself ridiculous by delivering stump speeches, which are remarkable only for their falsehoods, indelicacy and impurity.

On Monday there was a charter election held in Washington, and the result is significant in the administration candidates, with power and patronage to aid, being had by beaten. The anti-administration candidates for the general city office were elected by majorities ranging from 1,300 to 2,000, and the councilmen on the same ticket were elected in the several wards.

Soldiers who have been discharged, and are now physically fit for the service, are liable to draft under the conscription act.

GEN. BURNSIDE'S ORDER REVOKED.

The following is a special despatch to the *New York World*:

LEXINGTON, Ky., June 4.—Editor of the *New York World*: Having been directed by the President of the United States to revoke that part of my order suppressing the *Chicago Times*, I have revoked the entire order, and your paper will be allowed its circulation in this department. A. E. Burnside, Maj. Gen. CHICAGO, June 4.—The *Chicago Times* having taken possession of the office and remained until evening, when a telegram was received by the proprietors from Gen. Burnside saying that his order suppressing their circulation, having been revoked by the President, they were at liberty to continue its publication.

"The multitude," says Forney in the *Philadelphia Free Press*, a few days since, "rarely comprehends an idea, but it follows a threat or a command." This sentiment furnishes a key to all the recent arbitrary acts of the administration. It has no faith in the loyalty of the people or their reverence for law, but supposes, as all weak rulers have done in times past, that force alone is efficacious with the masses of men. Forgetting that they are the servants of the people, and therefore bound to obey the members of the administration imagine themselves the sovereigns of the people, whose function is to compel. This has been the theory of all weak and wicked rulers. The only humane emotion they are most conscious of is that of which they are ever dream of appealing to—a republic which depends upon popular intelligence, judgment, loyalty, forbearance, is simply impossible with rulers whose only panacea for general discontent is force. The administration of this country, operating under this fatal theory, is turning against its conscience, the enterprise, the loyalty, the respect of the whole country. It has lost all moral power, and will soon be too contemptible to be feared.—*World.*

ANECDOTE OF THE REVOLUTION.—Rev. Thomas Allen was the first minister of Pittsfield. When the American revolution commenced, he, like the great body of the clergy, ardently espoused the cause of the oppressed colonies. He bore his testimony against the oppression of the mother country. When in anticipation of the conflict which finally took place at Bennington, the neighboring country was roused to arms, he used his influence to increase the band of patriots, by exciting his townsmen to proceed to the battle ground. A company was raised in his parish and proceeded. Hearing of the delay, he proceeded immediately to join them, and his influence quickened their march, and soon presented them to General Stark. Learning from him that he would fight but could not bear arms against the world, he had invited them to submit. He was insensible to fear, himself distinctly heard in their camp, where, after taking a stand on a convenient eminence, he commenced his pious exhortations, urging them to lay down their arms. He was answered by a volley of musketry, which lodged their contents in the log on which he stood. Then, falling calmly to a friend, who had followed him under cover of the breastwork, which formed his footstool, he said, "Now give me a gun!" and that is said to be the first gun, which spoke on that memorable occasion. He continued to bear his part till the battle was decided in favor of the American army, and contributed honorably to that result.

OPTIMISM OF SEWARD.

Blackwood is very amusing on Mr. Seward. A wicked writer strings together the following extracts from his dispatches:

"On February 19, 1862, he writes to Mr. Adams: 'I was just about instructing you how to answer the querulous complaining in Parliament which you have anticipated, the chief of which is the assumed incompetency of government to suppress the insurrection. But a very shrewd observer, a loyal and, at present, excited Virginian, fell in at the moment and expressed to me the opinion that the end of the war is in sight; that there will be a short and rapid series of successes over a disheartened conspiracy, and then all will be over.'"

March 15: "The Financial and moral, as well as the physical elements of the insurrection seem to be rapidly approaching exhaustion."

"On the 25th of March it seems probable to the sanguine Secretary that the organization of the insurgents can no longer be maintained. A few days will probably complete the opening of the Mississippi river, and restore to the country that national outlet of the great granary of America which disunion in its madness has temporarily attempted to obstruct, in violation not more of political laws than of the ordinances of nature."

"23d April: We have reason to expect Savannah to come into our possession within the next ten days."

"5th May: 'We shall have peace and Great Britain do what they may.'"

"On the 10th of May he writes: 'Less than a year will witness the dissolution of all the armies; the iron-clad navy will rest idle in our ports; taxes will immediately decrease; and new States will be coming into the Confederacy bringing rich contributions to the relief and comfort of mankind.'"

"On June 2d: 'The war in the Mississippi Valley may be deemed virtually ended.'"

"On the 10th of July he says: 'The reduction of Vicksburg, the possession of Chattanooga and the capture of Richmond would close the civil war with complete success. All these three enterprises are going forward. The former, we think, be effected within the next ten days.'"

Add to this Seward's memorable "ninety days' peace prophecy, and Greeley's promise of nine hundred thousand emancipated recruits, and Gov. Andrew's unrealized black army project, and Hooker's promised annihilation of Lee, and we shall see how often "Hope has told a flattering tale."

THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR.

The *New York Evening Post*, a black Republican paper, very truly says: "If government will attend closely to the war, and if military gentlemen will go and fight, the enemy will hear less of arrests and other abuses at home; but to try political offenders by military courts will not put down the rebellion; to arrest women for flapping their crinolines at the star spangled banner will not put down the rebellion; but to so mass our armies and to so plan our summer campaign as to defeat rout and destroy the rebel armies, that will put an end not only to the rebellion, but to all mischievous and silly manifestations of sympathy with it which appear in the free States."

Taken from a loyal source, we trust the above extract will not be considered unreasonable, and will only add that during the past two years the Lincoln administration has had command men and means enough to have conquered, if properly handled, any nation of Europe—more than the great Napoleon commanded in any two years of his eventful career more than Alexander had with which to conquer a world—and yet after all this blood has been wasted and this enormous treasure squandered, what good result has been achieved? Will some unquestioning supporter of the administration answer?—*Patriot & Union.*

APPOINTED CLERK.—Thomas Brown a brother of Old John Brown, the hero of the Harper's Ferry massacre, has been appointed to a \$2,000 clerkship in the Treasury Department, he having become tired of the army and resigned.—*Washington paper.*

We think the Browns (the sons and brothers of Old John) are now provided for, all of them having been quartered upon the Government at very snug quarters. After "Old John Brown" had made his murderous raid upon the publicans or Abolitionists, began to think they had gone too far, and attempted to divert themselves of the responsibility of that act, but no sooner were they in power than they exhibited the most marked affection for the Browns and the favors of the Administration have been extended to them ever since. The John Brown said was a portion of the plan adopted by the Abolitionists to involve our country in civil strife.—*Carlisle Volunteer.*

FRANKS DO NOT LIE.—The *Tribune* says Lee's army at the time he crossed to give him battle only counted 50,000 men. The *Times* says Hooker's army at the same time numbered 109,300 men. It thus appears that with 50,000 men three times Lee's army, Hooker was unable to whip him in the first fight, and unable to do it with twice and a half his number of men after he got his reinforcements.

According to the statements of the *Tribune* and *Times*, Hooker's loss killed