

The Carlisle Herald.

VOL. 63.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 1863.

NO. 14.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS:—\$1.50 in Advance, or 82 within the year.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned appointed Auditor by the Orphan's Court of Cambria Co. distribute the balance remaining in the hands of James R. Irvine, Reg. Administrator of William Bratton, late of the Borough of Newville, dec'd., among the parties entitled thereto will meet them for that purpose at his office in the Borough of Carlisle, on Saturday April 11th, 1863 at 10 o'clock A. M.

STRAW GOODS.
Of all the NEW Styles, For Ladies Misses & Children—Woolen, French & American FLOWERS.

Donnot Ribbons, and a general assortment of MILLINERY GOODS.
At the lowest Cash prices—Wholesale & Retail—MILLINERS WILL CONSULT their interest by examining my stock before making their purchase.

MILLINERY GOODS.
1863. SPRING, 1863.
WOOD & CARY, No. 725, CHEST-NUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Watches, Jewelry,
SILVER WARE, and ROBERT'S SUPER-RICH PLATED GOLD.
HENRY HARPER,
No. 620 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.
ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FROM QUACKERY.
THE ONLY PLACE WHERE A CURE CAN BE OBTAINED:

DR. JOHNSTON has discovered the most certain, speedy and only effectual remedy for all the various diseases of the back or limbs, stricture, affections of the kidneys and bladder, involuntary discharges, impotency, general debility, nervousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, the stings, cuttings, bleedings, dimness of sight or giddiness, disease of the head, breast, nose, and of the liver, lung, stomach or bowels—those terrible disorders arising from the solitary habits of youth—these secret and solitary practices more fatal than the venereal disease, and the venereal disease of the Mariner's of Ulysses, blighting their brilliant hopes and anticipations, rendering marriage, &c. impossible.

YOUNG MEN
Especially, who have become the victims of solitary vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of our youth. Men of the most excellent talents and intellect, who might otherwise have embraced listening Senators with the thunders of eloquence or walked to ecstasy the living lyre, may fall victims to this.

MARRIAGE.
Married persons, or young men contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deficiencies, &c., speedily cured.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS.
Immediately cured, and full vigor restored. This distressing affection renders the miserable and the marriage impossible—the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgence. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses, and to neglect the salutary and salutary consequences that may ensue.

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Selected Poetry.

TALK TO ME, ALLIE.

Talk to me, darling Allie,
Talk to me, love, to-night;
Toll me some sweet, sad story,
Here, by the dim fire-light;
Sing me some quaint old ballad,
Of love, and of love's despair,
And I'll sit at your feet, Allie,
And comb out my braided hair.

Never mind me if I weep, Allie,
My heart is full of tears,
You see the shadows on the wall—
They are formless, as my fears;
I can not tell you when they came,
Nor when they will depart;
But I know they gather in, Allie,
And darken all my heart.

You hear the storm wind, Allie,
Twirl through the darkling night;
Just think how the forest branches
Against its toss and fight;
They know not why they are troubled,
Tossing in wild unrest;
And 'tis something like the forest, Allie,
This feeling in my breast.

There's the surging and the walling,
Like the sound of wordless woe,
As the tempest falls and freshens,
Now high, now wild, now low.
But, sing some quaint old ballad,
Of love, and of love's despair,
As I sit here at your feet, Allie,
And comb out my braided hair.

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Miscellaneous.

From "Spare Hours," by JOHN BROWN, M. D.

RAB AND HIS FRIENDS.

(CONCLUDED.)

Rab behaved well, never moving, showing us how meek and gentle he could be, and occasionally, in his sleep, letting us know that he was demolishing some adverbs. He took a walk with me every day, generally to the candlemaker's row; but he was somewhat mild; declined doing battle, though some fit cases offered, and indeed submitted to sundry indignities; and was always very ready to turn, and come faster back, and trot up the stair with much lightness, and went straight to that door.

Jess, the mare, had been sent, with her weather-worn cart, to Howgate, and had doubtless her own dim and placid meditations and confusions, on the absence of her master and Rab, and her unnatural freedom from the road and her cart.

For some days Allie did well. The wound healed "by the first intention," for as James said, "Oor Allie's skin's over clean to beil." The students came in quiet and anxious, and surrounded her bed. She said she liked to see their young, honest faces.

The surgeon dressed her, and spoke to her in his own short kind way, pitying her through his eyes, Rab and James outside the circle. Rab being now reconciled, and cordial, and having made up his mind that as yet nobody required worrying, but, as you may suppose, *scemper paratus*.

So far well; but, four days after the operation, my patient had a sudden and long shivering, a "grosin," as she called it. I saw her soon after; her eyes were too bright, her cheek colored; she was restless, and ashamed of being so; the balance was lost; mischief had begun. On looking at the wound, a bluish red told the secret: her pulse was rapid, her breathing anxious, and quick, she wasn't herself, as she said, and was vexed at her restlessness. We tried what we could. James did everything, was everywhere; never in the way, never out of it; Rab subsided under the table into a dark place, and was motionless, all but his eye, which followed every one. Allie got worse, began to wander in her mind, faintly; was more demonstrative in her ways to James, rapid in her questions, and sharp times. She was vexed, and said, "She was never that way before; no, never." For a time she knew her head was wrong, and was always asking our pardon—the dear, gentle old woman; then delirium set in, strong, without pause. Her brain gave way, and then came that terrible epileptic—

"The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on its dim and perilous way!"
She sang bits of old songs and Psalms, stopping suddenly, mingling the Psalms of David and the diviner words of his Son and Lord, with homely odds and ends and scraps of ballads.

Nothing more touching, or in a sense more strangely beautiful, did I ever witness. Her tremulous, rapid, affectionate, eager, Scotch voice,—the swift, aimless, bewildered mind, the baffled utterance, the bright and perilous eye; some wild words, some household cares, something for James, the names of the dead, Rab called rapidly and in a "tremy" voice, and he starting up, surprised, and sinking off as if he were to blame somehow, or had been dreaming he heard; many eager questions and beseechings which James and I could make nothing of, and on which she seemed to set her all, and then sink back ununderstood. It was very sad, but better than many things that are not called and named, but active and exact as ever; read to her from the Psalms, prose and metrical, chanting the latter in his own rude and serious way, showing great knowledge of the fit words, bearing up like a man, and doating over her as his "ain Allie," "Allie, ma woman!" "Ma ain bonnie wee dawtie!"

"The end was drawing on; the golden bowl was breaking; the silver cord was fast being loosed—that *animulo, blandula, vagula, hospes, comeseque*, was about to flee. The body and the soul—companions for sixty years—were being sundered, and taking leave. She was walking alone, through the valley of that shadow, into which one day we must all enter,—and yet she was not alone, for we know whose rod and staff were comforting her."

One night she had fallen quiet, and we hoped asleep; her eyes were shut, and we had down the gas, and sat watching her. Suddenly she sat up in bed, and taking a bad-gown which was lying on it rolled up, she held it eagerly to her breast,—to the right side. We could see her eyes bright with a

surprising tenderness and joy, bending over this bundle of clothes. She held it as a woman holds her sucking child; opening out her night-gown impatiently, and holding it close, and brooding over it, and murmuring foolish little words, as over one whom his mother comforteth, and who sucks and is satisfied. It was pitiful and strange to see her wasted dying look, keen and yet vague—her immense love.

"Preserve me!" groaned James, giving way. And then she rocked back and forth, as if to make it sleep, hushing it, and wasting on it her infinite fondness. "Wae's me, doctor, I declare she's thikin' it's that bairn." "What bairn?" "The only bairn we ever had; our wee Mysie, and she's in the Kingdom, four years and mair." It was plainly true; the pain in the breast, telling its urgent story to a bewildered, ruined brain, was misread and mistaken; it suggested to her the uneasiness of a breast full of milk, and then the child; and so again one more they were together, and she had her ain wee Mysie in her bosom.

This was the close. She sank rapidly: the *d-irium* left her; but, as she whispered, she was "clean sily"; it was the lightning before the final darkness. After having for some time lain still—her eyes shut, she said "James!" He came close to her, and hitting up her calm, clear, beautiful eyes she gave him a long look, turned to me kindly but shortly, looked for Rab, but could not see him; then turned to her husband again, as if she would never leave off looking, shut her eyes, and composed herself. She lay for some time brooding quick, and passed away so gently, that when we thought she was gone, James, in his old-fashioned way, held the mirror to her face. After a long pause, one small spot of dimness was brushed out; it vanished away, and never returned, leaving the blank clear darkness of the mirror without a stain. "What is our life? It is even a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Rab all this time had been full awake and motionless; he came forward beside us: Allie's hand, which James had held, was hanging down; it was soaked with his tears; Rab licked it all over carefully, looked at her, and returned to his place under the table.

James and I sat, I don't know how long, but for some time, saying nothing; he started up abruptly, and with some noise went to the table, and putting his right fore and middle fingers each into a shoe, pulled them out, and put them on, breaking one of the leather latches, and muttering in anger, "I never did the like of that afore!"

I believe he never did; nor after either. "Rab!" he said roughly, and pointing with his thumb to the bottom of the bed. Rab leapt up, and settled himself; his head and eye to the dead face. "Master John, ye'll wait for me," said the carrier, and disappeared in the darkness, thundering downstairs in his heavy shoes. I ran to a front window; there he was, already round the house, and out at the gate, fleeing like a shadow.

I was afraid about him, and yet not afraid; so I sat down beside Rab, and being wearied, fell asleep. I awoke from a sudden noise outside. It was November, and there had been a heavy fall of snow. Rab was in *statu quo*; he heard the noise too, and plainly knew it, but never moved. I looked out; and there, at the gate, in the dim morning—for the sun was not up—was Jess and the cart. I did not see James; he was already at the door, and came the stairs, and met me. It was less than three hours since he left, and he must have posted out—who knows how?—to Howgate, full nine miles off; yoked Jess, and criven her astonished into town. He had an armful of blankets, and was streaming with perspiration. He nodded to me, spread out on the floor two pairs of clean old blankets having at their corners, "A. G., 1791," in large letters in red worst-d. The *e* were the initials of Alison Grame, and James may have looked in at her from without—himself unseen but not unthought of—when he was "wat, wat, and weary," and after having walked many a mile over the hills, may have seen her sitting, while "a" the lave were sleeping; and by the firelight working her name on the blankets, for her ain James's bed.

He motioned Rab down, and taking his wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets, and hopped her carefully and firmly up, leaving the face uncovered; and then lifting her, he nodded again sharply to me, and with a resolved but utterly miserable face, strode along the passage, and down stairs, followed by Rab. I followed with a light; but he didn't need it. I went out, holding stupidly the candle in my hand in the calm, frosty air; we were soon at the gate. I could have helped him, but I saw he was not to be meddled with, and he was strong, and did not need it. He laid her down as tenderly, as safely, as he had lifted her out ten days before—as tenderly as when he had her first in his arms when she was only "A. G.,"—sorted her, leaving that beautiful seal of face open to the heavens; and then taking Jess by the head, he moved away. He did not notice me, neither did Rab, who presided behind the cart.

I stood till they passed through the long shadow of the College, and turned up Nicolson Street. I heard the solitary cart sound through the streets, and its way and come again; and I returned, thinking of that coming going up Libberton Brae, then along Roslin Muir, the morning light touching the Pentlands and making them like on-looking ghosts; then down the hill through Auchin-dunny woods, past "haunted" Woodhouse-lee; and as daybreak came sweeping up the bleak Lammermuirs, and fell on his own door, the company would stop, and James would take the key, and lift Allie up again, lying her on her own bed, and having put Jess up, would return with Rab and shut the door.

James buried his wife, with his neighbors mourning, Rab inspecting the solemnity from a distance. It was snow, and that black ragged holl would look strange in the mist. James looked after everything; then rather suddenly fell ill, and took to bed; was, in his bed, when the doctor came, and soon died. A sort of *lc* fever was prevailing in the village, and his want of sleep, his ex-

haustion, and his misery, made him apt to take it. The grave was not difficult to re-open. A fresh fall of snow had again made all things white and smooth; Rab once more looked on, and slunk home to the stable.

And what of Rab? I asked for him next week at the new carrier who got the good will of James's business, and was now master of Jess and her cart. "How's Rab?" "He put me off, and said rather rudely, 'What's your business wi' the dowg?' I was not to be so put off. 'Where's Rab?' He getting confused and red, and interm-dling with his hair, said, 'Deed, sir, Rab's dead.' 'Deed! what did he die of?' 'Weel, sir,' said he, getting redder, 'he didn't exactly die; he was killed. I had to brain him wi' a racket; there was nae dain' wi' him. He lay in the treviss wi' the mear, and wadna come out. I tempt him wi' 'kail and meat, but he wad tak naething, and kepit ma frae feedin' the beast, and he was aye gur gurri', and grup gruppin' me by the legs: I was laith to make awa wi' the auld dowg, his like wasna atween this auld Thornhill—but, 'deed, sir, I could do naething else.' I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete. His teeth and his friends gone, why should he keep the peace, and be a civil?"

Swearing Alone.
A gentleman once heard a laboring man swearing dreadfully in the presence of companions. He told him that it was a cowardly thing to swear in company with others, when he dared not to do it by himself. The man said he was not afraid to swear at any time or in any place.

"I'll give you ten dollars," said the gentleman, "if you will go to the village graveyard at twelve o'clock to night, and swear the oaths you have uttered here, when you are alone with God."

"Agreed," said the man, "it's an easy way of earning ten dollars."

"Well, you come to me to-morrow and say you have done it, and the money is yours."

The time passed on; midnight came. The man went to the graveyard. It was a night of pitchy darkness. As he entered the graveyard not a sound was heard: all was still as death. Then the gentleman's words, "Alone with God," came over him with wonderful power. The thought of the wickedness of what he had been doing and what he was about to do, flashed across his mind like a flash of lightning. He trembled at his folly. Afraid to take another step, he fell upon his knees, and instead of the dreadful oaths he came to utter, the earnest cry went up—"God be merciful to me a sinner."

The next day he went to the gentleman and thanked him for what he had done, and said he had resolved not to swear another oath as long as he lived.

THE PRESIDENT'S INQUIRIES.—A Union orator, writing from Michigan city says: "During my speech, I asked any Democrat in the house to be kind enough to tell me what clause of the Constitution President Lincoln had violated during the progress of this war? Alas! no one's science, a voice near the door said: 'I can tell you of one—Name it!' said I. 'He has denied the right of—(scratching his head)—the right of *crpus Christi*.' Such an answer of laughter or scorn I never heard, I reckon. Upon inquiry, I learned, that this champion of the Copperhead Democracy of Michigan city, is an ex-penitentiary convict, who was convicted of being one of the perpetrators of the Boone County Bank fraud, a few years ago. The State of Indiana had denied the right of habeas corpus to him for the space of two years, at least."

THE WORDS OF A PATRIOT SOLDIER.—The gallant General Rousseau, who may be said to have led Kentucky into the field, made a speech at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in which he said: "My political creed is but a minute long. I am for the government of my fathers and the friends of that government, and I am against the enemies of that government, and all their friends both North and South."

Giving a timely warning to his hearers he added: "No matter what your political predilections may be, unite to save the country, and after that settle questions of policy. Let not your differences of opinion weaken the arms of the brave men who are fighting for you; you may be free. In the Army of the Cumberland, in which I have the honor of commanding a division, officers and men know only the cause of their country; all are united in a common work; no discussions or jealousies weaken their force."

A Little Miss of six, with whom the work skeleton and skeleton skirts were synonymous terms, in relating the melancholy story of the lost bride who hid away in the trunk and perished, and who was found fifty years after, with wide staring eyes, said: "And on opening the trunk, what do you think they found there, aunt?" "Why, what did they, my dear?" "Nothing in the world," answered the little story teller, holding up her hands in horror, "but a hoop skirt!"

A Yankee boy had a wife's Dutch cheese set before him by waggish friends who, however, gave him no knife. "This is a funny cheese, Uncle Joe," said he, "what shall I do with it?" "Cut it where you like," said the Yankee, coolly put. "Very well," said the boy, "I'll cut it at home."

A man who covers himself with costly apparel and neglects his mind, is like one who illuminates the outside of his house and sits within the dark.

What stingy fellows they must be in New York! exclaimed a fine country girl. "Our Sallis says she never could get a buss without paying five cents for it."

What animal has the greatest quantity of brains? The hog, of course, for he has a hoghead full.

The experience of many a life:—What a fool I've been!—The experience of many a wife:—What a fool I've got!

What is taken from you before you get it? Your portrait.

WHAT IS THE USE.

What is the use of trimming a lamp, if you never intend to light it?
What is the use of grappling a wrong, if you never intend to right it?
What is the use of removing your hat, when you never intend to carry it?
What is the use of wooing a maid, if you never intend to marry?

What is the use of buying a coat, if you never intend to wear it?
What is the use of a house for two, if you never intend to share it?
What is the use of gathering gold, if you don't intend to keep it?
What is the use of planting a field, if you never intend to reap it?
What is the use of buying a book, if you don't intend to read it?
What is the use of a cradle to you, if you never intend to need it?

OLD PEOPLE.

"Tis the sunset of life gives us mystical lore."

A peculiar interest attaches to old people. They have come down to us from a former generation. Their days are spent. Only a few saucers remain in the glass. Many years of intercourse with the world have made them rich in experience. They will know what hope and fear, what joy and sorrow are. They have laughed with the living and wept for the dying. Disappointment and grief have tamed their spirits. And now at the close of life a new and great world opens up, solemn and unknown.

Much of their past is far back, and the years lie close together like distant street lamps that seem to meet. They have passed through the several stages of life; they have been children, and wept; they have been husbands and wives, and sowed their wild oats; they have wooed and been won; they have rowed their bark in open plains and in storm; they have been over plains and through deeps. But now their journey is almost ended, the work done.

The day far spent. Their early companions and co-laborers have already nearly all gone. They stand alone, as it were, among the new people, and look anxiously around like belated birds left behind by mates that long have taken their homeward passage. The shadows of evening have gathered around them, and the night has come. Blessed are they that can lie down to pleasant dreams, for they shall rise at a glorious waking.

A peculiar interest attaches to those old pilgrims whose feet have trod so many years. Not only do they interest us in their past, but also in the future. They walk along the border-land of a great and untried world; a single stream divides them from the spiritual, and they sometimes seem to speak from the other side—so deep and prophetic are their words. When our eyes look upon these passing pilgrims, we cannot help feeling the solemnity of the sight; for very soon will these aged eyes open upon new scenes, and those outstretched feet walk new plains.

Reverence old age. Consider its advice.—Deal gently with its infirmities. Prepare yourself to become old.

Three Hundred Copperheads Wanted.
I hereby make special application to the State of Illinois for three hundred of the vilest, meanest, most disloyal Copperheads that can be found. I know they have them there, and I am satisfied that they are actually needed here for the good of the public service, rendered so by the following circumstances, viz:—

There are here in the 26th Illinois Infantry about six hundred as neat, clean, hardy and well-disciplined men as ever marched to the sound of drum—men who have borne a prominent and honorable part in the taking of New Madrid, Island No. 10, siege of Corinth, battle of luka, and the late battle of Corinth, besides many other engagements of less note.

These men are tried and true as ever drew bend on rebel head; the love of country swells their hearts and throbs in every vein. They have unanimously said they want no peace that will "yield a single right of humanity or take one star from our glorious flag."

Three hundred able-bodied Copperheads are needed to fill this regiment up to the maximum number. These noble and brave men will hold them straight in camp, endure hardships and suffering, to eat "hard crack ers," and sleep on the bare ground. In short they "will train them up in the way they should go," and bring them back through tribulation to the good old doctrines of equal rights, common sense, and the Union forever.

A speedy compliance with the provisions of this requisition is respectfully requested.
Capt. IRA J. BLOOMFIELD,
26th Ill. Vol. Inf'y.

The Views of a Loyalist at the South, as to Colored Regiments.
CORNTH, Feb. 25, 1863.
Editors Missouri Democrat:—This measure is now occupying, as it ought to, a large share of public attention. On the avowed policy of doing whatever might become necessary to save our beloved country, step after step has been taken by Congress and the President, to this great end. In the onward march, we have reached the one indicated by the caption to our article. Nothing has yet been proposed as a means in our success, of more importance than this. The wonder is, when viewed in the light of sober common sense, that we have not long ago, allowed stout, loyal-colored men to do the hardest and most dangerous work in our struggle. Naught but folly and madness, it would seem, can longer reject the essential aid they offer. Let facts be submitted to the candid in proof of this assertion:

1. That the rebellion has grown out of slavery, is too too evident to be questioned.

2. It is no less evident that the single end and aim of the rebellion is to protect, perpetuate, and render impregnable, human slavery.

3. Can any one fail to see that our fighting would be pointless, not to say futile, so long as we try to strike, not at, but around this very thing, which the enemy aims to do?

4. Arm the colored men now free and getting free in this conflict, and the issue is

made up and the battle joined in earnest. No more roundabout blows will be struck. The stronghold of the enemy is at once besieged, stormed and taken. Just as certain as we free, protect and arm colored people, they will leave their oppressors and join us. Just so certain as they do this, will the Southern Confederacy find itself without an object to fight for, or means to do it with.

5. But it is still alleged by some, that negroes will not fight. No intelligent, candid man will rashly say so. Did they not fight under Washington and Jackson, receiving the testimony of these heroes to their bravery.

6. The safest and speediest way to end the strife is to conform our measures to the just demands of Providence. If in view of these Jefferson trembled for his country more than fifty years ago, ought we not to more than tremble now, overtaken as we are by the very calamities this great statesman feared? Arm the oppressed, aid them in striking for their rights, and we may hope for deliverance through this great equitable Providence. If, in this conflict, "the Lord be for us who can be against us." He will be for us whenever we show ourselves to be for his poor.

Letter from General McClelland on the "Peace-mongers."
The following letter from Mr. John Van Buren, enclosing one from General McClelland, has been published:

"New York, March 9, 1863.
"I have just received the enclosed letter from General McClelland, who is in command of our troops before Vicksburg. Although it is not intended for publication, the action of Illinois democrats excites so much attention that I think the views of General McClelland ought to be made public. He commanded the Illinois troops at Fort Donelson, has served several terms in Congress, and has the reputation of being one of the best soldiers in the army.

"Respectfully yours,
"J. VAN BUREN."

GENERAL McCLELLAND'S LETTER.
"BEFORE VICKSBURG, Feb. 22, 1863.
"Hon. John Van Buren.—An extract from your late speech has just come under my notice, and has the clear old democratic ring, and contrasts so strikingly with the spurious emanations of latter day democratic impostors that I cannot forbear to hail it. It reminds me of the better days of the democratic party, when, under the inspirations of Jackson, and your father, its boasted watchword was: 'The Union—it must be preserved!' Respectively to that sentiment, I upheld the arms of both those magistrates to the extent of my ability and at the sacrifice of home and all endearments, and am now bearing arms, amid disease and death, against an armed enemy who would desecrate it.

"Northern peace mongers, who would dishonor that sentiment by proclaiming an armistice in the face of a rebellion and defiant enemy, but add pusillanimity to treachery, and truly, as you energetically say, 'will be carried away,' if not by the torrent of public opinion, eventually by force of arms.

"Your obedient servant,
"JOHN A. McCLELLAND."

SOUTHERN SENTIMENTS IN 1860.
The following extracts from the speeches of our "Southern brethren" delivered in our Congress before the introduction of the Crittenden Compromise, in the winter of the ever memorable day of Secession, shows how easy it was to have "averted the war," as Governor Seymour and his class declare, by compromise and conciliation:

Dec 4th, O. R. Singleton, of Mississippi.—"I was not here for the purpose of making any compromise or to patch up existing difficulties.

Mr. Jones, of Georgia, ditto on the same day.
Mr. Hawkins, of Florida.—"While I am up, Mr. Speaker, I may as well say in advance, that I am opposed, and I believe my State is opposed, to all and every compromise."

Mr. Pugh, of Alabama.—"As my State of Alabama intends following South Carolina out of the Union by the 10th of Jan. next, I pay no attention to any action