The Carlisle Herald.

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RHEEM & WEAKLEY, Editors & Proprietors.

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Prothonotary—Samuel Shireman.
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Register—Geo. W. North.
High Sheriff—John Jacobs.
County Treasurer—Henry S. Ritter.
Coroner—David Smith
County Commissioners—Henry Karns, John M'loy, Mitchell McClellan,
Superintendent of Poor House—Henry Snyder.
Physician to Jail—Dr. W. W. Dale.
Physician to Poor House—Dr. W. W. Dale.

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Lamp Lighters—Chas. B. Meck, James Spangler.

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CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church, Northwest angle of Centre Square. Rev. Conway P. Wing Pastor.—Services every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South Hanover and Pomfret streets. Rev. John C Bliss, Pastor. Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

St. John's Church, (Prot. Episcopal) northeast angle of Centre Square. Rev. J. C. Clerc, Rector. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock, P. M.

English Lutheran Church, Bedford, between Main and Louther streets. Rev. Jacob Fry, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6½ o'clock P. M.

German Reformed Church, Louther, between Hanover and Pitt streets. Rev. Samuel Philips, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock P. M.

Methodist E. Church (first charge) corner of Main and Pitt Streets. Rev. Thomas H. Sherlock, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7 o'clock P. M.

Methodist E. Church (second charge.) Rev. S. L. Bowman, Pastor. Services in Emory M. E. Church at 11 o'clock A. M., and 3½ P. M.

Church of God Chapel South West cor. of West St. and Chapel Alley. Rev. B. F. Beck, Pastor. Services at 11 a. m., and 6½ p. m.

St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Pomfret near East st. Rev. Pastor. Services every other Sabbath, at 10 o'clock. Vespers at 3 P. M.

German Lutheran Church, corner of Pomfret and Bedford streets. Rev C. Fritze, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock P. M.

☞ When changes in the above are necessary the proper persons are requested to notify us.

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Rev. William L. Boswell, A. M., Professor of the Greek and German Languages.
Samuel D. Hillman, A. M., Professor of Mathematics.
John K. Stayman, A. M., Professor of the Latin and French Languages.
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Rev. Henry C. Cheston, A. B., Principal of the Grammar School.
John Hood, Assistant in the Grammar School.

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SOCIETIES.

Cumberland Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. meets at Marion Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every month.

St. John's Lodge No. 260 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thursday of each month, at Marion Hall.

Carlisle Lodge No. 91 I. O. of O. F. Meets Monday evening, at Trout's building.

Letort Lodge No. 63, I. O. of G. T. Meets every Thursday evening in Rheem's Hall, 3d story.

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FIRE COMPANIES.

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1789.—House in Louther, between Pitt and Hanover.

The Cumberland Fire Company was instituted Feb. 18, 1809. House in Badford, between Main and Pomfret.

The Good Will Fire Company was instituted in March, 1855. House in Pomfret, near Hanover.

The Empire Hook and Ladder Company was instituted in 1859. House in Pitt, near Main.

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December 23, 1864—tf

THE FORWARDING AND GRAIN business formerly conducted by Line, Givler & Co., is now carried on by

JOHN GREASON,
July 29, 1864—tf Greason, Cumb. Co.

DR. WM. H. COOK,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Surgeon and Accouchour

OFFICE at his residence in Pitt street, adjoining the Methodist Church.
July 1, 1864.

CHOICE SEGARS & TOBACCO,
AT RALSTON'S.

GAMES. An infinite variety of amusing and instructive Games at Haverstick's Drug and Fancy Store.

Poetical.

Enoch Arden Boiled Down.

Philip Ray and Enoch Arden,
Both were "spoons" on Annie Lee;
Phil did not ful-fill her notions,
She preferred to mate with E.

Him she wedded, and she bore him
Pretty little children three;
But, becoming short of rhino,
Enoch went away to sea,

Leaving Mrs. Arden owner
Of a well-stocked village shop,
Selling butter, soap and treacle,
Beeswax, whip cord, lollipop.

Ten long years she waited for him,
But he neither came nor wrote,
Wherfore she concluded Enoch
Could no longer be afloat.

So when Philip came to ask her
If she would be Mrs. Ray,
She, believing she was widow'd,
Could not say her suitor "nay;"

And a second time was married,
Gave up selling bread and cheese,
And in due time Philip nursed
A little Ray upon his knees.

But, alas! the long-lost Enoch
Turned up unexpected ly,
And was vastly disconcerted
By this act of biga-my.

Yet reflecting on the subject,
He determined to atone
For his lengthened absence from her
By just leaving well alone.

Taking to his bed he dwindled
Down to something like a shade,
Settled with his good landlady,
Next the debt of nature paid.

Then, when both the Rays discovered
How poor Enoch's life had ended,
They came out in handsome style, and
And gave his corpse a fun'ral splendid.

This is all I know about it,
If it's not sufficient, write
By next mail to Alfred Tenny,
Son, P. L. L., the Isle of Wight.

MELBOURNE PUNCH.

Miscellaneous.

REMARKS OF HON. A. K. McCLURE,

OF FRANKLIN COUNTY,

On Joint Resolution ratifying amendment to the Constitution of the United States proposed by Congress January 31, 1865, delivered in the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, Friday, February 3, 1865.

MR. M'CLURE. Mr. Speaker, I am constrained to differ with some of the gentlemen of my own side of the House who have spoken on this subject. I think that injustice has been done our Democratic friends, and I rise mainly for the purpose of vindicating them. Surprise has been expressed by several members in the course of this debate, that negative votes should be cast on the pending proposition to ratify the constitutional abolition of slavery. Some of the more ardent have censured in advance those who shall record their votes against the disenthralment of the nation. They do not merit it, It is due to their consistency—due to the history of the Democratic organization; due to its earnest hostility to the cause of the Government from the commencement of the war until now, that every member who represents it on this floor should vote against any proposition striking at the vitality of human slavery.

It might not be amiss to remind them that in the earlier days of the republic, one who was somewhat eminent as a statesman, and for whose teachings they profess the profoundest reverence, tells the country that viewing slavery and its probable struggles in the future for supremacy, he trembles when he remembers that God is just. He knew it well. He was a slave-master, and foresaw the grasping, relentless efforts it would make to debauch our nationality and the ultimate, violent conflict, in obedience to the laws of eternal justice, to eradicate it from our escutcheon. From Jefferson, the great Democratic leader of other days, came the Ordinance of 1787, restricting slavery within prescribed limits, or rather inhabiting it in the fair regions of the West The first act of the Government restricting this unmitigated evil—about which there was then no diversity of opinion—came from the sage of Monticello, who is claimed to-day, and ever has been, as one of the leading lights of that party.

But Jefferson was but mortal, and the fathers of the republic have been called away from us. Slavery had gradually become more and more exacting. The teachings of the founders of the Government, who, in a mistaken view of expediency, compromised with wrong to allow slavery to glide into a peaceful death, have long since been forgotten in the race for political power; and little by little, step by step, day by day and year by year it has grown in power, and how it has wielded it let the history of the Democratic party tell.

It did not in one year, or in one decade, develope its revolting aim and the appalling issue it was hastening. It came not as the task-master, to demand obedience It came armed with the blandishments, the honors, the spoils of power, and it knew well whence to bear its court. It turned to the Democratic party, fastened upon it with its fatal friendship, and tempted and commanded it until it has blackened our history with a terrible catalogue of national woes, and has at last crimsoned our fair land deep with our richest blood.

It came first to arrest the constitutional right of petition. A free people, jealous of their rights, had petitioned the law-makers to preserve the integrity of the free spirit of our Government, and it was a thrust at slavery. It had just then entered on its great struggle to nationalize itself at the cost of our nationality, and it could not withstand the searching scrutiny of faithful men. It was about to war upon the very foundation stone of the Republic—upon the great principles of freedom declared by our fathers, and it could triumph only by sealing the lips of its opponents.—It come to subvert the very genius of our institutions, and it came, not in hostile array—not with banners unfurled, declaring its deadly mission, but it came into the counsels of the Democracy with the syren song of peace, and bid them give tranquility to the nation by denying the right of petition. It did not appeal in vain. It did not mistake its ally, its friend, its willing, obedient slave. It had honors for the ambitious, spoils for the venal, flattery for the weak, and it was crowned master in the deliberations of that organization. In obedience to the teaching of slavery, which, through the Democratic leaders, stained our history with the denial of the right of petition, the remnant of that organization will to-day cast their votes against its abolition. In this are they not but consistent?

Successful in one staggering blow at the dearest rights of a free people, slavery was not long content. Crime cannot maintain itself save by persistent efforts and successive triumphs. It had stricken down the right of petition, but it was still assailed by all the moral power of a great and free people, with their free press, free schools and educated and requitted labor. It therefore came with new duties for its faithful ally. Free speech must be abridged—free newspapers must be circumscribed. It could not stand the searching light of truth; the fatal thrusts which the free discussion by a Christian people must aim at its power and permanency. It demanded that the mails be subject to its inspection—that they be rifled of all that taught the principle of freedom, and it was done. Journals, documents, books not worshiping at the shrine of slavery, were taken from the mails by authority of law, and committed to the flames, lest some poor slave might learn that the God of the oppressed ever lived to hear the supplications of the lowly and vindicate justice in His own good time.—To the Democracy it appealed, and won its blotted triumph by which in one half of the territory of the Republic freedom of speech was made a stranger, and freedom a fugitive.

But it was still not content. It was still not supreme. It must cope with an enlightened sentiment, with industrial progress, with the withering desolation that followed its fatal tread, and unless it could invoke the sacred shield of the Constitution to protect and extend it, its triumph would be fruitless. It had convulsed the nation in its parting with the free territory north of 36 deg. 30 min., when Missouri was admitted, and it must regain it or it could not arrest the predominance of the free North. It wanted the virgin territories, not to make them bloom, but to arrest the tide of free industry and thus devote them to desolation. It struggled with its, at times, faltering Democratic allies, in every possible way, to compass its nationality; but it was a fearful task. The Democratic party was willing, but there were times, despite the cries of peace, that the outraged sentiment of the people hurled them from power and vindicated the cause of humanity and freedom. But it was tireless in its energies, exhaustless in its resources, and it was not discouraged by defeat, nor did it despair at the occasional feeble perfidy of its main source of power When its voice rang out along the Democratic lines with its dazzling promises of power, that organization would rally for another struggle, and follow its master with a devotion worthy of the noblest of causes.

It could not live unless nationalized. It must be supreme. It must have the preponderence of power. It must have the Executive, and the Senate must be the unswerving citadel of its power. It must have new States to keep up the equilibrium, and it made war upon a sister Republic solely to bring fresh fields wherein it could glut its infernal appetite. It demanded Texas, and Democracy delivered the prize. It demanded that the new offering should be fruitful of States as its interests and supremacy in the Senate might demand, and Democracy denominated in the bond that it should be divided and subdivided until it should equal the great Middle States in the first legislative tribunal of the nation.

But it was still not supreme. The task assigned the Democratic party was not performed. It must have war, it must have indemnity, and its bidding was obeyed. New territory sufficient to make half a score of States was wrested from Mexico. Still it was not content. It could not compete with the energy and progress of freedom in the territories, and its triumph threatened to turn to ashes in its hands. It appealed to the Democracy. The law of the civilized world must be reversed. Slavery must be made the rule; freedom the exception. Slavery must be declared supreme in the territories, or it must perish in the struggle. It turned to the newly acquired territories and to the rich soil of the West; soon to be peopled and potential in the Republic, and it must grasp them in its fatal embrace, or surrender the conflict. It must abrogate the common law of every Christian Government and confront the law of Him who created all things free. From His hand came no man, no thing, another's slave. The territories of the far West, blooming and fragrant as they came from the Creator, were by Him dedicated to freedom, and by the accepted law of nations so regarded for centuries. But slavery demanded that by the arbitrary organic law of man, its right should be recognized to make a withered waste wherever it should choose to tread; and it was done. To resist it was fanaticism, treason, disunion; to sustain and extend it was declared the only path to concord and national unity. Its marshalled forces, under the flag of Democracy, did their work well. It appealed to the fears of the timid, to the cupidity of the sordid, to the ambition of the weak, and in the name of Union it struck the deadliest blow to the very vitals of the Republic.

It demanded empire unlimited save by the boundaries of the continent, and the sanction of positive law for its existence wherever the flag of the free floated over its own dominions. But tireless as were the efforts of the Democracy, slavery lost in the race for possession of the rich slopes of the Pacific. All was done that could be done; but an overruling power that ever disposes, however man proposes, made the triumph of slavery in the Mexican acquisition a crowning disappointment. California was held at the door of Congress with her Representatives and Senators for months to give slavery and Democracy some pretext to reject them; but the power of freedom on the Pacific became stronger with each day, and at last they bowed down and confessed their discomfiture.

But, disastrous as was the defeat, it was not dismayed. It still had a willing and powerful party at the head of the Government, and it struggle confidently, defiantly for supremacy. It wrung the Missouri Compromise from an unwilling people, years before, and triumphed thereby; but it now stood in the way of the march of slavery to universal dominion. It was a sacred monument of the solemnly plighted faith of our fathers. For a quarter of a century it had stood unassailed by any one; but it confronted slavery, and it must be ruthlessly destroyed. Democracy was summoned to the task, and the cruel work was done. Again was the tranquility of the nation wantonly, wickedly broken by the Democracy in obedience to slavery, and when its convulsions threatened the very safety of our institutions, the spoiler came again with the seducing cry of peace, by submission to its wrongs. What followed is but too well remembered by all. The revolting scenes which made up the early history of Kansas, and the Lecompton infamy, which was made the test of devotion to a Democratic Administration, are but fitting sequels to the crime that had its inception on the violation of the Missouri compact.

Still it was not content. The right of petition had been restored; the right to rifle the mails had been abrogated, and enlightened progress was on every hand besetting this monster foe of liberty and law. In this extremity it turned to the judicial tribunal of last resort—a court where once sat a Marshal and a Story, and in the name of Democracy demanded that its life should be declared to issue from the Constitution itself, and that by virtue of the sacred instrument it could spread its polluting power wherever it was not expressly interdicted by municipal law. It had but to command and it was obeyed. The territories were surrendered mercilessly, and in defiance of the accepted law of the civilized world, to its desolating tread. The States were pronounced its obedient servants in the maintenance of its interests, and the black man was judicially defined as a being without rights which any one was bound to respect. This was its chief, its fatal triumph. The year that witnessed its mastery over a free people and their institutions, dated its decline and fall; and now the rejected black man pleads in a court where, but a few years ago, he was denied even the legal status of manhood necessary to maintain the prerogatives of a suitor.

At last this demon of discord and relentless foe of our liberties had exhausted the uses of the Democratic party as a party of administrative power. It had so prostituted and demoralized that organization that it was impotent to save slavery from the doom of subordination, and with it subordination was death.—It therefore spurned its faithful instrument of wrong, and rent it in twain at Charleston. It did not mean to sunder the Union. It was not prepared for the war with which it has shadowed the land in mourning. It saw its power departing, and it must be supreme or die. It resolved upon a final, exhausting effort to prostitute the North at its feet and secure its perpetual and unquestioned power by new and wholesale organic concessions to its vitality. It therefore thrust out the major portion of the northern Democracy, and reckoning by the history of the past, it confidently expected to see friend and foe paralyzed into submission rather than brave its vengeance. But the age of submission rather was past. The free North was aroused and resolved that the right of the majority to rule in conformity with the laws should be tested. Vainly did its rejected ally, the Democracy, plead for it in 1860, but the fiat of the people declared that slavery must henceforth yield its own boasted supremacy to the majesty of the laws. It was no unmeaning victory. It was not achieved to be basely bartered away by compromise, in which right should surrender to wrong.

Slavery was appalled at the retributions it had invited, but it did not despair. It saw the sceptre of power depart, but it hoped to seduce or intimidate the great North from its settled purpose to vindicate the laws and the force of the Government. It saw an educated, honored and requited industry give rich fruits in prosperity and progress in the Northern States, while its own fair homes were marked by decay. It saw a vast preponderence of population gathering about it whose honest aims of life made them its implacable foes. It saw every element of greatness with which a beneficent God had blessed a free people. It saw school-houses at every cross-road scattering wide-spread education—its deadliest antagonist. It saw the spires of our churches pointing to heaven in every community, each steadily instilling the great eternal truths which pronounce slavery accursed of man and God. It saw rising here from day to day elements which in time must crush it as the foe of civilization, of humanity and peace. It saw its own power wasting from day to day beneath the inexorable progress of intelligence, and it buckled on its armor for its final struggle. If dethroned, it resolved that there should be woe to the victors as well as vanquished in its last conflict.

Again it turned to its distracted ally in the North. It had spurned the Northern Democracy from its councils, and left it without a resting place; but when it gathered up its strength to make a nation bow at its deadly shrine, or accept its fearful alternative, it again turned to the shattered elements of the Democracy, and said, "There shall be war or submission, and Democracy shall be the ally of slavery." I understand well, Mr. Speaker, the fearful import of this declaration. I mean it in its broadest sense. When slavery resolved upon war as its last resort, should the North maintain its integrity, it turned to the Democracy, and was assured of sympathy and triumph in grappling with the very life of the Republic. How far it has been successful, let the chequered history of this bloody drama tell. It made war, confident in the belief, predicated upon positive assurance, that the Democracy would paralyze the North in the attempt to exercise its might; that there would be a powerful party that would sustain it with matchless fidelity even unto death, and the bond is about to be fulfilled to-day. And why should it not? Aught else would be but hollow hypocrisy and shameless cowardice.

Slavery reckoned but too truly on the power of Democracy in this fearful conflict When the guns of treason were thundering against Sumter, every member of that party on this floor responded to the call of slavery by voting against the organization of any force to defend the State, or the unity of the Republic And in the Senate, when our deliberations on the bill to arm a force for defence were interrupted by the lightning messengers proclaiming the progress of the bombardment of the feeble but heroic command of Anderson, every Democratic member sent back to triumphant treason the cheering assurance, that no men or means should be employed to preserve the life of the Government by their votes. Such is the blistering truth of history as made in these legislative halls.

And as here, it was elsewhere. The faithless were for a time overwhelmed by the outburst of patriotism of the people; but as soon as they felt safe in so doing, they assailed the loyal cause with every petty pretext, just as they have quibbled to resist the inexorable logic of events today. Then, when the national heart throbbed with devotion to our imperilled institutions, the gentleman from Northumberland (Mr. Purdy) did not declare in the columns of his paper that the Southern Confederacy was an established fact, as he afterwards did. He bowed to the resistless current of patriotism for the time, but he waited and watched for the period when he could by stealth, by cowardly inuendo, by specious assaults upon the administration of the government, strike most effectually at the very vitals of the Republic. And, sir, with what matchless fidelity has this cruel task been performed. The gentlemen who last addressed the House in opposition to the resolutions has, from the time this war commenced, persistently condemned, every measure proposed for the vindication of our national life. When slavery unfurled its banner to the breeze, proclaiming wanton, relentless war alike upon our people and their institutions, he answered its demands by denying the right of coercion—by refusing to the nation its inherent right to live. There has hardly been an argument emanating from the leaders of treason in Richmond that has not in spirit or in terms been reechoed by the gentlemen from Northumberland. His own constituents, I believe declared in public meeting that the Southern Confederacy was established.

Mr. PURDY. Will the gentleman allow me to ask him a question?

Mr. M'CLURE. Certainly.

Mr. PRUDY. I would like to know where the meeting was held.

Mr. M'CLURE. I cannot say, but the resolutions were published in his own journal.

Mr. PURDY. They were never published in my journal.

Mr. M'CLURE. I cannot be mistaken, sir. The gentlemen may quibble as to the exact phraseology of the resolutions, but I do know that resolutions were published by him, if not endorsed, certainly without disapproval, declaring that the rebel confederacy was an established fact; that their government was successful; that resistance to their power was useles and therefore we should submit to the triumph of treason. I do not mean that this was the exact language of the resolutions, but I will thank the gentleman, if he has them in his possession, if he will present them now and show wherein I am mistaken.

Mr PURDY. I rise to explain. I suppose the gentleman from Franklin (Mr. M'Clure) refers to a meeting called away up in Maine the proceedings of which were published in my journal as an evidence of what was being done up there.

Mr. M'CLURE. I may be mistaken as to where these resolutions originated, but not as to their sentiments. They declared for disunion—for the success of our country's foes. Were they endorsed or were they condemned by the gentleman when he published them?

Mr. PURDY. The resolutions were copied from the *World or Herald* into my paper, together with an editorial from the journal from which they were taken

Mr. M'CLURE. I wish to inquire distinctly of the gentleman whether he condemned the sentiments of the resolutions when he published them?

Mr. PURDY. I would say, Mr. Speaker, that, I think, the whole tone of my paper condemned the resolutions.

Mr. M'CLURE. I wish the gentleman to answer frankly whether, when he published in his own columns resolutions declaring that treason had already triumphed over the government, he did so with or without their condemnation.

Mr. PURDY. I will say, in the first place, that these resolutions did not declare that treason should triu ph

Mr. M'CLURE. I hope that I shall get the gentlemen to answer my question.

Mr. PURDY. I have answered it.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Franklin will proceed. This dialogue is out of order.

Mr. M'CLURE. Sir, I am not mistaken in the charge I have preferred. A series of resolutions which I supposed to have emanated from his constituents, (I accept his correction on this point,) confessing that the confederacy of treason was established, and the Union substantially dismembered, was published in his own journal and in others of like faith, and with positive or silent approval; thus in everything short of an actual espousal of the enemy's cause, strengthening the foes of the government in their murderous war upon our heroic brothers in the field. By every means which promised success, they sought to impair the sanctity of the laws; to traduce, misrepresent and weaken the government, and render it feeble as possible in its terrible conflict with slavery and treason. They sought to defeat the execution of its own statutes deemed essential to the safety of the nation. And how could this be better done than by proclaiming through the columns of a newspaper that the rebel government was established, and therefore resistance to treason was but remorseless murder? No man who read those resolutions misunderstood them. No loyal man read them without being chilled in his confidence in the great struggle; no traitor ever read them without rejoicing that he had faithful, tireless allies in the free North. Such publications and speeches of like tone were the brightest rays of hope to treason until the nation spoke million-tongued in behalf of its own life in 1864, and bid the cruel murderers of the South rely upon themselves. There was not a skulking conscript in the gentleman's own county, or elsewhere, who did not applaud the resolutions, and thank him for their publication.

Mr. PRUDY. Will the gentleman allow me to interrupt him, to make an explanation? In regard to the resolutions I will simply say, that they were published as the proceedings of a meeting in the State of Maine, which was called about the time of the breaking out of the rebellion, when it was deemed by the gentleman from Franklin (Mr. M'Clure), and by his party, that there was not any such thing as seceded States. The meeting was called to form a movement at that time for a compromise of the difficulties. The resolutions stated that the rebellion was a fixed fact, and called on the President and authorities of the United States to enter into some measures for the prevention of this bloody and ruinous war. If the gentleman will persist in perverting this meeting and in perverting my action with reference to it, he is at liberty to do so after this statement. I will only further say, that at the outbreak of this war, I addressed war meetings, for the purpose of raising volunteers in my county, and published resolutions adopted at three meetings in my own journal.

MR. M'CLURE. The gentleman still avoids the material point. He may have addressed war meetings, but it was when he could nothing less, in obedience to the aroused sentiment of the people about him in favor of the suppression of the rebellion. But soon after the outbreak of the war he published, and approvingly because not disapproved, resolutions pointing with unmistakable distinctness to the established success of the rebel confederacy, and then demanded peace. Soul-stiring indeed must have been his war speeches, when at the very threshhold of the struggle he prayed, as Slavery and Treason would have bid him pray, for compromise, concession and ultimate destruction of all government — The tone of the resolutions, as well as the tone that pervaded every issue of his journal, by implication, if not in expressed terms, denied both the right and the power of the Republic to maintain its authority by the arbitrament of the sword.

Mr. PURDY. Not at all.

Mr. M'CLURE. I do not err on this vital issue. However disguised by professions of loyalty, the teachings of the gentleman from Northumberland (Mr. Purdy), and his political associates are aimed to paralyze the power of the government and to strengthen the hands of its deadly enemies. We were told the war was fruitless; that it could not be successful; and faithful men were staggered by the earnest, tireless, mighty current of poison that flowed from the Democratic leaders to make the people their own and their country's foes. I except as I have always done, the masses of all parties from the terrible imputation of disloyalty to the Government. They have shown it in every stage of this conflict. They have defied their political leaders in the darkest hour of the nation's cause, and rushed to its rescue; but they left behind them the quibbling, craven traitors who were to base to defend their nationality, and too cowardly to assail it manfully.

Need I inquire to whom we are indebted for the turbulence that has blotted out history in the various stages of this struggle for national existence? Whence came disorder, contempt of law and riots in our own free North? Who taught the deluded victims of Democratic leaders to inaugurate anarchy in the chief city of the Union? Who taught them that conscription was but remorseless tyranny and prepared them, by persistent, malignant hostility to the Government for the appalling scenes which were witnessed there in 1863? And when they had but obeyed the inevitable conviction of Democratic teaching, and ran riot in arson, murder and anarchy for days, who greeted them as "friends" and begged for peace—not to vindicate the violated laws or to save an imperilled Government, but to save themselves from the swift retribution they saw in the bitter cup they had prepared for others.—The leaders had not the manhood to declare in favor of Slavery and Treason, but like the gentleman from Northumberland, (Mr. Purdy,) they poured a steady current of treason, the more deadly because it went forth in the thin guise of devotion to the Union. Well did they obey the behests of slavery, and they gave rich fruits wherewith to gladden despairing traitors.

And who in our own State have taught lawlessness to defeat the strengthening of our armies and protract the war of fresh sacrifices of blood and treasure? Whence has come disorder here? Not from Allegheny, or Chester, or Lancaster, or Philadelphia; but from the sections where Democracy could boast of its greatest supremacy. Whence came this treason? It was not inherent with the people. They are as loyal now as they were in 1861. Who then, by tireless arts and persuasion, made them strangers to their own best inheritance and foes to government and law? I saw brave men clad in their country's blue, march from the border when the cannon of Early thundered on the Potomac—not to make the victory of Sheridan more decisive, but to enforce the laws and preserve order in our own then threatened Commonwealth. While treason flaunted its bloody banner on the very border of our State, Democracy, its faithful ally, was attempting revolution in the strongholds of its leaders, to cheer the hearts and strengthen the arms of those who came to thrust the torch of the barbarian, and ply the trade of the free-booter in our happy homes, and make our golden fields desolate by their brutal tread. These are but the currents which flow from the deadly fountain of treason, and where rises its pestiferous head to course its way to every hamlet in the land and leave its fatal impress upon mankind! Who gave this fountain of treason life and power, to threaten a nation's noblest struggle with disaster? Behold the men who at every stage of the war have resisted every measure essential to success. They declared treason too mighty for the Government to suppress. They appealed to the sordid to arrest staggering taxes and debt by demanding peace, when well they knew that peace involved dismemberment and death. They plead their unholy cause to the fears of the cowardly, and implored them to avoid the perils of the field by resisting conscription, and impair the power of the Government by lawlessness. They aroused the prejudices of the humble, by pointing to the degredation of negro equality, and even men plumed as popular leaders seemed to fear that they were so poorly endowed that the benighted African might outstrip them in them in the race of ambition. They appealed to every prejudice of the feeble, the venal, the faithless, to array them against the free institutions whose beneficence gave them every social, civil and religious right. But the people, although at times faltering as the dark shadows of disaster enveloped the nation, were still faithful to their Government. Like the disturbed and oscillating needle, that ever settles to the pole, they would rise from the cloud of perfidy that beset them and give their hearts and sacrifices to preserve the Republic of our fathers.

One hope remained for Democracy and slavery. They turned to the court of last resort of Pennsylvania, and, in the name of Democracy, demanded that the only means by which our armies could be filled and enabled to triumph, should be set aside as an infriction of the sovereignty of the State, and therefore void. They hoped that the people would be glad to grasp this pretext to turn upon themselves, their country, their children and their God. It was the task of despair, but it was performed, and the right of this Government to defend its life when treason was fastened upon it in deadly strife, as with hooks of triple steel, was gravely denied by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Then did treason, the twin-born of slavery, triumph in our midst, and compassed the judiciary—the last refuge of the people—in its slimy embrace. But it aroused the people to a mighty struggle. Impelled by the despotism of treason, which mocked them in their perils, to the moral heroism which ever strengthens right in its midnight of gloom, they reversed their court by the decision of the ballot-box, from which there is no appeal, and I thank a just and merciful God that the Court, the State, the Nation, lived, and lived loyally. [Applause.]

This record of unmingled wrong and treachery is the history of the party whose representatives to-day will cast their votes against the ratification of the proposed amendment to the Constitution. It is their work—they were so bidden by slavery and they obeyed. Am I not right, sir, in saying that they are consistent? So far from being surprised that they so vote, I should think it strange indeed did they not maintain the shade of virtue that consistency and fidelity may give them. Slavery, conceived in crime, and faithful to its creation for more than three-quarters of a century, is about to finish its task, and when it turns for the last time to behold its friends in the exercise of power, it would be cruel, most cruel indeed, for them to spurn it and leave it to die unmourned and dishonored. They owe it to the power which they worshipped when it was mighty. They followed its black plume of desolation until it made bondage national and freedom sectional—until it subverted the genius of the government and its fundamental law—until it plunged us into causeless war and brought bereavement to every circle; and now when He who rules over all, in the fulness of his time, has declared that "vengeance is mine, I will repay," and when His last relentless stroke is about to fall upon it—it is fitting in this hour, in this death struggle, that they should be faithful to the institution that in other days made them great. [Great applause.]

Stories of the President.

A writer in the *Watchman and Reflector* tells the following stories of the President.

Mr. Lincoln has a fund of humor which, though not always dignified, is harmless. It is very apt and ready, and doubtless among all the wearying sorrows of his public life has afforded him relief under his heavy load. This jocoseness is sometimes grim and sarcastic. It is always playful, yet is never abusive and seldom wounds. Often it is nicely adapted to the place and occasion, and is used with great effect. It is one form of that humor that is not uncommon in New England, especially in rural districts, and which in higher and more cultivated developments, adorns the pages of Holmes, Lowell, and others of our literary men.

About two years ago, when the Prince of Wales was soon to marry the Princess Alexandra, Queen Victoria sent a letter to each of the Sovereigns, informing them of hers son's betrothal, and among the, rest to President Lincoln. Lord Lyons her embassador to Washington—and who by, the way, is unmarried—requested an audience with Mr. Lincoln, that he might present this important document in person At the time appointed he was received at the White House in company with Mr. Seward.

"May it please your Excellency," said Lord Lyons, "I hold in my hand an autograph letter from my royal mistress, Queen Victoria, which I have been commanded to present to your Excellency. In it she informs your Excellency that her son, his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, is about to contract a matrimonial alliance with her Royal Highness, the Princess of Alexandra, of Denmark."

After continuing in this strain for a few minutes Lord Lyons tendered the letter to the President and awaited his reply. It was short, simple, and expressive, and consisted simply of the words:

"Lord Lyons, go thou and do likewise."

We doubt if any English ambassador was ever addressed in this manner before, and would be glad to learn what success he met with in putting the reply in diplomatic language, when he reported it to her Majesty.

It is said that some time since, when a deputation of clergymen presented an address to the President, in which he was styled "a pillar of the church," he quaintly, and perhaps truthfully, remarked that they would have done much better to call him a steeple."

☞ One of the Southern papers thinks Sherman only "a second rate General." Well, he is making great progress—[Prentice.

☞ "She isn't all that fancy painted her," bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover "and worse than that, she isn't all that she paints herself."

☞ A man knocked down ninety times in a prize fight, near New York, last Sunday, finally concluded to own himself whipped.

☞ Pack your cares in as small a space as you can so that you can carry them yourself, and not let them annoy others.

☞ To succeed, you must keep moving; to grow rich, you must keep saving.