



The Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Editor.
TUNKHANNOCK, PA.

Wednesday, Nov. 19, 1862

The news from the seat of war is comparatively unimportant. A battle is said to be impending.

Two of Gen. McClellan's staffs were arrested by order of the authorities at Washington. Other members of this staff, it is reported, will soon be put under arrest also. The N. Y. Herald suggests that the General himself be arrested and imprisoned at Washington, so that in case that city is again threatened with a capture by the rebel, he will be on hand to save it again. Pretty good for Bennett.

By some misunderstanding between the editor and the types, the very able and convincing letter of ex-President Buchanan in reply to that of Gen. Scott, attacking him and his administration was omitted in this week's issue. We hope to be able to give it to our readers in our next.

The Game of "Spot."

About two months ago, the hiring Abolition papers of the Administration published with a great flourish that leading Democrat in every locality had been "spotted." No one knew who "spotted" them, or what they had been "spotted" for, or what the precise meaning of spotting was, but it was supposed to be a game of some sort, and like most other games, it was one at which two could work. Two months have passed, and Cochran and Ross are "spotted." Patterson, Campbell, Bully Grow, Lamborn, Armstrong, and others of the "spot" school, are "spotted," and it has been done by the people at the ballot box in the great bygone State of the North. Will these midnight assassins, who meet in "star chamber" councils, to spot life long patriots and protectors of the Constitution and Union, please remember, that there is such a motto as "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." Wise is he who does unto others as he would that they should do unto him.—*Ex.*

Whither are we Drifting.

The Philadelphia Bulletin, an Abolition sheet, asks the question "whither are we drifting?" to which the Evening Journal, an independent paper of the same city, replies: "You are drifting toward the rude breakers, upon which you have so industriously labored to wreck our good old Ship of State."

You are drifting far away from the confidence of the people, whom you and your Abolition associates have so basely betrayed. You are drifting from the pinnacles of political power to the lowest depths of political degradation.

You are drifting to the land where "straw hats, linen pantaloons and red herring" contracts will no longer be tolerated.

You are drifting, thank God! where you will soon be beyond the power of doing further harm to the country which was once great and prosperous, but which, under Abolition rule, has been brought to the very verge of ruin.

You are drifting far out to sea, while conservative Democracy has made preparation to take charge of the Ship of State. Under its wise guidance, not only will Southern traitors, Southern treasurers, and Southern rebellion be "crushed out," but Northern Abolitionism will forever be driven from the land.

How Some Men Retain Office.

We have often wondered how some men managed to retain office under all administrations, while others, apparently quite as competent, were often unable to hold on through a single term. The following clipping from an exchange to some extent explains the mystery. It depends upon the "aim" of the individual. A high-spirited man, of inextinguishable principles, is seldom, if ever, found transferring himself from one administration to another, without regard to its politics; but, on the contrary, often resigns under an administration professedly holding the political views which he does, when it evinces a treacherous or vacillating disposition. There is a great difference in men in this respect, and it is by no means to be inferred that those who hold on to office the longest are the most competent and reliable. But to the explanation: One of the hold-on kind "being asked how he managed to keep his office through so many changes of administration he replied that it would take a mighty smart administration to change quicker than he could."—*Pat. & Union.*

That's a Fact.

A facetious contemporary remarks that the Abolitionists will have a harder time going up Salt River than the Democrats had two years ago; not on account of the low stage of water, but because each Emancipator will have to "tote" a nigger on his back!

We find the following among the Washington despatches of November 5th in the Philadelphia Press: "A murder was committed in this city today. An Irishman was killed by a negro. All told in two lines. If the Irishman had killed the nigger it would have taken half a column to tell the story."

A Voice From the Grave.

Two years ago the unanimous voice of the Democratic party, and of all conservative men, in this country was raised in favor of a policy of peace on the part of the Administration. During the last few months of Mr. Buchanan's Administration our noble old party labor for compromise and peace with an energy and perseverance that was never before witnessed. And during the time that the whole weight of the Administration was cast into our side of the scale, it appeared almost certain that we must, in the end, succeed. But time flew rapidly on, and we witnessed the close of Mr. Buchanan's term without the accomplishment of a single object for which we had contended. Mr. Lincoln came upon the stage, called about him a corps of radical, partisan councillors, and war became inevitable true to their fanatical instincts, they disregarded the wise and Godly teachings of our Saviour in the mount; that, "Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God," they shut their eyes to the lessons of history, they would not see the crumbling ruins of once imperial Rome, the red blood that once flowed in the gutters of Paris, or crimsoned the soil of South America from the Isthmus to the Cape, they were deaf to the warnings of Washington, of Jackson, of Clay, of Webster, and of all the noble army of patriots, from Washington to Douglas, whose dying declaration that "war is disunion, inevitable and irreparable dissolution" will be repeated as a household maxim by generations yet unborn—repeated in tones of sorrow. "No compromise! no concession!" but war—bloody and sanguinary war—became the order of the day. And who so bold as to raise his voice against it? A mob, a rope, or a Bastille were at hand to close his "traitor" lips forever, either within the cold embrace of death or the damp walls of a prison fort! The very letters now passing through our hands were scattered in confusion, by midnight marauders, because they dared to represent the truth, Liberty, even of thought, was all but denied to this people, who had so long enjoyed the fruits of self-government.

For nineteen months the party of "no compromise" have unlimited sway in the administration of the government. Both branches of Congress have been entirely subservient to the executive will. No measure proposed, or adopted, by the Administration has yet been defeated, in either House. Men and credit have been commanded by the Executive Department without limit. And what has been accomplished? Let us see! 1st, they proclaimed, at the outset, the purpose speedily to drive the rebel armies out of Virginia; they have hammered away for eighteen months, and now it is heralded as a great victory when they succeed in driving them into Virginia. 2d, they are responsible for the death of two hundred thousand betrayed and heated soldiers, who enlisted to fight for the Union. But were made to shed blood for schemes Utopian. 3rd, every hospital echoes with the groans of dying sacrifices to the black God, Abolition. 4th, the hundreds of thousands of crippled and maimed men, seen from one end of the land to the other, are eloquent of the progress. 5th, the sentiment of inveterate hate that animates the people of one section against the other, is equally eloquent of the progress made towards reconstruction of a broken Union. 6th, a national debt of two thousand millions, will stand as an enduring monument to the memory of civil war, and upon its broad base will be inscribed these words:

"Beneath this obolisk repose
Two Hundred Thousand friends and foes!
We meant to vindicate our laws,
But battled for the negro cause
To satisfy a spirit fell—
Born less of Heaven than of Hell!
We died, a sacrifice, I ween,
To Abolition hate and spleen."

This will represent the profits arising from our investments in "no compromise." Those who sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind. We have witnessed the flow of blood till the people have become surfeited, and turn away from the horrid spectacle with a sickening heart. It is abundantly demonstrated by the events of the past year that the bayonet and the sword bring little love, less Union.—Indeed, it is no longer union for which we are compelled to fight, the dusky visage of the almighty African—not the Stars and Stripes—it is that our marshals our armies to battle. Our brave boys no longer see that silvery sheen flashing forth its bright rays of promise from the smoke and flame of battle, but the black cloud of Emancipation, big with ruin and destruction, hangs moodily over the vanguard. While ringing in the ears of the rear-guard come the demonic shouts of a relentless and vindictive foe to constitutional liberty, and white men's rights.

How little has been accomplished by war! How much might have been accomplished by peace and compromise! Nay, how much may still be done, if the mad-men who hold our destinies in their hands would but pause and listen. If they would but hear the words that are wafted upward from the tombs of the great dead. If they would but listen to the tones of Douglas as they mingle in the ceaseless ripple of the waters that roll beside his tomb; or the eloquently stentorian pleadings of the great expounder of the Constitution, as they ascend from the tomb at Marshfield; or the earnest warnings from the Hermitage, Mt. Vernon, and Monticello. If these do not come in tones strong enough to penetrate their blighted senses, let them heed the "voice from the grave" as it rings forth in the silvery and forcible accents of Ashland's sacred dead! The great heart of Kentucky still beats in harmony with the music of the Union. Her favorite son may, therefore, still be heard in the councils of the Nation!—And what are his words? Turn back to his speech in the United States Senate on the 7th of February, 1839, and witness with what prophetic vision he looked beyond the grave, and how his very soul shrank from the

contemplation of scenes that are even now transpiring on our southern borders. Here are his words—they ought to be inscribed upon every door of the Capitol:

"Abolition should no longer be regarded as an imaginary danger. The Abolitionists, let me suppose, succeed in their present aim of uniting the inhabitants of the free states as one man, against the inhabitants of the slave states. Union on the one side will beget union on the other. And this process of reciprocal consolidation will be attended with all the violent prejudices, embittered passions, and implacable animosities which ever degraded or deformed human nature. A virtual dissolution of the Union will have taken place, while the forms of its existence remain. The most valuable element of Union, mutual kindness, the feelings of sympathy, the fraternal bonds, which now happily unite us, will have been extinguished for ever. One section will stand in menacing and hostile array against the other. The collision of opinion will be quickly followed by the clash of arms. I will not attempt to describe scenes which now happily lie concealed from our view. Abolitionists themselves would shrink back in dismay and horror at the contemplation of desolated fields, conflagrated cities, murdered inhabitants, and the overthrow of the fairest fabric of human government that ever rose to animate the hopes of civilized man. Nor should these abolitionists flatter themselves that if they can succeed in their object of uniting the people of the free states, they will enter the contest with numerical superiority that must insure victory. All history and experience proves the hazard and uncertainty of war. And we are admonished by holy writ that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. But if they were to conquer, whom would they conquer? A foreign foe—one who had insulted our flag invaded our shores, and laid our country waste? No, sir; No sir! It would be a conquest without laurels, without glory—a self, suicidal conquest—a conquest of brothers over brothers, achieved by one over another portion of the descendants of common ancestors, who nobly pledged their lives their fortunes, and their sacred honor, had fought and bled side by side, in many a hard battle on land and ocean, severed our country from the British crown, and established our national independence."—*Carb. & Democrat.*

Death of Hon. James Madison Porter.

Easton, Nov. 14.—Hon. James Madison Porter died at his residence, in this place, this morning, in the 70 year of his age. He was a son of Gen. Andrew Porter, of the Revolutionary war, and himself served in the war of 1812.

During the war of 1812-14, while Mr. Porter was a law student in Philadelphia, the city was threatened by the British, and he volunteered and served as a Lieutenant during that emergency, until discharged by the Government. Judge Porter was one of the framers of the present Constitution of Pennsylvania, and one of the most prominent members of the Convention. In March, 1843, President Tyler appointed him Secretary of War on the re-organization of the Cabinet upon the death of President Harrison. This important bureau was most ably conducted by Judge Porter, and although he was only about a year in the Cabinet, he had so ingratiated himself in the esteem of those connected with that department that up to the time of his death the old officers of the army held him in grateful remembrance. Since then he held many prominent positions. He was President Judge of the Twenty-second Judicial District, member of the Legislature and other positions. He was the leading spirit of all the public improvements connected with the borough of his adoption. He was one of the founders of Lafayette College, and for twenty-five years President of the Board of Trustees. He was, also, for upwards of forty years, a member of the ancient and honorable order of Free and Accepted Masons, in which body he held numerous responsible offices, and was a perfect Ashler in the fraternity.—He was truly, in himself, an institution of his place, a public benefactor. His whole life was marked with a clarity as beautiful to behold as it was fruitful for happiness in its influences on all who knew him.

Who we have Beaten at the Late Elections.

At the late elections, says the Starke County Democrat, we have defeated all kinds of fools, fanatics and traitors.

Let us see whom we have defeated: We have defeated the Negro Worshipers. We have defeated the Abolitionists. We have defeated the Fanatics.

We have defeated the opposers of Free Speech and Free Press.

We have defeated a tyrannical Administration.

We have defeated the Infidels.

We have defeated the political Preachers.

We have defeated the Deist.

Resistance to the Draft in Wisconsin.

There appears to be a disposition everywhere to oppose the draft. In Aztanque county, Wisconsin, an excited mob seized the draft box and destroyed the rolls, and carried on a high game generally: private residences were attacked property stolen and destroyed; persons who refused to participate in the revolt were maltreated. The provost marshal was obliged to call out 600 soldiers to assist in restoring order and capturing the parties.

Tax on Marriage Certificates.

People, it seems, can't get married without being taxed for the luxury. An exchange states that the Commissioner of Internal Revenue has decided that all marriage certificates must have a ten cent stamp upon them or else be declared invalid, and a penalty enforced against those not issuing them, which in addition to fines may be the separation of the parties.

"Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin."

Those sycophantic endorser of the present Administration, the astrologers of the New York Tribune, the Chaldeans of the Times, the soothsayers of the Post, and the less noted "wise men" of the abolition party generally, are terribly exercised in the work of furnishing an interpretation of the inscription, which has just been written upon the historical page of 1862.

The late elections in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, appear as ominous to the Chief Magistrate of this nation and his retainers, as the "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." traced by the "fingers of a man's hand" before the astonished gaze of the King Belshazzar did to that impious ruler. And as the "wise men" of Babylon failed to furnish a true interpretation of that wonderful warning which struck terror to the heart of a monarch who was feasting among his lords, and desecrating the golden vessels of the temple of Jerusalem to drink wine with his princes, his wives, and his concubines, so do the shining lights of abolitionism display their ignorance in their attempted definition of the popular rebuke which has overtaken a ruler while perverting the sacred rights of the people, the time honored compact of the Constitution, the universally acknowledged characteristics of freedom, either weakly or designedly to prolong a feast of corruption, a carnival of blood.

Defeated, overwhelmed, astounded, the radical journals and orators turn to a leader who has, perhaps reluctantly, but always implicitly, obeyed their behests, and charge upon his imbecility in carrying out the emancipation act, their overthrow at the ballot-box; or with brazen effrontery taunt the people who have given their hundreds of millions of money and hundreds of thousands of lives for the prosecution of the war, with having voted the "peace ticket" through avarice or craven fear.

Falsifiers. They are wilfully blind, or they read the signs of the times to better purpose than this. It needs no inspired Daniel to explain the analogy between the vision to the Belshazzar of the present.

The one emanated from the hand of an insulted and offended God; the other is the protest of an outraged and determined people.

"The voice of the people is the voice of God."

Every flash of lightning which conveyed the intelligence of the triumph of conservatism over radicalism from the east to the west and from the west to the east; from Connecticut to Delaware and from Illinois to New York, revealed beneath the dry election statistics, the dazzling words at once warning and of encouragement:

"MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN."

Warning to abolition disunionists; encouragement to loyal Democrats.

"MENE; God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it." The days of official corruption, of illegal arrests, of unnecessary imprisonments, of mob law, of emancipation proclamation, of political terrorism, are passed.

The people have so decreed.

"TEKEL; Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." On the one side dead soldiers, weeping widows, starving orphans, a crippled commerce, a bankrupt treasury, an impaired credit, a divided country—abolitionism and war; on the other, national prosperity; personal wealth, universal happiness—democracy and peace. Anarchy against order! Chaos has kicked the beam. Ultraism, abolitionism, despotism, and Lincoln's representatives, have had a fair trial and are repudiated by the people; they have been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

The ballot-box has proclaimed it.

"UPHARSIN; Thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians." The North is locked in deadly conflict with the South; Negro competition confronts white labor; Despotism is struggling with Liberty.

Is it not well, then, that the power is finally passing into the hands of a party whose respect for the requirements of the Constitution and the rights of the people is as unchangeable as the law of the Medes and Persians?—*Hegne County Herald.*

The following farewell order was read to the troops composing the Army of the Potomac, on dress parade:

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Camp near Rectortown, Nov. 7, 1862. Officers and Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:—An order of the President devolves upon Major-General Burdise the command of this army. In parting from you, I cannot express the love and gratitude I bear you. As an army you have grown up under my care. In you I have never found doubt and softness. The battles you have fought under my command will proudly live in our national history. The glory you have achieved—our perils and fatigue—the broken forms of those whom wounds and sickness have disabled—the graves of our comrades, fallen in battle and by disease—are the strongest assertions which can exist among men united still by an indissoluble bond that we will be comrades in supporting the Constitution of our country and the nationality of its people.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,
Major General U. S. Army.

Freemont turns Up.

Simultaneous with the removal of General McClellan, Fremont makes his appearance in New York, direct from New Orleans, and posts for Washington. We shall not be at all surprised to hear of the Pathfinder's promotion. He is under the wing of the radical disunionists, and they have undoubtedly been the chief means of the removal of McClellan.

The Next Congress.

The next Congress, according to the estimate of the New York Herald, will stand 101 Democrats and 83 Abolitionists.—The Democracy are coming, Father Abraham!

Another Soldier Fallen.

Merit Osborn, died Sept. 17th, from the effects of a wound received in a skirmish Aug 30th. Merit enlisted at Tunkhannock under Capt. Sides in the fall of 1861, and has ever been one of the foremost in battles, and well deserved the praise his gallant Captain awarded him.

The following letter from Charles P. Post conveying the intelligence of the Death of our young friend, Merit Osborn, to his friends and relations in Falls, we cheerfully give a place in our columns.—Ed.

POOLESVILLE, MD.,
Oct. 14th, 1862.

DEAR COUSIN:—I received your favor of the 11th, Inst. yesterday, and with an aching heart hasten to reply. I must inform you of your Brother's death, although I know it will bring your heart, [as well as the rest of his friends and relations] to the very core. He died at Fairfax Seminary Hospital, Va. Sept. 17th, from the effect of his wound. He had a letter written to the Captain the 13th, which stated that he was doing as well as could be expected, that his wound was healing slowly, and he hoped to be able to return to his Company ere long. The letter that brought the news of his death, stated that he was buried the next day, and that the grave was marked by a board bearing the name Regt. and day of death. We have had six killed out of our Company, and several have died, but none seem to be missed, or to cause the regret by the men of the Company, as the loss of Merit. I am sure if I had heard of the death of a Brother I could not have felt worse. He and I were promoted to the rank of corporal, shortly after the seven days fight before Richmond, for bravery and good conduct, and for strict attention to duty.

I know this letter must bring sad news to you, for you have lost an only Brother and one that was very dear; but while you mourn his loss you have the consolation that he died a Christian, and one of the most noble deaths that man ever died, namely in the defence of his country's rights. He was loved and his loss is felt by the whole Company for he never shrank from duty nor danger whenever he was needed. But his duties are done, and I trust he has gone to a home where wars never come; to join others that have gone before, and if we live as we should here on earth, sooner or later we shall join him in that blessed land.

We are at Poolesville, Md. but how long we shall stay here I am unable to say. Last Sunday we were chasing Stuart's rebel cavalry all day, they had made a raid into Md. and Pa. and took off a lot of horses, but owing to bad management of the officers they escaped into Va. again. But I must close Good Bye,

Please write soon,
C. P. Post.

M. A. OSBORN.

Sermon on Education.

To the Rev. Clergy of the State!—GENTLEMEN: The Educational State Convention, which was in session in Harrisburg last August, unanimously adopted a resolution "That Ministers of the Gospel throughout the State be requested to preach, on the first Sunday in December, 1862, a sermon on education."

As the Convention adopted no means to make its wishes on this subject known to you, other than the publication of the minutes of its proceedings, I have taken the liberty, in this manner, to invite your attention to it.

At all times, the due training of the young is of great importance, and the relation to it of the Christian Ministers is plain and intimate. In the present unhappy juncture of our national affairs, regarding the future through the uncertain light of the present this importance is really increased, and the relation of your body to it seems to become, in the same proportion, necessary.

The wishes of the convention are, therefore, cordially commended to your favorable consideration, with the hope that you will simultaneously add your prayers to the Father of Light, that He will, at this time, especially bless the cause of general Education, and so guide the efforts of all entrusted with its care, that the youth of the land may become Christian citizens of a united and prosperous Republic.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
THOS. H. BURROWS.

Superintendent Common Schools,
DEPARTMENT OF COMMON SCHOOLS,
Harrisburg, Nov. 11, 1862.

Editors in the State are requested to insert the foregoing, and County Superintendents will take measures to bring it to the attention of Ministers of all denominations in their respective counties. nov11.

Come to Life.

Only a few months ago the Abolition presses rang with the cry that the Democratic party, as a party, was dead and buried.—If this was true at the time, they must admit that there has been a glorious resurrection—the dead has come to life, and is every day giving unmistakable evidence of extraordinary vitality.

SMON CAMERON has returned; he arrived at his residence "Lochiel," on Monday last. It was almost universally said at the time of his appointment, that he would not stay longer than to claim his outfit and salary. It is said that he has in addition to this effected a very handsome speculation in coal oil.

ELLENOR.—The city of Springfield, Lincoln's home, gave the Democratic ticket over 600 majority on the 4th inst. The State voting Democratic by over 14,000, a change of more than 30,000. This in itself should be sufficient to cause the President to withdraw his Abolition Proclamation.

The Deed is Done.

We announce to our readers this morning, with feelings which we can find no words to express, the removal of Gen. Geo. B. McClellan from the command of the Army of the Potomac.

Are we mistaken in our judgment of the feelings of the people, when we say that they will demand of the administration a reason, promptly given, for this unlooked for movement, at a time so inopportune and inauspicious?

We think we are not mistaken. We can not be. They will demand a reason; and it must not only be promptly given, but satisfactory when given.

Look at the circumstances as they stand nakedly before us, and then let him who is not already a slave, a sycophant or an idiot, say that it is not high time to inquire into the policy and objects of the administration.

We have heard that they have been deliberating, since the election, on the question whether to change their policy to accord with the will of the people, or, setting aside all scruple all disguise to change the whole character of the government, and bring us at once under the iron rule of a central military despotism.

We have heard this, and the news yesterday would seem not only to confirmed its truth, but to establish the alarming fact that they had resolved to try the latter expedient. Look at it. It seems plausible. The measure has not only been hinted at by leading presses and leading men of the radical Abolition stamp, but has found advocates among them. Before the recent elections the plan was suggested. Forney foreshadowed it in the Press—Raymond, will more vigor and perspicuity, illuminated it in the New York Times. Has it been seriously pondered by the magnates at Washington, and is the first signal of its acceptance and culmination the removal of McClellan?

We believe the question has been seriously considered, and we are apprehensive that the removal of McClellan is the first step towards the experiment of a stronger government.

The history of the past is before us—a weak Executive, and reckless, shallow-brained, advisers—and, in view of the past, we believe the people have just expressed their condemnation of the radical policy of the administration, and their undiminished confidence in Gen. McClellan—and yet he is removed, and that too, in the face of the enemy and when a battle is momentarily expected.

Any other administration would have hesitated, under such circumstances, and at such a time, to take such a step. This administration, blind and defiant from the first—this administration, which has set aside the Constitution, because it conflicts with its policy and suspended the habeas corpus in order that it may trample upon the personal liberty of obnoxious citizens—this administration has not hesitated it has not even taken time to maturely consider the verdict rendered by the people, but, apparently on the impulse of the moment, while yet smarting under the rebuke administered to it, it has audaciously spurned the advice of the ballot-box, removed McClellan in defiance of public opinion, and resolved to pursue a policy not only radical but imperious.

We care not to express our opinion as to the probable result of this most palpable blunder on the part of the administration. The effect will follow the cause soon enough; and God grant it may prove less serious than we anticipate.

McClellan has again fallen a victim to Abolition intrigue and malice; the President has again shown that his pledges are unreliable—that he is a vane blown about by every breath of air—and the temper of the people is once more to be tried by an experiment which, if it should fail, will probably end the war without restoring the Union.

At present we shall say only this more, the letter from Gen. Halleck is unsatisfactory; there is nothing in it; it is partial, one-sided, unfair and calculated rather to soothe than soothe the public temper. The deed is so startling, so foul, that those who performed it, or had any agency in its performance, must show clean hands, very spotless, or prepared for curses, loud, deep, withering, consuming curses, from the people, who have confidence in McClellan and none in those who removed him.

Senator Bayard Rebuked.

Senator Bayard, while speaking at Wilmington last experienced an unpleasant interruption which rapidly dispersed his audience, of which a considerable proportion were ladies, stifled the disloyal orator. Some clever patriot had put into the stove a quantity of sulphur and arsenic, which proved more powerful than Bayard's eloquence.—*Tribune Washington Correspondence.*

It is cleverness, it is patriotism, it is what the Tribune admires, to silence the speech of a gray-haired old man a senator of the United States, and drive ladies from his audience with the stench of burning sulphur and arsenic! It is just such cleverness as may be expected from vulgar partisans of the John Brown stripe, who glory in the degradation of the white race to the level of the negro.

The people have been called to sit in judgment upon the Republican party and they have pronounced it and its organs wanting:—wanting in capacity—wanting in wisdom—wanting in integrity—wanting in loyalty—wanting in love for the Constitution as it is wanting in a proper appreciation of the blessings of peace—wanting in ability to carry on a war—wanting in fidelity to its pledges to the people—wanting in respect for Constitutional obligations. And having been found wanting in all these essential qualities it found itself, on the evening after the election wanting the support and confidence of a free, intelligent, patriotic, and loyal people.