THE CALEDONIAN
ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.
C. M. STONE & Co. Publishers
Office, next door north of Court House.

Terms.—If paid in advance, per annum.....$2.00
If not paid in advance.....2.50

Terms of Advertising.—For one square for 12 lines (this size type) three insertions, $1. Each additional insertion, 20 cents a square. A liberal discount to those who advertise by the year. Liberations, Extrays, Notices to Legislature, $1.25 each in advance.
S. M. Pettengill & Co. 37 Park Row, New York, and 5 State Street, Boston, are our authorized Agents.

Job Printing of all kinds done neatly and at living prices. All kinds of Papers and Cards kept constantly on hand.
☞ The postage on The Caledonian to regular subscribers in this county is free; to any part of the United States outside of this county, five cents per quarter, or twenty cents per year, payable in advance at the office where the paper is received. Transient copies can be sent in packages of three or less for two cents.

St. Johnsbury Business Directory.

EMILY A. VARNEY, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office opposite J. C. Bingham's Drug Store.

R. B. BLACKSTONE'S
HAIR DRESSING SALOON.
First door to the right, up stairs, Union Block

NEWELL & BROOKS,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.
OFFICE OVER HOWARD'S BOOKSTORE.
Dr N's residence, Main St. opposite North Church.
Dr B's residence Central St, 3d house from Summer St

J. NUTT,
FILE MANUFACTURER, STEAM MILLS
Opposite Passenger Depot.

Miss E. McDOUGALL,
Dealer in
MILLINERY & DRY GOODS
Opposite Caledonian Office.

F. B. GAGE, ARTIST,
AT ST. JOHNSBURY PORTRAIT GALLERY.
Ambrotypes, Melainotypes, and life-size Photographs
Better and cheaper than elsewhere.

GEO. S. SHAW,
INSURANCE AGENT,
Office with J. Ross, - - Jewett's Building

N. B. FLINT,
Manufacturer of HARNESSES, etc.,
Opposite Passumpsic House, - - Railroad street.

C. C. CHILDS,
DEALER IN WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE, SPECTACLES, BOOKS, STATIONERY, FANCY GOODS, TOYS, &c.
Repairing and engraving done with elegance and promptness. Opposite Post Office, Main street.

WM. H. HORTON,
MERCHANT TAILOR; and dealer in Gent's Furnishing Goods. - - Railroad street.

I. ARMINGTON,
Manufacturer & Dealer in Furniture and Chairs,
St Johnsbury Centre.

J. D. KILBOURNE, D. D. S.
DENTAL SURGEON,
Office, - - Corner Main and Central streets.

A. J. WILLARD,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
SOLDIERS' BACK PAY, BOUNTIES AND PENSIONS obtained. No charges unless successful.

JOHN BACON, 2d & CO.
DEALERS IN HIDES, LEATHER AND OIL.
St. Johnsbury Centre Vt.

AARON FARNHAM,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
for second Congressional District. A share of the public patronage is solicited.

IN MEMORIAM.

By Lelia Lyndon.

Killed on the battle-field at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864, Thomas J. Drew, of Co. A, 10th Vt. Reg., and son of Samuel and Mary M. Drew, of Newark, aged 28 years.

He sleeps not where his kindred lie
Upon his well-loved, native shore;
Far the soldier went, to die,
'Mid shriek of shell, and canon's roar.
And in the radiant morn of life
Why found he there a nameless grave,
Where foemen meet in deadly strife,
And thousands fall, both young and brave?

Why breathed he there life's latest breath
Alone, unknown—no mother near
To wipe away the dews of death,
Or whisper of a Savior dear?
Secession raised its scathing hand—
Foul offspring of Plutonian sin;
Essayed to crush our blood-bought land,
Her honored rights, through stealth to win!

War's clarion blast rang clear and shrill
Throughout our towns, along our plains;
It echoed back from hill to hill,
From loyal hearts came answering strains.
Our brother heard, with patriot's pride
The serried ranks he helped to swell,
To save his country's life he died
Beneath the Flag he loved so well.

And whether 'mid the soldier-throng
Round bivouac fire, on picket beat—
Or march severe, his heart was strong
Each duty faithfully to meet.
Before the cannon's fiery mouth
Drawn up amid th' embattling host
He fell, within the "Sunny South,"
A soldier faithful, at his post.

And so "'tis finished"—life is o'er
With him so young, so faithful, brave,
His blood enriched a hostile shore,
And traitorous feet shall cross his grave.
Great God, behold *his* sacrifice,
With myriads more on land and sea:
Grant that our nation soon may rise
From rayless gloom, United, Free!

Oh, mourning friends, while ye shall weep
For him who died our land to save,
Remember he doth sweetly sleep
Within a Patriot's honored grave.
Years hence, upon the page of fame
His glorious deeds shall there appear,
Posterity shall lisp his name,
And bless his memory with a tear!

Lyndon, Vt., August, 1864.

[Written for The Caledonian.]

Mining.--The Clark Copper Mine of Canada.

As the interest in copper mining and the profits of the same at this time are much discussed on account of deposits of copper ore being noticed in many localities and the inquiries made concerning the usual richness of ore in different workable mines, I am led to express through your columns, a few facts in relation to the same. To do this I define my account to the mines recently opened by E. Clark, Esq., and others in the township of Ascot, C. E. These mines are situated about one and a half miles from the Lennoxville Station on the Grand Trunk Railway. As they are on a hill of gradual ascent, the transportation is easy. But a few years ago this tract of land was devoted to grazing and considered of little value. It was somewhat ledgy and appeared in every respect to the general observer like any other section of common country. The rocks which appear at the surface, consist of a collection of talcose and chloritic slates highly silicious; the quartz sometimes forming a larger part of the rock. Now comes the progress of discovery. Cubes of iron pyrites are found and hoarded by children as diamonds. In breaking the rock perhaps to obtain them, some brilliant gold colored plates are seen and curiosity is excited. Somebody says it is copper. It does not look like it; but investigation proves it sulphuret of copper, which when in pure masses, contains at least thirty-three per cent of metalic copper. Then arises the query if it is to be found in workable quantities. It of course requires considerable outlay to ascertain that fact. Several parties, however, attempted to secure the land in that locality, but on the supposition that there may be copper, the price of land is up and no one purchases. E. Clark, Esq., of Sherbrooke, at length makes up his mind that there is large quantities of copper there and purchases at a somewhat advanced price, several hundred acres; being all the land which in his opinion copper to any great extent existed. Many wise men shook their heads, but he moved steadily on. After considerable prospecting, he announces to the world that copper in workable quantities is found, and the community are startled to learn that Mr. Clark asks one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for one of his mines. He soon sells three-fourths of it for one hundred thousand dollars; the excitement for a time partially ceases, but when the amount of workable ore is ascertained, comes a wonder that he sold his mine so low. This has particular reference to the Clark mine. Mr. C. has now opened two other mines upon his land which he offers for sale. They are known as the Belvidere and Sherbrooke mines, and are doubtless as rich in copper as the one now worked and certainly offer a rare chance for investment. In relation to the profit of working the Clark mine I will narrate what I learned upon a recent visit to the mining locality, where, through the politeness of Mr. Clark I was not only conducted about the mines, but had all information given about the expense of raising and reducing the ore that I desired. The rock that contains the yellow sulphuret is so compact and tenacious that large masses can be raised at each blast. While I was there, at one time, at least fifteen tons was thrown up in one solid block; a rich conglomerate of copper pyrites. The bed is very extensive, both in length and breadth, but its dimensions are not yet determined. It is sufficiently well opened, however, to know that future generations alone can know fully its extent and richness. According to analysis the average per cent. of copper in the entire ore raised, is at least three and one-third per cent. When we take into consideration that the extensive copper mines of Lake Superior do not average over one and one-half per cent. of available copper, we cannot be surprised at the immense value of the Ascot copper mines. After the ore is loosened by blasting, it is broken up in small pieces, and assorted by hand; this is called dressing, and raises the per cent. of the ore as high as may be by throwing out the rock. Thus far the ore thus dressed has been freighted to Boston where it brings about forty-six dollars in gold or its equivalent. The cost of raising, dressing and transportation is not far from twenty-one dollars and fifty cents per ton: this gives a profit of twenty-four and a half dollars per ton in gold, as all the estimates are by the standard. The "Clark Mining Company" are now erecting heavy machinery for crushing the ore, which will lessen the expense thereby raising the profits. The machinery is erected under the following plan. The mine being upon a hill, an adit is worked into the side of the hill sufficiently low to drain the mine. Through this adit is laid a car track and the car road is so elevated at the crusher that the loaded cars run in at the roof by their own momentum, as the road is slightly inclined, and the ore is dumped from the cars above the crusher. It is then to be crushed, falling down one story; then another to be washed, and from the washing it is dumped into cars running under the building, and run out upon a track. Thus from the time of blasting to its final preparation for market, not a pound of it has to be raised in any manner, thereby greatly reducing the usual amount of labor required. When this arrangement is completed, they expect to raise at least forty tons of ore a day, containing four per cent. of copper by crushing and washing to reduce it to ten tons of fifteen per cent., which amount of copper they intend to throw upon the market daily. This will be likely under the most unfavorable circumstances to yield a net profit of near thirty dollars a ton or three hundred dollars a day. Thus it will be seen that a copper mine is really of great value, and I would say to all enquirers that have in reality found an out-crop of any of the ores of copper, that if the appearances are in any degree favorable, the risk of an investigation is desirable. H. A. C.

Lunenburgh, Vermont.

Treatment of Prisoners.

Four representatives of the Union soldiers now prisoners of war to the rebels and concentrated at Anderson, Georgia, have just proceeded to Washington to state their condition to the Government, and see if some measures cannot be instituted for their speedy exchange. In their memorial, our soldiers state that

"Col. Hill, Provost Marshal General, Confederate States Army, at Atlanta, stated to one of the undersigned that there were thirty-five thousand prisoners at Andersonville, and by all accounts from the United States soldiers who have been confined there, the number is not overstated by him. These thirty-five thousand are confined in a field of some thirty acres, enclosed by a board fence, heavily guarded. About one-third have various kinds of indifferent shelter, but upwards of thirty thousand are wholly without shelter, or even the shelter of any kind, and are exposed to the sun and rains which are of daily occurrence; the cold dews of the night and the more terrible effects of the sun striking with almost tropical fierceness upon their unprotected heads. This mass of men jostle and crowd each other up and down the limits of their enclosure, in storm or sun, and others lie down upon the pitiless earth at night, with no other covering than the clothing upon their backs, few of them having even a blanket.

Upon entering the prison, every man is deliberately stripped of money and other property; and as no clothing or blankets are ever supplied to their prisoners by the rebel authorities, the condition of the apparel of the soldiers just from an active campaign, can be easily imagined. Thousands are without pants or coats, and hundreds without even a little pair of drawers to cover their nakedness.

To these men, as indeed to all prisoners, there is issued three quarters of a pound of bread or meal, and one-eighth of a pound of meat per day. This is the entire ration, and upon it the prisoner must live or die. The meal is often unsifted and sour, and the meat such as in the North is consigned to the soap-maker. Such are the rations upon which Union soldiers are fed by the rebel authorities, and by which they are barely holding on to life. But to starvation and exposure, to sun and storm, add the sickness which prevails to a most alarming and terrible extent. On an average, one hundred die daily. It is impossible that any Union soldier should know all the facts pertaining to this terrible mortality, as they are not paraded by the rebel authorities. Such statement as the following, made by ——, speaks eloquent testimony. Said he: 'Of twelve of us who were captured, six died; four are in the hospital, and I never expect to see them again. There are but two of us left.' In 1862, at Montgomery, Alabama, under far more favorable circumstances, the prisoners being protected by sheds, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred grew sick from diarrhea and chills, out of seven hundred. The same per centage would give seven thousand sick at Andersonville. It needs no comment, no efforts at word-painting, to make such a picture stand out boldly in most horrible colors.

Nor is this all. Among the ill-fated of the many who have suffered amputation in consequence of injuries received before capture, sent from rebel hospitals before their wounds were healed, there are eloquent witnesses of the barbarities of which they are victims. If to these facts is added this, that nothing more demoralizes soldiers and develops the evil passions of man than starvation, the terrible condition of the Union prisoners at Andersonville can be readily imagined. They are fast losing hope, and becoming utterly reckless of life. Numbers, crazed by their sufferings, wander about in a state of idiocy; others deliberately cross the 'dead line,' and are remorselessly shot down."

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

A statement by Prescott Tracy of the 82d New York regiment, which is corroborated by the sworn testimony of H. C. Higginson of the 19th Illinois and Sylvester Noirot of the 5th New Jersey regiment, recently exchanged prisoners, appears in a late number of the *Sanitary Commission Bulletin*, describing the condition of our soldiers who are confined at Andersonville, Ga. It gives a heart-rending picture of the outrageous treatment inflicted on our brave soldiers by the rebels. These men were taken prisoners, with about 800 others, in front of Petersburg on the 23d of June, and soon after capture were deprived of all blankets, haversacks, canteens, money, valuables of every kind, extra clothing, and, in some cases, the last shirt and drawers. They were sent down to Andersonville, in Georgia, suffering much on the way for want of food and hard marching for a part of the distance. On reaching Andersonville they were consigned to the stockade prison, which was already crowded with 28,000 Federal soldiers—so crowded that it was difficult to move in any direction without jostling and being jostled. The prison is an open space of twenty-five acres, without trees or shelter of any kind. Twenty feet inside and parallel to the fence is a light railing, forming the "dead line," beyond which the projection of a foot or finger is sure to bring the deadly bullet of the sentinel. Of the water for the use of the camp, the following sickening account is given:

"Through the grounds, at nearly right angles with the longer sides, runs or rather creeps a stream through an artificial channel, varying from five to six feet in width, the water about ankle deep, and near the middle of the inclosure, spreading out into a swamp of about six acres, filled with refuse wood, stumps, and debris of the camp. Before entering this inclosure the stream, or more properly sewer, passes through the camp of the guards, receiving from this source, and others farther up, a large amount of the vilest material, even the contents of the sink. The water is of a dark color, and an ordinary glass would collect a thick sediment. This was our only drinking and cooking water. It was our custom to filter it as best we could, through our remnants of haversacks, shirts and blouses. Wells had been dug, but the water either proved so productive of diarrhea, or so limited in quantity that they were of no general use. The cook-house was situated on the stream just outside the stockade, and its refuse of decaying offal was thrown into the water, a greasy coating covering much of the surface. To these was added the daily large amount of sink matter from the camp itself. There was a system of policing, but the means were so limited, and so large a number of the men was rendered irresolute and depressed by imprisonment that the work was very imperfectly done. One side of the swamp was naturally used as a sink, the men usually going out some distance into the water. Under the summer sun this place early became corruption too vile for description, the men breeding disgusting life, so that the surface of the water moved as with a gentle breeze.

The new comers, on reaching this, would exclaim, 'Is this hell?' yet they soon would become callous, and enter unmoved the horrible rottenness. The rebel authorities never removed any filth."

The only shelter of the prisoners from the sun and rain and night dews was their own scant clothing. The rations consisted of eight ounces of corn bread (the cob being ground with the kernel), and generally sour, two ounces of condemned pork, offensive in appearance and smell. Occasionally, about twice a week, two table spoonfuls of rice, and in place of the pork the same amount (two table spoonfulls) of molasses was given, about twice a month. No dish or cooking utensil of any kind was furnished. There is a cook-house, but it is not at all able to supply the wants of 30,000 men, and a large proportion are obliged to prepare their own food. In addition to the utter inability of many to do this, through debility and sickness, they never had a supply of wood. Men were often seen with a little bag of meal in hand, gathered from several rations, starving to death for the want of wood, and in desperation would mix the raw material with water and try to eat it. The clothing of the men was miserable in the extreme. Very few had shoes of any kind, not 2000 had coats and pants, and those were late comers. More than one-half were indecently exposed, and many were naked. Any one who got outside the dead line, above referred to, either by accident or design, was instantly shot. About two a day were thus shot, some being cases of suicide, brought on by mental depression or physical misery, the poor fellows throwing themselves, or madly rushing, outside the "line." The mental condition of the men is thus described:

"The mental condition of a large portion of the men was melancholy, beginning in despondency and tending to a kind of stolid and idiotic indifference. Many spent much time in arousing and encouraging their fellows, but hundreds were lying about motionless, or stalking vacantly to and fro, quite beyond any help which could be given them within their prison. These cases were frequent among those who had been imprisoned but a short time. There were those who were captured at the first Bull Run, July, 1861, and had known Belle Isle from the first, yet had preserved their physical and mental health to a wonderful degree. Many were wise and resolute enough to keep themselves occupied—some in cutting bone and wood ornaments, making their knives out of iron hoops—others in manufacturing ink from the rust from those same hoops, and with rude pens sketching or imitating bank notes, or any sample that would involve long and patient execution."

Letters from home were rarely received. About 5000 that had accumulated were brought in at one time, but as the rebels demanded ten cents postage on each, although the postage must have been prepaid, most of them were taken away again because the men had no money. All the surgeon had to give his patients was porridge, arrowroot, whisky, wild tomatoes, camphor, and a decoction of oak bark. At the time these men left the average of deaths was 130 a day. It was a common occurrence for a man to wake up and find his comrade dead. Scores died of starvation. Our men, especially the mechanics, were tempted with the offer of liberty and large wages to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy, but it was very rare that their patriotism, even under such a fiery trial, ever gave way. One of them sent this message to his mother: "My treatment here is killing me, mother, but I die cheerfully for my country."

But enough of this "over-true tale." If there are those who would grant an amnesty to the fiends incarnate at Richmond who are responsible for these atrocities—who would embrace them again as brothers—who would welcome them back to the Union with all the affection which was shown to the returned prodigal—they deserve to taste the horrors of this rebel pen for human beings.

"Just Hover Hin the Hafrica."

Two newly imported Englishmen just off the steamer, strolled into the restaurant attached to the Tremont House, the other day, and after a wondering stare at the long row of individuals, each busily and silently engaged in bolting their allowance of food in the shortest possible time, climbed up on two stools and hesitatingly ordered:

"A chop and some hale."

While the agile William was ordering their meal the attention of one of the Bulls was attracted to a dish unknown to him, but of which his neighbors were partaking with great gusto. Carefully waiting until the man next him grunted "'Nother ear o' corn," he nudged his brother Bull with—

"'Enry, there is an Hamerican wegetable that we don't 'ave at 'ome. Let's 'ave some," and accordingly ordered:

"Haw! Waiter, bear o' corn."

The corn (a dish unknown in England) was brought smoking hot, and Bull passed it to his countryman, who, observing the manner of his neighbors, sliced it down with his knife and tasted it with an approving wink.

"Good?" asked Bull No. 1.

"Wery," said No. 2, adding, with true British economy, "There is no use hordering another; 'ere's enough for both of us," passed the *cob* to his companion, who gravely sliced it after the manner of a cucumber, and after seasoning it, *commenced eating the sliced cob*. He got through with two or three slices with some difficulty, and to the huge delight of a small boy with a cropped head behind the bar, and then turning to his companion, ejaculated:

"My hyes, 'Enry, hif this is a sample hof Hamerican wegetables, their stomachs must be iron-plated, like their bloody ships!"

An unctious grin slid over the faces of the witnesses, and William turned fiercely on the small boy and ordered him to "make change at the other end of the counter."—*Commercial Bulletin.*

Poor Richard's Reasons for buying United States Securities.

The other day we heard a rich neighbor say he had rather have railroad stocks than U. S. stocks, for they paid higher interest. Just then Poor Richard came up, and said that he just bought some Uncle Sam's three year notes, paying seven and three tenths per cent. interest. My rich friend exclaimed, "You! I thought you had no money to buy with." "Yes," said Richard, "I had a little laid up, for you know it is well to have something laid up against a wet day, and I have kept a little of my earnings by me." Now Poor Richard is known to all the country round to be a very prudent and industrious, and withal, wise man; for Richard never learned anything he didn't know how to make use of, and his wisdom and prudence had become a proverb. So, when he took out his savings and bought the notes, more than one was surprised, and it was no wonder rich Mr. Smith asked why. So poor Richard, in a very quiet humble way—for he never assumed anything—replied, "I suppose, Mr. Smith, you know a great deal better than I do what to do with money, and how to invest; for I never had much, and all I got I had to work hard for. But I have looked round a good deal upon my neighbors, and seen what they did with their money and I will tell you some things I saw and what I thought of it. One very rich man was always dealing in money, and he made a great deal, but was never satisfied without *high* interest. So he lent most of his money to some people who he thought were very rich, at a very high rate; and he often told how much he got, till one day the people he lent to went to smash. He got back about ten cents on a dollar of his money. I know another old gentleman, who had some bank stock and he went to the bank and got ten per cent. dividend. The President and everybody said it was the best stock in the country—paid ten per cent. But what did the old man do but *sell* his stock the next day! Why? why? said everybody. Because, it *pays too much dividend*. And in six months the bank went to smash. Now, *that* I know to be fact.—Well, Mr. Smith, you say railroad stocks are best, because they pay *high* dividends; Can you tell how long they will pay them? I like railroads. I helped to build one, and I go in for useful things. But I tell you what I *know* about them. One-third of the railroads don't pay *any* dividend, and two thirds (and some of them cracked up, too,) do not pay as much as Government stocks. Now that brings me to the Government securities, and I will tell you why I prefer them. I take it you will admit, Mr. Smith, that in the long run the investment which is *best* should have these qualities:

First, it should be *perfectly secure*: secondly, that the income should be *uniform and permanent*—not up one year and down the next; and thirdly, that it should be *marketable*, so when your wet day comes, and you want your money, you can get it back. And I think these notes or bonds have got these qualities more than any other kind of personal property you can name. Try it.

"First, then, I have been looking into that great book you call the Census Statistics. I used to think it wasn't worth much; but since I began to study it, I tell you, I found out a good many things very useful for me to know. I found out, by looking at the crops, and the factories and shipping, &c., that we (I don't mean the Rebel States) are making a thousand millions of dollars a year more than we spend. So you see that (since the increase of debt isn't half that) we are growing *rich* instead of poorer, as John Bull and the croakers would have us think. Then the debt will be paid, anyhow, no matter how long the war is. Besides, did you ever hear of a Government that broke before the people did? Look into your big histories, Mr. Smith, and you will find the people break before the Governments. Well, then, I call that stock *perfectly secure*.

"Secondly, you want the income *uniform and permanent*. Well, I want you to take up a list of banks, railroads, mines, insurance companies—anything you choose—and tell me (honor bright, now!) how many have paid a *uniform* income for ten or twenty yrs. Not one in a hundred, Mr. Smith, and you know it.

"Now here is the Government will pay you without varying a tittle. Now I like something that gives me my income every year.

"Thirdly, you want something which is *marketable* any day in the year. Now, if you will ask my bank President, he will tell you that *Government stocks are the only kind of property that is always salable*, because they will sell *anywhere in the world*.

"Now, Mr. Smith, this is *why* I put my little savings in Government stocks. I confess, too, that I wanted to help that dear old country, which is *my* home and *my* country." "I confess," said Mr. Smith, "I hadn't thought of all this. There is a good deal of sense in what you say, and I will go so far as to put two or three thousand dollars in United States stocks. It can do no harm."

We left Mr. Smith going towards the bank, and Poor Richard returning home, with that calm and placid air which indicated the serenity of his disposition and the consciousness of doing right towards his country and his fellow men.

☞ The innate ferocity and want of faith of the rebels is shown in the unblushing story of the Richmond *Sentinel* that three hundred of our men who, relying upon a "tacit truce," were airing themselves in front of their works, were brutally massacred by an unexpected volley of musketry. The excuse given for this *chivalrous* act was the bombardment of Petersburg, a rebel depot of supplies. "Delicious piece of retaliation," this act of perfidy is called by the ferocious Richmond *Examiner*.

Voices from Chicago.

We trust that pains have been taken to procure full and accurate reports of all the speeches made by Democrats at Chicago this week, inside and outside of the Convention, by members and others, in order that the voters of the country may have an exact understanding of the character of the Convention, and of the influence operating upon it, that resulted in the nomination of McClellan and Pendleton and the construction of the Democratic platform. It is made peculiarly necessary by the evident attempt to hoodwink the people both in the ticket and in the resolutions. So let us have all the light on the subject we can get. In the meantime we present such fitting extracts of speeches made by prominent Democrats, most of them members of the Convention, as can be gathered from the reports of the Chicago papers:

Fernando Wood's demand on the Convention.

This leading Democrat said:

"Let us demand of the convention, above everything else, that they give us peace.—Let us insist that they shall respond to that demand, and not intermit our efforts until we have brought them to a triumphant conclusion." (Cheers.)

Done nothing to help the War.

Mr. Van Allen said:

"I have been a peace man from the beginning, and have done nothing to help the war that I could avoid, for I believed that it would result in an abortive attempt, and that an effort to subjugate sovereign States would only bring destruction to the people, collapse our finances, and send desolation and death through all our homes. Has not that been the result? (Cries of 'Quite right.')

What it is to Reinforce our Soldiers.

Rev. Henry Clay Dean said:

"Since the day when Ahasuerus issued his edict for the murder of the Jewish nation, a more gigantic crime has not been recorded than the recent edict of the ignorant baboon at Washington, calling for a half a million more of your sons and brothers, for a fresh immolation to the Abolition god."

A word to War Democrats.

Mr. O'Brien of Illinois said:

"But we have men who call themselves War Democrats. Such are Ingersoll, Logan and McClernand. They are not Democrats, they are abolitionists, and this fall we will bury them in the same grave as the Abolitionists, and damn them to eternal infamy."

The War Democrat is a Judas.

Mr. McMasters of N. Y. said:

"A man who is in favor of this unatural war insults the holy name of Democracy when he claims a place in its organization. He is a Judas, and should be cast out as an enemy to humanity and to God."

War at the North threatened.

Prof. Wedgewood, of N. Y. said:

"The scenes of Missouri will be repeated in Illinois in less than six months if the war should be continued. (Yes, and all over the country.) If the war continues you may rely upon it every man's hands will be turned against his neighbor, and the result will be that there will be a contest between Republicans and Democrats here among us."

All the Peace men for the Chicago Nominee.

Mr. Baker of Michigan said:

"I am for peace, (Cheers,) for war is destroying our liberty. I came here to proclaim peace. (A voice: Will you support a war man if he is nominated? We don't want a war man.) I will support any man who is nominated at the Chicago Convention. (Cheers.)"

Not Democratic votes enough—what shall be done.

Maj. Stambaugh of Ohio said:

"I am a native of the same county with Mr. Vallandigham, and there is but little difference in our ages. I know him to be a pure patriot. (Loud cheers). We have not Democratic votes enough to elect our candidates. We must have the conservatives of the Republican party. Shall we open the door and receive them? Yes, let them come."

Non-coercion and Democratic success.

Mr. C. C. Burr said:

"The Democratic party must recognize in their nomination the doctrine of non-coercion or it will not be satisfactory unless conducted upon the principles of the old Democratic party, and they were peaceful principles.—These doctrines must be represented either in the candidate or the platform. Get the candidate if you can, but the platform at all events."

Vision of a Democratic Administration.

Capt. Kuntz of Penn. said:

"The Democratic government must be raised to power, and Lincoln, with his Cabinet of rogues, thieves spies, be driven to destruction. What shall we do with him? A voice, 'Send him here, and I'll make a coffin for him, d——n him.' Yes, continued the speaker, d——n him and his miserable followers. I do not propose to give you, to-night, the platform of the Democratic party, for as yet it is unborn; but I should like to see the noble George B. McClellan as President (cheers), and the great Democrat, Horatio Seymour, should occupy the position of Secretary of State. In the Cabinet I would see the name of Voorhees and the brilliant galaxy of gentlemen statesman who cluster round the Democratic banner."

This, we think, is enough for one day. Let the people read, and then reflect that of such influences and associations as these were produced the Chicago nomination and platform, which are now before the country for approval or rejection.

The Union and the Democratic Platforms Contrasted.

I. The Union Platform affirms the duty of *maintaining* the integrity of the Union and the paramount authority of its Constitution and laws. The Democratic pledges "unswerving fidelity" to the Union, but is silent as to the duty aforesaid.

II. The Union Platform treats the Rebellion as *wrong*—as wicked and unjustifiable—and demands its complete suppression. It does not propose to buy a Peace, but to *make* one, by constraining the rebels to submit to lawful authority and deport themselves hereafter like law-abiding citizens. The Democratic Platform nowhere condemns the rebellion, even by implication, but rather condemns those who have striven to subdue it.

III. The Union Platform exhorts the Government to prosecute the war vigorously till the rebellion shall be suppressed—no further. The Democratic Platform points significantly to the fact that the rebellion has not yet been suppressed, deducing therefrom the conclusion that it was a mistake to attempt resisting rebel force by force.

IV. The Union Platform affirms that as slavery was the cause and now constitutes the strength of the rebellion, it ought, in the interest of public tranquility and safety, to be abolished and prohibited. The Democratic Platform says nothing of the sort, but plainly implies and intends that slavery shall be preserved and perpetuated.

V. The Union Platform holds it right that black as well as white men should fight for the preservation of the Union, and be protected by the Government in so doing. The Democratic is silent on this point; but, since it wishes the war stopped anyhow, it of course doesn't want "niggers" to fight in it.

VI. The Union Platform returns the thanks of the American people to the soldiers and sailors who have fought for their country, and promises ample provision for those who have been or may be disabled in her service. The Democratic Platform proffers them sympathy and protection, but never intimates that they have been and are fighting in a righteous and holy cause.

VII. The Democratic Platform blames President Lincoln and his cabinet for almost everything they have done in resistance to the rebellion, but blames the rebels for nothing. Even the cruelties of the rebel authorities, in causing our captured brethren to be exposed, for weary months, unsheltered, to the burning suns and drenching storms of Georgia, feeding them on twelve ounces of corn meal and two of putrid pork per day, is charged against our own Government, without a hint that the rebels have done anything wrong in the premises.

—In short, if Mr. Jeff. Davis had been platform-maker for the Chicago Convention, he could not have treated himself more tenderly nor his enterprise more gingerly than they have been in the actual Platform.—*Tribune.*

The Vote of the Soldiers.

Nearly one hundred soldiers, probably, voted in Burlington yesterday, and it is safe to say that *nine-tenths* of them voted the Union ticket. They did so, too, with a perfect understanding of what they were about, and an appreciation of the issue which it was cheering to see. With very few exceptions, appeals to the Democrats among them to stand by their old party, and not to go back on "little Mac," had no more effect on them, than the wind. As one of them, wounded in one of the recent battles, came limping up the steps of the Town Hall, a democratic ticket vender thrust the copperhead State ticket into his hand. He took the vote, looked at it very deliberately, and then with a dry emphasis which added greatly to the effect of his words, said "What a —— fool I should be, to go down and fight rebels for three years, with my musket, and then come here to *stab myself in the back* with a piece of paper like that! No"—throwing the vote for Redfield & Co. from him, and drawing his fore finger across his throat, with a slow, resolute action—"*I'd cut my throat* before I'd vote that ticket."

That's the way the Soldiers feel.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Leach's Perpetual Motion.

Our readers will recollect some notice taken in these columns about a year since of a small machine exhibited through the country, which its inventor claimed to contain the principle of self-motion, or perpetual movement. The machine was a metalic wheel with a system of cords and falling balls suspended to the arms of the wheel, which was supported on a thick base of wood. It turns out that the affair is a very ingenious deception. The base or platform contains a system of clock-work, with a spring running up to the axis through one of the standards supporting the wheel.—When wound up it would run some twelve hours.

The inventer of this wonderful perpetual motion is said to have made quite a sum by humbugging persons and then imparting the secret. Of course parties who have invested are anxious to get their money back by sale or exhibition, and have had a motive in keeping his secret.

We hear of two very respectable and highly moral gentlemen of Sherbrooke who have a small interest in the affair. The exposure of the cheat was made by an honest German pedlar, who proposes to bring the matter before the court.—*Stanstead Journal.*

Good Advice from a Woman.—You write that you are going to Washington, so, I know you'll see "Old Abe." Now, don't you find any fault with him. I know your impatient disposition—I know you think he ought to have done a good deal more than he has done. But, remember, that he has had an untried way, difficulties all about him, conservatives advising one thing, radicals another, and all deceiving him. So, don't you find any fault with him, but bid him "God speed." Tell him that all good men and women, everywhere, are with him—that they pray for him, and bless him for what he has done, and will yet do. One word from a man he knows has nothing to ask for, may cheer him—cheer him more than you know—and don't you fail to say it. As you love truth and God, say it, for it is true, and you ought to say it.

That was a year ago; but what that young woman then said might as well—might better—be said now by every man and woman in the country.—*Edmund Kirke.*

Getting Frightened.—A New York butter speculator a few days ago sent orders to his agent in Potsdam, New York, to sell a thousand tubs of butter which he had been holding for higher prices, for the most he could get. The splendid condition of the fall feed, taken in connection with the reduced consumption of butter, will disappoint many farmers and speculators who are holding their butter for higher prices. It was selling in New Hampshire last week for from thirty-five to forty cents a pound.

The Caledonian.

VOL. 28--NO. 12. ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., FRIDAY, SEPT. 16, 1864. WHOLE NO. 1416.