

The Era

BY S. J. ROW.

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HOPE.

The brightest joys soon die away,
The fairest pleasures fade;
And life itself is but a day,
Of times of gloomy shade.
The joyous smile of baby glee
Beaming in infant's eye,
Soon turns to deepest misery,
Or quickly passeth by.
Hope only guides us through the night
Of worldly strife and woe;
Making adversity seem bright,
With sunlight's fostering glow.
Brighter and brighter let Hope glow
Within thy downcast heart;
Hope on—Hope ever, then below
Be of thy life a part.

THE GREAT BATTLE BEFORE RICHMOND.

Full and Graphic Account.
The following account of the great fight before Richmond is from a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, and is dated July 4th:

No point in all the former part of the army was more eagerly watched or strongly guarded than Mechanicsville. On numerous occasions I have told you of its importance. The enemy were equally with us aware of the great Federal advantage the possession of Mechanicsville gave, and General McClellan had long ago resolved to make use of their anxiety for its re-possession in order to secure the safety of the movement across to the James river. Certain indications of an attempt at crossing were, therefore, hailed with delight, and every means resorted to to blind the rebels as to our real wishes, but at the same time to get them over. Union and Secession coquetted long at that pass, but Union at length triumphed, and on Thursday afternoon, June 26, at 2 o'clock, the enemy threw their bridge across the stream and the first ranks cautiously passed it. The news of this, of course, instantly telegraphed to General McClellan, and ten minutes afterwards the extreme left of the army was on the march to White Oak swamp and the James river. The great movement had commenced.

Finding the ground not near so hotly contested as they had expected, the rebels threw out numbers across the stream, in order the more quickly to bear down our opposition. A brigade of General McClellan's Pennsylvania Reserves met them and bravely fought them for hours against a body of troops ten times their number. They fell back, however, as no bravery could withstand the torrent, until they came upon the balance of the Reserve division, two brigades, and a brigade of General Porter's corps, commanded by General Martindale. This was most welcome aid to the jaded troops who sought it. Rifle pits and some slight entrenchments also proved an additional means of defence, and Colonel Simons' regiment, the 5th, with Colonel Jackson's 9th, were the first to rush upon the foe. Here the rebel advance, which had been made for two miles, was checked, and brilliant charges soon broke their columns. A few moments more and the gallant Reserves were driving Secession pell-mell into the Chickahominy. At dusk they rested on their arms the victors of the field, a few artillery shots being the only sound of war, and in the silence of evening proceeded to the sorrowful task of burying the dead. Every regiment of the corps was terribly decimated. Colonel Simons lay dead upon the field, where he and his regiment had so immortalized themselves. Dead and wounded, Federal and rebel, lay all about, and saddened hearts and eyes of Pennsylvanians proceeded to the task before them, placing each loved companion, who had that day sealed his patriotism with his blood, in the rude but honored grave of the soldier. Rebel watch-fires surrounded them, and the distant tramp of rebel reinforcements could constantly be heard. No man passed that night in other mien than sorrow.

However, at two o'clock on Friday morning, June 27, these brave troops, who had so gallantly checked the rebel advance at the "Seven Miles to Richmond" cross-roads, received orders to retreat. With great reluctance they started down the road to Gaines' Mill, four miles distant, knowing as they did, see, that they were leaving a position in which they could hold at bay a hundred thousand men. Slowly they came, making very short marches and very long halts, their way lighted by a vast pile of burning knapsacks, left behind by General Porter. The enemy soon discovered the retreat and pushed long after them, thus driving Secession pell-mell into the Chickahominy. They deployed into the fields, skirmished on all sides, and spread out as far as the river would allow them on the one hand or our harassing cavalry on the other. The Federal plan seemed to be to give the rebels as much annoyance as possible; firing cannon at them as far as possible from their crossing places at Mechanicsville.

It being well understood that this was to be our course of operations, by nine on the morning of Friday the rebels had come down to and were in full possession of Dr. Gaines' house and all the neighboring highlands. Here the Grapevine bridge crosses the Chickahominy river, debouching in the midst of General Smith's forces on the Federal side of the stream, and if the enemy were to change their minds and come across it, or by sending a detachment across, were to attack General Smith and make a junction with their own forces just above him on that side of the river, it would jeopardize the whole army. So Gen. Slocum's division was ordered out at an early hour to guard this bridge. They marched to the flat at the extreme end, and Gen. Newton's brigade crossed, the others bivouacking. When General Newton had passed through the trees bordering the river, he saw the enemy in full force on the hills above, and immediately returned to report his observation. The division lay there until noon, when it was ordered to return towards camp, but one brigade was subsequently wheeled about whilst on the homeward road, and again halted on the flat.

At noon cannonading commenced, from one side of the river to the other. Gen. Smith's batteries had several huge columbiads mounted, which played with splendid accuracy upon the rebels surrounding the Doctor's house. Every Federal gun which could be brought to bear was fired at them, and their artillery, of which they seemed to have but few throwing shells, endeavored, but without effect, to silence these terrible batteries. General Porter, too, whose troops were now the opposing

force, on their own side of the river, upon their approach sent shells after shells into them, all with the most telling results. At two o'clock, on Friday afternoon, the rebel line of battle commenced at the river's edge, just at Dr. Gaines' house, ran up the hill to it, then across, and curving around the Federal troops, seemed to bear away off back into the country. Thousands of their men were deployed on the hill sides, a Federal battery, taken across a corduroy road above Grapevine bridge, firing into them with deadly effect. Skirmishers and pickets fought in the flat, and so it was all the way up the hill and back to the woods. Musketry rattled incessantly, and the enemy seemed to be met strongly at all quarters. Porter's and McClellan's troops lay on the hills bordering the Chickahominy, at Woodbury bridge, a mile or two below Grapevine, their horses grazing under the trees, and the men in line of battle. This fight was almost purely an artillery one, excepting among the skirmishers, whose rifles maintained a constant crackling. Infantry, excepting as reserves or supporting parties, were but little used. There was some severe infantry fighting, however, but it was only a prelude to the great battle which gave that day such a bloody name.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the Grapevine bridge and the one above it were destroyed, the 96th Pennsylvania and 5th Vermont breaking down the former. Trees were thrown in every way to obstruct a passage, and in a few moments such an impassable barrier was reared of logs and trees and brush added to the streams of water and swamp, that no force of the enemy could have passed it in a week. Thus were closed these entrances to our lines, and by this destruction every passage-way across the stream was obstructed, from Mechanicsville down to the Woodbury bridge, a distance of fully six miles. The brigade then moved to the other two which had gone off towards camp at noon.

But their road through towards the camp had not led into it. The whole of Gen. Smith's division were taken across Woodbury bridge, and General Magher's Irish Brigade, brought over from Sumner's corps, followed. They advanced to meet the enemy, and then commenced Friday's fearful contest. McCall and Porter, and Slocum, and Meagher, drawn up in line of battle, awaited the enemy's approach. The former had fought him all day, and were weary with their constant exertions. Still they did not lag. They held the field until reinforcements came, and showed the most heroic bravery. Then, with the order they retreated, Slocum and Meagher taking their places, and on a field already strewn with dead and dying recommenced the battle. They first confronted the enemy at five in the evening, a mile distant from the bridge. This was the bloodiest scene of the whole day's fight. The rebels were deployed on the hills, and our troops brought up from the lowlands to check them had to do under a furious storm of round shot and musketry. Charge after charge was made full to the enemy's centre, when they flanked us with a cross fire of round shot. We held our places, however, each man fighting as bravely as he could, lying on his back, or load his musket, and turning over, or rising to his knees, to fire it. The enemy, at the end of the contest, did not reply to our volleys. Thus it remained until dusk, when we were ordered to retreat. At first, our artillerymen did good execution, but it is said that afterwards they murdered many of our own troops.

Too high praise cannot be given to the noble conduct of Gen. Slocum's division of regular troops during this day's contest. For six hours they bore the brunt of the battle, and some of the grandest charges, most honorable to ourselves, most terrible to the enemy, were made by this body. They allowed no staint to fall upon the bright escutcheon of the regular army. The 95th and 96th Pennsylvania regiments were also in the battle, and behaved most gallantly. The latter was the last to leave the ground, the brigade commander, however, and Albert Saylor, who had been ordered to follow. A Federal battery was standing hard by, and on its commander being asked why he was preparing to leave, he said there was not a single infantry soldier to support him. "The 96th will do it," was the universal cry.

Col. Goslin, of the 95th did his duty bravely. He, with Major Hubbs, was wounded fatally, and I am sorry to say both have since died. The 96th had three officers wounded—Lieut. Elicker, since died, and Lieutenants Albert Saylor and Ernest Sauerby, though not dangerously. Every field and company officer of the 95th, with the above three exceptions, came safely out of the contest, and Lieut. Col. Town, of the 95th, is also safe. A thousand of our men must have been killed and wounded in that day's contest, and the loss of the rebels is beyond all calculation.

By midnight, on Friday, all our troops were safely across the river, the killed and wounded, and the latter were so soon to make, they were left in the enemy's hands. Woodbury bridge was a pile of ruins by daylight, and the railroad bridge twelve miles from Mechanicsville, was the first unobstructed crossing below that town.

Whilst one side of the Chickahominy saw so much blood and battle, the other was not allowed to rest quietly. During all of Thursday and Friday the most terrific cannonades were kept up. Our artillerymen, aware of the danger, were so soon to make, they were sent out, being in the midst of all this ball playing, on Friday, two Georgia brigades came upon four companies of the 33d New York and three of the 49th Pennsylvania, who were picketing in front of Fort Davidson, on the extreme right of our position. Our five hundred Unionists fought bravely, making scores of rebels bit the dust. We, of course, retreated but it was in good order, and with flying colors. Gen. Lane of the rebels, was killed, and a colonel and lieutenant colonel and numerous privates taken prisoners. The bravery of this skirmish, against vastly superior numbers, cannot be sufficiently praised. The week was full of noble deeds.

Friday night found every regiment in the army resting on its arms, momentarily expecting an attack. The retreat was to be made by first sending away the wagons, beginning at the left, and going around to the right, and then the troops from right to left. Saturday morning, June 28, the main bodies were sent off, picketers and rear guard alone remaining. All along the front demonstrations were made by infantry and artillery to blind the enemy. Marches, countermarches, feign-

ed attacks, and every sort of military manoeuvre were made with endless profusion. The foolish enemy never for one moment suspected our real design, and thinking these movements demonstrations against them, made for the purpose of weakening the effect of their fancied turning of our right wing, continued concentrating their entire army on the Chickahominy, sending tens of thousands of troops across it as reinforcements for the advancing column. Detached rebeldom little suspected she was sending the flower of her army away from her enemies, and that the hundred thousand men she had, across the Chickahominy had no other foe to fight but a few helpless men, lying in an old house opposite Woodbury bridge.

Saturday commenced the evacuation of the right wing, which was slowly, though surely made. White House, and all the stores there, which could not be carried away, were burned. Thirty thousand Federal muskets were thrown into the Pamunkey. The mail came through that morning with newspapers, and Bottour's bridge and the railroad bridge were destroyed, as soon as the train passed over. A rear guard was marching and countermarching, still blinding the enemy, and in every skirmish with his forces gaining a victory. Thousands of wagons were sent off on the road past Savage station, through White Oak Swamp, towards City Point, on the James river. All the sick and wounded who could walk were sent along with the teams—the helpless had to shift for themselves. I can tell you that day in the squad who hunted up the sick and sent them away, and at night was with the extreme rear at Woodbury bridge.

Never in my life did an evening pass with such solemn grandeur as that one spent at Woodbury bridge. On the Federal side a solitary company of cavalry guarded the end of the destroyed bridge, and soldiers burned the few valuable articles which were lying about. Camp-fires were lighted as for a vast army. Stragglers, tired almost to death, lay on the ground sleeping, each marked feature sunk into a perfect rest. A few wagons were still there. The vast plain, once filled with all the pageantry of war, was stretched out before me dotted all over with fires, but having, save that one solitary company, not a single human being upon its surface. Across the river, brightly reflected upon the clouds, were the lights of the rebel camp, and their forces, with no one to oppose them, no doubt were as they had been for many hours previously, under arms upon the bloody field which bore so many of their dead.

At ten o'clock on Saturday evening, the last of the Federal army had left Woodbury bridge, and was on its way to City Point. The night was dark and cloudy, threatening rain. Thousands of straggling soldiers were mixed up with the wagons, and as we proceeded, regiment after regiment, from all parts of the right wing, joined us. Through a wilderness of wood and swamp, the close and damp atmosphere almost suffocating us, we went rushing over logs and stumps, the men running to keep up with the wagons, and the wagons jolting along in the most outrageous manner. Midnight brought us to Savage Station, and here was the first horror of that night's journey. Savage Station was a large depot of commissary stores, and an immense hospital. Stacks and tents by scores had been erected, and were filled to overflowing with the sick and wounded, whom exposure and battle had rendered helpless. The poor soldiers, far too numerous to receive anything like proper care from the very few surgeons who were at their posts, lay on the ground in heaps, hugging each other for warmth. Officers and men, high and low, were all reduced to the same level that night. Each was waiting to have his wants attended to, and all, I am glad to say, amid the terrible scenes which surrounded them, bore their agonies with patience. This horror, however, was nothing to that which next morning saw.

When the rear guard came up, the enemy pressing them on all sides, the entire host was turned out. Sick and wounded were told to shift for themselves as they best could, and those who could not get into the few ambulances which were there had to walk forward, or if possible, persuade some surly teamster to carry them on his overloaded wagon. In gloomy squads the lame and halt limped off towards the James river, the groans of poor suffering humanity almost stifling the words of encouragement from the slightly wounded givers. They shifted for themselves, and many did it by lying down by the roadside to die. When the enemy came there a few hours afterwards, even their barbarity must have been modified by the terrible appearance of Savage Hospital. Dead and dying soldiers covered the ground. The ashes of commissary stores, blown about by the wind of that Sabbath morning, surrounded them, and the explosion of a railway train, laden with ammunition, which was the knell sounded for all. That railroad station will always be a sad spot in my recollection. For terrible sights and scenes, the world has not its equal.

From Savage Station all the way to James river, the retreat had to be conducted by a single road, which crossed the stream bordering White Oak Swamp by a rude log bridge, so imbedded in mud that every wagon had to be assisted at the crossing, and many stuck fast. Over this one road, a vast army, with all its baggage, had to pass. The reader may judge of the confusion of the passage, when ten thousand wagons and twenty-five hundred head of cattle were two small items in the account. White Oak Swamp bridge is some six miles from the station, and from one end of the road between them to the other wagons, horses, soldiers, cannon, pontoon boats, caissons, ambulances, and everything conceivable for the use of a moving army, were standing in a perfect jam. An officer almost every step urged them on. Twenty rows of wagons stood side by side, teamsters swearing, horses bawling and officers shouting. Babel was a second time seen on earth, and over all could be heard Gen. Fitz John Porter as he urged his horse up a hill shouting to a wagoner not to stop up the entire road. On we came to White Oak Swamp, passed it and a few miles beyond the party I walked with lay down on the ground, completely tagged out, and slept during the heat of the day. Thousands of soldiers lay around, belonging to every regiment in the army. Maine and Pennsylvania went to bed together. New York forgot her exclusiveness in the embraces of little Delaware, and Michigan gathered leaves to shade the weary brow of many an Eastern soldier. Thus passed Sunday morning, and

early in the afternoon I again started off on my weary tramp, amid confusion and haste, to lay my tired body in a fence corner and pass the night.

The most prolific imagination cannot realize a true view of this great retreat, and pictures avail very little in its description. On Sunday morning the rebels discovered our retreat, and sent thousands upon thousands of troops after us. All of our secrecy and strategy had gained us but the time between midnight and morning, and when each Federal soldier was tired enough to lie down anywhere in search of his so-much-needed rest, rebel cavalry and artillery came rushing after him, and with weary step he had to wheel into line of battle. The most heroic bravery was the role throughout the army in battling against the rebel guerrillas who infested our rear. Slocum fought until his men dropped down from fatigue, and Heinzelman relieved him. Hooker came to the rescue of Heinzelman, and the impetuous Kearney charged into the very centre of the rebel lines. In every engagement the enemy were soundly beaten, and then another gathered lateral upon laurel in the hundred skirmishes of that retreat.

It was in this series of brilliant battles that Generals McClellan and Meade were wounded. In Monday's fight the Reserves fought like tigers against the enemy, and when they retreated, literally cut to pieces, from the field, General McClellan was left behind, wounded, and, no doubt, a few moments more saw him a prisoner to the enemy. General Reynolds was also taken, but I am glad to say, was unharmed. General Meade, though badly wounded, was born from the field by his troops. General Seymour now commands the remnant of that fine division, once the pride of Pennsylvania.

The march was fully protected. Not a single valuable article fell into the enemy's hands. Thousands of dollars worth of property was destroyed because it could not be carried, but the rear guard kept behind the last wagon, not allowing a single team to fall into the enemy's possession. Food was burned, ammunition blown up, whiskey and molasses barrels broached, wagons, with horses dead by the wayside from sheer fatigue, were burned, or had every spoke and axle broken. Soldiers and cannon, and the paralytic, tentative fatigue parties piled their arms and their ashes mocked the rebels, whose utmost exertions were too feeble to secure them. Muskets lying in ditches were bent and broken. Not a single article of all thrown away by that grand army on its grand retreat could be useful to the rebels. Fire and water, the knife and the axe did their work, and did it well.

Still the enemy pressed us, and through all the night the jaded army with its baggage had to be urged on. A vast herd of cattle passed me early on Monday morning, and, just after it, a drove of a thousand rebel prisoners. I started early, and again witnessed Sunday's fearful scenes. Wounded and sick limped along, many a one lying down to sleep the last sleep under the grateful shade of the roadside woods. The same confusion of wagons, and soldiers, and cannon, and the paralytic of war, blocked the passage, and, in addition to the rebels thundering behind us, and the long, weary, dusty way before, hunger and thirst began to stare us in the face. Thousands had thrown away their haversacks, containing all their food, and not a bite could they procure. Not a stream or a spring could be found anywhere to quench the thirst of the poor soldiers. They lay on the ground drinking from ditches filled with mud and filth. Wells, dug with their hands, sometimes furnished a scant supply.

But it was not one-tenth enough for the army. Horses died from thirst, and were left lying where they fell. Everywhere could be heard the cry for water, water, though above it sounded loudly the voices of the officers, who urged every one forward. Monday was far more terrible than Sunday. Hunger and thirst drove us to the aid of Secession, in the infliction of deep and painful wounds upon the Union army.

At one o'clock on Monday I came in sight of the James river, away off in the distance, its muddy current swiftly coursing between its low banks. How many hailed with delight that glorious river which betokened the end of our weary, terrible journey. The hill-top was lined with gazers who feasted their eyes with the sight of the glorious stream. The halt we made, however, was a very short one, and after a few minutes we were on our way to Turkey Landing, on the river. Here I witnessed the most frantic glee on the part of the troops. Soldiers would rush down the hill-side and plunge into the stream in the perfect frenzy of delight. Many whose thirst had been most excruciating for hours before, standing neck deep in the water, drank to their heart's content. The horses, too, were relieved of their wants, and the weary soldiers were the only ones who were still in worse misery than the army generally.

The enemy, finding that their boldest efforts made no impression upon our slowly-retreating rear guard, but that, on the contrary, they only resulted in defeats, and capture of cannon and prisoners, on Monday conceived a new design. A vast column was sent down the bank of the James river, on the City Point road, with the intention at first of checking our advance to the river bank, or if too late for that of flanking our rear guard and cutting it off. The movement was discovered early in the day, and gunboats went up above Turkey Landing to shell the rebels so soon as they were within range. Along came the column raising a terrible dust, and a half dozen gunboats, aided by the signal corps, at once set to work to check it. From three o'clock until evening, they kept up a constant firing, every shell falling among the rebels. Thousands must have been killed and wounded, and a hasty, disorderly retreat ended the hopes of any early achievement of the wishes of the commander of that column.

A poetic young man, in describing the movements of a lot of goldfish, says:—"They flashed and darted about like bright hopes through a lover's brain." That bright man should be looked to. He's been staying out of nights and sipping whiskey toddy.

Said a little girl to her mother one day—"Did they have newspapers before the war?" "Why yes my dear," was the reply; "but why do you ask?" "Because I should like to know what they had to put in them."

THE CONSTITUTION.

The war has been raging more than a year and no one can see the end of it. People are longing for peace to return. Every one has an opinion peculiarly his own about what would be the best course to pursue. One has faith in gentle means, another would carry on the war with barbarous cruelty—one would give the entire management of the war to the war power of the Government, another would have Congress control every military operation—one would have Congress regard the United States as one and inseparable, the other would treat the rebels, and recognize them as a foreign belligerent power—one would have Congress legislate in a constitutional way for the whole country, recognizing no division, another would have it entirely disregard all constitutional limitations, and yet all are sincerely honest in their convictions, and honestly believe that their peculiar notions are what should be adopted by the Government.

We are of those who are for maintaining the Constitution in its purity, because we believe the war to have been inaugurated for the maintenance of the Government, the support of the laws, and the enforcement of the Constitution that it is only by virtue of the Constitution that we have a right to war against the rebellion. If we set the Constitution at defiance and ignore all its limitations we have no longer any bond by which to hold the Southern States, and the war becomes a war of conquest, and not a war for the right. If we treat the Constitution as a nullity we free the South from all its obligations to the Union and hereby acknowledge its right to form an independent Government of its own liking. Many in the South differ from us. Bishop Pope may have thought he is doing right in taking up arms in favor of Secession, and Bishop Mead may have thought he was doing right when he commended to God the rebel's cause which he styled a "righteous cause." We do not agree with them, because we maintain that under the Constitution they owe the Government their support and adherence, and had no right to secede. But if we disregard the Constitution, and because the rebels violate it too, it becomes worthless as a fundamental system of Government, and is not worth the parchment on which it is written. Without the Constitution what right is there to prevent the country from being torn into two or twenty pieces or independent States? If there is nothing stronger to hold the North and the South together than mere matters of opinion, why should they trouble each other? why this terrible war?

It is by virtue of the Constitution that the Government claims the support of the South as of more importance than the principles of States' Rights, and State Sovereignty. When the South said "Let us alone" we said "No, you are bound by the bonds of the Constitution to remain in the Union, and the whole power of the Government will be employed, if necessary, to keep you in it." But without the Constitution what right have we to keep a single State in the Union?

When we hear of the rebel cruelties inflicted upon our soldiers, our indignation gets the better of our judgment, and we feel as being justified in recognizing no law but the law of the sword, and the right of might. But in our calm reflections we think differently. We expect the war to end and we want to continue to enjoy the blessings of our noble Constitution. What will it profit us if we conquer the rebellion and have no system of Government left after the war is over? Shall it be said that the war was carried on only for the love of carnage and slaughter. God forbid! We believe it was inaugurated and is carried on for a higher and a better purpose. We believe the Constitution will be preserved, and the rebel rebellion can be crushed without sacrificing the very foundation of our political liberty.

Separationists and Secessionists are the twin enemies to the Constitution and both labor for its destruction. We have repeatedly declared our purpose to support the Constitution and we intend doing it against all the combinations and intrigues that may be set on foot to annihilate the rebel because he violates the Constitution he vowed to support, and wink at the Abolitionist who is guilty of the same offence is a system of ethics we wont endorse. If the Constitution is wrong amend it as is provided for, but until it is amended let us support it as it is.—Indiana Register.

Gen. Rousseau on Slavery.

This meritorious officer, belonging to Gen. Halleck's army, who is a native of Kentucky and a slaveholder besides, made a speech in Louisville recently, which we take to be a fair expression of the sentiments and feelings of Southern Union men generally. In order to state the speaker's position in general, he is for "the destruction of slavery;" as he is for that of everything else standing in the way of success of the Union arms. To be entirely explicit, he remarked that "if this rebellion lasted another year slavery is certain of being utterly destroyed." But we direct particular attention to the following paragraph, a portion of which, coming from a loyal slaveholder, fighting for the integrity of the Union, we deem worthy of emphasizing with italics. After announcing that the rebellion was based upon a lie, the General proceeded. Mark his words:

"There never was any cause for it. To begin and keep it up a system of wholesale lying was adopted, and is pursued industriously to this day. They could teach the devil himself much he never knew before about lying. Wherever the army has gone it has met with this fell spirit of falsehood. We have taken none of their property; we have excluded their slaves from our lines; when needed we have placed guards of our soldiers around their houses to protect them; and yet they persist in calling us abolitionists and negro thieves. And in spite of our disclaimers and our soldiers' exonerations to the contrary, of our words and our acts, they have insisted that our object is to steal and liberate their slaves."

"And if we fail to restore the Union 'the everlasting nigger' will be the cause of the failure. They know what they say is false, yet they never cease repeating it. Behind me and before us this has been the cry of the enemies of the Government. Now, the army of Gen. Halleck is eminently conservative. I believe there is neither an abolitionist nor a

secessionist in it. If there is one of either faction, I do not know of it. So orderly, so patriotic, and conservative a body of men I believe never before assembled together. That army in its intercourse with the secessionists has pleaded and is still pleading for peace under the old Government, offering to our Southern brethren all they ever had, and claiming nothing except in common with them. They wait to take nothing from any one, but desire that their Southern brethren shall enjoy all their rights unimpaired. But the negro is in the way, in spite of all that can be done or said."

"I have warned our Southern friends of the danger of continuing it much longer; and I tell you to-night that if this war continues a year from this day, there will not be a slave on this continent. The great revolution will take care of itself—the dead will bury its dead—and those who are causing all the bloodshed and desolation around us, under the false pretense that we desire to free their negroes, will, if they persist, one day find slavery snuffed out as you snuff out a candle. Slavery is not worth our Government. It is not worth our liberty. It is not worth all the precious blood now being poured out for freedom. It is not worth the free navigation of the Mississippi river."

"In spite of your entreaties, the issue will be cruelly thrust upon you, and you will be forced to decide between slavery and your wives and children. As for me, I am ready for the issue. A Southern man as I am, born and brought up in the South, with all my sympathies with the South, I could not hesitate one moment when the issue is presented between the nigger and the Government of our fathers. I am for the Government of the United States against all its enemies. I will not consent to become a slave that the negro may be kept a slave. I will not sacrifice the happiness of my wife, children, and friends; the welfare of my beloved State, and the glory of my country on an altar dedicated to an 'Ebony Idol.'"

SPEECH OF MR. NOELL.

In the House, Mr. Noell, of Missouri, in speaking of confiscation, made a good speech, and among his remarks we find the following:

"Having said this much, Mr. Speaker, in reference to the constitutionality of confiscation, I desire now to say a few words in relation to the policy of it. I claim to have in my bosom as much of the milk of human kindness as most men; I claim to possess as broad a charity as most men. I am perfectly willing, for one, to forgive the past. I am willing to say to those who have undertaken to destroy the Union: 'Go and sin no more.' I am willing to do that. I will not get there, my charity and mercy stop. I am not willing to say to them, 'Go, and do as you have done, in the full consciousness that we have no law that can be practically executed, and that will punish you.' I am not willing to expend the whole stock of my charity and generosity upon those who have plundered, robbed, and murdered the Union men of my own section. I am unwilling to say to them, 'Continue in your heinous deeds, and you shall rest secure under the protection of the laws and of the Constitution.' I know something about their mercy; I know how my own poor constituents, whose hearts were not infected with this crime of treason, this sentiment of treachery, were treated at the hands of these men; and yet I say, I forgive them for what they have done. I seek to do nothing against them from motives of revenge. I will no indemnity for the past; but in the name of my outraged and loyal constituents, I do demand at the hands of this Congress security for the future; and I say, if the Government of the United States is not strong enough, and has not courage enough to punish crimes against its own authority, and to protect the loyal people from its destruction. We have repeatedly declared our purpose to support the Constitution and we intend doing it against all the combinations and intrigues that may be set on foot to annihilate the rebel because he violates the Constitution he vowed to support, and wink at the Abolitionist who is guilty of the same offence is a system of ethics we wont endorse. If the Constitution is wrong amend it as is provided for, but until it is amended let us support it as it is.—Indiana Register.

"I say, sir, that so far from this bill producing mischief in the border slave States, it is the only means by which our loyal people can be protected. Why, sir, it is a common thing for these men, as soon as the overwhelming force of the United States troops gets out of sight, to run back into our settlements and burn our houses, drive our wives and children from their homes, and strip them of every dollar's worth of property they have upon the face of the earth. Meet them again, and they laugh in your face, and tempt you to say to them, 'I will forgive them for what they have done. I seek to do nothing against them from motives of revenge. I will no indemnity for the past; but in the name of my outraged and loyal constituents, I do demand at the hands of this Congress security for the future; and I say, if the Government of the United States is not strong enough, and has not courage enough to punish crimes against its own authority, and to protect the loyal people from its destruction. We have repeatedly declared our purpose to support the Constitution and we intend doing it against all the combinations and intrigues that may be set on foot to annihilate the rebel because he violates the Constitution he vowed to support, and wink at the Abolitionist who is guilty of the same offence is a system of ethics we wont endorse. If the Constitution is wrong amend it as is provided for, but until it is amended let us support it as it is.—Indiana Register.

WHAT WILL KILL WORMS.—A correspondent of the Orleans American gives the following, which will be of interest to many of our readers: "Noticing Kerosene recommended to destroy the worms infesting the Gooseberry and Currant shrubs, I found, on examination, a Gooseberry bush literally covered with them, and I put about one gill of Kerosene in one quart of water, and put it in a sprinkler and wet the bush. The next morning nearly every worm lay dead under the bush and on the limbs. Next day, not a worm was to be seen. I found a few on an adjoining currant and gooseberry bush, but two applications cleared them off. I then put about two gills of Kerosene into two gallons of water—soapy suds or wash water. It is the best—spraying the same to one dozen large bushes two or three times, and have kept them clear of worms. Care should be taken not to apply too much Kerosene."