

The Watchman.

C. T. ALEXANDER, } Editors.
JOE W. FURRY, }

BELLEFONTA, April 17th, 1862.

Meeting of the Democratic Standing Committee of Centre county will be held at the Court House, on Tuesday evening, of the April Court, to select Delegates to attend the State Convention, at Harrisburg, on the 4th day of July next.

S. T. SHUGERT, Chairman.

COMMITTEE:

S. T. Shugert, Bellefonte. Henry Noll, Spring. Alex. Sample, Eergusson. John Poorman, Boggs. Joseph Koller, Benner. Joseph McCloskey, Curran. R. M. Foster, Miles. D. O. Cover, Haines. Dr. J. M. Bush, Patton. John Dives, Walker. Jared B. Fisher, Gregg. Geo. L. Peters, Union. W. W. White, Harris. John Garbisch, Marion. John Copenhaven, Taylor. Ebenezer Records, Huston. Daniel Fleisher, Petter. Jacob Pottsgrove, Halfmoon. I. Buffington, Milesburg. John Smith, Penn. Wm. Holt, Showshoe. C. Munson Rush. John M. Holt, Burnside. S. B. Leathers, Howard.

Emancipation is Revolution.

While our country is being tossed to and fro upon the billows of civil strife, and whilst the rebellion, although apparently beginning to wane, is still formidable in its proportions, the true Union men—the lovers of liberty and free institutions—are watching, with sleepless eyes, the movements of a certain Northern faction, in and out of Congress, whose every endeavor, in fact, whose every desire, as manifested by their acts, appears to be the overthrow of the Constitution made by our Revolutionary fathers, and the substitution in its stead of one of their own making. It is hardly credible that any American citizen, who looks upon the resplendent achievements of his fathers in establishing, upon this continent, the purest, the happiest, the most prosperous and most powerful Government on the face of the globe, should so far be led astray by the teachings of a poor, miserable, false philanthropy, as to desire the change of a single item, either the dotting of an 'i' or the crossing of a 't' in the wording of the spirit of that Constitution, which the venerable men of '76' established as the inviolable charter of the rights of the people of this great Government. Yet, however incredible it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that there is a great body of men in the North in those States which profess to be loyal to this Government and which have manifested their devotion to their country and her institutions by sending their best blood to be spilled upon the battle field in the contest with our erring brethren of the South, who openly advocate the violation, yes, even the destruction of the Constitution and the old Government, in order that their false philanthropy for the negro, whom the Almighty created an inferior being, fitted for no other condition than that of being held in subordination to the noble Caucasian, may be gratified. Those whom God has made unequal they would make equal by placing the negro upon an equality with the white man, and granting unto him liberties and privileges which he does not understand how to use nor how to appreciate. Insane and criminal in the sight of Heaven as are their efforts in thus attempting to overthrow their God in his immutable decrees, and treasonable to the Government as is their every effort to effect emancipation and the consequent overthrow of the Government, some unaccountable leniency or sympathy in those having the authority to stop their treasonable and blasphemous mouths, permits them to persevere in their unholy efforts to effect their cherished purpose. Emancipation is Revolution. It is admitted that in times of peace the General Government has no power to interfere with the rights of the States, but emancipation is urged a war measure as a means of subduing the rebellion. If the preservation of the Union depended upon the abolition of slavery, we would cheerfully grant them the right, but every sane man cannot fail to see that it does not. On the contrary, even the agitation of the question will drive many men in the border States into the Confederate ranks and the passage of an emancipation bill by the present Congress, would, to a man, unite the entire South in the cause of the Confederate States. This is certainly not the true policy for our Government to pursue in these trying times. The object should be to weaken the rebellion in every possible way. Anything that would have a tendency to convince the deluded masses of the South that it is not the intention of the Northern people to overthrow any of their State institutions would create a strong, healthy Union sentiment there, that would, in course of time, of itself overthrow rebellion. As long as abolitionists in Congress are permitted to talk their treason and threaten the destruction of the Constitution and the rights of the loyal Southern man, making no distinction between him and the willing traitor, just so long will the Union sentiment in the South be smothered and the hands of treason strengthened. Emancipation is revolution in that it effects a radical change in our system of Government without the sanction of the people and in derogation of their rights.

The rebels who lately occupied portions of Kentucky ought to feel a deep interest in our State. The thieves' rascals took a vast amount of stock in it.—Prentice.

Congress.

One would suppose that in these perilous times, when the country is heaving and shaking with the agitations of the most formidable rebellion the world has ever known, that our National Legislature would find enough to occupy their time in devising ways and means for the subjugation of the rebels and providing for the wants of the six hundred thousand volunteer soldiers now risking their lives in defence of the Constitution which makes us one people. But it seems that such is not the case, and that these necessary measures are but secondary considerations with our Solons at Washington. The present, when, on account of rebellion, many of the slave-holding States are unrepresented in our Senate and House of Representatives, is deemed by the abolition fanatics of the North as a most suitable and opportune time to legislate on the subject of slavery, and when the slaveholders' interest (we speak for loyalty only), has no power to resist encroachments upon its constitutional rights in the Legislative Hall, men who, all their lives, have been busy sowing the seeds of dissension and civil war, eagerly embrace the opportunity presented to place their peculiar views upon the Statute-Book of the Nation. The principal acts of the present session of Congress—those which have occupied most time—are the expulsion of Jesse D. Bright from the Senate, the passage of a Bill to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia without a vote of the people thereof, and an Act to confiscate all the negroes in the South and turn them free and helpless upon the country. Now, while some of these objects may in themselves, if wisely framed into a Bill, in ordinary times, be unobjectionable, (and it is not our purpose to discuss their merits) this is certainly a bad season at which to agitate them. It is well known that the formation of a sectional party, based on a platform the main feature of which was hostility to the institution of slavery, and the election of a President thereon by a portion of the Union, regardless of the wishes or sentiments of the other portion, constituted the pretext by which wicked and ambitious Southern leaders have led the people of the South into rebellion and arrayed them in arms against our beloved country. Now, when thousands of the fathers, husbands, sons and brothers of this land, are risking and sacrificing their lives in the camp and upon the battle-field to preserve the Constitution as it is and to restore the Union as it was in the days of prosperity and of peace—now, when a mountain of debt (which the loyal men of this land will cheerfully pay), is rolling over our country—now, when the civilized nations of the world are looking, with horror, on the spectacle of men of the same race and same blood slaughtering each other by thousands, it should be the object of the Representatives of the people to do all in their power to allay the bitter passions which have been aroused by sectional conflict, and to re-establish, by the march of our advancing and triumphant army, a heartfelt and devoted loyalty in every Southern State. If the people of the South have been deceived by their political leaders into the belief that the party which elected Mr. Lincoln would, by a sectional administration, deprive them of their constitutional rights, it would seem to be the duty of all patriotic members of that party as fast as the Southern ear is pined by the Federal bayonets, to attempt to undo what they, and by every honorable act to endeavor to convince them that the fanaticism of the North has not yet subverted that magnanimity of mind which comprehends the whole Union and accords to every individual the rights provided for him by our fundamental law. The masses of the South are not more fond of war than are we—they have no desire to see their country devastated—their homes destroyed—their fortunes wasted and their fields turned into a desolate Golgotha. But, as with us, to them liberty and honor are sweeter than life itself; and, as we have already seen, demonstrated, when wicked and designing leaders get them to believe that the party in power are despots who intend their subjugation and conquest, parents surrender their sons, wives their husbands, and men their lives in defence of what they believe to be their manhood and their freedom. There are many intelligent people in the South, animated by good motives, who, deceived by Representatives in whom they confided, have been plunged into this terrible and wicked rebellion. All they need to induce them to return to loyalty is to be convinced that they have been deceived, and that the Government will continue to be the same kind and impartial parent in the future which it has been in the past. This we cannot do by the agitation of the very subject upon which their minds have been inflamed. We cannot calm the ocean by increasing the storm that lifts its waves and rolls them with destructive force against the old ship. Let our Congressmen and Senators look to an early and permanent restoration of the Union; and to do this every sound that reaches the Southern ear from our National Capital, should be 'The Constitution made by our fathers and cemented with their blood.'

If slavery ought to be abolished in the district of Columbia, we would do it when the slave-holding States are all represented, and if rebellion is to be punished by confiscation, we would provide for that when the rebels fall into our power.

Our article is becoming too long, and we will defer further remarks on this subject until next week.

The Great Battle at Pittsburg Landing.

[From the Philadelphia Inquirer of April 10th.]
The Great Battle at Pittsburg Landing.

To those who have learned a gait by the experience of this war, there was evidently something in the Rebel despatch which came from Norfolk, via Mobile, of a great battle near Corinth, and which was generally supposed a carnage, designed to keep up the sinking spirits of their troops.

But the true version of the story has now reached us, and we are able to present our readers with a connected summary of the principal events in the great battle fought at Pittsburg Landing on Sunday and Monday last—not less remarkable for the bravery of our troops and the admirable conduct of our Generals, than for the great results which must result from it.

The concentration of the Rebel army at Corinth seems to have been determined upon several grounds. It is the junction of two great railroads, the Memphis and Charleston and the Mobile and Ohio; it communicates directly with Memphis, it covers New Orleans; it offers great facilities for the transportation and collection of supplies; it is the focus of the Rebel forces in Alabama and Mississippi; and the billary nature of the surrounding country renders works of defence easy of construction. Here the Rebel Generals had concentrated an army of from twenty to thirty thousand men; and here it seemed their determination to await the attack of Grant and Buell, in the hope that behind their entrenchments, they could defeat the Union Generals, and perhaps retrieve the fortunes of the war.

But finding Grant's command, of McClellan's Sherman's and Hurlbut's Divisions at Pittsburg Landing, the temptation was strong to march upon them and overpower them, and if possible, drive them into the river before Buell's expected reinforcements could arrive. To this end, the Rebel General, Johnson, moved forward in two heavy columns, each about thirty thousand strong, the left one directed upon Purdy, a small town on the Corinth and Columbus Railroad and the other on Haines, a village a short distance towards the Northeast. Between these two lay Pittsburg Landing, on the Tennessee; and thus their plans were laid to enclose Grant's Army on both flanks, and make a Western Wall's bluff.

Their generalship was excellent, as their fighting was afterwards proved to be, yet they were soon obliged to make a strong effort to pierce the Union centre, designing, as soon as the wings were attracted to its support to throw his masses upon both flanks and push Grant into the river.

The exact details of the battle tactics on either side cannot be given until we receive fuller reports. The struggle was tremendous and doubtful from nine o'clock on Sunday morning until late in the afternoon. A desperate battle was fought, and the Rebels' reinforcements momentarily expected had not arrived; the men worn out, faint and hungry; the losses had been very great; the Rebels were driven back, and their retreat was endangered, if not cut off.

Under these appalling array of circumstances, the noble leader did not blanch for an instant. Colonel Webster, Chief of Grants staff, with remarkable activity and energy, got a number of heavy guns to bear upon the Rebels' flank, and great exertions were made to reach the gun-boats. Tyler and Lexington poured in their shells with tremendous effect. Thus the matter stood on Sunday night; it was evident that a second day would be fought the next day; and that fresh troops would decide it, by establishing something like an equality in numbers. Just then came the welcome intelligence that Buell was on the opposite side of the Tennessee, and that a strong column was also coming up the river from Savannah.

The troops who had fought so nobly, and yet had not been able, against over-whelming odds, to achieve a victory, rested on their arms during the night, while Buell got his fresh troops across the river and into position, and awaited the dawn. At last it came, and with it the battle began anew. Wallace reinforced the right; Wilson took the post on the left, supported by Nelson. The fresh troops bore the brunt of the battle of Monday, while the veterans of the day before fought the rest of the day, and the Rebels' exhausted, although worn out with fatigue and accomplished wonders. The Rebels fought desperately, as if the fate of their cause was at stake.

The battle of Sunday, the renewed fight away back towards and forward—now with a thundering advance of solid Rebel masses, and now with the crashing of the Union artillery, dissipating and scattering them like chaff before the wind. Buell, when he perceived their successful advance at a point on their left, threw his regiment after regiment of fresh troops upon them, under Generals Wood and Thomas, in a most Napoleonian style he was at once and by intuition "master of the position."

At length, at half past five o'clock, Gen. Grant riding to the left, found the Rebel troops wavering and giving his body-guard into fire, he sent them to head five regiments, which he led in person in an impetuous and decisive charge. With a succession of yells which added to the dissonance of the battle, they moved forward at the point of the bayonet, and the panic-stricken Rebel host fled in dismay towards Corinth, pursued by the cavalry, and thus the day was won.

This battle will be long remembered by the casualties which occurred and the dangers to which Generals were exposed. General A. S. Johnson is said to be killed; Beauregard to be badly wounded—an arm shot off, and, on our side, Sherman had two horses killed and was wounded in the hand, while McClellan and Hurlbut each received balls through the clothes. General W. H. Wallace was killed, as were also a number of acting Brigadiers. Grant and Smith were both wounded, although they seem to bear a charmed life, moving through both days, amid showers of shot and shell.

There is no salt in the South. The Confederacy is out of season.—Prentice.

The Great Battle at Pittsburg Landing.

CINCINNATI, April 12.
The Pittsburg, Tennessee, correspondent of the Gazette says: The sum and substance of the battle, is, that on Sunday we were pushed from disaster to disaster till we lost every division camp we had, and were driven within a half mile of the landing, when the approach of night, the timely arrival and aid of the gun-boats, the tremendous efforts of our artillerymen and Gen. Buell's approach saved us.

On Monday, after nine hours hard fighting, we simply regained what we had lost on Sunday. Not a division advanced half a mile beyond our old camps on Monday, except Gen. Lewis Wallace's command.

The latest estimates place our loss in killed and wounded at 3,000, and in prisoners from 3,000 to 4,000. The Rebel loss in killed and wounded was probably 10,000. The Rebels in their retreat left across covered with their dead whom they had carried to the rear. They destroyed the heavy supply trains which they had brought up.

Another account.
The Times special correspondent says: The responsibility of the surprise rests with the commanding officer. On Friday a large force of Rebel cavalry appeared in sight of our line and remained there, but Gen. Sherman, who occupied the advance had been ordered not to bring on an engagement, consequently he sent out no corresponding force to meet them. They remained in that position until Sunday morning, and served as their troops in line of battle undiscovered.

When the attack was first made, the Fifty-third, Fifty-seventh, Seventy-first, and Seventy-seventh Ohio regiments displayed inexhaustible inefficiency. The latter fled without firing a gun; others fired one or two rounds, then fled. The cowardice of these regiments left that point undefended. The enemy immediately closed in and surrounded the more advanced regiments.

He also stated, that the Eleventh Wisconsin, and Sixteenth Iowa, fled after firing two or three rounds. When the enemy fled they burned their wagons and left their wounded behind, all of whom are prisoners. Beauregard intended to make his attack two days previously, but extraordinary rains impeded his progress, and delayed his arrival. Had the attack been made at the time intended, Buell could not possibly have reached in time to save us from defeat.

Huntsville, Ala., Occupied by the Federal Troops.

WASHINGTON, April 12.

The Secretary of War, has received information that Huntsville, Ala., was occupied yesterday, by Gen. Mitchell, without much resistance being offered. Two hundred prisoners were taken, and a large amount of rolling stock was captured. Huntsville is on the Memphis and Charleston railroad, about fifteen miles south of the Tennessee boundary and forty-five miles east of Florence.

Mr. President Pierce and Secretary Seward.

On the 20th of last November a certain Guy S. Kings, of Detroit, was arrested on suspicion of some imaginary offence against the government, and thrown into Fort Lafayette, to gratify the spite of some political enemy. While there he wrote an anonymous letter giving a true and accurate account of an organization in the North, rejoicing in the initial title of K. G. C. S. The object of this new, and wonderful secret association was, to overturn the present government, and to establish a new one, based on the principles of a number of leading Northern Democrats were given among those heartily engaged in the work. Among other absurd things was the following:—President Pierce was to be taken down, and the influential men to the league. The letter was intended as a hoax on the Detroit papers, and was so full of ridiculous absurdities that any editor of moderate capacity would have refused to be sold by it. But instead of finding its way into the Detroit papers, it got into the hands of the remarkable astute Secretary of State, Wm. H. Seward, and he was not slow to see that it was a hoax, and he was not slow to see that it was a hoax, and he was not slow to see that it was a hoax.

Mr. Seward was not the man to make the reply which one gentleman would have been entitled to receive from another; but mean contemptible, cowardly trickster, that he is, creeps out of the affair, by one of his Yankee dodges. He apologizes to be sure, but not in an honest, manly, gentlemanly way. He shows his dirty spite, and the narrowness of soul through the whole affair. Wm. H. Seward, a dishonest politician, a corrupt schemer a cowardly and unprincipled man, he is a done more to bring about the present unhappy state of affairs than any other man in the land. He never was a statesman, and, by the correspondence before us, he shows that he does not know how to be a gentleman.—Fulton Democrat.

Gen. Halleck's Opinion of Gen. McClellan.

[From the New York Herald.]
Our Cairo Correspondence.
CAIRO, Ill., April 4, 1862.
The death of news about Cairo—interesting conversation with Gen. Halleck—His opinion of Gen. McClellan—The reasons that influence Success in this War—The Careful Strategy of McClellan—The Death of the Army of the West—Halleck and McClellan, agreed in Principle—Present Desperate Appearance of Cairo—Heath of the Town—Music of the Bullfrogs, &c.

The dearth of news from hereabout is getting truly deplorable. No fights, no advances, no retreats, no nothing to vary the dull monotony of camp and shipboard life. In conversation with a gentleman from St. Louis last night, I learned some things that I must confess were new to me, and, I think the idea will be new to the public generally, and as presenting such a picture of the military situation, I shall not transcend the rules laid down for the government of the press. I will endeavor to jot it down. The gentleman referred to I know, and he is a warm personal friend to General Halleck, and shares much of that sterling officer's favor and confidence. Hence a weight will be attached to what he says, such as does not accrue to the sayings of ordinary men. I would like to give his name, but the public might be more readily convinced by the reason why I assign so much paper to the chronicling of his ideas. The conversation turned upon the operations of the army and elsewhere. I asked—

"What is General Halleck's opinion of General McClellan?"
"Sir," said my friend, "I have heard General Halleck say, in substance, repeated, that he considered the military skill, science and penetration of General McClellan as second to that of no man living, that whatever had been done in the West and elsewhere was but the carrying out of McClellan's great plan of the war, that the general idea of each and every of these movements was the fruit of his foresight and knowledge of war and its appliances, and that McClellan had roughed down the whole work and only left the finishing touches to the department and division commanders."

This coming so direct from General Halleck, led me to push my inquiries still further. I asked—

"Can you give me any reasonable solution of the mystery that hangs so heavily over the operations of the army on the Potomac?"
He replied:—I cannot explain anything; but I may advance an idea to you that I received from General Halleck, not a month ago. In conversation with him I made nearly the same interrogatory you have just propounded to me, and the General's answer to me was, 'I cannot say, but I have in my own words as I can repeat them.'—This is a war in which success rests upon considerations that do not generally enter into men's calculations. You are aware that the revolution of the West is a very different geographical position from the loyal ones. Health, incident to climate, food, water, habits, &c., is as different in the two sections as could be conceived of that of two distinct climates. Certain hygienic principles are to be studied in carrying on a campaign as well as the more external appliances of war; else disaster and defeat will follow. An army must be sound physically as well as patriotically. Exhaustion, prostration and climatic maladies must be avoided if possible. Now the seceded States are eminently unhealthy during a certain portion of the year. The months of August, September and October are a time during which the tropical diseases rage, which so fearfully decimate even the native population, and the more generally carry of these habituated to a different climate. The very fever rages through the South periodically every two or three years, and as that malady has not appeared during the last two seasons it may naturally be expected this year. In view of this, it is not surprising that General Halleck, seeing general would try to devise means to avoid the consequences. If a Northern army should be marched southward to the Gulf shore during the sickly months, and should be attacked by an overpowering force, the result would be a disaster of the most fearful kind. By sickness and tropical ennui, the exertions of a nation would be vented upon a general who would thus expose his troops. Hence it becomes necessary to do what has been done in the past, and that is, to keep the army in the West and South have the less to contend against and our victories are the more certain. The Western army clears the great Valley of the Mississippi of secession; the Gulf squadron re-establishes the constitution in the popular cities of the South; the Roanoke and Beaufort forces are pushed inward and northward; and next autumn when the sickly season approaches, all conjointly, are driving the rebels back to the locality where a fresh army of loyal men are waiting to receive them, in a country where Southern has no advantage over Northern. Then comes the great decisive action of the campaign. The Union troops, flushed with constant victory, meet those dispirited by constant reverses. Who can doubt the result? On the other hand, we will suppose that the commanding General and the War Department yield to the clamor of those who only seek for carnage regardless of consequences, and order an advance upon Manassas or Richmond. The result would be simply to drive the rebels away to some other point, where they would make a second stand, and a third or a fourth, each time leading the federal troops farther and farther away from the localities of their acclimation, and into more and more terrible mortality. No; let McClellan work. Let him keep the rebels concentrated as far North as possible, and so keep rebel forces from coming farther south, and next summer or early in the autumn a denouement will come which will justify the present apparent inactivity of the army of the Potomac.

If the enemy shall retreat, let General McClellan advance to their positions; if not let him remain in place, until he is ready to make every shot tell its most against treason."

There are those at the West—certain

Tribune-ated individuals and cliques—who will pooh at this theory and laugh at the philosophy, sneer at its humanity, and affect to doubt its reasonableness; men who will howl at every breath for an "advance upon Richmond," though it cost the life of every Union soldier now in Virginia. But, thank God, their number is small, and their calibre easily measured. They are of the genus "negrophiles," properly defined by Webster—people who shed great tears of sorrow over the wrongs of antiquated Africa, inflicted by the juvenile Americas; men who preach long homilies upon humanity and curse a general for a fool because he will not sacrifice the chivalry of the nation upon the altar of their negro mania. I suppose you have a few such people at the East.

Cairo begins to wear a sort of Neapolitan look, anything but agreeable to the eye, and the odors that salute the olfactory are not as fascinating as nitrous oxide. About one half of the entire surface of the town is now under water; the streets are impassable except for boats; the wooden sidewalks are floating around in a sort of free and easy style; the steam pumps lull us to sleep at night with their puff, puff, puffing, while ten thousand bulfrogs and aquatic songsters keep us awake all night with their infernal and intolerable nocturnal rattling. Still, strange to say, the health of the town remains good, or rather is getting better, and it is not impossible now to obtain well people enough to nurse the sick. The prevailing malady here is dysentery—regular Cairo dysentery—aggravated by all the noxious miasmas that can be conceived of, and more than ever were named or classified.

A Cool Letter.

Col. John Morgan, the notorious marauder, is an enthusiastic admirer of General Buckner, late of Fort Donelson, now of Fort Warren. So, as Buckner wrote to us from Fort Warren, Morgan, after his late exploit of seizing the railroad cars at Gallatin, Tennessee, thought he must right to us too.—There is no telling how extensive a rebel correspondence we shall soon get to have.—We annex Morgan's epistolary performance premising that we know nothing about "Robert O. Wood, Jr.," whose name is united with that of the more famous land pirate.

GALLATIN, TENN., March 17, 1862.

Gen. D. Prentice, Ely, Louisville.
Sir: We beg to express our disappointment in not meeting you here as we had anticipated, and to assure you that we feel confident that better luck will crown our efforts at some future time.

We trust you will not long delay your promised trip to Nashville, as this would put us to the inconvenience of visiting Louisville.

All well in Dixie, and send their kindest regards to you.

ROBERT C. WOOD, JR., C. S. A.
JNO. H. MORGAN, Comd'g.

The precious pair of bandits profess to have felt great disappointment at not finding us on the cars seized by them and their accomplices at Gallatin. Unquestionably they would be very glad to get us, thinking no doubt that they could readily exchange us for Buckner and his army, but we don't believe they had the least thought of encountering us on the cars they captured.

We have reason to think that they took very particular pains to satisfy themselves that we were not on the train before they returned to attack it. We won't call them cowards, but there are some things their courage is not equal to. They didn't like with their small band, to seek a combat with a man, who armed only with pocket pistol and knife-knife, had crossed Green river at an appointed day and boldly and successfully defeated Buckner and his whole army in what was claimed as their own territory.

Wood and Morgan express the hope that we shall not long delay our promised trip to Nashville, and they promise themselves "better luck next time." Out upon their poor and pitiful hypocrisy. If they had wanted us to go soon to Nashville that they might try their hands on us, they would have left the road in a condition to be travelled, but, instead of that, they tore it up, and cut the distance between Gallatin and Franklin. Yes, the rascals destroy the road so that the trains can't run upon it, and then invite a brave captain, professing a hope that we shall immediately set out upon it, that they are impatient and chafing to meet us!

These two wandering robbers say that if we don't make a speedy trip upon the road they have torn up, they may be put to "the inconvenience of visiting Louisville." Ah, that's a thing, if we remember aright, that their master, General Buckner, seriously contemplated a few months ago. Indeed it was a daring project of his. He fixed the meeting day, and had his dinner ordered at the Gall House, and his male and female guests invited. The day arrived, and the assembled guests were "down in the mouth," but the dinner wasn't. Morgan and Wood, may soon dine with their old, but not in Louisville. If they want so much to visit our city, one would think they had better have taken an opportunity when their headquarters were at Bowling Green, to cross the river, or, near still, at Nolin, instead of waiting to be driven, as they have been, one hundred and fifty miles further off. They would thus have saved themselves a long ride; but perhaps they consider that the longer their trip the more plunder they can gather up in making it.

We do wonder how such fellows as Morgan and Wood feel in view of their own deeds and the startling events going on around them. They may congratulate themselves that they have no consciences, but, unfortunately for them, they have necks, and we nooses. We have no doubt that they feel shockingly nervous and catch their breath at the sight of a rope-walk, and shudder at the apparition of everything bearing the slightest resemblance to two up-right and a cross-piece.

We can tell them for their comfort that this morning we selected the tree that we shall use our influence to have them grace in their last moments, and several entertaining young men out of business have already applied to us for the privilege of turning a penny in these hard times, by cutting blocks and boughs from it to speculate upon as James B. Clay did upon his father's house. We have no objection to sending one good stick to Morgan and Wood, for they deserve it.

We are not disposed to close without adding, that if Morgan and Wood will pledge to us their knightly word (there may be honor among robbers as well as among thieves) to attempt in person to take us during our trip to Nashville, we will, as soon as the mischief wrought by them to the railroad shall have been repaired, name the day when they may expect us. What say you, Rebel?—Louisville Journal.

Fort Pulaski has been captured by the Federal troops.