The Bedford Inquirer.

A LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, EDUCATION, LITERATURE AND MORALS.

B. F. McNEIL, Editor and Proprietor. BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1864. Vol. 37: No. 36.

The Bedford Inquirer

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Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties.
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Will attend promptly to all business intrusted to his care Collections made on the shortest notice.
Having, also, been regularly licensed to prosecute Claims against the Government, particular attention will be given to the collection of Military claims of all kinds; Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Bounty Loans, &c.
Bedford, apr. 8, 1864—tf.

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April 1, 1864—tf.

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April 1, 1864—tf.

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Collections and all business pertaining to his office will be attended to promptly. Will also attend to the sale or renting of real estate. Instruments of writing carefully prepared. Also settling up partnerships and other accounts.
April 1, 1864—tf.

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April 1, 1864.—tf.

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WILL promptly attend to collections and all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Money advanced on Judgments, Notes and other Claims. Has for sale Town Lots, in Tatesville, and St. Joseph's on Bedford Railroad. Farms and unimproved land in quantities to suit purchasers.
Office opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell.
apr. 15, 1864—10 m.

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Regularly licensed agent for the collection of Government claims, bounties, back pay, pensions, &c., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care.
Office with J. R. Durborrow, Esq., on Juliana Street, Bedford Pa.
August 19th, 1864.—tf.

RUPP, SHANNON, & CO., BANKERS,
Bedford, Pa.,
BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT.

COLLECTIONS made for the East, West, North and South, and the general business of Exchange, transacted. Notes and Accounts Collected, and Remittances promptly made. REAL ESTATE bought and sold.
G. W. RUPP, O. E. SHANNON, F. BENEDICT.
apr. 15, 1864—tf.

DANIEL BORDER.
FIRST STREET, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BEDFORD HOTEL,
Bedford, Pa.
Watchmaker & Dealer in Jewelry, Spectacles, &c

HE KEEPS ON HAND A STOCK OF FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, SPECTACLES OF Brilliant Double Refined Glasses, also Sebich Pebble Glasses. Gold Watch Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, best quality of Gold Pens.
He will supply to order any thing in his line not on hand.
apr. 8, 1864—zz.

PHYSICIANS, &C.

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T. N. BOWSER, Resident Dentist of Woodbury,

WILL spend the second Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, of each month at Hopewell, the remaining three days at Bloody Run, attending to the duties of his profession. At all other times he can be found in his office at Woodbury, excepting the last Monday and Tuesday of the same month, which he will spend in Martinsburg, Blair county, Penna. Persons desiring operations should call early, as time is limited. All operations warranted.
Aug. 5, 1864.—tf.

C. N. HICKOK
DENTIST.
OFFICE IN BANK BUILDING,
BEDFORD, PA.
April 1, 1864.—tf.

DR. B. F. HARRY,

Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office and residence on Pitt Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. H. Hoffus.
April 1, 1864—tf.

J. L. MARBOURG, M. D.

Having permanently located respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office on Juliana Street, opposite the Bank, one door north ofUll & Palmer's office.
April 1, 1864—tf.

HOTELS.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
HUNTINGDON, PA.
JOHN S. MULLER, Proprietor.
April 29th, 1864.—tf.

UNION HOTEL.
VALENTINE STECKMAN, PROPRIETOR,
West Pitt Street, Bedford, Pa.,
(Formerly the Globe Hotel.)

THE public are assured that he has made ample arrangements to accommodate all that may favor him with their patronage.
A splendid Livery Stable attached. [apr.'64

Select Poetry.

THE SONG OF THE FARMER.

And pray be ready love, at eight o'clock.
You may tell of your beautiful cities,
Of buildings all gaudy and new,
Of pleasures, of joys without number,
Ah, yes, and it all may seem true;
But give me a life in the greenwood,
Kept free from the city's harsh strife,
For sooner than go from the country,
I'd rather scratch dirt all my life.

I'd rather awake in the morning,
And hear the birds' echoing song,
Than list to the din of the cartwheels
That rattle your gay streets along.
I'd much rather stroll through the greenwood
Than crush through our crowded Broadway.
Oh! give me a life in the country!
If I have to scratch dirt every day.

You may waltz with your belles and your beauties,
Or brass-buttoned swells at your balls;
You may pass every night at the concert,
Or with some dear friend, "making your calls"
You may live to the top of the fashion
(And fashion is only a lie!)
Ah! sooner than live in your fevers,
I'd rather scratch dirt till I die.

You may stay up all night at gay parties,
Nor leave them till daylight shall dawn,
And creep up to bed in the morning,
When I'm in the lot hoeing corn;
And when you awake about noontime;
When the sun shines so bright in the sky,
You will find, at the cost of a headache,
That your pleasure is only a lie.

MRS. HOOPER'S POEMS.—F. Leypoldt, of Philadelphia, has published, in a small volume of some hundred pages, "Poems, with Translations from the German of Geibel and Others," by Lucy Hamilton Hooper. We subjoin a few of the poems as specimens of the writer's power:

MY SONGS.

Goldne Brucken seien
Alle Lieder mir.

Bridges, golden bridges
Are these songs of mine,
O'er them Love doth travel
From my heart to thine.

And the wings of dreaming
Shall, in joy and smart,
Every night still bear me
To thy faithful heart.

ON AN OLD PORTRAIT.

Eyes that outsmiled the morn,
Behind your golden lashes,
What are your fires now?
Ashes!

Cheeks that out blushed the rose
White arms and snowy bust,
What is your beauty now?
Dust!

THE DUEL.

You need not turn so pale, love; I'm unhurt,
We quarrelled at the opera last night
About some trifle. Nay I scarce know what,
We men will quarrel for the merest slight.
We settled time, place, weapon on the spot!
Bois de Boulogne, this morning, pistols—well,
I fear that you are cold, you shudder so;
At the first shot my adversary fell.

Shot through the heart, stone-dead—nay, now don't faint!
I hate a fainting woman. Here's your fan:
A little water? So you're better now.
Pray hear my story out, love, if you can.
I think he uttered something as he fell:
A woman's name—I scarcely caught the sound:
It passed so quickly that I am not sure,
For he was dead before he reached the ground.

Ah poor de Bouvey! Handsome was he not?
A favorite with the ladies, I believe,
They'll miss him sadly. More than one fair dame
Will o'er his sudden fate in secret grieve.
How well he looked this morning, as he stood
Waiting my fire with such a careless grace,
The breezes playing with his raven curls,
The sunshine lighting up his gay, bright face!

Suppose my hand had trembled! If it had,
I would have fallen instead of him. You're white
At the bare thought. Nay, here I am, quite well,
And ready for the opera to-night,
Ronconi plays, and I would like to see
"Marie de Rohan" once or twice again.
His acting as *De Cheverese* is sublime;
How he portrays the jealous husband's pain!

All husbands have not such a wife as you:
Fair as the sun, and chaste as Winter's moon!
How very pale you still are, dearest wife!
There is no danger of another swoon?
How wrong was I to tell you I had fought;
I think you've scarce recovered from the shock.
One kiss upon your brow and then I'll go;

THE INTERVIEW WITH JEFF. DAVIS.

Col. Jaques and "Edmund Kirke" in Richmond.

The following narrative makes a part of an article in the September number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and of a closing chapter of a new volume entitled "Down in Tennessee," by Edmund Kirke, about to be published by Sheldon:

IN RICHMOND.

The next morning after breakfast, which we took in our room with Mr. Javins, we indited a note—of which the following is a copy—to the Confederate Secretary of State:

SPOTTSWOOD HOUSE, RICHMOND, VA., July 17, 1864.

"HON. J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State.

"Dear Sir:—The undersigned respectfully solicit an interview with President Davis.

They visit Richmond only as private citizens, and have no official character or authority; but they are acquainted with the views of the United States Government, and with the sentiment of the Northern people, relative to an adjustment of the differences existing between the North and South, and earnestly hope that a free interchange of views between President Davis and themselves may open the way to such *official* negotiations as will result in restoring PEACE to the two sections of our distracted country.

"They therefore ask an interview with the President and, awaiting your reply, are

"Truly and respectfully yours."

This was signed by both of us; and when the Judge called as he had appointed, we sent it—together with a commendatory letter I had received on setting out from a near relative of Mr. Davis—to the Rebel Secretary. In half an hour Judge Ould returned, saying:

"Mr. Benjamin sends you his compliments, and will be happy to see you at the State Department."

We found the Secretary—a short, plump, oily little man in black, with a keen black eye, a Jew face, a yellow skin, curly black hair, closely trimmed black whiskers, and a ponderous gold watch-chain—in the northwest room of the "United States" Custom House. Over the door of the room were the words, "State Department," and about its walls were hung a few maps and battle-plans. In one corner was a tier of shelves filled with books,—among which I noticed Headley's "History," Lossing's "Pictorial," Parton's "Butler," Greeley's American Conflict," a complete seat of the "Rebellion Record," and a dozen numbers and several bound volumes of the "Atlantic Monthly,"—and in the center of the apartment was a black-walnut table, covered with green cloth, and filled with a multitude of "State Papers." At this table sat the Secretary. He rose as we entered, and, as Judge Ould introduced us, took our hands and said:

"I am glad, very glad, to meet you gentlemen. I have read your note, and"—bowing to me—"the letter you bring from ——. Your errand commands my respect and sympathy. Pray be seated.

As we took the proffered seats, the Colonel drawing off his "duster," and displaying his uniform, said:

"We thank you for this cordial reception, Mr. Benjamin. We trust you will be as glad to hear us as you are to see us."

"No doubt I shall be, for you come to talk of peace. Peace is what we all want."

"It is, indeed; and for that reason we have come to see Mr. Davis. Can we see him, Sir?"

"Do you bring any overtures to him from your Government?"

"No, Sir. We bring no overtures and have no authority from our Government. We state that in our note. We would be glad, however, to know what terms will be acceptable to Mr. Davis. If they at all harmonize with Mr. Lincoln's views, we will report them to him, and so open the door for official negotiations."

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Lincoln's views?"

"One of us is, fully."

"Did Mr. Lincoln, *in any way*, authorize you to come here?"

"No, Sir. We came with his pass, but not by his request. We say distinctly, we have no official, or unofficial authority. We come as men and christians, not as diplomatics, hoping, in a frank talk with Mr. Davis, to discover some way by which this war may be stopped."

"Well, gentlemen, I will repeat what you say to the President, and if he follows my advise,—and I think he will,—he will meet you. He will be at church this afternoon; so, suppose you call at nine this evening. If any thing should occur in the mean time to prevent his seeing you; I will let you know through Judge Ould."

Throughout this interview the manner of the Secretary was cordial; but with this cordiality was a strange constraint and diffidence, almost amounting to timidity, which struck both my companion and myself. Contrasting his manner with the quiet dignity of the Colonel, I almost fancied our positions reversed,—that, instead of our being in his power, the Secretary was in ours, and momently expected to hear some unwelcome sentence from our lips. There is something, after all, in moral power. Mr. Benjamin does not possess it, nor is he a great man. He has a keen, shrewd, ready intellect, but not the *stamina* to originate, or even to execute any great good or great wickedness.

After a day spent in our room, conversing with the Judge, or watching the passers-by in the street,—I would like to tell who they were, and how they looked; but such information is, just now, contraband,—we called again at nine o'clock, at the State Department.

Mr. Benjamin occupied his previous seat at the table, and at his right sat a spare thin-featured man, with iron-gray hair and beard, and a clear, gray eye full of life and vigor. He had a broad, massive forehead, and a mouth and chin denoting great energy and strength of will. His face was emaciated, and much wrinkled, but his features were good, especially his eyes,—though one of them bore a scar, apparently made by some sharp instrument. He wore a suit of grayish-brown, evidently of foreign manufacture, and, as he rose, I saw that he was about five feet ten inches high, with a slight stoop in the shoulders. His manners were simple, easy, and most facinating; and there was an indescribable charm in his voice, as he extended his hand and said to us:

"I am glad to see you, gentlemen. You are very welcome to Richmond."

And this was the man who was President of the United States, under Franklin Pierce, and who is now the heart, soul, and brains of the Southern Confederacy!

His manner put me entirely at my ease;—the Colonel would be at his if he stood before Cæsar,—and I replied:

"We thank you Mr. Davis. It is not often that you meet men of our clothes and our principles in Richmond."

"Not often,—not so often as I could wish; and I trust your coming may lead to a more frequent and a more friendly intercourse between the North and the South."

"We sincerely hope it may."

"Mr. Benjamin tells me that you have asked to see me to—"

And he paused, as if desiring we should finish the sentence. The Colonel replied:

"Yes, sir We have asked this interview, in the hope that you may suggest some way by which this war may be stopped. Our people want peace—your people do, and your Congress has recently said that *you* do. We have come to ask how it can be brought about."

"In a very simple way. Withdraw your armies from our territory, and peace will come of itself. We do not seek to subjugate you. We are not waging an offensive war, except so far as it is offensive-defensive,—that is, so far as we are forced to invade you to prevent your invading us. Let us alone, and peace will come at once."

"But we cannot let you alone so long as you repudiate the Union. That is the one thing the Northern people will not surrender."

"I know. You would deny to us what you exact for yourselves—the right of self-government."

"No, sir," I remarked. We would deny you no natural right. But we think Union essential to peace; and, Mr. Davis, *could* two people, with the same language, separated by only an imaginary line, live at peace with each other? Would not disputes constantly arise, and cause almost constant war between them?"

"Undoubtedly,—with this generation. You have sown such bitterness at the South; you have put such an ocean of blood between the two sections, that I despair of seeing any harmony in my time. Our children may forget this war, but *we* cannot."

"I think the bitterness you speak of, sir," said the Colonel, "does not really exist. We meet and fraternize with each other; and I feel sure that if the Union were restored, a more friendly feeling would arise between us than has ever existed. The war has made us know and respect each other better than before. This is the view of very many Southern men; I have had it from many of them,—your leading citizens."

"They are mistaken," replied Mr. Davis.—"They do not understand Southern sentiment.—How can we feel anything but bitterness towards men who deny us our rights? If you enter my house and drive me out of it, am I not your natural enemy?"

"You put the case too strongly. But we cannot fight forever; the war must end at some time; we must finally agree upon something; can we not agree now, and stop this frightful carnage? We are both Christian men, Mr. Davis. Can *you*, as a Christian man, leave untried any means that may lead to peace?"

"No, I cannot. I desire peace as much as you do. I deplore bloodshed as much as you do; but I feel that not one drop of the blood shed in this war is on *my* hands.—I can look up to God and say this. I tried all in my power to avert this war. I saw it coming, and for twelve years I worked night and day to prevent it, but I could not. The North was mad and blind; it would not let us govern ourselves, and so the war came; and now it must go on till the last man of this generation falls in his tracks, and his children seize his musket and fight our battle, *unless you acknowledge our right to self-government*. We are not fighting for slavery. We are fighting for Independence, and that, or extermination, we *will* have."

"And there are, at least, four and a half millions of us left; so you see you have a work before you," said Mr. Benjamin, with a decided sneer.

"We have no wish to exterminate you," answered the Colonel. "I believe what I have said—that there is no bitterness between the Northern and Southern people. The North, I know, loves the South. When peace comes, it will pour out money and means into your hands to repair the waste caused by the war; and it would now welcome you back, and forgive you all the loss and bloodshed you have caused. But we *must* crush your armies and exterminate your government.—And is not that already nearly done? You are wholly without money, and at the end of your resources. Grant has shut you up in Richmond.—Sherman is before Atlanta. Had you not, then, better accept honorable terms while you can retain your prestige; and save the pride of the Southern people?"

Mr. Davis smiled.

"I respect your earnestness, Colonel, but you do not seem to understand the situation. If your papers tell the truth, it is your capital that is in danger, not ours. Some weeks ago, Grant crossed the Rapidan to whip Lee, and take Richmond. Lee drove him in the first battle; and then Grant executed what your people call a 'brilliant flank movement,' and fought Lee again. Lee drove him a second time, and then Grant made another 'flank movement;' and so they kept on—Lee whipping and Grant flanking—until Grant got where he is now. And what is the net result? Grant has lost seventy-five or eighty thousand men, *more than Lee had at the outset*, and is no nearer taking Richmond than at the first; and Lee, whose front has never been broken, holds him completely in check, and has men enough left to invade Maryland and threaten Washington! Sherman, to be sure, is before Atlanta; but suppose he is, and suppose he takes it? You know the farther he goes from the base of his supplies, the weaker he grows, and the more disastrous defeat will be to him. And defeat may come. So, in a military view, I should certainly say our position was better than yours.

"As to money; we are richer than you are.—You smile; but, admit that our paper money is worth nothing—it answers as a circulating medium, and we hold it all ourselves. If every dollar of it were lost, we should, as we have no foreign debt, be none the poorer. But, it *is* worth something; it has the solid basis of a large cotton crop while yours rests on nothing, and you owe all the world. As to resources; we do not lack for arms or ammunition, and we have still a wide territory from which to gather supplies. So, you see, we are not in extremities. But, if we were,—if we were without money, without food, without weapons,—if our whole country were desolated, and our armies crushed and disbanded,—could we without giving up our manhood, give up our right to govern ourselves? Would *you* not rather die, and feel yourself a man, than live, and be subject to a foreign power?"

"From your stand-point there is force in what you say," replied the Colonel. "But we did not come here to argue with you, Mr. Davis. We came, hoping to find some honorable way to peace, but I am grieved to hear you say what you do.—When I have seen your young men dying on the battle-field, and your old men, women and children starving in their homes, I have felt I could risk my life to save them. For that reason I am here; and I am grieved,—grieved,—that there is no hope."

"I know your motives, Colonel Jacques, and I honor you for them; but what can I do more than I am doing? I would give my poor life gladly if it would bring peace and good will to the two countries; but it would not. It is with your own people you should labor. It is they who desolate our homes, burn our wheat-fields, break the wheels of wagons carrying away our women and children, and destroy supplies meant for our sick and wounded. At your door lies all the misery and the crime of this war, and it is a fearful,—fearful account."

"Now all of it, Mr. Davis. I admit a fearful account, but it is not all at our door. The passions of both sides are aroused. Unharmed men are hanged, prisoners are shot down in cold blood, by yourselves. Elements of barbarism are entering the war from both sides, that should make us—you and me, as Christian men—shudder to think of. In God's name, then, let us stop it.—Let us do something concede something, to bring about peace. You cannot expect with only four and a half millions, as Mr. Benjamin says you have, to hold out forever against twenty millions."

Again Mr. Davis smiled.

"Do you suppose there is twenty millions at the North determined to crush us?"

"I do,—to crush your *Government*. A small number of our people, a very small number, are your friends,—secessionists. The rest differ about measures and candidates, but are united in the determination to sustain the Union. Whoever is elected in November, he *must* be committed to a vigorous prosecution of the war."

Mr. Davis still looking incredulous, I remarked—

"You give no offence," he replied, smiling very pleasantly. "I wouldn't have you pick your words. This is a frank, free talk, and I like you the better for saying what you think. Go on."

"I was merely going to add, that let the Northern people once really feel the war—they do not feel it yet—and they will insist on hanging every one of your leaders."

"Well, admitting all you say, I can't see how it affects our position. There are some things worse than hanging or extermination. We reckon giving up the right of self-government one of those things."

"By self-government you mean disunion—Southern Independence."

"Yes."

"And slavery, you say, is no longer an element in the contest?"

"No, it is not. It never was an essential element. It was only a means of bringing other conflicting elements to an earlier culmination. It fired the musket that was already capped and loaded. There are essential differences between the North and the South, that will, however this war may end, make them two nations."

"You ask me to say what I think. Will you allow me to say that I know the South pretty well, and never observed those differences?"

"Then you have not used your eyes. My sight is poorer than yours, but I have seen them for years."

The laugh was upon me, and Mr. Benjamin enjoyed it.

"Well, Sir, be that as it may, if I understand you, the dispute between your government and ours is narrowed down to this: Union or Disunion."

"Yes; or, to put in other words, Independence or Subjugation."

"Then the two governments are irreconcilably apart. They have no altarnative but to fight it out. But, it is not so with the people. They are tired of fighting and want peace; and, as they bear all the burden and suffering of the war, it is not right they should have peace, and have it on such terms as they like?"

"I don't understand you; be a little more explicit."

"Well. Suppose the two governments should agree to something like this: to go to the people with two propositions says: Peace, with Disunion and Southern Independence, as your proposition; and: Peace, with Union, Emancipation, No Confiscation, and Universal Amnesty, as ours. Let the citizens of all the United States (as they existed before the war) vote 'Yes,' or 'No,' on these two propositions, at a special election within sixty days. If a majority vote Disunion, our government is to be bound by it, and to let you go in peace. If a majority vote Union, yours to be bound by it, and to let you go in peace. If a majority vote Union, yours to be bound by it, and to stay in peace. The two governments can contract in this way, and the people though constitutionally unable to decide on peace or war, can elect which of any two propositions shall govern their rulers. Let Lee and Grant, meanwhile, agree to an armistice. This would sheathe the sword; and, if once sheathed, it would never again be drawn by this generation."

"The plan is altogether impracticable. If the South were only one State, it might work; but, as it is, if one Sothern State objected to emancipation, it would nullify the whole thing, for you are aware the people of Virginia cannot vote slavery out of South Carolina vote it out of Virginia."

"But three-fourths of the States can amend the Constitution. Let it be done in that way—in *any* way, so that it be done by the people. I am not a statesman or a politician, and I do not just know how such a plan could be carried out; but you get the idea—that the PEOPLE shall decide the question."

"That the *majority* shall decide it you mean. We seceded to rid ourselves of the rule of the majority, and this would subject us to it again."

"But the majority must rule finally, either with bullets or ballots."

"I am not so sure of that. Neither current events nor history shows that the majority rules or ever did rule. The contrary, I think, is true. Why, sir, the man who shall go before the Southern people with such a proposition—with *any* proposition which implied that the North was to have a voice in determining the domestic relations of the South—could not live here a day! He would be hanged to the first tree, without judge or jury."

"Allow me to doubt that. I think it more likely he would be hanged if he let the Southern people know the majority could not rule," I replied smiling.

"I have no fear of that," rejoined Mr. Davis, also smiling most good humoredly. "I give you leave to proclaim it from every house-top in the South.

"But, seriously, Sir, you let the majority rule in a single State; why not let it rule in the whole country?"

"Because the States are independent and sovereign. The country is not. It is only a confederation of States: or rather it *was*: it is now *two* confederations."

"Then we are not a *people*—we are only a political partnership?"

"That is all?"

"Your very name, Sir, '*United* States,' implies that," said Mr. Benjamin. "But, tell me, are the terms you have named—Emancipation, No Confiscation, and Universal Amnesty—the terms which Mr. Lincoln authorized you to offer us?"

"No, Sir. Mr. Lincoln did not authorize me to offer you any terms. But I *think* both he and the Northern people, for the sake of peace, would assent to some such conditions."

"They are *very* generous," replied Mr. Davis, for the first time during the interview showing some angry feeling. "But Amnesty, Sir, applies to criminals. We have committed no crime.—Confiscation is no account unless you can enforce it; and Emancipation! You have already emancipated nearly two millions of our slaves, and if you take care of them, you may emancipate the rest. I had a few when the war began. I was of some use to them; they never were of any to me. Against their will you 'emancipated' them; and you may 'emancipate' every negro in the Confederacy, but we will be free! We *will* do it: if we have to see every plantation sacked, and every Southern city in flames!"

"I see, Mr. Davis, it is useless to continue this conversation," I replied; "and you will pardon us if we have seemed to press our views with too much pertenacity. We love the old flag: and that must be our apology for intruding upon you at all."

"You have not intruded upon me," he replied, resuming his usual manner. "I am glad to have met you, both. I once loved the old flag as well as you do. I would have died for it; but now it is to me only the emblem of oppression."

"I hope the day may never come, Mr. Davis, when I say that," said the Colonel.

A half-hour's conversation on other topics—not of public interest—ensued, and then we rose to go. As we did so the President gave me his hand, and, bidding me a kindly "good bye," expressed the hope of seeing me again in Richmond in happier times—when peace should have returned—but with the Colonel his parting was particularly cordial. Taking his hand in both of his, he said to him:

"Colonel, I respect your character and your motives, and I wish you well—I wish you every good wish I can wish you, consistently with the interests of the Confederacy."

The quiet, straightforward bearing, and magnificent moral courage of our "fighting parson" had evidently impressed Mr. Davis very favorably.

As we were leaving the room he added:

"Say to Mr. Lincoln from me, that I shall at any time be pleased to receive proposals for peace on the basis of our independence. It would be useless to approach me with any other."

"It is so, Sir. Whoever tells you otherwise, deceives you. I think I know Northern sentiment, and I assure you it is so. You know we have a system of lyceum-lecturing in our large towns. At the close of these lectures, it is the custom of the people to come upon the platform and talk with the lecturer. This gives him an excellent opportunity of learning public sentiment. Last winter I lectured before nearly a hundred of such associations, all over the North,—from Dubuque to Bangor,—and I took pains to ascertain the feeling of the people. I found a unanimous determination to crush the rebellion and save the Union at every sacrifice. The majority are in favor of Mr. Lincoln, and nearly all of those who are opposed to him are opposed to him because they think he does not fight you with enough vigor. The radical Republicans, who go for slave suffrage and thorough confiscation, are those who will defeat him if he is defeated. But if he is defeated before the people, the House will elect a worse man—worse I mean for you. It is more radical than he is,—you can see that from Mr. Ashly's reconstruction bill,—and the people are more radical than the House. Mr. Lincoln, I know, is about to call out five hundred thousand more men, and I don't see how you can resist much longer; but if you do, you will only deepen the radical feeling of the Northern people. They would now give you fair, honorable, *generous* terms; but let them suffer much more, let there be a dead man in every house as there is now in every village, and they will give you no terms,—they will insist on hanging every rebel south of ——Pardon my terms. I mean no offence."

TRUE CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

Letter from General Truman R. Seymour.

The following letter from Gen. Truman R. Seymour was written to Mr. Wm. E. Dodge, of this city:

MY DEAR SIR—You ask for my impressions of the present condition of the Southern Confederacy, and you shall have them. For the benefit of our cause I wish they might be impressed upon every soul in the land; that the confidence begotten of my three months' observations in the interior of the South might be shared by every man who has the least connection with the responsibilities of this struggle; and I am sure that these opinions are not peculiar to myself. Every one of the fifty officers just exchanged will express the same; every one of our men, whether from the jails of Charleston or the pens of Macon and Andersonville, will confidently tell the same story.

The rebel cause is fast failing from exhaustion. Their two grand armies have been reinforced this Summer from the last resources of the South.—From every corner of the land every old man and every boy capable of bearing a rifle has been impressed, willing or unwillingly; and hurried to the front. Lee's army was the first so strengthened. It was at the expense of Hood's. Governor Brown told the truth with a plainness that was very bitter; but it was none the less truth.—Let me extract a few prominent statements from his proclamation of July 9, addressed to the reserved militia of Georgia:

"A late correspondence with the President of the Confederate States satisfies my mind that Georgia is to be left to her own resources to supply the reinforcements to Gen. Johnston's army which are indispensable to the protection of Atlanta, and to prevent the State being overrun by the overwhelming numbers now under command of the Federal General upon our soil.

"But there is no need of further reinforcements, as will be seen by the accompanying letter of General Johnston. * * * And it becomes my duty to call on every man in the State able to bear arms, as fast as they can be armed, to aid in the defence of our homes and altars, and the graves of our ancestors.

"If the Confederate Government will not send the large cavalry force now engaged in raiding and repelling raids, to destroy the long line of railroads over which General Sherman brings his supplies from Nashville, and thus compel him to retreat, with the loss of most of his army, the people of Georgia, who have already been drawn upon more heavily in proportion to the population than those of any other State in the Confederacy, must, at all hazards and at any sacrifice, rush to the front.

There must, indeed, have been desperate weakness when Georgia, and the Southern cause with it, were so neglected that Lee's army might be made equal to the task of holding Grant to the Potomac or the James; and the people of the South are intelligent enough to understand and to appreciate the fact, and they have lost heart accordingly.

The following is from a letter written by one rebel to another, that accidently fell into the hands of one of my fellow-prisoners, and for the authenticity of which I vouch:

"Very few persons are preparing to obey the late call of the Governor. His summons will meet with no response here. The people are soul-sick and heartily tired of this hateful, hopeless strife.

"They would end if they could; but our would-be rulers would take good care that no opportunity be given the people to vote against it. By lies, by fraud and by chicanery this revolution was inaugurated; by force, by tyranny and by the suppression of truth it is sustained. It is nearly time that it should end; and of sheer depletion it must end before long. We have had enough of want and woe, enough of cruelty and carnage, enough of cripples and corpses. There is an abundance of bereaved parents, weeping widows and orphan children in the land. If we can, let us not increase the number. The men who, to aggrandize themselves, or to gratify their own political ambition, brought this war upon a peaceful and prosperous country, will have to render a fearful account of their misdeeds to a wronged, robbed and outraged people. Earth has no punishment sufficiently mete for their villany here, and hell will hardly be hot enough to scathe them hereafter."

There is certainly no small proportion of the Southern people—despite the lying declarations of their generals, as we had good occasion to learn—that only favors the progress of our arms, but that daily prays that this exterminating war may soon be brought to a finality by our complete and perfect success.

They have had too much of despotism, not enough of the triumph promised them. Many intelligent Southern gentlemen do, indeed, express strong hopes of their ultimate independence; but such hope is not shared by the masses. Disappointed from the first in not being acknowledged by foreign powers, more bitterly disappointed in their general expectations that Northern cowardice, or dissension, would secure their ends, but a single chance remains, and that is the result of our next election for President. If a Democrat succeeds to Mr. Lincoln, they profess to feel sure of negotiations and their Confederacy. They believe a Democrat will be elected. In Mr. Lincoln's re-election they see only subjugation, annihilation; for the war must then continue, and continuance is their failure and ruin.

In military affairs it is an excellent rule never to do what the enemy desires. Is it not equally true in politics? Certain it is that the remaining hope of the South lies in Mr. Lincoln's defeat.

Now, I am not enough of a politician to know whether the election of a Democrat can result as favorably to the South as it anticipates. Their wish alone may be the parent of their belief. But I assure all who express that belief, that the North, as a mass, is as united as the South; that no Democrat could be elected on a peace platform, and that any President who would inaugurate any measure leading to peace, on the basis of a Southern independence, would be promptly hung, by loyal acclamation, to the lamp post in front of his own Presidential mansion.

and sons of freemen. If these fail to support their country's cause in her hour of peril, they are unworthy of continueing freemen, and should blush ever to exercise a freeman's privileges.—But if bounties be paid, let it be in Southern land, not in Northern gold, and armies of emigrants, whose sons may aspire to win the rule of the nation, will cross the seas to win the broad acres that disloyalty has forfeited to the State.—To every intelligent soldier who has fought through all these indecisive campaigns, on almost numberless indecisive fields, the question continually arises, with touching force, why we do not overwhelm our enemies.

Tens of thousands of lives are lost because our array of strength is so disappropriately less than that against which we battle. Everywhere we meet on nearly equal terms, when we might well have four to one. The cost to us in blood and treasure of a prolonged war can hardly be foreseen; the economy is infinite of such an effort as the glorious North should put forth.

The South will fight as long as the struggle is equal. It will submit to such preponderance as we should show in every field.

Glance at the Summer's campaigns. If Sherman had but fifty or seventy-five thousand more men the South would be lost, because Hood would be annihilated. If Meade had moved in the Spring, with reserves of seventy-five to one hundred thousand men, Lee would have been hopelessly crushed. Even at this moment a third column of forty to fifty thousand men, rightly moved, would give unopposed blows to the Confederacy from which she could never rise.

What folly, then, to struggle on in this way, when we can send to the field five times the force already there. What weakness to think we cannot conquer the South. Behind the James, only boys and old men are to be seen, while here men buy and sell as in the olden days of quiet, and regiments of able-bodied citizens crowd the streets of our cities.

There is but one course consistent with Northern safety and honor. Let the people awake to a sense of their dignity and strength, and a few months of comparative trifling exertion of such effort as alone is worthy of the great North, and the rebellion will crumble before us. Fill this draft promptly and willingly with good and true men, send a few spare thousands over rather than under the call, and the Summer sun of 1865 will shine upon a regenerated land.

There are some who speak of peace. Of all Yankees the Southron most scorns those who do not fight, but are glad enough to employ them, as they do their slaves, to perform their dirty work. Peace for the South will be sweet indeed; for us, except through Southern subjugation, but anarchy and war forever. The Pacific, the Western, the Eastern States would at once fall asunder. The South would be dominant, and the people of the North would deserve to be driven afield, upon negro owners, to hoe corn and cotton for Southern masters.

But no faint-hearted or short-sighten policy can set aside the eternal decrees of the Almighty, who has planted no line of division between the Atlantic and the Western deserts—between the great lakes and the Gulf of Mexico—that signify His will that we should be separated; and unless so separated peace is a delusion, and its advocacy a treason against the wises interests and holiest interest of our country.

It has been with a trust that renewed hope and vigor might be given—when vigor and hope are needful—that I have written, and you have my consent to using this as you please, and I am very truly, yours.

TRUMAN SEYMOUR,
Brigadier-General United States Volunteers.
To W. E. DODGE, JR., Esq., New York.