

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 9, 1864.

Vol. 37: No. 37.

The Bedford Inquirer

IS PUBLISHED
Every Friday Morning at Juliana Street,
OPPOSITE THE MENDEL HOUSE,
BEDFORD, BEDFORD COUNTY, PA.
TERMS:
\$2.00 a year if paid strictly in advance,
\$2.25 if not paid within three months, \$2.50 if not paid
within the year.

Rates of Advertising.

One Square, three weeks or less.....	\$1 25
One Square, each additional insertion less than three months.....	30
Three months.....	30
6 Months, 1 Year.....	30
One Square.....	\$3 50
Two Squares.....	7 00
Three Squares.....	9 00
4 Columns.....	12 00
One Column.....	20 00

Administrators' and Executors' notices \$2.50, Auditors
notices \$1.50, if under 10 lines, Extras \$1.25, if but one
line is advertised, 25 cents on every additional line.
One square is the SPACE occupied by ten lines of min-
ute. Fractions of a square under five lines count as a
half square, and all over five lines a full square. Advertis-
ements charged by persons handing them in.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS CARDS.

U. H. AKERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his
care. Military claims speedily collected. Office on Juli-
ana Street, two doors north of the Inquirer Office.
April 1, 1864.—1f.

ENRY M. ALBIS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business en-
trusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties.
Military claims, Pensions, back pay, Bounty, &c. speedily
collected.
Office with Mann & Spang, on Juliana street, 2 doors
south of the Mendel House.
April 1, 1864.—1f.

J. R. DERBORROW,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Office one door south of the "Mendel House."
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted 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.—1f.

ALEX. KING,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
And agent for procuring arrears of Pay and Bounty
money. Office on Juliana Street, Bedford, Pa.
April 1, 1864.—1f.

KIMMELL & LINGENFELTER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law,
Office on Juliana Street, two doors south of the Mendel
House.
April 1, 1864.—1f.

JOHN MAJOR,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, BEDFORD COUNTY.
Collection and all business pertaining to his office will
be attended to promptly. Will also attend to the sale of
real estate. Instruments of writing carefully
prepared. Also settling up partnerships and other ac-
counts.
April 1, 1864.—1f.

JNO. MOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PA.
April 1, 1864.—1f.

JOSEPH W. TATE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Will promptly attend to collections and all business
entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining coun-
ties. Money advanced on Judgments, Notes and other
Claims. Has for sale Town Lots, in Laceyville, and St.
Josephs on Bedford Railroad. Farms and unim-
proved land in quantities to suit purchasers. Office
opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell.
Apr. 15, 1864.—10 m.

JOHN LUTZ,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
Regularly licensed agent for the collection of Govern-
ment claims, bounties, back pay, pensions, &c., will give
prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care.
Office with J. K. Durborrow, Esq., on Juliana Street,
Bedford Pa.
August 19th, 1864.—1f.

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, transac-
ted. Notes and Accounts Collected, and Receipts
promptly made. REAL ESTATE bought and sold.
G. W. RUPP, O. E. SHANNON, F. BENNETT.
Apr. 15, 1864.—1f.

DANIEL BORDER,
Two Street, two doors west of the Bedford Hotel,
Bedford, Pa.
Watchmaker & Jeweler in Jewelry, Spectacles, &c.
HAS KEPT ON HAND A STOCK OF FINE GOLD
AND SILVER WATCHES, SPECTACLES OF
Brilliant Double Refracted Glasses, also Scotch 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.—1f.

PHYSICIANS, & C.
DENTISTRY.
I. N. BOWSER, Resident Dentist of Wood-
bury.
WILL spend the second Monday, Tuesday, and Wed-
nesday, 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 of-
fice at Woodbury, excepting the last Monday and Tues-
day of the same month, when he will spend in Martins-
burg, Blair county, Penna. Persons desiring operations
should call early, as time is limited. All operations war-
ranted.
Aug. 5, 1864.—1f.

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

DR. B. F. HARRY
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the
citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office and residence on
Fitt Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. H.
Hobbs.
April 1, 1864.—1f.

J. L. MARBOURG, M. D.
Having permanently located respectfully tenders his
professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vic-
inity. Office on Juliana Street, opposite the Bank, one
door north of Hall & Palmer's office.
April 1, 1864.—1f.

HOTELS.
EXCHANGE HOTEL,
HUNTINGDON, PA.
JOHN S. MILLER, Proprietor.
April 29th, 1864.—1f.

UNION HOTEL.
VALENTINE STECKMAN, PROPRIETOR,
West Pitt Street, Bedford, Pa.
THE public are assured that he has made ample ar-
rangements to accommodate that may favor him
with their patronage.
A splendid Livery Stable attached.
Apr. 1864.

Select Poetry.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

BY ASLEY A. BALDWIN.

I.
DISSENTING.

Ah! you may blush, Lady Anne,
Cast your eyelids bashfully down!
Do you think it matters to me any more
Whether you smile or frown?
Knowing that which I know,
Can you wonder if I doubt
The inference to be drawn from a smile,
That is next of a kin to a pout?

Pshaw! Am I yet a boy,
To be caught by a pretty face?
To see the "threads of gold" in a faxen oval,
Take a "Missy" girl for a Grace?
I am disenchanted now;
You may drop the mask if you will;
Or, stay—there are other fools in the world
To be caught, if you wear it still!

Men were made for sport,
Else what use to be fair?
'Tis only flattery who can fall in love;
Take care, my lady, take care!
Your heart may be at home,
When "the right man" knocks at the gate;
You may get paid back in your species coin—
'Tis one of the tricks of Fate.

That a girl who can "think it fun"
With a score to play in eyes and fast
Sets the net too often in sight of the bird,
And gets trapped herself at last!

II. FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

You call me "a heartless jilt"—
"A pitiless, vain coquette!"
But there is another and truer way
Of looking at it yet!

Say that I trifled a while!
Do you, in your vain conceit,
Think every girl who jests with a man
Is to throw herself at his feet?
Well we were both in fault—
I, that I drew you on,
For the foolish whim of an idle hour,
To mock, and to smile upon;
You, that you folly mistook
A "wail-of-the-wisp" for a star;
See, if a woman but lifts her eyes,
How vain all these young men are!

What! would you have me say
The little words "I love"?
Would you have me utter a Yea for Nay,
Then throw you off like a glove?
Better to break at once
The chain that your folly made,
Than to linger on, in sight of the sun—
Then bid yourself in the shade.
Let us part with our foolish dream,
Since we lovers cannot be;
Go your way as a true man should,
And never look back on me!

THE SMALL BECOMING GREAT.

A traveler through a dusty road
Strayed across on the sprout,
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree;
Love sought its shades at evening time,
To breathe its earlier vows,
And age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs;
The doormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Among the grass and fern
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that it might drink.
He passed again—and lo! the well,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monetary flame.

The thought was small—the its issues great.
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.
A nameless man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall the word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transient breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.

O germ! O font! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

[From the New York Independent, September 1.]

A TALK WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY REV. JOHN P. GULLIVER.

At a time when thousands of honest, earnest
men are in painful doubt concerning the fitness of
our President to resume his office for another
term, every incident which can throw light on his
character has a peculiar interest for the public.—
It has been well said, that we never know a man
thoroughly till we see him at his ease. Certain it
is that there are moments when we seem able to
see into a man and through him. I thought I
once had such an opportunity with Mr. Lincoln.

It was just after his controversy with Douglas,
and some months before the meeting of the Chicago
convention of 1860, that Mr. Lincoln came
to Norfolk to make a political speech. It was in
substance the famous speech delivered in New
York, commencing with the noble words, "There
is but one political question before the people of
this country, which is this, *Is slavery right, or is it
wrong?*" and ending with the yet nobler words,
"Gentlemen, it has been said of the world's history,
hitherto, that 'might makes right'; it is for us
and for our times to reverse the maxim, and to
show that *right makes might!*"

The next morning I met him at the railroad sta-
tion, where he was conversing with our mayor,
every few minutes looking up the track, and in-
quiring, half impatiently and half quizzically,
"Where's that wagon of yours? Why don't the
wagon come along?" On being introduced to
him, he fixed his eye upon me, and said "I have
seen you before, sir?" "I think not," I replied;
"you must mistake me for some other person?"
"No I don't; I saw you at the Town Hall, last
evening." "Is it possible Mr. Lincoln, that you
could observe individuals so closely in such a
crowd?" "Oh, yes!" he replied, laughing,
"That is my way. I don't forget faces. Were
you not there?" "I was sir, sir; and I was well
paid for going," adding somewhat in the vein of
pleasantry he had started "I consider it one of the
most extraordinary speeches I ever heard."

As we entered the cars, he beckoned me to take
a seat with him, and said, in a most agreeably
frank way, "Were you sincere in what you said
about my speech just now?" "I meant every
word of it, Mr. Lincoln. Why, an old dyed-in-
the-wool Democrat, who sat near me, applauded
you repeatedly; and, when rallied upon his con-
version to sound principles, answered, 'I don't be-
lieve a word he says, but I can't help clapping
him, he is so *pat*.' That I call the triumph of
oratory."

"When you convince a man against his will,
Though he is of the same opinion still."
Indeed, sir, I learned more of the art of pub-
lic speaking last evening than I could from a
whole course of lectures on Rhetoric."

"Ah! that reminds me," said he, "of a most
extraordinary circumstance which occurred in New
Haven, the other day. They told me that the
professor of rhetoric in Yale College—a very learn-
ed man, isn't he?"—"Yes, sir, and a fine critic,
too." "Well, I suppose so; he ought to be at
any rate—how told me that he came to hear me
and took notes of my speech, and gave a lecture
on it to his class the next day; and, not satisfied
with that, he followed me up to Meriden the next
evening, and heard me again for the same purpose.
Now, if this is so, it is to my mind very extraor-
dinary. I have been sufficiently astonished at his
success in the West. It has been most unexpect-
ed. But I had no thought of any marked suc-
cess in the East, and least of all that I should draw
out such commendations from literary and learned
men. Now," he continued, "I should like very
much to know what it was in my speech which
you thought so remarkable, and what you sup-
pose interested my friend, the professor, so much."

"The clearness of the statements, Mr. Lincoln;
the unanswerable style of your reasoning, and
especially your illustrations, which were romance
and pathos and fun and logic all welded together.
That story about the snakes, for example, which
set the hands and feet of your Democratic hear-
ers in such vigorous motion, was at once queer
and comical and tragic and a gem of a gem. It
broke through all the barriers of a man's previ-
ous opinions and prejudices, at a crash, and blew
up the very citadel of his false theories, before he
could know what had hurt him."

"Can you remember any other illustrations?"
said he, "of this peculiarity of my style?" I gave
him others of the same sort, occupying some half
hour in the critique, when he said, "I am much
obliged to you for this. I have been wishing for
a long time to find some one who would make this
analysis for me. It throws light on a subject
which has been dark to me. I can understand
very readily, how such a power as you have ascribed
to me will account for the effect which seems to
be produced by my speeches. I hope you have
not been too flattering in your estimate. Certain-
ly, I have had a wonderful success, for a man of
my limited education."

"That suggests, Mr. Lincoln, an inquiry which
has several times been upon my lips, during this
conversation. I want very much to know how
you got this unusual power of 'putting things.'—
It must have been a matter of education. No man
has it by nature alone. What has your education
been?"

"Well, as to education, the newspapers are cor-
rect—I never went to school more than six months
in my life. But, as you say, this must be a pro-
duct of culture in some form, to myself, while you
have been talking. I can say this, that, among
my earliest recollections, I remember how, when a
mere child, I used to get irritated when anybody
talked to me in a way I could not understand. I
don't think I ever got angry at anything else in
my life. But that always disturbed my temper,
and has ever since. I can remember going to
my little bedroom, after leaving the neighbors
talk of an evening with my father, and spending
no small part of the night walking up and down,
and trying to make out what the exact mean-
ing of some of their, to me, dark sayings. I could
not sleep, though I often tried to, when I got on
such a hunt after an idea, until I had caught it;
and when I thought I had got it, I was not satis-
fied until I had repeated it over and over, until I
had put it in language plain enough, as I thought,
for any boy I knew to comprehend. This was a
kind of passion with me, and has stuck by me, for
I am never easy now, when I am handling a thought
till I have bounded it north and bounded it south
and bounded it east and bounded it west. Per-
haps that accounts for the characteristic you ob-
serve in my speeches, though I never put the two
things together before."

"Mr. Lincoln, I thank you for this. It is the
most splendid educational fact I ever happened upon.
This is *genius*, with all its impulsive, im-
spiring, dominating power over the mind of its
possessor, developed by education into *talent*, with
its uniformity, its permanence, and its disciplined
strength, always ready, always available, never cap-
ricious—the highest possession of the human in-
tellect. But let me ask, did you not have a law
education? How did you prepare for your pro-
fession?"

"Oh, yes! I read law, as the phrase is; that is,
I became a lawyer's clerk in Springfield, and I
copied tedious documents, and picked up what I
could of law in the intervals of other work. But
your question reminds me of a bit of education I
had, which I am bound in honesty to mention.—
In the course of my law-reading I constantly came
upon the word *demonstrate*. I thought at first,
Upon the word *demonstrate*, but soon became
satisfied that I did not. I said to myself, 'What
do I do when I *demonstrate* more than when I *reason*
or *prove*? How does *demonstration* differ from
any other proof?' I consulted Webster's Dictio-
nary. That told of 'certain proof,' 'proof beyond
the possibility of doubt'; but I could form no idea
what sort of proof that was. I thought a great
many things were proved beyond a possibility of
doubt, without recourse to any extraordinary pro-

cess of reasoning as I understood 'demonstration'
to be. I consulted all the dictionaries and books of
reference I could find, but with no better results.
You might as well have defined *blue* to a blind man.
At last I said, 'Lincoln, you can never make a
lawyer if you do not understand what *demonstrate*
means,' and left my situation in Springfield,
went home to my father's house and staid there
till I could give any proposition in the six books
of Euclid at sight. I then found out what 'demon-
strate' means, and went back to my law stud-
ies."

I could not refrain from saying, in my admira-
tion at such a development of character and genius
combined, 'Mr. Lincoln, your success is no longer
a marvel. It is the legitimate result of adequate
causes. You deserve it all, and a great deal more.
If you will permit me, I would like to use this
fact publicly. It will be most valuable in inciting
our young men to that patient classical and mathe-
matical culture which most minds absolutely re-
quire. No man can talk well unless he is able first
of all to define to himself what he is talking about.
Euclid, well studied, would free the world of half
its exalting, but banishing half the nonsense
which now abounds and curses it. I have often
thought that Euclid would be one of the best books
to put on the catalogue of the Tract Society, if
they could get the people to read it. It
would be a means of grace."

"I think," said he laughing, "I vote for
Euclid."
Just then a gentleman entered the car who was
well known as a very ardent friend of Douglas.—
Being a little curious to see how Mr. Lincoln would
meet him, I introduced him after this fashion:
"Mr. Lincoln, allow me to introduce Mr. L.—a
very particular friend of your particular friend Mr.
Douglas." He at once took his hand in a most
cordial manner, saying, "I have no doubt you
think you are right, sir." This hearty tribute to
the honesty of a political opponent, with the man-
ner of doing it, struck me as a beautiful exhibition
of large-hearted charity, of which we see far too
little in this bustling, fermenting world."

As we neared the end of our journey, Mr. Lin-
coln turned me very pleasantly, and said, "I
want to say to you this conversation. I have
enjoyed it very much." I replied, referring to
some statements he had just been utter-
ing of the demoralizing influences of Washing-
ton upon Northern politicians in respect to the
slavery question, "Mr. Lincoln may I say one thing
to you before we separate?" "Certainly, any-
thing you please." "You have just spoken of
the tendency of political life in Washington to de-
base the convictions of our representatives
there by the demoralizing influences of Washing-
ton. You have become very eloquent by the
controversy with Mr. Douglas, one of our leaders
in this struggle with slavery, which is un-
doubtedly the struggle of the nation and the age.—
What I would like to say is this, and I say it with
a full heart, *Be true to your principles and you
will be true to God, and God will be true to all!*"

He has been lighting up instantly with a beam-
ing expression, and taking my hand warmly in
both of his, said, "I say Amen to that—AMEN
to that!"

There is an excavation in the rock shown
to visitors along the White Mountains, into
which one of the greatest of the mountains streams
is known as "The Pool." As you stand
by it at an ordinary time, you look
down upon a mass of impenetrable green, lying
like a rich sward in a setting of granite, upon
the bosom of the mountain. But occasionally the
noon-day sun darts through it a vertical ray,
and the reflection of the mountains streams
very configuration of the varied interior. It felt
at that moment that a ray had darted down to
the bottom of Abraham Lincoln's heart, and that
I could see through it. It seemed to me as beau-
tiful as that arid pool, and as pure. I have
never forgot that glimpse. When that strange
revelation of the most rational and reasonable
proclamation of Fremont—"The slaves of rebels
shall be set free." I remembered that hearty
"Amen," I inhaled my rising apprehensions.

I remember it in those dark days when Mc-
Clellan, Nove, was fiddling on James River,
and Pope having routed before Washington,
and the reputation of a prominent cabinet
minister had been that he had succeeded in pre-
venting the issue of the Emancipation Proclama-
tion. I said, Abraham Lincoln will prove true
yet. *Amen, God bless him! He has—*
Slow, if yet true, but true. Unimpassioned, if
you please, *but true, Jacobus, trilling, if you
please, but true. Reluctant to part with unwar-
ranted officials, but true himself—true as steel!*
I could wish him a man of facts, and more so
of ideas, could wish him more stern and more
vigorous. Every man has his faults. But
still, I say *Amen to Abraham Lincoln!* My
country, care do better, and all of us, than
to say *Amen to Lincoln!* till the Lakes
shall echo to Gulf, and the eastern to the
western sea.
NORWICH, Ct.

[From the F. News, Tuesday Aug. 30.]
ELEANOR NOMINATED.

Although the removal of nomination has not
yet been summed, the proceedings at Chicago
leave no doubt that George B. McClellan
will be formally presented to the people as the
Democratic candidate for President of the
United States—a candidate of that "Demo-
cracy" who stands in the denial of the funda-
mental principle of our fathers' immortal Declara-
tion of Independence—that "Democracy"
which was that weak, ignorant and sim-
ple are, but of their weakness, the rightfulness
was of the cunning and the strong
—of that "democracy" whereof Jefferson Davis
has ever been, and in principle still is, a
chief apostle whereof Bishop Hopkins fitly
denounces as illogical and moral expostor.

In a respect, this nomination is gratifying.
Hostility War for the Union, as at one un-
warranted, is the cardinal impulse of
a decided party of those who are expected to
vote this Democratic ticket. That the
Union has to "coerce a State," however
much they may endeavor to coerce the
Union, is the first article of their creed ever
since the evident that such coercion of
States might the downfall of Human Sla-
very. Yet their chosen standard-bearer
fully on their volunteer agent in that coer-
cion which denounce as unconstitutional,
and which had to be condemned by those fa-
mous Kentucky Resolves of 1798
—9, which set to hold in at least equal
reverence in Ten Commandments. And
McClellan had been a volunteer agent of
"Federal" co, he is distinctly on record as
recommending conscription in aid of its
prosecution, having ordered the arrest of
the Maryland legislature to preclude their at-
tempting to take their State out of
the Union. Truest and honest believer in
"State Sovereignty" the support of McClellan
for President is a bitter dose, only to be
swallowed under a palatable compulsion.
It will be, however, for, though

McClellan has not evinced a consistent and logical
adhesion to the Democratic dogma of "State
Rights," he has never faltered in his devotion to
the Slave Power; and that is the real touchstone
of Democratic orthodoxy. True, he volunteered
for the War; but he did so to save Slavery from
the effects of its own suicidal madness, not to punish
it for its treason. True, he commanded for a
time the Union Grand Army; but no Rebel slave-
holder ever justly complained that his chattel was
invited by this General to exchange the service of
treason for that of his country; and no unnum-
bered Rebel force ever justly complained that his
retreat was hurried or seriously annoyed by Mc-
Clellan or any one under his command. True, he
made war on the Rebels; but he made it so gently,
so considerately, so languidly, that they habitually
praised his generalship while it lasted, and re-
gretted it when it was no more. There were thou-
sands of Rebels and Rebel sympathizers then
among us, every one of whom was loud in his
praises; and ninety-nine hundredths of whom
will vote—wherever they can vote at all—to make
him President. He will get a good many votes in
this city and vicinity; but most of them will be
cast by men who chuckled over all his defeats, and
would now much rather vote directly for Lee or
even Jeff. Davis than for him. They will vote for
McClellan, because that is the nearest practical
approach to voting that the Rebellion is right and
that the opposition to it ought to be put down;
but they would much rather go straight to their
mark. Hypocrisy, says the apothegm, is the
homage that Vice pays to Virtue; and the fact
that the anti-War party is obliged to nominate
for President a candidate who has a War varnish
upon him, hoping thereby to catch a portion of
the soldiers' vote, is a forcible tribute to the loy-
alty and patriotic intuitions of the American
People. He is not Union General enough to hurt him
with the Rebels, who will help him all they can
in the canvass, even though it be necessary for that
purpose to make a show of denouncing and deery-
ing him; but he is general enough to catch a num-
ber of votes from soldiers who served under him
and liked his easy campaigning and courtier-like
ways, and who would abjure the idea of voting
for Vallandigham or Fernando Wood. The more
intense and more pronounced Copperheads can
fall back to him, while the rear-guard could not be
pricked on to the position of T. H. Seymour or
Alexander Long; so the nomination is, in the ob-
vious sense, a wise one, and will poll the full party
vote. And it will, after a little private whisper-
ing and nodding, be not merely acquiesced in but
heartily approved, even by Vallandigham himself,
for the Slave Power has never had more docile
troops. He was selected by it to lead one of the
brigades of the army of fillibusters wherewith
Gen. Quitman was on the point of invading Cuba
expecting to revolutionize it in the interest of
American Slavery, and he accepted the position.—
He was the first of our Generals to issue a man-
ifesto threatening to crush any insurrection of
slaves against their Rebel masters. The Rebel
journals have charged, and we have seen no denial
on his part, that he offered his sword to the Con-
federacy before he did to the Union. He never
even pretended to do anything against the Rebels
after the President issued his preliminary Proclama-
tion of Freedom, though his army was twice
as strong as theirs which confronted it and which
had just been driven out of Maryland, and though
he had a shorter and easier road to their base than
they had. We have heard that he claimed credit
for this in a Grand Convention of one of the
Copperhead secret orders. In short, he is as de-
voted to the propping up and perpetuation of the
rotting fabric of Human Bondage as Jeff. Davis
himself, and a "Peace" Copperhead who affects
hesitation or coyness as to his support, ought
forthwith to be kicked out of the party and order-
ed to stay out.

Yet there is one aspect of his nomination which
is saddening. Believing that the Democratic
party has a very considerable chance of success
this fall, in case the Rebel friends shall have good
luck henceforth to the election, we could wish that
he had presented a strong, positive, original
policy man as their candidate for the highest po-
sition on this continent, if not on the globe. All
reflecting men must realize that our high trusts,
and especially this one, have not been so able fil-
led of late as they were in the early days of the
Republic. James Madison—compare these with
Jeff.—Fillmore—Pierce—Buchanan—the falling
off is deplorably manifest, though Mr. Buchanan
is a politician of repute, and Mr. Fillmore one
of more than average abilities. Now we do not
regard Mr. Lincoln as a great man; yet no candid
observer who knows both will pretend that Gen.
McClellan is his equal in ability, though Lincoln
was scarcely any schooling in his youth, while Mc-
Clellan received a liberal education at the public
expense. Timid, hesitating, negative, he is a
plaything in the hands of some of the worst and
most dangerous men in the Republic, who hope to
achieve power through his assumed popularity
with the ignorant and thoughtless, and then to
lay the country at the feet of Jeff. Davis, beging
him to indicate the constitutional and other chan-
ges that will reconcile him to the task of govern-
ing the whole Union instead of a part of it, and
thus to place the heel of Slave Power on the neck
of prostrate Freedom and the inalienable Rights
of Man.

Man must be baffled and beaten, or the New
World is surrendered to the odious spirit of Caste
—to the iron rule of those who believe hard hands
a badge of servitude, and at once dread and detest
the education of the Children of the Poor. Uni-
onists of every State! we adjure you to shake off
your apathy and rally for the imperiled liberty
and life of the Nation!

THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR.—To show how
utterly false is the assertion that the Administra-
tion is responsible for the war, we quote a brief
extract from the "Southern History of the War,"
by Edward A. Pollard, one of the Editors of the
Richmond Examiner. Mr. Pollard sums up the
doings of the confederates before the inaugura-
tion of Mr. Lincoln, as follows:

"On the incoming of the administration of
Abraham Lincoln, on the 4th of March, the rival
Government of the South had perfected its organiza-
tion; the separation had been widened and
envenomed by the ambidexterity and perfidy of
President Buchanan. The Southern people, how-
ever, still hoped for the peaceful accomplishment
of their independence, and deplored war between
the two sections, as a policy detrimental to the
civilized world. The revolution, in the mean-
time, had rapidly gathered strength, not only in
power, but in the means of war and munitions
of defense. Fort Moultrie and Castle Pinckney
had been captured by the South Carolina
troops; Fort Pulaski, the defense of Savan-
nah, had been taken; the arsenal at Mount Ver-
non, Alabama, with twenty thousand stand of
arms, had been seized by the Alabama troops;
Fort Morgan, in Mobile Bay, had been taken;
Fort Jackson, St. Philip, and Pike, near New
Orleans had been captured by the Louisiana
troops; the Little Rock arsenal had been seized
by the Arkansas troops, though Arkansas had
refused to secede; and on the 16th February Gen.
Twigg had transferred the public property in
Texas to the State authorities."

BLACKWOOD FOR JULY.

Blackwood's Magazine for July presents the
following table of contents: Cornelius O'Dowd
upon Men and Women, and other Things in Gen-
eral—Part V.; The Education and Training of
Naval Officers; Letters from the Principality;
Tony Butler; The Napoleonic Idea in Mexico;
The London Art Season; Padre Bandelli Prose
to the Duke Ludovico Sforza about Leonardo da
Vinci; Leonardo da Vinci Poetries to the Duke
in his own Defence; Chronicles of Carlingford;
The Perpetual Curate—Part XIII.

LINGUISTS THIRD RATE MEN.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD, in his gossipping dis-
course upon men and women, tells us that: I
never met a linguist that was above a third-rate
man; and I go farther, and aver that I never
chanced upon a really able man who had talent
for languages.

I am well aware that it sounds something little
short of a heresy to make this declaration. It is
enough to make the blood of Civil Service Com-
missioners run cold to hear it. It sounds illiberal
—and, worse, it seems illogical. Why should any
intellectual development imply deficiency? Why
should an acquirement argue a defect? I answer,
I don't know—any more than I know why san-
guineous people are hot-tempered, and leuco-
phlegmatic ones are more brooding in their wrath.<