The Gubernatorial Election in Rockland Co.

From the Rockland County Messenger.

It is remarkable how often the cause of the Union is saved by trifles—by what men call good fortune, in spite of the combined wickedness of the Head of the Government, since treason set out in this wicked career. In nearly every effort of the enemy to result only in failure, some paltry circumstance has occurred, was a great piece of good fortune. Floyd ruled the Cabinet; his Treasury had been made bankrupt; the War Department was employing every means to arm and strengthen rebellious; the head of the Interior Department was in a treasonable alliance to a doubtful Southern State; the President, coward and traitorous, was swayed like a puppet; and the venerable patriot who occupied the first place in his council resigned in despair; rain stared upon the land. But suddenly, in the very darkest hour, a disaster fraud, which had lain unknown in the Department, for many months, by itself overturns out to the public eye; confusion seized upon the conspirators, and they fled from their post; the President awoke to the iniquity which had been around him; he resumed his manhood, and called true men to his side; a patriotic policy was set up; and the Government, which had been driven on so fearfully, and apparently so helplessly, toward destruction, was saved. It was the mere chance development of something which withdrew from the peril itself they had this mighty effect upon it.

It was good fortune that Major Anderson took the resolution at the time he did, in spite of the opposing plans of his chiefs at Washington, to abandon Moultrie for Sumter; good fortune that, notwithstanding the rigid surveillance of the Charleston rebels, he accomplished the feat so successfully on that moonlight night; and good fortune that; after this was done, while yet his preparations for defense were incomplete, a storm arose and continued for days, that kept his enemies at bay and allowed him the amplest opportunity to put his new position in a condition that might defy their rage. The rebels have counted upon this commanding fortress as surely their own; and its loss, so strangely brought about and so entirely unlooked for, was a terrible reverse which they will not cease to feel to the end.

It was good fortune that the Star of the West, when dispatched with reinforcements, under the assurance issued that they were needed, did not penetrate the channel through Charleston channel, but turned as she did, since it is now known that a minute more would have drawn from Major Anderson's fire upon the assailants that, had it occurred, must have immediately kindled general civil war.

It was good fortune that the cannon at Vicksburg, aimed at the *A. O. Tyler*, did not send forth its missiles of death, its grinning only flashing. Had this discharge taken place, and destruction been scattered thereby among that company of peaceful travelers, fury would have seized thousands of the vehement spirits of the already irritated Northwest, and a bloody conflict would have probably been the sequel.

It was good fortune that Fort Jefferson, at the Tortugas, and Fort Taylor, at Key West—positions which are the keys of the Gulf of Mexico—commanding all its commerce—were reached just when they were by the Federal detachments sent out from Boston. Had this been a day or two later, those impregnable fortresses would have been found in the hands of the rebel forces, and treason would have been strengthened immensely. A like good fortune attended the transfer of troops to Fort Pickens, at Pensacola, which proved not to have been an hour too soon to secure that most important position from the Georgia and Alabama troops, who had rushed to secure the prize.

We might cite other instances where fortune has well served the cause of the country; but there is no occasion. We have said enough to show that the good cause has thus far been signally favored, and that all things are conducing to a glorious, and bloodless victory. But, fortune is a pagan word. It is a word that ought to have no place in Christian speech—least of all, when the destiny of a nation is in question. There is a Providence in national affairs, none the less indubitable though we may not scan and fix its precise workings. The most hardened politicians are obliged to recognize it. With all the resources at his command, and with his almost superhuman energies, Bonaparte called himself a fatalist, feeling that there was something out of him, that dealt with him, controlled him, disposed of him. The Red Republican and reckless Ledru Rollin certainly is about the last living man to be constrained with superstition; and yet he was constrained to declare in a speech, after his flight from Paris, "For the last two years it seems that the course of events in the world has been governed by a law of fatality, and that all human combinations have been thwarted by some mysterious hand."

The gray-headed Prince Czartoryski, only spoke the irresistible conviction of all the Princes and all the Democrats of Europe when he proclaimed to his countrymen, "The time is rife with signs which show us that the ruling of the world belongs not to human hands, but to only to Providence, and that Providence alone leads us to those ends which defy our shallest calculations." The public mind of the old world, however strenuously it engages in the activities of the times, has long since learned that the times will, after all, work out their own destiny—or, rather, that a higher power will, through them, work out His will, which is destiny. Both the potentates and the masses are understanding better than before that they are not the controllers of events—that though "man proposes, God disposes." And our revolutionists, we believe, will find that their ends, rough hew them as they may, will be shaped by a stronger power. Mere climate and master as they please, they will never be permitted to break up this inheritance of our fathers. This magnificent Republic has a part yet to perform on the earth, which they are impotent to defeat. They will fail to their sorrow that the notion that "history is but the Devil's play-bill, performed with the sublime mechanism of depravity," is a great mistake. They will learn that the great mechanism of the race are not left at the mercy of man's madness or weakness—that God is in history, and that, though we cannot clearly scan the Divine policy, there is, amid all the restlessness of human passions, a Divine influence that sets bounds to every destructive agency, and, from the very turbulence of evil, educes good. We have an unbroken faith that this Republic will emerge from its present troubles, not only uninjured, but stronger, greater, and purer than ever.

From an Sixth Ward protest us, if we be Victorious and wise. Winds blow and waters roll Strength to the brave, and power, and deity.

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No. 140 Wood street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ANOTHER CURE BY DR. SCHENCK.—I called on Dr. Schenck some time ago in one of his visits to Pittsburgh, at the office of Dr. Keyser, No. 140 Wood st. He was examining patients with lung disease. One of my lungs and the bronchial tubes were found to be badly diseased. Coughing, when I coughed I expectorated blood and matter in large quantities. I had night sweats and a great cough, and was greatly debilitated. Dr. Schenck prescribed for me his PULMONIC SYRUP, SEAWEED TONIC and MANDRAKE PILLS, and after taking them two month I have so far recovered that I do not spit any more blood or matter, and the cough has nearly left me. I live in Doniphan county, Unity township, Ohio, where I am well known. You may publish this if you wish.

Pittsburgh, August 27, 1860. MARTIN KOCH.

N. B. Since the above was written, Mr. Koch has entirely recovered, and continues well, having regained his usual health.

J. WILLIAM W. ALEXANDER, residing on Ann street, Allegheny city, do hereby certify that I have been a sufferer from severe cough and pain in the breast for about eight years. During the whole of this time I had constant debility and depression of spirits. I tried every nostrum I could hear of, but nothing took hold of my disease. I heard of Doctor Schenck's PULMONIC SYRUP, but knowing so one personally that it had cured, I had no confidence in it. In April, 1858, I took it as a severe cold, accompanied with a violent cough, difficulty of respiration, and night sweats, which so prostrated me that I was confined to my room for two months.

Several of my friends who called to see me spoke in very much discouraging terms, and said I might as well make up my mind to waste no more money for doctor's or medicine, but should take the chances, live or die, as I had been so long sick that I felt completely discouraged. However, after much persuasion, I was induced to take Schenck's PULMONIC SYRUP, and I felt inclined to give Dr. Schenck's medicine a fair trial, and soon saw my self on the way of recovery. I am in good health, by the use of Dr. Schenck's medicine, and I attribute my good health, principally, to the timely use of Dr. Schenck's medicine. I, therefore, feel it my duty to make the above statement, and will cheerfully answer the inquiries of any person desirous of information relative to the above. I feel no hesitation in calling on him in his office in this city. I feel confident that I am a living witness to the truth of the statement made by Dr. Schenck's pamphlet, that consumption can be cured