

The Waynesburg Messenger.

A Family Paper---Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Science, Art, Foreign, Domestic and General Intelligence, &c.

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SOLDIERS' WAR CLAIMS!
D. R. P. HUSS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, WAYNESBURG, PENNA.
HAS received from the War Department at Washington city, D. C., official copies of the several laws passed by Congress, and all the necessary forms and instructions for the preparation and collection of the claims of **RETIRED, BOUNTY, BACK PAY, DISCHARGED AND DISABLED SOLDIERS, WIDOWS, ORPHAN CHILDREN, AND OTHERS.** He will receive and attend to all such claims, (upon due notice) will be attended to promptly, and accurately, and estimated to his care. Office in the Old Bank Building--April 8, 1863.

G. W. G. WADDELL,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
OFFICE in Campbell's Row opposite the Hamilton House, Waynesburg, Pa.
Has received official copies of all the laws passed by Congress, and all the necessary instructions for the collection of the claims of **RETIRED, BOUNTY, BACK PAY, DISCHARGED AND DISABLED SOLDIERS, WIDOWS, ORPHAN CHILDREN, &c.** which business if intrusted to his care, will be promptly attended to. May 12, '63.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. A. C. CROSS
WOULD respectfully tender his services as a **PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON**, to the people of Waynesburg and vicinity. He hopes by a due appreciation of human life and health, and strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage. Waynesburg, January 8, 1862.

DR. A. J. EGGY
RESPECTFULLY offers his services to the citizens of Waynesburg and vicinity, as a **PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.** Office opposite the Republican office. He hopes by a due appreciation of the laws of human life and health, to merit a share of public patronage. April 9, 1862.

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M. A. HARVEY,
Druggist and Apothecary, and dealer in **PAINS AND OINTMENTS, and the most celebrated Patent Medicines, and Pure Liqueurs for medicinal purposes.** Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, &c. Main street. Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

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Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware and Notions, opposite the Green House, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

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J. D. COSGRAY,
Boot and shoe maker, Main street, nearly opposite the "Parson's and Brewer's Bank." Every style of Boots and Shoes made to order or made to order. Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

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JOSEPH YATER,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, Notions, Medicines, Perfumery, Liverpool Ware, &c. Glass of all kinds, and Oil, Medicines and Looking Glass Plates. Cash paid for good quality Apples. Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

JOHN MUNNELL,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectionery and Variety Goods Generally, Wilson's N. E. Building, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

FOUNDRY.

Select Poetry.

"I'M OLD TO-DAY."

An aged man, on reaching his seventieth birthday, like one surprised, paced his house, exclaiming: "I'm an old man--I'm an old man!"

I wake at last; I've dreamed too long,
Where are my three-score-years-and-ten?

My eyes are keen, my limbs are strong;
I well might vie with younger men.

The world, its passions and its strife,
Is passing from my grasp away
And though this pulse seems full of life,
"I'm old to-day--I'm old to-day!"

Strange, that I never felt before
That I had almost reached my goal,
My bark is nearing death's dark shore;
Life's waters ran behind me roll;

And yet I love their murmuring swell--
Their distant breakers' proud array--
And must I--can I say, "Farewell?"
"I'm old to-day--I'm old to-day!"

This house is mine, and those broad lands
That slumber 'neath yon fervid sky;
You brooklet, leaping o'er the sands,
Hath often met my boyish eye.

I loved those mountains when a child;
They still look young in green array;
Ye rocky cliffs, ye summits wild,
"I'm old to-day--I'm old to-day!"

'Twixt yesterday's short hours and me,
A mighty gulch hath intervened,
A man with men I seemed to be--
But now 'tis meet I should be veaned

From all my kind--from kindred dear;
From those deep skies--that landscape gay;
From hopes and joys I've cherished here;
"I'm old to-day--I'm old to-day!"

O man of years, while earth recedes,
Look forward, upward, not behind!
Why dost thou lean on broken reeds?
Why still with earthly fetters bind

Thine ardent soul? God give it wings,
"Mid higher, purer joys to stray!
In heaven, no happy spirit sings
"I'm old to-day--I'm old to-day!"

Miscellaneous.

GRAVE CHARGE AGAINST GENERAL HOOKER.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who is now traveling in Europe, on July the 5th addressed the National Temperance League in London. During his remarks upon the increase of intemperance in this country he referred to the army and to Gen. Hooker in particular, asserting that the battle of Chancellorsville was lost by Gen. Hooker from this cause. A charge of this character should not be allowed to go abroad without investigation by the government, and we hope that some action will be taken; if true, the dismissal of Gen. Hooker from the service should immediately follow. We quote the following from Mr. Beecher's remarks: "The civil war has interrupted the progress of temperance, and it seemed as if the things were for the time going back. In the army, affairs were very bad; drunkenness was rampant, especially among the officers. Those who showed another and purer example were not many, but among these he could mention Major-Gen. Howard, of the 5th Division, who had studied at West Point, and was about entering the ministry when the war broke out. If it were fit he, (Mr. Beecher) could point to several great misfortunes which had befallen the north on the field owing entirely to the drunkenness of officers. The battle of Chancellorsville was lost from this cause; but he had heard it from almost direct authority that the General thus implicated, knowing his weakness, had been previously abstaining, but that having received a severe contusion, he had been prescribed whiskey medicinally, and it was taking it for this purpose that the old appetite had been revived and had overcome him."

The New York Independent adds the following to this statement:--

"Mr. Beecher stated this as a private communication, but the case of intemperance referred to is no secret here. That Gen. Hooker was drunk, and thereby lost the battle of Chancellorsville, has been published wherever the English language is read; and it is due to the incalculable General that the explanation furnished by Mr. Beecher should be made widely known."

A Substitute for Leather.

Leather, to a great degree, is to be superseded. The London Times endorses the claims of an invention, owned by Mr. Szereimly, of England which, according to the description of the article, possesses every quality of real leather, and is vastly superior to it on many accounts. It will not crack, is tougher, will wear longer, and will resist water as effectually as rubber. The leather-cloth can be of any color, and a pair of boot tops which cost of calf-skin, \$1 60, will cost of this material, only 25 cents. The invention is of immense value. Exchange.

THE CAKE-SELLER OF BEEKMAN STREET.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

The sun was just coming up and making its first peep in the city, as a woman came stamping up Beekman street, who immediately challenged my attention, and made me forget the brightness of the day, and the folly of men and women that sleep away this the most beautiful and soul-inspiring of all the hours of the twenty-four.

Was it anything strange to see a woman coming up Beekman street, the noisy thorough-fare of thousands?

Yes. For at this sunrise hour this woman was alone: not another human being treading those cold gray stones in sight. Her outward seeming, too, was strange. On her head she carried a board three feet long and eighteen inches wide, which supported an old nail keg. She was lame, and seemed to walk with difficulty; but still she carried her load steadily. In one hand she held a large market basket, and the other carried or half dragged a box sixteen inches square. Her dress was old and patched, but it was clean.

Clump, clump, clump, she came up street, with her board, keg, box, and basket, until exactly opposite the window of my "own hired" apartment, and there she lurked down, and put her box upon the step of a large business house opposite. No, not the step, but within the space between two columns of said building, which made a little recess for her use. Next her basket was released from her weary grasp; then up went the froed hands and the keg came down carefully upon the step beside the box; and last, the long board left its perch above the black, genteel hood, and took its place upon the keg; and straightway there was a table filling all the space between those columns, except that which was occupied by the box--Now the white cloth that covered the contents of the basket became a table-spread, and was laid neatly over the board, and hid the old nail keg from the gaze of the passer-by. And then the treasures of the basket, one by one found their place upon the clean side-table--sponge-cakes, cream-cakes, ginger-snaps, pound-cakes, crullers, jumbles, and I know not what, until inviting groups flocked the white cloth, corners, niches, and centre, with a tempting variety. The basket disappeared under the shadow of the table, and when the whole was completed, the lame woman looked it over with earnest scrutiny, adjusted a few refractory cakes, and then, placing her hands upon her hips, she surveyed the whole with evident satisfaction for a moment, before seating herself upon her box, to await the coming of her customers. Only one moment's rest did she give those busy hands. No sooner seated was she, than her sewing emerged from her pocket. The needle was threaded, and the work spread out upon her lap.

Al! what a revolution was bound up in that bit of scarlet calico! In its folds lay the parts of a tiny slip which revealed to my motherly vision a baby child just tottering alone, for whom those busy fingers were "plying the needle and thread."

I drew my chair and writing-stand near the window, and as my pen scratched over the paper, ever and anon my eyes wandered out of that narrow room, through open windows, down to this trader by the wayside.

Stitch, stitch, stitch, went her needle--the hand only stopping to pick up a penny or make change for a little yellow paper, as cake after cake disappeared. How I wished more people would pause before that impromptu stall! Why did they pass her and trade with that red-faced creature opposite, who was scolding or coaxing every passer-by?

There, the skirt of that baby slip is done, and edged with a strip of white braid around the bottom. She holds it up and looks at it, and the light of love glows all over her homely, care-marked face. Now come the waist and sleeves; mayhap her stitches are not as well set or her work such as would take premiums at fairs, but it will do.

The great clock chimes twelve. A penny from her pocket buys an apple from another woman who walks by with her basket, and a doughnut and her apple makes her wholesome lunch for the day. Not once has she risen from her box--Now a cake is handed to a boy, who, with a tin cup which has been hid away in her basket, bounds away and soon returns with water from the neighboring fountain.

Her head droops against the corner, her face turned toward her cakes and upward toward the clear blue sky glowing with the mid-day sun.

Her eyes close, and the red slip lies quietly beneath her hands. She is asleep--the first falling footstep near her awakens her. So she dozes for half an hour, and then, busy as ever-pursues her task. Two o'clock! More customers. The tired and hungry to and fro pass and take refreshment. She lays by her work for a little--exchanges two cakes for

an orange, and by and by three or four for two large apples; presently a candy dealer leaves a bright red and white twist in the place of a cream cake, and all these new acquisitions are laid in a corner by themselves.

Her stock is getting low, and the sun is sending long slopes of shadow eastward. Now she holds up the little red dress by the sleeves, surveys it with loving looks, and lays it across her lap, and leaning forward looks wistfully down the street.

The sun sinks lower; the high walls of commerce and trade are darkening the shadows there, and still her eyes peer wistfully among the crowd, as if some beloved object was expected.

Ha! how her face brightens! what radiance of joy gleams on every feature! Up goes the little red slip, held in both hands; and in less time than I have taken to write the words, an old woman, who evidently bears upon her broad shoulders the weight of threescore years and ten, drops into the extended arms of the patient, waiting worker, a beautiful child, who clasps her neck and nestles in her bosom, almost speaking his delight in half-cry and half-laughter. There is no delay; the maternal fountain is given to his use. And then old deaf granny is told of the results of the day, and treated to the last of the remnants upon the stand. That big apple was for her; that orange was for her. Now little rosy-cheeks lifts up his head, bound with golden curls, and claims that braid of candy. How he laughs and crows, and for every demonstration of joy he is clasped to his mother's breast and smothered with kisses!

Hundreds have passed this humble group, yet not one has seen this exhibition of filial and maternal love. The words "mother" and "granny" reach me up to the second story, as the cakeseller tries to make the deaf old woman hear; and I know by the full, round, musical tone, that love, true and pure, lies sweetly sleeping in the hearts of the two.

Whose eyes see that little red slip upon that baby boy? who sees that mother's heartfelt satisfaction at the fit? who sees the proud crowing of the bright-faced darling, with his pouting mouth made all the sweeter by daubs of candy? Who sees that proud old grandmother leading her pet away, his little bare feet pattering along the hard pavement, and his merry laughter keeping time to the pattering?

The cakeseller's work is done for the day. She rises up and straightens with difficulty her cramped and crippled limbs. The remnant of cakes are laid in the basket, the white cloth folded and laid over them, the board lifted upon her head, the old nail keg hoisted above, the box and basket taken in the two hands, and clump, clump, clump, she passes down the street in the dim twilight, her day's work of love and duty done.

All this long, long day I had been waiting for a telegram to tell me of the fate of one most dear, and that humble creature, crippled, yet earnest, faithful and loving, helped me to grow stronger for the fate that awaited me.

And when at last that fearful dispatch came that crushed my hopes, and transferred my love from earth to heaven, I know I was able to say with more perfect resignation, "My Father, thy will, not mine, be done, because of the patient work and cheerful smile of the cake-seller of Beekman street."

Human Aspiration.

All lower natures find their highest good in semblances and seeking of that which is higher and better. All things strive to ascend, and ascend in their striving. And shall man alone stoop? Shall his pursuits and desires, reflections of his inward life, be like the reflected image of a tree on the edge of a pool, that sets downward, and seeks a mock-heaven in the unstable element beneath it, in neighborhood with the slim water-weeds and oozy bottom-grass, that are yet better than itself and more noble, in as far as substances that appear as shadows are preferable to shadows mistaken for substances? No! it must be higher good to make you happy. While you labor for anything below your proper humanity, you seek a *holy life* in the region of death. --Coolidge.

REMAINS OF GIGANTIC ANIMALS.

Russian geologists are making preparations to promote the discovery of congealed remains of mammoth animals in Siberia. It is stated that during the last two centuries, at least 20,000 mammoths, and probably twice or thrice that number, were washed out of the ice and soil in which they were imbedded, by the action of the spring floods. The tusks only have been preserved for the commercial value in ivory. An effort is now to be made for the discovery and preservation of one of these carcasses as perfect and entire as possible, as it is considered that microscopic investigation of the contents of the stomach might throw a powerful light on a host of geological problems.

TALKS ABOUT HEALTH.

BY DIO LEWIS, M. D.

Perhaps you fancy your shape-- You do look comfortable and jolly. But as a physiologist, I must find fault with you. Obesity, emaciation, is a sort of disease--unfavorable to health and long life.

This warm weather makes you pant and perspire.

I met one of your number down on the beach, the other day. It was a warm afternoon. We stopped to chat a moment, when he exclaimed:

"I would give ten thousand dollars to be reduced to 150 pounds. I pant sweat; pant, wheeze, and sweat, every time I stir; and looking earnestly into my face, he said, "Doctor, what can you do for me; what can I take? My family doctor tells me he can give me something that will whittle me down; do you think it can be done?"

"Oh, yes," I replied, "nothing is easier; but it is quite unnecessary to take any medicine. Suppose, sir, you have a very fast horse, much in condition of yourself, and some doctor were to propose to reduce his weight with medicine what would you say?"

"I should tell him that I could reduce his weight by reducing the amount of his food."

"Just so; and you would be quite right. Allow me to commend the same practice to yourself. Reduce the quantity of your food one quarter and I venture to say that in a month you will weigh from 5 to 10 pounds less than now. At the end of the first month, reduce the amount of your food another quarter. Within three or six months you will find yourself lighter by 20 to 50 pounds. Your digestion will be much healthier, your respiration freer, and your activity and endurance greatly increased."

"But," said he, "I don't eat half as much as some thin men whom I know."

"This is not improbable, and I presume their excessive eating keeps them thin, as with your tendency, excessive eating produces fat. If they were to reduce the quantity of their food, they would like yourself tend toward the normal standard--they would gain in weight, while you would lose."

He promised to try it, and started on.

In a horse-car the other day, I met six corpulent, uncomfortable men, all quite sure to die prematurely. Every one of them might, in six or twelve months, be reduced to the normal standard, and enjoy a degree of health and activity to which he is now a stranger. Is any physiological statement more self evident than that every fat person eats more than he needs?

"But," exclaims some fat young woman, who would "give the world; to be in good shape," "I cannot go hungry and faint ever."

This remark shows you have never tried what I have suggested. It is only the great eater who is troubled with hunger and "goneness." If you would reduce the quantity of your food, even one-half at once, after three days you will not suffer from faintness or hunger. The man who eats temperately of unstimulating food, rarely knows the sensation of hunger.

In the light of these undeniable statements, how silly the practice, common among girls, of swallowing acids, and other killing things; and among men, steeping in tobacco, to reduce the flesh.

I have personally known scores of young women whose health has been ruined by drinking vinegar, or eating chalk and other indigestible things, all to take away their fat.

And I have known a still greater number to ruin themselves with corsets, in the hope of keeping themselves comely and in shape.

I have met hundreds of fat men who were besmeared and saturated with tobacco juice--objects of disgust to all beholders, a terror to decent housekeepers, perigrinating stench-pots, and all to keep their flesh down.

My poor, dear, fat simpletons allow me to prescribe for you.

Rise early; exercise much, particularly in the open air; bathe frequently, rubbing the skin very hard; but most important of all, eat plain, coarse food, and reduce the quantity until you find yourself growing thinner two or three pounds per week. Your sluggishness, short breath, and other discomforts will soon leave you, and you will become, bright, clear-headed and happy. --Independent

Increase of Foreign Emigration.

Owing to the excitement produced by the Southern rebellion, public attention has not been much occupied with the phases of foreign emigration to these shores. Nevertheless, the tide has been and still is steadily rolling on, with vast benefit to our population. The number of emigrants arrived, and who after arrival have left New York, during the period between March 1st and August 1st is 85,046, against 43,410 for the

same period in 1862. The emigration this year, then, for the period named, is just double what it was last year. There is nothing to restrain a tide like this to the Western World.

ADDRESS OF THE Democratic State Central Committee.

To the People of Pennsylvania:

An important election is at hand, and the issues involved in it may now claim your attention. The tide of war has been rolled back from our borders; and with thanks to God, and gratitude to the skill and valor which, by his favor, achieved the prompt deliverance of our invaded Commonwealth, we may now give our solemn consideration to the causes that have brought to its present condition a country once peaceful, united and secure. It is now the scene of a great civil war, between States that lately ministered to each other's prosperity in a Union founded for their common good. It was this Union that gave them peace at home and respect abroad. They coped successfully with Great Britain on the ocean, and the "doctrine" uttered by President Monroe warned off the monarchs of Europe from the whole American continent. Now, France carves out of it an empire, and ships built in England plunder our commerce on every sea. A great public debt and a conscription burden the people. The strength and wealth of the nation are turned from productive industry and consumed in the destructive arts of war. Our victories fail to win peace. Through-out the land, arbitrary power encroaches upon civil liberty.

What has wrought the disastrous change? No natural causes embroiled the North and the South. Their interchangeable products and commodities, and various institutions, were sources of reciprocal benefit, and excluded competition and strife. But an artificial cause of dissension was found in the position of the African race; and the ascendancy in the national council of men pledged to an aggressive and unconstitutional Abolition policy, has brought our country to the condition of "the house divided against itself." The danger to the Union began where statesmen had foreseen it; it began in the triumph of a sectional party, founded on principles of revolutionary hostility to the Constitution and the laws. The leaders of this party were pledged to a conflict with rights recognized and sheltered by the Constitution. They called this conflict "irrepressible"; and whenever one party is determined to attack what another is determined to defend, a conflict can always be made "irrepressible." They counted on an easy triumph through the aid of insurgent slaves, and, in this reliance, were careless how soon they provoked a collision. Democrats and Conservatives strove to avert the conflict. They saw that Union was the paramount interest of their country, and they stood by the great bond of Union, the Constitution of the United States. They were content to leave debatable questions under it to the high tribunal framed to decide them; they preferred it to the sword as an arbiter between the States; they strove hard to merit the title which their opponents gave them in scorn--the title of "Union-savers." We will not at length rehearse their efforts. In the Thirty-sixth Congress the Republican leaders refused their assent to the Crittenden Compromise. On this point the testimony of Mr. Douglas will suffice. He said:

"I believe this to be a fair basis of amicable adjustment. If you of the Republican side are not willing to accept this, nor the proposition of the Senator from Kentucky (Mr. Crittenden,) pray tell us what you are willing to do? I address the inquiry to the Republicans alone, for the reason that, in the Committee of Thirteen, a few days ago, every member from the South, including those from the cotton States (Messrs. Davis and Toombs,) expressed their readiness to accept the proposition of my venerable friend from Kentucky, Mr. Crittenden, as a final settlement of the controversy; if tendered and sustained by the Republican members. Hence the sole responsibility of our disagreement, and the only difficulty in the way of an amicable adjustment, is with the Republican party." --Jan. 3, 1861.

The Peace Congress was another means by which the border States strove to avert the impending strife. How the Republican leaders then conspired against the peace of their country may be seen in a letter from Senator Chandler, of Michigan, to the Governor of that State:

"To His Excellency, Justin Blair:-- Governor Bingham and myself telegraphed you on Saturday, at the request of Massachusetts and New York, to send delegates to the Peace or Compromise Congress. They were wrong; that no Republican State should have sent delegates; but they are here and cannot get away; Ohio, Indiana and Rhode Island are carrying on, and there is danger of Illinois; and now they beg us for God's sake to come to their rescue, and save the Republican party from rupture. I hope you will send stiff-backed men or none. The whole thing was gotten up against my judgment and advice, and will end in this smoke. Still I hope as a matter of courtesy to some of our crying brethren that you will send the delegates. Truly your friend, Z. CHANDLER."

Washington, Feb. 11, 1861.

In Pennsylvania, too, the same spirit prevailed. It was not seen how necessarily her position unfitted her interest with the border States. She has learned it since, from contending armies trampling out her harvests and deluging her fields with blood. Gov. Curtin sent to the Peace Congress Mr. Wilmot and Mr. Meredith.

Mr. Wilmot was chiefly known from the connection of his name with the attempt to embroil the country by the "Wilmot Proviso," baffled by patriotic statesmanship, in which Clay and Webster joined with the Democratic leaders; just as Clay and Jackson had joined in the Tariff Compromise of 1833. Mr. Meredith had published his belief that the mutterings of the rising storm were what he called "strident cries," unworthy of the slightest attention.

By Mr. Lincoln's election, in November, 1860, the power to save or destroy the Union was in the hands of his party; and no adjustment was possible with men who rejected the judgment of the Supreme Court, who scorned conciliation and compromise, and who looked to a "little blood-letting" to cement the American Union. Till this time, the Union men of the South had controlled, with little difficulty, the small but restless class among them who desired a separate nationality. The substantial interests of the South, especially the slaveholding interest, were drawn reluctantly into secession. Gen. F. P. Blair, of Missouri, an eminent Republican, said very truly, in the last Congress:

"Every man acquainted with the facts knows that it is fallacious to call this a 'slaveholders' rebellion. A closer scrutiny demonstrates the contrary to be true; such a scrutiny demonstrates that the rebellion originated chiefly with the non-slaveholders resident in the stronghold of the institution, not springing, however, from any love of slavery, but from an antagonism of race and hostility to the idea of equality with the blacks involved in simple emancipation."

It was the triumph of the Abolitionists over the Democrats and Conservatives of the North, that secured a like triumph to the Secessionists over the Union men of the South. The John Brown raid was taken as a practical exposition of the doctrine of "irrepressible conflict."

The exultation over its momentary success, the lamentation over its failure, had been availed by the Abolitionists, so as to seem a general expression of Northern feeling. Riots and rescues had nullified the constitutional provision for the return of fugitives. The false pretence that slavery would monopolize the territories, when we had no territories in which it could exist, had been used as a means of constant agitation against slavery in the Southern States. A plan of attack upon it had been published in "Helfer's book," formally endorsed and recommended by the leaders of the party that was about to assume the Administration of the Federal Government--leaders who openly incited contempt for the Constitution, contempt for the Supreme Court, and professed to follow a "higher law." Thus the flame of revolution at the South was kindled and fed with fuel furnished by the Abolitionists. It might seem superfluous to advert now to what is past and irrevocable, were it not that it is against the same men and the same influences, still dominant in the councils of the Administration, that an appeal is now to be made to the intelligence of the people. The Abolitionists deprecate these allusions to the past. To cover up their own tracks, they invite us to spend all our indignation upon "Southern traitors;" but truth compels us to add, that, in the race of treason, the Northern traitors to the Constitution had the start. They tell us that slavery was the cause of the war; therefore, the Union is to be restored by waging a war upon slavery. This is not true; or only true in the sense that any institution, civil or religious, may be a cause of war, if war is made upon it. Nor is it a just conclusion that if you take from your neighbor his "man-servant or his maid, or anything that is his," you will thus establish harmony between you. No danger to the Union arose from slavery whilst the people of each State dealt calmly and intelligently with the question within their own State limits. Where little importance attached to it, it soon yielded to moral and economical considerations, leaving the negro in a position of social and political subordination no where more clearly marked than in Pennsylvania. The strife began when people in States where it was an immemorial question undertook to prescribe the course of duty upon it to States in which it was a question of great importance and difficulty. This interference became more dangerous when attempts were made to use the power of the General Government