DAILY POST.

PITTSBURGH:

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1863.

Where there is no Law there is no Freedom.

The Union as it Was.
The Constitution as It Is.

OUTSIDE READING MATTER.

FIRST PAGE.—The Deserted Isle—The Eaton Boy.

FOURTH PAGE.—Eloquent Apostrophe to Cold Water.

THE COMING CONGRESS.

The result of this fall's elections has, already, produced great effect upon the minds of the Abolition leaders. Although, throughout the different campaigns, these political gameters declared that there should be no party, and that they did not regard the struggles, in the different States, as partizan, in the usual acceptation of that term, they now announce that these elections have triumphantly endorsed all of their radical proceedings. In Ohio, JOHN BROUGH, a Democrat, who had never voted anything but a Democratic ticket, was taken up by the Republicans; they proclaimed their own organization abandoned, and invited all the voters of the State to support him as the representative of the "loyal people." But no sooner was the contest over, and BROUGH elected, than another Abolition victory was claimed, and the National Administration sustained by an overwhelming majority. In Pennsylvania the same game was resorted to: that is, there was nothing partizan in the contest. CURTIN was the representative of the "loyal masses," we were told; but as soon as he was satisfied of his re-election he made arrangements to run off to New York to take part in the late political caucuss in that State. There, he and his associates claimed that the great question decided in our election was the unqualified support of the National Administration.

In the New York Convention, which nominated the ticket that was last Tuesday elected, it is notorious that the radicals were badly beaten; that seventy-seven refused to fully endorse the administration; yet the result of the election is claimed as being an Abolition victory. In view of these demonstrations we may expect to see the radicals in the coming Congress, endeavoring to carry things with a rush. Emboldened by the apparent endorsement of their extreme notions by the people, they will insist upon the full development of their programme. War, ruinous, wasting and interminable, for Southern subjugation will be insisted upon and will cause a struggle in the House which may result in new combinations, in view of the next Presidential election. The radicals having control of their party will yield nothing to conservative counsels. Peace will be the last thing for which these desperate partizans will struggle. But the friends of peace and Union, remarks an intelligent Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Times* will exercise a sleepless vigilance on this point, and will embrace any opportunity that may offer for bringing about so desirable a result. We assume nothing. That, because we [illegible] lasting peace until one side or the other is exhausted or subdued. But this is a mistake. The path to an honorable, lasting peace—a peace that will restore the Union—*will be pointed out in the House of Representatives at an early period of the session*

But if the real Union men in Congress cannot terminate the war, they can at least expose the shameful manner in which it has been mismanaged by the administration; and this they will do. In the speeches of the Democratic members of both houses, during the session, the country may look for a complete exposure of all the rascality and trickery that have been practised by the different branches of the government, under the direct sanction and approval of the President and Secretary of War; and also, what is of far greater consequence, the exposure of the shameful mismanagement of our vast armies ever since last winter, when the President boasted that "he had now taken off his mittens and meant to conduct the war himself."

THE MARYLAND ELECTION.

Much as we of the Free States have to complain of, our condition is admirable compared to that of those residing in our border slave States. Here, in our elections in October, we were permitted to vote, the Abolitionists knowing their ability to beat us; but in Maryland Major Gen. SCHENCK made up his mind to have the election conducted according to his notions of propriety. On the day previous to the late election in that State, this military individual issued a proclamation defining the qualifications of the voter, which the Governor of the State, a sound and patriotic Union man, was compelled to notice, as follows: "This extraordinary order has not only been issued without any notice to or consultation with the constituted authorities of the State, but at a time and under circumstances when the condition of the State and the character of the candidates are such as to preclude the idea that the result of that election can in any way endanger either the safety of the Government or the peace of the community. It is a well-known fact that, with perhaps one single exception, there is not a Congressional candidate in the State whose loyalty is even of a questionable character, and in not a county of the State outside of the same Congressional district is there, I believe, a candidate for the Legislature or any State office whose loyalty is not equally undoubted. In the face of this well known condition of things the several classes of persons above enumerated are not only to be arrested *at* but '*approaching any poll or place of election.*' And who is to judge whether voters thus on their way to the place of voting have given 'aid, comfort *or encouragement*' to persons engaged in the rebellion, or that they 'do not recognize their allegiance to the United States,' and may avail themselves of their presence at the polls 'to foist enemies of the United States into power?' As I have already said, in a very large majority of the counties of the State there are not to be found among the candidates any such 'enemies of the United States,' but the Provost Marshals—created for a very different purpose—and the other military officials who are thus ordered to arrest approaching voters, are necessarily made by the order the sole and exclusive judges of who fall within the prescribed category; an extent of arbitrary discretion under any circumstances the most odious, and more especially offensive and dangerous in view of the known fact that two at least of the five Provost Marshals of the State are themselves candidates for important offices, and sundry of their deputies for others."

The election in Maryland was between genuine Union men and Abolitionists who relied upon bayonets for success: there can be no doubt of the result. Bayonets are, of course, successful, if we judge by the following dispatch from Baltimore:

BALTIMORE, November 4.—Only about 1,000 votes were cast in this city, of which Goldsborough gets all but 200. The whole regular ticket is elected.

It will be seen from this what sort of an election there was in Maryland on Tuesday last. A few days ago a correspondent of the *Tribune* assured that paper that means would be taken to return none but "true men" to Congress from that State. We now see what those "means" were. Hardly one third of the vote of Baltimore was polled, and all but two hundred of them cast for the bayonet candidates.

DISMISSED.

A spirited correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* in the army of the Cumberland has been flanked and his supplies intercepted. He publishes his

VALEDICTORY.

I have been made the subject of an order of excommunication from the lines of the Army of the Cumberland, for the alleged publication of contraband news. The head and front of my offending hath the extent of noticing the arrival of the Hooker's forces at Bridgeport, and stating that his columns would have to be used in making a flank movement, to compel the evacuation of Lookout Mountain. I have to say, in self defense, that if there was a man North or South, who had not known of Hooker's arrival two weeks before I published it, he is in great danger of waiting for General Jackson for next President. It will be remembered that immediately after the battles of Chickamauga General Lee telegraphed to Richmond that the corps of Hooker and Slocum were moving to reinforce Rosecrans, and that acted upon this knowledge Longstreet is advancing upon Washington. Every paper in the North had stated the fact, its publication had received the official sanction of the censor at Washington. I mentioned it as a legitimate item, as a statement of the situation of our army in Tennessee.

As to the intended flank movement, I have only to say that it was as plain as the nose on the face of a child at Israel's bridge had been built across the Tennessee at Bridgeport, and a portion of Hooker's troops had crossed. The rebel pickets were in front of them, and their every movement was reported from a rebel signal station within a mile of them. If Bragg a poor superannuated imbecile that he could be informed by me what all this meant? He certainly has not acted like an imbecile lately. His every move since the battle of Chickamauga indicates that he expected just what has come to pass since. The history of the war thus far goes to show that we have succeeded best where our Generals have taken it for granted that the rebel leaders knew at least something of the military art, and were not blockheads, their graduation at West Point notwithstanding.

But I have been convicted of planning a campaign for the Army of the Cumberland [illegible] must henceforth blush unseen and waste my fragrance beyond the boundaries of the department of the Cumberland, unless by special permission of the Major General commanding—which I have at present but a very dim prospect of obtaining.

It is worthy of remark that the paper containing the contraband news was handed to the Provost Marshal General for inspection, with the assurance that there was something highly informationary to the enemy in it. That worthy officer read and re-read my letter, but couldn't see the point till I called his attention to the only paragraph that could possibly be construed as contraband. He had wandered through the advertising columns, perused "correspondence wanted," and glanced carefully at the river column, without finding what he was after, until I gave him the hint, when my character as a spy loomed up before him in vivid proportion; and henceforth executed a long order full of good intentions and bad grammar, declaring me hereafter banished the department.

Adieu to the Army of the Cumberland.

MACK.

General Beauregard's Greek Fire.

A DISCOVERY IN FORT WAGNER.

The following is an extract from a private letter to a gentleman in New York, dated

"FORT WAGNER, October 19, 1863.

"I opened one of the unexploded magazines, and dug out a lot of as 'villainous compounds' as Mr. Beauregard ever complained of. First was a little box containing sulphuric acid, in tubes about six inches in length by one-third of an inch in diameter, and by it a box marked 'fire bottles' on the inside of the cover of which was a card of 'directions.' Taking one of the bottles, and preparing it according to the direction, I pitched it at something hard.

"The experiment was perfectly successful. The bottle burst, the contents were ignited, and burnt for about ten minutes, the bottles evidently contained camphene, gunpowder and chlorate of potash. To-day I found another of their 'fire bugs,' which consists of a tin can holding about a quart, in the centre of which is suspended a smaller can. The inner can contains powder, and the space around it is filled with cotton and turpentine. A time fuse communicates from the outside with the inner can. Being a little suspicious of the fuse, I first emptied the fluid by means of a small opening at the top, and commenced my investigations by 'regular approaches' from the bottom. Cutting through this I seized the 'little joker' and twisted off its neck. Finding that the fuse, left plenty of margin for dodging, I brought one out and got up some fireworks at the rebel expense. It exploded, throwing the cotton four or five yards around, and covering the ground with fire. I don't see how Mr. Beauregard can complain of 'Greek fire' after this."

Brownlow and Winter Davis in England

Our London organ—the *Spectator*—pensively asks, "Why do the Americans allow their lunatics to go at large?" The lunatics spoken of are Parson Brownlow and Winter Davis. The motto of the former, 'Greek fire for the people and hell fire for the leaders," is everywhere quoted as indicative of the spirit with which we are waging the war, and the cheerful anticipation of Mr. Davis, that he may live to see the bombs fly over these dome of St. Paul's while the ruins of London Bridge tumble into the Thames, does not gratify even the frequenters of Exeter Hall. The *Spectator*, however, encourages itself by thinking that "if the shells fly over the dome of St. Paul's, the elevation of the mortars will be somewhat unpractical."

TO THE POOR AFRICAN.

The Negro in Concert Hall—Shoddy Clothed in Sables—Chap sam Fisher and Bishop Potter.

Last evening a strange crowd assembled at Concert Hall to hear an address about the poor negroes who swarm in all the Federal camps along the Mississippi. The audience gathered early and filled the entire hall. Negroes sat down alongside of whites, and ladies flanked them on either hand, and for an audience two-thirds white it was a most respectable assemblage. There were plenty of philanthropists there, with benevolent faces and strong minded females—men with smooth faces and long black hair brushed back from their low foreheads, over their enormous bumps of self esteem, until it fell about their necks, and made a perfect picture of an Abolitionist. Quakers in their bonnets also sat down and talked approval through their noses, of all that was done.

On one of the benches there were five negroes by side. Two were clergymen, with spotless ties and cuffs, who sat with their heads thrown back and chins poked out, paragons not of humility, like the Divine Master whose gospel they ought to teach, but paragons got up expressly for the admiration of the wondering laity who looked upon them. Two others were tall men with yellow heads and jewelled hands, both of whom, to our knowledge, have expressed conscientious scruples against drawing a sword in this or any war, but who have made independent fortunes from the construction of gunboats. The fifth was a negro, far better in every way than the contractors and jobbers who sat by his side.

The audience was very respectable, very respectable, and patiently awaited the beginning of services. Soon an old gentleman got up and introduced Bishop Potter, who invited them to a prayer. It was a devout supplication so far as it went, but contained no word for any one but the negro. The poor soldier was forgotten in the negro could suffer, and Heaven was asked with all fervency to smooth his pain. Never was not the poor white soldier in the border country, both bleeding from blood cast, got no word from Bishop Hooker's forces at Bridgeport, and stating that his columns would have to be used in making a flank movement, to compel the evacuation of Lookout Mountain. I have to say, in self defense, that if there was a man North or South, who had not known of Hooker's arrival two weeks before I published it, he is in great danger of waiting for General Jackson for next President. It will be remembered that immediately after the battles of Chickamauga General Lee telegraphed to Richmond that the corps of Hooker and Slocum were moving to reinforce Rosecrans, and that acted upon this knowledge Longstreet is advancing upon Washington. Every paper in the North had stated the fact, its publication had received the official sanction of the censor at Washington. I mentioned it as a legitimate item, as a statement of the situation of our army in Tennessee.

As to the intended flank movement, I have only to say that it was as plain as the nose on the face of a child at Israel's bridge had been built across the Tennessee at Bridgeport, and a portion of Hooker's troops had crossed. The rebel pickets were in front of them, and their every movement was reported from a rebel signal station within a mile of them. If Bragg a poor superannuated imbecile that he could be informed by me what all this meant? He certainly has not acted like an imbecile lately. His every move since the battle of Chickamauga indicates that he expected just what has come to pass since. The history of the war thus far goes to show that we have succeeded best where our Generals have taken it for granted that the rebel leaders knew at least something of the military art, and were not blockheads, their graduation at West Point notwithstanding.

But I have been convicted of planning a campaign for the Army of the Cumberland [illegible] must henceforth blush unseen and waste my fragrance beyond the boundaries of the department of the Cumberland, unless by special permission of the Major General commanding—which I have at present but a very dim prospect of obtaining.

It is worthy of remark that the paper containing the contraband news was handed to the Provost Marshal General for inspection, with the assurance that there was something highly informationary to the enemy in it. That worthy officer read and re-read my letter, but couldn't see the point till I called his attention to the only paragraph that could possibly be construed as contraband. He had wandered through the advertising columns, perused "correspondence wanted," and glanced carefully at the river column, without finding what he was after, until I gave him the hint, when my character as a spy loomed up before him in vivid proportion; and henceforth executed a long order full of good intentions and bad grammar, declaring me hereafter banished the department.

Adieu to the Army of the Cumberland.

MACK.

General Beauregard's Greek Fire.

A DISCOVERY IN FORT WAGNER.

The following is an extract from a private letter to a gentleman in New York, dated

"FORT WAGNER, October 19, 1863.

"I opened one of the unexploded magazines, and dug out a lot of as 'villainous compounds' as Mr. Beauregard ever complained of. First was a little box containing sulphuric acid, in tubes about six inches in length by one-third of an inch in diameter, and by it a box marked 'fire bottles' on the inside of the cover of which was a card of 'directions.' Taking one of the bottles, and preparing it according to the direction, I pitched it at something hard.

"The experiment was perfectly successful. The bottle burst, the contents were ignited, and burnt for about ten minutes, the bottles evidently contained camphene, gunpowder and chlorate of potash. To-day I found another of their 'fire bugs,' which consists of a tin can holding about a quart, in the centre of which is suspended a smaller can. The inner can contains powder, and the space around it is filled with cotton and turpentine. A time fuse communicates from the outside with the inner can. Being a little suspicious of the fuse, I first emptied the fluid by means of a small opening at the top, and commenced my investigations by 'regular approaches' from the bottom. Cutting through this I seized the 'little joker' and twisted off its neck. Finding that the fuse, left plenty of margin for dodging, I brought one out and got up some fireworks at the rebel expense. It exploded, throwing the cotton four or five yards around, and covering the ground with fire. I don't see how Mr. Beauregard can complain of 'Greek fire' after this."

Brownlow and Winter Davis in England

Our London organ—the *Spectator*—pensively asks, "Why do the Americans allow their lunatics to go at large?" The lunatics spoken of are Parson Brownlow and Winter Davis. The motto of the former, 'Greek fire for the people and hell fire for the leaders," is everywhere quoted as indicative of the spirit with which we are waging the war, and the cheerful anticipation of Mr. Davis, that he may live to see the bombs fly over these dome of St. Paul's while the ruins of London Bridge tumble into the Thames, does not gratify even the frequenters of Exeter Hall. The *Spectator*, however, encourages itself by thinking that "if the shells fly over the dome of St. Paul's, the elevation of the mortars will be somewhat unpractical."

TO THE POOR AFRICAN.

The Negro in Concert Hall—Shoddy Clothed in Sables—Chap sam Fisher and Bishop Potter.

Last evening a strange crowd assembled at Concert Hall to hear an address about the poor negroes who swarm in all the Federal camps along the Mississippi. The audience gathered early and filled the entire hall. Negroes sat down alongside of whites, and ladies flanked them on either hand, and for an audience two-thirds white it was a most respectable assemblage. There were plenty of philanthropists there, with benevolent faces and strong minded females—men with smooth faces and long black hair brushed back from their low foreheads, over their enormous bumps of self esteem, until it fell about their necks, and made a perfect picture of an Abolitionist. Quakers in their bonnets also sat down and talked approval through their noses, of all that was done.

On one of the benches there were five negroes by side. Two were clergymen, with spotless ties and cuffs, who sat with their heads thrown back and chins poked out, paragons not of humility, like the Divine Master whose gospel they ought to teach, but paragons got up expressly for the admiration of the wondering laity who looked upon them. Two others were tall men with yellow heads and jewelled hands, both of whom, to our knowledge, have expressed conscientious scruples against drawing a sword in this or any war, but who have made independent fortunes from the construction of gunboats. The fifth was a negro, far better in every way than the contractors and jobbers who sat by his side.

The audience was very respectable, very respectable, and patiently awaited the beginning of services. Soon an old gentleman got up and introduced Bishop Potter, who invited them to a prayer. It was a devout supplication so far as it went, but contained no word for any one but the negro. The poor soldier was forgotten in the negro could suffer, and Heaven was asked with all fervency to smooth his pain. Never was not the poor white soldier in the border country, both bleeding from blood cast, got no word from Bishop Hooker's forces at Bridgeport, and stating that his columns would have to be used in making a flank movement, to compel the evacuation of Lookout Mountain. I have to say, in self defense, that if there was a man North or South, who had not known of Hooker's arrival two weeks before I published it, he is in great danger of waiting for General Jackson for next President. It will be remembered that immediately after the battles of Chickamauga General Lee telegraphed to Richmond that the corps of Hooker and Slocum were moving to reinforce Rosecrans, and that acted upon this knowledge Longstreet is advancing upon Washington. Every paper in the North had stated the fact, its publication had received the official sanction of the censor at Washington. I mentioned it as a legitimate item, as a statement of the situation of our army in Tennessee.

As to the intended flank movement, I have only to say that it was as plain as the nose on the face of a child at Israel's bridge had been built across the Tennessee at Bridgeport, and a portion of Hooker's troops had crossed. The rebel pickets were in front of them, and their every movement was reported from a rebel signal station within a mile of them. If Bragg a poor superannuated imbecile that he could be informed by me what all this meant? He certainly has not acted like an imbecile lately. His every move since the battle of Chickamauga indicates that he expected just what has come to pass since. The history of the war thus far goes to show that we have succeeded best where our Generals have taken it for granted that the rebel leaders knew at least something of the military art, and were not blockheads, their graduation at West Point notwithstanding.

But I have been convicted of planning a campaign for the Army of the Cumberland [illegible] must henceforth blush unseen and waste my fragrance beyond the boundaries of the department of the Cumberland, unless by special permission of the Major General commanding—which I have at present but a very dim prospect of obtaining.

It is worthy of remark that the paper containing the contraband news was handed to the Provost Marshal General for inspection, with the assurance that there was something highly informationary to the enemy in it. That worthy officer read and re-read my letter, but couldn't see the point till I called his attention to the only paragraph that could possibly be construed as contraband. He had wandered through the advertising columns, perused "correspondence wanted," and glanced carefully at the river column, without finding what he was after, until I gave him the hint, when my character as a spy loomed up before him in vivid proportion; and henceforth executed a long order full of good intentions and bad grammar, declaring me hereafter banished the department.

Adieu to the Army of the Cumberland.

MACK.

General Beauregard's Greek Fire.

A DISCOVERY IN FORT WAGNER.

The following is an extract from a private letter to a gentleman in New York, dated

"FORT WAGNER, October 19, 1863.

"I opened one of the unexploded magazines, and dug out a lot of as 'villainous compounds' as Mr. Beauregard ever complained of. First was a little box containing sulphuric acid, in tubes about six inches in length by one-third of an inch in diameter, and by it a box marked 'fire bottles' on the inside of the cover of which was a card of 'directions.' Taking one of the bottles, and preparing it according to the direction, I pitched it at something hard.

"The experiment was perfectly successful. The bottle burst, the contents were ignited, and burnt for about ten minutes, the bottles evidently contained camphene, gunpowder and chlorate of potash. To-day I found another of their 'fire bugs,' which consists of a tin can holding about a quart, in the centre of which is suspended a smaller can. The inner can contains powder, and the space around it is filled with cotton and turpentine. A time fuse communicates from the outside with the inner can. Being a little suspicious of the fuse, I first emptied the fluid by means of a small opening at the top, and commenced my investigations by 'regular approaches' from the bottom. Cutting through this I seized the 'little joker' and twisted off its neck. Finding that the fuse, left plenty of margin for dodging, I brought one out and got up some fireworks at the rebel expense. It exploded, throwing the cotton four or five yards around, and covering the ground with fire. I don't see how Mr. Beauregard can complain of 'Greek fire' after this."

Brownlow and Winter Davis in England

Our London organ—the *Spectator*—pensively asks, "Why do the Americans allow their lunatics to go at large?" The lunatics spoken of are Parson Brownlow and Winter Davis. The motto of the former, 'Greek fire for the people and hell fire for the leaders," is everywhere quoted as indicative of the spirit with which we are waging the war, and the cheerful anticipation of Mr. Davis, that he may live to see the bombs fly over these dome of St. Paul's while the ruins of London Bridge tumble into the Thames, does not gratify even the frequenters of Exeter Hall. The *Spectator*, however, encourages itself by thinking that "if the shells fly over the dome of St. Paul's, the elevation of the mortars will be somewhat unpractical."

Thinking Alike.

It has been admirably said that "what is only common sense drawn to a fine point" and the definition precisely fits a brief speech made the other day in Massachusetts by Mr. Richard Henry Dana. Mr. Dana is [illegible] "Two Years Before the Mast" was a revelation of sailors and the sea to landsmen, nor is it likely ever to pass entirely into oblivion. Of late years, however, Mr. Dana has devoted himself to his profession and to politics, and the Massachusetts Republicans set no small store by him. They certainly cannot value him too highly, and we should be glad to believe that his theories of rebellion common sense were not be [illegible] by them too bright a good.

For human nature's daily food

Mr. Dana, as we have said, made a little speech the other day in Massachusetts. His subject, of course, was the war and a mystery of making everybody do what the Republicans would like to have them do. This is the sum of what the Republican orators facetiously extol as "patriotism." The "era of good feeling," for which they long and pray, and labor, is no era of general assent to all their propositions and of general support to their candidate. They insist that everybody must think alike, and that in order to think alike everybody must think with them.

Mr. Dana, by force of sheer sense and common sense, becomes pleasingly witty upon this point. After lamenting the divisions which exist in public sentiment, he goes on to say:

"But there is another obstruction to this union of sentiment and action, for which we must subject ourselves to a little self-examination. We call on others to forego and forget party associations and such differences of opinion, but have we no duties to perform in that directing ourselves?"

The flash of this question lights up the darkest background of our present situation. The origin of the war which is desolating the land lies back in the remoter past to the neglect of this duty by the very men to whom and among whom Mr. Dana was speaking—the men whose spirit, like the Mississippi boy pawing to get free its limber parts," tore the Constitution and the Union in pieces, and now, supreme in all our affairs, threatens the destruction not of all order only, but of all independence and self-respect among us.

It is a curious fact that Abolitionists can never be made to understand that it is not so much Abolitionism as Abolitionists that must be held responsible for the ruin of our national hopes. When a man attempts to argue with one of these people upon the madness which insisted on making moral issues between the citizens of separate communities, he is always met with a ferocious denunciation of slavery and of all who "sympathize" with it. The Abolitionist so confounds his opinions with himself that he cannot be made to understand that his opinions may be well enough, and yet he himself be intolerable. It is not his dogma, it is his dogmatism that has undone us. And so to-day, it is not the belief which this or that man may entertain of the excellence, beauty and wisdom of the "emancipation proclamation" which threatens civil order and the future of the State. It is the hot and furious assertion that not to believe in the excellence, beauty and wisdom of the "emancipation proclamation" is to deserve the fate of Jack Sheppard, in this world, and of Jewish Dives in the world to come.

When a Scotch fire beset Sir David Brewster with a theory about the north pole, that lusty savant curtly consigned the north pole to the only region where it could probably be made to thaw. The bore was as like any one of our abolitionists as any one of our abolitionists is like a bore, and he accordingly at once conceived the idea that Sir David thought lightly of the axis of the earth. That it was he himself and not the axis of the earth that had incurred, and justly incurred, Sir David's anathema, he never so much as imagined. It is not thinking alike that people object to; it is the being commanded on pain of death and worse to think alike. It is conceivable that [illegible] should take the same view of some things, as, for example, of the difference between a peach and a potato, or a bill and a receipt, or half a dozen obvious facts. But it is not conceivable that any reasonable being should tamely acquiesce in the proposition that not to take the same view of things with Horace Greeley proves him a traitor.

It is sometimes urged that the real reason why the party in power so passionately denounce all divergences of opinion from their own creed is their secret consciousness that nothing but a complete prostration of the thinking faculty in Americans can save them from being expelled from power and impelled into their just deserts. This is no doubt true, to a considerable extent, of many among the leaders. But with the masses, and with not a few of their chief men and scribes, a real impatience and intolerance of all opinions not their own exists. The trait is often observed in invalids and decrepid persons. A certain febrile and irritable temper invariably breeds it. It is a symptom of mental decay and moral disease. Mr Dana attributes it to the New Englanders and the Scotch as a sort of epidemic monomania, the extravagance of a natural "tendency to metaphysics," and thus paints its consequences:

"We of New England have, like the Scotch, a strong tendency to metaphysics. This is a high tendency, and not to be discouraged. It does much to relieve us from the charge of devotion to material interests. But, unrestrained, it leads to innumerable sects in religion, until it is hard to get enough to join in maintaining decent public worship. In politics, in time of peace, its excess is only an inconvenience. But how is it in time of war, and above all of civil war, and such a civil war as this? Cannon deprecated a war of opinion. Burke stood aghast at the character of an armed doctrine. In time of peace the pure doctrinaire is an annoyance. But in time of civil war, when all foundations are broken up, all interests in peril, and men a passions roused to fury, what can be more dangerous to let loose on the community than an armed doctrinaire? He theorizes with bayonets. He dogmatizes in blood."

In Scotland the malady would seem to be on the wane. In that country but the other day, a discreet judge, Lord Neaves, had the good sense to make a speech in favor of fun. "A sense of the ludicrous and a faculty of laughter are essential and special parts of our nature. Laughter is essentially a social, a sympathetic, and a contagious power. If Lord Neaves can make his countrymen believe this sound doctrine, they cannot long be doctrinaires. If Mr. Dana can do as much for New England he will work the like result. People who can laugh and be happy together soon learn to agree to differ. People who cannot agree to differ can neither laugh together nor be happy alone.

MEADE'S ARMY IN A DILEMMA.

The Enemy is Found—To Fight, or Not to Fight? That is the Question.

Special Correspondence of the Chicago Times.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31

The administration organs have been authorized to make the official statement that "the greater part of Lee's army has been sent away, either towards Chattanooga, to take part in the contest against Gen. Grant, or else to the South western part of Virginia, to drive Burnside out of Tennessee; that no rebel army of much importance is left on the line of the Rappahannock; that, in fact, the only rebel troops now on the line of the Rappahannock are simply a corps of observation." This is a fair specimen of the manner in which the administration seeks to hood wink and deceive the people. I have mentioned, in previous letters, what portions of Lee's army have been detached for service at Chattanooga and against Burnside. Longstreet's corps, it is true, has been sent to East Tennessee, but there is nothing more than a corps of observation on the Rappahannock, why was it that Meade's whole army were unable to hold their ground when two corps were attacked on the 24th? It must be a very strong corps of observation, for they have remained in possession of Beallton, and of all the territory between that point and the Rappahannock, ever since. Corps of observation or not, it is Lee's army—the army which Meade was ordered to pursue after and fight. There it is, why does he not fight it, and drive it across the Rappahannock? The fact is, Gen. Meade has ascertained that the Confederate force in his front is so large as to require the utmost prudence and circumspection in all his movements. It is 31,000 strong at least. And Gen Meade is soldier enough to know that 24,000 troops would not be thrown across a river if they were not supported by twice that many on the other side. Such is the dilemma into which Lincoln's sillycrder has forced Gen. Meade. If he obeys that order, the "corps of observation" will retire before him; cross the Rappahannock; feign to retreat in order to induce Meade to follow them across the river in pursuit, and then, when half an army is across, the whole Confederate army will fall upon Meade's little army when it is divided by a wide river, and destroy each portion in detail. That will be the result of obeying Lincoln's order. What would follow such a catastrophe must be self-evident to every one.

Corruption at Washington

A Washington letter says: "I don't mean anything, of course; but two or three things have come to my knowledge which I will record merely by way of amusement. A small bit of paper was recently picked up in one of the executive departments, which contained these imposing words: 'If F. will put the matter through he shall have ten thousand dollars.' Again, there is a clerk in one of the departments whose annual salary amounts to $1,600, and yet this person drives a span of horses which cost him sixteen hundred dollars; and it is not long since he expended the sum of thirteen thousand dollars upon a house for his own occupation. The inference is that the business of clerking in the government is sometimes slightly profitable. And here I am reminded of a beautiful game which some of the wicked allege will probably be played towards a certain member of Congress. The said gentleman is said to have a perfectly just claim against the government, and, as he is noted for not swearing by all that the Secretaries do, he has received a gentle hint to the effect that, if the thirty-eighth Congress is properly organized, he will not have to wait long for his dues; otherwise, otherwise. But this is a queer world and these are queer times!

THE newspaper organ of the Secretary of State in New York city says of Governor Seymour's late speech in Buffalo:

"Mr. Seymour may be in favor of war and conciliation *at the same time*, which the government is not—though it is not very easy to see how he proposes simultaneously to pursue two policies so exactly opposite. * * * The government is for making *first* and *then* for conciliation. After the military power of the rebels has been broken, then the government will do everything in his power to secure the favor and loyal support of the people."

In 1864 Mr. Seward wrote to Mr. Adams, our Minister to England:

"The President is not disposed to reject a cardinal dogma of the South, namely, that the Federal Government cannot reduce the seceding States to obedience by conquest, even although he were disposed to question that proposition. But, in fact, the President willingly accept it as true. Only an imperial or despotic government could subjugate thoroughly disaffected and insurrectionary members of the State. This Federal republican system of ours is, of all forms of government, the very one which is most unfitted for such a labor."

If Mr. Lincoln did not sanction this, the Secretary certainly is subject to very grave censure for falsely ascribing to him sentiments which he did not entertain. We will defy the most bitter and ingenious opponent of Mr. Vallandigham to point to a single sentence he has ever uttered respecting the policy of attempting to subjugate the South which is not fully warranted by this doctrine of Messrs. Seward and Lincoln. It was for the advocacy of this doctrine, and for demanding from the administration obedience to the Constitution that he was banished. Whether it be right or wrong, if Mr. Vallandigham, for asserting that "the Federal government cannot reduce the seceding States to obedience by conquest," is a traitor, then are William H. Seward and Abraham Lincoln traitors. If for asserting that the attempt to do so converts the government into an "imperial or despotic" one, constitutes Mr. Vallandigham a traitor, then are William H. Seward and Abraham Lincoln traitors. Yet the newspaper organ of Messrs. Seward and Lincoln have the effrontery to denounce Governor Seymour, because he wishes to offer, along with the sword, just and constituted terms of peace.

MARRIED.

METCALF—McELROY—At Turtle Creek, on November 4th, at the residence of the bride's father, Rev. Dr. Dales, of Philadelphia, ORLANDO METCALF, of Pittsburgh, and Miss AGGIE McELROY.

DIED.

BECK—On November 5th, JOHN BECK, sr., in the 87th year of his age.

The members of Monument Lodge, No 421, I. O. O. F., in connection with the members of sister lodges, are requested to meet at the hall of Monument Lodge, corner of Fifth and Grant sts., on Saturday, the 7th inst., at 1 o'clock, p. m., to attend the funeral of Brother Beck, from the residence of Mrs. James T. Shannon, No 695 Penn street, Fifth Ward.

RELIEF WARRANTED IN 10 MINUTES!

Cary's Cough Cure,

for the immediate relief of Coughs, Hoarseness, and all kinds of Throat Affections. This article stands unrivaled, all classes of people—ministers, public speakers, singers, soldiers &c., by their voluntary commendations place the 'Cure' where it justly belongs, viz: ahead of all other cough remedies. Sold by

SIMON JOHNSTON,
Cor Smithfield and Fourth sts.

HAGAN'S

Magnolia Balm.

This article does not hold extraordinary claims to public favor, it imparts the SUN BURNT FACE AND HANDS to a PEARLY SATIN TEXTURE of fascinating beauty imparting the purest purity of tints and the *distinque* appearance resulting in thereby before its introduction.

TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES, AND ROUGHNESS FROM THE SKIN,

leaving the complexion Fresh, Transparent and Smooth. It contains no material injurious to the skin. Put up in large glass bottles and Opera boxes. Its wonderful effects are seen at once. Price of the Magnolia, Depot Market Street, corner of the Diamond and Market Street.

mw4 PITTSBURGH.

COMMUNICATED.

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION A CURABLE DISEASE.

A CARD.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, with the directions for preparing and using the same, which Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he believes to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost him nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburgh
Kings County, New York.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.—YOU may recover your health by the use of other remedies. You may recover without anyone to say forever that you may die, and that Brandreth's Pills alone have saved you. For remember that the ACTIVE PRINCIPLE OF DEATH, when from any cause it is in excess in your system, is evident to our animal instincts. Your countenance tells your friends; your dreams and your own heart tells you.

Now, at these times there is no medicine so deserving your confidence as

Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills,

as the only medicine known that can certainly save, when all the usual indications tell you that you must die.

Mr. John Finney, Springfield, Union co., N. J., has used BRANDRETH'S PILLS for fifteen years in his family, and recommends them; in which time these Pills have cured them of Bilious affections, Headache, Rheumatism, Fever and Ague, Measles, Whooping Cough, and says he has never known them to fail. Principal Office, 241 Canal street, New York.

Sold by Thomas Redpath, Diamond Alley, Pittsburgh, Pa., and all respectable dealers in medicine.

oct5-1m10e

Editor of the Daily Post.—Dear Sir,—With your permission I wish to say to the readers of your paper that I will send, by return mail to all who wish it (free), a Receipt, with full directions for making and using a simple Vegetable Balm, that will effectually remove, in ten days, Pimples, Blotches, Tan, Freckles, and all Impurities of the Skin, leaving the same soft, clear, smooth and beautiful.

I will also mail free to those having Bald Heads, or Bare Faces, simple directions and information that will enable them to start a full growth of Luxuriant Hair, Whiskers, or a Mountache, in less than thirty days.

All application answered by return mail without charge. Respectfully yours,

THOS. F. CHAPMAN, Chemist.
oct5-3md 481 Broadway, New York.

FLOURING MILL FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale the ALLEGHENY CITY MILLS situated in the Fourth Ward, Allegheny City. This well known Mill has been rebuilt lately, and contains four run of French Burrs, with all the latest improved machinery for manufacturing the best brands of Flour. Enjoys a good local as well as foreign custom. This is a rare chance for business men, and invite anyone who wish to engage in a profitable business to call at the Mill, where terms will be made known.

oct31-3md tw J. VOEGTLY.

DENTISTRY.—TEETH EXTRACTED without pain by the use of Dr. Ousley's Apparatus.

J. F. HOOFMAN,
DENTIST.
All work warranted.
134 Smithfield Street,
mw8-dly PITTSBURGH.

HERNIA OR RUPTURE CURED.—We are prepared to treat successfully all cases of rupture in young persons, or old persons, in middle aged, and in some cases of old standing, having fitted up an extensive establishment for manufacturing

Improved Trusses and Supporters.

In peculiar cases or where persons desire any style of truss not on hand we will manufacture to order. Having the largest stock in the city all persons requiring trusses will find it to their advantage to call.

Dr. M'GARR will attend personally to the application of Trusses, Supporters, &c., &c.

Besides our own manufacture we have a large stock of

Ritter & Penfield's Celebrated Trusses,
Dr. S. S. Fitch's Celebrated Trusses,
Marsh & Co.'s Celebrated Trusses,
French, English and German Trusses,
Supporters, all kinds, Elastic Stockings, Bandages, &c.

At the Pittsburgh Drug House.

TORRENCE & M'GARR,
APOTHECARIES,
corner of Fourth and Market sts., Pittsburgh.
sel2-1yd-c

A PYRAMID OF FACTS CONCERNING CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE. It is pure, poisonless, instantaneous, imparts a perfect black, or a magnificent brown in the space of ten minutes; is odorless, does not stain the skin, and has never known to fail!

CRISTADORO'S EXCELSIOR HAIR DYE, manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, 6 Astor House, New York. Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.

Price, $1, $1.50 and $3 per box, according to size.

oct5-1md&w

J. M. CORNWELL.....SAM'L. KERR

CORNWELL & KERR.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS,
SILVER & BRASS PLATERS,
And manufacturers of
Saddlery & Carriage Hardware,
No. 7 St. Clair street, and Duquesne Way, (near the Bridge.)
mh4 PITTSBURGH.

New Advertisements.

U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION MEETINGS.—Revs. Robt. J. Parvin, John