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Miscellaneous.

GOTTSCHALK CORRESPONDENCE.

Our readers, this week, says the New York *Home Journal*, are treated to choice fare—a first "Letter" from the hand which inspires whatever it may chance to touch—the pen and ink or the keys of the piano. Gottschalk is a charming writer as he is a marvelous player; and we wish we could tell our readers, also, how inspired we have found him, (in a short visit he made us, at Idlewild,) as a conversationist and an *improvisator* of music. To be near him seems like witnessing the living of some different life! His thoughts come out inspired—either from his finger's ends to the keys of the instrument, or from his tongue's end to your listening ear. His dark eyes, as you look at him, glow with a sort of inner light, and his delicate features give wonderful expression to his language. To hear from him, in written words, is wonderfully interesting to us; and we congratulate our friends of the *Home Journal* on our obtaining for them so gifted a contributor to their pleasure.

MAY 14, 1864.

For a long time past I have been promising myself the pleasure of writing to you, but the problem has been how to do so, when I have had to pass eight, ten, fifteen hours, and sometimes more, every day, on the railroad. In the month of June, I gave thirty-three concerts in twenty-six days. In fourteen months, during which time I was off duty only fifty days, I gave more than four hundred, and travelled by railroad and steamboat nearly eighty thousand miles; while, in few weeks, I shall have reached my thousandth concert in the United States

The very thought of it makes me shudder

You will remember Dumas' story, the hero of which made a wager that he would eat nothing for a month but pigeon. The first week passed off very well; during the second this insipid diet began to disgust him; by the twentieth day he held it in horror; while on the thirtieth (for he won his wager heroically) the very sight of a pigeon made him sick. I am in about the same state with my concerts. The sight of a piano gives me the nausea; and every evening that I find myself again in face of the keyboard to which destiny enchains me. I experienced the agonies of the "thirtieth pigeon-day."

Meanwhile, I delighted to think that, beyond the tomb, concerts will exist only in the memory, like the confused recollections we have in the morning of a nightmare which has disturbed our sleep. The Orientals people their paradise with marvelous houris; the red man fills his with verdant praries and forests of game, where the chase is eternal; for my part, I like to imagine myself in a paradise where piano concerts are prohibited, and the "Carnival of Venice," with variations, a crime. On the other hand, I picture the Styx only as a grand depot of all kinds of pianos—upright, square, oblique, and what not—a kind of Botany Bay for hardened pianists, where a never satisfied public insist upon hearing the "Carnival of Venice," with variations, forever!

What say you to that, Mr. Editor?—Is the idea horrible enough for you?—Doesn't it make you tremble in your boots? If Dante had known the piano, think you that he would have omitted it in the torments of his "Inferno?" I fancy not And if to the "Carnival of Venice" he had added "La donna e mobile." "Thou art so near and yet so far." "Coming Through the Rye," and "The Maiden's Prayer," of Mad'lle Bardazewska. I am convinced that even Ugolina would have congratulated himself at not having had to touch the keys during his sojourn on this piano-stricken planet.

But, perhaps you don't know "The Maiden's Prayer." It is a little stream of lukewarm music, lightly tinctured with the Italian, of an insipid savor and an equivocal color, diluted to the limits through four pages of commonplace, labelled a "Reverie," and put up for the use of lymphatic and sentimental young misses. It is a detestable drug, which is sold everywhere and sells better than Drake's Plantation Bitters. From the Gulf of Mexico to the St. Lawrence, from the Hudson to Artemus Ward's country of the Mormons, "The Maiden's prayer" has raged for two years fearfully. It is an epidemic which spares no one, and the symptoms of which are more alarming even than those of the "Reverie" of Rosellen or "The Monastery Bells," which desolated America some years ago. But these last pieces were, at any rate, discreetly restricted to the limits of the piano; one knew where to find them, and consequently how to avoid them. But "The Maiden's Prayer," after having exhausted all the pianos, appeared in a new form, and raged worse than ever. It was arranged in four parts, and sung in chorus; then a romance was made of it; then it was adapted to the flute, and successively to all the instruments in vogue, so that now it is twanged on the guitar, (the guitar having finally taken refuge in America,) wheezed on her violoncello, scraped on the violin, brayed on the trumpet, squeaked on the flageolet and sighed on the accordeon. It has been ground on the hand-organ this year and a half; it frolics through the fife, it howls through the clarionet, and follows you even to the army, where it is aggravated into a quick-step. The musical journals give it as a premium to their subscribers—"La Priere d'une Vierge," in French; "The Maiden's Prayer," in English—with variations, without variations; for children, for adults; published in New York, in Philadelphia, in Havana, ("La plegaria de una virgen,") in Mayence. ("Das gebet einer youngfrau;) in Rome and in Hamburg, with and without engravings.

Figaro su,
Figaro giu,
Figaro si,
Figaro la.

It is enough to turn one's head; my very dreams are filled with it. Callo's "Tenation de Saint Antoine" is nothing to it. I find myself nightly surrounded with Polish virgins who, in the most provoking attitudes, try to make me accept an arrangement of M'lle Bardazewska's work for the guitar. *Vade retro virgo!* Take me back to the "Carnival of Venice" and to "The Monastery Bells."

O Mad'lle Bardazewska! you who are a Pole (no one has a name which ends in zewska without being more or less related to the Jagellons; and besides all the Poles whom I have ever known descended from the Jagellons except my friend Pychowsky, who has the modesty to be contented with being a man of talent, and Chopin, whose father was French; it is with these people as with the innumerable musicians who claim relationship with Mendelsohn with Spohr, with Rossini, and whom I have come to class with the German barons and Russian princes of which we have a new crop every year; but it occurs to me that I am in the midst of a parenthesis, and that is about time to go on with my story, so heare goes!) O Mad'lle Bardazewska! you who are a Pole have you no pity on a country for which Kosciusko has fought? And must we, after all our misfortunes, be still exposed to "The Maiden's Prayer"—wholesale and retail—on the accordion, the piano, the guitar, the flute and possibly (for Heaven knows what we are comming to) to the trombone and kettle-drum? If it be true that our natures find a certain relief in the thought that it is not we alone that suffer, let us console ourselves with the knowledge that even austere and intolerant Germany has had its share of the plague, and that the publisher of the detestable composition has sold more than one hundred thousand copies in the "Faderland."

Ignorant people in general, and young misses in particular, (to wit, ninety-nine hundreths of our race,) are gifted with an infallible instinct for the arts. Give them twenty compositions (without the names of the authors,) ten of which range from excellent to passable, and the ten others from mediocre to detestable; and it is possible that they will not remark the best of the ten first, but that they will seize with delight on the worst of the ten second, you can bet your life. For example: the *brindisi* of "Ione," the "Gran Dio" of "La Traviata," the "Donna e mobile," "Kathleen Mavourneen," and a thousand other musical incongruities, the popularity of which can be explained on no other theory.

I said without the names of the authors, because we are all of us more or less influenced by great (or popular) names, and many honest and sincere persons, who shout with enthusiasm on hearing Beethoven's symphony in C minor, if they were not informed in advance of the name of its author and of its truly sublime character, would yawn over it till they fell asleep.

All progress implying effort, ordinary people are repelled by it, and accept eagerly what enters the mind without ceremony, without taking up much room, and especially without requiring, before establishing itself there, the bore of getting rid of old ideas. There are not wanting those who, believing in the theory (false, absurd and pernicious as it is) that the man perceives by intuition all the beauties of art, pretend that, short of being deaf, any one is competent to judge of music, and that wha pleases the common ear must necessarily be good, and what fails to please it necessarily bad; on which theory a mere bricklayer would be competent to criticise the Parthenon, a drill sergeant to sit in judgment on a Napoleon; a stone-cutter to estimate a Phydias, and a country school-master (if he happened to know Grammar) to fathom the depths of a Bacon, a Shakspere, a Montaigne, a Pascal, a Leibnitz. The sense of artistic excellence (it it be innate, and that is far from being proved) exists among the majority even of civilized men only in the state of germ or embryo. To be developed it has to be carefully cultivated: to be perfected it requires a special education; it must have models, and, if I may so express myself, a certain intellectual atmosphere, without which it weakens and dies. Then, again, it is not every one who can retain that divine spark which may be called the beau ideal of art: which certain persons, after being developed, it improves; with others it deteriorates. Meyerbeer commenced by writing "Marguerited' Anjou," and arrived at last to the glories of "Robert" and "The Huguenots." "Mithridates" is the mere suggestion of a genius which afterwards gave birth to "Don Giovani," and the first symphonic in C is a stammering utterance of the author of "L'Heroique."

But let it suffice for the apostles of innate taste for the beautiful to consult the statistics of literature, and learn that for one lover of Chateaubriand there are ten thousand of Lebrun; for one of Lamartine, one hundred thousand of Paul De Kock; for one of Prescott, swarms who prefer Abbott; for one of Thackeray, myriads who prefer James. I might also ask these apostles of the innate if they can read to day the histories which pleased their infancy, and I conclude by saying that not one of us could read again, without blushing, the works which delighted us in school, and the attraction of which lost its force as we became familiar with real literature.

I am afraid, Mr. Editor, that the present letter will appear to you rather long. Like everybody not accustomed to writing, I find it impossible to restrict myself within the limits of any plan. I rush on, haphazard, and don't know when or where to stop. I promise in future to stick more closely to my *tablettes de voyage*. They are less garrulous and less wearisome. You know that for many years I have been in the habit of keeping a diary of my travels. My note-book has become my intimate companion—a kind of silent confidant, which has the immense advantage over everybody I encounter on the road of listening to me without compelling me to make myself hoarse in replying. Moreover, it listens without interrupting, and is discreet to such an extent that, if you had before you the ten or twelve note-books that I have filled traveling from the Gulf of Mexico to the St. Lawrence, and from New York to Minnesota, you would get nothing out of them but undecipherable hieroglyphics, like those of an obelisk. The jarring of the cars, and the hurry with which I write, helps them much, however, in their discretion. You see everything in them, and nothing, as in the clouds chased by the wind, in which no two persons discover the same thing—one seeing a horse, another a man, another a mountain, and another "the elephant!"

In fact, I think my note-books would gain something by being sent in their primitive state. Your imagination and your *esprit* would have found in them charming things, which the readers of the *Home Journal* will seek for from my pen in vain. You must remember that I am only musician, and but a pianist at at that! This is more then enough to excuse all my heaviness of style and awkwardness of language.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

From the New York Tribune.

THE RETURNED VETERAN.

This is an account of one of Maj.-Gen. John Logan's men. Gen. John, when a boy, was in the Mexican War. When he returned he studied law, and at the age of twenty five he was elected a Congressman by a vote almost unanimous.—His district included the whole of Southern Illinois. His home is in Carbondale, Jackson County. He was the people's idol. He knew everybody, and everybody knew him. He can make a good speech, he is a first-rate lawyer, and is one of the best dancers in the country.—O, how he can dance. He looked like a girl, and yet, with dark complexion, and the blackest hair, every one took him to be part Indian. One reason why the people liked him so well was because he was a Democrat, and hated the Abolitionists. He used to give it to them hard. Once, when he spoke here on Popular Sovereignty I asked him a question or two, such as Lincoln asked Douglas at Freeport, which cornered him; but he called me a Yankee-Abolition-Preacher, which made the people laugh, and say it was good for me. However, they all went against Douglas, and that was bad for Logan.—Whenever he undertakes a thing he does his best. At this time he commands in Northern Alabama, and has his headquarters at Huntsville.

When the war broke out he figured the matter to see how it was going, and then went for the Government with his might, soul and strength. Thousands deserted him, and called him traitor; other thousands stuck to him. Some of his relations fairly shine with copper. He has a younger brother, a good deal like him, who is true. He raised one of the first regiments, and became its colonel. It is the 31st Illinois Volunteers. Then he resigned his seat in Congress, and our beautiful friend J. C. Allen took his place.

In those early days of the war John was at Springfield, when a Mr. Grant came to him to tell his troubles. This Grant was a tanner, and, having an idea he could fight a little, had raised a regiment and brought it to Springfield, where it was in camp. But the men had not been sworn in, and finding it a harder business than they expected, principally on account of poor beds, they were going to back out and go home. This was Mr. Grant's trouble. He couldn't see how he was to get along. It looked as though he would have to go back to his tan-yard. Perhaps Logan could help him. "Can't you talk to them?" said John. "No," says Grant. "I can. Call them together."

They had all heard of him. He made a speech two hours' long. He told them all about our Government, and how the war commenced. The sweat rolled. He jerked off his coat and handkerchief.—You never saw a man work harder in your life. He related stories which made them laugh, and then he described a soldier's life in such beautiful language that one would think no other life has so many charms. When he got through the men were impatient to be sworn in for fear they might lose the chance. This was the way Mr. Grant got a start, and he has done middling well since, for now he commands all the Armies of the Great Republic.

A short time since John Logan's old regiment—the 31st—came home on a furlough to see the folks and to recruit. One of the companies was raised on Rose Prairie. Here lives Esq. Clifford; he is an old settler, has been a Justice many years, for he can read; he has a large farm well managed; he is rich, and his only son Andy is an officer in the 31st.

The old man sat in the porch smoking his home-made tobacco, waiting for the wagon. Andy married a few months before he went into the army, and his wife also sat in the porch, while her baby, nearly two years old, ran from her to its grandfather. Susan's father keeps store in the village of Rose Prairie: he is Postmaster, and one of the head men. She can read and write. Being brought up quite a lady, she never works out doors except to pick cotton and to bind after the cradles, and she holds up her head, as she might, for she is real handsome, and if any women ever loved her husband, it is she.

"I don't know how Andy would like that kind of talk," said she, "for he writes in his letters altogether different."

"Don't you be troubled, gal," said Squire Clifford; "he writes so jest to please the officers, for they open all the letters."

"I hope they don't open any of mine, though there's nothing bad in them."

"You jest wait and see how I'll talk to him; I'll bring him around, sure."

The Squire was a Peace Democrat. To tell the truth, he belonged to the Knights of the Golden Circle, a lodge of which was organized by the lawyers at the county seat; and, being an influential man, he and a few others had made Rose Prairie a hard place for Union men. It astonished one to see how plain men, honest in their dealings, and good neighbors, but ignorant, are made intolerant by the designing. When Slavery made the people ignorant, a foundation was laid for every species of intolerance—even of infamy and crime.

All at once the wagon came through the yard with the horses trotting, which they had seldom done before, and it was filled with soldiers, who were the Rose Prairie boys, and Andy among them. Almost in a moment Andy had jumped over the bars, and was near the porch, when Susan gave a spring around his neck, and would have thrown him over if he had not been tall and strong, and if he had not braced himself; and there she hung, lifted from the ground.

"Now, I want to see my boy," said Andy, and he gently held him up, and, for the first time gazed upon him—gazed upon him with eyes as clear and as full of satisfaction as they were on the blessed Fourth of July last, when, with his companions, he stood on the ramparts of Vicksburg.

His mother and his sisters also came around him, and there was a great time. They all kept looking at him. He was older and tanned. There is scarcely a person old or young in the whole North who does not know the exact color of the Vicksburg tan. It is said the rebels were worse tanned, which is likely, since Gen. Grant is a tanner. Andy's clothes were so clean they seemed new, and the blue cloth was very fine. The women thought his beard was so funny, for it was only a little bunch around his mouth. They could not keep their eyes off the bright, round little buttons on his blue vest, and his shining patent leather sword belt His hair was cut so as to make him look almost as smart as General Logan. His father was proud, he knew his boy was handsome and smart, but he had returned handsomer and smarter than he expected After the first few words Susan said little, for she began to hurry the supper, but one could see by the glimmer of her eyes, under their lashes, that she had pleasant thoughts.

They then had a good supper. It should have been good, for they had been preparing victuals for several days. Everything on the table, and around the house, looked as though they had a wedding. It was very nearly a wedding.

As soon as supper was over, the old man commenced. He spoke of the wickedness of the war, of high taxes, of the overthrow of the Constitution and the ruin of the country, and concluded by saying we ought to let the South go. Susan and the women tried to get him to talk of something else, while Andy interupted and tried to explain; but he would listen to nothing, and he talked till he had nothing more to say. He made out a terrible case. Then Andy said:

"I see how this business is dad. Some of them lawyers up to the county seat have been learning you these things. And now let me tell you, tho' they sounded mighty big, that's scarcely a word o' truth in 'em from one end to the other."

"What's this, what's this?" said the Squire "Do you mean to call your father a liar?—Say, Sir, am I a liar? Am I a liar?"

Andy's bunch of beard began to work in a curious way, and he waited a little before he spoke.

"Who talks about liars but yourself?—Shan't I tell you what the army would say of you if you talked like that among them? I'll tell you. They'd say you was a d——d traitor; and if you didn't happen to have a first best friend by you, they'd string you up.—And I'll tell you, too, we think a heap more of an out-and-out rebel than we do of the traitors at home, who, when we strike the rebels a lick, help them to strike us back."

"You git out of my house. If you are my own son you shan't insult me in it. I've done with you—you shan't have none of my property—not a hait—out of my house—I'll have nothing to do with you!"

"That suits me if it does you. Susan, pick up what you want now, and leave the rest for another time. We'll go to Bob Reynolds. He's a good Union man. Your dad's a Copper, I know. You'll hear a different story one of these days, dad, mind I tell you."

"You may go to the devil, for all I ker."

Andy buckled on his sword and stood waiting for Susan. She was running around, taking care of her things; her sisters-in-law were helping her; while Mrs. Clifford tried to soothe her husband. He would listen to nothing; his son had turned out to be a Yankee nigger, and it must be he wanted a nigger wench—he wouldn't speak to him, and he never wanted to see him again.

The house, lately so joyful, had become a house of mourning. All the women folks cried, and the baby, seeing something was wrong, cried louder than any body else.

At last Susan was ready, and crying she left the house with Andy; and they went away through the lane. In addition to this trouble Susan had another, which was on account of a piece she had just got in the loom, and she had thrown the shuttle only a few times to see how it would look. Her father-in-law had planted a patch of cotton for her and ploughed it, and she had hoed, picked, got it ginned, and spent almost all Winter in spinning and coloring. She was going to have a piece of check for dresses for herself and baby. Now she did not know what would become of it. Perhaps the old man would cut it out of the loom.

They had gone quite a distance, when Mrs. Clifford came into the porch and called her.

"Susan, you forgot your pocket-handkerchief."

She went back while Andy waited. She was gone a long time. Once she came out lingering, then hastily went back. At last she came running, and looking pleased, and said his father wanted to speak with him. He turned, rather reluctantly, and found his father filling his pipe by the fireplace. "I want to ax you one question, Andy. Answer me now, fair. Sayin' nothin' about them Northern chaps, ain't it a shame to us as comes from the South to be fighting and killing our kind o' folks, and some on 'em our own kin."

"I don't want no dispute and trouble with you dad, but I can answer that mighty sudden. It is a shame—but the shame is theirn, not ourn. It's they that's fighting us. We didn't strike the first lick. We didn't want no war, but they did, and they've tried to break up the Gover'ment. When they want peace, and to have things as they had 'em afore, excepting one little thing as has gone up, all they've got to do is to say it. But if they've a idy they can make two gover'ments of one, that belongs to both on us, they've got a bigger job on hand than they'd a idy for—in fact, the thing can't be did. I'll tell you what all John Logan's men, and the rest of the sogers say, we say, we'll sweep 'em from the face of the arth afore we'll give up to 'em. And we can do it."

"That's dreadful hard talk, Andy, but there seems something in what you say about the first lick. I hadn't thought o' that. I say Andy, you ain't going to desart your old father kase he got riled and spoke kinder sharp. Let's argerfy this business—I've got the handsomest clover lot you ever seed, and the primest wheat you ever set eyes on. I want you to look at 'em. You shan't go—what a talk it'll make. We'll argerfy and keep cool."

So things quieted down. The women were happy as crickets, and Andy went through the story of the fights he had been in at Belmont, at Fort Henry and Fort Donaldson, where Logan was wounded at Shiloh, at the Big Black and Champion Hill, and finally at Vicksburg. But even then he was not done. There was not time that evening to tell all. In listening, the Squire was so proud of his son and of the success of the Northern Army, that he almost forgot he was a Democrat.

Next morning before they started, Susan had to show her husband her piece, and how she could weave. He left her weaving with all her might. A woman needs strong ankles to work the treadles, and, in weaving, she gets them.

They went out to look at the wheat and clover. The women saw them walking around, and at last stop by a pair of bars. The old man held down his head a good deal, as if listening, while Andy made gestures as it engaged in telling something. When they came to dinner, of greens and plenty of other things, the Squire said:

"Old woman, if what Andy's been telling me's true, there's some mistake about this Golden Circular business, and I've got to look into it; and if it's so, and it seems to be so, then the lawyers to town has been lying to me the cussedest."

When Andy's furlough expired, and he had started to return to the army, his father gave him his best wishes and hoped his safe return. He hoped too that he might be victorious over the Rebels in every battle.—Susan held up her baby as high as she could that he might see it to the last. It would be hard to undertake to tell how much encouraged Andy felt.

Soon after this, it was talked about among the Copperheads, that the furloughed soldiers had been converting the people of Rose Prarie to Unionism, and a couple of lawyers came down from the country seat to see about it.

Mr. Clifford being the most influential man, they called on him first. After going through a considerable long, smooth, and slippery introduction, they told him their business. He confessed he had changed his mind, and he thought men of learning ought to know better than to be deceivin' plain farmers who couldn't be expected to know all about politics. And how could they know when they never had much schooling—and this was because the blasted old slaveholders where they came from didn't want no schools. One of them, who is figuring to go to the Legislature, let out, in quite a speech filled with genuine Copper Democracy, telling about Lincoln's tyranny, the overthrow of the Constitution, high taxes, the ruin of the country, and concluded by saying we ought to let the South go.

"I'll tell you," said the old man, what they'd say o' you down in the army if you talked that way to 'em—they'd say you was a damned traitor; and if you had no fust-best friend with you they'd string you up; and if I was with them I wouldn't care to help 'em. Them's my sentiments, fair and square."

"This is very strange, Squire Clifford, very strange indeed. Why, Sir, you belong to our order of the Knights of the Golden Circle, and you cannot have forgotten the solemn oath you have taken; nor the dreadful penalty which attaches to the violation of that oath."

This made the Squire mad.

"Git out of my house you infernal scoundrel—you traitor to your God and your country. You lied to me to get me into it. Git out of my house! And if any of your Golden Circulars touch a hair of me or mine, I'll send for Andy and the rest of the boys, and, by the Jehoka, they won't leave a grease spot of your whole gang. Git out of my house; I'll have nothin' to do with a traitor to my country and the old flag of the stars and stripes."

The lawyer went—they both went. When he was getting on his horse, he said:

"Good by, Mr. Clifford. You've got to be a Yankee nigger I see. It must be you want a nigger wench."

"Yes I do; I want a thousand of 'em. I aint afeard of niggers as much as I was. I'm ashamed, though, I ever was a traitor like you is. Yes I was a traitor, and I helped to fight agin Andy and Susan and her baby there. But thank God in his mercy, I'm traitor no longer."

It would have done you good had you seen how pleased the women were to hear how the Squire gave the lawer his mind.

If a man has nothing to say, he is sure to spend much time and many words in saying it.

EDUCATE the whole man—the head, the heart, the body,—the head to think, the heart to feel, and the body to act.

"Dividing the Union Party."

Under this caption the St. Louis Democrat, the paper with which the name of Senator GRATZ BROWN is always associated, recently expressed some views which are as startling as they are significant. Mr. BROWN, it will be remembered, is the first of the signers to the call for a Convention of Radical Unionists at Cleveland on the 31st inst. The sentiments contained in this paper, therefore, may be taken as an indication of the spirit that will pervade the Convention in question, as well as the purposes it will seek to accomplish. And that those sentiments are what we have characterized them—startling, will be sufficiently manifest from the following full quotation.

"Does any one claim that the Union party, as it is said to be constituted, made up of Abraham Lincoln, William H. Seward, Salmon P. Chase, Montgomery Blair and all the other Blairs, Edward Bates, Horace Greeley, John C. Fremont, Thurlow Weed, Simon Cameron, and soon down to the conservative secessionist of Missouri, who, through all the war, has harbored rebels and voted the pro-slavery ticket, but who will now probably tell you he is a Union man, and as likely as not a Lincoln man—does any one claim that this conglomerate is perfection? We pity the delusion of such an one, if such there be found. The mantle of that party, measured by the name, covers element a most as conflicting as fire and water. Chase and Blair are even members of the same Cabinet, although the breach between them is bitter and notorious. But Chase and Blair, or rather the Blairs, (because the family is a political unit,) are merely representatives of policies, which have as much of contradiction in them as the men who are their representatives and advocates. There is a radical policy, and there is a conservative policy. There is a policy of political progression and a policy of political reaction—a policy which seeks strength through schemes of amnesty and favoritism, in an affiliation with rebels, and a policy which seeks strength, through vigorous war, in crushing rebels—a policy which is unconditionally anti-slavery, and a policy which is essentially pro slavery. Now, as one of these policies is wrong, and the other is right, what we insist upon is that the Union party shall make choice between them, and our effort is to work its purification by driving out the wrong. *This may involve division but it means security.* The conflict between these policies we believe to be *irrepressible*, and a party can no more live and be efficient for good which tolerates their war within its bosom than a house can stand when divided against itself.

"We believe that the Blair family is a political fungus fastened upon the Union party, drawing from its strength rather than adding to it. We believe that there is a set of corrupt politicians—whom Thurlow Weed and Simon Cameron are instances—who, through their connection with the Union party, have been enabled to procure contracts and offices for themselves and friends, whereby the Government has been swindled and the Union cause immensely damaged; and who are now industriously seeking the control of the party, *but should be thrown off.* We know that in consequence of the only representatives of the border slave States in the Cabinet being Montgomery Blair and Edward Bates, both Conservatives, and the ascendency which they have been enabled to obtain and hold over the mind of the President, the truly and radically loyal and freedom loving men of those States have been most unjustly discriminated against, and the progress of loyalty and anti-slaveryism in them has been materially retarded. We believe such a misrepresentation of the Union men of the border States to be an evil which needs correction, not after an election, but now. Now if the lopping off of these branches can justly be said to involve the dividing of the Union party, *we are decidedly in favor of dividing the Union party.*"

We pass over, as being foreign to the purpose of this article, the ill concealed hatred of ABRAHAM LINCOLN and of those who have been supporters and not opponents of his Administration. Had the *Democrat* confined itself to the abuse of FRANK BLAIR, it might have been credited with a patriotic desire to see a great nuisance abated; but when it makes such sweeping charges as the above, we know that bad blood has much to do with them

The tenor of the entire passage from the editorial of the *Democrat*—a few words of which we have italicised—is not to be misunderstood. It means that those who think like GRATZ BROWN and the *Democrat*, are in favor of dividing the Union party if they cannot have their own way in directing its policy and selecting its leaders. We have had our suspicions that a few malcontents and proscriptives in our party meant just this; now we feel sure of it. There are a few selfish bigots everywhere who would have all men think as they do, or hack them to pieces. The *Democrat* displays this spirit.

The essential mistake which all such men as GRATZ BROWN make is, in supposing that there is anything in the organization or history of the Union party which requires it to be united upon any other than the single issue of *saving the Union*. That party was created on the day succeeding the receipt of the news of the firing upon Fort Sumter. There had been no previous consultation among politicians—no holding of a National Convention—no declaration of principles. Created by the peril of the country, its sole purpose was, *to save the Union*. Democrats and Republicans simultaneously and instinctively forgot old differences, and with their mingled blood cemented the foundations of a new party, nobler and grander than any the world had yet seen—a party pledged to support the government of the greatest and best of republics. These men differed upon other questions, but they were united upon the one which swallowed up all. They were *patriots*, not *partisans*.

The war has rolled on, and we still have a Union party—greater and stronger, we verily believe, than ever. That party may contain within its ranks many who differ in their views of questions that are purely secondary and comparatively unimportant, but it is yet the uncompromising foe to rebellion and disunion. The large majority of its members, however, are content to continue to differ upon these minor issues while the necessity exists that they should work together as one man in support of the government and the institutions of our fathers. War Democrats and Old Line Whigs are of this party; Republicans and Abolitionists are of it; Simon Cameron and Horace Greeley, and General Dix and Daniel S. Dickinson, Benjamin F. Butler and William Lloyd Garrison are members of it. Gratz Brown and a few who are acting with him *have* been members of that party; but they now give us to understand that, if they are not permitted to indicate its policy upon questions purely political, and to designate its standard-bearer in the next President campaign, they are "decidedly in favor of *dividing* the Union party." In other words, if *they* are not allowed to run the machine, they are willing that it shall be run off the track and smashed.

Do these gentlemen who are so intent on