

OBJECT AND DURATION OF THE WAR.

Secretary Seward, in a speech delivered at Auburn, N. Y., immediately preceding the election there, took a very encouraging view of the present war. His sentiments on the object and duration of the struggle will be read with interest:—

Abraham Lincoln was elected in 1860 to be President of the United States for four years, viz., from the 4th of March, 1861, to the 4th of March, 1865, fairly, justly, honorably, constitutionally elected. He was elected in 1860 to be President, not of a part, but the whole of the United States; but he has been forcibly kept out of a part of the United States, Louisiana, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and other Gulf States. In those States he is President *de jure*, but not *de facto*. The object of this election is the object of the war. It is to make Abraham Lincoln President *de facto* from 1860 to 1864 in Georgia, South Carolina and other Gulf States, as he is President *de facto* in Massachusetts, New York and Ohio.

I know the war waged for that object will succeed, and I know elections held for the same object will succeed. It is injustice and downright robbery of Abraham Lincoln and the majority of citizens who elected him, to refuse him the full enjoyment of the authority conferred upon him in that election. There can be no peace and quiet until Abraham Lincoln is President, under that election, of the whole United States.

The abettors of this rebellion are troubled for fear we shall not leave to the rebels, when they have submitted, enough of slavery and slaves. They want to know what we propose about that. My answer is, that if they had submitted to Abraham Lincoln at the beginning, they would have retained the whole. They have lost by resistance, on an average, ten thousand slaves a month. Each month of prolonged resistance increases the loss and they are verging upon the time when submission, coming too late, will leave neither slavery or slaves in the land. This question of slavery is their business, not mine. So long as they propose no surrender, they are entitled to ask no terms. What has happened to slavery, thus far, has been the legitimate fruit of their own crimes; but it was fruit ordained not by man, but of God.

Without seeking to divine His ways, I think that the future will be like unto the past. The insurrection will perish under military power, necessarily and therefore lawfully exercised, and slavery will perish with it. Nevertheless, I am willing that the prodigal son shall return. The doors, so far as I am concerned, shall always be open to him. The longer he is content to feed on husks, the sooner he will hunger. The longer he is content in his dalliance with the harlot of rebellion, the greater will be his ultimate disgust with her embrace. The greater his hunger and his disgust, the deeper will be his repentance and the more lasting his reformation. I shall send no invitations after him; and yet speaking not for myself, but for you and the whole American people, I express the conviction that neither man nor angels can prevent the fatted calf being slain for his welcome, when he does come back, saying penitently, "Brothers, I have offended, and I desire reconciliation."

When we read the speech of Mr. Seward from which we cut the extract above, it occurred to us that, if intended as a hint that Mr. Lincoln should be re-elected, it was certainly pointed enough for the most obtuse of friends, if intended for a public feeling of the possibility of a coup d'état in March, 1865, it was as clear the mark as foreshadowings of that sort generally are, and, either way, the speech was calculated to set folks "a thinking." The New York Herald, of Nov. 11th, somewhat exercised over the subject, concludes that the speech was "rather Oracular."

"A good many people and presses are puzzled in regard to some oracular outgivings in Secretary Seward's Auburn speech on election eve. They want to know what the Premier means when he says that 'it is injustice and downright robbery of Abraham Lincoln to refuse him the full enjoyment of the authority conferred upon him' in the election of 1860, particularly when coupled with the dictum that 'there can be no peace and quiet until Abraham Lincoln is President, under that election of the whole United States.' If, for instance, the rebellion should not be put down before March, 1865, is Mr. Lincoln to continue holding the reins of government on the ground that he had not got the full advantage of his election in 1860, as he had been 'forcibly kept out of a part of the United States—Louisiana, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and other Gulf States.' That is the interpretation given by some people to this part of the Auburn speech. We do not say that it is properly susceptible of that construction; but there is some little uneasiness in the public mind on this subject, and people 'want to know, you know,' what Mr. Seward actually did mean. Will he be kind enough to find another opportunity for satisfying this very justifiable curiosity?"

Any person conversant with the Herald's relations with the White House could very readily believe that the Auburn speech and the Herald enquiry were both "perfectly unadvised." If there is to be a reign of peace

after March, 1865, we know no one so likely to think himself entitled to ask the favor of re-election or election as Abraham Lincoln—he has had anything but a pleasant time hitherto. He is probably as honest and capable as any other politician; appears vastly more honest than a great many others, whose ambition reaches to the chair of Washington, and, for certain, the North can never find a successor to him who would be more unpopular with the South. Destiny may have chalked out Abraham for another term.

THE MILLENNIUM AGAIN.

It might have been expected, after the failures of Miller, Cumming, Owen, and a host of like men, to inaugurate the Millennium, at periods of time suiting their private interpretations of the "sealed book," that new candidates for public notice in that line would have been somewhat scarce; but alas! the world wags, as usual.

A certain Rev. E. B. Elliot has recently published a book entitled:

"Louis Napoleon, the Destined Monarch of the World."

An Eastern reviewer of the work says:

"The object of the work is to propound the theory that the personal Antichrist is none other than the present Emperor of the French. The cover of the book is adorned with a most captivating picture of a seven-headed and ten-horned beast which

Doth beset the narrow world
Like a Colossus—

having one foot in Europe and another on America. Six of the beast's heads are of a wolfish type, but the seventh has hair and moustaches, and those "pale, corpse-like, imperturbable features" which we all know. The contents of the volume are sufficiently mysterious and terrible to fulfil the promise of its outside. It announces that Louis Napoleon will very soon acquire supreme ascendancy over the whole of Christendom, "and for three and-a-half years will ruthlessly slay nearly everyone who will not acknowledge him to be God." The whole of this tremendous drama is to be completed by the year 1870, when its hero is to perish at the battle of Armageddon; and therefore it may seem odd that clergymen, who have opportunities enough for hearing and even seeing actual battles and other horrors in his own country, should prefer to occupy his thoughts in the tribulation which prophecy, according to his interpretation, declares to be coming upon Europe. "Christendom will be a slaughter-house or shambles, in which tens of thousands of Christ's sheep will be butchered, and scarcely any one will escape the awful ordeal of being put to the test, whether they will confess Christ and be killed, perhaps with dreadful tortures, or whether they will acknowledge Napoleon to be God, and thus purchase temporary safety at the cost of eternal damnation." Those who acknowledge the divinity of Napoleon will be branded in the forehead or hand with his name or number. This persecution will be the leading feature of the Great Tribulation of three-and-a-half years, but there will be superadded war, earthquakes, pestilences, and famines. The proofs that Louis Napoleon is the personal Antichrist arrange themselves under ten heads, which though very curious and interesting, the want of space prevents our reproducing. But the result of these accumulated proofs is that, whereas Napoleon Bonaparte slew his thousands, Louis Napoleon will slay his hundreds of thousands. His military taste is likely to be gratified by the command of the greatest army ever raised. This army he will conduct to Palestine, and it will perish along with him at Armageddon, unless, indeed, he should put the prophets in a difficulty by declining to go near that famous battle-field.

The author quotes largely from other expositors of Scripture, who appear less extravagant than he does chiefly perhaps because they have not ventured on predicting events equally close at hand. But this writer gravely tells us that probably in the year 1870 the battle of Armageddon will take place, and, Antichrist, (that is Louis Napoleon) and his followers being slain, the Millennium will be fully inaugurated. It would be interesting to know whether Louis Napoleon is himself satisfied with the brilliant but brief career which is thus disclosed to him. A wag is reported to have said that, if he knew that it was predestinated that he should be drowned in a particular river, nobody would ever catch him going within a mile of it. Since Armageddon appears to be such a dangerous place, it can scarcely be a compliment to the French Emperor to play the air "Partant pour la Syrie" when he appears in public. To do so would indeed amount to a hint that a loyal and devoted people had had enough of him.

The new school of Adventists get very cleverly over—"Of that day and that hour knoweth no man," by the assumption that "the concealment of the day and hour, did not necessarily prevent the discovery of the month or even the week." Of course, not a generation ours.

FOR IDAHO—A train taking a thousand sacks of flour for Bannack was to leave Brigham City yesterday.

FROM THE SOUTH.

JEFF. DAVIS AT CHARLESTON AND WILMINGTON, N. C.

[From the Richmond Examiner, November 5.]

President Davis and suite arrived at Charleston on Monday noon by a special train from Savannah. He was received at the depot by General Beauregard and staff and a committee of the Common Council, who accompanied him to the City Hall with a military escort. The turn-out of the city was very large. He made an address, saying his feelings had drawn him to Charleston in this hour of trial, and he also desired to confer with the Commanding General, and by personal observation to acquire some of that knowledge which would enable him more fully to understand the wants of the people and the reports submitted to him. From South Carolina's great men he first imbibed the principles and doctrines of State sovereignty. He trusted that the Yankee's desire to possess Charleston would never be gratified, but if Providence ordered otherwise, he desired for her what he wished for his own town of Vicksburg, that the whole should be a mass of ruins. He believed that Charleston would never be taken, and if fire should beleaguer them (the rebels) on every side, reinforcements would be sent to their assistance in proportion to the force of the enemy. From his present knowledge, he looked forward to a glorious record for Charleston at the close of the struggle. He asserted that the army is now in better condition than it was twelve months ago. Tuesday he spent in visiting the gunboats, Sullivan's Island, the batteries, Fort Moultrie and Mount Pleasant, inspecting the works and reviewing the various commands.

WILMINGTON, November, 5.—The President arrived here this evening by special train from Charleston, and was received at the Manchester depot by Gen. Whiting, at his residence, and was welcomed by William A. Wright, Esq. The President replied in an able speech, in which he stated that he was proud to be welcomed by so large a concourse of North Carolinians to the ancient and honored town of Wilmington, upon whose soil he hoped the foot of an invading foe might never fall. He had given Wilmington, for her defense, one of the best soldiers in the Confederacy; one whom he had seen tried in battle, and who had risen higher as danger accumulated. He felt the full importance of the harbor, the only one still open for trade, and would do all that could be done for its defense. He exhorted all to do their duty, either in the field, or in supporting the army and relieving the families of soldiers, and spoke of the honor of the soldier and the disgrace of the speculator. He referred to Chickamauga and Charleston, and spoke of the noble spirit of our army and people at both places; and paid a high tribute to the soldiers from this State, and exhorted all to strive nobly for the right, predicting a future of independence, liberty and prosperity.

The Hon. E. M. Gantt, of Arkansas, makes an appeal to the people of that State to quit the Confederacy. His language is anything but flattering to the hopes of final triumph, on that side of the family:—

We ought to end the struggle and submit. But you say it is humiliating. No more than to surrender when whipped. We have done that often. Always where we could do no better. I have tried the experiment twice and found it by no means foolish. Submission is but surrender. We are fairly beaten in the whole result, and should at once surrender the point. If we don't get the happiness we enjoyed in the old government, we can get no more misery than we have felt under Jefferson Davis. But I look for peace there. We had it many years. Even while we are arrayed against it I find that hostile forces in our midst give more protection to our citizens than they had when Holmes and Hindman were here. It is true; the Johnsons tell you that Gen. Steele has imprisoned and oppressed people here. Not a word of truth in it. And they know it is all false. In a few months when no more Confederate money can be invested, and nothing more made out of the people, they will sneak back and claim his protection. But we are whipped—fairly beaten. Our armies are melting and ruin approaches us. Will continuing this struggle help us? Every battle we might gain ought to wring tears from the hearts of southern men! We are just that much weaker—that much nearer our final ruin. Anguish and sorrow and desolation meet us wherever we turn. The longer the struggle the more of these.

Don't let yourselves be deceived with the hope that the United States will abandon the struggle. They can never do it. They have toiled and spent too much to see the solution of the problem, and not foot up the figures. They scarcely feel the war at home. Their cities are more populous and thrifty to-day than ever. For every man that dies or gets killed in battle, two emigrate to the country. Their villages and towns, their fields and country, flourish as fresh as ever. They could sink their armies to-day, and raise new levies to crush us and not feel it. How is it with us? The last man is in the field. Half our territory overrun. Our cities gone to wreck—peopled alone by the aged, the lame and the halt, and woman and childless. While desolated towns, and smoking ruins, and plantations abandoned and laid waste, meet us on all sides. And anarchy and rule, discontent and discontent, lower over all the land.

Why trust Davis longer? Had he twice our

present resources he would still fail. With success he would be a despot. But the whole thing is tumbling to pieces. Soldiers are leaving, disgusted and disheartened; and whole States have gone back to their home in the national galaxy. Maryland and Delaware will never again be shaken. Kentucky has intrenched herself in the Union behind a wall of bayonets in the hands of her own sturdy sons. Missouri is as firmly set in the national galaxy as Massachusetts, Tennessee, temper tossed and bolt-riven, under the guidance of her great pilot, steers for her old mooring, and will be safely anchored before the leaves fall; while the rays of light from the old North State, flashing out fully from her darkness across the troubled waves, shows that she stirs, is not lost, but is struggling to rejoin her sisters. None of these States will ever join the South again. Then, with crippled armies, with devastated fields, with desolate cities, with disheartened soldiers, and, worse than all, with weak and corrupt leaders, what hope is left to the few remaining States, but especially to poor, oppressed, and down-trodden Arkansas? None! Better get our brothers home while they are left to us. Open the way for the return of husbands, fathers, and sons, and bind up the broken links of the Union. The people must act to do this. I tell you now, in grief and pain, that the leaders don't care for your blood. Your sufferings move them not. The tears and wails of your anguished and bereaved ones fall on hearts of flint. While they can make a dollar or wear an epaulette they are content.

TERRIBLE PRICES OF FOOD IN RICHMOND.

[Richmond Correspondence of the Charleston Mercury.]

"If we vote down the maximum to-day, the provision market will be easier." The cry was re-echoed on all sides, and timid people were made to believe that the bill then pending in the Virginia Legislature to regulate prices was the cause of the high price of flour; that it was only necessary to defeat that measure, and to permit "free competition" among the boarders, extortioners, and speculators in breadstuffs, to cause a fall in flour and meal. The "maximum" was voted down, the bill before the Legislature was defeated; and there has been "free competition" among the speculators—not to reduce, but to increase the cost to consumers. On the 19th day of October, flour was quoted in Richmond at from fifty to sixty dollars per barrel, corn meal, twelve, and corn ten and a half to eleven and a half per bushel. On the 29th of the same month flour was quoted at from sixty to sixty five dollars per barrel; and yesterday, November 5th, flour would bring from ninety to one hundred dollars per barrel, and corn meal from fourteen to fifteen dollars per bushel. Prices have ascended like a balloon without ballast; and will fall—who can tell when?

A TERRIBLE SCENE.—Our Chicago exchanges give an interesting picture of the destruction of the Rush Street bridge, that spans the fine river flowing through the centre of their city. Those who have visited Chicago can easily imagine the terror that such an accident would inspire, though in this case quadrupeds and not bipeds were the particular victims. At the time of the accident a hundred head of cattle were on the bridge, a Mr. Dole with a horse and buggy, a teamster with a horse and wagon, a drover, and a young girl, a sister of the drover:

"A tug whistled two blocks above the bridge, the cattle crowded to the south end of it, and against the earnest remonstrance of Mr. Dole and others, the reckless substitute of the tender swung the bridge from the basement. In an instant the north end of the bridge was elevated twenty feet in the air, there was a snapping of iron, a cracking and crashing of timbers, a shriek of horror from the bystanders, and the Rush street bridge, breaking in two across the center pier, fell into the river, a total ruin!

Affrighted and horror-stricken, the crowd on either side of the river, stood motionless for more than a minute; there was a rush of people from the streets, and for a quarter of an hour there was a cry for boats, and a running hither and thither for planks, and a confusion which rendered useless all attempts to save those who went down with the bridge. At last a tug steamed up to the scene of disaster, and rescued Mr. Dole, and all the others except the girl, who were struggling in the water.

The escape was almost miraculous. Mr. Dole caught hold of the horns of a large steer, as did also the drover, and alternately floated and sank, until the tug came up. A few moments more and they would have been drowned. The teamster and sub-tenders caught some planks and floated to the tug. The girl had not been seen nor heard of at nine o'clock last evening, at which time her brother had given her up as lost.

About two-thirds of the cattle were either drowned or crushed to death among the timbers."

GOING TO HEAVEN.—The "Christian Church" in Mound city, Kansas, recently had an excellent time at "drawing tears" from an "entire audience," witnessing the baptism of a murderer. Griffith was baptized by immersion on the 21st of Oct., and on the 30th, he was hung and "went to heaven." Quite good, of course!