GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN BOSTON.

From Our Special Correspondent.

BOSTON, May 23, 1865.

The first performance of the grandest musical festival that our country has ever seen took place at the Music Hall, this morning, at 11 o'clock. The proportions of the musical departments far exceeded the promise held out by the advertisement. Instead of 600 singers there were nearly 750, and instead of 100 instruments there were nearly 120. The stringed quartette presented the following proportions: 22 first violins; 21 second violins; 10 violas; 10 violoncelli, and 12 contra-bassi. There were, besides, 4 flutes, 4 oboes, 4 clarionettes, 4 bassoons, 4 horns, 3 trumpets, 2 cornets-a-piston, 3 trombones, 1 tuba and 1 serpent, 1 tympani, 3 side-drums, 1 bass-drum, and cymbals, and triangle. Eight more first violins would have been worth a thousand dollars for the acme of musical effect; but as it was, it was so imposing and so admirable that we can hardly say that it needed any addition. And after all this came the great organ—that instrument of wonderful power and beauty—which swelled up the multitudinous sound to a grand unity, giving by its 32 feet pedals a base sufficiently mighty to sustain the brilliant and powerful superstructure. A combination so vast, and in all parts so admirable, has never before been known in America. It has been raining steadily and dispiritingly ever since I have been here, and because some one stole my umbrella it poured down with additional good will this morning. I found the great Music Hall but sparsely filled, the weather operating very seriously against the attendance. The platform was built out some 30 or 40 feet in front of the great organ, and from it on either side seats rose up extending to the back of the Hall and up to the second gallery. In a few minutes after the chorus began to come in, every seat was filled. The ladies were by no means dressed uniformly. There were opera cloaks of every color, red, blue, ultra blue, gray, black and white. Next entered the instrumentalists, the solo singers and the Conductor, with some of the officers of the society. The appearance at this moment was brilliant and imposing. The Conductor, baton in hand, mounted his stand and said a few words which we could not catch, and a pause ensued. Suddenly he faced the audience, placed himself in a graceful pose, and remained stationary. At first this ominous pause puzzled me, but suddenly the thought flashed upon me!—the whole orchestra was being—photographed! My first impulse was to exclaim against the public vanity of our Boston cousins, but the hearty shouts of laughter which burst out at the close of the operation, in which the whole audience joined, proved that to nearly all it was an unexpected surprise, the humor of which struck every one simultaneously. On reflection I am satisfied that the occasion was fully worthy of being placed indelibly on record, and that no one, in after years, will feel ashamed of pointing out their counterfeit presentment in the photograph taken that day.

The great body of chorus is composed of fine fresh voices, displaying a larger amount of cultivation than is usually found in such assemblages. This is mainly accounted for in the fact that a very large proportion of the singers, lady and gentlemen, belong to the highest class of Boston society, most of them excellent amateur singers, who, when art is concerned, are not too proud to sing in the choruses. O, Gotham! when will thy people in high places do the like? What mighty social revolution must occur before thy children of wealth and fashion would arch even an eyebrow for the cause of Art?

I do not think that the disposition of the voices which was adopted, was calculated to produce the greatest possible effect. They were not arranged in masses, but in two separate choirs, soprano, alto, tenor and bass, on either side of the orchestra. In the *ensemble* parts the weakness was not perceptible, but when either class of voice had leading points, a want of decision and concentrated force was plainly perceptible. The voices were divided by 50 feet of space, and a perfect unanimity and compactness of force was impossible. In double choruses this arrangement is imperative, but in the present case it is useless and less effective than it otherwise would have been.

Immediately after the episode alluded to above the Conductor tapped his desk, and the whole body of the chorus rose. It was a magnificent sight, but its impression faded into nothing when, on the first beat, the whole strength of voices, instruments and organ burst out into the grand old chorale, "God is a castle and defense," with which Nicolai's Religious Festival Overture commences. It exceeded in grandeur of effect, in massive unity of sound and sublimity of sentiment, anything I have ever heard. It made my heart beat faster and was a sensation worth living for.

The overture is curiously constructed. Commencing with a chorale, the stringed instruments commence a fugue in long measure, which is gradually amplified and strengthened by the other instruments, and as the voices again take up the chorale the figure becomes more intricate and the counterpoint closer and more brilliant. It is certainly a learned and grandly effective composition, and its culminating point at the final Amen can hardly be exceeded in majesty and force.

At the close of this fine performance, Dr. Upham, the President of the Handel and Haydn Society, and the gentleman to whose intelligent efforts and untiring perseverance the City of Boston not only owes her splendid Music Hall (which is used for no other than musical purposes), but the great organ also, delivered an address, in which he gave a brief sketch of that Society from its commencement fifty years ago. It sprung from the Massachusetts Society, which commenced in 1807 and died in 1810 from pure inanition, never having numbered over twenty-one members. In 1815 the Handel and Haydn Society was founded, several of the members of the previous Society taking part in its organization. It passed through countless vicissitudes, but there was always found some strong, true man to put forward a hand to sustain it. I expected to hear the name of the late respected Jonas Chickering, who was for many years the prop and the mainstay of the Society, proving his wise and noble generosity in that case as in countless others not recorded in books of human make.

Dr. Upham also alluded to the wide-spread influence of the Society in the cause of musical education, and made a few general remarks upon the progress of music from an early date to the present period. His address was scholarly and eloquent, and was received with warm applause.

At the close of the address commenced Mendelssohn's divinely inspired work, "The Hymn of Praise." The key-note of the whole composition is comprised in one phrase, which the brass instruments develop in the very opening, and in one line, which the voices afterward sing to the same phrase, "All that has life and breath, sing to the Lord." The leading sentiments of the work are Faith, strong and prophetic, and Doubt that leans on Faith and draws comfort from her teachings. The first instrumental movement is of Faith triumphant. The tone is at once jubilant and prophetic, and the passages of exquisite tenderness and beauty which occur indicate the contentment of a soul at rest. This movement was grandly played. The next movement indicates a mind ill at ease with itself; it is unrestful, fearful and mourning, and the melody, so beautiful in its expression, reveals these emotions in almost spoken language. This is broken in upon by a solemn yet hopeful phrase, and these alternate through passages of marvelous skill, until Faith seems to have triumphed, and the chorus bursts in on a phrase of grandeur and power with the words, "All that has life and breath sing to the Lord." This leads to the air, with chorus, "Praise Thou the Lord," which was sung by Miss J. E. Houston, who has a pure and sweet soprano voice, though scarcely sufficient *timbre*, with much taste of spirit. The recitative and air, "Sing ye Praise," was sung very understandingly by Mr. Geo. W. Hazlewood. He has a voice of sufficient natural power for all purposes, but he produces it badly, an unhappy mixture of throat and head, and does not bring out half its resonant strength. His recitatives were well delivered, and his intonation is quite true. The chorus which follows, "All ye that cried unto the Lord," which is one of the gems of the work, was taken much too fast, and consequently lost much of its effect. The duet and chorus, "I waited for the Lord," solos by Miss Houston and Miss Godnow, which is singularly beautiful in construction, melody, and dramatic effect, was sung with a perfection of coloring not easy to get from so vast a body of performers. The solo points for the tenors were as soft and round as a single voice, and the whole chorus seemed to feel artistic conception of the composition. The tenor air, "The Sorrows of Death," was smoothly sung by Mr. Hazlewood, but the grand declamatory recitative which followed was painfully wanting in force and impulse.

The grand and emphatic chorus, "The Night is Departing," which is one of the grandest and boldest of Mendelssohn's conceptions, was superbly sung, every point was taken up with precision, and the fortes were given with a will and a decision which could hardly be exceeded. The chorale, "Let all men praise the Lord," was sung with a breadth and a sustained power worthy of all praise. The second verse, which is accompanied by a delicious flowing figure for the stringed instruments, was a little marred by a too powerful organ. The duet, "My song shall be alway Thy Mercy," was pleasantly and gracefully sung by Miss Houston and Mr. Hazlewood. The concluding chorus, "Ye Nations," was a fitting climax to this, in almost every way a grand performance. It is complicated and difficult, but it contains all the elements of grandeur in declamatory phrases and in concentrated power. It was sung in a manner above reproach, and its massive and sonorous effects were such as would have raised a New-York audience to a pitch of wild excitement. They take things more coolly in Boston.

In my previous letter I made animadversions on the incorrect tempo at which the Conductor took the various movements of this work, and in conversation I suggested the necessary modifications. In every case but one, the tempo, on the night of performance, was changed to the proper movement, and the result was a representation such as I have described. Mr. Zerrahn deserves unmeasured praise for the excellence which has marked every department, and has certainly greatly exalted his reputation as a Conductor by the success of his efforts. To Mr. B. J. Lang, the organist, must also be awarded very warm praise for his judicious and skillful treatment of the organ in the choral movements, and for his tasteful and efficient accompaniments.

In the evening Haydn's ever fresh and beautiful Oratorio, "The Creation," was performed before a large and brilliant audience. This sublime work is so well known in every city of the world that any description of it is unnecessary. I shall, therefore, while bearing testimony to the superior excellence of the whole performance, note a few points that stood out in grandeur and majesty above all the rest. The famous effect produced at the words "and there was light," was literally electrical, and can hardly be understood unless heard. Imagine the sudden *fortissimo* of seven hundred voices, one hundred and fourteen instruments, and the full power of the great organ with its mighty pedal pipes! It was as though we suddenly heard the loudest peal of harmonious thunder accompanied simultaneously with the sudden glare of the most vivid lightning. The other grand effects were the choruses "The Heavens are Telling," which was vociferously encored, and "Achieved is the glorious Work." I have never heard more perfect chorus singing, nor more spirited and admirable accompaniements. The effect was simply sublime, and the hearer could not but be oppressed by a sense of the grandeur of the intellect which conceived the work and the perfection of executive power which was brought to bear upon its development.

The solo artists were Miss Maria Barnard, Mrs. Jenny Van Zandt, Mr. Farley and Mr. Rudolphsen, who took the part which Carl Formes should have taken, but who, as usual, showed his contempt for the public by breaking his engagement. The ladies sustained their well-known reputation, and received the very cordial applause of the audience. I must object, however, to their improvements upon Haydn. The alterations were small, but they were ill-judged, and seemed impertinent, while also, they were less effective than the original. Mr. Farley also indulged a little in the same absurdity, but he otherwise sang his music very carefully, although he sadly lacked in force and spirit. Mr. Rudolphsen acquitted himself well, singing smoothly and correctly. In conclusion, as a choral performance it was supremely excellent and dwarfs every other attempt of the class that has yet been made in the country. Mr. Zerrahn must feel satisfied at the success which his efforts achieved, and Boston may well be proud of the honor won at the beginning of the Festival, and of the Society in whose name it is given.

To-morrow there will be an instrumental and vocal concert in the afternoon, and another on Thursday, and on the evening of that day, Handel's Oratorio, "Israel in Egypt," will be given.

H. C. W.

"Gov. Fenton's Vetoes."

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: My attention has just been called to an article under the above caption in your issue of yesterday, which seems to demand some notice from every member of the last Legislature who has nothing to conceal, and who can point to his record without fear of results.

The general and indiscriminate assaults upon the Legislature, which have adorned the pages of so many of our public journals during the past Winter and Spring, I, as one member of that body, should be perfectly willing to leave unanswered, inasmuch as their very generality and their reckless and vindictive character deprive them of any great power for evil; but in the article referred to you take occasion, while indulging in somewhat extravagant laudations of the Governor's vetoes, to strongly intimate that those who voted for the bills vetoed should be condemned by the people.

You say: "It seems to us that the Governor's vetoes, with a list of the members of the two houses, their counties, their politics and their votes or lodges respectively, ought to be printed in pamphlet and a copy presented to each householder in our city at least. We feel sure that though we might possibly send as bad a delegation to some future Assembly, we should at least never return the same men, nor any considerable share of them."

Now, sir, although under the ban of so severe a punishment as never being returned to the Assembly, and fearing that the present City Railroads having succeeded in their opposition to the "Underground road," may not see fit to invest in the pamphlet you propose, I wish to state, through your columns, that *I am one* of those who *voted* not only, but *labored zealously* to pass the bills creating an "Underground Railroad" and a "Pneumatic Express."

The opposition to these measures came from those representing the interests of the existing city railways, and I venture the assertion that no bill creating a corporation has for years been presented or passed which so thoroughly guarded public and private rights as the bill creating a Metropolitan or Underground Railway. I wish it might be printed and circulated from one end of the city to the other, that citizens might have an opportunity of pronouncing their judgments upon my course in the premises.

I believe that no projects have been before the Legislature for years which would have proved of such benefit and advantage to the public as these two Railways. They were to interfere with no vested rights, obstruct no streets, violate no contracts. They would have provided cheap, clean, rapid and safe means for carrying passengers and freight, and would have made the upper portion of our city the most delightful residence in the world.

For Gov. Fenton, personally, and for his motives and independence, I have the very highest regard; but I claim for myself the same purity of motive and the same right of independent action. The grounds upon which the veto of the Underground Road are based do not seem to me sound.

The right given to the Mayor and Common Council to allow the said Company to use "Either temporarily or permanently, FOR THE PUBLIC CONVENIENCE, such portions of the public lands in the city as they (the said Mayor and Common Council) may deem proper, and under such regulations as they may prescribe," does not seem to me fraught with such dread consequences as to demand the exercise of the veto power; and I do not believe that the public of New-York entertain such a holy reverence for the Battery as to regret its being used, or a portion of it, for such purposes.

At any rate, I for one, sir, have nothing to regret or conceal in my votes, and I accept your invitation to make my action known to the people.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

THOS. B. VAN BUREN,
Member Assembly Fifteenth Dist. New-York city.

Emigration Westward.

From The Nebraska City Republican.

The emigration continues on the increase. Hundreds of teams are arriving daily, and move on after a stay sufficient to purchase outfits of provisions, etc. Our streets are densely crowded from morning until night, and our business houses overflowing with customers. It seems that the entire westward-bound emigration this season is crossing the river and outfitting at this place. We have used no railroad or other humbug on the public, but have waited until travelers would naturally find the best route and travel it.

THE NEW-YORK WORLD.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: When you have to do with a man who evidently knows nothing of the matter of which he undertakes to write, it might seem the part of wisdom to let him alone in his folly. Why waste time or beat the air in exposing him? If he adds impudence to ignorance, as is the case with the writer in *The World*, he can take any position he pleases. When driven from one subterfuge, no principle withholds him from seeking refuge in another still more false; and thus there is no end to such a controversy. With the help of Gillie's, or an index, he can pick out any passage he chooses, and well presuming, perhaps, that most of those who habitually read him know no more than he does himself, he can continue the game as long as he pleases. We notice him here again, only to expose the egregious quackery he is practicing. It can be done in few words. A translation is given of a passage in Aristotle, and presenting the exact sense. How is this met? It is replied to by giving, from Gillie's, the translation of a totally different passage, and then indulging in all kinds of exclamations about what he calls a "ludicrous blunder." This is rather the proceeding of some ex-clerical mountebank than that of a scholar, or of an honest man. Was it a studied attempt to impose on his uninformed readers, or did he not know any better? "Unfortunately for this translation," he says, "no word corresponding to Hellenians or Barbarians occurs in the line at all." Very true. He might just as well have said no such words occur in thousands of other sentences which he might, with equal ease, and by the aids aforesaid, have picked from the writings of the philosopher. Almost any one would have done as well as that which he has given us from Gillie's translation.

Let us examine the miserable trick, if it be, indeed, a trick, instead of a most stupid blunder. It may, perhaps, be characterized as about equally partaking of both. *The World's* critic had gravely told us that Aristotle "*refuted* those who maintained that the Greeks might enslave Barbarians." Now there is, of course, no such refutation. It would be in the face of all that is best known in respect to this ancient writer's real opinions on the subject of Slavery. Still, charity would lead to the supposition that there must be something which had led the critic to such a mistake—something which, to a superficial glance, might have presented some faint appearance, at least, of such a thing. Now there are but two places in respect to which the supposition could possibly have been indulged. They are in the First Book of the *Politics*, chap. 1 and 2, or (Leipsic) pages 2d and 11th. There is no such "refutation" in either; but if there is the merest shadow of such a thing it is in the First (on page 2), where the old writer is speaking of the comparison sometimes made between the servile state and the relation of marriage, and the manner in which the latter is regarded by the Barbarians. Here, then, is quoted by Aristotle the following line from some Greek poet unnamed, which he thus gives, as well as it can be expressed in Roman letters,

Barbarôn d' Hellênas archein ethos,

literally, "the Greeks ought to rule Barbarians," but which was rendered freely, yet most accurately, "The Greeks ought to be masters and the Barbarians slaves." In the other passage, page 11, there are two lines quoted from one THEODEKTES on whom *The World's* correspondent, by the aid of JOACHIMUS PERIONIUS, is so very learned, but of whom he evidently knows as little as he does of Chalkokondyles, the last of the Byzantines. "The words Barbarian and Hellenian do not occur in these lines at all," says the critic. Whether the naïveté, or the knavery, is here most conspicuous, it would be hard to say. "They do not occur at all," he says. Very true, but it is because the lines have no more relation to Greeks and Barbarians, though Barbarians had been mentioned a sentence or two before, than to Yankees and Irishmen. His index of passages has totally misled him here. These lines are brought in in the course of the same general argument of Aristotle of which the substance was truly stated in my former letter; but they are lines which no man could possibly imagine to have been intended by one who asserts that Aristotle refuted those who maintained that the Greeks had a right to enslave Barbarians. The others might seem to have a little look that way, but it was of the slightest possible kind to justify so gross a misrepresentation.

This statement, so easily verified, is enough *for* any intelligent reader or any man who has the least pretensions to scholarship. It is a question, however, of some psychological interest whether the writer really meant to deceive, or did not, in truth, know any better. One might be tempted to hold the latter supposition, as the most charitable one, were it not for the ridiculous display he attempts to make about this Theodektes, a poet with whom he would have the reader believe him very familiar, although this line, quoted by Aristotle, is all that rescues the name of this ancient conservative from utter oblivion. His acquaintance, too, with "old Joachemus Perionius" (how familiarly he speaks of him) is quite marvelous; Gillies was not enough. He must be compared with "the Latin Version of *old Joachimus Perionius*, published (the edition from which WE quote) A. D. 1563," as though he would really fortify Gillies by this venerable authority lying before him. Why not as well have compared the translation of Gillies directly with the Greek. The writer would have us know that he really understands Greek by solemnly assuring his unlearned readers that *Hellênas*, in Greek, as in English, has two *lambdas*, while the name of "*this girl* Helen of the play," as he calls her, "has but one." Strange that it did not occur to him here that he was wholly spoiling his point by overdoing, and that there must be, somewhere, some absurd blunder in his own pretended discovery of a blunder in another. Had he thus compared Gillies with the Greek, instead of foolishly judging him by something else, he would have found that he had *not* "expanded the line of THEODEKTES into two, *thereby* making his translation wordy and stilted," as he says. The critic "*thereby*" contains as great a *non sequitur* as was ever concealed (through similar affected logical phraseology) in the writings of that great logician, John C. Calhoun, since THEODEKTES had really two lines, as appears in all the Greek editions of Aristotle. It is truly a hard case to deprive the poor old poet of one-half of all his literary property that has come down to us. It amounts almost to a mathematical demonstration that the man who talks so learnedly of "double *lambdas*," had never examined the Greek text at all, and could not read it if he had. But then there would have been no chance for bringing in this "old Latin Version," and the rich erudition that follows. What an idea truly—to one who knows something of this *World's* critic—his sitting down to pore over the folio of JOACHIMUS PERIONIUS, and that, too, in the edition of 1563, as though there had been a great many and inferior editions of this *very celebrated* author published since that time! To those familiar with such matters, there is, in this ridiculous display, an ear mark that explains the whole. The substantial application of classical reading to the great questions of the day requires no such tricks as this. The plainest statements, and the plainest references, made with a conscientiousness that they can always be truthfully verified, is deemed enough. There is, however, another course in these matters, such as that employed by *The World's* critic. To call it even pedantry would be giving it, by far, too respectable a name.

Nothing is more clear than that the critic of *The World* has been rashly meddling with edged tools, and has cut himself badly. He has evidently been misled by his Latin translation. Better to have been content with Gillies. The former renders only one of the Greek lambda lines. Gillies renders them both; and, instead of being "wordy and stilted," is as near the Greek as a translation can well be which is in English verse. It is, in fact, almost word for word as any one may see by comparing it with the Greek, which, it is perfectly certain, this critic, who talks so learnedly about double *lambdas*, and the Greek having two *s's*, could never have read at all.

Lord Coke, in a eulogium of the legal profession, contained in his Introduction to Lyttleton, says that, among the blessings that fall to the lot of the good Lawyer, one is "that he seldom dies *intestatus et improles*," "without testament and without issue." The same language is used by the most eminent English Judges who were scholars as well as Lawyers. We need no better authority to justify the barbarism of which the writer complains, since it appears now that he puts it upon that ground. *The World's* critic, we believe, is one who once added the law to his divinity, or divinity to his law, and he ought to have been better informed here. If he never met with the phrase, it only shows that his law reading must have been as poor as his pretensions in other multifarious respects.

Perhaps I ought to apologize to the readers of THE TRIBUNE for continuing a discussion in which they can have so little interest; but when a grave argument, instead of being reviewed on its merits, is assailed by disparaging epithets, and personal abuse, it may be a duty as well as a right to strip such assailants of their false pretensions, by showing that their literature is as hollow as their politics are unprincipled and corrupt. We have done so by the simple presentation of the passages and the facts. There they stand. The assailant may evade and falsify as much as he pleases. Scholars, for whom we write, can verify them at any moment. On *The World's* critic, the most perfect demonstration of his fraud, or of his blunders, would, of course, be thrown away!

T. L.

A Letter from the Hon. H. S. Foote.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: I have read with the most grateful emotions, I assure you, the editorial article which appeared in the independent and honestly-conducted journal of which you have the control, on yesterday, under the caption "ARE WE STILL AT WAR?" Allow me to say that I have received so little, either of kindness or even of *justice* at the hands of the editorial brotherhood, either in the North or in the South, for several years past, that such manly and magnanimous treatment as you have exercised toward me on this occasion is alike surprising and gratifying. I have long since ascertained that a public man who undertakes to pursue a conscientious and patriotic course, aside from the behests of faction, and who, under the influence of a genuine *conservatism*, dares to oppose *extremists* of every grade and description, acting upon the maxim "*In medio tutissimus ibis*," must expect to incur the hostility of all who prefer submitting to the dominion of prejudice or passion, or of sordid interest, to accepting the gentle sway of *reason* and conforming inflexibly to *principle*. While I feel that it would be egregiously egotistical in me to appropriate the celebrated poetic couplet to myself,

"And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels,"

yet I can honestly declare that, amid all the discomforts of thrice-repeated imprisonment, once in the South and twice in the North, and present banishment, I derive more satisfaction from the inward consciousness of perfect rectitude, and the approving words of the virtuous and the enlightened, than it is possible for the rank abusers of trusted power anywhere to experience, or the wretched and heartless *sycophants* who are wont

"to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning."

You will much add to that sense of obligation which I feel for past kindness and liberality by permitting me to correct one or two errors into which you have inadvertently fallen in undertaking so generously to refer to several incidents in my humble career as a public man. It is not at all to be wondered at that even a gentleman of your acknowledged intelligence should be somewhat inaccurately informed in regard to occurrences which had their course upon a somewhat remote theater many years ago, and which are of a nature chiefly interesting to the single individual to whom they appertain. I frankly confess that there has been but little that has heretofore occurred in my own public conduct of a nature very profoundly to impress the public mind either in our own country or elsewhere, and I am really afraid that you will regard me as attaching unmerited importance to mere *trivialities*, when you shall read what follows. You refer to my former contest with the unfortunate Davis for Governor of Mississippi in 1851, and give me credit for having triumphed in that contest as a *Union* candidate. You omitted to state that I likewise triumphed in the same election as a candidate for United States Senator; that is to say, it was found when the Legislature assembled that I was the *unanimous* choice for Senator of the Union members of that body, who had a majority of more than 30 members on joint ballot. The only way that was left open for defeating me was by resorting to a most fraudulent and disgraceful expedient. There chanced to be a majority *of one* in the State Senate in favor of *Disunion*, composed of individuals who had been elected two years before. These gentlemen, under such advice as they received, refused to go into joint convention at all, hoping, as afterward turned out to be the case, by agitating the question of *repudiating* the Planters' Bank bonds, to be able to prevent my being chosen for the Senate, knowing well that I would never consent to run as a *repudiation* candidate. When this device had actually succeeded, nearly two years later, I indignantly resigned the office of Governor, declaring my utter unwillingness to continue longer in the office of Chief Magistrate of a State which I held to have so deeply dishonored itself. I did not then remove to Tennessee, as you seem to suppose, but to California, where I remained nearly four years, and where again I was the earnest and indefatigable supporter of the Union cause, canvassing the whole State twice upon this interesting question; and I was, in less than two years after I reached that State, without the least solicitation on my own part, put in nomination by the Union men, or *Americans*, as they were sometimes called, for United States Senator; was found to have in the Legislature a majority of more than 30 upon *joint ballot*, when again the same device which had been tried so effectually in Mississippi was a second time resorted to, and with equal success—no joint convention assembling, and a vacancy in the Senate thereby ensuing for nearly two years. On this occasion, it was found a little more difficult to defeat me than it had been in Mississippi, I having then a large majority in the House of Representatives and a major. ity of *one in the Senate*. One of my pledged supporters, though, was notoriously bought up, and lo! no election could be had. You are, perfectly accurate in all that you further state in regard to my career in Tennessee. I hated and spoke everywhere against the Breckinridge and Lane Presidential ticket and platform, regarding both of them as deeply tinctured with *Disunion*; had no hand whatever in any of the incipient proceedings which led to this deplorable war; condemned the formation of the Montgomery Government; opposed any factious opposition to Mr. Lincoln, who I thought had been honestly and constitutionally elected; and, in common with nearly the whole population of Tennessee, refused to give my sanction to any measures of *military resistance* to the Federal Government, until war was fiercely raging, and until all the more conservative States of the South, including Virginia and North Carolina, had been drawn into the terrible *vortex* then raging. In the Confederate Congress, I voted and spoke against *Conscription*; against *Confiscation*; against *Forcible Impressment*; against the suspension of Habeas Corpus; against the organization of Military Courts for the trial of civil offenses; denounced all attempts to imprison Union men for the avowal of Union sentiments, and got a special committee organized, of which I was for two years Chairman, for the purpose of inquiring into all cases of alleged illegal imprisonment, and preventing as far as possible their future occurrence. I was, during this whole period, particularly active in preventing, as far as I could, the undue harrassment and oppression of persons of Union sentiments in my own State, and especially in East Tennessee, where President Johnson has always resided, as the whole population there knows and will attest, and openly and vehemently denounced, more than a dozen times to his face, the heartless and unprincipled Representative from the Knoxville District, Mr. Tibbs, on account of the cruel oppression which he incited the Richmond Government to practice upon an innocent and unoffending people. All this President Johnson knows, or ought to know, and no man living will ever venture to deny any part of this statement.

You seem to have been informed that, when I left Richmond last Winter I proceeded to Washington. This is a mistake; I went to Lovetteville, in Virginia, and from that place I held correspondence with Mr. Seward, with a view, if possible, of effecting an honorable pacification between the parties then in conflict. Finding that my efforts would prove fruitless, owing as I thought mainly to the fact that I was not *apparently* sustained in my endeavors by general public sentiment in the South—not being willing to witness a further effusion of blood among my countrymen, I asked for permission to go abroad, which was granted. Some evil-disposed persons have suggested that I came out from Richmond upon a purely *selfish* errand, in order to save myself at the expense of my unfortunate countrymen, whom I had left behind. Nothing could be further from the truth. I have never attempted to obtain special terms for myself, or terms a whit more favorable than those which might be ultimately extended to the mass of my Southern countrymen, as my present harassed condition most manifestly proves. It has been said by *bribed* scribblers elsewhere that I went to Europe to betray the secrets of the Confederate cause, and to use influence against it with foreign Governments. See how completely a short statement of *facts* will refute a slander as absurd as it is malicious. I emerged from *custody* in New-York on the 7th day of February last, so soon as I found that my *gradual emancipation* propositions would not be accepted by the Administration in Washington as a *basis of peace*, proceeded across the Atlantic, reached London in fourteen days, stayed there only four days, during which I formed no acquaintance with any Englishman of note at all, nor called even to see the Minister of the United States to the Court of St. James. During that same four days, I prepared and published a pamphlet of fourteen pages, addressed to my constituents in Tennessee, advising them, for reasons given, to return to the bosom of the Federal Union; saw every place of note in and about London and Westminster, including the two Houses of Parliament. I then started to Paris on a certain Tuesday evening, reached there next morning; spent only a day in Paris, seeing all that I had any special desire to see; dashed on over the Alps to Turin; traveled through Italy down to Leghorn, and, stopping to see a dozen interesting localities on the way, traveled from Leghorn, by sea, to Naples; surveyed Naples, Pompeii, Herculaneum, the Isle of Caprera, Mount Vesuvius, Virgil's Tomb, &c., &c.; then proceeded to Rome; saw all that I desired to see there; proceeded thence to Civita Vecchia; thence to Leghorn again; thence by sea to Corsica Elba, and Marseilles; thence to Lyons and Paris; thence to London and Liverpool; thence across the Atlantic again to New-York—from which last-named city I had been absent *not quite eight weeks*. If any man will suppose that I had leisure for *political intrigue* during this eight weeks of incessant traveling and *sight-seeing*, he is welcome to his opinion. I did not intend to be longer absent when I left New-York, because anticipating and having, in fact, predicted before I started that Richmond would fall, and the Confederate cause be at an end before the first day of May, I wished to get back in time to proceed to the South and persuade my loved and honored countrymen there as soon as possible to give up a hopeless struggle, and throw themselves upon the *justice* and *magnanimity* of their fellow-citizens. And now I venture in conclusion to assert, that had I been allowed to go South, immediately on arriving in New-York, it would have been in my power greatly to have aided in the work of *reconstruction*, which I regret to see is yet lingering. For I assure you, Mr. Greeley, whatever others may assert to the contrary, that every State in the South is now willing to *yield up Slavery, the sole cause*, as they believe, of our former troubles and divisions, and become united once more, politically, commercially, and socially, with their brethren of the North. All that they ask is *freedom and equality*, which no wise or patriotic man will refuse to accord them. I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

H. S. FOOTE.

Montreal, May 17, 1865.

A Card from President Buchanan.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: In courtesy I ought to thank you, as I do sincerely, for your offered use of THE TRIBUNE for "any explanation, comment or disclaimer" of the acts of my Administration during the last six months of its existence. This kind offer should be cordially accepted, but admonished by advancing years, of which you give me warning, I some time since compiled a history of it during this period, chiefly from the proceedings of Congress and other official and reliable documents, too long for publication in THE TRIBUNE. This has not been published hitherto, because of my reluctance, for several reasons, to obtrude myself upon public attention during the prosecution of the War now happily terminated in the Suppression of the Rebellion.

Though we have been "life-long political opponents," as you truly observe, I have for many years been a constant reader of THE TRIBUNE. This I have done to obtain a knowledge of the principles and policy of the Republican party from their ablest and most influential expounders, and one who, while contending against political opponents, has had the candor and courage to present to the public the Democratic propositions and principles he assailed. I would, therefore, put it to yourself whether it was quite compatible with this character to assume that my contradiction of an article in another journal, relating to matters of fact dating as far back as the Cincinnati Convention of June, 1856, had been intended as a defense of the acts of an Administration which did not come into existence until nine months afterward, and thereupon to pronounce the conclusion "that Mr. Buchanan's letter has not vindicated Mr. Buchanan's career."

Mr. Buchanan has carefully refrained for four long years from any attempt to vindicate his "career" as President, except so far as this was forced upon him in his controversy with Gen. Scott; and this course he shall still continue to pursue until the publication of his historical sketch. Indeed, his recent letter to the editor of *The N. Y. Post* would never have been written had the editor republished from his files the old article as published nearly nine years before (though never known to Mr. B. until a few days ago), with any comments he might have thought proper. That of which Mr. Buchanan now complains is, that the new article, though ostensibly based upon the old, presents a statement of facts essentially different, in a most important particular, from the original; and this, too, with the evident object of injuring his character. This change consists in substituting for the name of Col. Black who *was* a Delegate to the Cincinnati Convention, that of Judge Black who *was not*, and at the same time referring to the fact that "the Judge was afterward Attorney-General under Mr. Buchanan."

Whence this radical change, if not to bring home to Mr. Buchanan a complicity in the infamous pledges which the last article falsely, but in express terms, attributes to Judge Black. Had the facts stated in this article, on the authority of the editor of *The Post*, remained without contradiction, they would have been taken for granted by the public, to the lasting and serious injury of the reputation both of Judge Black and Mr. Buchanan.

It is but justice to the memory of a brave and lamented officer to repeat that, in his ardent and impassioned remarks before the Convention, evidently without previous preparation, there is not the least color for attributing to Col. Black a pledge which would have been a serious imputation upon the fair fame of a man without fear and without reproach. Yours, very respectfully,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Wheatland, near Lancaster, May 23, 1865.

[As Mr. Buchanan has not seen fit to comment on the new points made in our former article, we deem it but fair to say no more.—*Ed.*]

YALE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—A note from the Secretary of the Theological Faculty of Yale College states that there is no truth whatever in the reports published in several newspapers that Rev. George E. Day of Lane Seminary, Ohio, is to take the chair of Didactic Theology in the institution first named.

Mr. John Holliday left Rochester this morning with a wheelbarrow, which he was to wheel to Buffalo on a bet. The terms are that the journey is to be made in thirty consecutive hours or $200 shall be forfeited.

FROM MISSOURI.

A Conference of Bushwhackers—Offers to Surrender Accepted—The Guerrillas Who Refuse Terms Still on the Rampage—Singular Condition of Affairs, etc., etc.

From Our Special Correspondent.

ST. LOUIS, May 21, 1865.

A curious report has been received from one of the interior counties which is known to be infested with bushwhackers. The story goes that a meeting of delegates from several gangs of guerrillas was recently held at a rendezvous in Clay County to determine what course should be pursued in future. Pool, Holtsclaw, Quantrell, and a few others were willing to surrender on terms proposed by Gen. Dodge, viz.: to allow each Rebel to be paroled and return home; but Joe Porter, who has but recently returned from the South, Sam Hildebrand, Jim Jackson, and others, were unwilling to surrender, but thought they should continue in the bush until they had revenge on the Unionists for the damage done to Southern sympathizers. But nothing was finally accomplished, and the conference broke up without any agreement. The next day Holtsclaw, Pool and Quantrell sent a communication to Brig.-Gen. I. V. Pratt, residing in Linn County (State Militia Officer), proposing to surrender if the United States authorities would recognize them as Confederate soldiers. The matter was referred to Gen. Dodge, and it is understood that an answer has been returned that the terms granted to Lee and Johnston will be open to all armed Rebels in this State who surrender before the 1st of June. It is expected that Pool's gang near Lexington will at once come in under flag of truce and surrender. The only treatment which can be accorded to the balance of the Rebels, is the treatment due to outlaws. Jim Jackson and Joe Porter are especially deserving of death. It will be a hard pill to swallow to see the infamous Quantrell escaping punishment for the horrible massacre of Lawrence, under a military treaty; but Quantrell himself is too smart to place himself in the power of the people. He promises to go South at once. Porter is now in Knox County, stealing horses and committing other outrages, as a matter of personal revenge for alleged offenses of the Unionists against his relatives in North Missouri. Jackson was, at last accounts in Callaway County, and his gang, 25 or 30 strong, lately ambuscaded a detachment of five men belonging to the Montgomery County Militia, and killed every man of them. This occurred in Callaway County, and was a horrible affair. The members of this gang are the same as those who served under the infamous Bill Anderson during his career of blood last year in North Missouri. Every man of them richly deserves hanging. In other portions of the State there are small bands of bushwhackers depredating upon the people in various ways, and altogether they make considerable trouble.

This mixed condition of affairs renders the task of the authorities difficult. We find some of the Rebels anxious to surrender. Of course these should not be repressed. On the other hand there are many infernal villains who should not be allowed to surrender on equal terms with regular Rebel soldiers who have maintained their erroneous notions in comparatively honorable combat. Gen. Pope and Gen. Dodge both appreciate these troubles and are endeavoring to act accordingly. Gov. Fletcher has addressed several meetings in the interior, and been enthusiastically received even in the strongest Rebel counties. He is to make some speeches in Clay County next week. The experiment of abolishing martial law in certain localities has not increased the quiet of those localities as yet. There is still a reliance on the military authorities as the only power capable of thoroughly suppressing all kinds of disorders arising from the sympathy with the Rebellion.

There is a firm determination manifested in certain interior counties not to allow paroled Rebels to return in safety to their old homes. The memory of the foul outrages committed by these men during the last four years has not passed away, and it would be contrary to human nature if an outraged people could easily forget these things. This was one of the points of difference between the late President Lincoln and the leading Radicals of Missouri. Mr. Lincoln told some one Rev. Lewis (who was so cruelly treated by Bill Anderson at Glasgow) that he must forget the past, but old Ben told him Never! This feeling exists on a large scale in various portions of the State. Several Rebels who have already arrived, with paroles in their pockets from Joe Johnston's army, have been forced to quit their old homes and seek safety and employment in this city. Many of them will, undoubtedly, go into the free States and mix in with loyal people indiscriminately. A question on the violation of parole may arise on account of this conduct.

Among the Rebels recently surrendered is William Jackson, son of the deceased Rebel Governor Jackson, and Major Woodson, late of Sterling Price's staff. They represent that they have been in the State for the last three months, concealed in Howard County by friends of the Rebel cause. This incident shows how true to the Rebellion are the conservatives of this State. Indeed, it has been a frequent remark during the last few weeks that there are now more Rebels at large in this State than in South Carolina, and traveling for small squads of men is safer in the Palmetto State than in some parts of Missouri.

The friends of the New Constitution are grow