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From the Logan County (Ohio) Gazette.  
**Letter from Alex. Marion Melhorn. TO MY FELLOW MEN**  
(OF BOTH SEXES:)  
Dear Sir:—The undersigned didn't have no paper last week in consequence of calm and dispassionate reflection relative to what he should say which is not contraband of treason; by which he should not thereby subject himself to physical incarceration in Ft. Lafayette, etc. It has always been a fundamental principle with the undersigned to endeavor to keep his corporeal person from solitary confinement—he not being an abolitionist which is a privileged character—such as Wendell Phillips, et al., which may say what he pleases, owing to the African. But at the same time the fires of his intellect have been burning with their usual ability upon the altar of his once mighty country, as the sequel shall truly show.  
And I would here state in behalf of suffering humanity, that whereas a few forts won't hold all the democrats, and when they are once filled to their utmost capacity, the freedom of speech will therefore become a "military necessity"—consequently the effluent era shall soon be ushered in, when the voice of reason shall again be heard in the land, with none to molest or make her afraid. Then you will see the great democratic party assert her generous empire—when every body shall mind their own business, when the church will cease to be a political party, and when all the narrow-contracted, bigoted and fanatical isms, relative to the nigger, etc., shall be driven into some swine like so many devils, and the swine drove into the briny element of the deep blue sea, and ignominiously drowned in all their various bearings, together with a few people.  
And so, the other evening, when Elmira and me was talking about these things with our usual ability, Gehaly got her guitar, and with all the artless simplicity of her sex, [of which the undersigned is justly proud] she sung the following canto in all its various bearings, to wit:  
"Roll on, roll on, sweet moments roll on," etc.  
After she was done, the undersigned in my pipe, and says I, "Elmira and the children, they may call the democrats 'butternuts,' 'moccasin' and 'copperheads,' as much as they please at their earliest convenience, but when our once mighty country was in democratic keeping, we didn't have no use for any cannon, etc., except only on the Fourth of July, which was then a great day. Furthermore, so large a portion of our population didn't use to have to camp out on the Panunkey and Chickahominy, etc., keeping themselves alive on whiskey and quinine, and frequently dying. No, indeed, when the democrats manned the old Ship of State, peace, harmony and prosperity went hand in hand, and the flag that floated from the Capitol, bore upon its blue field a glittering star for every State of the Union, which like the morning stars of antiquity, 'sang together for joy.' Says I, 'Elmira, and the children—'  
"These are not the same days, though they bear the same names."  
To which Elmira responded with her usual ability, says she, "what you have just said is all very true, for it is only since the election of those persons which are infatuated in consequence of the African, that we ever had any trouble. But when they got hold of the country, it wilted right down like a herculean oak tree which had previously been girdled. Since then, we have heard a great deal appertaining to those which were 'killed, wounded and missing,' etc., and the newspapers are full of the lists thereof, which is truly frightful. And now, because the good old democracy don't enjoy the great fundamental calamity in all its various bearings, and ain't all the time vociferating 'hooray' and 'good!' etc., they say they are 'copperheads' and frequently about midnight a certain person is kidnapped and put into prison, without the benefit of clergy, which used to be a violation of law before so many things were suspended."  
Andrew then spoke up, and says he, "I should think the impartial pen of history would say that the copperheads are those which have sunk their heads into the heart of the country, poisoning its blood and maddening it into frenzy, until, like a great demoted giant, it has risen up with gigantic herculean power, and is now tearing its own hair, and hacking its own limbs with a fiendish glaive."  
Says I, "Andrew, not being an abolitionist, you must be careful relative to what you remark on these and other topics with your usual ability, or you may get waked up at night and started on a moonlight excursion to the sea-side. Says I, you must wait, as above stated, till the forts are all full, and then you may vociferate whatever you please, at your earliest convenience. In the language of the poet, says I, 'there's a good time coming.'—Wendell Phillips can call Old Abe a turtle, and his cabinet murderers, but he, not belonging to the 'copperheads,' can sleep all night in profound security—Abolitionists and Africans not bo-

ing 'pizen' like democrats. And I would here say that I think Mr. Phillips is mistaken in supposing Mr. Lincoln to be a turtle. He should recollect, as Mr. Lincoln said down in New Jersey, that 'birds and animals are seen at a disadvantage through a fog.'—That's what's the matter—the honest old person referred to is in one of the fundamental fogs that ever spread her balm wings over the Presidential vision of this once mighty republic in all her various bearings.  
"Things are getting most chimerically mixed up, tangled and confused, and also spread out, elongated, and piled up, to such a certain extent, that the fires of intellect, although blazing with their usual ability, can hardly discriminate whether our once mighty country is wrong end up, or inside out, but probably a little of both as the sequel shall truly show.  
Hoping, therefore, that the undersigned has vociferated no "reasonable practices" herein, by which he should therefore be arrested in his triumphant career, he would also state that he holds himself in readiness to apologise for any thing which me or Elmira or the children shall say detrimental to the great rebellion which is now walking in the darkness, clothed in the habiliments of war, and fighting the 'armies of the Union with their usual ability.  
Your most dutiful, most obliged, most obedient, and devoted humble servant,  
ALEXANDER MARION MELHORN.  
Author of this paper, and formerly j. p.

### Horrible Negro Outrage.

(From the Uniontown Pa., Genius of Liberty.)  
We have heard of several attempts by negroes to commit outrages upon white women in this county, but have said nothing about them, because we were not furnished with particulars, but the one we now relate is entirely reliable, having received the information from Mr. John C. Craft himself, who is a wealthy and respectable citizen of Redstone township, in this county. On Friday last, after dinner, Mr. Craft and his sons went out into the fields to work, and the hired girl went to a neighbor's house, leaving Mrs. Craft, a lady fifty-two years of age, alone in the house. About two o'clock P. M., a negro man entered the room where Mrs. Craft was, and violently seized her, declaring his hellish purpose in the plainest and most vulgar language, and handling her in the most brutal and savage manner of which he was capable, tearing her clothes nearly off, her cap off, and the hair out of her head, choked her severely, and bruised her neck and arms very much.  
He finally relaxed his hold upon one hand which gave her partial liberty, and she succeeded in getting hold of a butcher knife and stabbing him with it in the left hip, which caused him to release her and she made her escape and ran to the field to call her husband and sons, who in company with their neighbors, hunted the neighborhood for several days but could not succeed in capturing the villain or hearing anything of him. He was rather a small negro, very black, and had very large lips, and was dressed in a gray roundabout and black hat. He swore several times that this was his day, and they intended to make good use of it, and also that he had been told to go to that house and do just as he pleased. Hopes are entertained that he may be discovered by the wound in the left hip, as the blood ran upon the floor before he got out of the house.  
A reward of fifty dollars is offered by Mr. Craft for the apprehension of the scoundrel.  
The following is Mr. Craft's advertisement, cut from the same paper:  
\$50 Reward!—I will pay fifty dollars reward for the body (dead or alive) of the negro man who committed the assault upon my wife in Redstone township, on Friday, the 29th ult. He was a small man, very black, and with very thick lips, dressed in a grey roundabout and black hat. Has a wound in the left side or hip, inflicted with a butcher knife by my wife during the fray.  
JOHN C. CRAFT.  
This negro is probably one of the recent run-aways, or "freemen," from the South. They have been taught by the Abolitionists to expect the largest liberty in the North, and, accordingly, when they come, they proceed to exercise their fancied rights in the manner above described. Within the last two years there have been very frequent outrages of this kind committed by negroes, owing to the fact that the negro population of the North has been greatly increased within that time. If the Abolitionists succeed in their scheme of liberating and letting loose upon us the whole four millions of Southern slaves, these insufferable outrages will become so frequent that we shall be compelled to declare a war of extermination against the brutal and beastly blacks, whom their friends, the Republicans, desire to raise to an equality with the white race. The white race must and will defend itself in whatever manner may be necessary, against these atrocious results of Black Republicanism. If a war of races becomes necessary, in order to protect our wives and daughters from these heinous outrages, and our laboring men from the ruinous competition of the hordes of negroes coming among us, it will be resorted to, and then—good bye, black man, and farewell negro equality advocates.  
An old man aged one hundred and five, named Gallot, and residing in Paris, recently presented himself at the Ministry of War to receive an allowance from the State. He was accompanied by his wife, aged one hundred and three, both enjoying excellent health and not appearing to have any intention of dying. The old man had served nine years under Louis XVI, and in part of the wars of the Republic and Empire. He left the service in 1815.

### MY MATTER-OF-FACT COUSIN.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.  
I had just been admitted to the bar. Before me lay my aunt Fannie's letter, urging me to pay a visit to her, and uncle James and the girls.  
At dinner time I told my father my plans. "Very good," he said approvingly. "You will have the face air that the doctor recommends: and if you choose to fall in love with your cousin Molly, I shall give you my consent to the match."  
"She's a dear good girl!" said my mother.  
I instantly resolved to hate Molly. Fall in love with a dear good girl!—a post—a genius—seeking on this desert earth, for a kindred soul—a heart to beat in unison with mine—a bright ethereal being formed to be worshipped, but of course, willing to bow before my superior mind! "Dear, good girl!" brought up a vision of a little broad-and-butter Miss, always ready to wait on mamma and courtesy to a strange gentleman. I fell in love with her! Nothing could relieve my disgusted feelings but a canto to "My ideal love," which I finished before bed time.  
The next evening found me in the quiet home circle at Lee, already more than half in love with—not the recommended Molly, but her sister, the fair-haired, blue-eyed Leonie. I had found a kindred soul, I was sure, in Leonie. Together we soared to the realms of thought; we quoted Byron—we compared favorite passages, and ecstasy! she, too, confided her most thoughts to paper—she, in short, wrote poetry. She was unhappy, too, in want of sympathy. None of the family believed in her inspiration or genius. Her father said "Trash!" to her finest effusions; and her mother advised her to spend her time in making cake, if bread was too common place.  
Molly had a small but neat figure, and her dainty slippers and dress both fitted exquisitely; her hair was dark brown, and braided in heavy loops; she had soft eyes, fair complexion and a bright cheerful face.  
Leonie, tall, slender and graceful, wore a white dress, which might have paid a visit to the wash-tub with advantage; but my eyes and admiration rested on her face. The features were Grecian, and the large languid blue eyes, and long, loose curls, made a fair picture, which to my blinded eyes was improved by a half-reclining position and positive expression.  
"Leonie," said her father, "what are you looking at? No more of that!"  
A look of scornful impatience excited at once my sympathy, and the laugh of the rest.  
"Oh! I see," said uncle James; "you are composing an ode to a summer's night. Eh, Molly?"  
"Including mosquitoes," said Molly, quietly.  
"Of course! Come, let's have the first verse," said the poor girl's tormentor.  
"Papa, spare me! Torture not my calm repose by dragging forth my sorrows to the world!"  
"Come, Lenny, sing for us," said her mother, "and no nonsense!"  
So, "Love not" and "The Broken Hearted" were sung, in an agonizing manner, and then, at her father's request, Molly sang, in a blithe, sweet voice, some Scottish ballads, after which Leonie and I wandered out on the piazza—to gaze on the moon.  
The first evening will stand for a picture of many more. The sentimental poetess was right when she told me no one sympathized with her; for all tried, by ridicule, or more gentle warning to bring her from her fancied heaven to the neglected duties blocking up her path. I labored in vain to win her a sister's gentle sympathy—Molly was impenetrable. It was—  
"Molly," walk with us, on this lovely morning to woo the gentle summer's air, and seek in the mazes of the wood, the murmuring brook and whispering foliage."  
"Can't indeed, cousin Ned; I must help mamma with the preserves."  
She was always busy. Leonie, who never rose till ten o'clock, was ready for my proposed stroll or reading at any late hour, and I forgot her untidy dress, tumbled hair, and slipshod feet, in the melodious voice, the questioning sympathy, and soft flatteries of my blue-eyed cousin. Yet, though I fancied I looked down upon the common place Molly, it was a pleasant sight to meet her little graceful figure always neat, whether in the tidy morning elintz or the lighter evening dress—a pleasant sound to hear her cheerful voice—a pleasant thing to note her ever busy fingers always employed to lighten her mother's cares, to give father a pleasure or repair some negligence of her sister's. She spent part of her time in her own room; but the breakfast-table never waited for her, and hers was the first kiss to welcome her father's return at night.  
I had been at my uncle's two weeks, and had already decided that Leonie was my second self, and my life a paradise or a desert, according as she would to accept or reject my hand, when, one day, waiting for Leonie to walk with me, Molly's voice called:  
"Edwin! Edwin, come here! Hurry, Leonie has fallen!"  
I rushed into the entry. My idol had caught her foot in a rent of her dress, and taken a flying leap down stairs; she lay insensible at the foot. I knelt down and called upon her by every endearing name.  
"Don't be silly!" said Molly, in a quick, anxious tone. "You are the only one here who can lift her. Take her to her own room, and then send John for Dr. Wallace!"  
I obeyed. Lifting the inanimate figure, I followed Molly's light footsteps up the stairs to Leonie's room. Even in my terror I could not escape the impression of disgust the room gave me. My aunt made a rule that the girls should take care of their own rooms, and I had fondly imagined Leonie to be a bower of beauty—a resting place haunted by the works, the pictures of great minds—a home where genius could

rest secure of no jar from outer life. I saw, at midday, an unmade bed—a dusty, greased, dirty carpet—open, disorderly drawers from which straggled ends of dresses—brushes, soiled collars, and manuscripts in direful confusion—a crashed bonnet on the table, with a volume of Shelley in the crow—a writing desk open on a window-sill.  
My aunt came up in a moment.  
"Some water, Molly, dear!" she said, taking her post at once by Leonie. "And cologne—where's the cologne?"  
"Don't stop to look here, Ned. Go to my room—there is a bottle on the mantel-piece," said Molly.  
I went hastily, found the bottle, and was then unceremoniously requested to retire, and send the doctor up as soon as he came. Where did I go? Straight, on my word, straight back to the room of my matter-of-fact cousin. I was fascinated by the glimpse I had of it, and I actually had the impudence to go for another.  
I knew that my cousins were allowed to furnish and decorate their rooms as they pleased, and it was a revelation to look at Molly's. All the furniture was of a cool gray (cottage) with pretty flowers scattered over it. The dainty white bed, neatly made, stood under curtains of a soft rose-color-gauze; the pretty carpet, gray and flower-strewn like the furniture, looked as if dust had never touched it. Every article stood in its place, and there was a bewitching air of finished neatness about the whole that repudiated the idea of a servant's fingers. The book-shelf held a choice selection of standard works protected from dust by a curtain of the rose-colored gauze, and a few landscape pictures hung on the walls. The work-baskets and writing-desk were in loving companionship on a table near the window, whose white curtains gave a shade to the whole room. A small vase on the bureau held one rose, half blown with a cluster of its own green leaves.  
Leonie's injuries proved slight; but she kept her room for a week, and Molly and I were thrown much together. I cannot tell you how she roused in me an ambition to be a nobler, better man; how her earnest, useful life, her gentle intelligence, and the glimpses I caught of her well cultivated and well-trained mind, shamed me from my dreams to manly aspirations and resolutions. I left Leo determined to deserve my cousin Molly's regard.  
One year later I renewed my visit. We had corresponded during my absence, and when I left the second time, I heard she was in the *Magazine*.  
**The Democracy Aroused!**  
The Democracy of the country is moving—rousing to the importance of the great crisis now upon us. In Maine, Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, the Democrats have already spoken through their respective State Conventions, in tones that cannot be mistaken, and other States will soon follow in the same train. In every loyal State they speak the same sentiment of devotion to the Constitution and of determination to conquer all its enemies wherever found. They are sworn by the glorious history of their party, which is identical with the history and prosperity of the country—the white man's Eden, till the serpent of abolition entered it—by the memories of the past and their hopes of the future—by their reverence for their ancestors and concern for their own posterity—by their pride as Americans and their self-respect as men—by their love of truth and their hatred of treason in all its forms—by their love of liberty and scorn of oppression—that this country shall be saved—that the Constitution shall be protected and preserved from the base and cowardly attacks of the Northern abolitionists, as well as from the armed attacks of the Southern Secessionists.  
Let our people take courage. The old fashioned Constitutional Democracy is aroused, and the doom of abolitionism and disunionism is written. There is hope ahead. Let us work like men, to send patriotic men to Congress, and to put patriotic men in office and all may yet be well. Let us do this, and then, and not till then, can we hope for a preserved Constitution and a restored Union.  
Go to work, then, friends, throughout the North, and let the result of the elections of October and November proclaim to the world that the American people have determined that their country, their liberties, and their children's heritage of constitutional privileges shall not be destroyed.  
So far, the determination and earnestness manifested by the loyal Democracy are most gratifying. The old lion of Democracy is aroused, as when Jefferson was elected President, and the alien and seditious laws indignantly repudiated by the American people. Those condemned laws are again revived, not as laws, but in the form of restrictive and despotic edicts, and the people are again aroused, as of old, and whoever lives to see and hear their verdict, this fall, will learn that tyranny—New England treason against the rights of white men—is as heartily scorned and indignantly spurned as it was when the American people rose up with their majesty and put down grasping, centralizing Federalism, and elevated the true American Democracy to the Presidency. "Like causes produce like results," but, in this case, it will be "more so."  
[Democratic Leader.]  
LOOKING IN THE WRONG BOX.—A Mr. Thomas Ogden, having arrived in New York from England, went several successive mornings to the post office to ask for letters. Inquiring always for letters addressed to Thomas Hogden, the postmaster invariably replied that there were none for him. But becoming at length quite impatient at these frequent disappointments, he thrust his head through the delivery window, and soon discovered the cause. "You are looking among the *Haitiches*, sir," he said to the officer within; "you should look among the *Hoes*!"

### English Jealousy of the American Union.

The English press, and particularly the organs of the British Ministry, have lost no opportunity, from the commencement of the rebellion, to disparage the efforts of the Federal Government to preserve the Union, and at the same time to advocate the claims of the South to recognition. The recent rebel successes in Virginia will afford these journals and the rebel emissaries abroad still another opportunity to revive their clamor for recognition or intervention, and we may anticipate from them, for months to come, more than ordinary bitterness of criticism. The following, copied from the *London Morning Post*, which is the organ of Lord Palmerston, exhibits the favoritism in which the Southern Confederacy is held by the British aristocracy:  
There can be but little doubt that, sooner or later, the Southern Confederacy will be admitted into the family of nations. After a tedious protracted war of eighteen months, the Federal Government have failed in making the slightest impression on their resolute opponents. It is not unreasonable to presume that even should the war be proceeded with for another year and a half, the result at the end of that time would not be different. We have now had a fair opportunity of estimating the qualities and the calibre of both belligerents. Those who derive their ideas of strength from magnitude, were not slow to conclude that the North must of necessity prove victorious. And, in truth, the advantages possessed by the established Government at the commencement of the contest were to all appearance overpowering. The Federal States entered upon the war entirely free from debt, and with resources at their command for the production of wealth which were really stupendous. They possessed a powerful navy, and though not having at their disposal a standing army, had, at all events, in abundance the materials out of which it could be speedily created. They enjoyed the exclusive command of the ocean, and saw not the slightest danger to apprehend in the prosecution of their trade. With the whole world open to them, they found themselves supplied with every engine of modern warfare which science has of late called into existence. Besides all this, they embarked in their enterprise with all that prestige which invariably attaches itself to the establishment of order of things. Such were the circumstances under which the North addressed itself to the task of crushing out the so-called rebellion; making the probability of its ultimate success in itself issue a war which in its present stage, exhibits the combatants standing towards each other in relations so different from those which they occupied when the war began.  
It would have been impossible for any nation to be compelled to struggle for its independence under circumstances more disadvantageous than those under which the States which seceded from the Union endeavored to establish their claim to a separate form of government. Numerically, the population of the South stood to that of the North in the relation of one to five. Of the material of war the Southerners were entirely destitute. No sooner had the standard of independence been raised than every port in a large seaboard was at once sealed. With such munitions of war as they then possessed, they found themselves obliged not only to commence but to sustain what they well knew would be a protracted conflict. Of ships of war, with one or two exceptions, they possessed none. Their trade was entirely annihilated. Instead of the prestige with which their Northern opponents entered on the war, they found themselves held up to the execration of the civilized world. To foreign States they were represented by the Federal Government as rebels, whilst fanaticism stigmatized them as slave-owners. Numbering in all little more than eight millions, they found themselves at the same time obliged to cope with the Northern States, and to retain in subjection, within their own territory, a population half as numerous as their own. Under disadvantages so great as these did the Southern Confederacy fight the battle of independence.  
It is impossible to compare the present position of the Federal States with that held by them at the beginning of the war, without being irresistibly impressed with the utter hopelessness of their attempt to subjugate the South. The South has suffered much; it has also contracted a debt; but as nothing by it can be regarded as worse than defeat, it will be enabled ultimately, should it succeed in establishing its independence, to regard with greater equanimity the burdens which this war may impose. To us it seems impossible that the North, in its present crippled state, can effect an object which it has hitherto shown itself unable to accomplish.  
The question when the South ought to be regarded as having established a right to demand recognition still remains open for consideration. Until the close of the present campaign it had certainly failed to satisfy the world of its ability to maintain its independence. Had the result of the recent engagements in the vicinity of Richmond proved different, the Confederate capital, in all probability, had fallen. Now, however, when, to all appearances, the North is compelled to desist from active operations for some months, it would certainly seem that the claims of the South to recognition deserve the serious consideration of foreign governments. Another signal victory on the part of the Confederates may possibly decide the Cabinets of England and France on the course they will adopt.

### OUB WAR CORRESPONDENCE!

[From Vanity Fair.]  
**OUB WAR CORRESPONDENCE!**  
LETTERS FROM M'ARONE.  
Peninsula, July 24.  
DEAR VANITY: All is quiet along the lines. Gen. Halleck is Commander-in-Chief and I am happy.  
His appointment was strenuously opposed, while I was in Washington, by a gentleman connected with the War Department, the first letter of whose name is Stanton.  
This gentleman wished Gen. Zachary Taylor appointed to the position.  
It was with difficulty that Abraham and I could convince him that he was a trifle behind the times.  
He said that he was "no more behind the times than he always had been"—a statement to which the President and myself felt bound to subscribe.  
Halleck was appointed, nevertheless.  
Don't you see, Scott and I wished it.  
But weren't the balls flying around merely this morning, though? Let not the remark mislead you, since I have stated that all was quiet along the lines.—'Tis true, the balls were flying around—I have been playing billiards with Capt. Horace Cooley, of the twenty-seventh Massachusetts volunteers, Officer and Gentleman.  
Nobody was hurt on either side.  
I won three games out of five.  
I and the Captain took Newbern, you remember, a short time ago.  
It was not Newbern that we took this morning; it was apple-jack and bitters.  
However, let that pass.  
I received a call from Jeff. Davis last night. He came in disguise, and looked so sadly that I hadn't the heart to arrest him: though I think I should have been justified—even by the British Government—in so doing.  
"Ah! Mac," he groaned, "what will be the upshot of all this?"  
"You will be shot up," I remarked.  
"I mean how will it finish?"  
"It will finish you."  
"O dear! O dear! You and McClellan are too much for me—if Fremont was only Commander-in-Chief now, I might stand a chance."  
"Col. Davis," said I, impressively, "don't you indulge too much in speaking the truth. You ain't used to it; and it mayn't agree with you."  
"Greely and Bryant are my best friends."  
"Yes, friends to you and your blasted nigger."  
"Smiles are not for me," whimpered poor Jeff; "I wish to gracious I was well out of this. If the Abolitionists, bless their kind disunion hearts, will only keep on as they are going, maybe I can succeed yet."  
"There's where you'll get your eye shut up," I remarked; "I tell you what Jeff, I'll hang 'em all first. The Union is our first cause, and we Northern sink everything else in that. If you trust to the Abolitionists—good Lord, do you know what you are trusting to, man?"  
"Well, a fellow must use dirty means, you know."  
"Only for dirty work. Greely and Bryant, and such, are the only help you have North for your dirty work, and I can inform you that you might as well expect a yellow dog to whip my black-and-tan, as to expect any sane fighting man to listen to those fellows. Why bless you, it is the Democrats who do the fighting, and what do you s'pose they—I may say we—care for your Nigger?"  
"I feel bad," said Jeff, mournfully; "I guess I'd better go."  
He went.  
I missed my watch and sleeve-buttons this morning. That comes from being kind-hearted.  
I only wish the good, misguided people who believe the *Tribune* clear through and think that Paradise is located in the crown of Greely's old white hat, might have heard the really warm expressions of friendship Jeff used concerning the Abolition press. He knows, artful dodger, how much he owes to the eternal dissension bred by the Negrophilists.  
—Gen. Pope is getting along fairly with Western Virginia—more than I could have said for Fremont. But he is a little tonguey in the proclamation way, and seems inclined to contrast himself with McClellan. I don't know whether or not the *Tribune* has made a bargain with him, as it did with John Charles, but I advise to show at least the amount of respect for his superiors that good breeding dictates. I don't altogether like his slurs and flings at "Strategy," and if he ignores that branch of military science, relying only on "catching" the enemy, he may do as ill as John Charles did when he "caught" Stonewall Jackson at Cross Keys!  
There is nothing like modesty in this world—I am the only modest General in the Army.—  
And I am  
M'ARONE.  
STROPPING NEWSPAPERS.—A certain man hit his toe against a pebble stone and fell headlong to the ground. He was vexed; under the influence of anger and active self-sufficiency, he kicked the old mother earth right saucily. With imperturbable gravity, he looked to see the globe itself dissolved, and only his poor toe was injured in the encounter. This is the way of man. An article in the newspaper touches him in a weak place, and straightway he sends word to stop his paper. With great self-complacency he looks on to see a crash, when the object of his spleen shall cease to be. Poor fool, he has only hit his own toe against a world that does not perceptibly feel the shock, and injures no extent any one but himself.  
—It might be difficult to say which would contribute most to the peace of the country—the execution of the law or lawyers.  
—Mrs. Farrington says that a gentleman laughed so hard that she feared he would have "burst his bladder vein."  
—If we are tired of our liberties, it is time the earth should be tired of our living presence.