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BY DAVID OVER.

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Select Poetry.

DER DUTSCHMAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

SHUST NEAR MACKAY.

BY JOHANNES FRANK VON P. KROPPLES.

I've a tollar vot I spend,
But I've nothing for to lend,
For I nefer borrows nothing, don't you see, Yohn Schmidt;
I've a pretty little frow,
Un I've friends in plenty now,
Un a lot of peedly children at mine knee, Yohn Schmidt;
I haf nothing to desire,
Yon I sit posside mine vine,
Un I schmoke minefself into a sleeping state, Yohn Schmidt;
I love der lagor liger,
Ven its good, un isn't dear,
I can trin about sixty glasses in a day, Yohn Schmidt;
But late der lagor law,
(Soech a ding I nefer saw.)
Vat would dake our schnapps un lagor all away,
Yohn Schmidt;
I love a Deutschen song,
Pout a hundred verses long,
Mit a ghorts for a thousand voices, too, Yohn Schmidt;
But I hate der snuffel psalm,
Vot isn't wort a kreutzer—
For to sing it makes your wace grow long un plug,
Yohn Schmidt;
I love some Deutschen food,
Yaw! I likes it buttly goo!
Der spech un saurkrout, un salat slaugh, Yohn Schmidt;
But I hate dee milk of schwill,
Un der meat dey nefer kill,
For it dies before dey've time to hit a knock, Yohn Schmidt;
I love der pretty flowers,
Vot grows in garden towers,
Der cabbage, un der radish, un der beet, Yohn Schmidt;
Un I hates der toad un frogs,
Un der sausage made of dogs,
Un ceryding yet isn't good to eat, Yohn Schmidt;
Now I've got a little shure,
Un I sit before der door,
Un I sells der peedly schnapps un pretzel cake,
Yohn Schmidt;
Un I thinks I'll putty soon
Haf a lagor beer saloon,
Un den vot plenty money I will make, Yohn Schmidt;
Un ven enough I've got,
I will bay a house un lot,
Un a "corner grocery" I'll have beside, Yohn Schmidt;
Den so happy I'll be,
Mit mine schillren by mine knee,
Mit mine money, un mine frow, but mid so prile,
Yohn Schmidt.

Gannan—The Earthly and the Heavenly.

Ain—O Gannan, bright Gannan!

Thou art "the glory of all lands,"
Thou art "the glory of all lands,"
But there's "a house not made with hands,"
More "glorious" far than Gannan.
O Gannan, bright Gannan,
The pleasant earthly Gannan—
Its regions blest are types of rest,
In Heaven, the Christian's Gannan!

Here figs and wheat and oil abound,
Here milk and honey flow;
While ancient hills with vines are crown'd,
Where palm and cedar grow,
O Gannan, be!

But winter o'er her glory glides,
And strips the earthly Gannan,
While "everlasting spring abides,"
Throughout the heavenly Gannan.
O Gannan, bright Gannan,
We're bound for the land of Canaan;
From sorrow here we'll rest in thee,
Oh Heaven, the Christian's Gannan.

Blessed be Thy Name Forever.
Blessed be Thy Name forever,
Thou of life the grand and giver;
Thou canst guard Thy creatures sleeping;
Heal the heart long broke with weeping,
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock and river,
Blessed be Thy Name forever.

Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Bless'd are they Thou kindly keepst;
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight's gloom and dawning day,
That rises from the azure sea,
Like breathings of eternity;
God of life that fade shall never,
Blessed be Thy Name forever.

THE MAN IN LOVE.—Thackeray says that "When a man is in love with any woman in a family, it is astonishing how fond he becomes of every person connected with it. He ingratiate himself with the maids; he is bland with the butler, he interests himself with the footman; he runs on errands for the daughter; he gives and lends money to the young son at college; he pats little dogs which he would kick otherwise; he smiles at old stories which were uttered by any one but papa; he bears with the old maid aunt; he beats time when darling little Panny performs her piece on the piano, and smiles when wicked, lively little Bobby upsets the coffee over his shirt."

GENUINE FOOLS.—He who wipes his nose on a nutmeg grater, and picks his teeth with a razor.

She who says "no" to the proposal of a gentleman when she has reached the age of thirty.

AGRICULTURAL.



THE POTATO-ROT—HOW IT MAY BE PREVENTED.

The general prevalence, all over the country, of the disease known as the potato rot, has greatly impaired the value of the crop, and prevented many farmers from cultivating to the same extent as was formerly done. So serious has been the evil to the agricultural interest, that both men of science and the practical farmers have given much attention to investigating the cause of the potato disease, and to the discovery of a remedy.

A day or two since, we received a letter from Irwin Sampson, Esq., a very intelligent farmer who has tilled the soil all the days of his life, in the rich country near New Wilmington, in Lawrence county, in which he gives us what he claims as a simple, and cheap preventive of the potato rot. He is satisfied, from experiments which he himself has made, that the following is a sure remedy for the evil:

Take a double handful of well rotted oak wood, and scatter it upon the seed potatoes in the hill, and then cover with earth in the usual manner, and there will be no signs of rot. He made the discovery three years ago, in a clearing, just made and planted with potatoes. He observed that where the roots of the potato came in contact with ashes, the hill was entirely rotten, but that in adjoining hills where the roots came in contact with the old rotten oak wood of the clearing, every potato was sound and dry. In hills where there was neither ashes nor decayed oak wood, the potatoes were about one-half rotten. Taking the hint from these observations, Mr. Sampson has tested the discovery for three years past, and has never found a diseased potato in the hills where the pulverized oak wood has been applied, and in patches where there were no decayed potatoes, the roots were found to grow larger and healthier, and of a better flavor where the oak wood was used, than where it was not. Mr. S. is but a plain practical farmer, and does not attempt to give a scientific reason for this result, but simply announces the fact, and the result of his experiments. It is well known that the oak possesses high antiseptic and other peculiar qualities, as tannin enters largely into its composition. It is for scientific men to ascertain what is the peculiar principle which produces this result. The farmer can avail himself of the knowledge of the fact that it does prevent the rot, for Mr. Sampson's statements are fully reliable. Every one who cultivates the soil in this part of the country at least, can readily obtain rotten oak wood in sufficient quantities to make the experiment for himself with all the potatoes he may plant. The discovery is an important one, and we hope our readers in the country districts will try the experiment this season and, communicate to us in the fall the result for publication.—Exchange.

HAY CAPS.—These articles we wish to keep before the people. We are persuaded from our own experience and observation, that no small investment in tools to work with, will pay better than hay caps. Hay caps in the cock is much better than that overriden in the sun. With these articles on hand, the farmer is master of his circumstances, and can throw the old adage, "Make hay while the sun shines," to the winds. At least, he can stop making it before the juice is all evaporated, and can put his hay into cock, without fear of rain to finish the curing process in the best manner. A single shower will often damage a ton of half-dried hay, four or five dollars. The hay caps, to save it, would not cost much more. They are almost certain to pay for themselves every season they are used, and in some wet seasons they will save several times their cost. They can be got up for from twenty to forty cents apiece, according to size and quality. For an ordinary cock, weighing about a hundred pounds, a cap one yard and a half square is plenty large enough. It is well, however, to have a few of two yards square, for extra sized cocks, for the tops of stacks, and for shocks of grain which are not put up to stand the weather. The objections to hay caps are generally made by persons who do not understand the use of them. They are best put on with loops at the corners, and pins, and with a little experience in handling, the ordinary force upon a farm in haying time will be able to secure a morning's mowing against all showers that give any notice of their coming. It is very little work to make them, they need no painting and they do protect the hay. Get them in season that you may not have to suffer the upbraidings of conscience, when you find yourself

saught with six tons of hay down, all wet and mouldering, for the want of a few dollars' worth of cotton cloth, which is now sold at an unusually low price.—American Agriculturist.

TOMATOES.—A correspondent of the Gloucester Farmer, gives his mode of growing tomatoes. He forwards his plants in a hot bed or green house and grows them in pots until a foot or a foot and a half high, turning them out about the third week in May, and plants them three feet apart in rows. When planted, he drives down a few stakes, to make a trellis. The ground should be dug deep and made rich with manure, and a spoonful of guano mixed with the soil around each root. We quote: "When they have grown sufficiently long to tie to the trellis, I select two or three of the longest shoots and tie them loosely to the trellis, cutting away all other small laterals which may grow on the main branches. I let these main branches grow until they have come in flower, then pinch out the top, one joint above the fruit, leaving the leaf entire. I then allow it to go on again until it has flowered, and set another bunch of fruit, when this is pinched out one leaf above the bunch, the same as the first, and so on of all the rest, taking care to cut all the laterals which may grow on the main branches down to the axels of the leaves entire. If any one will take this little extra trouble, he will be amply repaid, and absolutely astonished at the immense cluster of fine large tomatoes he will have. If planted in a favorable situation, they will ripen at least as early as those grown in any other way out of doors, and frequently three days or a week earlier. When ripe they will hang longer on the vines without decaying. The situation can hardly be too sunny. Deep, light loamy soils suit them best."

PREPARE YOUR TREES AGAINST MICE.—The mice made sad havoc with fruit trees last winter, and will probably be at their old tricks again next, if no preventive is adopted. We have several times called attention to this subject, and again give the 'elbow a jog' in regard to it. Put some protection around them, such as cloth, birch bark, tea chest lead, and the like.

One man says that even old newspapers tied around, will keep them. We don't know how that is, but we have no doubt that strips of tarred paper, such as is used on roofs, would be effectual and last for many years. We presume, also, that a wadding of oakum around the trunk, would protect the trees. This might be suffered to remain during the summer, as the fibers would give way so as to allow the trees to expand by growth.—Maine Farmer.

HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER.

BY WHARNOCLIFF.

"Mother, mother, mother!" sobbed a sweet voice, in agonizing tones. It was dark and cold in the low, dismal attic; but close pressed to the frosted windows lay the face of Sammy Hauntz. His soft hair hung over his tearful face, and his thin hands clasped the rough window-sill, and his whole frame shook, as the keen blast found its way through the crevices around the stone chimney. It was a sound you would never forget; those half-sobbed, half-moaned words—"Mother, mother, mother!" You would have felt that the little heart was ready to burst with its unutterable weight of sorrow, and that grief might be the companion of childhood as well as of old age.

Below stairs the fire leaped and sparkled, and crept gaily over the logs in the fire-place, for you may find fire-places in Ingelhook even now.

Everything was in order, and Mrs. Hauntz, the stepmother of Sammy, was sitting placidly before the fire, smoothing the folds of a clean apron, and in a self-satisfied manner stroking a tabby cat which lay in her lap.

Her three children were sitting cozily in little chairs by the fireside, and Mrs. Hauntz was talking with a brother who had just arrived to spend Thanksgiving with them.

The wind blew fiercely without, and once when an unusual tempest seemed to shake the foundation of the house, the father turned suddenly to his wife, and said—

"Where is Sammy?"

"Gone to bed," said she, tardily.

"What made him go so early?" asked Mr. Hauntz. And in a tone which precluded farther inquiry, his wife answered:

"Because he was too lazy to sit up, I suppose."

For a few moments Mr. Hauntz looked off vacantly into a corner of the room, and then offering a pipe to his brother, seemed to forget that Sammy had been mentioned.

Eight years before, Mr. Hauntz had been sitting by the same fire side with his first wife, gentle Sarah Lee. Sammy was upon his father's lap, and Sarah, with her head upon her husband's shoulder, was talking of what they would do when Sammy would be old enough to have a Thanksgiving of his own. Perhaps Mr. Hauntz's memory was bringing out those old pictures in a fresh light; and he may have paused to wonder if he had changed since that wife of his first choice and purest love sat beside him. However it was, no one knew. Men are often ashamed of their best and noblest thoughts, and hide them for fear they be called unmanly.

Whether the old adage may be true or not, that "A mother's the same, all the days of her life, but a father changes when he gets a new wife," we do not pretend to say; but it was a fact that the second Mrs. Hauntz and her children were apparently first in the thoughts and affections of Mr. Hauntz.

The morrow was Thanksgiving, and from early morn had Mrs. Hauntz been busy preparing for the big dinner of the coming day.

More than two months before, she had partly promised Sammy, that if he was a good boy, and behaved himself, he might go to his grandfather Lee's to spend Thanksgiving.

And the motherless child had planned and hoped, and been happy upon the events of that day. He had many times gone to bed suppleless, and never cried at all, because he felt asleep thinking of the dinner he should get at his grandfather's.

Although but two miles away, his stepmother seldom allowed him to go there, because as she averred, "They set him up against her, and made him uglier than ever." But once in a while, she was obliged to allow him to go, for fear that "people would talk about it." She was a first class member of the church in Ingelhook, and her praise for charitable deeds, and kindness to the poor, was in all the neighborhood. She was one of those Christians whose "right hand knows what the left hand doeth," and whose religion was for the praise of man, rather than the approval of God; and whose judgment I leave for a just Judge to pronounce at a coming day.

Many a time had poor Sammy had a box of ear, while the minister looked out of the window, and been sent supperless to bed, while he told the visitors that "he was sick," and while he slept shivering under a few old blankets in the garret, she displayed a snug warm bed-room below, as "Sammy's room." There Ingelhook she was proverbial as a "model step-mother," and none but he who watches over motherless children knew of all that poor Sammy suffered. No human friend knew of the wrongs done to his childish nature; of the harsh repression of all exuberance and joy; and of the bitterness which grew up in his heart toward all but his grandfather. He was like his mother, and sitting upon her father's knee, he had been told by the old man how gentle and lovely she was, and that she was with the angels now, and he a motherless boy.

So the young child's heart clung to the old man who was kind to him, and the great holiness of the year was that upon which he could get away from the scene of his sufferings, and the fear of her hand—when he could leave the chill fireside at home, where he always sat behind the new family group, and would climb upon the lap of old Mr. Lee, and with his soft curls lying close to the white hair of the old man, listen to the stories told of his mother, and then have a nice supper upon the round table drawn close to the fire.

This year he had anxiously waited for the dry leaves to drift through the woods in October, and for the first November snow to come, because at Thanksgiving he should visit his grandfather. And the day before had come at last. He was up before the stars were out of sight, and had a blazing fire upon the hearth; the tea-kettle boiling, and the potatoes in. All day long his little feet had pattered busily here and there—to the barn, to the well, down cellar, up stairs, in the pantry, and there surely never was a housewife who needed more waiting upon than Mrs. Hauntz, and Sammy did it all. His fingers smarted with cold, when he picked up great baskets of chips; his back ached when he logged in armful after armful of great hard-wood sticks for the kitchen and "spare room" fire place; his hungry stomach craved a piece of the smoking pipe, which he had to drag from the brick oven, and he longed for one doughnut from the heaping panful he had to carry away. His little feet and slender arms were very tired, but he never complained a word, and to all his mother's provoking taunts, and needless fault-finding, he was silent; but when all was done—and it was nine o'clock—he could not help asking her if he was to go to his grandfather's to-morrow; and when he heard her say, "No! I want you at home," he could hardly totter up stairs. When there he dropped into an old chair, and moaned, oh, so sadly! "Mother, mother, mother!"

How many childish hearts moan mother, mother! How many hearts ache and break for lack of a mother's love! All over the world orphaned children send up a wail for Mother! Love! and Heaven! Bitter indeed is the cry, but does not God hear it, and shall he not at last justly reward the oppressors of little children!

Thanksgiving morning dawned clearly and brightly upon Ingelhook, but Mrs. Hauntz "waited on herself" that day, after calling the boy many times, she went up stairs, and found him sitting, white and chill, by the window, with tears frozen upon his cheeks, and his soft hair woven with the frozen work on the glass.

Little Sammy had gone to hold his Thanksgiving with the angels.

From the Philadelphia Daily News.

A State Convention for the People.—Withdrawal of Mr. Todd's Call.

It will be seen by the correspondence published in another part of to-day's paper, that the suggestions made in the News of Tuesday last, in regard to the "basis of union" for a State Convention in opposition to the corruptions and misrule of the Locofocos, are practically adopted in every essential feature, and that the chairman of the different State Organizations composing the opposition to the present National Administration, have adopted the recommendation of the consolidated Committees of this city, calling a general State Convention on the 14th of July next, at Harrisburg.

That the action of Mr. Swoope in this matter, will be cordially endorsed by the Americans of the State, we have no doubt. Indeed, we know that it was at the solicitation of a large number of the most prominent members of our party that he has thus acted, as well as by the directions of the members of the Committee of which he is Chairman.

Any other course would have been suicidal, resulting inevitably in the defeat of the great cardinal principles which every member of the American Organization has at heart. Mr. Swoope has zealously guarded the distinctive interests of the American Party, refusing, as we know, to go into the movement on any basis that would not recognize the cardinal features of Americanism, and making the withdrawal of Mr. Todd's Call, a condition precedent to his action in the premises.

We have now a basis of union and a programmatic on which, as we remarked a few days since, the entire people, as opposed to the Buchanan dynasty, can rally, and which every American in the State can heartily and cordially embrace as the means which is to rid us of the terrible incubus which has been fastened upon us by the blind adoration of Loco Focoism.

We shall go into this contest upon a platform embodying the principles of the Crittenden-Montgomery amendment, and the two prominent features of Americanism, viz: Opposition to foreign influence, and the protection of American industry. With such issues before us, with such rallying cries as these, and with the cordial and hearty support of the entire opposition of the State for the Convention, who may receive the nomination of this Convention, there can be no fear of the result.

The time has come when the people have determined to take into their own hands the cure of the evils with which they have been cursed throughout the administration of Franklin Pierce, and thus far during the term of Mr. Buchanan. Let our friends then buckle on their armor for a new contest, and when the time arrives to elect delegates to this Convention, which will, of course, have the confidence of every man in the State, unless he be a Loco Foco; let them select their best men to represent them in it. If we do this, and are actuated by the same spirit which governed the opposition in Philadelphia in the late city canvass, we shall hurl from power and place in October next, the faithful Congressmen who have misrepresented Pennsylvania, whilst we shall at the same time purify our State Administration, and pay the wayward a great success of truly American principles in 1859.

Why We Unite.

The Americans of Philadelphia have on several occasions shown an invincible determination to refuse to unite with other parties, when there was any danger of a sacrifice of the great principles for which they have so long and so pertinaciously contended. Under the most discouraging circumstances, for two years past, they have preserved their organization, when there was no immediate prospect of establishing the measures for which they contended. Without the means to carry on a political warfare, with every advantage on the part of their opponents, they refused to be coerced, wheeled, or sold, from the advocacy of preservation of the institutions of our country, and necessary to the prosperity, improvement and independence of the people.

The principle which they have so long and so pertinaciously defended, they will defend still. The political, commercial, financial and industrial independence of our country is as dear to the American people now as it has ever yet been; and they are as much determined to struggle for it now as they have been heretofore. The union of the people, which has now been formed, involves no sacrifice of principle upon the part of Americans, and will not require them to abandon their organization. The events of the past year have shown, more forcibly than ever, the necessity for the establishment of an American nationality, and the adoption of an American industrial and commercial policy, to protect us from the interference and competition of the nations of Europe.

The great principle, that "the people shall have the right to form their own institutions," Americans have ever been willing to support, and are glad to have all who desire the establishment of right and justice to unite with them. The right of Americans to rule our country, and to protect it against foreign interference of every kind, and against the introduction of immoral elements into our community, we have not abandoned. The difference which splits the American party in 1856, was, in a great measure, one concerning the relative importance of measures. We opposed the repeal of the "Missouri Compromise" as much as any others, but we considered "Protection to American interests and resistance to foreign influence" as of primary importance. Others, carried away by the sectional fever which spread over the land, were willing to yield everything else to oppose the outrages of the Democratic party.

Americans were unwilling to adopt the sectional platform of the Republicans, believing it to be injurious and unwise. Time has shown that the conservative policy of the American party was right; and when others are willing to acknowledge it, and to unite in a common effort to resist the tyranny of a despotic President, we are not so unwise as to repulse them. Time, we believe, will show the necessity for adopting all our measures, and every day brings fresh, though sad proof to the people that they cannot prosper under the unwise system which now curses the country and destroys the hopes of the people.

The first duty of an American citizen is to guard the liberties of his country with a jealous eye, and when the manifest evidence of a determination to pervert the powers conferred upon those who administer the government appear before his eyes, he cannot hesitate to adopt practicable measures to resist such encroachments. The despotic measures of Mr. Buchanan are too palpable to admit of dispute, and no American who cherishes the free institutions of his country, can hesitate as to his duty in such an emergency. The call for a "People's Convention" in Pennsylvania rings the death knell in the ears of Locofocoism. It has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Whatever errors men may have committed heretofore, it will surely be regarded as meritorious now, that they are ready to come up to the work of rebuking the iniquities of Mr. Buchanan and his servants.

Americans should be active and vigorous in their efforts to strengthen their organization. No exertions to arouse and encourage Americans to renew their efforts for the establishment of their principles should be neglected. The time is propitious. The foreign cohorts of Loco Focoism hold possession of the Govern-

ment, by dividing and distracting its opponents.

Let "American Nationality" be the watchword, and let us show that the spirit of the American people is as lively and as active now as it has ever been.

The principles we advocate have passed the ordeal of adversity, and are established in the hearts of the people more firmly than ever. The common danger which impends over us, and threatens the very existence of free institutions, calls in tones of thunder to every one who loves his country to take part in her deliverance—to restore the Republic to its former glory—to rid the Government of the Vandal who are preying upon its vitals; and to secure the prosperity and independence of the honest and industrious men of America, is a work worthy of the best efforts of an energetic and intelligent people. There are proud days in store for the "Great Republic," if Americans do their duty.—Philadelphia Daily News.

Wilson and Pinney are the leading members of the Washington county bar. Sitting opposite one another at the dinner table—they are always opposite in practice at the bar in the hotel—Wilson was describing the effects of a speech he made a few nights before in the village where Pinney resides.

"Indeed," said he, "I never saw the people so filled with enthusiasm."

"Filled with what?" cried Pinney.

"With enthusiasm."

"Oh, ah!" said Pinney, "I understand; but I never heard it called by that name before; we call it rum!"

From the Centre Democrat.

CAPITAL LETTER FROM HON. JOHN COVODE.

WASHINGTON, May 8, 1858.

W. W. BROWN, Esq.—Dear Sir:—Since the English swindle has taken Kansas out of Congress and sent it to Kickapoo, the two branches seem disposed to go to work and dispatch business, especially as we have agreed to adjourn on the 7th of June; but we cannot possibly transact near all the business that has accumulated on our calendar and in our committees, to say nothing of attending to those great national interests, which now so urgently demand our attention—such especially as the tariff, nor is there any disposition on the part of the south or the administration to do anything towards restoring the country once more to a proper basis of union.

Trade and democracy are now one and the same thing. As for protecting and encouraging American labor, American enterprise, American commerce, agriculture and manufactures, the Democracy, which includes the Administration, had rather see every forge fire extinguished, every manufactory spindle and loom standing idle, every ship lying rotting at our wharves and every hardy American thrown out of employment, as they all are here, and made to give place to new recruits, especially if they are believers in the holy church and democracy; what a humiliating condition our government has come too. I have endeavored to introduce a measure having for its object home valuation, cash duties and requiring that they be made specific on iron and such other articles as would be practicable, so as to prevent the enormous frauds that are perpetrated upon our revenues at the same time injuring our own manufactures, and notwithstanding it was evidently necessary to do this to protect the revenue against frauds, this measure was objected to by the leading member of the Committee of Ways and Means, Mr. Letcher. But, may I not as well say at once that we cannot expect any permanent relief to our industrial interests so long as the Democracy (i. e.) the slave interests, control the government.

When the people think proper to place a party in power, which is committed to the protective policy, that party which passed the Tariff of '42, which the Democracy wiped out as soon as they could, though not until it had given life, animation and successful activity to the great industrial interests of the country, and covered our State with benefits and blessings, I say, when the people will do this, then we may expect a period of prosperity to follow, such as followed the passage of that Tariff, and not until then.

The echoes of the rejoicings here and elsewhere over the accomplishment of the English swindle and attempted bribe, are coming back from the people, and making Buchanan and his paid flatterers tremble as did the Babylonian King when he saw the handwriting on the wall. York has spoken, Indianapolis has spoken, and Philadelphia has spoken, and neither of them in an uncertain voice. Philadelphia speaks in tones of thunder. The opposition to this central despotism here at Washington are in excellent spirits, and manifest a most conciliatory disposition. They have noble leaders, gallant, able and patriotic. There is our true-hearted, steadfast old friend Crittenden, who placed himself so high before the nation by his amendment to the Lecompton Kansas Bill; and there, too, is Bell, who is so well known to the whole nation, and Simmons, the friend and champion of the workingmen, he being one himself a working farmer; and the able and powerful Seward, the able defender of the rights and interests of free men and free labor. But I cannot mention all who have distinguished themselves in the Senate, such as Hale, Wilson, Collamer, Foot, Fessenden, Wade, Hamlin, &c. In the House we have also a host, but to name one and not another, would be invidious. Six Southern Apologists stood with us through the trying struggle, as well as twelve of the Douglas Democrats, the number of the apostles. Of those that returned to the flesh pots in the day of trial, and the Northern dough-faces who basely abandoned their constituents and the cause and interests of Freedom to worship at the shrine of power, you must excuse me for not naming; the country knows them, and it is to be hoped will reward