

The Bedford Inquirer.

A LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, EDUCATION, LITERATURE AND MORALS.

B. F. McNEIL, Editor and Proprietor.

BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1864.

Vol 37: No. 47

The Bedford Inquirer
IS PUBLISHED
Every Friday Morning on Juliana Street,
OPPOSITE THE MENDEL HOUSE,
BEDFORD, BEDFORD COUNTY, PA.
TERMS:
\$2.00 a year if paid strictly in advance,
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within six months.
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One square of the SPACE occupied by ten lines of min-
ute space, and will over five lines a full square. Adver-
tisements charged to persons handing them in.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS CARDS.
U. B. AKERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his
care. Military claims speedily collected. Office on Juli-
ana Street, two doors north of the Inquirer Office.
April 1, 1864.—47.
ENY M. ALSIP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business en-
trusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties.
Military claims, Pensions, back pay, Bounty, &c. spe-
cially collected.
Office with Mann & Spang, on Juliana Street, 2 doors
south of the Mendel House.
April 1, 1864.—47.
J. R. DUBROW,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Office one door south of the "Mendel House."
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care
Collections made on the shortest notice.
Having also, been regularly licensed to prosecute
Claims against the Government, particular attention will
be given to the collection of Military claims of all
kinds; Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Bonus Loans, &c.
Bedford, Apr. 8, 1864.—47.
ALEX. KING,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
And agent for procuring arrears of Pay and Bounty
money. Office on Juliana Street, Bedford, Pa.
April 1, 1864.—47.
KIMMEL & LINGENFELTER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law.
Office on Juliana Street, two doors South of the Mendel
House.
April 1, 1864.—47.
JOHN MAJOR,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, HOPWELL, BEDFORD COUNTY.
Collections and all business pertaining to his office will
be attended to promptly. Will also attend to the sale or
resting of real estate. Instruments of writing carefully
prepared. Also settling up partnerships and other ac-
counts.
April 1, 1864.—47.
JNO. MOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Bedford, Pa.,
April 1, 1864.—47.
JOSEPH W. TATE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD PA.
Will promptly attend to collections and all business
entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining coun-
ties. Money advanced on Judgments, Notes and other
Claims. Has for sale Town Lots in Tataville, and St.
Joseph, on Bedford Railroad. Farms and unim-
proved land in quantities to suit purchasers.
Office opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell,
Apr. 15, 1864.—10 m.
JOHN LUTZ,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
Regularly licensed agent for the collection of Govern-
ment claims, bounties, back pay, pensions, &c., will give
prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care.
Office with J. R. Dubrow, Esq., on Juliana Street,
Bedford Pa.
August 10th, 1864.—47.

RUPP, SHANNON, & CO., BANKERS,
Bedford, Pa.,
BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT.
COLLECTIONS made for the East, West, North and
South, and the general business of Exchange, trans-
acted. Notes and Accounts Collected, and Remittances
promptly made. REAL ESTATE bought and sold.
G. W. RUPP, O. E. SHANNON, F. DENVEDIC.
Apr. 15, 1864.—10 m.
DANIEL BORDER,
PITTSBURGH, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BEDFORD HOTEL,
Bedford, Pa.
Watchmaker & Dealer in Jewels, Spectacles, &c.
HE KEEPS ON HAND A STOCK OF FINE GOLD
AND SILVER WATCHES, SPECTACLES, &c.
of Brilliant Double Reflected Glasses, also Scotch Pebble
Glasses. Gold Watch Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings,
best quality of Gold Pens. Persons desiring operations
should call early, as time is limited. All operations war-
ranted.
Apr. 8, 1864.—22.
PHYSICIANS, &C.
DENTISTRY.
I. N. BOWSER, Resident Dentist of Wood-
bury.
Will spend the second Monday, Tuesday, and Wed-
nesday, of each month at Hopewell, the remaining
three days at Bloomington, attending to the duties of his
profession. At all other times he can be found in his of-
fice at Woodbury, excepting the last Monday and Tues-
day of the same month, which he will spend in Martins-
burg, Blair county, Pennsylvania. Persons desiring operations
should call early, as time is limited. All operations war-
ranted.
Apr. 8, 1864.—47.
C. N. HICKOK
DENTIST.
OFFICE IN BANK BUILDING,
BEDFORD, PA.
April 1, 1864.—47.
DR. E. F. HARRY,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the
citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office and residence on
Pitt Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. H.
Holtz.
April 1, 1864.—47.
J. L. MARBOURG, M. D.
Having permanently located, respectfully tenders his
official services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.
Office on Juliana Street, opposite the Bank, one
door north of Hall & Palmer's office.
April 1, 1864.—47.
HOTELS.
EXCHANGE HOTEL,
HUNTINGDON, PA.
JOHN S. MILLER, Proprietor.
April 29th, 1864.—47.
UNION HOTEL.
VALENTINE SPICKMAN, PROPRIETOR,
West Pitt Street, Bedford, Pa.,
(Formerly the Globe Hotel.)
THE public are assured that he has made ample ar-
rangements to accommodate all those that may favor him
with their patronage.
A splendid Livery Stable attached. (Apr' 84.)

Poetry.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

GIULETTA.

Ah, how still the moonbeams lie
On the dreaming meadows;
How the fire-flies silently
Lighten through the shadows!
All the cypress avenue
Waves its tops against the blue,
As the wind slides whispering through—
He is late in coming!
There's the nightingale again!
He alone is waking;
Is it joy or is it pain
That his heart is breaking?
Bliss intense or pain divine?
Both of them, O Love, are thine!
And this heart, this heart of mine,
With them both is thrilling.
From the deep dark orange-grove
Odorous airs are streaming;
Till my thoughts are faint with love—
Faint with blissful dreaming.
Through the slopes of dewy dells
Crickets shake their tiny bells,
And the sky's deep bosom swells
With an infinite yearning.
On my heart the silent weight
Of this beauty presses;
Midnight, like a solemn Fate,
Saddens while it blesses.
All alone I cannot bear
This still night and odorous air;
Dearest, come, sit beside me,
Or I die with longing.
I have listened at the doors,
All are evenly sleeping;
I alone for hours and hours
In the dark am weeping.
Only weeping can express
The mysterious deep excess
Of my very happiness.
Therefore I am weeping.
Like a fountain running o'er
With its too great fulness,
Like a lightning-shivered shower
For the fierce noon's coldness,
Like an over-blossomed tree
That the breeze shakes tenderly,
Love's too much falls off from me
In these tears of gladness.
Ah, beloved! there you are
I once more am near you;
Walk not on the gravel there,
Somebody may hear you.
Step upon the noiseless grass—
Oh! if they should hear you pass
We are lost, alas! alas!
We are lost forever.
Hark! the laurels in the light
Seen with eyes to glisten;
All things breath and peer—and night
Holds its peace to listen.
Deeper in the shadow move,
For the moon looks out above,
I am coming to you, love,
In a moment coming.

W. W. S.

[For the Bedford Inquirer.]

IN MEMORY

Of Lieut. Chas. P. McLaughlin, killed June 1st, 1864, at
Cold Harbor, Va.
BY C. P. CALMOUX.
Sleep, gently sleep, I would not call
Thee from the cold, cold grave,
For they that fear thy country fall,
Are numbered with the brave.
He died a martyr for the land,
Of freedom and of right,
Let all united as a band,
Protect it for thy might.
His grave shall mark the battle ground
When centuries have gone by;
Though many feet have o'er him trod,
They too, low shall lie.
That spot shall ever be most dear,
To friend or kindred foe,
For who would dare molest him there,
For fear of endless woe.
Then though the silent tear should fall,
God give us grace to bear
The loss of one so dear to all,
So free to every care.
The stars and stripes in triumph yet
Shall wave above his head,
And friend and foe shall ne'er forget
The brave and noble dead.
MIDDLETOWN, Va., Oct. 24, 1864.

Miscellaneous.

SELLING HIMSELF.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.
Some years ago I was spending a few months
in the family of a wealthy southern planter. One
lovely day in October, I was rambling through
the beautiful grounds in front of his mansion,
gathering a bouquet of flowers, such a bouquet as
only southern grounds could furnish, for it contain-
ed the fragrant cape jessamine, that queen of
flowers; the crappe myrtle, with its bewitching
flush of crimson bloom, to say nothing of a profu-
sion of tea-roses, such as northern green-houses
would be proud of rearing, or rather never could
rear to such perfection. I was sauntering along
one of the paths, wishing I could transfer that
magnificent bouquet to some of my northern friends,
when I saw a gentleman coming up the central
walk. "Yes, a gentleman," I said to myself, taking
a second look at him while he was still in the dis-
tance, "his whole air shows that." I could not dis-
cern his features, of course, and turning off into
another walk to avoid being seen by him, I no-
ticed, with some surprise, that, instead of ascend-
ing the flight of steps in front of the house, he
turned a corner, following the path which led to
the piazza at the rear. "Probably some one who
is so familiar with the family arrangements that he
knows he shall find Col. Mercer on the back piazza
at this hour," I thought, and gave no further con-
sideration to him.
When my bouquet was completed, I went in,
going through the wide hall to get a vase and some
water of Ceis, the house servant, who was always
loitering in the hall, if not asleep in the
back piazza, no unusual event. As I passed
lightly through the passage, I saw the stranger

standing in the colonel's library, in front of the
colonel, who was lounging back in his easy chair,
carrying on some sort of talk with him. Catching
my eye, the latter beckoned me to come in,
with a smile on his face, which led me to fancy
the seeming stranger might turn into an old ac-
quaintance. No; I had never before seen that
rather handsome, dark-complexioned, black-eyed
man, who bowed gracefully to me as I entered—
graciously and deferentially—yet Col. Mercer gave
me no introduction to him. It was odd I thought,
but I sat down quietly. With how much aston-
ishment I listened to the following conversation
may be imagined. I give it as literally as my
memory will allow; for it is no fancy sketch I am
writing, but a plain narrative of facts.
"So your name is Tom," said Col. Mercer.
"Yes-sir."
"And you want me to buy you."
"Yes-sir, if you please."
I looked up at the speaker; I could not believe
my own ears; that fine, gentlemanly looking fel-
low, a negro—a slave? I took a closer survey of
him. "Yes," I said to myself, "I will not take it
back; let your condition in life be what it may,
you have the look and air of a gentleman. He
had a dark complexion, but was less dark and
swarthy than many a southerner I had met; his
head was finely shaped; his hair, jet black, but
not woolly, hung in close short curls round his
head and forehead; his eyes were large and intel-
ligent; his nose and mouth good, the lips a little
thicker than is common, but not more so than in
fifty white faces I have seen at the North; and his
figure was well-knit and muscular, being of a lit-
tle more than medium height.
"How old are you, Tom?" asked the colonel.
"Twenty-one last July."
"What part of Virginia did you come from?"
"—county near the Rappahannock." I
forgot the name of the county.
"What made your master sell you; masters
don't sell good servants."
"Oh, massa died," he said, for the first time fall-
ing into the negro dialect, "and young missus mar-
ried, and her husband got into debt mighty bad,
and he sold ten of us to the speculators."
"Did Mr. Neill buy you of him?"
"This Mr. Neill I knew was a negro-dealer—
speculator, they called him—who lived near Col.
Mercer, and I had heard one of our negroes say
he had just come back from the North with four
hundred negroes that he meant to take to Ala-
bama."
"Yes-sir, he bought all ten."
"What can you do Tom? Are you a right
smart boy?"
"Yes, massa; I can do most anything."
"What have you been doing at your old mas-
ter's—field-work?"
"No, massa! with a contemptuous accent on
the word. I've always been round the house. I
can take care of the dining-room, and wait on ta-
bles, and help most everywhere."
"How come you to come out to my place?"
"Oh, massa, Mr. Neill he tell me you wanted to
get a man; and he say it be a mighty fine place
out here; and he sent me over to see you."
"And to sell yourself?" said the colonel, laugh-
ing heartily.
"Yes, massa, if you'd like to buy me."
"Why, now, Tom, how much do you reckon
you are worth?" with the same amused look.
"Dunno 'xactly, reckon about fifteen hundred."
"Fifteen hundred! that's a monstrous price."
"Reckon, massa, Mr. Neill no think," with a
grin.
"Well, Tom, I do want to get me a boy—a smart,
likely boy; but I want one to drive my horses;
and I reckon you can do that."
"Oh, yes!" the face lighting up, "I allus drive
your missus."
After a few more questions of a similar char-
acter, Col. Mercer sent him away, saying, "Now
Tom, go out among my folks; you may stay a
day or two, and we'll see how we like one an-
other," and turning to me after he went out he
said, "I called you in, thinking you'd like to help
me buy a carriage driver." He said it playfully,
knowing how different from his own were my
views of the peculiar institution; but he evidently
had no idea of the way in which buying and sell-
ing a human being struck me; or the horror we feel
in view of such a transaction no southerner seems
ever able to understand; they have seen it done
all their lives till it becomes a matter-of-course
business affair to them, as much so as buying a
piece of land, or a horse or cow.
I watched Tom, as making a graceful bow he
went out into the yard and toward the negro cab-
ins. How must he feel in view of his condition?
Or had he no feeling about it? He looked cheer-
ful and unconcerned. Was then the promise of
his fine head and intelligent features all a decep-
tion, and was he as reckless of the future, of
whether he should be driven on hundreds of miles
further and sold on a sugar or rice plantation, or
kept where he was, as his careless air and manner
indicated; or beneath that smiling exterior, did
there lie a throbbing heart, weighing anxiously,
the probabilities of his lot? I could not tell,
of course, but I longed to penetrate the mystery,
and know whether a stout, full-grown man, pos-
sessing apparently all the faculties of a man, could
have sunk so low in the scale of being as to enjoy
selling himself and to be able to joke about it?
Such questions are always coming up on a slave
plantation; the black men, women and children
about you are looking jolly and contented, they
joll about indolently, crack merry jokes, and seem
to be in full possession of a luxurious state of
mind which has no fears, cares, or vexations to
disturb it; and I have heard both northerners and
southerners contend that this was a proof of the
blessed nature of the institution. To me, it was
the most mournful phase of it. God made a hu-
man soul to have aspiration for something beyond
the present; and just so far as it loses that char-
acteristic it falls toward the level of the lower ani-
mals, who eat, drink and enjoy life, caring for
nothing better. Had my fine-looking, gentleman
Tom, sunk to this vile level? I did not believe
it for such a manly front and degraded nature
could not co-exist without violating all my precon-
ceived ideas of the human face and form. But
all Yankee propensity to investigate was effectually
snuffed on a southern plantation in those days,
and one learned to look on the most interesting
phenomena in silence, and view them with puzzled
wonder as we do the face of the moon, certain
that no solution of our questionings would be
yoursafed.
I saw considerable of Tom after this; he ram-

bled about the yards and grounds—why he was left
so unwatched was another mystery of which I
ventured to ask no explanation—and I methinks
I went out to gather fresh flowers in the early
morning of the day after our first interview. He
took off his hat and bowed gracefully, holding it
in his hand as he stood to let me pass. I tried to
think of something it would be safe to say—what
a host of unsafe and improper questions rushed
to my lips—but as I hesitated, he said,
"A fine place Colonel Mercer has here, a very
fine place."
"Yes," I said, "was your old master's as fine a
one?"
"It was an old place, not kept up so well as
this."
"Were you sorry to come away?" It was a ques-
tion of doubtful propriety, but it burst from my
lips unconsciously, so intense was my longing to
get at the inner life of that young man, or rather
to find whether he had any.
He gave a quick glance up to my face—a glance
full of intense feeling; a questioning glance as if
he would read my very soul and see whether it
would be safe to trust me. I believe that he un-
derstood me, and said that I felt a deep sympathy
with him, but in an instant his face assumed the
old careless expression; what was the use of speak-
ing out?—and he answered,
"This is a mighty fine country, nissus; we find
a good massa here, I reckon."
The change from a pure and well executed Eng-
lish as any gentleman uses to that comical African
dialect was very striking and ludicrous; however,
he did not smile, nor did I but passed on, and I
picked my flowers, while he went back to the
house.
He harnessed the horses after breakfast and
drove Col. Mercer out, both sitting on the driver's
box; and I smiled as I heard Celia say,
"Ha, Tom's witer'n massa, anyhow."
It was a fact; it was "lighter completed," and
doubtless three-fourths or seven-eighths of the blood
in his veins was Anglo-Saxon, so that only one-
fourth or one-eighth of him could, according to
Vice President Stephens' theory of races, be right-
fully held in bondage; "For," as he complementarily
remarks, "our system commits no such violation
of nature's law as to enslave those of the same
race." But it does enslave those who have only
an infinitesimal portion of the blood of any other
race belonging to them, as the blue eyes and flax-
en hair of many slaves testify to all observers.—
In the afternoon, Tom drove Mrs. Mercer and my-
self to town and again I was struck with his
graceful, gentlemanly bearing—chivalrous, with
frequent gasps, and banks studded with wild flow-
ers. It was even customary among the more opul-
ent and noble citizens to invite the people not
only to stroll at will through their grounds, but
whenever they thought proper, to pluck and eat
the fruit; and there is no instance on record of
this liberty having been abused.—Chambers' Jour-
nal.
THE FORESTERS OF WINDSOR.—In a recently
published history of Windsor Forest, a domain
of the park connected with the royal castle of
Windsor in England, are some amusing accounts
of the foresters, a class of privileged squatters
who took unwonted liberties with British soil.—
One of them, who, though now above 70 years
of age, never wears a hat, "because he wa'n't
born with one," told the author, that a gentle-
man—whom he had a right to a road past
his cottage, planted first some young trees in the
lane, but our hapless friend pulled them up again;
then a gate was set up, and somebody appointed
to look after it, who came running out when he
wanted to pass. "I'll open it, if you please,"
said the gate-keeper. Thank you very much, mis-
siss," replied the accosted; I keep my little key
always handy, and will open it myself."—"The
"little key" being a formidable pickaxe, which was
applied to the lock every time he wanted to pass
through the gate.
If a commoner could only build himself a hut
of turf, and have a fire lighted and a pot boiled
in the rudest chimney, the hut became estab-
lished as a house, was in fact his "castle," and
was then wholly unassailable except by regular
force of law, which the forest officers frequently
declined to institute. If, however, the pot had
not boiled, the forest officers might proceed with
order to pull the house down. With the in-
closure of the Forest all such customs have
passed away. The commoners were never much
substantial accumulation of "landed property," which
when found out was not so severely punished.—
They had vast numbers of swine, which were tur-
ned out into the Forest. One of these men could
spin amusing yarns about the good old times. He
had been so much among pigs that he regarded
them with particular affection, and seemed to
understand every one of their movements. "The
pigs," he said, on one occasion, "are like us, for
they will eat most anything; and yet they are dif-
ferent too, for if you put a lot o' things afore a pig
he'll always take the best of them first; but when
I gets my dinner o' Sundays, I likes my beef and
taters first, and my pudding afterwards. Them as
was bred in the Forest it was no manner o' use
tryin' to keep them in when the acorns begun to
rattle off the trees; out they would be. There
aint a move but they're up to; and when you want
them home, and they won't come, they are aggra-
vatin'!" They'll circumvent the artfullest man as
ever lived. There aint a bit o' pig as isn't good
to eat, as I know on; and the sweetest morsel is
the very point o' his nose, which you scrapes and
salts and hangs a fortnight, and the you hyles it
with greens and taters. There's ne'er a pietier
ever hangs in a man's cottage as aqual a gammon
of bacon hung up agin the chimney." The old
man and two others are the sole survivors of a
class which in few years will be extinct in this part
of England.
WHAT WE OWE TO THE CHURCH.—Take away
the Christian church, and how long would the
preacher's profession endure? How long would
the lecturer on morals and Sunday audience, a con-
gregation pledged to his support? How long
would the Sunday itself survive? Be sure, it is
not the teaching ear and the fluent tongue, it is not
the weekly demand and supply of mortal wit that
created and maintains the sacred custom, and
which made it impossible revolutionary France
for a nation to do it away. It has other authors
and supporters than these: reverence and faith and
gray tradition, already gray when Jesus went into
the synagogue at Nazareth on the Sabbath day,
"as his custom was." These, and withal a sense
of mystery and holiness not yet extinct,—even in
curious, questioning New England, God be praised!
not quite extinct; the sense of faithless and
avid back-ground to this every day world
and a presence that pervades it, and a righteous
God, and the consciousness of sin, and the need
of pardoning grace; and supplication and sacra-
ments that came not of "art or man's device."—
All this is in the heart of the Christian Sunday

and this is its warrant and reason for being, with-
out which the Lord's day would straightway sub-
side into the secular week, and the Christian rubric,
which now tints the civil calendar as with
streaks of a heavenly dawn, would go out in one
uniform sanctimonious, sorrowful black. For, though
the day being given and the temple being given,
antiperformists and secularists, and trane-
mediums and all manner of alien voices and min-
istrations, may find place in its courts; it is not
these, nor the like of these, for whose sake the
temple and the Sunday exist. It is not those that
created or can keep them a going a single year.—
It is the Christian church, however disowned, that
backs these performers in their several parts, and
historical traditional Christianity backs and sus-
tains the church.—Dr. Hedge in Christian Ex-
aminer.
CURIOS DISCOVERY.—There was found a few
days since, in the diggings of John Chew & Co.,
on Buckeye Hill, in this county, between Green-
horn Creek and Chalk Bluff mountain, a bee-hive
with a large bee-hive, honey and bees, all petrified.
The remaining portion of the tree in
which the bee-hive was found is 24 feet in diam-
eter and 40 feet long. Chew & Co. found the petri-
fied bee-hive 75 feet beneath the surface, while
piping their claims. The bee-hive is no matter
of fancy, but of pure demonstration. Before us
is a sample of the comb full of honey, all petrified.
The normal thickness of the comb, the duplicate
of cells with their invariably hexagonal shape, are
all before us as distinctly as if a fresh piece of hon-
ey comb, all dripping and just cut from the box,
had been brought and placed before our eyes on a
sheet of paper.—Gran Valley (Cal.) National.

Army Correspondence.
FROM TENNESSEE.
FR. PICKERING, MEMPHIS, TENN.,
Oct. 22, 1864.
EDITOR INQUIRER:
Since I wrote you last we have changed our base
of operations. Last Sunday two hundred and sev-
enteen men belonging to our regiment were trans-
ferred to this place. It appears that there were
more men in the regiment than is allowed by the
regulations, and, as they could not be retained in
the companies to which they were assigned, they
were sent here to await instructions from the War
Department in relation thereto. The commanding
officer, I understand, has asked permission to orga-
nize a new battalion of the surplus men, but it is
very uncertain whether such permission will be grant-
ed. Until the matter is finally settled I presume
we will remain here. We have first rate accom-
modations in the barracks, plenty of nicely cooked ra-
tions, and the duty required of us is very light in
comparison to what we had to do while in camp.
Fr. Pickering is a very strong earthwork, about
three-fourths of a mile south of Memphis, on the
Mississippi river. It was originally in possession of
the rebels, but "Uncle Sam" very naturally per-
suaded them to transfer it to him for an indefinite
time. The works are all mounted on barrette, that is,
is, without casemates. Mostly all of them are of
large calibre. Until this last scarce took place, it
has been somewhat out of repair. But in anticipa-
tion of an attack the colored militia of Memphis
were put to work repairing the fortifications, and
in constructing new lines of defence within the fort,
which are now fully completed. At the same time
the fort was re-enforced by troops from Vicksburg
and White river, gunboats were stationed in the
river both above and below, and every thing put in
readiness for an attack, but the rebels acted very
prudently by not coming. If they had, they would
most assuredly have met with a disastrous defeat.
The other day I the pleasure of having a good view
of a "Yankee cheese box" while passing down the
river. Nothing was visible but the terrets, pilot
houses and smoke stacks; the hull was entirely sub-
merged in the water. The deck was of an oval
shape. Altogether it was a novel looking craft, and
something that the rebels will not desire to scrape
an acquaintance with more than once.
The original garrison of the fort consists of the
8d and 7th Heavy Artillery, (both colored.) In drill
and discipline they can compete with any white
troops I ever saw. They know nothing but doing
their whole duty. The other day a soldier attempt-
ed to violate the instructions of one on guard by
crossing his "beat." "Sam" could not see the
point in this, and the other, not paying much atten-
tion to the timely admonition of the guard to "halt,"
was fred at, though not receiving any personal in-
jury. Of course he was acquitted of all blame, from
the fact that he was simply carrying out his instruc-
tions. Yesterday they were paid off, and a happier
set of fellows could not be imagined.
We are glad to hear of the firmness with which
they are arresting the drafted men and making them
face the music. This is as it should be. It is only
doing justice to those who are in the army. If a
man remains at home until he is called upon by the
revolutions of the wheel at the Provost Marshal's
office, it is his duty to go, if he cannot furnish a sub-
stitute. When they are called upon let them come
up to the scratch bravely and quit themselves like
men, and all will be well; if not, they will be made
to do it, for the Government is strong enough to en-
force the draft wherever any opposition is manifest-
ed.
To-day we received the news of another great vic-
tory gained by Sheridan in the valley of the Shenan-
doah. It is victory at a very important point. It
has been a hotly contested field. It has been stain-
ed with blood, as the tide of success ebbed or flowed.
It has been the route through which Lee has so of-
ten threatened Washington, Baltimore and Phila-
delphia. These victories by Sheridan are at the
right time and right place to strengthen the army of
General Grant, and to nerve anew all loyal men.
We trust that an armistice will not be talked of, and
that nothing will prevent the Government from
moving forward to the overthrow of the rebellion.
So far the draft progresses favorably, the battered
regiments are fast filling up and the fall campaign
opens favorably. Between this and the time the
wet season sets in we shall have of stirring deeds—
"Courage, loyal people! The end cometh! Peace
is coming so near, that the gentle nestle of her white
wings may be heard! She is coming, not with dis-
grace; she is coming, not to order back into slavery
the men who fight our battles, or to rivet anew bro-
ken chains. No; but coming attired by freedom
and righteousness."
The soldiers here are almost a unit in favor of
"Old Abe." One entire regiment voted to a man
in favor of his re-election. The 12th Illinois before
leaving Vicksburg to re-enforce this place, took a
vote, and out of some 650 men, McClellan received
the insignificant number of 45 votes. By this you
will see what the army is going to do for the "Young
Napoleon." Lincoln's re-election is a fixed thing.
(We hope so.) The other side of this paper will tell
the story.—Ed. Inquirer. Hurrah for Old Abe!
More anon. ALBERT SMITH.