The Bedford Inquirer.

A Local and General Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Education, Literature and Morals.

JOHN LUTZ, *Proprietor.* BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1868. VOL. 41: NO. 28.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS, &C.

The INQUIRER is published every FRIDAY morning at the following rates:

ONE YEAR, (in advance,)..... $2.00
" " (if not paid within six mos.)... $2.50
" " (if not paid within the year,)... $3.00

All papers outside of the county discontinued without notice, at the expiration of the time for which the subscription has been paid.

Single copies of the paper furnished, in wrappers, at five cents each.

Communications on subjects of local or general interest, are respectfully solicited. To ensure attention favors of this kind must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author, not for publication, but as a guaranty against imposition.

All letters pertaining to business of the office hould be addressed to

JOHN LUTZ, BEDFORD, PA.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

All advertisements for less than 3 months 10 cents per line for each insertion. Special notices one-half additional. All resolutions of Association, communications of a limited or individual interest and notices of marriages and deaths, exceeding five lines, 10 cts. per line. All legal notices of every kind, and all Orphans' Court and other Judicial sales, are required by law to be published in both papers. Editorial Notices 15 cents per line. All Advertising due after first insertion. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

	3 monts.	6 months.	1 year
One square.....	$ 4.50	$ 6.00	$10.00
Two squares.....	6.00	9.00	16.00
Three squares.....	8.00	12.00	20.00
One-fourth column.....	14.00	20.00	35.00
Half column.....	18.00	25.00	45.00
One column.....	30.00	45.00	80.00

NEWSPAPER LAWS.—We would call the special attention of Post Masters and subscribers to the INQUIRER to the following synopsis of the Newspaper laws:

1. A Postmaster is required to give notice *by letter,* (returning a paper does not answer the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office, and state the reasons for its not being taken; and a neglect to do so makes the Postmaster *responsible* to the publishers for the payment.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the Post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the pay.

3. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, *whether it be taken from the office or not.* There can be no legal discontinuence until the payment is made.

4. If the subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it, *if he takes it out of the Post Office.* The law proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post office, or removing and having them uncalled for, is *prima facia* evidence of intentional fraud.

Professional & Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

JOHN T. KEAGY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
☞ Office opposite Reed & Schell's Bank.
Counsel given in English and German. [apl26]

KIMMELL AND LINGENFELTER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law, in new brick building near the Lutheran Church. [April 1, 1864-tf

M. A. POINTS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the public. Office with J. W. Lingenfelter, Esq., on Public Square near Lutheran Church.
☞ Collections promptly made. [Dec.9,'64-tf.

HAYES IRVINE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business intrusted to his care. Office with G. H. Spang, Esq., on Juliana street, three doors south of the Mengel House. May 24:1y

ESPY M. ALSIP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.,
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Military claims, Pensions, back pay, Bounty, &c. speedily collected. Office with Mann & Spang, on Juliana street, 2 doors south of the Mengel House. apl 1, 1864.—tf.

B. F. MEYERS.....J. W. DICKERSON
MEYERS & DICKERSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PENN'A.,
Office nearly opposite the Mengel House, will practice in the several Courts of Bedford county. Pensions, bounties and back pay obtained and the purchase of Real Estate attended to. [may11,'66-1y

E. B. STUCKEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, and REAL ESTATE AGENT,
Office on Main Street, between Fourth and Fifth, Opposite the Court House,
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.
Will practice in the adjoining Counties of Missouri and Kansas. July 12:tf

S. L. RUSSELL.....J. H. LONGENECKER
RUSSELL & LONGENECKER,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Bedford, Pa.,
Will attend promptly and faithfully to all business entrusted to their care. Special attention given to collections and the prosecution of claims for Back Pay, Bounty, Pensions, &c.
☞ Office on Juliana street, south of the Court House. April5:1yr.

J' M'D. SHARPE.....E. F. KERR
SHARPE & KERR,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Will practice in the Courts of Bedford and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to their care will receive careful and prompt attention. Pensions, Bounty, Back Pay, &c., speedily collected from the Government.
Office on Juliana street, opposite the banking house of Reed & Schell, Bedford, Pa. mar2:tf

J. R. DURBORROW.....JOHN LUTZ.
DURBORROW & LUTZ,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PA.,
Will attend promptly to all business intrusted to their care. Collections made on the shortest notice.
They are, also, regularly licensed Claim Agents and will give special attention to the prosecution of claims against the Government for Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Bounty Lands, &c.
Office on Juliana street, one door South of the *Inquirer* office, and nearly opposite the "Mengel House" April 28, 1865:t

PHYSICIANS.

WM. W. JAMISON, M. D.,
BLOODY RUN, PA.,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. [dec8:1yr

DR. B. 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. Hofius. [Ap'l 1,64.

DR. S. G. STATLER, near Schellsburg, and Dr. J. J. CLARKE, formerly of Cumberland county, having associated themselves in the practice of Medicine, respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Schellsburg and vicinity. Dr. Clarke's office and residence same as formerly occupied by J. White, Esq., dec'd.
S. G. STATLER,
Schellsburg, April12:1y. J. J. CLARKE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

O. E. SHANNON, BANKER,
BEDFORD, PA.
BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT.
Collections made for the East, West, North and South, and the general business of Exchange transacted. Notes and Accounts Collected and Remittances promptlymade. REAL ESTATE bought and sold. feb22

DANIEL BORDER,
PITT STREET, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BEDFORD HOTEL, BEDFORD, PA.
WATCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, &C.
He keeps on hand a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Spectacles of Brilliant Double Refined Glasses, also Scotch Pebble Glasses. Gold Watch Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, best quality of Gold Pens. He will supply to order any thing in his line not on hand. [apr.28,'65.

S. P. HARBAUGH & SON,
Travelling Dealers in
NOTIONS.
In the county once every two months.
SELL GOODS AT CITY PRICES.
Agents for the Chambersburg Woolen Manufacturing Company. Apl 1:1y

D. W. CROUSE
WHOLESALE TOBACCONIST,
On Pitt street two doors west of B. F. Harry's Drug Store, Bedford, Pa., is now prepared to sell by wholesale all kinds of CIGARS. All orders promptly filled. Persons desiring anything in his line will do well to give him a call.
Bedford Oct 20, '65.,

Inquirer Column.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE BEDFORD INQUIRER.

PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

BY

JOHN LUTZ,

OFFICE ON JULIANA STREET,

BEDFORD, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IN

SOUTH-WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION OVER 1500.

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

A FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$2,00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

JOB PRINTING:

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE

WITH

NEATNESS AND DISPATCH,

AND IN THE

LATEST & MOST APPROVED STYLE,

SUCHAS

POSTERS OF ANY SIZE,

CIRCULARS,

BUSINESS CARDS,

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS,

BALL TICKETS,

PROGRAMMES,

CONCERT TICKETS,

ORDER BOOKS,

SEGAR LABELS,

RECEIPTS,

LEGAL BLANKS,

PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS,

BILL HEADS,

LETTER HEADS,

PAMPHLETS,

PAPER BOOKS,

ETC. ETC. ETC. ETC. ETC.

Our facilities for doing all kinds of Job Printing are equalled by very few establishments in the country. Orders by mail promptly filled. All letters should be addressed to

JOHN LUTZ,

Poetry.

MR. LONGFELLOW.

THE AMERICAN POET IN ENGLAND—A TRIBUTE IN VERSE.

The London *Times,* of July 3, publishes the subjoined:

LONGFELLOW IN ENGLAND.

Welcome to England! thou whose strains prolong
The glorious bede-roll of our Saxon song:
Ambassador and Pilgrim-Bard in one,
Fresh from thy home—the home of WASHINGTON,
On hearths as sacred as thine own, here stands
The loving welcome that thy name commands;
Hearths swept for thee and garnished as a shrine
By trailing garments of thy Muse divine.
Poet of Nature and Nations, know
Thy fair fame spans the ocean like a bow,
Born from the rain that falls into each life,
Kindled by dreams with lovliest fancies rife;
A radiant arch that with prismatic dyes
Links the two worlds, its keystone in the skies.
The noblest creatures of these dreams of thine,
From Hiawatha to Evangeline,
Here thou wilt find, where'er thy footsteps roam,
Loved as the cherished Lares of each home.
What prouder refrain heartens to the core
Than thou hast sung in brave Excelsior?
Where sounds more gladdening 'mid this earthly strife,
Than the sweet clarions of thy Psalm of Life?
None but the rarest *raconteur* may grace
The mimic contest where most yield the place.
Say which, for either, fairer wreaths produce,
Irving's Astoria or thy Flower de Luce?
Which haunted hostel lures more gnests within,
Hawthorne's Seven Gables or thy Wayside Inn?
Turning thy pictured page, what varying dyes
Shine through each latticed margin's new surprise!
Here the swarth Blacksmith, smirched with grime and tan,
Tears in his eyes, yet every inch a man,
Here, 'mid the rice-field, heaving his last breath,
The poor Slave-monarch, dreams himself to death.
Here, while without loud raves the tempest's din,
Here, while around the revelers brawl within,
The dying Baron through the grave's dark goal,
Seek's Christ's redeeming passport for his soul,
Who hears not now, stormed down among thy leaves,
The rain that poured like cataracts from the eaves,
Roared through the kennels, lashed the streaming panes,
Flooded the squares, the streets, the courts, the lanes,
Raging like seas that over some foundering wreck
Swill thro' the scuppers from the swimming deck!
Cool, teeming, plenteous, soul-refreshing showers,
Quaffed by parched earth and by the thirsting flowers,
Nor less by those who listened to thy song
As, like Lodoro's, thy deluge dashed along,
Where subtler solace than thy gentle voice
From riven hearts can draw till griefs rejoice?
Answer, what oft-repining woe o'erpowers
That lay serene, the Reaper and the Flowers?
So large thy sympathies, thy hand can trace
Charms in each clime and glories in each race.
So penetrant thy love, its gaze can find
God in the flower, His breathings in the wind;
Mesh with mere hempen coil in Rope-work spun
All human joys and ills beneath the sun;
Wake with grand echoes of responsive rhymes
Long silent notes of mediæval chimes;
"The diapason of the cannonade."
'Mid purgatorial fires, in heaven, in hell,
Thy dauntless soul hath lately dared to dwell,
Passing o'er burning mart, where Dante trod
With Virgil's ghost, to Beatrice and God.
Yet, rarely gifted nature to translate,
Reflect not others, thus: thyself create,
Ring out once more in thy own golden lines
Life's inner meaning, not the Florentine's—
Thou who hast given thy dreamings to our sight
And syllabled the Voices of the Night;
Thou who has sung, as none but thou could sing,
The tenger legend of the Angel-King:
Thou who around with affluent hand hast thrown
The heavenly largess of thy benison,
Regarding none as alien to thy breast—
Columbia's Poet, hail as England's Guest!

C. K.

Political.

GENERAL JACOB M. CAMPBELL.

Republican Candidate for Surveryor General.

General Campbell was born in Allegheny township, Somerset county, Pa., on the 20th day of November, 1821; consequently, he will be forty-seven years old next November. At an early age he was apprenticed to the printing business, in Somerset, Pa. After mastering the "art preservative of arts," he emigrated to Pittsburg, when he "worked at case" for some time. He next found his way to New Orleans and into another printing office. Tired of the "composing stick and rule," he tried his hand at steamboating, first as a deck hand, and subsequently as clerk, mate and part owner of a vessel. In 1847, we find him in the iron business, at Brady's Bend. In 1851, he followed the tide of emigration to California, remaining there but a short time. In 1853, we find him in Johnstown, Pa., assisting in the construction of the mammoth Cambria Iron Works, with which establishment he was connected up to the breaking out of the war. In 1861, he was among the first to enroll himself as a volunteer, to defend the flag of his country, and *belonged to the first Company that entered Camp Curtin.* Upon the arrival of the company in Harrisburg, and the organization of the Third Regiment of Pa. Vols. to which his company was attached, Lieut. Campbell was appointed Quartermaster of the Regiment, which position he filled with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the officers and men of his regiment, as all those who remain will testify. He was mustered out of service on the 28th of July 1861, and on the 30th of the same month, was commissioned by Gov. Curtin to raise a regiment. The regiment was recruited mainly through Col. Campbell's individual exertions, and upon being organized, was designated the 54th. His regiment was the escort of honor through the city of Washington, to the remains of the lamented Col. Cameron, who fell at the first Bull Run battle. On the 29th of March, 1862, Col. Campbell was ordered to occupy the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad from North Mountain Station, fifty-six miles westward to the South Branch of the Potomac. In that position, the executive as well as the military abilities of the Colonel were constantly called into requisition. How well he performed his arduous and multitudinous duties in this trying position, the officers of the B. & O. R. R. as well as his superiors in the military service, do not hesitate to declare that but for his energy and sleepless watchfulness, many miles of the road would have been destroyed. On the 25th of December, 1862, he was relieved from duty along the railroad, and an the 6th of March, 1863, was assigned to the command of the 4th Brigade, 1st Division, 8th Army Corps. In 1864, Gen. Sigel took command of the Department of West Virginia, and in a reorganization of the troops, Col. Campbell at his own request, was returned to the command of his regiment, and took an active part in the battle of New Market, occupying the left of the line. His regiment suffered severely and was the last to leave the field. But for the determined stand made by Col. Campbell, Sigel's army would have been routed and demoralized. In his official report of the battle, he acknowledged the valuable services of Col. Campbell in a very handsome and flattering manner. A deserved compliment to a deserving officer. Gen. Sigle also took occasion to thank Col. Campbell in person. "My God! Col. Campbell, I wish I had known you better!" Gen. Sigel exclaimed, rushing to Col. Campbell and grasping his hand with both of his own, after the tumult of battle had subsided. The Colonel and his regiment took a prominent part in the battle of Piedmont, under Gen. Hunter. He was breveted a Brigadier General in this battle, and again assigned to the command of a brigade. He also took an active part in Hunter's celebrated "Lynchburg Raid," his command suffering heavily in the attack upon Lynchburg. When Col. Mulligan fell at Winchester, Gen. Campbell took command of the division, and continued in command until, by severe losses in killed and wounded, it was consolidated into a brigade, which he afterwards commanded. He also participated in the engagements in the Shenandoah, under the gallant Phil. Sheridan, winning other and new laurels while with that intrepid chieftain.

Gen. Campbell was mustered out of the service in the fall of 1864, having been in the army almost three years and a half. He was never absent from his command, except three weeks, sitting as a member of a Court of Inquiry at Wheeling, Va., and had but two "leaves of absence," during his whole period of service, one for ten and the other for twenty days.

The political record of Gen. Campbell will also bear examination. Brought up a Jackson Democrat, he voted for Polk and Dallas in '44, but in '48, seeing the encroachments of the slavery propagandists, he voted for Van Buren and Adams, and in 1852, again voted for the free soil nominees, Hale and Julian; and in 1858, was the delegate from Cambria county to the Fremont Convention. In 1859, the Republicans of Cambria county presented him to their district conference as their choice for the Senatorial nomination, and three years ago he was *unanimously* selected again as the choice of the Union party of Cambria, for State Senator, but failed to receive the nomination from the district conference upon either occasion, not however from want of appreciation of his worth and services as a citizen and as a brave and meritorious soldier.

On the 17th of August 1865, Gen. Campbell was nominated for Surveyor General by the Republican party, and in October of the same year, was elected over Col. Linton, his competitor, by a large majority. For over two years he has administered the duties of his office with recognized ability and to the satisfaction of all parties; and has brought up a large amount of unfinished and intricate business. It [illegible] *unanimously* re-nominated by the Republican State Convention, for the office he now so ably and satisfactorily fills. A unanimous re-nomination from a State Convention of either party, is no small compliment to any man, and no one within our recollection except Gen. Campbell and his colleague on the State ticket ever before received such a marked endorsement.

Such in brief, is a hurried sketch of the life and services of one of Pennsylvania's noblest sons. He is first found a "printer's devil," a "jour," a "deck hand" on a steamboat, a "clerk," "mate" and "part owner of a vessel." He is next found in the iron business, then in California, and finally in the gigantic enterprise of the celebrated Cambria Iron Mills, where his great experience added largely to the success of that stupenduous undertaking. At the breaking out of the war, he was Lieutenant of a militia company, entered the army and was appointed a Quartermaster, then a Colonel, and after a brilliant campaign of three long, weary years, he was honored with a Brevet Brigadier General's Commission, a position long and doubly earned in command of a brigade and division, and by gallantry in the field. Thus, it will be seen, that Gen Campbell came from the working class, and is emphatically a working man.

His social characteristics never fail to create the warmest friendships and a lasting impression. He is a shrewd business man and a useful citizen—a man endowed with strong common sense, and rarely fails in his judgment of men and measures—is well read, and familiarly acquainted with all the internal workings of the great machinery of our government. Among the ablest articles on the subject of our National finances, was one from his pen, written during the early part of last winter. He is a genial companion, a clever, whole-souled, honest man, strictly temperate in his habits; and that he will be re-elected by an increased majority, is already beyond a peradventure.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby has a Most Curious Dream—The Relative Position of the Two Parties, and the way Gentlemen Get from One to the Other.

POST OFFIS, CONFEDERIT X ROODS,
(Wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky,)
June 27, 1868.

Last nite, after I had addressed a Chase meetin in Garrettstown in the afternoon and one at the Corners in the evenin, I retired to my virchus couch full uv my subject, and whisky. Its ruther tryin for a man at my time uv life to do these things. To say nothin uv liftin up my voice like one cryin in the wilderness for an old line Abolishinist, the terrible oncertainty as to whether I ought to holler "Ekel Rites—Suffrage for all!" or "Ameriky for white men," troubles me. Likewise the doubt ez to whether I ought to make speeches in favor uv payin the debt in Greenbax, *a la* Pendleton, or in Gold *a la* Seymour, or a repudiatin the debt altogether, like Pomeroy, is a incubus which weighs onto me, and paralyzes my best efforts. For instants, at both meetins I wuz compelled to talk uv tariffs and sich, of which our people know jest about ez much ez the gentle hog does uv Hebrew. Wood! oh wood the nominashens wuz made and the platform adopted, that I might go instructin our people from a proper stand pint. Tired out and disgusted, I retired early and slept a troubled sleep. O sich a nite! I dreemed most horrible, dreems, the follerin being a feeble statement uv the lightest uv em.

In my dream I was in a country the like uv wich I never seed afore. There wuz a low, level place, a sort uv a pit indeed, and not a pit either, so much ez it wuz a swamp or bog, with only here and there a dry spot. It wuz not ez cheerful a lookin place ez yoo good think uv. It wuz full uv skulls and dead men's bones. The highways leadin into it were slushy and nasty, and an odor ez uv seven hundred thousand million dead cats constantly assended to vex the pure air above. It wuz inhabited, it wuz. Rollin about in the corrupshun, I saw the face uv every Demokrat I had ever seen, and they wuz all about their yoosual avocashens, too. Ben. Wood wuz a sellin lotterv tickets. Fernandy hed his hand into a city treasury. A. Johnson wuz a signin a pardon for a counterfeiter (another counterfeiter, who wanted the skill of the inkarserated one, wuz a waitin to carry it to him,) a immense concourse uv John Morrissey'a enostitooents were organizin a raid onto nigger orfan asylums, and another immense mass wuz a burnishin weapons ez if for another conflick with suthin. Rite back uv this place wuz a precipice risin up almost perpendicular many feet, on the top uv which stretched a most beautiful prospeck, I asked one who was crawlin out uv the place what it all meant, and he replied that it wuz the restin place uv the Dimocrisy.

"Look!" said he, "about yoo. Seest yoo that elevated breezy plain? That's the choson home uv Republikenism up there, and I'm goin for it."

"But stay!" sed I, "I fain would know more. Who's that?" I asked, ez a body come shootin down the abyss, boundin plum into a most friteful mass uv corrupshen below.

"That's Ross, uv Kansas," sed he. "Look out, here comes Henderson, too, and Fowler. Ha! ha!" laffed this escapin one, ez he saw Ross and Henderson scramble out uv the dirt, with it stickin to em and try to crawl up the side uv the precipice. Fowler seemed to like it, and settled down as though he intended to stay. There were others who got so close to the verge of the precipice that I reely trembled for em, but they had strong hands holden of em back.

"Yoo notis that there is one way uv communicashen between the two places," sed he, "wich is legitimit. Yoo observe that ladder?"

"I hedn't, but I do now. My eyes is dim," sed I, "wat is them inscripshens on the rounds?"

"They are inscribed as follows:

No. 1—(The highest.) "Conservatism."
No. 2—"Constitooshnel Doubts."
No. 3—"Southern Rites."
No. 4—"Greenbax."
No. 5—"Repoodiashen."
No. 6—"Ameriky for white men."
No. 7—"Afrikin slavery."

"Yoo will observe the last one is partly under the slush which kivers the bottom uv the plain. It's a trifle lower than the original level. But look! ther's suthin a goin on up there! See!"

Trooly, there wuz suthin a goin on. Cheef Justice Chase appeared at the head uv the stairs on the very brink uv the precipice. [illegible] stay, wuz Theodore Tilton, Horace Greeley, and moren a million of others, white and black, who wuz a holdin up their hands in horror at the way his face wuz turned. The Chief Justice wuz a assurin uv em it was all rite, that he shood probably go down to the first round, wich wuz "Conservatism," as he considered if safer ground. Theodore grabbed him by the sholder, to restrane him, but Salmon shoved him off roodly, and put his foot on the first round.

I looked closer and saw it all at a glance. August Belmont hed climbed up so ez to be in site uv any one standing on that round, and wuz wavin a flag at him onto wich wuz inscribed "nominashen." S. P. hed his venerable eyes fixed onto that, and didn't see nothin else, a kind uv parshel blindness wich hez rooined quite a many public men. "Don't go to em," cried Theodore and morris. "I won't," returned the cheerful old innocent. "I'll bring em up to me." Infooriated with the site uv that flag wich Belmont kept artfully movin afore him, he quickly dropt onto the second step, and the next, each step being longer than the one precedin it. By this time the attenshen uv the Democrisy below wuz attractad toward the spectacle, and they cheered lustily, not so much at the prospeck uv gettin the eminent Judge, ez at the sorror and chagrin depicted onto the faces uv Greely, Tilton, et al., at the top.

Down he went, amid the plaudits uv the Democrisy, who, by this time, was all hurrahin for him, step by step, till he come to the last one. "Come!" said Boregard, Forrest, Fernandy Wood and Vallandygum, "come! One step more—one little tiny step, and it's over. Come, love, come!"

"No!" he, tremblin like a man with the ager "I can't go that step. I can't, indeed I can't. Come up to me—yoo must!"

"Well," sed Belmont, "its better for us to stand on that last step. Get hold, Marble, and the strongest uv yoo, and lift the concern out uv the mire, and up to the Cheef Justis. Take hold close! Now! all together! with a will!"

They tugged and tugged, but to no purpose, Pendleton, Hendricks, and a score uv others, who didn't like this Chase biznis, hed slipped down to the bottom, and waz a pullin back. Once or twict they got em out so ez yoo cood see the heads uv the multitood above the liquid they wuz under, and a few late recroots climed up onto the step, but the weight wus too heavy, and they sagged back.

"Onct more!" shreekt the Cheef Justis. "One more trial. Oh git them on this step. Oh git them up, for I can't go no lower, indeed I can't, and we must come together. I hev gone down six steps and long ones, and you can, and you must come up this one. Git em up—"

At this pint I awoke. The screeching uv the wretched men around me. It's a pity the dreem did not continyoo. Ez it is, I don't know whether he's agoin to take the last step or not. I don't know whether he's agoin to plunge into the mire with us, or whether he's agoin to climb back agin and wash hisself clean uv the filth that's stuck to him, in the clear waters uv repentance, or whether another effort is to be made to lift us up to him. I left em when I returned from the land uv dreems, a settling back into the mire, and Chase standin onto the next but last round, with an exprsssion uv despair onto his countenance, jist in the way uv the missels both parties wuz a throwin Consekently, I'm no better off becoz uv this dream than I wuz before. I am still tost on the waters uv oncertainty. I shall still be forced to talk uv tariffs and sich, not knowin wat is or is not safe ground. The dreem wuz about a minit too short for my purpose. But it's offen thus.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.
(Wich is Postmaster.)

DANIEL S. DICKINSON ON HORATIO SEYMOUR.

The following is an extract from the speech of Daniel S. Dickinson, delivered at the great ratification meeting held at the Cooper Institute in the city of New York, October 8, 1862. As Mr. Dickinson was a life long Democrat, and in a position to be perfectly posted on Mr. Seymour's record, the picture he draws may be especially refreshing just now to those "Conservative soldiers" who at their late Convention in New York, committed themselves so unreservedly to the support of the Democratic nominee for the Presidency:

When the most atrocious conspiracy which ever desecrated earth found development in an assault upon our National flag at Sumter, and in efforts to massacre a half-starved garrison placed there in a time of profound peace, according to uniform usage for no other offence than asserting the supremacy of their country's Constitution, and giving to the breeze, as emblematical thereof the glorious Stars and Stripes of their fathers—when the brave volunteers who were hurrying to the defence of our nation's Capital, to save it from mob rule and rebellion, and conflagration, were bleeding by traitorous hands—when strong men trembled; when women wept, and children instinctively clung closer to the maternal bosom—when all communication between the loyal States and the Capital was cut off by rebellious forces—when the President elect of the United States had then recently reached the seat of Government, where duty called him by a circuitous and an unusual route, and in disguise, to escape the dagger of the assassin, and when our land was filled with excitement, consternation and alarm—when "shrieked the timid and stood still the brave," and the confiding masses looked about to see who were the men for the crisis, among the citizens of the Empire State, who had borne a part in public affairs, and were naturally looked up to as exemplars in such a crisis, he (Horatio Seymour) hied himself away upon the double quick in the opposite direction [laughter], and for nearly half a year hid himself among the lakes and rivers and romantic woodlands and inland towns of Wisconsin; and his tongue was as silent on the subject of denouncing the rebellion as those of the murdered volunteers, whose "ghosts walked unrevenged amongst us." [Sensation.] There we may supposed he basked and balanced, and watched and waited, and turned and twisted [laughter], until autumn, when a small knot of defunct, defeated, desperate and despicable politicians, who had for years hung upon the subsistence department of the Democratic party in this State, came to his relief by entering the field. [Laughter.] They borrowed without leave the honored name of Democracy, under which to perpetrate their covert treason, as the hypocrite.

"Stole the livery of the Court of Heaven

Their disgraceful and disloyal record stands out as the doings of men too stolid in political depravity to be gifted with ordinary instincts, and too regardless of the popular will to be mindful of shame; and the defeat they experienced at the hands of the people should serve as a warning to trimmers and traitors and parricides and ingrates, through all future time.

This movement drew the secluded one from his hiding place, and he came forth, with all the courage of him who, in a conflict with his wife, being driven under the bed, while remaining thus ensconced, declared, that whether she consented or not he would look out through a knot-hole in the clap-boards, so long as he had the spirit of a man! [Great and repeated laughter and applause.] He entered the political canvass, and on the 28th October, 1861, a few days before the election, made a speech, the burden of which was an apology for the rebellion, and a condemnation of the Administration for having meted out the rigor of martial law to those in arms against the Government, Though abounding with flimsy disguises and sophistical generalities, it contained one point worthy of not only notice, but of the severest reprehension, and here it is:

"If it is true that slavery must be abolished to save this Union, then the people of the South should be allowed to withdraw themselves from that Government which cannot give them the protection guaranteed by its terms."

What! Place this glorious Union—this heritage of human hope—this asylum for the world's weary pilgrim—this refuge for the oppressed of the earth, in the scale of being beneath the black and bloated and bloody—the corrupt and corrupting—the stultified and stultifying institution of slavery! No! Sooner than see this Union severed, let not only the institution perish whenever and wherever it can be found, but let the habitations that have known it perish with it and be known no more forever. [Tremendous and long continued applause. "That's so," "That's the talk." Three cheers.] And yet this returning fugitive from patriotism proclaims as his creed, in effect if not in terms, that if either slavery or the Union must be destroyed, it should be the Union! And the name of this man is Horatio Seymour. [Sensation.]

Miscellaneous.

[From the London Saturday Review.]

LITTLE WOMEN.

The conventional idea of a brave, and energetic, or a supremely criminal woman is a tall, dark haired, large armed virago, who might pass as the younger brother of her husband, and about whom nature seemed to have hesitated before determining whether to make her a man or a woman, — a kind of debatable kind of land, in fact, between the two sexes, and almost as much one as the other. Helen Macgregor, Lady Macbeth, Catharine do Medici, Mrs. Manning, and the old fashioned murderesses in novels, are all of the muscular, black brigand type, with more or less of regal grace superadded, according to circumstances; and it would be thought nothing but a puerile fancy to suppose the contrary of those whose personal description is not already known. Crime, indeed especially in art and fiction, has generally been painted in very nice proportion to the number of cubic inches embodied and the depth of color employed; though we are bound to add that the public favor runs towards muscular heroines almost as much as towards muscular murderesses, which to a certain extent redresses the over weighted balance. Our later novelists, however, have altered the whole setting of the palette. Instead of five foot ten of black and brown, they have gone in for four foot nothing of pink and yellow; instead of tumbled masses of raven hair, they have shining coils of purest gold; instead of hollow caverns whence flash unfathomable eyes eloquent of every damnable passion, they have limpid lakes of heavenly blue; and their worst sinners are in all respects fashioned as much after the outward semblance of the ideal saint as can well be managed. The original notion was a very good one, and the revolution did not come before it was wanted; but it has been a little overdone of late, and we are threatened with as great a surfeit of small limbed, yellow headed criminals as we have had of the man-like black. One gets weary of the most perfect model in time, if too constantly repeated; as now, when we have all begun to feel that the resources of the angel's face and demon's soul have been more heavily drawn on than is quite fair, and that, given "heavy braids of golden hair," "bewildering blue eyes," "a small, lithe frame," and special delicacy of feet and hands, we are booked for the companionship, through three volumes, of a young person to whom Messalina or Lucretia Borgia was a mere novice.

And yet there is a physiological truth in this association of energy with smallness; perhaps, also, with a certain tint of yellow hair, which, with a dash of red through it, is decidedly suggestive of nervous force. Suggestiveness, indeed, does not go very far in an argument; but the frequent connection of energy and smallness in woman is a thing which all may verify in their own circles. In daily life, who is the really formidable woman to encounter?—the black-browed, broad-shouldered giantess, with arms almost as big in the girth as a man's? or the pert, smart, trim little female, with no more biceps than a ladybird, and of just about equal strength with a sparrow? Nine times out of ten, the giantess with the heavy shoulders and broad black eyebrows is a timid, feeble-minded, good-tempered person, incapable of anything harsher than a mild remonstrance with her maid, or a gentle chastisement of her children. Nine times out of ten her husband has her in hand in the most perfect working order, so that she would swear the moon shone at midday if it were his pleasure that she should make a fool of herself in that direction. One of the most obedient and indolent of earth's daughters, she gives no trouble to any one save the trouble of rousing, exciting, and setting her going; while, as for the conception or execution of any naughty piece of self-assertion, she is as utterly incapable as if she were a child unborn, and demands nothing better than to feel the pressure of the leading-strings, and to know exactly by their strain where she is desired to go and what to do.

But the little woman is irrepressible. Too fragile to come into the fighting section of humanity, a puny creature whom one blow from a man's huge fist could annihilate, absolutely fearless, and insolent with the insolence which only those dare show who know the retribution cannot follow,—what can be done with her? She is afraid of nothing, and to be controlled by no one. Sheltered behind her weakness as behind a triple shield of brass, the angriest man dare not touch her, while she provokes him to a combat in which his hands are tied. She gets her own way in everything, and everywhere. At home and abroad she is equally dominant and irrepressible, equally free from obedience and from fear. Who breaks all the public orders in sights and shows, and, in spite of King, Kaiser, or Policeman X, goes where it is expressly forbidden that she shall not go? Not the large-boned, muscular woman, whatever, her temperament; unless, indeed, of the exceptionally haughty type in distinctly inferior surroundings, and then she can queen it royally enough, and set everything at most lordly defiance. But in general the large-boned woman obeys the orders given, because, while near enough to man to be somewhat on a par with him, she is still undeniably his inferior. She is too strong to shelter herself behind her weakness, yet too weak to assert her strength and defy her master on equal grounds. She is like a flying-fish, not one thing wholly; and, while, capable of the inconveniences of two lives, is incapable of the privileges of either. It is not she, for all her well-developed frame and formidable looks, but the little woman, who breaks the whole bode of laws and defies all their defenders,—the pert, smart, pretty little woman, who laughs in your face, and goes straight ahead, if you try to turn her to the right hand or to the left, receiving your remonstrances with the most sublime indifference, as if you were talking a foreign language she could not understand. She carries everything before her, wherever she is. You may see her stepping over barriers, slipping under ropes, penetrating to the green benches with a red ticket, taking the best places on the platform over the heads of their rightful owners, settling herself among the reserved seats without an inch of pasteboard to float her. You cannot turn her out by main force.

British chivalry objects to the public laying on of hands in the case of a woman, even when most recalcitrant and disobedient; more particularly if a small and fragile-looking woman. So that, if it is only a usurpation of places specially masculine, she is allowed to retain what she has got amid the grave looks of the elders—not really displeased, though, at the flutter of her ribbons among them—and the titters and nudges of the young fellows. If the battle is between her and another woman, they are left to fight it out as they best can, with the odds laid heavily on the little one. All this time there is nothing of the tumult of contest about her. Fiery and combative as she generally is, when breaking the law in public places she is the very soul of serene daring. She shows no heat, no passion, no turbulence; she leaves these as extra weapons of defence to women who are assailable. For herself she requires no such aids. She knows her capabilities, and the line of attack that best suits her, and she knows, too, that the fewer points of contest she exposes, the more likely she is to slip into victory; the more she assumes, and the less she argues, the slighter the hold she gives her opponents. She is either perfectly good-humored or blankly innocent; she either smiles you into indulgence, or wearies you into compliance by the sheer hopelessness, of making any impression on her. She may, indeed, if of the very vociferous and shrill-tongued kind, burst out into such a noisy demonstration that you are glad to escape from her, no matter what spoils you leave on her hands; just as a mastiff will slink away from a bantam hen all heckled feathers and screeching cackle, and tremendous assumption of doing something terrible if he does not look out. Any way the little woman is unconquerable; and a tiny fragment of humanity at a public show setting all rules and regulations at defiance, is only carrying out in the matter of benches the manner of life to which nature has dedicated her from the beginning.

As a rule, the little woman is brave. When the lymphatic giantess falls into a faint, or goes off into hysterics, she storms, or bustles about, or holds on like a game terrier, according to the work on hand. She will fly at any man who annoys her, and bears herself as equal to the biggest and strongest fellow of her acquaintance. In general she does it all by sheer pluck, and is not notorious for subtlety or craft. Had Delilah been a little woman, she would never have taken the trouble to shear Samson's locks. She would have defied him with all his strength untouched on his head, and she would have overcome him too. Judith and Jael were both probably large women. The work they went about demanded a certain strength of muscle and toughness of sinew; but who can say that Jezebel was not a small, freckled, auburn haired Lady Audley of her time, full of the consecrated fire, the electric force, the passionate recklessness of her type? Regan and Goneril might have been beautiful demons of the same pattern; we have the example of the Merchioness de Brinvilliers as to what amount of spiritual devilry can exist with the face and manner of an angel direct from heaven; and perhaps Cordelia was a tall dark-haired girl, with a pair of brown eyes, and a long nose sloping downwards.

Look at modern Jewesses, with