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Poetry.

GOD'S ANVIL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And in his hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into his own fair shape to beat it,
With the gross hammer, blow on blow!
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And at his heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it,
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er and beats it,
And lets it cool and makes it glow;
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And in his mighty hands hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow,
Thus only longer lived would be;
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me;
So I say, trusting, As God will!
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He knoweth for my profit purest
Affliction's glowing fiery brand;
And all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a master hand;
So I say, praying, As God will!
And hope in Him, and suffer still.

Selected Miscellany.

THE LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN.

"WOULD you like to look at the *Times*, sir? Singular trial that of Risk Allah Bey against the *Daily Telegraph*."

The speaker was a curious little old man, cleanly dressed, cleanly shaved, with short, crisp, white hair, and a face like a red pippin: such a face as is hardly ever seen out of this country, and even here rarely, save among farmers, gamekeepers, and others who are much in the open air, and at all seasons. This little—for he was very small indeed as to size—this little old gentleman was encountered in a first-class smoking-carriage, on the Southwestern Railway.

"Curious trial that before the Lord Chief Justice," continued the old gentleman, as if he wished to promote further conversation. "I was once tried for murder myself," with a pleasant smile. "Yes," said the little old gentleman, "and" (looking pleasanter than ever), "very nearly hung, too. I did not get off free. I was sentenced to transportation for life; went through seven years of it; and then they pardoned me for what I had never done.

"You see," said the little old gentleman, smiling more than ever, as the five other smokers in the carriage stared at him: "You see, I was for many years a cattle-merchant in London. My business consisted in receiving from abroad—from Holland, Germany, Normandy, or wherever I could form a connection—oxen, cows, sheep, pigs, some on my own account, others to be sold on commission for correspondents who sent their animals to me for sale. The trade was a profitable one. Every beast sent over on my account was fully insured, so that if it died on its passage I came upon the insurance company. I had very few bad debts; and, taking one thing with another, I may fully have calculated upon realizing at least twenty-five per cent. on my capital every three months. In other words, I got a profit of a hundred per cent. per annum on the money I had commenced business with.

"But with money comes the desire for more. There was a time before I began to deal in cattle, when I thought myself rich if at the end of a year I had a couple of hundred pounds in bank over and above my expenses for the past twelve months. Now it was otherwise. I lamented that I had not always an idle balance of fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds. I was fond of money for money's sake. I could not make money fast enough for my wishes, in the cattle trade, and therefore determined to do a little in the loan and discounting way.

"It is nearly twenty years ago, and I have gone through a deal of trouble since. My system was never to put too many eggs in one pot—never to lend very much to any single person—but to lend many small amounts to various people. I used to answer the advertisements of tradesmen in difficulties, and if I found that a borrower had good security to offer, I would lend him perhaps thirty or forty pounds, taking ten pounds for the accommodation for a month, and much more in proportion for longer periods. One of my clients was a printer with a small business, near what was then called the New-road, now Marylebone-road. He had often borrowed twenty, thirty, and once as much as sixty pounds from me, and had always repaid me to the day. The security he gave me was always the same, the joint note of hand of himself and his brother, a grocer up Hackney way. The name of this borrower was Strange—Edward Strange. He was in a delicate state of health, always suffering from his chest, and in severe winters he used to be laid up for weeks together with a bad cough. He was a widower, without children.

"One day Strange came to me and said that he had a very excellent offer to enter into partnership with a printer, who had been established in business several years. The sum required to be paid for the partnership was three hundred pounds, and he asked me to advance him that amount upon the security of a policy of insurance for one thousand pounds upon his own life. On inquiry, I found that years before, Strange had, when a young and healthy man, effected an insurance upon his life for five hundred pounds, and afterwards increased it to one thousand pounds. This policy he had always managed to keep up, and still wished that it should not relapse. As it had been running on for nearly twenty years, and as he paid a very small premium, and was now in bad health, the insurance company would have been glad to purchase it back. Therefore, after looking at the affair in every possible way, I came to the conclusion that the security was good, and that I might safely advance the sum of three hundred pounds upon the security of the policy being endorsed over to me. This was done, and I advanced the money! Gentlemen, the worst day's business I ever did in my life.

"In general a creditor sees but little of his debtors, whether they are few or many. The man who owes money generally avoids the individual to whom he owes it. But it happened otherwise with Strange and myself. With the new business that he had bought, he was not expected, nor even wished, by his partner to interfere; and his own indifferent health made it very desirable that he should be as free as possible from the confined air of the close printing rooms. The partnership he had purchased secured him a certain amount of income, which, together with what he had besides, allowed him to go about in divers parts of the country, traveling being much recommended by his medical attendant. Knowing that I had to make weekly trips to Harwich, and that I had often to go to Rotterdam in the way of business when looking after cattle, he asked me whether he could be of use to me as a clerk. He asked for no salary, only his actual traveling expenses; and for this he was to keep my accounts, write and copy my letters, and make himself generally useful. The bargain was a good one for both parties. On the one hand my business was increasing every week, and having to knock about a great deal at fairs, and to see a great many dealers, I had no time to look properly after my accounts, which sometime got rather complicated. On the other hand, Strange had enough to live upon but not enough to pay traveling expenses with comfort. Having been friends for several years, when we traveled together we always had our meals in common; and in country places, or where the inns were very full, we generally took a double-bedded room between us.

"After a time I found Strange's assistance of such value to me that I was able to increase my connections very materially indeed. Being a shrewd man, he was able at the end of a twelve-month to make purchases and conduct my business as well as I could. This led, naturally enough, to a partnership being formed between us, by the terms of which I was to lend him five hundred pounds to put into the business, of which he was to have a fourth of the net profits. As surety for the five hundred pounds, he insured his life for another thousand. Thus, when we commenced working together as partners, Strange owed me eight hundred pounds, and I held policies of insurance on his life for two thousand pounds.

"Our business trips used generally to last from a week to a fortnight. Sometimes we were detained at the port to which we had brought the animals, for four or five days, awaiting the means of shipping them to England; for it is not every steamer that will take bullocks, or sheep, or pigs, as cargo. Sometimes one of us would remain in London conducting the sales of such animals as his partner sent him from abroad. And this happened when the event of which I am now going to tell you took place.

"As Strange could speak French very well, I often sent him alone to the fairs in Normandy and Britanny, nearly always going myself to those in Holland and the north of Germany. It was somewhere about the end of a certain May that he went over to France, intending to remain there about six weeks, and go from one fair to another on a certain round. Three or four consignments of beasts had reached me in London, and the last was to come over in a day or two. My partner had visited all the fairs he intended to go to, and was to join me. I wrote him at Southampton, where he was to land, saying that I would meet him there, take a look at the cattle he had bought, and send some to London, and go with the rest to some of the southern counties, where there was likely to be a market that would suit my book.

"I reached Southampton on the day named, and met Strange. We dined together in the afternoon at a small inn near the docks, and, finding we could not get two bedrooms, engaged a double-bedded room for the night. Then we began to square up accounts and spent the afternoon seeing how we stood in the matter of money. But something that Strange had done vexed me sorely. He had, in the face of what I had written to him in London to the contrary, paid some two pounds a head more for about thirty or forty beasts than we should ever realize. When I told him how foolishly he had acted, he answered me back that he had done his best, and that he had as much right as I had to speculate with our joint funds. To this I replied that, although he was undoubtedly a partner in the concern, it was I who had put in all the capital, and that he had only an interest of twenty-five per cent. in the profits. His rejoinder I remember well. He said that if he died, I would get all the money he owed me and more. To this I retorted, in a passion, that I knew it, and that I did not care how soon he died. All this wrangling took place in the coffee-room of the inn, before the girl who waited on us, the cook of the house, the barmaid, the landlady, and the landlady's husband; The latter, when he saw we were getting angry, tried to make friends between us, but in vain. We were each annoyed at what the other had said, as well as at our own folly, and neither would be the first to say he was sorry for what had passed.

About six o'clock I took up my hat and went to see some friends in the town. When I got back it was past eleven o'clock, and Strange, the housemaid told me, had been in bed asleep more than an hour. I paid my share of the bill, for I intended starting early, went up stairs, found Strange fast asleep, and went to bed myself. Next morning I was called at five, packed my bag, swallowed a cup of coffee, and in half an hour was on my way to London. On leaving the inn I told the porter that my companion was asleep, and that, as he was only going by the ten o'clock coach to Brighton, they need not call him yet. I should not forget to tell you that while I was dressing in the morning Strange awoke, and that we shook hands over our dispute of the previous day. As I was closing my carpet-bag he asked me to lend him one of my razors; a thing which I had the greatest objection to (for if I am particular about anything I possess, it is about my razors), but having only just made up my difference with him, I could hardly refuse him so small a favor.

"The days I am writing of were before railways had extended to Southampton. Leaving the latter place at half-past five in the morning, it was half-past six in the evening before I got to town. I went to bed, got up the next day, and, while I was sitting at breakfast with my wife, our servant told me that two gentlemen wished to speak to me. I went down to see them, and, before I could open my mouth to ask them what they wanted, found myself with handcuffs on, arrested for the murder of Edward Strange.

"It seems that, finding Strange did not come down by half-past nine, the porter went up to call him. He found the door locked, but no key in it. After knocking some time on the outside, the door was broken open, and poor Strange was found with his throat cut from ear to ear, and a razor in his hand. The key of the door was afterwards found in the coffee-room, under the very bench on which I had sat to drink my cup of coffee before starting.

"I was brought before the magistrate at Bow street the next morning, and was by him sent down to Southampton to await the result of the coroner's inquest upon my partner. The verdict was willful murder, and, after commitment by the magistrate to the sessions, I was put on trial for my life at Winchester.

"The trial lasted only a few hours. It was fully proved that Strange and myself had quarrelled and had high words the night before, and that I had said I did not care how soon he died, so that I could recover the money I had lent him. A great deal was made of the fact that by Strange's death I should be entitled to the insurance upon his life to the amount of two thousand pounds, by which I should be a clear gainer of one thousand two hundred. It was further shown that the razor found in poor Strange's hand was mine, and three medical men declared their conviction that, although that instrument was undoubtedly used to kill the dead man, it must have been placed in his hands after death. Moreover, there were not only evident marks of a struggle about the bed and bedclothes, but Strange's throat was cut from right to left, which no one could have done unless he had been a left-handed man, which Strange was not. Then, again, the fact of the bedroom door being locked, and the key hid close to where I had breakfasted, told fearfully against me. It was clear that Strange could not by any possibility have cut his own throat, and then locked the door of his room on the outside. It was attempted by my counsel to throw discredit upon this part of the evidence. The learned gentlemen tried very hard to elicit something which might even lead the jury to imagine that the door had been locked after the murder, and that some person unknown had unknowingly let the key drop in the coffee-room. But it was of no avail whatever. It was clearly proved that the key had been inside the door when I went up to bed, and that it had never been seen again until it was found in the coffee-room. My defence tried hard to make out that some person likely to commit the murder might have been in the house on that day, but all of no use. As the trial went on, even I, who knew my innocence, could not help allowing to myself that the evidence, though purely circumstantial, was very strong against me. The only points in my favor were, that, on the day of the murder I was supposed to have committed, I traveled up to London, and had not the least appearance of a man who had anything on his mind. Again, Strange was known to have had on his person a gold watch, and a purse containing a few sovereigns and twenty-five-pound notes, the numbers of which latter were ascertained at the bank at Southampton, where he had procured them in exchange for a bank-post bill. The watch had been taken, and was never traced; the sovereigns had also disappeared; but the bank-notes had been exchanged at the Bank of England on the day after the murder, and before I, as I fully proved, had any communication whatever with any one in London. Of this last point my counsel made the most, but it did not help me much, if anything. The jury retired, and after deliberating about half an hour, returned into court, and declared, through their foreman, that I was guilty of the willful murder of Edward Strange.

"Gentlemen, a man who has gone through that ordeal—who has heard the jury pronounce him guilty of capital crime, and heard the judge pass sentence of death upon him—a man, I say, gentlemen, who has gone through that ordeal, and still lives to tell the tale, may (or am I presumptuous?) be looked upon as a man who has really gone through what, in these days, would be called a sensational time. I heard every word the foreman of the jury said, and found myself wondering what the judge's black cap—of which every one has heard, but few have seen—would be like. Then I was in a kind of dream for a time, until I heard the words condemning me to be hanged by the neck until I was dead. A sensational effect upon me, gentlemen, or am I presumptuous? And will you favor me, sir, with a light?

"In spite of appearances," said this little old gentleman, smoking with exceeding relish, "my friends did not believe me to be guilty of the fearful crime for which I was to be hanged by the neck until I was dead, in ten days after the trial. They moved heaven and earth to obtain a commutation of my sentence, and, after a great deal of trouble, they succeeded. At the time of which I speak, there was in England a temporary, but strong, reaction against capital punishment. I cannot recollect all the circumstances of the case, but in a trial for murder two men had been condemned to death and duly executed, and shortly after *they* had been hanged by the neck until *they* were dead their supposed victim made his appearance, well and hearty. The public press took up the question of not hanging upon circumstantial evidence, and I benefited to the extent of my life by the temporary excitement. I was respited, and condemned to transportation for life, and very shortly afterwards—for in those days transportation was in full swing—found myself on my way out to Van Diemen's Land, a convict 'lifer.'

"For seven long years, gentlemen, did I undergo this punishment for a crime for which I was perfectly innocent. Curiously enough, the man who really had murdered poor Strange, as he afterwards confessed, went out in the same ship with me, condemned to seven years' transportation for burglary. He must have heard me tell my story and declare my innocence over and over again; for in the colony we worked together in the same gang. He was afterwards assigned to a master who lived near the prison where I had to slave out my time, as in those days 'lifers,' whose sentence had been commuted for capital punishment, were never allowed to leave the chain gangs. But, after three years in Van Diemen's Land, this real murderer took his old trade of burglary. To avoid being captured, he fled to the bush, and on a party of police being sent after the band to which he belonged, he shot a constable in cold blood. He was captured, sentenced to be hanged by the neck until *he* was dead, and two days before his execution confessed that he had murdered, at Southampton, a person called Strange, for which offense another man had been sentenced to death. His statement was taken down, and it was exact. It appeared that he had been hidden for several hours in the inn, intending to steal whatever he could lay his hands on. Early in the morning he had found his way into poor Strange's room, hoping to pick up something before the house was astir. But his entrance awoke Strange, who struggled for a few minutes with him, and kept hold of him. The razor which I had lent Strange being still lying on the bed, he murdered his victim with it, and then put it into Strange's hand, in order to make it appear that he had committed suicide. He secured the watch, the purse, and the bank-notes, of the murdered man, and stole out of the house, locking the door of the bedroom on the outside, and hiding the key. He declared that he had got into Strange's room before I left the house, and that for some time after his fear was lest I should come back. Had I done so, the murder would, in all probability, have been prevented.

"When the statement made by this convict had been duly verified, and when certain references had been made to the home authorities, I was duly liberated. That is to say, gentlemen, I obtained the royal pardon for having committed a crime which I never committed. And very sensible I am, gentlemen, of the royal clemency. Though it seems odd."

"All tickets, gentlemen, all tickets ready!"

The train had reached the ticket platform at Vauxhall.

"Ah! Yes!" said the little old gentleman, producing his: "mine's a Return Ticket; but it had very nearly been otherwise!"—*All the Year Round.*

The Great Issue.

THE Democratic Convention of 1864 delared the war a failure. The loyal people scorned the words and fought on to an unconditional victory. The Democratic Convention of 1868 declares that the war debt shall be repudiated. And their words will be equally spurned by the same honorable people. In 1864 upon a platform of surrender to the rebellion the Democrats nominated the conspicuous military failure of the war. In 1868 upon a platform of repudiation, they nominate a pure Copperhead. In 1864 the men who thought it possible to prevent a victory directed the Convention. In 1868 the same men who think there is at least a chance of disgracing the victors controll it. There is no doubt as to the issues of the campaign. Shall the ex-rebels and their political allies dishonor the national name by repudiating the debt and betraying the loyal citizens of the Southern States? Shall all the work of reconstruction be undone, and the country plunged anew into the excitement of reorganizing the Union? Shall the policy of subjecting the loyal population to the late rebels be substituted for the policy of reconstruction upon equal rights which is now in process of accomplishment?

These are the questions fairly put to the good sense and patriotism of the American people by the two platforms and the candidates. Nor does it matter that it may be denied that the Democratic platform explicitly opens the question of reconstruction. Its declaration is, that "the reconstruction acts (so called) of Congress are usurpations, and unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void." Any man or officer who refuses to acknowledge them is justified by the Democratic platform. Coming into power the party must treat those acts as void or belie its declarations. If it acts as it professes to believe, it will set the acts aside. If it chooses to belie its words, it will let them stand. But in what manner is it likely to respect or enforce acts which it denounces as void? If the reconstruction acts are to be overthrown, let the Democratic party come into power. If they are to remain, which will most honorably maintain them—the party which believes in the principle they embody, or that which derides the principle, and declares them usurpations, revolutionary, and void?

The attentive and reflective reader will also remark that, according to the Democratic platform, the present situation of the country, if not altogether what might be wished, is wholly due to the Republican party. That men like Wade Hampton and N. B. Forrest and General Hoke, and a hundred other rebel officers who sat in the Convention, have directly or indirectly done anything to disturb the national tranquility or increase the public debt, is not remotely suggested. But words were feeble in the mouths of the Committee upon Resolutions to describe the enormous offenses of a party which had led the country in its noble and triumphant resistance to the rebellion, whether in the field or in Copperhead councils; which has removed the unspeakable stain from the national character, and which, without a stroke of vengeance, has restored the Union upon the enduring principles of liberty and justice. It has not made Wade Hampton and his companions the arbiters of the fate of their loyal neighbors; and the Democratic party, which four years ago clamored for surrender to Wade Hampton and Forrest and Hoke, now denounces the party that prevented the surrender, and that honors all loyal men in the land.

The issue of reconstruction raised by the Democratic Convention is precisely that for which Andrew Johnson has been contending; namely, that when the rebellion in arms was overthrown the only national right whatever within the recovered States was the right of prosecuting for treason, and that every State might reorganize itself as it chose. The Republican ground of reconstruction is, that as there was no authority left in any Southern State after the surrender but that of the United States, no step toward civil government could be taken but by their authority, and that they were bound in reorganizing the States to take such measures as emancipation and the general welfare of the country required. Upon this principle the Government proceeded. It moved slowly, for only gradually could the real disposition of the Southern States, upon which so much depended, be ascertained. It did not act upon any abstract theory, for it was peculiarly a subject of practical statesmanship. It has now restored all but three of the States that made war upon the Union. The complete pacification of those States, their adaptation to the radical changes wrought by the war, and their renewed industry and prosperity, are results that can be only slowly attained, but are not attainable at all until after their political reorganization. It is this which the Democratic platform of 1868 denounces as void. It is this which the American people will sustain precisely as they sustained the war, against the declaration of the Democratic platform of 1864 that it was a failure.—*Harpers' Weekly.*

The Democratic Candidate.

MR. HORATIO SEYMOUR has written two letters positively declining to be a candidate for the Presidency. In the delegation of the State he formally and pointedly withdrew his name. In the Convention he announced that his personal honor required him to refuse to allow his name to be mentioned. Yet we presume that there was no one familiar with New York politics, or with Mr. Seymour's public career, who did not know that he was a candidate; and that fact is illustrative of the man.

The nomination is a signal triumph of the New York managers, as the platform is of the Pendletonians. When it was suggested that Mr. Seymour was not unfavorable to Chase, an astute observer asked, "Are you quite sure of it?" He, evidently, was not, and he laughed at the excessive greenness of the *Herald* in supposing that Mr. Seymour would seriously withdraw in favor of the Chief Justice. "There is no compromise between right and wrong," said another Democrat; "if we suppose the Republicans to be right, we ought not to nominate a candidate; if we are right, we ought to nominate one of our own representative men, and not a radical Republican of yesterday."

The Convention agreed with this gentleman, and we have a truly representative man of the party, which, by its unscrupulous devotion to the extension and perpetuity of human slavery, plunged the country into war; which insisted that the rebellion was successful until it was wholly defeated, and which now claims that, as the country would not be destroyed, it shall be disgraced. Of this kind of patriotism and statesmanship Horatio Seymour is a proper representative. When the war was imminent, and the rebel Senators were seceding and all was doubt and darkness and confusion, Horatio Seymour justified them, and cast the whole responsibility of their crime upon those who, believing that liberty was a better national policy than slavery, had lawfully declared that slavery should not be extended upon the national domain. When the war began, this prophetic statesman announced that it would develop the resources of the South and prove ruinous to the North. When it became clear that it was a question between slavery and the Union, Mr. Seymour insisted that the Union must be surrendered rather than slavery. When the agony of the war was extremest Mr. Seymour, then Governor, came to the city of New York, and in a public speech derided the patriotic hopes of the country, and instigated a mob against the Government then engaged in drafting men. He presided at the Convention which urged surrender to the rebellion. Rejected by the people as Governor, he appeared at Democratic Conventions after the final victory of Grant and the Union army to denounce the party that had sustained the war, and to instill in the public mind the idea that the war debt was a wicked creation of the Republican party, and that the taxation was the result of Republican misrule and not of the rebellion. No word of encouragement to loyal men in the field fighting for their country—no syllable of sympathy with four millions of human beings held in the most hopeless slavery by his countrymen—no declaration of any great, generous, humane principle of public and national action, has ever fallen from the lips of this man, trained from his youth to politics and to public speaking. A plausible politician, an unscrupulous partisan, the obsequious servant of the only aristocratic class in the country, the flatterer of the laboring man, and the stigmatizer of labor, Mr. Seymour is the fit candidate of a party which, in its prime, sought to make of the American Republic a vast slave empire; and in its decadence, still inspired by the spirit of slavery, seeks to perpetuate class hatreds, and to govern the country unjustly.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Could not Come In.

THE New York *Tribune* relates the following incident:

A venerable lady, an old resident of this city, who bears an honorable name and who, while the war lasted, did as much as any soldier, and far more than many a younger woman, to aid the Government, keep the hospitals supplied with lint and delicacies for the sick, and hold the wealthy circle in which she lived up to the constant duty of spending their money freely for patriotic purposes—this noble old lady, with such a social record to crown her eighty years of well-spent life, was actually intruded upon by a gang of Democrats calling themselves gentlemen, when the following conversation took place:

The Lady. "Well, gentlemen, to what am I indebted for this unexpected visit?"

First Gent. "Are you not Mrs.——?"

The Lady. "Certainly I am."

Second Gent. "And the mother of Mr. ——, who holds such and such an office in Washington?"

The Lady. "Yes, Mr. —— is my son."

Third Gent. "Then I suppose, Madam, you will be glad to accommodate as many of the delegates to the Democratic Convention as your house has room for?"

The Lady. "I assure you, Sir, you are much mistaken. No persons of that character are ever welcome in my house. [Rising and ringing the bell; to the servant, who enters.] Martha, open the door for these persons. Gentlemen, you will be good enough to relieve me from this very unwelcome intrusion. I am at a loss to understand what I have done to give an impression that I could willingly harbor a traitor in my house."

Exit roughs-in-broadcloth, looking very sheepish, and contemplatively squirting tobacco-juice over the steps to the right and left as they go.

From the Chicago Journal.

THE BATTLE FOR THE RIGHT.

BY THOMAS CLARKE.

I.

Oh ye, who fill the patriot ranks,
Prepare the fight to wage,
To Heaven are due your grateful thanks,
For strength to mount the stage!
Yet victory cannot be won,
Without a struggle hard:
And oh! how sweet—the conflict done—
To reap the rich reward!

II.

Though hosts of rebel copperheads,
Like locusts, cloud the view,
No obstacle the patriot dreads,
But hews his way right through;
He never stands to count the cost,
Nor murmurs, "No, I can't!"
He knows the fight cannot be lost—
Our hosts are led by GRANT!

III.

Then look to him! He hewed his way
Through despots massed in strength,
Until the Blue devoured the Grey,
And victor proved at length.
By such like arts, in days gone by,
Alcides glory won,
Reversed the will of Destiny,
And conquered Acheron.

IV.

By such, when the last age began,
Our Washington was known;
And Lincoln, Sherman, Sheridan
By such adorn our own.
Then shall we lag behind, or stop,
Ere we have won the height!
No! storm their works, and gain the top—
God ever speeds the right!

CHICAGO, July 13, 1868.

Blair in Hartford.

THE Hartford *Evening Post*, one of the ablest and most dignified papers in New England, makes itself responsible for the following statement:

"General Frank Blair, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, made a speech in this city on Monday evening, March 26, 1867, of which the following is an extract:

"Blair—'Fel'r Cit'zens: The free'd'm of New England—the free'd'm—the Con'ecticut river 's redush'd to th' workshops of New England.'

"[A voice—'Dry up!']

"Blair—'The princ'ples of 'r fathers discrim'nate 'r Gov'ment from the monar (hic) ies of 'r Old World, and we have to come down to abs'lute and 'riginal prop'sitions of—of—lib'ty and 'r pursuit of *property!*

"[Great confusion in the hall. Cries of 'Put him out,' etc.]

"Blair (smilingly)—'O, no, don't put 'm out. He'll be put out when he let's no that he *wants* to be put out. [Great laughter.] I say, don't put 'm out. There such a thing as public 'rpinion, and if a man opposes public 'rpinion, and makes a nuisance of 'm'self, he'll be abated—he will.'

"[Here the Chairman whispered to him, and Blair smiled in a strange manner.]

"Blair—'The Gov'ment no longer 'zists—they have sub'stuted for it a gov'men of Congressional discre'hun—that Congress without ref'rence to Con'su'shun hon proceeded to enact laws in violation of Con'su'shun, by which the Con'su'shun is tirely s'nilated.'

"Several voices—'Rah for con'stu'shun.' [Laughter.]

"Blair—'Fel'r ci'izens I shay—'

"[Here he was interrupted by violent hisses and stamping in all parts of the hall.]

"The chairman waved his hand in a beseeching manner for the crowd to be patient.

"Blair—'My fel'r citizens, I shall not detain you but a—'

"[More stamping and hissing, and the chairman waved his hand again.]

"Blair—'I wish t' say that this thing (?) is to destroy 'r government which has been 'r wonder and admiration of the 'r world.'

"[Loud hisses were given, and there was great confusion. The chairman lifted up his forefinger, this time, beseechingly.]

"Blair—'Fel'r citizens. Before—'

"[Violent applause and hisses.]

"Blair—'The con'su'shun'—

"[Cries for 'Doolittle,' 'Doolittle.']

"Blair—'Both prop'sitions.'

"[Renewed hisses and great disorder.]

"The Chairman—'Order, gentlemen, order!'

"Blair—'It is not true the people of 'r South'—[Long continued hissing and mock applause.]

"The Chairman—'I beg you, gentlemen, to be so kind as to hear the argument of our gallant (?) friend. He does not deal in declamation.'

"Blair—'How'—

"Voice—'Louder.'

"Blair—'I ask you'—

"[Here the confusion was so great that the meeting threatened to break up in a row, and many left the hall.]

"Blair—'I say these negroes'—

"A voice—'D—n the nagers; let them go, and give us something else.' [Shouts of laughter.]

"Blair—'We cannot let them go'—

"Same voice—'We hear enuff.' [Laughter.]

"[Blair then directed his remarks to the individual who had interrupted him, and his smiling countenance indicated that he enjoyed the episode.]

"Blair, (turning again to the audience)—'I shay'—

"[Great confusion, and cries of 'Sit down,' 'Dry up,' with hisses and stamping. Here a gentleman on the stage conferred with the Chairman, Blair meantime trying to get the attention of the crowd.]

"Blair—'I was going on to say that these negroes [great shouting]. But as you'll not hear me, I'll give way.'

"He then sat down, greatly to the relief of everybody in the hall."

Our Indictment of Seymour—Guilt Confessed.

HORATIO SEYMOUR stands indicted for:

1. Inciting to Riot.
2. Yielding to Rioters their demands on the Government, at the Peril of the Nation.
3. Threatening the President of the United States with the disorderly violence of "the People," if he proceeded in efforts vitally necessary to the salvation of the Union.

Horatio Seymour is confessedly, therefore, a Fomenter of Sedition, a Champion of Rioters, a Menacer of Government.

A Fomenter of Sedition, in that he told the turbulent masses of New York City that a Mob had an equal right with the Government to proclaim the law of public necessity.

A Champion of Rioters, in that he espoused their cause, said that they should be satisfied, and demanded of the Government, that the draft should be suspended and stopped, at their violent behest.

A Menacer of Government, in that he warned it of the "temper of the people," if it did not yield to him and his rioterous friends.

And all this in criminal disregard of the imminent peril in which his country and its defenders were placed at the time.

Here are the counts and the evidence in this grave indictment. We have asked the *Argus* to defend Horatio Seymour, and it utterly refused to do so. The Plea of Guilty is entered. What Friend of Order will say that such a man should be made President of the United States?—*Albany Journal.*

POLITICAL.

☞ The Detroit *Free Press* wants to know what Grant has *done* toward reducing the expenses of the Government. "Saved millions to the Treasury," answers Andrew Johnson.

☞ Semmes, the pirate, made a speech for Seymour and Blair at Mobile the other day. He feels almost as happy on the Democratic stump as he would in burning Yankee ships.

☞ The Hartford *Post* is inclined to think Gen. Blair uses whisky only "for medicinal purposes"—to wit, for corns. He was dreadfully corned all the time he was in Hartford during the Connecticut campaign.

☞ Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, three days before his death, said: "The tendency of the hour is toward Grant; and that is best. Grant is so square and honest a man that I believe he is bound to be right, anywhere."

☞ S. S. Cox inquires, "What is there in the history of Horatio Seymour that will not bear rubbing?" We don't know about the rubbing; he has borne several spankings, and is a candidate for another.—*Hartford Post.*

☞ An old soldier who has lost an arm says: "I am waiting to see if the people of this country are going to elect Horatio Seymour, and if they do, I will swear that I lost my arm in a threshing machine, and not in defense of my country."

☞ The Philadelphia *Press* says the Democrats have taken care to nominate a candidate for President who was in favor of the last rebellion against the government, and a candidate for Vice President who has pledged himself in favor of the next rebellion against the government.

☞ The New York *World*, of Thursday, devoted three columns to discussing the question, "Does Grant drink?" It may now turn its attention to Blair, whose hotel bill in this city last year was sent to the Democratic State Committee as follows: "Two days' board, $10; lemons and whisky, $65; total, $75."—*Hartford Post.*

☞ A letter from a New York correspondent says that over ten thousand voters in that city, in the banks, insurance offices, stores, marts of trade, and among the mechanics, who, though not exactly Democrats, would have gone for what they call a Conservative man, openly avow themselves for Grant.

☞ Dean Richmond was never an admirer of Mr. Seymour. At the Democratic National Convention of 1860, at Charleston, while the committees were employed and the members wanted to fill up the time, it was determined to have a speech from the bluff old New Yorker. A messenger came to him with the message that he was desired to come in and speak. Dean mouthed a huge execration, and then refused: "If I speak I shall say something which will come up again. Call on Seymour; he can talk without saying anything."

☞ The Cincinnati *Gazette* says information is wanted of a twenty dollar gold coin, somewhat worn, which one Vallandgham carried in the political campaigns during the war, and which he was wont, at every speech he made, to hold up to the crowd, and to call their admiration to it as the Democratic money, and to hold up to contempt a greenback note, in comparison therewith, as the rags which they had to take for money since Republicans came in. The aforesaid coin was lost to view some time ago, and since then the exhibitors have been praising the beauties of greenbacks.

☞ The Manchester (N. H.) *Union* tells the following: In the northern part of Merrimack county a crowd of the unterrified were sitting in a piazza the other day, when an old traveler, ragged, dirty, rusty, unshaved and unshorn, and evidently half seas over, strolled up to the piazza and stared vacantly at the crowd, which began to ply him with questions. Finally a man said to him, "You're a Seymour man, ain't you, old fellow?" Straightening up, the old chap answered, "From my present appearance you would probably judge I was a Democrat, but I ain't. *I learnt my politics before I took to drink.*"

McClernand—1863.

ONE of the men who figured conspicuously in the Copperhead gathering recently held in New York, as a Conservative soldier, was General McClernand, of Illinois. In his speeches he assailed the Republican party, charging it with failing to restore the Union, because it did not consent to readmit at once and without conditions, the Southern States to representation in Congress.

In 1863 this General McClernand called himself a War Democrat. He then avowed sentiments on the subject of reconstruction in entire harmony with the Republican party and consistent with its action since on that subject. In evidence of this assertion we subjoin an extract from a speech made by General McClernand at a State Convention of War Democrats of Wisconsin, which he had been invited to attend, and which was held in Janesville, September 17, 1863. He then used the following language:

"As I have said that slavery should not stand in the way of the Union, so I say that States should not stand in the way, because the national integrity is essential to our peace. The more you think of this, the clearer it will become. If pupilage is necessary before there revolted States can return into the Union as States, give them pupilage. [Cries of "Good, good."] I don't want this war patched up so that it will break out again in eight years. I want it settled on the basis of eternal peace. [Applause.] I don't want these States brought back in a way that will permit traitors to overawe the loyal people and renew the old difficulties again within a brief period." [Applause.] (The speaker then proceeded to know the futility of the attempted Crittenden compromise, &c.—*Madison State Journal.*

A LADY brought a child to a physician to consult about its precarious state of health. Among other things, she inquired if he did not think the springs would be useful. "Certainly, madam," replied the doctor, as he eyed the child, and then took a pinch of snuff. "I have not the least hesitation in recommending the springs, and the sooner you apply the remedy the better." "You really think it would be good for the dear little thing, don't you?" "Upon my word it's the best remedy I know." "What spring would you recommend?" "Any will do, madam, where you can get plenty of soap and water."

A BLESSED IMMORALITY.—A Democratic paper announces the death of "Joshua Stephens, aged 74, who always voted the Democratic ticket, and died in the hope of a blessed immorality." Blessed immorality is good, as Polonius would say.

☞ See advertisement of J. I. Case & Co., Racine, Wis.

NASBY.

MR. NASBY RETURNS FROM NEW YORK BEFORE THE ADJOURNMENT OF THE CONVENTION—HOW THE NOMINATIONS WERE RECEIVED AT THE CORNERS.

POST OFFIS, CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(Which is in the State uv Kentucky.)
July 13, 1868.

I didn't stay in Noo York till the Convenshun adjourned, for a most excellent reason, to wit, viz: my money run out. The Milesian female with whom I wuz forst to board, required payment in advance, and uv coorse under sich an arrangement there wuz nothing left for me but to succum. The length uv my stay redoost itself to a mere matter uv money. I tried the borrowin dodge, and the checkin dodge, but good Lord! wat cood I do with an entire Convenshun, all uv 'em more or less tryin to live in the same way? I left and come home while I cood, and before it was everlastinly too late.

When I left I spozed ther wuz no doubt uv the nominashen uv Pendleton. The "young eagle uv the West" hed received 155 votes, and wuz a galnin, and Seymore hed declined so often and so persistently that goin back on my yoosual disbelef in these fellers, hevin declined a great many offices myself that I wanted, I reely believed the cuss wuz in earnist, and saw nothin that cood stand between Pendleton and success. Ez I left the Ohio river, I got out the reech uv railrodes and telegraphs, and I told the people all along that Pendleton hed bin nominated on the 16th ballot, and that the country wuz all ablaze with enthoos'asm for him and greenbax, so certin wuz I uv his success. On arrivin at the Corners I found that intense anxiety wuz manifested by the citizens thereof. They were all gathered at Bascom's, discussin the matter, when I hove in site on a mule wich I hed borrowed at Secessionville to ride over onto.

"Who is it?" asks Deekin Pogram, ketchin the mule by the bridle. "Who is it and wat principles hev we got to support this fall?"

"Pendleton and greenbax," shouted I—"Pendleton, the young eagle uv the West, who is opposed to the bloated aristocratic bondholders, wich wood crush us labrin men into the dust. Pendleton, who believes that ef greenbax is good enuff for us honest laborin men, they are good enuff for the aristocrat, who like the King in the nursery rhyme, sits in his parlor, countin his money. Pendle—"

"Enuff!" sed Bascom, "enuff. Save that speech, Parson, till we hev our ratificashen. In the meantime, get off and take suthin. So good do I feel over the result, that I am willin to stand treet for the crowd. Come one, come all."

These few remarks uv Bascom's wuz hailed with satisfaction. Ez one man the entire crowd moved into his place, and ez one man they all asswaged their thirst. Bascom kin move the Corners quicker than any man in it. Wat a happy posishen is hizzin!

The next nite it wuz desided to hev a ratificashen, that the Corners mite contribbit her mite towards swellin the enthoosiasm on the buzzum uv wich Pendleton wuz to sweep to glory. We met in the open air, in front uv Bascom's, and the impasshent crowd called upon me to give an account uv my stewardship.

I opened by statin that I went to Noo York under pekoolyerly embarassin circumstances. The whole money power uv the East wuz arrayed agin us. The aristocratic Belmont, which is the agent uv the Rothchilds, the money-kings uv the world, wuz determined to foist onto the Democracy either Chase the accurat Abolishnist, or Seymour the pekoolyer pet uv Wall street, wich street is, I may sling in here for the benefit uv my hearers, where the money bizniss is mostly done, and where they sleep on Government bonds and spend the heft uv their time a clippin off the coopons."

"Wat is coopons?" asked Deekin Pogram.

I explained to the blessid old saint wat coopons wuz, and went on.

"This Wall street influeence wood, my brethren, hev corrupted the Dimocrisy. Wall street came into Tammany Hall and wanted to control our ackshen. But we wuzent to be purchist. The more Wall street offered to ensl