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### STICK TOGETHER.

When midst the wreck of fire and smoke,  
The cannons rend the skies asunder,  
And fierce dragoons with quivering stroke  
Upon the reeling regiment thunder,  
The ranks close up to sharp command,  
Till helmets' leather touches leather;  
Compact, the furious shock they stand,  
And conquer, for they stick together.

Or, when mid clouds of woe and want,  
Our comrades' walls rise first an' last,  
And charging madly on our front,  
Come on the legions of disaster,  
Shall we present a wavering band,  
And fly like leaves before wild weather?  
No! side by side, and hand in hand,  
We'll stand our ground and stick together!

God gave us hands—one left, one right:  
The first to help ourselves, the other  
To stretch abroad in kindly might,  
And help along our faithful brother.  
Then, if you see a brother fall  
And how his head beneath the weather,  
If he be not a dastard all,  
You'll help him up, and stick together.

### THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

A TALE.

In the course of a late tour in the south of Europe, I remained for a short time in Florence before proceeding to Naples. It was in Autumn, the most delightful season of the year in the Tuscan capital. The country, not less than the city, is fitted in a high degree to excite interest. The whole vale presents the aspect of a cultivated grove and garden, enhanced in beauty by the graceful windings of the river Arno, which intersects it from east to west. Numerous white villas, situated along its banks, strike the eye through the extensive orchards, and romantic residences, equally beautiful, stud the surrounding hills, rising in every variety of form, till the prospect is bounded by the lofty Apennines.

With such inducements to perambulate, I was daily abroad. One of my favorite routes was the line of road leading to the Abbey of Vallambrosa, a place the name of which must be familiar to every reader of Milton's "Paradise Lost." In this direction I frequently met an elderly gentleman and a lady, apparently his daughter, generally riding in an open vehicle. There was something in her appearance that affected me deeply. She seemed about twenty years of age. Her features were of nature's finest mould, and her whole form was elegance and grace. I could easily perceive, however, that a settled melancholy rested on her countenance—the sure indication that grief prayed upon her heart.

Having met her father, shortly afterward, at the house of a friend, I availed myself of the opportunity of inquiring after her health. After answering my inquiry, and informing me I expected her that day to join the party at dinner, he thus proceeded:

"I perceive, sir, that you are, like myself, comparatively a stranger in Florence. It is little more than three months since I left Scotland with my daughter, to try what a change of air, and a variety of scenery, might effect in the restoration of her health. Hitherto, our tour has been productive of no benefit to her, and I am beginning to fear that the results may be fatal. The anticipation of such an event is to me the more dreadful, for I have myself to blame as the sole cause of her present affliction. Amelia is my only child. She had the advantage of being trained under one of the best of mothers, till she was twelve years of age, when she was sent to a boarding-school in the neighborhood of London. She remained there for nearly four years, when the illness of her mother rendered it necessary to recall her home. This was a trying season to Amelia. She neglected all attention to her own personal comfort, watching night and day by her mother's bedside, and administering to her wants with the most endearing tenderness. But every effort that affection or medical aid could devise, was ineffectual. Disease continued to extend its ravages, till Amelia was rendered motherless, and I was deprived of one of the most valuable of womankind. Among those who visited her during her illness, none was more unwearied in his attentions than Mr. R., the respected tutor at Rosehall. He was a young gentleman of unaffected piety and engaging manners. He distinguished himself at the University by the extent and variety of his classical and liter-

ary acquisitions. Unsuspicious of danger, I encouraged his visits after the death of my wife, and his interesting conversation tended much to relieve our minds of the grief consequent on such a bereavement. Amelia herself did everything she could to comfort me, and I was thankful to Heaven that I had been blessed with such a daughter. By the time she had reached her eighteenth year, her admirers were numerous; many of them exceedingly wealthy, and of high respectability. Her own fortune, left her by her mother, was handsome; while the addition likely to be given by me, rendered her not an unfit match for any gentleman of distinction in our neighborhood. Of those who aspired to the favor of her hand, there was one Mr. Tarnley, for whom I felt some partiality. He was the son of my former partner in business; he had lately returned from the West Indies, and was sole heir to his father's fortune, which was immense. But she had discovered, on a very short acquaintance, that his morals had been corrupted during his residence abroad. Any civility she subsequently showed him was very distant, and seemed rather in deference to my feelings, than from her own choice. Mr. Tarnley was much piqued at her indifference; and, in conversation with me, attributed it to an unworthy attachment she had been cherishing for the tutor at Rosehall, and with whom, it was suspected, she intended to make an early elopement. When I spoke with her on the subject that evening, she solemnly assured me that Mr. R., really entertained an affection for her, he had never avowed it. From the ambiguous manner in which she expressed her own feelings on the occasion, as well as from what I witnessed shortly afterwards, not a doubt remained on my mind that this intercourse, begun in friendship, had, on her part, gradually ripened into love. Strong as was my affection for Amelia, and much as I respected Mr. R., the knowledge of this attachment gave me great pain; and I resolved at once to break up a correspondence which threatened to bring disgrace on my family and friends. Without communicating my design to Amelia, I wrote to her that very evening, forbidding further visits at Bentley House; but, in consideration of his kind services during the illness of my wife, enclosed him a small present, which I begged him to accept as a proof of my gratitude, and as a memorial of her name.

"Next morning Amelia, taking a walk before breakfast, had a packet put into her hand by the footman from Rosehall, which she instantly opened, without perceiving that it was addressed to me, and read as follows:

"Dear Sir—The circumstances are to which you refer, I know not, nor is it likely I ever shall, as I leave this part of the country early to-morrow morning, never to return. I had just finished perusing the mournful and unexpected intelligence of the death of my beloved mother, when I received your card; and shortly after, one of a most reproachful kind from Miss Amelia. The contents of both astonished me; but it is almost needless to add, that had I remained here, your commands would have been most sacredly obeyed. I am willing, however, to believe that you have been made the dupe of some designing villain, and with this impression I leave you, on parting, my cordial forgiveness.

"For obvious reasons, I decline accepting the very elegant gift which you have now done me the honor to enclose. I could never look on it, without associating with it the letter with which it was accompanied.

"Wishing you and your amiable and accomplished daughter, every temporal and spiritual blessing, I bid you farewell."

"In the perusal of this letter, and the one addressed to herself, which was designed as an answer to hers of the preceding day, feelings of a most painful kind agitated the bosom of Amelia. She stood for some time struck with astonishment. She had written him no letter. The villany of Tarnley at once flashed upon her mind. The letter she had sent to him, two days before, was of the character described. With some acid he had discharged the superscription, and addressed it to Mr. R. Scarcely knowing what she did, she returned to the house, threw both letters on my table, and rushed up stairs to give vent to the bitterness of her sorrows. My heart smote me the moment I read them, and I instantly rang for Amelia. After waiting for some time with great impatience, I ran to her apartment. She had sunk into a swoon in the arms of her servant. On her recovering a little, I attempted to console her, and to justify the part I had taken, assured her that it originated solely in a desire for her welfare, and respectable settlement in life. She was too well convinced of the sincerity of my affection, designed though it was to promote her worldly interests, was evidently one which met not the approbation of her heart. I then called over at Rosehall, desiring to apologize for what I had done, but found that he had gone off several hours before. On

my return, home I wrote to Mr. Tarnley, upbraiding him for the baseness of his conduct, and received a reply filled only with the most horrible imprecations. Shortly after, he left the place, but not before mournful traces of his villany had become visible. Meanwhile Amelia remained inconsolable. In this state she continued for three months, when reason again dawned; but it brought along with it no diminution of her sorrows. Her physicians, one and all, ascribed her illness to some painful circumstance pressing upon her mind, and declared, that, till this was removed, they had no hope of her recovery. A tour to the continent was then recommended as the last resource, with a view to her recovery. We have proceeded thus far, but her mental suffering still continues. Nearly two years have now elapsed since she was first taken ill, and to all appropriate nature cannot long sustain the struggle. Oh, sir, had I the wealth of empires, it would instantly be sacrificed to procure happiness to my daughter, and to do justice to the merits of Mr. George Robinson!

"George Robinson!" I exclaimed, with emotion, as the old gentleman had finished his narration, and was bathed in tears. "Did he belong to—near—?" "The very same," replied Mr. Bennett, looking on me with an eye of inquiring interest. "Well, then," said I, "George is my old class-fellow and intimate friend. I have not heard from him, indeed, since his mother's death, but his sister's address is in my possession. The lost letter I received from her was dated from her aunt's; and as she understood I was then about to proceed to the Continent, it contained a handsome memorial of her gratitude, for a service once rendered to her brother." Here I took from my breast an elegant silver medal, which I showed him. It bore the following inscription: "Presented by Harriet Robinson to Mr. R., as a memorial of her last gratitude for saving her brother's life, at the imminent danger of his own, May, 1826." Mr. Bennett was just returning me the medal, when we observed a man coming into the garden, accompanied by the lady of the house. We soon joined them when I was introduced to Amelia as an intimate friend of Mr. Robinson's. A ray of hope instantaneously lighted up her face, and she received me with uncommon warmth and cordiality. At the father's request, I accompanied them home that evening. After this, I visited them almost daily; and though, when Mr. Robinson was spoken of, hope and fear seemed alternately to prevail in the bosom of Amelia, yet it was very evident that her mind had been considerably relieved. In the meantime, I wrote to Miss Robinson, making inquiry after her brother, but week after week, was disappointed of an answer. I was much puzzled to account for this, and, on my return from visiting Mr. Bennett one evening, having carelessly thrown the reins on my horse's mane, was musing as to the measures I should next adopt for discovering Mr. Robinson, when, on a sudden, from some cause which I never knew, my horse started, and in a few seconds, horse and rider were thrown over a dangerous precipice of considerable depth. That moment my recollection left me. On recovering, I found myself in bed, but not in my own apartment, and an elderly man sitting near me reading. On attempting to move, I discovered that my head and left arm were bandaged. She had observed my motion, and rising up, to my surprise, addressed me in the language of my own country, putting several kindly inquiries. "Thank Heaven," said she, "young gentleman, that you have escaped. My mistress had been accompanying her brother to the nearest post-town on his way to Naples, when on her return you were found lying insensible, your head streaming with blood, and your horse dead by your side. My young mistress has been in deep concern ever since you were found. She has just gone out, but will be here presently." That instant she entered the room, and appeared astonished to see me engaged in conversation. Her manner had in it so much sweetness and feeling that I could not help being struck with it; and I thanked her for her disinterested kindness to one who was a stranger in their country. "Sir," said she, "if I mistake not, neither your name nor your history is unknown to me. Are you not Mr. — of —?" On my answering with surprise, in the affirmative, she instantly asked, "Do you remember George Robinson?" "I do, ma'am," said I, "and will to the latest hour of my life. Do you know anything of him?" I immediately rejoined, with some impatience, "Yes sir," said she, blushing; "George is my brother, and you are now in his house. The medal on your person led me to suspect who you were, the moment we found you. George was appointed, shortly after my mother's death, to an office of considerable emolument and literary distinction in Florence. He is at present on a visit to Naples, but will be home in two or three weeks. Oh, how overjoyed he will be to see you! But I forget—longer conversation, in your present ex-

hausted state, may expose you to relapse; I must, therefore, leave you to repose." Before I could recover from my astonishment, she had left the room. Her sylph-like form seemed still to move before me; every look, and word, and action, was impressed upon my mind; and emotions, such as I had never before experienced, swelled my bosom. Every day she appeared to be more interesting. I was never happy unless when she was with me. I seemed to live—to breathe—only for Harriet. In a short time I was out of danger, and able to move about, when I wrote Mr. Bennett, informing him of what had occurred, and of my intention of remaining in Mr. Robinson's house till his return from Naples, after which he might expect an early visit from us. That very evening George returned, and our joy at meeting was unbounded. Among other topics of conversation, my interviews with Mr. and Miss Bennett held a chief place, and at my request he consented to visit them the following day. We were nearly ready for our departure when a carriage stopped at the door, and Mr. and Miss Bennett were immediately announced. George's bosom heaved with indescribable emotion, and he stood for a little in breathless suspense. Mr. Bennett then entered the room accompanied by Amelia. In a moment the two lovers were locked in each other's arms. The father was deeply affected. Harriet instantly left the room, and was speedily followed by Mr. Bennett. From that hour a cloud was removed from Amelia's spirits, and she soon regained her health and beauty. George was in transports at having an honor conferred upon him which he had never hoped to realize. Harriet was overjoyed at her brother's good fortune; and my gratification was none of the least, that, while I had thus been the means of bringing together two so well worthy of each other, I had received such an important accession to my own happiness in securing the affection of the amiable Harriet. We were waited on, shortly afterwards, by a French gentleman from Scotland, then in the neighborhood; and the same hour that united George to Amelia, made Harriet mine.

### A STORY WITH A MORAL.

Mr. Bones, of the firm of Fossil, Bones & Co., was one of those remarkable money making men whose uninterrupted success in trade has been the wonder, and has afforded the material for the gossip of the town for seven years. Being of a familiar turn of mind, he was frequently interrogated on the subject, and invariably gave as the secret of his success, that he minded his own business.

A gentleman met Mr. Bones on the Assinipink Bridge. He was gazing intently on the dashing, foaming waters as they fell over the dam. He was evidently in a brown study. Our friend ventured to disturb his cogitation.

"Mr. Bones, tell me how to make a thousand dollars."

Mr. B. continued looking intently at the water. At last he ventured a reply.

"Do you see that dam my friend?"

"Certainly I do."

"Well, here you may learn the secret of making money. The water would waste away and be of no practical use to anybody but for the dam. That dam turns it to good account, makes it perform some useful purposes, and then suffers it to pass along. That large paper mill is kept in constant motion by the simple economy. Many mouths are fed by the manufacture of paper, and intelligence is scattered broadcast over the land on the sheets that are daily turned out; and in the different processes through which it passes money is made. So it is in the living of hundreds of people. They get enough of money. It passes through their hands every day, and at the year's end they are no better off. What is the reason? They want a dam. Their expenditures are increasing, and no practical good is attained. They want them dammed up, so that nothing will pass through their hands without bringing some thing back—without accomplishing some useful purpose. Dam up your expenses and you will soon have enough occasionally to spare a little, just like that dam. Look at it, my friend!"

*Trenton True American.*

**COMETS IN OLDEN TIME.**—About a hundred and fifty years ago, a comet made its appearance in England, which a self-styled prophet declared was going to burn up the world. The Londoners were terribly scared, and on the appointed day, thousands took to the boats on the river to avoid the conflagration. A Dutch skipper threw all his powder into the Thames, so that his ship would escape being blown up when the comet struck, and a prominent officer of the bank of England sent word to the Fire Brigade to keep a sharp look out for fires, and particularly for the Bank. The people became suddenly, savagely virtuous under the pressure of fear, only to fall back again into their old habits as soon as they fancied danger was over. Comets now-a-days are not considered so potent for mischief, and we do not know that they are charged with anything more serious than influencing the weather.

**THE IOWA CAPITOL.**—Gov. Grimes has issued a proclamation declaring that, in accordance with the decision of the commissioners appointed for the purpose of locating the capital of the State, the constitution and laws established at Des Moines, and the State University at Iowa City. The officers of the State will be forthwith removed to Des Moines, and the next legislature, just elected, will assemble there.

**A NEW THOUGHT.**

Friend Taylor, of the Chicago Journal, beautifully explains the sadness which seems to come upon humanity in the "melancholy days" of the "sere and yellow leaf"—the descending of the year.

"But you do not feel quite so merry, though, as you did in leafy June, when you were as frisky, if not as innocent as a lamb. The truth is, you have not drank so much oxygen of late. The leaves, many of them, are beginning to close up the season's business; they liberate more carbonic acid, and yield less of Nature's true 'joyful.'"

The thoughtful sadness that Autumn induces is not altogether the spiritual effect men like to fancy; it is rather because their rations of *diak* are diminished, than that they are listening to Nature's preaching.

So a man needs a great stack of cheerfulness for Autumn use; he had' away like the narrow in his bones for a time of need. Show us a woman who is merry in the "melancholy days" when the horse winds have caught cold, and the withered leaves rustle about sprinkled with frost and the large grape vine that stung the arbor with green, looks like an anaconda trying to swallow a summer house, who is as merry then as when there is a sweet South wind and a bank of violets to make love to, and we will show you a woman that will gracefully bend to misfortune like a flower to the wind, and when the blast is gone by, will stand as erect and as lovely as before.

**THE VIRGINIA CATTLE REGION.**—The Abingdon Virginia, of the 2d inst., speaking of the bad prospects for the drovers in that section says: "We have exceedingly gloomy accounts from Eastern Virginia and the valley. The want of grass, the scarcity of money, and the low price of beef, all stare the drover in the face. We have been informed that last year's cattle after being fattened for market, but little if any more than their cost. Consequently, not half the usual number will be driven. We have a letter now before us from a Russell drover, who is doing the best he can in the Valley, but expresses the fear that he will be compelled to return with his stock. He says the most he has been offered is 24 cts."

An old negro slumbering with his feet pointing to a glimmering fire. Opens one eye and gets a glimpse of them as they stand up in the obscurity. Mistakes them for two little negroes, and cries: "Git 'em 'fore me," and releases into sleep. After awhile, opens the other eye, and still seeing the intruders says, "Git 'em 'fore me, I say, I kick you in de fire if you don't I will, sho!"—and again he snores. His dreams not being pleasant, he soon opens both eyes, and still seeing the little pests, he draws up his foot for the threatened kick, but is alarmed to see them advance upon him, and exclaims: "Wha where you comin' to now!—Hump! My own foot, by golly!"

**"STOP THAT BOY."**—A cigar in his mouth, a swagger in his walk, impudence in his face, a care-for-nothingness in his manner. Judging from his demeanor, he is older than his father, wiser than his teacher, more honored than the mayor of the town. Stop him—he is going too fast. He don't know his speed. Stop him, ere whiskey shatters his nerves, ere pride ruins his character, ere "the longer masters the man, ere good ambition and manly strength give way to low pursuits and British aims." Stop all such boys! They are legion—the shame of their families, the disgrace of their towns, the sad and solemn reproach of themselves.

**A MEXICAN GENERAL AT A YANKEE TRAINING.**—Gen. Comonfort, ex-President of Mexico, was present at the encampment of the first division of the Massachusetts militia last week. He came on the ground in a barouche drawn by four greys. He was received with much honor, and was presented to the Governor and other dignitaries present.

A suit has been commenced by the United States, in the United States Circuit Court of California, to recover the new Al-za-len quick-silver mines, situated in Santa Clara county. The property is worth forty millions of dollars, and the annual profits are about one million of dollars. The suit may be considered one of the most gigantic ever commenced in America, and will involve litigation for a number of years.

**THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH A "SLOW COACH."**—The rate of travel of the comet is computed to be 150,000 miles per hour, at which rate the distance between Boston and San Francisco round Cape Horn, (10,000 miles) would be accomplished in four minutes, or between New York and Liverpool in one minute and six seconds. The telegraph had better break.

Men are called good fellows if they spend their money freely—tip off fellows; and after they have impoverished themselves for the benefit of others, and are unable to pay their little debts, they are no longer the good fellows aforesaid—they are rascals. Queer world. And if a man fails to the amount of a million, it is all right; but let him fail to the amount of his board bill, and he is a scoundrel. Pronounce your world.

At a Methodist conference in Ohio, a short time since, a resolution was passed disapproving of the wearing of hoops by members of the Church, deeming it inconsistent with Christian character.

Why are the American ladies like a fortress? Because they protect and succor the American light infantry!

A MODEL Young Lady, just graduated from a certain distant academy, remarked the other day, "I cannot conceive how the young gentlemen can drink to such a excess, when they knew it is so injurious to their institution."

*From the American Agriculturist.*  
**CALENDAR OF OPERATIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1858.**

We note down sundry kinds of work to be done during the month, not so much to afford instruction to practical men, as to call to mind the various operations to be attended to. A glance over a table like this will often suggest some piece of work that might otherwise be forgotten or neglected.

**FARM.**

In this month the thrifty farmer finds much to claim his attention. Most of the remaining crops are ready for harvesting, a stock of manure is wanted for next season's crops, and now is the time to procure a large quantity of absorbent materials for use through the winter. Stock will soon need a warm shelter from sleet and frost, and the humane farmer, next to his own dwellings, will look to the protection of his animals. Some permanent improvements may also very properly now be taken in hand, such as draining and clearing up waste land, building stone fences or walls, digging cisterns, wells, &c.

Buildings of all kinds—Look to early and repair the leaky roof, glaze broken windows, nail on startle siding, renew the broken hinges and fit the tie-ups and stables for the winter tenants. Have everything in readiness against the cold and storms of next winter, remembering that the subtle snow finds its way through small chinks and crevices.

Cattle—Give extra feed now that the pastures afford but little grass. Allow no animal to begin a cold winter in thin flesh. Milch cows should have all the refuse of the garden with small roots, pumpkins, cornstalks, &c.—Young stock, especially, should be well fed the first winter.

Cellars—Cleanse thoroughly and make rat proof, before putting in the vegetables and fruit. Ventilate well until cold weather, and bank up about them, if necessary, to keep out frost.

Corn—Select seed if not already done, and trace it up as directed elsewhere. Cut and shock any fields still standing. Husk early and save the fodder in a good condition for feeding. Avoid putting the corn up in a green or wet condition into large bins or cribs, with poor ventilation.

Draining—October is a good month for this operation, and the sooner it is now done the better, before Fall rains set in.

Grain Stacks—Thresh any remaining, and put the grain beyond the reach of vermin, fowls and other scavengers for feed and bedding.

Hogs—Commence giving full feed to fattening hogs. Cook food where practicable, using unripened corn, pumpkins, apples, tomatoes, carrots, &c., stirring in a quantity of Indian meal. Do not neglect their yards, as a abundance of the best manure should be made while the fattening is going on.

Indoor Work—White butter making is going on by day, the lengthened evenings allow a systematic course of reading, or the younger members of the family may take up a series of studies, to very good advantage. Give your wife a sewing machine, now that the winter clothing is to be made up, and dispense with the annual services of a seamstress, who has usually been employed for weeks at least, at this season.

Manures—Manufacture all that is possible, drawing upon the muck deposit, pond or canal sediment, collecting saw dust, spent tan and forest leaves as absorbents. Turf from the road sides or headlands may also be added, especially to the compound in the hog yards, throwing in a little shelled corn to induce rooting or turning over of the mass.

Muck—Have a large quantity in readiness to use about the cow and horse stables, hog pens &c. Besides being a good deodoriser, it will make a valuable absorbent and fertilizer.

Paint buildings and fences, as it strikes in more gradually and lasts longer than when put on in Spring, besides avoiding flies and dust.

Plow stiff or clayey soils, turning them up to the action of air and winter frosts.

Potatoes—Complete digging, and when convenient put in lime barrels, or dust a little dry lime among those for winter keeping where rot is feared.

Poultry requires a greater supply of meat or fish as their insect food diminishes.

Cleanse their roost often, and barrel the contents for a home guano. Pack away a quantity of eggs in salt, or pickle in lime water for winter use and market.

Sheep—Supply with salt, and see that their feed is sufficient. Keep the buck from them at present, at the South. Lambs should not come in until warm settled weather in Spring.

Timber if omitted till now, should be cut, rather than leaving it till winter.

Tools—Put away in a dry place under cover any which are no longer wanted, first cleaning and oiling, or coating steel and iron surfaces with lard and resin.

Trees—Plant for ornament and shade about the dwellings, along the avenues, and in the pastures, as directed elsewhere.

Winter grain should all be growing finely now. Keep animals of all kinds from feeding on it.

A Large number of the United States soldiers in Utah, after receiving their pay, deserted, and started for California on mules taken from the camp.

No Lady will be admitted to the next "Woman's Rights" Convention, who does not shave and sing bass.

New Counterfeits—Counterfeit fives on the Bank of Burlington, N. J., and the People's Bank of Roxbury, Mass., are in circulation.

The Federal Government owns 578 acres of land within the limits of the city of Washington; all free of Taxation.