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Letter from an Indiana Democrat. The following letter was written prior to the late election in the State of Indiana, and we had intended to lay it before our readers...

GOSHEN, INDIANA, 1862. D. F. MEYERS, Esq.— Dear Sir: Your paper is received by me weekly, and I assure you is quite a welcome visitor.

I am happy to see that the Democracy of "Old Bedford" are at work. It is indeed high time that the Democracy every where were up and doing. No man who takes an impartial view of the events of the past year can fail to arrive at the conclusion that the party in power, from the President down, have proven themselves utterly incompetent to administer the affairs of the Federal Government...

But my purpose in inditing this letter is to give you a few items of news from Hoosierdom. The Democracy of the Hoosier State are all right; and will at the coming election render in thunder tones against the present Administration, the verdict: Trial, and found wanting.—Every Democrat seems to feel that there is an individual responsibility resting upon him which it is his duty to discharge. It is not office seekers and political tricksters who are doing the work here this fall, as far as the Democratic party is concerned...

I have attended our Democratic State, Congressional and several county conventions, and a noticeable feature I observed about them all was that they were composed of the solid and substantial men of the State; men whose countenances indicated that something else than the anticipation of a holiday spree had brought them together; that they fully realized the extent of the dangers impending over our once prosperous and happy land. The determination and earnestness with which they acted sent the conviction to the hearts of political wire workers that they were among men who would not be trifled with nor imposed upon.

The Republican, or so-called Union Conventions, present quite a different feature. I have noticed that those which I have attended have been made up of office seekers and noisy politicians from the several towns in the county—men who care not how soon the country goes to ruin; who would be willing to see this glorious structure of ours, reared by the hands of noble patriots and wise statesmen, rent in twain if that event would secure to them the patronage of some petty county office.

The opposition are making a strong effort to stem the tide of conservatism which is rolling in upon them, and which threatens to sweep out of existence every vestige of fanaticism and abolitionism remaining in the State. Every measure is being resorted to, no matter how foul and unfair, to keep their rotten vessel from sinking. One of their dodges is the assumption of the name of Union party (?) What sacrilege! But that dodge won't work. They will be found in about the same predicament in which a certain animal was that attempted to disguise itself by putting on the lion's skin—its long ears would stick out. The "nigger" will stick out, no matter what name this "Republican" party assumes. They can put on no disguise that will hide that gentlemen's woolly head.

Another move of this unscrupulous organization is their attempt to foist upon the shoulders of the Indiana Democracy the sins of Jesse D. Bright. The 8th of January Convention is stigmatized as the Convention of the Jesse D. Bright Democracy. That this move will be barren of any beneficial results to the party which has set it on foot, I have not the slightest doubt. The fact is—I speak positively, having been a delegate to the convention—that every man on the ticket nominated at the 8th of January Convention, voted and labored for our gallant standard bearer in the contest of 1860, Stephen A. Douglas; while the one or two Democrats on the ticket nominated by the pseudo Union party on the 18th of June, voted for Breckinridge, and with Jesse D. Bright were co-laborers with the Republican party in its efforts to defeat Douglas. The Democracy of Indiana are to-day neither Douglas men nor Bright men. They are laboring for no partic-

ular man, but for the success of Democratic principles, and the preservation of the Union as it came from the hands of its illustrious framers, with its fundamental law inviolate, unimpaired; with not a single star blotted out from the bright constellation emblazoned upon our national banner.

The probability is that our Republican friends are going to have some trouble with their distinguished convert of last winter, Gov. Wright. As a consideration for Wright's coming out against his old friends, the Democracy, he received the appointment from Gov. Morton, to fill the place made vacant in the U. S. Senate by the expulsion of Bright. The time for which he was appointed will expire this winter, when a Senator will have to be elected for the full term of six years. Now, Gov. Morton has been looking with a longing eye upon the U. S. Senate for some time, and no doubt supposed when he gave the Hon. Jos. A. his appointment, that that gentleman would have sufficient modesty to give way at the proper time to the claims of his friend. But the redoubtable Ex-Gov. proves not to possess so much modesty as he received credit for. Having once been invested with Senatorial honors he is disposed to wear them six years longer. Wishing to get Wright out of the way, the Republicans nominated him for Congress to run against our able and eloquent Voorhies. But the trick did not succeed. "Old Joe" proved too sharp for them, and declined to run against the "eloquent Dan." Gov. Morton and his friends are now in about the same "fix" with Wright that the man who drew the elephant at a lottery. The Democracy wish them a good time with their prize. We expect to save them the trouble of sending either Wright or Morton to the Senate. We propose to send a good Union Conservative Democrat to that place.

But I have already trespassed too much upon your time, and must close. Let me say in conclusion that it will be glorious news for the Democracy to hear that the "Old Keystone" has gone for "the Union as it was and the Constitution as it is." Yours truly, J. H. SCHELL.

"The Democracy of Pennsylvania sent greetings to the true men of Indiana, on the second Tuesday of last October, and were gallantly responded to by their Hoosier friends on that same eventful day. Again, on the second Tuesday of January, the friends of the Constitution in the "Keystone State," sent forth from Harrisburg their verdict against the corruption and abomination of the Administration as represented in the person of Simon Cameron, whilst the glad news of the election of those true Democrats, Hendricks and Turpie, by the legislature of Indiana, met half way on its electric course, the happy intelligence from Pennsylvania. Long may the two States have cause to congratulate each other upon their mutual conservatism and fidelity to the Constitution and the Union.

For the Bedford Gazette. Reflections for the Times.

From the close of the war of the Revolution to the breaking out of the present civil strife, a period of 78 years, the American people enjoyed a greater amount of social, civil, and national happiness than has ever been enjoyed by any people on the face of the earth, in all past time; not even excepting the Jewish nation in the full blaze of Solomon's glory. There may be mentioned as instances of great national prosperity, Greece, Rome, and the various kingdoms of ancient and modern times, renowned for wealth and power, but I think it could be easily demonstrated, that not one of them all ever experienced the extraordinary prosperity, the perfect political and religious liberty, the light taxation, and educational advantages that we enjoyed up to the year of our Lord, 1861.—But, as "To whom much is given, much shall be required," is a divine law for individuals, may we not suppose it likewise a law given unto nations and peoples?

Nebuchadnezzar, we read in the book of the prophet Daniel, was fully convinced that the God of the Jews was the only true God, by the miracle wrought in favor of those whom he had thrown into the fiery furnace; and still more confirmed in his belief by the revelation given him in the dream which Daniel interpreted to him; yet in 12 months after, he was so swelled up with that pride and forgetfulness of God against which he had been providentially warned, that, giving utterance to the ingratitude of his heart, he exclaimed: "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?"

A great portion, perhaps, a large majority of the American people have, I fear, sinned, after the similitude of this Babylonian king. As a nation we have been very proud and boastful of our GREAT COUNTRY, exhausting our mother tongue in self-laudation for courage, energy of character and intelligence, above our fellow-men of other lands, (which, if true, should rather make us modest; too modest to boast and too grateful to refuse our sincerest acknowledgments to the Author of all good.)

We have called ourselves "sovereign people," each of us, in casting his ballot for the purpose of selecting men to perform governmental functions, felt the full share of his own importance as a citizen, and the sovereignty that resides in him individually. We are, therefore, individually as responsible to God for a proper

use of this talent as Nebuchadnezzar was; and something like his punishment seems to be awarded us: we are cast down from our high and prosperous state; our boasted mental superiority and general intelligence seem to be departed from us; foreign nations look upon us with astonishment and think us mad. So we are and so will remain, as did that monarch of old, until like him we "lift our eyes unto heaven, when we may hope "reason will return," and peace and prosperity be restored. God grant that "seven times" may not pass over us first, as with them.

In Israel the Lord has seven thousand faithful ones, so now we believe he had many times seven thousand among us; but we must remember that they too felt the parching heat for three years, and wandered farther and farther for water, when wells and brooks and rivers were dried up under the sun's fierce rays. And the handful of meal and scanty crust of oil in the house of the widow of Zarephath may give reason to believe that many other pious families were in a similar state of want. It is also on record for our instruction that His boundless hand is ever ready to succor those who trust in Him. Let us cry unto Him as David once did in a time of great peril: Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me; for my soul trusteth in thee; yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge until these calamities be overpast that threaten the desolation of our once happy country. G. T. P.

Letter from a Judge of the United States Supreme Court.

Some time in the latter part of last summer, President Lincoln appointed Daniel F. Miller a Judge of the Supreme court of the United States. We remember distinctly that, when the appointment was announced, the question was asked by almost everybody, "who is Daniel F. Miller?" He was a man unknown to fame, and the general impression was that "the honest Abe" had elevated to the highest legal tribunal of the nation an old crony of his with whom he had been accustomed to crack jokes during the court term in the western districts. At length we learn something of the man from himself. If we cannot ascertain who he is, we are at least informed what he is—and the information is satisfactory to us. If Judge Miller is as good a lawyer as he is a man, we may credit for having made one appointment.

The Judge, in a letter dated "Keokuk, Iowa Nov. 11, 1862," declining on account of his professional engagements to attend a "grand jubilee of the friends of Constitutional liberty and of the Union," thus declares his sentiments: The recent elections have gladdened my heart more than I can find language to express, for I feel that by the success of the Democracy we shall have a speedy restoration of the Union and Constitutional liberty.

I am an old Clay Whig, as you all know, and when that party went down, I united with the Republicans, in the hope and belief that it would succeed to all the loyal and national virtues of the Whig party, and that we would have Whig principles and policy prevail under another name. But I got more than I bargained for. It was not in the covenant that we should have civil war as a consequence of Republican success; that the public treasury was to be plundered by wholesale; that "free soil" in loyal States should be covered with martial law; that "free speech" should be chained in the dungeons of the bastille; that free homes should be sacked to desolation, and that freedom should be confined in its practical application to the negroes of the South, and the Abolition wing of the Republican party at the North. No! We old Whigs, in uniting with the Republican party, did not consent to be a party to any such violations of Constitutional liberty.

Had the counsels of Gen. Scott, Millard Fillmore, John J. Crittenden, Stephen A. Douglas and indeed of all the wise and good men of our nation been heeded, we would not now be afflicted with the civil war that is upon us.— They could have prevented South Carolina from her attempt at revolution, but the Crittenden proposition would have saved all the rest of the Southern States, and long before this, at a trifling expense of money, and at a small loss of life, the rebellious States would have been humbled before the flag of the Union.

But how did the prozezy of the Abolition leaders meet that proposition? They said nay with it, away with it, and crucify all who administer it. They farther said, leave the slave States go! We can do without them, and we will speedily reap the advantages of a separation. When the conservative element of the nation proclaimed itself for the Union, then the Abolitionists assumed that they were the war party, and denounced all others as rebel sympathizers.

The Abolitionists are in favor of prosecuting the war for their love of the Union, I am sure is not the case. Their object is to abolish slavery, only, and if that should fail, they will again speedily raise the old cry of "let the Union slide."

Gentlemen, it is the mission of the Democratic party to save the Union. It has always been a loyal and national party it has ever upheld Constitutional law as the only safeguard of freedom. It was the party that hurled from power the authors of the alien and sedition laws, sixty years ago, and for all that period they guided our ship of State successfully and gloriously through the waves of civil commotion and the dangers of foreign wars.

I regard the Clay Whig party, and the Douglas Democracy, as genuine branches of the old Democratic party of 1798. When I see Gen. Scott and Millard Fillmore, and Crittenden, and Ketchum, and Hunt, and all the old prominent Whigs of twenty-five years ago, now united at the polls with the Democracy, I can have no doubt that if the immortal sage of Ashland, that purest of patri-

ots, most eloquent of orators, and wisest of statesmen, Henry Clay, were still alive and in our midst, he too would lead his voice in favor of that party whose watch-words are "Constitution as it is," and "The Union, it must and shall be preserved."

The Abolition leaders had so little idea of the character of the contest they were entering upon, that they proclaimed the war would be over in sixty days. They have had all the money they asked for, all the men they asked for, and yet the war rages with unexampled fury at the end of 500 days. The result for the last 18 months demonstrates clearly the necessity of a universal change of rulers, and as old Whigs claim to love their country more than party I hope they will all speedily unite under the Democratic flag, for the salvation of our Union. Respectfully, yours, DANIEL F. MILLER.

Hon. Charles R. Buckalew. The Harrisburg Patriot & Union, in speaking of the United States Senator elect, gives the following brief biographical sketch of that gentleman:

Hon. Charles R. Buckalew was born in the year 1821, in Columbia county, in this State. In 1845 he filled the office of prosecuting attorney in his native county. In 1850 he was chosen to represent, in the State Senate, the district then composed of the counties of Columbia and Luzerne, and in 1853 re-elected.— In 1856 he was a Democratic senatorial elector from this State. In 1857 he was sent again to the State Senate from the District composed of the counties of Columbia, Montour, Northumberland and Snyder, and filled, in the same year, the position of chairman of the Democratic State Committee. In 1858 he resigned his seat in the State Senate as well as the appointment of commissioner to revise the criminal code of the State, and accepted the post of Minister Resident to the Republic of Ecuador. In August, 1861, he returned to his home in Bloomsburg, Columbia county, where he has remained up to his election.

Mr. Buckalew is the author of the several amendments of the State constitution, adopted in 1857, and of numerous published reports and speeches, as well as many papers and political addresses. In 1855 he was the Democratic candidate for the United States Senate, but his nomination was postponed by the action of the legislative body.

In Mr. Buckalew's career as a public man, he has shown evidence of the highest integrity and the most distinguished ability. He has always been a steadfast opponent of the fanaticism, abolition party, and a firm supporter of Democracy and its measures. His parliamentary reputation in the State, is second to that of no one within its limits; and as a consistent and able politician, he stands in the foremost rank. As a Statesman, his rising genius inspires the undivided confidence of the whole Democratic party in the State who look to his future career with unusual interest and expectation.

We congratulate the party and the State, upon the elevation of a man, so worthy in all respects, of the high position to which he has been chosen. Above all, we feel the deepest rejoicing at his success, as a pure minded, capable statesman, over the arts and debaucheries of corruption, and corruptors.

Denatation of the Soldiers and their Families. If You Have Tears, Prepare to Shed them now.

LETTER FROM A SOLDIER'S WIFE TO HER HUSBAND. ALLEGHENY, Dec. 15, 1862.

Dear Husband: I received your letter, and feel sorry to hear of your situation. It is hard. We indeed have trouble. I have had but \$30 to live on the past year, and was at the mercy of our neighbors. I am now out of breadstuffs. Our mills are all dry, and I have not as much means as will send this letter to you—and five little children to see after, two very sick of diphtheria. I am unwell—have been quite ill, and cannot possibly stand travelling: the doctor says I am too delicate to travel. Do come home. I would love to see you once more in this world. We have not seen each other for two years, and if you do not come soon, perhaps we may never see each other. Our little children fret so much for you; do come! Our neighbors think if you would ask your hospital doctor, he would give you a pass to come and see us, under our trying circumstances—knowing you were wounded in the service of your country, and cannot be of any use to it now. I do assure you we are in want now, and where to go for help I cannot tell. I feel too weak to write much at this time. Urge upon your authorities to let you come and see after your poor family. If they are kind-hearted, they will let you come. The Lord direct them thus. If I had means I would send it to you, but I am penniless; I have not one cent. Try to do something for us.

From your most affectionate wife, M—S—

Thousands of such letters have been written by poor, distressed mothers, whose husbands can neither obtain their pay to relieve the pressing wants of their families, nor leave to visit them. What terrible sorrows and sufferings war inflicts! Here is a letter from a Harrisburger in the Reserve Corps. Poor fellows! can nothing be done for them? Not having time to correct these letters, we publish them very much as they were written: CAMP NEAR BELLE PLAIN Jan. 13, 1863.

Having a few moments of time, I thought I would drop a few lines to you for publication, in regard to the treatment of our division, the P. V. C. It is a well known fact, both to you and to the people of Pennsylvania, that we are the oldest troops in the field and that we were the first to come to the defence of the Cap-

ital after the famous Bull Run disaster. We were the first to achieve victory on the Potomac, and afterwards won fresh laurels before Richmond, at Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, and lastly we were engaged in the bloody tragedy before Fredericksburg. On that occasion we were the only division that got possession of any of the rebel rifle pits, and took a stand of colors as a trophy; and after losing 1,800 of our noble band, we were forced to fall back. Now, Mr. Editor, what we want to know is, how does it come that, after participating in all the principal battles in Virginia, we have not only endured the storm and suffered all the privations of a soldier in the camp, but many others, without murmuring? It was because we knew it became the duty of a soldier to obey orders, and that it could not be helped. But the time has arrived that we can no longer remain silent; the time has come when our friends at home ought to know how we are treated. Here we are, lying in a miserable condition; hundreds have not a shoe to their feet, nor clothes to cover their nakedness, nor do we get more than half rations. Those that have a little money left can't buy the necessities of life at the Commissary's, unless they wear shoulder-straps. We are getting alive with vermin, in consequence of not having shirts. We have not received any pay for upwards of six months, and not only are we suffering, but our families at home are starving. Many of them have been compelled to go to the poor houses to keep from perishing with cold and starvation, who would have been comfortable and happy, under the circumstances, had they received the small pay of their husbands that are in the army. Let it be known that we have nearly a year and a half yet to remain in the service, and that we neither received the fifty dollars State bounty, nor yet any bounty from the Government.

Now this must be remedied. If we had not earned what is coming to us, we would not grumble; but we claim that we have, for we have made three Major Generals; and, unless we are treated soon with the justice that is due to us, I assure you that the future honor of the Pennsylvania Reserves is done for. We can stand it no longer. This is not the voice of one, but the sentiment of the whole division. Yours truly, SENTINEL.

Abolition is Amalgamation. The anti-slaveryites are often very fierce in re-voicing the charge that their principles lead to amalgamation of the races—social as well as political equality—when every intelligent reader of history knows that such has been its result in Mexico, Central America, Jamaica and wherever else it has been carried out.—Philosophy corroborates what facts have demonstrated. The fundamental principles upon which any society rests, will shape the feelings and acts of the masses, and if that theory be the equality of the races, no human power can resist the demoralization sure to follow. Hence it is, that Lewis Tappan, the other evening said, in a public speech, "We have not only now to give up slavery, but to give up the prejudice against the colored man. A man asked him if he would like to have a negro the Governor of New York. He replied that he had no objection." We must now give up "our prejudice against the colored man," as these lunatics call that instinct of race which God has placed in all His creatures to keep them from marrying or defacing the beauty and harmony of His creation. The brute animals instinctively act out this feeling, and preserve their respective species pure and intact. It is left only to man, endowed with reason, to make himself lower than the brute. The vile wretches, however, who advocate this heaven-defying doctrine, seem to be utterly unconscious of their villainy, and even go so far as to be willing that an African negro should occupy the seat of Horatio Seymour! The suggestion, however, is perfectly logical, for if negroes are the equals of white men, they are surely entitled to all the rights which equality brings.—Caucasian.

THE COST OF FREEDING NEGROES. The all-absorbing question very soon with the laboring and producing classes will be, how they are going to keep their children out of the almshouse. If the inmates go on, God only knows where the country will be in a year from this time. It is now staggering under a load of debt and in a short time will probably be involved in all the horrors of bankruptcy. Yet we are not only supporting gigantic armies in the field, and the whole horde of Abolition thieves and "shoddy" speculators, but we are feeding, it is now estimated, 100,000 negroes out of the public funds! The cost of these negroes, at fifty cents per day, would be \$18,350,000 per annum! Then the House of Representatives has just passed a resolution to pay \$10,000,000 for the negroes in the State of Missouri, who are to be freed in order that they may be added to the number to be supported at public expense. But what is this to Lincoln's idea of turning loose three millions more to be a tax on the white laboring and producing classes? The "Republicans," of course, say that they do not intend to support them. So they said they did not intend to free them, but your so-called conservative Republican does not amount to anything. He is merely a puppet in the hands of the lunatics, who shape the policy of the Administration. If you desire to find out what the Administration is going to do, go to Phillips or Cheever. Now, upon this subject, Cheever says:

"It is the duty now of the government to take care of these millions, who are freed; that is the business of the government now. God has placed them on our hands. They are now three millions of citizens of the United States on our hands. All the interests of our commerce—all the riches of our nation for a hundred years are not to be weighed in the balance compared with the interests of these three millions." There is the idea. White men are nothing, White men's rights are of no account. White men's sweat and toil are nothing. White men's

blood is nothing. White men's lives are nothing, but the negro is everything. Thus old Cheever, a drone and a moth on society himself, calls upon white men to sacrifice all their wealth and then roll up their sleeves and go to work and support three millions of negroes. If 100,000 freed negroes cost \$18,000,000 per annum to support them, how much will it cost to support 3,000,000? Any school boy can cipher this out. The sun is frightful. It is enough to bury a nation in poverty and rags forever.—Caucasian.

CANNOT ESCAPE HISTORY. The Carbon Democrat, in discussing the President's assertion that he and his administration cannot escape history, makes the following severe reply: "No! 'you cannot escape history,' but you will be remembered as long as mankind shall survive. You will be remembered as the men who ruined your country, destroyed 'the last best hope of earth,' in a base attempt to make the negro the equal of the white man. You will surely be 'lighted down to the latest generation,' by the memory of the burning cities and towns of America, whose fires were kindled by the torch which you supplied. You will be 'lighted down' to your last home, by the flames of a civil war which was the offspring of your ambition, and which was needlessly prolonged by your fanaticism, and your greed of public spoil. You 'cannot escape history,' but future ages will point to you in the same spirit that they now point to the Jacobins of France, or the tyrants of the House of Hapsburg.

"The Bastilles of America will cry out against you. The blood of a quarter of a million of decided but honest patriots will cry out against you, so that eternity will not cleanse them. The mutilated remains of the great charter of liberty, like the ghost of murdered Banquo, haunt you at every turn, and shake its locks in your very faces. Liberty, with garments trailing in blood and dust, will her beseeching gaze to heaven and pray for vengeance upon her despoilers. A hampered, ridden and oppressed posterity will cry out against you, and inscribe upon the page of history that records your acts, 'dishonor.'"

OMPHREY C. KRISTON ARMY SURGEON for T. T.—There is a certain something vaguely of my latter end, and recognizing the true heroes of the battle-field, the subdued swearing of the sufferer on the muffled tread of the venerable nurse, comes into the room to make sure the recommended by the doctor is not too much for the patient, the sepulchral tone of the regimental call as she recognizes the tread of a Mortimer, the sergeant's bell tinter, "outs all these are things to make the spectator remember that we are but dust, and that to return to dust is our destiny.

Early in the week, my boy, a member of the Pennsylvania mud larks was made sick in a strange manner. A draft of picked men from certain regiments were ordered for a serious expedition down the river. You may be aware, my boy, that a draft is always dangerous to delicate constitutions, and as the mud-lark happened to burst into a profuse perspiration about the time he found himself standing in this draft, he, of course, took such a violent cold that he had to be put to bed directly. I went to see him, my boy, and whilst he was relating to me some of the affecting anecdotes of the time when he used to keep bar, a member of the Medical Staff of the United States of America came in to see the patient.

"The venerable surgeon first deposited a large saw, a hatchet and two pickaxes on the table, and then said he: "How do you find yourself, boy?" The lark took a small chew of tobacco with a melancholy air, and says he: "I think I've got the guitar in my head, Mr. Sawbones, and I am about to join the angel choir."

"I see how it is," said the surgeon, thoughtfully: "you think you've got the guitar, when it is only the drum of your ear that is affected. Well, said the surgeon, with sudden pleasantness, as he reached after the saw and one of the pickaxes, 'I must amputate your leg at once.' The mud-lark curled himself up in bed like a wounded anaconda, and says he: "I don't see it in that light."

"Well," said the surgeon in a sprightly manner, "then suppose I put a fly blister on your stomach, and only amputate your right arm!" The surgeon was formerly a blacksmith, my boy, and got his diploma by inventing some pills with iron in them. He proved that the blood of six healthy men contained enough iron to make six horse shoes, and invented the pills to cure horse-sickness.

The sick man reflected on what his medical adviser had said, and then says he: "Your words convince me that my situation must be dangerous. I must see some relative before I permit myself to be dissected."

"Who do you wish to send me for?" says the surgeon. "My grandmother, my dear old grandmother," said the mud-lark, with much feeling. The surgeon took me cautiously aside, and says he: "My poor patient has a cold in his head, and his life depends, perhaps, on the gratification of his wishes. You have heard him ask for his grandmother," says the surgeon softly, "and his grandmother," lives too far away to be sent for, we must practice a little harmless deception. We must send for Secretary Welles of the Navy Department, and introduce him as the grand-mother. My patient will never know the difference."

I took the hint, my boy, and went after the Secretary, but the latter was so busy examining a model of Noah's ark, that he could not be seen. Happily, however, the patient recovered while the surgeon was getting his saw filed, and was well enough last night to reconnoiter in force.