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Business Cards.

JOSEPH W. TATE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to collections and all business entrusted to his care, in Bedford and adjoining counties. Cash advanced on judgments, notes, military and other claims.

J. R. DURBORROW,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Office one door South of the "Mengel House." Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties.

ESPY M. ALSIP,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Military claims, back pay, bounty, &c., speedily collected.

U. H. AKERS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Military claims speedily collected. Office on Juliana street, opposite the post-office. Bedford, September 11, 1863.

F. M. KIMMEL. J. W. LINGENFELTER. KIMMEL & LINGENFELTER. ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law. Office on Juliana street, two doors South of the "Mengel House."

G. E. SPANG,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to collections and all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Office on Juliana Street, three doors south of the "Mengel House," opposite the residence of Mrs. Tate. May 13, 1864.

JOHN P. REED,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Respectfully tenders his services to the Public. Office second door North of the Mengel House. Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

JOHN PALMER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Office on Juliana Street, (nearly opposite the Mengel House.) Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

A. H. COFFROTH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Will hereafter practice regularly in the several Courts of Bedford county. Business entrusted to his care will be faithfully attended to. December 6, 1861.

F. C. DOYLE, M. D.,

Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office next door to the hotel of John C. Black. June 10, 1861.

J. L. MARBOURG, M. D.

Having permanently located, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office on Juliana street, opposite the Bank, one door north of John Palmer's office. Bedford, February 12, 1864.

SAMUEL KETTERMAN,

BEDFORD, PA. Would hereby notify the citizens of Bedford county, that he has moved to the Borough of Bedford, where he may at all times be found by persons wishing to see him, unless absent upon business pertaining to his office. Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

JACOB REED, J. J. SCHELL,

REED AND SCHELL. BANKERS & DEALERS IN EXCHANGE, BEDFORD, PENN'A. DRAFTS bought and sold, collections made and money promptly remitted. Deposits solicited.

J. ALSIP & SON,

Auctioneers & Commission Merchants, BEDFORD, PA. Respectfully solicit consignments of Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing, and all kinds of Merchandise for AUCTION and PRIVATE Sale. REFERENCES. PHILADELPHIA, Bedford, Philip Ford & Co., Hon. Job Mann, Boyd & Hough, Hon. W. T. Daugherty, Amos Young & Bros., B. F. Meyers. January 1, 1864—11.

WARTMAN & ENGELMAN,

(SUCCESSORS TO MICHAEL WARTMAN & CO.) BEDFORD, PA. MANUFACTORY, No. 313 NORTH THIRD STREET, Second door below Wood, PHILADELPHIA. L. W. WARTMAN, H. P. ENGELMAN. March 25, 1864.

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NEW SERIES.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 24, 1864.

VOL. 7, NO 47.

An English View of Men and Things in America.

Correspondence of the London Times. New York, May 13.—Shouts of "victory" resound in the streets from the voices of the newboys. The word "victory," in large type, stands at the head of the flaring columns of the second, third, fourth, fifth and tenth editions of the news-papers; and in still larger letters, that he who runs may read, at the corners of streets, where the bulletins of battles are exhibited to the crowd; but victory nevertheless is not achieved, and seems as distant as ever. Hitherto the march of Grant—though, if it be ultimately successful, it will be considered heroic—is the advance of a piece of mechanism. He sees no obstacle, and goes blindly and ruthlessly on. He trusts to nothing but superior numbers and hard fighting. The lives of his men are of no value. He throws them away by thousands to gain half a mile of ground. He has pushed on for five leagues, and paid about 8,000 lives for each. At every step, he fights at a disadvantage, on the ground of the enemy's choosing. But he fights. His men are picked off by snoring sharpshooters from behind every tree, but his order is still to push forward. His Generals fall as if they were of no more account than private soldiers. Up to Tuesday evening, the seventh day of the conflict, he had lost 137 of them in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and at least 45,000 men. This loss is admitted by friends and admirers, while others are inclined to add fifteen thousand to that enormous estimate. But still he holds his way undaunted, seeing nothing, caring for nothing, but Richmond, which, if he ever reach upon the terms of these seven days, he will reach without so much as a body guard—a solitary prisoner.—The havoc committed on his ranks is sickening to reflect upon. One New York regiment, the pride of the city, which long since marched down Broadway amid flaunting banners, waving kerchiefs, loud huzzas, and the music of drum and fife, suffered so terribly that out of its full complement but four officers and fifteen men were left after half a day's fighting. Whole brigades have lost their officers and two-thirds of their rank and file, and having none to lead them, have been incorporated with other brigades, only less cruelly decimated than their shattered remnants. And all this time the desperate struggle has only been waged on the outskirts of the Confederate works, and in such positions as General Lee would prefer to see an enemy in whom he wished to annihilate.

But it is all one to General Grant. With the sublimity of genius, or of madness (the fortune of war must determine which) he has declared to Mr. Stanton, who has communicated the news to the public, "That he will go to Richmond by that line, if it takes him all the summer to do it." Impulsive, and easily led, as the people are, and apt to be astonished at nothing, they are astonished at this audacity. They do not know how to account for it on any other supposition than that Grant is the greatest as well as most daring General whom the world ever saw, and are content to wait a little longer for the results before they change their opinion. But the voice of wailing and lamentation is heard in too many thousand of households in this and all the cities of the North to permit unqualified approbation of a system of war so costly as this, or to silence the buzz of adverse criticism. If Grant's army, instead of a throbbing, thinking mass of human beings, were but an agglomerator of steel and iron—a monster steam engine cunningly put together for the purposes of destruction, its driver could not more deliberately urge it forward in its pitiless career. People begin to ask themselves what will happen, if, after all, the machine shall be dashed to pieces by the obstruction that it will have to butt against if it continue to advance. They ask in vain. No one can answer, or no one will, except by a shrug of the shoulders and a look of resignation.

Amid all the terrible excitement of the war news it is easy to perceive there is an undercurrent of deep feeling. The people are not so vainglorious as formerly. They are not so certain of victory as they have been on previous occasions, and the brilliant strategy of Lee and the unconquerable heroism of the Southern army extort admiration on every side. The fact is that the North, even in this day of extremity, is proud of the noble qualities exhibited by the Southern army and people, and feels, possibly not for the first time, a misgiving that the war was a mistake, and that if it were possible for the North and South to shake hands, and to be to each other as once they were, it would be a glorious privilege and a blessing to both of them. Never before did the Peace party speak out so boldly, and so many agree with them. Even Mr. Wendell Phillips, as blatant a war trumpet as the land ever produced, inclines his heart to better impulses. No living American orator is so eloquent as this gentleman. He is as direct as Mr. Bright, as calm as Mr. Cobden, as persuasive as Mr. Gladstone, as elegant as Lord Carleton, and when occasion demands can be as fiery as Lord Derby.

His language is the purest English, without the slightest taint of the Yankee idiom or accent, or the least approach to American slang. He never "speaks to Buncombe," or indulges in the rhodomontade which his countrymen call "spread eagles." His satire cuts like the polished razor, and draws blood with the scarcely perceptible touch that shows the thorough master of the instrument. If he seldom condescends to be passionate, and loses in this respect some of the power which he might otherwise wield over a miscellaneous multitude, he makes amends for the defect, if it be one, by a wealth of illustration and a cogency of argument that show the full mind and the trained intellect, and compel admiration, if they do not carry conviction. He has, as is well known, been among the most rabid of the supporters of the war, though he has never been much of a friend to the Government by whose agencies it has been conducted.

In the days when the Democrats governed the country, and when the idea of a disruption of the Union was scouted alike by the Northern and the Southern leaders of that long dominant party, he did not hesitate to proclaim that separation was preferable to the continuance of slavery. Long after the outbreak of the war he confessed that for nineteen years he had been a disunionist and a Secessionist. His sole governing idea has been the scandal, the wrong, the horror, the iniquity of slavery, for the destruction of which he would cheerfully have sacrificed the integrity of the Republic, and consented to split the country into a heptarchy.

Yet as soon as his party came into power, he—so cool, so steadfast, and so liberal—was carried away by the madness of his countrymen, clamored for the restoration of the Union, which he had denounced and despised as rotten and unnatural, and spoke and acted as if the preservation of the freedom of the North were worth a thought. Events, however, have wrought a change in his mind.—The preacher of war has suddenly become the apostle of peace. The philanthropy in which he was nurtured has reasserted its power to govern his conscience. He has gone back to his first love; he has remembered, it will not do to say he has discovered, that the liberty of the white man is worth something, not only to the white man himself, but to the cause of civilization.—He has recanted his errors and has become as nearly a statesman as Postus was a Christian. In a speech delivered on Tuesday last at the Church of the Puritans, on occasion of the 31st anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, he avowed opinions which place him in the same rank with Mr. Vallandigham, Mr. Fernando Wood, Benjamin Wood, Mr. Long and Mr. Harris, and every other man in the country who believes that the war can neither restore the Union nor preserve liberty, and in full sympathy with the impartial public opinion of England and France, and of all Europe, which saw from the first what he only sees in this day of awful conflict. He mournfully confessed that the youngest American would not live to see a restoration of the Republic of his forefathers; that if peace came, which he saw no prospect, what ever Grant might do, 800,000 men would be thrown upon the community, unfitted for the ordinary avocations of life, and therefore a standing menace and danger to the public liberty; that for half a century no one but a soldier would have a chance of the Presidency; that the right arm of every man in the country, and of every male child that was hereafter to be born into it, was and would be mortgaged to pay the interest on the debt.

Mr. Phillips confessed his shame and humiliation at the thought that twenty millions of white people in the North had gone down on their knees and implored the assistance of black men and slaves for the work of conquering half the number of white men in the South. It might be thought that Mr. Phillips, entreating such sentiments as these, is ready to do now what Messrs. Lincoln, Seward, Greeley, Everett, and others, were ready to do in 1860—let the South depart, without further hindrance, recognize its independence, and advise his countrymen to do the same. But no word to that effect is to be found in his remarkable speech. He compared North and South to an eagle and a fish chained to each other. The eagle could not live in the water; nor the fish in the air; and one of the two had to die in order that the other might live. But why, it might be asked, should either die? Cannot each return to its own element by the severance of the chain that connects them? Mr. Phillips meant as much, but seems to have lacked the courage to say so. But, having gone so far, he will some day or other be obliged to go further. It is well that he should feel shame and humiliation.

It will be better that he feel repentance. He, the inciter of men's passions; he, the trumpeter of discord; he, the preacher of a philanthropy of which the means are blood and misery, and a carnage of horror to which history offers few parallels, though the end, far off, may once have seemed to his mind to justify them all, owes it not only to his conscience, but to the multitudes of men whom his teachings have guided into war, to declare his error, and to lend his fluent tongue and his clear brain to that blessed cause of peace which in this evil hour needs every voice to pray for it, and most of all, the voices of those to whom God has given the power to sway the convictions of others. Mr. Phillips may affect to think even now that it were better that the whole Southern people should be exterminated than that slavery should not be destroyed or the Union not re-established; but such merciless logic cannot really govern his conduct, if sanity be left to him. His speech was for peace, as far as it went; and, coming from a man of his character, it was a sign of the times. Reason has long been silent in the councils of the North. It is of good augury that its voice begins to be heard above the din even of this awful week, and that the men of thought are learning to take counsel of their conscience, instead of their passions, and daring once again to tell the people unpalatable truths.

The Government as a Farmer. What can't our Government do? In addition to the great work of putting down the rebellion and setting four millions of captives free by the subjugation of six millions, it manages to accomplish a vast amount of other work more or less important and gigantic. For instance, what a large amount of energy it takes to successfully carry on a bayonet election. And how much vigilance, determination and work it requires to arrest and punish the Fremont and Democratic copperheads who seem to have a disposition to insist on the one term principle with reference to the Presidential office. How bareheaded the laborers, too, in the regenerative and reconstructive work of cutting off slices of old States to make new ones of it in order that the Baltimore Convention, may not be deficient in so much of a truly loyal element as

will secure the renomination of the honest old Railsplitter. And yet, after all these labors, it finds time to set up a farm and cultivate a cabbage garden. As an evidence of this last mentioned good work, we venture to clip a few extracts from that very essence of loyalty—the N. Y. Tribune:

"The Government farms on the South side of the Potomac, in connection with Freedman's Village, under the general direction of Col. Elias M. Greene, embrace five separate collected Virginia farms (within 7 miles of the river) as follows: Arlington (late Gen. Lee's estate), upon which Freedman's Village is situated; Camp Todd (late W. B. Hunter's farm); Camp Rucker (Maj. Nutt's) near Fall's Church, Camp Wadsworth (the Means and Cook places) between Langley and Lewinsville; and Camp Collins (Slade's old place) just above Fort Marcy. In all of these places there are about 1,500 acres of arable land, including 150 acres of meadow. The farms are cultivated by Freedmen. This year the crops are to be as follows: 200 acres Winter wheat; looking well and sowed in grass; 200 acres corn, 100 acres oats, 50 acres potatoes, 50 acres cabbage, 25 acres turnips, 25 acres buckwheat, 10 acres melons, 8 acres tomatoes, and large quantities of all kinds of garden vegetables for the use of the contrabands and for the Washington and Georgetown markets.

The number of able-bodied hands employed on the farm is about one hundred. The number of men, women and children on the farms, including Freedman's Village, is about two thousand. Able-bodied men are paid for working on the farms from eight to ten dollars per month, and are furnished rations and quarters. Ten dollars per month, rations and quarters is pretty good—in fact it is but three dollars under the price paid to white men for leaving their families at home and laying down their limbs or dead bodies on the battle field. In addition to these comforts, care is taken to anticipate any real or supposed wants that may occur. Says the Tribune again:

"The contrabands, on their arrival at camp, are immediately put in a cleanly condition, and provided with comfortable clothing, rations, and the best quarters that can be assigned them. How nice is all this! What a blessing if a one-hundredth part of our city poor could enjoy some of these worldly delights. But the journalist is not done yet—he says: "The superintendent selects the most intelligent of the young men and women, and details them to duty in the workshops transferring a child-bodied field hands to the farms, sending the children to school, the sick to the hospital, and the aged and infirm to the home provided for them."

And after all these essentials to this garden of Eden have been attended to, further matters of interest of a statistical and genealogical nature receive attention. For instance: "A book is kept in which the names of each contraband arriving and departing at the Camp is registered, with age, sex, condition in life, and former place of residence, the condition of each person on arrival, and the places to which those who leave the village or farms intend to go, and the date of their departure; also, the disease, age, &c., of those who die."

All that is wanted, probably, to this is a short biographical sketch of each individual, done up in gold for the centre-tables of New England. But the above is not all, as will be seen by the following paragraph: "The educational and religious interests of the village are under the supervision of the American Tract Society. All the children under 15 are required to attend school during the Winter months. Besides the day schools for children the Superintendent has established an evening school for the benefit of the laborers on the farms and in the mechanical shops. Boys over 16 and girls over 14 are not allowed to attend the day schools while their services are required in the laboring department. All the children under 14 and old enough to be benefited by school instructions, are required to attend."

What an elision is this springing up upon the lands of Goth and Vandal!—otherwise upon—wherein every want is supplied and every taste gratified—even to the preparation for entering upon the possession of an incorruptible crown. And, after all these joys, mercy presides in judgment and softens the buffetings of punishment—in case the elect should ever have a contraband thought or do an unlawful act. We read:

"Punishments are of three grades. In slight offences it is simply a reproof from the officer in charge of the delinquent; in case of idleness or disposition to shrink from labor, uncleanliness, &c., deprivation of part of rations, &c., in greater offences, such as disobedience of orders, drunkenness, theft, &c., deprivation of privileges, imprisonment in guard-house, &c."

Before leaving this subject, we cannot help congratulating the Government upon its successful establishment as an independent planter—the more so, because it has surmounted the difficult task of "jumping claims" and getting a clear title for them. Many more cabbage gardens and corn patches may come of this and many rails be necessary to fence them. How fortunate, then, that we have at the head of affairs one who knows so well the process of splitting them. There is but one thing that we think could be improved, and that is the establishment of a little more white labor that the colored "children of the Government" may not be subjected to even the slight labor and exposure now required of them. With this exception the system seems admirable. How bad it will make the poor emancipated needle women of the eastern cities feel who make fifty feet of stitches for five cents, and are dying by inches in consequence of the starvation prices paid for doing Government work.

How bad it will make the poor soldier's widow an orphan children feel, too, who have been waiting more than a year for the stipend

of pension due for the precious life-blood poured out upon the battle field that these plantations might be turned into a paradise for negroes. But this is nothing to the Government, we know. Corporations have no souls, and, probably Governments have not either. What's the difference anyhow; this world is only a short abiding place—a pilgrimage of woe—and, no doubt, the sooner the poor whites are pushed off the sphere the nearer shall appear the golden colored millennium. Who knows?

THE STATE MILITIA LAW.

In view of the fact that the militia of Pennsylvania will probably be called out in the course of a few weeks, we publish, for the benefit of our readers, an outline of the militia law passed by the last Legislature, which takes up some thirty-three pages printed matter. The bill bears date March 30, 1864, and provides first, that every able-bodied white male citizen, resident in the State, of the age of twenty-one and under the age of forty-five years, shall be enrolled in the militia, with the usual exemptions of idiots, lunatics, paupers, &c.

Second, assessors shall annually, and at the same time they are engaged in taking the assessment or valuation of real and personal property, record all names of those liable to duty, and place a certified copy in the office of the county commissioners of each county in the State, and such record shall be deemed a sufficient notification to all persons whose names are thus recorded that they have been enrolled in the militia.—When the roll is completed, assessors shall put up in public places notices similar to the United States enrollment.

Section three provides severe penalties for any assessor, clerk or commissioner, who shall refuse or neglect to perform any of the duties provided.

SECTION 4 The enrolled militia shall be subject to no active duty, except in case of war, invasion, the prevention of invasion, the suppression of riots, and to aid the civil authorities in executing the laws of the Commonwealth, in which case the Commander-in-Chief shall order out, for actual service, by draft or otherwise as many of the militia as necessity demands.

SECTION 6 Every soldier ordered out for active duty by the proper authorities, who has not some able-bodied substitute, shall serve, or pay the sum of seventy-five dollars within twenty-four hours from such time. Exemptions are similar to those provided by the United States service, giving members of the Legislature exemption while on duty, and fifteen days before and after the time of their actual term.

Section ten provides that the city of Philadelphia shall be divided into four brigades; and the city of Pittsburgh into one brigade, and the rest of the counties into a brigade each, where they have the minimum number.

A number of sections are devoted to the arrangement of the various counties of the State into military divisions, etc. The volunteer and enrolled militia are to be organized into twenty divisions, the 17th division comprising Westmoreland, Fayette, Washington and Greene; the 16th, Bedford, Somerset, Cambria, Blair and Fulton.

Section sixty-four provides for armories for companies. SECTION 66th. When a commander orders his company for military duty or for election of officers, he shall order one or more non-commissioned officers or privates to notify the men belonging to the company to appear at such time and place; if he fails to do so, he shall forfeit not less than twenty dollars nor more than one hundred dollars.

Section sixty-seven provides for time of notice at least four days previous to call—ten days for election, and when the company is paraded, the commanding officer shall verbally notify the men to appear at a future day not exceeding thirty days from time of such parade, which verbal notice shall be sufficient warning.

Section seventy to section 81 provides for discipline, training, inspection and camp duty. SECTION eighty-two to ninety-one provides for calling out the militia in case of war, invasion, insurrection, tumult, or riots. May order out divisions, regiments, battalions or companies or may order to be detached, parts of companies thereof, or any number of men to be drafted therefrom.

Section ninety-third provides for compensation, giving pay and rations same as United States Government. SECTION ninety-seven provides that proceedings and courts martial and courts of inquiry shall be conducted in all respects as provided for in the army of the United States, and punishments as in like cases in said army. Provided that the same are not inconsistent with the provisions of this act. SECTION ninety-eight provides that all penalties, not exceeding one hundred dollars, by summary conviction before any alderman of a city, shall be without exception or appeal.

ONE TRUTH FROM CONGRESS.—A motion being presented the other day in the House of Representatives that that body should meet daily at the hour of eleven instead of twelve o'clock, it was rejected on the ground that they had too much time already. God knows that is true! If ever a country was cursed with too much legislation, it is ours, and if ever wild, fanatical and crazy legislators had control of the affairs of a Republic, it is now in these United States. One truth at least we got from Congress, and that is, that we have too much of it.

FREE SPEECH is the corner stone of free government. Prevent free speech and the dark waters of despotism soon settle down upon the people. The first care of tyranny is to suppress freedom of speech and freedom of the press.

A lady recently issued cards for a supper party, and had "No Butter" printed on them.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 3 columns: Rate, Duration, and Total Cost. Includes rates for one square, two squares, and columns for various durations (one week, two weeks, three months, six months, one year).

The space occupied by ten lines of this size or type counts one square. All fractions of a square under five lines will be measured as a half square and all over five lines as a full square. All legal advertisements will be charged to the person having them in.

Distrust of the Administration—Why Is It?

Why is it that Grant shows such distrust of Washington? Why does the administration perpetually deceive the people? Why do the people withhold all confidence from our rulers? The truth is we have no government. The members of the Cabinet do not speak to each other. Chase and Seward are open and malignant enemies. The revelation of the corruption and profligacy in the custom house and Treasury Department are made at the instigation of Seward. Chase commenced the warfare by procuring from the Republicans of the Senate a vote of want of confidence in Seward! The Postmaster General, Blair, openly denounces the Secretary of the Treasury as "a villain."

Wells and Stanton ridicule and thwart each other. The spiteful Halleck meddles with all plans only to disarrange them. The Senate hates the Cabinet and the House sets itself up in opposition to the Senate. Both are torn by factions and intrigues; and all departments of this warring Government are undermined by corroding corruption.

The war is three years old, and we have not yet a tax system, a financesystem, or a conscript system. The tax is inadequate, and each week changes; the financial system, if it is ever perfected, is to begin only next January; and the conscript system levies money and not men. Our ablest Generals are dismissed at the very moment they are most wanted. But a few days ago, Gen. Keyes and Franklin, two of our best commanders, were ordered out of the service by President Lincoln; and the demagogue Tribune was permitted to boast that "the army was purged of McClellanism."

The gratification of personal hate and political jealousy and the sordid pursuit of gain are the sentiments which rule at Washington. We have no other government. Soon the people will demand one! The question that is soon to come up is not whether some miserable ambition of place and greed of gain is to be gratified, or whether a feeble cabal that sacrifices the country to its selfishness is to be perpetuated, but whether we are to have a government such as will truly represent a great people in this great crisis.—Albany Argus.

From the New York Brother Jonathan, 1843.

War?

War is a beautiful game—that's a fact. Chop me off that fellow's head. Ay, ay, sir—mayhap off his head, it is sir. Capital! you can make it a round dozen—and take a title for your pains; or say five hundred—with a cartload of legs and arms that belong to nobody—and become a generalissimo, with a swab for each shoulder. Done!—there are fifteen hundred heads, at your service; and a—stop!—you are ambitious, I see. There's the marshal's baton, adrift in the fog; chargers tumbling about, and "bursting their bloody girths!" banners flying and trumpets blowing—hurrah!—set two or three villages afire—cut me the throats of say ten or fifteen thousand men, women and children, and—high—presto! the marshal's baton is yours!

Pa!—Well, Bobby! What, son! Pa! little Tompup has just been a lookin' over the fence—what shall you do to him, pa? What would you have me do, Bobby? Shoot him, pa! And his father and mother they've both been a makin' mouths at you, pa, through the window.—Well—what must I do to them? Set their houses afire! Burn 'em to ashes, pa! And if any body should take their father, Bobby—what then? Blow 'em up! blow 'em sky high, pa—knock 'em in the head—cut their throats—and hurrah!

And why, Bobby—why would you have me do this? Why should I go to knocking my next door neighbors on the head? What harm have they done me? Why, pa! what a question! an't you the commander-in-chief?

THE RIGHT SORT OF RELIGION.—Some one whose head is usually "level," has written out his religion as follows. It will do to read and think about: We want a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late; keeps the wife from being fretful when the husband tracks the newly washed floor with his muddy boots and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and door mat; amuses the children as well as instructs them; wins as well as governs them; projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy hours like the Eastern fig-tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit; We want a religion that bears not only on the sinfulness of sin but on the rascality of lying and stealing; a religion that banishes all small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, beet-root from vinegar, alum from bread, lard from butter, strychnine from wine, and water from milk cups.

The religion that is to advance the world will not put all big strawberries at the top and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced bottles. The religion that is to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not consider forty cents returned for one hundred given, is according to gospel, though it is according to law. It looks on a man who has failed in trade and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks on a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar.

THE LIBERATIONS OF CONGRESS.—Senator Hale of New Hampshire, in speaking upon the effort by Congress to annihilate State Banks, said the object would be more easily understood if it were put in this form—And be it further enacted, That all those instruments heretofore known as state constitutions be and they are hereby abolished.