THE BEDFORD GAZETTE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

BY R. F. MEYERS,

At the following terms, to wit:
$2 00 per annum, if paid strictly in advance.
$2.50 if paid within 6 months; $3.00 if not paid within 6 months.

☞No subscription taken for less than six months

☞No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. It has been decided by the United States Courts that the stoppage of a newspaper without the payment of arrearages, is *prim a facie* evidence of fraud and is a criminal offence.

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Bedford Gazette.

VOLUME 60. Freedom of Thought and Opinion. WHOLE NUMBER, 3117

NEW SERIES. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 7, 1865. VOL. 8, NO 49.

Select Poetry.

THE RIVER OF DEATH.

Over the river they beckon me,
Loved ones who've passed to the other side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of Heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view,
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another—the household pet;
Her bright curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie, I see her yet!
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the other side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And we catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
And lo! they have passed away from our heart—
They cross the stream and are gone for aye!
We cannot sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
Shall sail with ours on life's stormy sea,
Yet somehow I hope, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the Spirit Land!
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of death shall carry me!

THE MILK-WEEVIL.

The ravages of the Mill-weevil (*Cecide myia Tritici*) have been wide-spread in the great Wheat countiess of the border, and in very many instances have been almost destructive of the crop. Never within our recollection did the wheat crop look more promising on the 1st of June than this year, and now we have not seen a field in the Cumberland Valley that is not more or less blighted by the yellow or black rust, or injured to a greater or less degree by what is popularly known as the Milk-weevil. This deadly foe of the husbandman is a recent plague in this immediate section. Several years ago it attacked the wheat in this Valley, for the first time, and we believe that it has been serious in its ravages but two years prior to 1865. This year however, it seems to have been general and fearfully successful in its operations.

The name weevil is given in this country to at least six different kinds of insects; two of which are moths, two are flies and two are beetles. The scientific researches show nearly four thousand species of the weevil, but there are but six which are popularly known, or are of material importance to the farmer. The weevil in the winged state is a hard-shelled beetle, and is distinguished from other insects by having the forepart of the head prolonged into a broad muzzle, or a large and more slender snout, in the end of which the opening of the mouth and the small bony jaws are placed. They are very hurtful to plants by boring into the leaves, bark, buds, fruits and seeds, and feeding upon the soft substance therein contained. They are diurnal insects, and love to venture out of their retreats to enjoy the sunshine. They are of the same genus as the Hessian Fly, but while the family resemblance is quite striking, there are specific differences in their appearance and habits. The female parent of this terrible scourge appears about the middle of June, and takes shelter during the day on the lower part of the wheat stocks. Toward sunset they may be seen in large numbers, just when the wheat is flowering, deposit their eggs in the head. They resemble common gnats somewhat, and are classified with them in entomological descriptions. The body is less than one-twelfth of an inch long, of a citron yellow, or sometimes inclined to orange. The eyes are large, jet black, and the wings long and transparent. The female has a long ovipositor about the size of the thread of the silk-worm, which she thrusts between the glumes where the grain is to form, and there deposits her eggs, where they are sheltered, hatched and nourished. They begin the deposit whenever the wheat head emerges from the leaves, and continue it until the head is in bloom. The grain then becomes too hard to furnish the larvæ with nutriment. They will however traverse wheat fields and whole sections of country, and select the late spots or fields to continue their fatal work even after the crop generally has become too far advanced for them.

The larvæ when hatched are white, but soon change to yellow, and are sometimes found in numbers from fifteen to twenty on a single kernel of wheat. They feed on the milk of the grain when it is in a fluid or entirely soft state and thus prevent the development of the grain. Often when ten or a dozen eggs are deposited in a single glume, they will entirely exhaust the material for the formation of the grain, and when the stock is cut, the chaff will be found without any kernel whatever inside of it; but when one or several are deposited on a grain, they abstract but a portion of the nutriment and the grain appears shrivelled when cut, and has not half the weight it should have. They commence their work as soon as the grain is in a formative state and continue until the milk hardens, when their mission is ended. They soon produce a livid, spotted or faded appearance of the glumes or chaff, but the change is less marked as the head ripens, which it does prematurely.

When the grain has become too hard for the operations of the weevil, they take shelter in the earth, where they attain their perfect development. They have no power of locomotion in the state in which they attack the wheat, but instinct seems to supply them with the means of making their escape. They bend themselves into an arc, like skippers in cheese, and spring out from the wheat-head and fall to the ground. A few remain in the heads and are destroyed, while some attain perfection in the barn and sally forth the next year to renew their work of destruction. Those which reach the earth, take shelter near the roots of the stock and work themselves under ground, where they lie dormant until spring, when they assume the pupa and then the imago or perfect form about the middle of June, and soar away, like their progenitors the preceding year, to propagate and destroy. Even plowing the land does not entirely destroy them. Very many of them will reach the surface in the spring and renew their life to lay waste the golden fields. The power of this insect for evil may be approximated when it is known that one female will produce six thousand descendants in one season, which must be done in the space of ten days.

—There seems to be no certain remedy for this foe of the golden cereal within the power of man; but nature has furnished an antidote for the plague, and the result is that the weevil seldom prevails three years in succession. Usually there appears simultaneously with the weevil a parasite called the, *Platygaster Punctiger*, which is as destructive to the weevil as the weevil is to the wheat. Several years ago Dr. Asa Fitch, State Entomologist of New York, was of the opinion that this parasite had not yet reached this country; but the experience of this immediate section seems conclusive that it has. The weevil has appeared at least twice in Franklin county, but never has prevailed three consecutive years. In 1862 it entirely destroyed two patches of late wheat we had, and in 1863-4 it did not appear in any of our fields. The existence of the parasite is also proved by the Ohio Agricultural reports of 1860, in which it is shown that in forty counties the weevil increased for several years and then disappeared.

The parasite is nearly the same size as the weevil, but is entirely black, has four colored, legs, and can be seen during the day. It is the natural enemy of the weevil and its progeny, and but for its prompt aid our wheat fields would in a few years become a perfect waste. It accomplishes its work by destroying the larvæ of the weevil. It thrusts its long, lance-shaped ovipositor through the glumes of the grain and deposits its eggs with those of the weevil—both insects often being found accomplishing their distinct missions at the same time upon the same grain of wheat. The weevil feeds upon the milk of the grain, and the parasite feeds upon the weevil. True, the weevil partially destroys the wheat for that year, but the parasite totally destroys the weevil. It pursues its work relentlessly and wherever the home of the weevil is found there will the parasite make his abode. As the parasite never appears until after the weevil has gained a lodgment, the weevil often has two or three years after its first appearance; but where the weevil has prevailed, as it has in this section, in previous years, the parasite will be found close upon its footsteps, and the parasite steadily increases each year while the weevil diminishes and finally flees from its deadly foe to a new section. We notice the parasite conflict with the weevil in this season; but it does not seem to equal the force of the weevil, and we therefore conclude that we are likely to have our wheat crop perilled by the weevil next year, after which it will probably disappear again for a time.

The farmer cannot, of course, depend upon nature's enemies of this million-tongued foe of our great staple. We think it would be best to plow any field deeply that has been scoured with the weevil and will bear stubbling, and seed it very early or very late. It should be plowed early, and harrowed very lightly several times, with several days intervening between each harrowing. A hot sun and dry atmosphere are always fatal to insects when in a chrysalis state. Those covered deep by the plow will never return, and by harrowing lightly and often and then drilling shallow, the most of the larvæ that could attain life next year will be destroyed. In the Cumberland Valley we believe that the main protection against the weevil is in very early crops. The Mediteranean or Lancaster wheat, now in general use in this and Cumberland counties, has become too late to escape the weevil. The wheat, known as the Boughton wheat, has not, so far as we have been able to learn, suffered at all from its ravages. The reason is that it is some five days earlier than the Lancaster. The weevil attacked the wheat just when the Lancaster was in the softest or milky state, and has destroyed it wholly or partially, depending upon its forward stage; and it passed the Boughton because when the weevil was ready for the assault it was too hard for the larvæ to feed upon it. We dare not in Franklin county sow later than we do, nor sow later varieties, for the rust becomes the deadly enemy of our late wheat, and we should not sow too early in the fall lest the Hessian fly commences the work of certain destruction before winter sets in. It is clear to our mind therefore that our farmers must confine themselves to the earliest possible varieties of wheat. True, even this precaution may fail, and even may be the work of death, for while the weevil appeared about the 15th of June this year, it may appear on the 10th next year, and destroy the very early wheat, while the late escapes; but it is not probable. In five years experience of raising wheat extensively, we have never found the weevil in any but the latter portions of our crops. In 1862 it totally destroyed the product of a quart of French wheat we had sowed at the same time we sowed Lancaster, Rochester and Boughton, while the same varieties in the same field, even immediately adjoining it, were untouched. The French wheat proved to be ten days later than the others, and the weevil took that as its share. In another field, the same year, a patch of two acres in which we had sowed corn for soiling stock, and did not seed it for ten days after the rest of the field was seeded, the weevil destroyed the wheat to the last drill-row of the corn-patch, while thirty acres beside it, of the same variety of wheat, escaped entirely. The Boughton variety of white wheat thus far has always got ahead of the weevil; and we shall prefer it for the major portion of our next seeding, although it does not stand the winter so well as the Mediteranean. We would not advise farmers to risk a whole crop of it, as the smoth wheat has many perils to which the red beardy is a stranger; but in view of the probable return of the weevil next year, we believe it wise to sow largely of a variety that has thus far defied that fatal enemy of the farmer. In view of our experience, and the light we can gather on the subject, the man who can supply as with wheat that can be harvested earlier than any other in 1866 will find us a customer for seed-wheat.

—The weevil, like most enemies of wheat, is an importation from the old world. In France, Germany and Switzerland it has prevailed occasionally for some fifty years. In England it was known as early as 1771, and in 1827-8-9 it was very destructive and also in Scotland and Ireland. It first appeared in the United States in 1820, but was confined to New England for a number of years. The State of Maine alone lost over a million of dollars in a single year by its ravages; but now it is known wherever wheat is extensively raised, and has become one of the most stubborn and deadly enemies of the great staff of life.—*Franklin Repository.*

Presents to Government Officials.

President Andrew Johnson, in declining the present of a carriage and span of horses from New York, has followed the example of a Democratic predecessor from the same State, the lamented James K. Polk. The reminiscence is thus recorded in the N. Y. Evening Post:

"When Mr. Polk was elected President of the United States, a man named Loyd was in office as Surveyor of the Port of Baltimore.—He had been appointed to that position by President Tyler, and he was anxious to retain his place. Imediately after the inauguration of Mr. Polk, he sent to his stables two cream-colored horses (Arabians), which he had purchased at public sale, the animals having been presented to Mr. Van Buren by the Imaum of Muscat, and refused, under that clause of the Constitution which forbids any public officer from receiving any present from a foreign potentate, prince or government.

"The horses were in Mr. Polk's stables before he was aware of it, Mr. Loyd being anxious to act on the 'agreeable surprise' principle. As soon as the then President discovered the agreeable 'surprise,' he order the horses out, sent them back to Loyd at Baltimore, and instantly dismis'd him from the Surveyorship of the Port of Baltimore."

INDEPENDENCE.

What a glorious and animating word is independence. Whisper but a distant promise thereof into the ear of man, and straightway, though he were sluggish and dull, and torpid as the sleeping sloth, he shall arise to gird on his armor and prepare for the strife. The hope of independence stirreth up his soul; and as the war-horse that heareth "the trumpets and the thunder," of the battle and the "shouting afar off," he paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength and he goeth on. Independence is the admired, the coveted of all, the ideal goal of earthly happiness; and we all press onward, by paths various as our manifold and dissimilar passions and inclinations, to attain the prize. And hope, undying hope, is by our side, grasping at shadows of coming good, and ever crying, "Lo, here," and "Lo, there," as a glimpse of unreal things appears amid the rolling dark clouds of futurity. All join in the pursuit, but what is the end thereof? Alas! it may be compared to the race of children, hunting the gaudy butterfly of summer, which playeth before their eyes in tantalizing, many-colored beauty, flitting from tree to tree, and from flower to flower, often apparently within reach, and then darting away to a distance.

Fire and Loss of Life at Cleveland, Ohio.

(From the Cleaveland Plaindealer, 24th.)

A terrible casualty occurred early this morning, two men being burned to death. About half-past twelve o'clock, a fire, the work of an incendiary, broke out in a wooden building on Merchants' Avenue, University Heights. The building was occupied below by F. Messe, as a carpenter shop; the upper part occupied by the deceased, Jacob Werlach and Harman Beatty, Germans, as a tailor shop and sleeping apartment. So rapidly did the flames spread, that although every exertion was used to rescue the men, all efforts were unavailling. At one time the deceased could be seen lying in their beds motionless and apparently suffocated even then with the smoke. Mr. Messe, in endeavoring to rescue the man, was severely burned. The steamers were not on hand, as no water could be got, and only a hook and ladder company was on the spot.

☞In chosing your groceries let your motto be "measures, not men."

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

READING, Pa, June 15, 1865.

We have had a conversation with an intelligent business man who has just returned from a trip through the entire Valley of the Shenandoah. Some information with regard to this region will probably be interesting to many readers of the Tribune.

This gentleman started from Winchester on Thursday, the 25th of May, for Harrisonburg. At Winchester he found a rebel soldier from up the Valley who had come in a buggy to that place to take the oath of allegiance, and who agreed to take our friend to Woodstock. From Woodstock he hired a conveyance to Mount Jackson. From Mount Jackson to New Market went on foot, and took the stage from thence to Harrisonburg, distance 18 miles, fare $2.75. From Harrisonburg he went to Staunton, 25 miles, and from thence to Crawford's Springs, 36 miles—all the way by private conveyance. Returning, took the cars from Staunton to Richmond, but found the rail road much broken, the bridges mostly gone, and part of the distance traveled by horse cars.

From Winchester to Harrisonburg fences are scarcely to be seen; but few houses have been destroyed, but near Harrisonburg many barns and mills have been burned. From Winchester to Strasburg scarcely any crops have been planted, and scarcely a chicken, horse, cow or pig is to be seen. Toward Harrisonburg considerable wheat is out and corn has been planted. Beyond Harrisonburg, toward Staunton, west of the turnpike, near Mossy Creek, is the section which, by order of Gen. Sheridan, was laid waste for the alleged murder of a Union officer. The citizens there assert that he was not murdered, but killed in an open fight, he having first wounded his adversary in the arm. Within a circle of 5 or 6 miles in diameter, with scarcely an exception, not a house, barn, mill or other building has been left standing. Many of the citizens were Mennonists, who are non-resistants, and many of them, early in the war, had left for the North. They are a quiet, hard-working, industrious people, never owning or hiring slaves, and are already returning to their desolated farms, and putting up small frame buildings to shelter themselves and families.

Extreme destitution prevails throughout the whole valley. Having been so often traversed by both armies, farms have been entirely stripped of their stock, and in many districts of all their fences. The able-bodied negroes have all left, those only remaining who are not able to do any work, and who are a burden on their former owners. In many cases the agents of the Government compel their former masters to keep and support them, although recognizing the fact that they are free, and while they are entirely useless for agricultural or domestic purposes. This is regarded as great injustice, as the citizens have scarcely enough to support themselves, and think that the rights of freedom should be reciprocal.—They recognize the fact that slavery is extinct; think that they should have the right to employ such labor as should be most advantageous to them, and that as they cannot have the services of the negroes who could labor and raise crops, the Government should assume the care or charge of those who are mere consumers.

As an illustration of the way in which things are done, a negro woman came to a provost marshal's office and complained that her late master had beaten and ill-used her. He showed conclusively that her story was an utter falsehood, and offered to furnish her and her three children with a complete outfit if the Government would take charge of them. The provost marshal refused to accept the offer, ordered her late owner to take her back, and prescribed the wages he was to pay. Unfortunately he was unable to support himself and family, having plenty of first class land but no one to work it, and a crowd of helpless old men and women to support. This is mentioned, not for the purpose of finding fault with the Government, but to show the condition of the people.

A large number of the people have been friends of the Union from the beginning, but were forced into the support of the Confederacy, and not a few have suffered severely in consequence of their well-known Union feelings. The whole people, with very few exceptions, recognize the great question as forever settled. They are heartily tired of the war, having experienced its most terrible evils. They desire to return as soon as possible to the quiet pursuits of industry, and trust that the people of the North will meet them in a kind and fraternal spirit. And surely such should be, and we believe is, the feeling of the North toward them.

This immense valley, hundreds of miles in length, is one of the finest agricultural and mineral regions in the world, and, with free men and free labor, no limits can be set to its future greatness. Its people are disposed to receive frankly northern men and northern capital. The soil is unsurpassed for agricultural purposes, the whole valley being the best limestone land, and generally well wooded and watered.—What is now needed is some capital to stock and improve the farms, to rebuild mills and manufactories, and to develop the immense mineral resources of the valley. The best lands may now be purchased on the most reasonable terms—say for less than half what they would command a year or two hence. Good farms where the fences have been destroyed may be bought for $25 per acre; farms with excellent buildings and fences for $40.—For example, a farm containing 400 acres good arable limestone land, and 200 acres first-rate white oak timber land, fine two story brick mansion house, large barn, stabling and other outbuildings, with a fine stream of water running through the land, good springs in various parts of the property, and good fences, was offered for $40 per acre. On the farm was a splendid crop of wheat, corn and grass. It is within six miles of a railroad, and about 120 miles from Washington or Baltimore.

Many German families from Lancaster Co., Pa., found their way into this valley many years ago, and taking with them their industrious and thrifty habits, have become large prosperous land owners. The inducement now held out in the cheapness and fertility of the lands, and their proximity to markets, will doubtless attract a large immigration. What the valley now needs is labor and money. The war destroyed the old banks and new ones are much needed. Capital to any amount might be invested on ample security, as there is abundance of valuable and unincumbered land. R.

The Gold of The Richmond Banks.

[From the Augusta, (Ga.,) Transcript.]

A few days since two of the officers of the Richmond banks, whose assets were removed from that city upon the evacuation in April, reached Washington, in this State. They were empowered by the authorities to remove their effects, consisting of $326,000 specie, to the capital of Virginia. Procuring teams and a guard of twelve men these gentlemen set out upon their return home, intending to take the railroad at Chester, South Carolina.

At the end of the first day's journey they encamped on the grounds of Mrs. Morse, eighteen miles from Washington, and three from the Savannah river. The officers retired and the guard fell asleep. About midnight, a party of twenty mounted men, who were evidently aware of the value of the train, suddenly dashed upon it, and the guards surrendered without firing a gun or making the slightest show of resistance. The freebooters immediately went to work bursting open the specie kegs and helping themselves to the glittering contents. One fellow, it is related, had a large leathern haversack, which he filled, but just as he was mounting his horse, the straps gave way, and the precious metal fell clinking to the ground. He eagerly scraped up the gold and sand, leaving a number of pieces, and placing the coin in a bag, rode off. The next morning a negro teamster found five dollar pieces scattered in profusion all about the ground.

Some two hundred thousand dollars were stolen, leaving about one hundred and twenty thousand. With this amount the bank officers journeyed on, sadder, but wiser men. Upon reaching Abbeyville, South Carolina, they offered a reward of twenty thousand dollars for the recovery of the property. The robbers are supposed to be paroled soldiers, who followed the train from Washington.—It is singular that, in the present demoralized state of the country, the gentlemen in charge made no secret of their valuable possessions; nor did they use any extraordinary measures of precaution to preserve the property.

THE TRUE MAN.

He is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to mean fraud. He invades no secrets in the keeping of another. He betrays no secrets confided to his own keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never takes selfish advantage of our mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of inuendoes. He is not one thing to a man's face, and another behind his back. If by accident he comes in possession of his neighbor's counsels he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter at his window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He encroaches on no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers are none of them for him. He may be trusted himself out of sight—near the thinnest partitions—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He insults no man.—He tramples on no sensitive feeling. If he have rebuke for another he is straightforward, open, manly. In short, whatever he judges honorable, he practices toward every man.

EASTMAN, a dealer in pork in New York, absconded the other day, leaving a cash deficiency of four hundred thousand dollars. He was a great "bear," and had about sixty thousand barrels of pork sold short. The advance in prices broke him. The stock of pork in New York on the 1st instant was ninty-six-thousand barrels; and yet this single individual had contracted to deliver sixty thousand barrels. This shows how badly the trade has been demoralized; that it is controlled now not by merchants, but by mere adventurers: and it also accounts for the frequent and violent fluctuations in prices. The imaginary losses by Eastman's default will prove heavy, but as there was little real pork involved, the real loss will not amount to much.

HOW TO DISPOSE OF YOUR FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

Many persons in business are constantly inquiring how to dispose of surplus quantities of fractional currency, which they find no small annoyance compared with the "solids" they were wont to handle in days gone by. We would inform such the redemption of their currency is constantly taking place at the Treasury Department in Washington, and at the various Sub-Treasuries. In order to redeem, it is required that the currency be put in packages containing, as nearly as may be, even hundreds of pieces, or, in other words, that each package of five cent pieces contain $5, of ten cent pieces $10, &c., that different varieties of the same denomination of currency be sent in separate packages, faced uniformly upwards, and that mutilated currency be sent separately from the whole. If the packages of currency thus arranged are addressed to the Treasurer of the United States at Washington, and registered at the Post office, returns by check on New York may be expected in from eight to ten days.

Frauds on the Government.

Very few of our citizens, outside of the government officers, have any conception of the means and devices resorted to, to evade the payment of duties under the Internal Revenue Act. In the manufacturing income tax, stamps and licenses; in fact in every branch of business, frauds are perpetrated, but the grand eldorado is found in distillation. The recent seizures of whiskey in New York, Chicago, Cincinnati and Boston, have fully proved that the saving of the heavy tax of two dollars per gallon is two great an inducement to resist, even for those who have heretofore occupied positions in the community as high minded and honorable merchants. Thousands of dollars have been saved to the government through the vigilance of its officers, but with all their vigilance, it is estimated by the commissioner of Internal Revenue, that out of one hundred millions of gallons annually manufactured not more than twenty millions will pay the duty.

SECRET TESTIMONY.—The following is said to be a part of the suppressed testimony offered at the trial of the assassins:

Judge Holt—Mr. Murphy, were you at the Theatre on the night of the assassination?

Mr. Murphy—I was indeed, your honor.

Judge Holt—Did you see J. Wilkes Booth jump from the box after shooting the President?

Mr. Murphy—Bad 'cess to him, I did, your honor.

Judge Holt—Did you hear what he said, and if so, what was it?

Mr. Murphy—I heard what he said very well, your honor, and all he said was, "*I'm sick, send for Megintis.*" (*Sic Semper Tyrannis.*)

YOONYUN PARTY ABUSED.—One of our "intensely loyal" citizens, and a devoted member of the "U. L.," undertook to read Washington's farewell address on the 22nd of February. He read silently and sullenly for some time. At last he arose from his seat, grated his teeth, and threw the book down in a passion. "Why John!" said his astonished wife, "what on earth ails you?" "Why," said John, "I'll be cussed if I can sit still and hear the *Yoonyun Party* abused by old Washington himself!" The good woman knew he had cause for anger, and she chided him not, but commenced singing the baby to sleep with the National Hymn—"John Brown's," etc.—The whole family are loyal.

☞On the 12th of December, 1859, Johnson delivered a speech, in which he declared that "negroes are not included in the Declaration of Independence."

In a speech delivered at the Fair Ground in Springfield, Ohio, in 1861, Mr. Johnson expressed a wish for "a rope large enough to hang the Abolitionists of the North and the Secessionists of the South at one swing."

☞The Albany Argus says: "We have various reports from Washington about abstractions to a very large extent of the furniture and other articles belonging to the White House, which are being officially investigated, and if the rumors are correct as to their origin, they will produce a most painful and profound sensation."

☞THE apple crop in western New York will be enormous. The probability is that a larger quantity will be shipped for market from that section than ever before. And this implies a great deal, when the extent of the yield heretofore is considered. Last year there were stations on the Central railroad from which over two hundred thousand barrels were shipped.

☞A German, in Dubuque, Iowa, went to the war thirty months ago, leaving behind a good-looking wife. At Vicksburg he was shot, and supposed killed, and his wife married a Dubuque miller a few months after. Last Saturday morning the supposed dead man came home again, told his story, and after a long discussion, got his wife back by paying twenty-five dollars to the second husband.

☞A Quaker had his broad-brimmed hat blown off, and chased it for a long time with fruitless and very ridiculous zeal. At last, seeing a roguish-looking boy laughing at his disaster, he said to him, "Art thou a profane lad?"

The youngster replied that he sometimes did a little in that way. Then said he, taking a half dollar from his pocket, "thee may damn yonder fleeing tile fifty cents' worth."

☞"Come here, my little fellow," said a gentleman to a youngster of five years, who was getting in a parlor, where a [illegible] were assembled. "Do [illegible] large company were [illegible]"

"Yeth [illegible] you know me?"

"Who am I? Let me hear?"

"You ith the man who kithed mamma when papa wath in New York."