The Bedford Gazette.

BY MEYERS & MENGEL. | BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 18, 1866. | VOL. 61.—WHOLE No. 5,348.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE is published every Friday morning by MEYERS & MENGEL, at $2 00 per annum, *if paid strictly in advance*; $2.50 if paid within six months; $3.00 if not paid within six months. *All subscription accounts MUST be settled annually.* No paper will be sent out of the State unless paid for IN ADVANCE, and all such subscriptions will invariably be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they are paid.

All ADVERTISEMENTS for a less term than three months TEN CENTS per line for each insertion. Special notices one-half additional. All resolutions of Associations; communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of marriages and deaths exceeding five lines, *ten cents* per line. Editorial notices fifteen cents per line.

All legal Notices of every kind, and Orphans' Court and Judicial Sales, are required by law to be published in both papers published in this place.

☞ All advertising due after first insertion.

A liberal discount is made to persons advertising by the quarter, half year, or year, as follows:

	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
*One square	$ 4 50	$ 6 00	$10 00
Two squares	6 00	9 00	16 00
Three squares	8 00	12 00	20 00
Quarter column	14 00	20 00	35 00
Half column	18 00	25 00	45 00
One column	30 00	45 00	80 00

*One square to occupy one inch of space.

JOB PRINTING, of every kind, done with neatness and dispatch. THE GAZETTE OFFICE has just been refitted with a Power Press and new type, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.—TERMS CASH.

☞ All letters should be addressed to

MEYERS & MENGEL,
Publishers.

Attorneys at Law.

JOSEPH W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA., will promptly attend to collections of bounty, back pay, &c., and all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties.
Cash advanced on judgments, notes, military and other claims.
Has for sale Town lots in Tatesville, where a good Church is erected, and where a large School House shall be built. Farms, Land and Timber Leave, from one acre to 500 acres to suit purchasers.
Office nearly opposite the "Mengel Hotel" and Bank of Reed & Schell.
April 6, 1866—1y

J. MCD. SHARPE. | E. F. KERR.
SHARPE & KERR, ATTORNEYS AT LAW BEDFORD, PA., will practice in the courts of Bedford and adjoining counties. Office on Juliana st., opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell. [March 2, '66.

J. R. DURBORROW. | JOHN LUTZ.
DURBORROW & LUTZ, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA., Will attend promptly to all business intrusted to their care. Collections made on the shortest notice.
They are, also, regularly licensed Claim Agents and will give special attention to the prosecution of claims against the Government for Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Bounty Lands, &c.
Office on Juliana street, one door South of the "Mengel House," and nearly opposite the *Inquirer* office.

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.
Particular attention paid to the collection of Military claims. Office on Juliana Street, nearly opposite the Mengel House.
Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

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.
Office with Mann & Spang, on Juliana street, two doors South of the Mengel House.
Jan. 22, 1864.

F. M. KIMMELL. | J. W. LINGENFELTER.
KIMMELL & 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. H. 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.

B. F. MEYERS | J. W. DICKERSON.
MEYERS & DICKERSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Bedford, Pa., office same as formerly occupied by Hon. W. P. Schell, two doors east of the GAZETTE office, will practice in the several courts of Bedford county. Pensions, bounty and back pay obtained and the purchase and sale of real estate attended to. [may11,'66.

JOHN H. FILLER, *Attorney at Law*, Bedford, Pa. Office nearly opposite the Post Office. [apr.20,'66.—1y.

Physicians and Dentists.

P. H. PENNSYL, M. D., BLOODY RUN, PA., (late surgeon 56th P. V. V.,) tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. Dec. 22, '65-1y*

W. W. JAMISON, M. D., BLOODY RUN, PA., tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. Office one door west of Richard Langdon's store.
Nov. 24, '65—1y

DR. J. L. MARBOURG, Having permanently located, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.
Office on Juliana street, east side, nearly opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell.
Bedford, February 12, 1864.

C. N. HICKOK, | J. G. MINNICH, JR.,
DENTISTS, BEDFORD, PA.
Office in the Bank Building, Juliana St.
All operations pertaining to Surgical or Mechanical Dentistry carefully performed, and warranted.
TERMS—CASH.
Bedford, January 6, 1865.

Bankers.

JACOB REED, | J. J. SCHELL,
REED AND SCHELL, *Bankers and* DEALERS IN EXCHANGE, BEDFORD, PA.,
DRAFTS bought and sold, collections made and money promptly remitted.
Deposits solicited.

G. W. RUPP.......O. E. SHANNON.......F. BENEDICT
RUPP, SHANNON & CO., BANKERS, BEDFORD, PA.
BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT.
COLLECTIONS made for the East, West, North and South, and the general business of Exchange transacted. Notes and Accounts Collected and Remittances promptly made. REAL ESTATE bought and sold. Oct. 20, 1865.

Miscellaneous.

DANIEL BORDER, PITT STREET, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BEDFORD HOTEL, BEDFORD, PA.
WATCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, &C.
He keeps on hand a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Spectacles of Brilliant Double Refined Glasses, also Scotch Pebble Glasses. Gold Watch Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, best quality of Gold Pens. He will supply to order any thing in his line not on hand.
Oct. 20, 1865-

H. F. IRVINE, ANDERSON'S ROW, BEDFORD, PA., Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Queensware, and Varieties. ☞Orders from Country Merchants respectfully solicited.
Oct 20, 1865,

D. R. ANDERSON, *Licensed Scrivener and Conveyancer*, CENTREVILLE, BEDFORD COUNTY, PA., will attend to the writing of Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, Articles of Agreement, and all business usually transacted by a Scrivener and Conveyancer.

Hardware, &c.

WM. HARTLEY. | S. S. METZGER.
HARTLEY & METZGER having formed a partnership, on the 1st day of April, 1866, in the *HARDWARE and FARM MACHINERY TRADE*, now invite the public to examine their mammoth stock, which they will sell at low figures, *for cash*. [apr.27,'66.

IRON AND NAILS, at lowest cash prices, at HARTLEY & METZGER'S.

PAINTS, fresh, durable and beautiful; Pure Liberty White Lead; Penn Treaty White Lead; Mansion White Lead; China Gloss; Turpentine; Flaxseed Oil; Copal and Demar Varnish; Brushes of all kinds, for sale cheap, at HARTLEY & METZGAR'S.

GRAIN AND GRASS SCYTHES, Sneds and Harvesting Implements in great variety, and at all prices, for sale at HARTLEY & METZGER S.

$5.00 WASHING MACHINES and the great anti-Cog-Wheel Wringer, now on exhibition at HARTLEY & METZGER'S. Call and see this invention before purchasing elsewhere.

SPRING TOOTH RAKES, Gum Spring Grain Drills, Improved Cider Mills, Eureka Fodder and Straw Cutters, for sale at HARTLEY & METZGER'S.

HOUSE KEEPERS will find at Hartley & Metzger's Store a great variety of household Hardware: Knives and Forks, Spoons of elegant quality, Ladles, single or in sets, Shovels and Tongs, Waiters, Tea Bells, Scissors, Meat Saws, Carvers, Paring Knives, Brushes, Waffle Irons, Griddles, Gridirons, Brass, Porcelain and Iron Kettles, Iron Pots, Tubs, Buckets, Baskets, Brooms, Slaw Cutters, &c., &c. Stove Polish, Rotten Stone, and a hundred little "knick knacks" that we can't afford to enumerate. It would be easier to tell what we don't keep than what we do.

THE CLEAREST, BRIGHTEST, Best, Safest and Purest, and for these reasons the *Cheapest Coal Oil* in Bedford, may always be had at Hartley & Metzger's. You who have never used any other than the "*common truck*," try it, compare it! and you will always go to Hartley's. Coal Oil Lamps in brilliant profusion, and great variety, very cheap at Hartley's, also, Wick, Lamp Tops, &c. Coal Oil Lamps repaired.

50 GREENCASTLE GRAIN CRADLES. Natural bent fingers will be received by Hartley & Metzger, who are exclusive agents for Bedford county. Order soon.

BUCK-EYE REAPERS and MOWERS, with all the new improvements, among which is the wonderful *Dropping* invention. Also, a few "*Farmer Mowers*" for sale by Hartley & Metzger. Order soon as the supply is short for this season.

BARN DOOR ROLLERS, of the most improved pattern, track and all comdlete, cheaper and better than hinges, for sale at HARTLEY & METZGER'S.

DEMI-JOHNS, for Mineral Water, at HARTLEY & METZGER'S.

FISHING TACKLE—Rods, Hooks, Lines, &c., &c. Shot Guns, Powder, Shot, Caps, &c., at Hartley & Metzger's.

50 BEREA GRINDSTONES and and Fixtures, at Hartley & Metzgers.

PATENT WHEEL GREASE; the best White-wash, Blacking and Scrub Brushes in town, at Hartley & Metzger's.

GO TO HARTLEY & METZGER'S to get your money back.

$10,000 DUE AND WANTED.—Old Merchants say: it is necessary to quit business in order to settle up; that many people are so mean, after you have credited them, that when you try to get your honest dues from them, they will "shy off," and spend their money, or run up accounts, at other stores, and you will lose their custom.
I don't want to quit business. I must have money I have been indulgent. I want every man and woman who owes me by book account or note to pay me *now*. I don't want them to act mean and "shy off." Stand up to the counter like men! Pay if you can. If you can't pay, settle some way. I will sue only those who don't want to pay, and quit me because I dun them.
Let all concerned call at once to settle. Thankful to a generous public for their patronage, I hope they will favor the new firm of Hartley & Metzger who will do right.
apr.27.] Respectfully, WM. HARTLEY.

GEO. BLYMYER. | JOHN F. BLYMYER.
GEORGE BLYMYER & SON having formed a partnership, on the 6th of March, 1866, in the *HARDWARE & HOUSE FURNISHING BUSINESS*, respectfully invite the public to their new rooms, three doors west of the old stand, where they will find an immense stock of the most splendid goods ever brought to Bedford county. These goods will be sold at the lowest possible prices. Persons desirous of purchasing BUILDING HARDWARE will find it to their advantage to give us a call.
WHITE LEAD.—We have on hand a large quantity of White Lead, which we have been fortunate to buy a little lower than the market rates. The particular brands to which we would invite attention, are the
Pure Buck Lead,
Liberty White Lead,
Snow Franklin White Lead,
Washington White Lead,
Washington Zinc White Lead,
New York White Lead.
ALSO:—*French Porcelain Finish;*
Demar Varnish;
Varnishes of all kinds.
Flaxseed Oil, (pure.)
Turpentine and Alcohol.
All kinds of IRON and NAILS.
No. 1 CHRYSTAL ILLUMINATING COAL OIL.
LAMPS in profusion.
We would invite persons wanting Saddlery Hardware, to give us a call, as we have everything in the Saddlery line, such as Buckles, Rings, Hames and Webbing Leather of all kinds; also a variety of Shoe Findings, consisting of French Calf Skins, Morocco Linings, Bindings, Pegs, etc.
Housekeepers will find at Blymyer & Son's store a great variety of household goods. Knives and Fork of the very best quality; Plated Table and Tea Spoons at all prices.
Give us a call and we can supply you with Barn Door Rollers, the latest improvements; Nova Scota Grindstones, better than any in use; Shovels, Forks and Spades.
Grain and Grass Scythes and Snathes; Fishing Tackle; Brushes of all kinds; Demi-Johns; Patent Wheel Grease, Tar and Whale Oil, and an infinite variety of articles.
$20,000 WANTED—Would like to get it if our friends would let us have it. Less will do; but persons having unsettled accounts will close them up to the first of March, to enable us to close our old books. This should be done.
may4,'66. GEO. BLYMYER & SON.

$1,500 PER YEAR! We want agents every where to sell our IMPROVED $20 Sewing Machines. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Warranted five years.—Above salary or large commissions paid. The ONLY machines sold in the United States for less than $40, which are *fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. All* other cheap machines are *infringements*, and the *seller* or *user* are *liable to arrest, fine, and imprisonment.* Circulars *free*. Address, or call upon Shaw & Clark, Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Ills. [Dec. 22, '65—1y

$90 A MONTH! Agents wanted for *six entirely new articles*, just out. Address O. T. GAREY, City Building, Biddeford, Maine. [Dec. 22, '65—1y

RICHARD LEO, *Manufacturer of* CABINET-WARE, CHAIRS, &C., BEDFORD, PA.,
The undersigned being engaged in the Cabinet making business, will make to order and keep on hand everything in his line of manufacture.
BUREAUS, DRESSING STANDS, PARLOR AND EXTENSION TABLES, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, WASH-STANDS, &C., &C.,
will be furnished at all prices, and to suit every taste. COFFINS will also be made to order.
☞Prompt attention paid to all orders for work.
☞Shop on West Pitt Street, nearly opposite the residence of George Shuck.
July 10, 1863.—tf RICHARD LEO.

MERCHANTS' SHOW BILLS.

The Bedford Gazette.

CONFESSION AND DEATH OF AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

M. M. Pomeroy, the able editor of the La Crosse (Wis.) *Democrat*, gives the following death-bed scene, which he was called to witness on his recent visit to Chicago:

The Rev. Henry Clannard, an ex-army chaplain who left off expounding the Bible and recruiting for the Savior, and by indorsing the nigger and abolitionists became an army chaplain in one of the Wisconsin regiments, passed from life to a home beyond a blessed immortality the other day, and thus shuffled off his mortal coil. A physician had called on him two or three times a day for a month, doctoring him for an ague brought on while stealing cotton in Arkansas while with Gen. Curtis. On learning that the ex-minister, and ex-chaplain would not live the night out, we called with the physician. In a little wooden looking room not over twelve feet square, in an obscure boarding house in Chicago, we found the invalid. The room was bare of furniture except a poor bed, a little dirty washstand, two wood-bottom chairs, an old trunk, a pine table, on which was spread a newspaper on which lay an old bible, a pair of old snuffers, some pill boxes, and such stuff.—The dying man was propped up in bed, while a faithful negro woman sat on the foot of the bed. As we entered he rallied a little and asked the doctor who he had brought with him. On being told that it was "Brick" Pomeroy, he sank back, closed his eyes—rallied a little and said "Perhaps it is as well. He might as well know it as any one."

And he proceeded to make his dying statement which are in these words, as we took them down in our memorandum book, as the physician requested:

My name is Henry Clannard, I am forty-one years old. I am a Methodist minister, at least I was one. I was once happy and contented, and loved Christ, my Master, with all the zeal a Christian ever had. At last I grew cold in religion, selfish and envious of the good fortunes of others. I wanted to make money and to have some fun. I had no particular education, so I thought I would be a republican politician. I began by preaching politics from the pulpit, and praying for the negro. It paid me in money, but I lost influence at the Throne of Grace. But I did not care for that, if I could only have influence with the Republican party. I forgot Christ and became interested in the negro. I had influence with a few members of my church, and talked politics to them. I was paid by office-seekers to influence Christians. Sometimes I made as high as fifteen dollars at an election for my influence with Christians. At last I found politics paid better than religion, and I worked for the chaplaincy of a regiment and got it. Then I let religion go and went to war. There I wrote letters home denouncing Democrats and copperheads.—And I stole cotton and silver ware, and pictures, and books, and dresses for my wife and sisters, and horses and mules for my brothers, and a piano for the Governor who gave me the commission, and a gold watch for my captain, and a lot of household furniture to send home to my colonel. And I robbed the soldiers of jelly and such stuff sent down to them to use while in hospitals, and I had a share of the goods stolen from sanitary fairs, and made lots of money. Please give me a little piece of that pounded ice!"

The physician gave it to him, when he continued:

"But I was not happy. I drank whisky with the boys when away from home, and indulged in some excesses not worth mentioning, and laid up quite a pile of money. And I was taken sick while out stealing cotton from a plantation where a widow lady lived. I had coaxed her niggers to run away, and they are all dead now. When the war ended I came home to Wisconsin, but could not stay there. So I came to Chicago, and I grew sick. And I have got to die. I have called on Christ—I have prayed to God, but somehow I cannot get relief for my soul. The door of mercy seems shut against me. I forsook religion for politics, and now God has forsaken me. I pray to my Savior, but he does not hear me. I talk to this faithful negro woman—she says "yes massa!" and that is all that I can get out of her. I know I can't live long. I feel that I am dying. I feel certain that I am going to hell. Please give me a piece more of ice before I go. I want these things written down as a warning to others who forget Christ for politics. I feel that the negro can't save—that Christ won't save me. I was faithful to the negro, but alas, the negro can't help me where I want help—he can't ease my soul. I am going to hell, and I know it. I expect to meet many persons there who forgot religion for politics.—I do not expect to see you again in this world or the next, but I want this confession printed. Please—give—me—a—small—small—piece—of—of—of—ice!"

And thus died the Rev. Henry Clannard.

AN inveterate bachelor gives as a reason for not getting married, that he wishes to preserve his good opinion of the gentle sex.

—Pest, the wife murderer, cut his

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU—ITS MISCHIEVOUS INFLUENCE.

New England philanthropy, the humanitarian sentiment of that conscientious district, its horror of slavery and of the cruelties of the Southern white man towards the negro, were the basis and the staple of the great agitation that forced the country into war. Now slavery is abolished there is no such thing legally as property in man, but there is a kind of official guardianshtp of the negro exercised by the Freedmen's Bureau. The agents of this Bureau are New England men to a very great extent, and thus it happens that the negro has fallen into the hands of the very men who were horrified by the treatment he received as a slave from Southern white men, and every mail from the South tells us of the brutalities practised toward the negro by those tender-hearted philanthropists. The Northern humanitarian has taken the place of the Southern nigger driver of other days only to show that he can be the more cruel of the two and outdo all that maudlin fiction imputed to the other. Our correspondence on this subject yesterday showed how a reverend humanitarian from Massachusetts attached to the Freedmen's Bureau, and managing a plantation on his own account, actually shot a negro for attempting to "run away," and this when slavery has been abolished.

Now that the great Southern institution has been swept away, the next thing for the country to abolish is the Freedmen's Bureau. This establishment is the parent of untold evils in every part of the Southern States. It is simply a great agent for the demoralization of labor. It was originally established in the expectation that it would prevent many of the evils that it was thought would be incident to the changed condition of the negro; but it fosters and keeps alive the evils it was expected to prevent. It was to stand between the negro and the planter and soften the asperites both ways—to prevent idleness on the one hand and bad treatment on the other. But all the idleness, misunderstanding and cases of bad treatment are traceable directly to this Bureau and its agents. It is corrupt through and through. It sells negroes to planters at so much per head, and, following the plan of the bounty brokers, sells the same negro over and over to different men. It is not trusted or respected by any portion of the Southern people. Its agencies in the various districts are looked upon as disreputable places, and farmers who wish to respect the government keep away from them. The Bureau is a constant cause of trouble, and Southern society will never be restored to its natural condition till this bad institution is swept away.

It is also a great swindle upon the country. We suppose as a people that we have gotten rid of the great blot in our history; that we have destroyed the iniquitious system of slavery that was our reproach before the world. But here in this Bureau, under the cover of philanthropy, the worst evils of that system are perpetuated. It is undeniable that the operation of this Bureau is identical with slavery; that it treats the negro just as slavery did, only that it gives the preference in posession to another class of men. The negro has changed owners. He has passed into the hands of Northern capitalists that have political power, and the Freedmen's Bureau guarantees possession.—While thus it preserves the negro in a real slavery, it has no responsibilty, and thus it is in fact worse than the former system of slavery. Every unprejudiced account from the South agrees in the declaration that the Freedmen's Bureau is the great obstacle to the complete reconstruction of Southern society, and there should be a great popular movement to abolish it.—*New York Herald*.

A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.—What a beautiful figure of life is the following: How many blooming, innocent hearts in the morning of existence become stricken with care and adversity, and droop and die in the mid-day of life! Happy indeed are they whom our Heavenly Father gathers unto himself ere the blight of sin shall have soiled the innate purity of their hearts. But here is the figure:

Early in the morning a maiden went into the garden to gather herself a fine rose for a wreath. They stood there in beautiful clusters of close buds, wafting odor from their cups, which were full of the morning dew. "I will not pluck you yet," said the maiden, "the sun shall open you first, when you shall bloom brighter and give out a stronger scent." She came at mid-day and saw the rose fretted by the worm, wilted by the sun, faded and withering. The maiden wept over her folly, and the next morning gathered her wreath early. God calls his loveliest children out of the world before the heart of the sun withers them. The paradise of children is a high degree of glory, the most upright man cannot set his foot in it, for his soul has already been spotted.

LADY Cartaret, wife of the lord lieutenant of Ireland, remarked on one occasion to Dean Swift: "The air in Ireland is very excellent and healthy." "For God's sake, madam," said Swift, "don't say so in England, for if you do,

BRICK DUST FOR SOREHEADS.

This reminds us of a little story! Say you radical, nigger loving Anna Dickinson, Fred Douglass, Ben Butler style of Repulicans, how do you like Johnson? How do you like going out of the Union for a President? You men who preach that God is controlling events political as well as eternal, how do you like Tennessee statesmanship? How does it compare with flat-boat style?

And God said let there be light, and there was light! This is Bible.

"And being in torment, they lifted up their eyes and saw," not Abraham in the bosom of Lazarus, but Andrew Johnson in the freedom shrieking, press mobbing, Democrat hanging, cotton stealing, women robbing, plunder loving, prison advocating, Democrat abusing, ballot box stuffing, office holding sepulchres full of nigger's bones?

How do you like the new President? Wouldn't you choke gently on Booth's windpipe, if he were still alive? How do you like this going into the Democratic party for a horse to hitch up with your mule! The seed of white men shall bruise the head of Republicanism, and Johnson shall be the next President, Verily we say unto you, now is the time to repent! It is a bad thing for you fellows to swap horses when crossing a stream! Why don't you Republican, wench hugging, law breaking, freedom shrieking, Union hating members of the only treasonable party in the Union, get drunk and parade with torches! Stand by the President! The President is the Government, you know!

> Blessed doctrine, thought divine,
> But this President dodge is fine!

He who speaks against the President is a traitor. Let traitors be hung! Why don't you get drunk, burn printing offices, murder a few Democrats, throw a few printing offices into the street, stop your newspapers, hold prayer meetings in barns and get drunk as owls, as you did when the other President spoke? "Who's pin here since Ish pin gone?" Who elected Johnson?—Why in thunder don't you get out the Wide Awakes, burn Democrats in effigy, shoot at them as they go around corners, waylay them in post offices, shout "rah for Link—Johnson!" and hold fast to the prize you found down South!

> "Way down South in the land of Dixie!"

Ain't that a pretty little song? How do you like this "expediency" dodge? Why don't you cackle when your President lays an egg? Why don't you celebrate, jubilate, investigate, operate and arid tongue irrigate as you used once?

> "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
> Weak and wounded, sick and sore,"
> Johnson ready stands to save you,
> Now this cruel war is o'er!

Why don't you laugh—smile—talk, say something, if it is not so all-fired smart? Gracious, but you fellows are busy about now! This is your President. God gave him to you. You selected and elected him! What's the trouble in your camp? Oh, but you are a wet set of roosters! Well, never mind. We shan't hurt you. We won't hurt you. We won't mob you—imprison you—hang you—abuse you—harass you in business—malign you—insult you—rob you, and use you as you have for five years used us. You needn't look scarylike when you see a rope, a prison or a gun.

Get out the Wide Awakes! Call out the Loyal Leagues! Get up some Sanitary Fairs. Appoint a few Brigadier Generals. Raise some colored troops. Turn your prayer meetings into electioneering booths. Tamper with election returns. Control the telegraph. Lie to a nation. Open your mouth and guffaw when the President speaks. Be sociable. Don't act like wandering drops from a grand funeral procession. Why, you looked pleasantly good, joystruck, happy, angelic, when Lincoln died compared to the way you look now! Poor Republicans! How dreadfully grief wears upon you!—*La Crosse Democrat*.

QUODLIBETS.—"Isn't it pleasant to be surrounded by such a crowd of ladies?" said a pretty woman to a popular lecturer. "Yes," said he; "but it would be pleasanter to be surrounded by one."

A very volatile young lord, whose faults were numberless, at last married. "Now, my lord," said his wife, "I hope you'll mend." "Madam," said he, "this is my last folly."

It is said that a lady, on putting on her corsets, is like a man who drinks to drown his grief, because in *so-lacing* herself, she is getting *tight*.

Why are books the best friends? Because when they bore you, you can shut them up without offence.

Slanders, issuing from beautiful lips, are like spiders crawling from the blushing heart of a rose.

What is that which, when "thrown out," may be caught without hands? A hint.

In marriage the heart of a widow is like a furnished apartment, where one is apt to find something left there by a former lodger.

People perform the greater part of the voyage of life before taking on their ballast; hence so many shipwrecks.

—A grand procession of Odd Fellows

THE COMING DANGER.

The recent bloody scenes at Norfolk, Va., in which armed negroes were the assailants and harmless and defenceless whites the victims, should admonish us of the dangers which lie in our path, if the policy of negro equality advocated by radical fanatics and knavish demagogues shall be fastened upon the legislation of the country. If their mad and reckless measures be engrafted upon our republican system—then, indeed, we fear we shall have passed through the fiery ordeal of the late rebellion only to prepare for another bloody strife in which the inferior race is destined to be crushed. We would avert, if we could, the shocking barbarities which would signalize a war of races. We contemplate the bloody picture with a feeling of inexpressible horror, and turn from it with unaffacted dismay.

To this radical idea of negro equality we are inflexibly opposed, because the blending of the Caucasian and the African races is utterly repugnant to every dictate of nature and reason.—Their moral, mental, and physical characteristics are so variant, as to render the idea of political and social equality with the whites perfectly abhorrent to every right-thinking American citizen. To obliterate these distinctions of race and color, which God himself has indelibly stamped upon humanity, is simply a matter of impossibility, and no one but a fool or a madman would attempt to do so.

We disclaim any unworthy prejudice against the blacks. We would freely accord to them every right and privilege to which they are justly, fairly, and equitably entitled. We wish them prosperity and happiness in their newly-acquired condition of freedom. But we prefer that as this is a white man's Government, made and intended for the benefit of white men, it shall be controlled by them, now and forever; and we respectfully submit that if the majority in the present Congress would think a little more of the interests of white people, and indulge in less hypocritical professions of regard for the welfare of the negro, both classes would fare much better, and such barbarous scenes as those lately witnessed at Norfolk would be of less frequent occurrence.—*Johnstown Democrat*.

AN UNEARTHLY STORY.

A very wierd story is current in the hill country of Staffordshire. We have been unable to verify the narrative with anything like precision, and content ourselves with relating it as near as possible as it was told to us by a clergyman. One day last week a carrier, with his horse and cart, was taking the accustomed journey between Buxton and Macclesfield. After he had gone some distance he was accosted by a wayfaring man, who was plodding along the road, who asked for a lift. The carrier took the man up and then proceeded onwards. After a while the carrier complained that his hands were cold, and asked his companion to drive for him for a time. The man consented and took hold of the reins. Before they had gone much farther, a stranger on horseback—the horse, by the way, was a white one—overtook them, and rode by the side of the cart. A conversation was commenced, which very soon took the direction of the cattle-plague. Its devastating effects were discussed, and a parallel was drawn between it and other calamities, past and future. The stranger on horseback suddenly became prophetic, saying that next year there would be a plague or blight among the corn which would destroy the fruits of the earth, which would be followed the next year by a plague among mankind. "Christians," he said, "would lie dead on the roadside by hundreds"—"yes," he added, lowering his voice, and addressing the holder of the reins, "dead is the man who si sitting by your side!" The driver turned, and to his horror found that he was sitting by the side of a corpse. The stranger on horseback galloped away, and the temporary driver of the cart was left to pursue his journey with his melancholy burden.—*Staffordshire Sentinel*.

IN the days of Andrew Jackson, his Postmaster General, Amos Kendall, wanting to know whereabouts was the source of the Tombigbee river, wrote for the required information to the Postmaster of a village on its course. "Sir," wrote the higher officer to the lower, "this department desires to know how far the Tombigbee river runs up. Respectfully, &c." The reply was brief, and read thus: "Sir: The Tombigbee river doesn't run up at all; it runs down. Very respectfully, &c." The Postmaster General continued the correspondence in this style: "Sir: Your appointment as Postmaster at ——, is revoked. You will turn over the funds, papers, &c., pertaining to your office, to your successor.—Respectfully, &c." The droll understrapper closed the correspondence with this parting shot: "Sir: The revenues for this office for the quarter ending Sept. 30, have been 95 cents; its expenditures, same period for tallow candles and twine, was $1.05. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance due me. Most respectfully."

How does the hair dresser end his life. He curls up and dyes.

"TIME is money." Of course it is.

WHERE THE TAXES GO.

Five hundred and forty millions of dollars were collected last year from the people, for the support of the general Government. The business interests of the country, mechanical, manufacturing and commercial, groan beneath the weight of taxation imposed upon them.

How is this immense sum of money expended? An examination of the appropriations of the Rump Congress at Washington, will disclose the fact, that the white labor of the country is heavily taxed for the support of lazy, vagabond negroes. Thaddeus Stevens has just reported a bill from the Committee on Appropriations "for the use of the Bureau for Refugees and Freedmen," which contains the following items: salaries of Assistant and Sub-Assistant Commissioners $47,500; salaries of Clerks $92,700; stationery and printing $63,000; quarters and fuel $15,900; clothing for distribution $1,750,000; commissary stores $4,106,250; medical department $500,000; transportation $1,9800,00; and so on, to the amount of *eleven millions, five hundred and eighty four thousand, four hundred and fifty dollars.*

This oppression of the white men of the country for the benefit of the negroes, who, according to the report of Gen. GRANT refuse to work, because the agents of the Freedmen's Bureau have assured them they shall have the lands of the South, will continue so long as the Rump controls Congress.—It is this policy which John W. Geary indorses. Remember this, and vote for Hiester Clymer.—*Johnstown Democrat.*

WHITE MEN! WHITE MEN!

Attention, white men! Attention ye struggling toilers in the shop, in the field, and in the mines! Attention ye who work late and early to keep the wolf from your doors, who know not how to bring up your children and educate them, and pay the increased prices of every article which war has imposed upon you. Read the following detail of appropriations for the support of lazy negroes, whose 'freedom' was purchased by your sweat and blood, and who must now be fed and clothed by your labor and toil:

Salaries to Commissioners for niggers,	$ 47,500
Salaries of Clerks for niggers,	12,800
Stationery and Printing for niggers,	63,000
Quarters and Fuel for niggers,	15,900
Clothing for niggers,	1,750,000
Rations for niggers,	4,106,250
Medicines for niggers,	500,000
Railroad fare for niggers,	1,980,000
School Marms for niggers,	21,000
School Houses for niggers,	300,000
Telegraphing for niggers,	18,000
Total,	$11,584,500

The above sum is just about equal to the entire annual expenditure of the government in John Quincy Adams' day. It is a wonder that such an infernal outrage upon white manhood does not a cause a revolution, and the instant death of every man connected with such damnable legislation.—*Day-Book.*

THE HUMAN FIGURE.—The proportions of the human figure are strictly mathematical. The whole figure is six times the length of the foot. Whether the form be slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty of proportion. Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face from the highest point on the forehead where the hair begins to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand from the wrist to the middle finger is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point in the forehead is a seventh. If the length of the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the same as the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

OLD AND NEW.—"What do the Arabs of the desert live on, pa?" asked a roguish girl of her father.

"Fudge, Nelly, that's an old conundrum. They live on the *sand which is* (sandwiches) there."

"Yes, but pa, how do they get 'em?"

"Well, really, Nelly, you have me there. I give it up.

"Why, pa, you know that the sons of *Ham are bred and mustered* in the wilderness?"

"Come, come, my daughter, that is too killing; don't say another word."

"Oh, yes, do tell me what they eat on their sandwiches."

"Eat on them; why, what do they eat on them?"

"Butter, to be sure."

"Butter! How do they get their butter?"

"Why, you know, pa, that when Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt, all the family *but her* ran into the wilderness."

A NEGROIST, who once had acted with the Democratic party, as it was said for patronage sake, the other day tried to justify his change of sentiment to a Democrat, and wound up by saying that "the Democratic party, when last in power, was so corrupt that it was a shame for any decent man to have anything to do with it." "Oh," said the Democrat, "the Democratic party has undergone a complete purification within the last four years," "How so," eagerly inquired Mr. Abolitionist." 'Why,' slowly responded the other," "all the d——d rascals left the Democratic party at the breaking out of the war to secure a share of the plunder, and we thus got rid of them. There was Forney, and Ben Butler, and ——."—Without waiting to hear the balance of