The Bedford Gazette.

BY MEYERS & MENGEL. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 30, 1866. VOL. 61.—WHOLE No. 5,374.

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
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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 Leaves, 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.

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.

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 15, 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. Tooth Powders and mouth Washes, excellent articles, always on hand.

TERMS—CASH.

Bedford, January 6, 1865.

DR. GEO. C. DOUGLAS, Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of Bedford and vicinity.

OFFICE—2 doors West of the Bedford Hotel, above Border's Silver Smith Store.

Residence at Maj. Washabaugh's.

aug.24, 66.

TRIUMPH IN DENTISTRY!

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN,

by the use of Nitrous Oxide, and is attended with no danger whatever.

TEETH INSERTED

upon a new style of base, which is a combination of Gold and Vulcanite; also, upon Vulcanite, Gold, Platina and Silver.

TEMPORARY SETS inserted if called for.

Special attention will be made to diseased gums and a cure warranted or no charge made.

TEETH FILLED to last for life, and all work in the dental line done to the entire satisfaction of all or the money refunded. Prices to correspond with the times.

☞ I have located permanently in Bedford, and shall visit Schellsburg the 1st Monday of each month, remaining one week; Bloody Run the 3rd Monday, remaining one week; the balance of my time I can be found at my office, 3 doors South of the Court House, Bedford, Pa.

nov.16,'66. WM. W. VAN ORMER, Dentist.

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.

TINWARE OF ALL KINDS AT B. Mc. BLYMYER & CO'S.

Hardware, &c.

GEO. BLYMYER. | JOHN P. 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 Scotia 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.

Drugs, Medicines, &c.

J. L. LEWIS having purchased the Drug Store, lately owned by Mr. H. C. Reamer takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity, that he has just returned from the cities with a well selected stock of

DRUGS,
MEDICINES,
DYE-STUFFS,
PERFUMERY,
TOILET ARTICLES,
STATIONERY,
COAL OIL, LAMPS AND CHIMNEYS,
BEST BRANDS OF CIGARS,
SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO,
FRENCH CONFECTIONS, &c., &c

The stock of Drugs and Medicines consist of the purest quality, and selected with great care.

General assortment of popular Patent Medicines.

The attention of the Ladies is particularly invited to the stock of PERFUMERY, TOILET and FANCY ARTICLES, consisting of the best perfumes of the day. Colognes, Soaps, Preparations for the Hair, Complexion and Teeth; Camphor ice for chapped hands; Teeth and Hair Brushes, Port Monaies, &c.

Of Stationery, there is a fine assortment: Billet, Note, Letter, Leaf and Mourning Paper, Envelops, Pens, Pencils, Ink, Blank Deeds, Power of Attorneys, Drafting Paper, Marriage Certificates, &c., &c. Also, a large quantity of Books, which will be sold very cheap.

Coal Oil Lamp Hinge Burner, can be lighted without removing the chimney—all patterns and prices. Glass Lanterns, very neat, for burning Coal Oil. Lamp chimneys of an improved pattern. Lamp Shades of beautiful patterns.

Howe's Family Dye Colors, the shades being light Fawn, Drab, Snuff and Dark Brown, Light and Dark Blue, Light and Dark Green, Yellow, Pink, Orange, Royal Purple, Scarlet, Maroon, Magenta, Cherry and Black.

Humphrey's Homeopathic Remedies.

Cigars of best brands, smokers can rely on a good cigar.

Rose Smoking Tobacco,
Michigan and Solace Fine Cut.
Natural Leaf, Twist and Big Plug,
Finest and purest French Confections,
PURE DOMESTIC WINES.
Consisting of Grape, Blackberry and Elderberry
FOR MEDICINAL USE.

☞ The attention of physicians is invited to the stock of *Drugs and Medicines*, which they can purchase at reasonable prices.

Country Merchants' orders promptly filled. Goods put up with neatness and care, and at reasonable prices.

J. L. LEWIS designs keeping a first class Drug Store, and having on hand at all times a general assortment of goods. Being a Druggist of several years experience, physicians can rely on having their prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded. [Feb 9, '66—tf

Clothing, etc.

RALLY! RALLY! RALLY!

Come one, come all,

and examine

THE EXCELLENT STOCK OF GOODS

AT LIPPEL'S

CLOTHING EMPORIUM AND FURNISHING

STORE.

A rare chance is offered to ALL to purchase good and seasonable goods, at the lowest prices, by calling at Lippel's.

If you would have a good suit of Ready-Made Clothing call at Lippel's.

If you would have good and cheap
Ladies' Dress Goods.
Calicoes,
Muslins,
&c., &c., &c.,
Call at Lippel's.

If you would have furnishing goods of all descriptions, notions, etc., call at Lippel's.

If you would have the best quality of Groceries, buy them at Lippel's.

Goods of all kinds, sold at the most reasonable prices, and country produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods, at Lippel's

sep.28,'66.

CLOTHING EMPORIUM.—GEO. REIMUND, Merchant Tailor, Bedford, Pa., keeps constantly on hand ready-made clothing, such as coats, pants, vests, &c.; also a general assortment of cloths, cassimeres, and gents' furnishing goods of all kinds; also calicoes, muslins, &c., all of which *will be sold low for cash*. My room is a few doors west of Fyan's store and opposite Rush's marble yard. I invite *all* to give me a call. I have just received a stock of new goods.

may25,'66.

FRUIT CANS AND SEALING WAX at B. Mc. BLYMYER & CO'S

The Bedford Gazette.

IRELAND AND THE SOUTH.

THE BOYS IN GREEN TO THE BOYS IN GRAY.

AIR—*The Wearing of the Green.*

Ring it out from every steeple,
Call the clans from every fold,
We're a democratic people,
And our faith we mean to hold;
We're for mercy to the beaten foe,
For brothers we have been;
And what Oppression is we know,
All we who wear the Green—
Aye! what Oppression is we know,
All we who wear the Green—
In our very bones what it is we know,
We boys who wear the Green!

We have felt it in our Sireland,
With its whip our backs are scored;
Of the South we'll make no Ireland,
Scourged with famine and the sword;
'Tis true they tried the rebel game,
But punished they have been—
And I rather think we've done the same,
All we who wear the Green!
We ourselves have done the very same,
All we who wear the Green;
And we hope again to do the same,
We boys who wear the Green!

O, Manhood's proudest duty
Is to fight for Manhood's faith;
And true courage has a beauty
That not even crime can scathe;
In chaos they plunged headward, boys,
Their guilt we do not screen;
But our Emmet and Lord Edward, boys,
Did likewise for the Green!
Aye! Sheares and Orr and Edward, boys,
Were Rebels for the Green!
Wolf, Tone, and Bond, and Edward, boys,
Did likewise wear the Green!

So "Mercy" be the countersign,
And "Freedom" the parole—
Let the bugles ring along our line
And the drums for battle roll!
And the cry shall swell from every mouth,
And on our flags be seen—
We're for mercy to the Rebel South,
We Rebels of the Green—
We've a fellow feeling for the South,
We Rebels of the Green,
The boys who wore the Gray down South,
We boys who wore the Green!

MILES O'REILLY.

MY EXPERIENCE AT A NEW ENGLAND SEWING CIRCLE.

The Christian ladies of this congregation are invited to meet Thursday evening, at the residence of Mr. Sniveller, to form a Sewing Society. A full attendance is requested.

Such, my dear hearers, reads a notice I find on my sacred desk this morning, and I read it in hopes you will profit thereby.

We will now sing Psalm 131, first two stanzas—

My heart not haughty is, O Lord,
Mine eyes not lofty be;
Nor do I deal in matters great;
Or things too high for me!

I surely have myself behaved
With meek spirit and mild
As chi'd of mother weaned, my soul
Is like a weaned child.

All sing!

Says I, "bully! Now I'm a bully spirit but with a sort of puritanical meaning, and concluded to go. Mrs. Sniveller—Mrs. Deacon Sniveller—lived in a large, white house, in a stone patch under the hill, down by her husband's button shop. Mrs. Sniveller was a leading horse, so called, in the team of benevolence at Buttonville. She had a little peaked red nose, about right to open clams with; a nervous jerk to her head, spiral enticers, and a water-fall, the size of a plum pudding, but filled with more ingredients. Deacon Sniveller passed the plate Sabbaths and took the funds home to count. Mr. Sniveller always gave with liberality on the next Sunday!

I wanted to go. I borrowed hoop skirts, waterfall and etceteras. I puffed my front hair, slung my waterfall on my bump of obstinacy, hoisted an onion into the ridicule I carried on my left arm, shouldered a cotton umbrella, took a piece of red flannel to make a shirt for some little innocent bud on the tree of Abolitionism, and sailed forth as the Yankee struck two.

Mrs. Sniviller was in. The front parlor and the middle was full of noble women, while the best bed room was full of bonnets, green umbrellas and retscules, in which to carry home sweet cakes, tarts, biscuit, plum bits, apple cores, and little things slyly slipped from Mr. Sniviller's table.

Mrs. Sniviller didn't know me. I told her I was little Sally Squiggles, as what lived there ten years afore, and had been South teachin skule!

"Lordy massy, so it is! Why, how natural you do look, now it all comes to me again! Bless me! Let me kiss my dear Sally who has escaped from the wretches!"—And angelic Mrs. Sniviller came near putting my eye *hors du combat* with the end of her nose!

I was introduced. Nineteen women were glad to see me and kissed their dear little Sally, till my waterfall got skrewed clear round under my left ear and I began to feel a rising sensation in my throat from the hugging then and there given, or words to that effect.

After I had been so affectionately gone through, I went into the bed room to reconstruct. Gracious! My waterfall had got under my left ear, making me look as if some ugly man of sin had lifted me one with brass knuckles and forgot to take it home with him, while my beautiful front hair resembled a garden full of pea vines after a hurricane. But I retained my composure and went out and became the centre of attraction.

"My dear Sally!"

"Precious Sally!"

"Little Sally Squiggles, sure enough!"

"So glad you cum hum!"

"Neow dew tell us all about it!"

Mrs. Sniviller was made chairwoman, and the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That this shall be called the Buttonville Benevolent Baby Association.

Resolved, That Mrs. Sniviller be, and hereby are, our President.

Resolved, That our aim is to help the downtrodden and bed ridded daughters of Ham, now in the clutches of that vile people, and to this end every member of the B. B. B., make one little flannel shirt a week, and Sally Squiggles shall tell us the size.

Resolved, That we open and close our Society with prayer.

Resolved, That each one of the members invite some man to go home with her at night. [Here I was about to object for fear of exposure, but for fear of exposure I didn't object.—*Sally.*]

After the Society was organized I was kept so busy answering questions that I came near not finishing the baby envelope I was working on, and should not, had I not taken long stitches as people do in Benevolent sewing.

Mrs. Sniviller said:

"Neow, Sally, ain't that ere Southern people the hatefulest, proud people the world ever did see? Cousin John, who went down as a sutler, brought home two trunks of the proudest silks, laces, jewelry that was real gold, and set with purty stones that was real diamonds, and worth a power of money. He found them in bureaus, trunks, closets and such places. The sneaking coward men had gone off to kill our good people, and the women were at work in the hospitals and all John had to do was to whip a lot of little children and help himself! I know them ere folks are a wicked, mean, ongrateful set, and ought to be killed."

Mrs. Puritan wanted to know if it was true that the people of the South actually cooked biled dinners on Sunday? If they did, she really hoped her cousin in Congress would pass a law that whenever a man in the South cooked a biled dinner on Sunday, he should be hung before dinner and his biled dinner sent North!

Mrs. Pinchback hoped the war would continuer to go on till there was no more end of nothing. For her part, it was all stuff about the people suffering during the war. Her Josiah had a contract and made two hundred thousand dollars the first year, and when her brother, Rev. Pecknose Ranter, came back from the war where he had periled his precious life eating preserves so they would not hurt sick soldiers, he brought home more than fifty gold watches and the nicest gold clasp bible, which was now used every Sunday in one of the Buttonville churches.

Mrs. Squeak said the people of the South were nothing but murderers, for when her brother, Col. Algernon B. [illegible] was out in a field, doin nothin, killin nobody but just seein how much cotton an army team could drag, so he could tell if it was a good team, some cowardly gorilla shot a hole clear through him, and wouldn't even send his clothes home for Jedidiah to wear out! and she hoped if another war ever did come, some of them sinful men of the West would go down and do it up for 'em agin, not as she cared so much for her brother, but she wanted them ere clothes for her Jedediah.

Mrs. Cockeye said she hoped there would be a hull passel of wars, for her cousin, her dear good cousin Benjamin (the Beast) had made lots of money in the late war, and had supplied nearly all her relations with spoons, watches silver ware, &c., and said it was right the war should go on, for her cousin was safer in the war than afore a court of justice even, and said it was a Christian duty to let all Christian wars be continnered as long as there was anybody to continner 'em.

Mrs. Sniviller here spoke again—

"Well, I don't care no how. The South should be fought! What right had they to have cotton picked by niggers without asking our consent? And they were rich. And they had nice things. And we believe that a nigger baby is of more account than a white pauper in the North. And my husband, Deacon Sniviller, wants more bones to make buttons of. He'll sell the buttons to the South and West, and they will have to pay us New England Christians for the privilege of wearing out their own bones.

By this time tea was ready. We had a good tea. Such curious silver ware, old style, pure silver didn't taste brassy a bit, and all of us ladies tasted all the silver dishes to see! And such a lot of spoons! Each one of us had at our plate a spoon with our initials on. Mrs. Sniviller had a barrel of silver spoons, and hunted them over till she found our regular initials in regular order. Oh, it was so nice! And we piled all the shirts up in a chair, and put a bible rescued from the wicked South on the top of the pile, and then Rev. Mr. Slammer came up and made a prayer, and Mrs. Dawdler on a nice rosewood piano played that patriotic piece of music,

John Brown's body lies mould'ring in the grave.

After which the Buttonville B. B. Society of Buttonville Commonwealth of Massachusetts, adjourned till next Thursday, when I am going again if they don't find out that Squiggles is

That horrid,

"BRICK" POMEROY.

GET married, young woman! Never pause because your suitor is not handsome. If he is good that is much better. Few handsome men are good for much, except to break wive's hearts with jealousy, and fail in business, because too much tempted to attend to it assiduously.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS OF A NEW STYLE.

The Beechers are natural growths of Puritanism—fair samples of that intolerance of belief, which finally loses itself in impracticableness and unchristian ideas or rank infidelity. They have ceased to possess Christ's religion, and are full of Beecher religion, altogether a different compound, a thing as changeable as the hues of a chameleon or an Abolitionist's notion of what constitutes loyalty.

Ward Beecher's church has been for years little better than a Sunday warehouse for the inculcation and dissemination of the blackest sort of Black Republicanism. Throngs have been in weekly attendance to applaud and laugh on Sundays as they would hardly do on week days. He has grown popular—has proved a "paying card" for the trustees, who invested money in building the church in which he holds forth—has received great salaries—purchased lands, and is one of a few of the clerical lights whose names figure in the income lists. He affects oddity, and takes real delight in startling old fashioned christians with new notions of liberality toward worldly pleasures—advocates billiards, occasionally "punches" a few himself, and drives as fast a horse as any jockey in Brooklyn.

This Yankee christian has a sister, not "to fortune and fame unknown"—she has written books—books in which the "colored cusses" whose ancestral stock once worshipped fetishes in Africa, figure as heroes and heroines, and wherein men, of Southern birth and white faces are "no better than they should be," viewed from the imaginative Beecher's stand-point. The name of the female, since she ceased to be a Beecher, is Harriet B. Stowe. She had some peculiar notions, religiously which she has given to the world lately. Writing of Sunday schools, she says:

"If the different churches of a city would erect a building where there should be a billiard table, one or two nine-pin alleys, a reading-room, garden and grounds for ball-playing, or innocent lounging, they would do more to keep their young people from the ways of sin, than a Sunday School."

How do some of our good Lacrosse admirers of, and believers in, the Beecher stock like these recommendations? Which of the religious denominations in our city will take the necessary steps for the erection of such a building as Uncle Tom's Harriet recommends as a suitable auxilary establishment for a well conducted Sunday school?

Under the progressive ideas of Puritanism we may expect to hear some of our modern divines announce from the pulpit, after a fervent prayer, that at the close of the services himself and the Superintendent of Sunday school, will play the deacons a four handed game of billiards, of five hundred points, for a new Bible; or hear one minister challenge another to roll him a string of ten pins for a new contribution box! It will be a startling novelty for a little time perhaps, to see a champion bat suspended over the pulpit of the religious shop, boasting the best nine at base ball, among those who go to Zion by the Beecher route.

If this system of keeping "young people from the ways of sin" is to come into general use—if billiard rooms and nine-pin alleys are suitable adjuncts for the Sunday school, it certainly seems to us that a first class saloon should also be thought of. After billiard and nine pins, "drinks all around" would be the thing, and afford a means for inculcating fine moral sentiments, religious toasts, and pious maxims. New converts should pay for the "celestial cock-tails," "evangelical juleps," or "angelic Tom and Jerry." Whenever a minister received a "raise of wages" he should "stand the whiskey"—and appropriations for benevolent purposes could be decided by rubbers at "peak-nuckle," or "seven up." Is there anything more improper or out of character in these suggestions, than in the ideas advocated by Mrs. Stowe.

The fiendish character of the religious precepts inculcated by New England fanatics has driven from Sunday schools and churches hundreds and thousands, and it is by such artifices as those suggested above, that the blood-thirsty bigots seek to fill up their ranks and kindle a new interest in their pernicious system, borrowing of their father, the devil, some of his chief attractions. It is not at all out of character for New England, but will seem to those not living in the "brain of the Republic," (as the egotists term their narrow-minded section,) a little out of character to yoke the temples of the Living God with billiard rooms and nine-pin alleys. What will be the next freak of Beecher christianity?—*Lacrosse Democrat.*

PERT ANSWER.—Some years ago the best pilot belonging to Boston was named James Tilley. In his youth he had met with an accident which had caused him to become badly humpbacked. He was a genial sort of a man, much liked, and was always called upon to pilot ships-of-war out of the harbor. One day he took out a *British* frigate; and, as he was leaving the ship, a pompous officer on board called out,—

"I say, old fellow, what have you got on your back?"

"*Bunker Hill!*" replied Tilley. "Perhaps you have heard of that place before."

"TOM, who did you say your friend B. married?" "Well, he married forty thousand dollars—I forgot her other name."

THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

A correspondent making a tour of the Rocky Mountains, speaking of the beauty of the snow-flowers and the grandeur of the scenery, says:

Another quarter of an hour, and the steeps fell back in front, leaving a lovely Alpine meadow, dotted with clumps of pine, the vivid green of its turf sprinkled with snowy star-flowers, and the creek of icy crystal winding through it.

I was delighted when Mr. Byers gave the word to unsaddle. It was barely three quarters of a mile, he said, to the summit of the Pass. Whether we would cross was still a doubtful matter, and before attempting it both beasts and men must be fed.—The former were turned loose to graze at will, with their long lariats dragging after them; the latter unhooked the cups from their button-holes, opened the coffee-bags, cut the ham with hunting knives, and partook of the biscuits which were not sufficiently "sad." The water of the brook was so intensely cold that it almost made one scream. Yet immediately out of and through it grew a flower so purely beautiful that we all cried out with admiration on discovering it. Out of a ring of broadly ovate leaves (under the water) rose a straight stem, twelve to fifteen inches in height, crowned at the top with a cluster of dark crimson velvet flowers, about the size and with the rich mealy bloom of the polyanthus. It is called, here, the 'Alpine primrose,' but I know of neither cowslip or primrose that will compare with it. The odor is very peculiar, resembling that of Russian leather. Here is a treasure for our florists.

While we took our lunch and rested our bones, Mr. Byers and White discussed the passage of the mountains. Directly in front of us a depression in the fir-clad ridge indicated the summit of the Pass, on either side of which bald, snowy peaks rose considerably above the timber line. White had crossed the range last week, with a drove of twenty-two Government horses; but he had gone considerably to the northward of the Pass, in order to avoid the snows. It was a question whether we should re-open the old trail, or follow his example and climb the frightful looking steep on our right to a point beyond the timber. Being a green hand, I said nothing but felt relieved when the Pass was selected, for the snows had been melting very rapidly, and I was convinced that we could falsify the predictions of our friends.

The horses were saddled, the mules repacked, and we set out upon our uncertain adventure. There was snow all around us, some inches, even, lay on the meadow; and even where it had melted, the soil was elastic, treacherous bog, that we did not venture to ride. On all sides rills came rushing down, uprooted trees barred the way, or pools of black mud had collected. It was impossible to follow the trail, although we could trace it by the marks of the shovels. Slowly, in single file, stooping every two minutes to lean upon our horses' necks and gasp for breath, spattered with mud and wet with snow-water, we climbed through the forests, taking heart with the knowledge that this was our last hard pull. The trees rapidly grew thinner, the roaring rills became noiseless threads of water, the snow-drifts over-lapped each other and must be waded, and then—the steep suddenly flattened and a keen wind swept over the summit of the Pass.

It is a sharp crest, with not ten yards between the opposite declivities. Here there was an open space covered with bunch grass among the fields of snow. We were just at the limit of timber, a little more than 11,000 feet above the level. No general panorama of the range is visible, but there are inclosed views to the east and west.—Behind us a sweep of bleak, frosty summit, too near, (apparently) too hard and sharp to be beautiful. Before us, far away over the deeps of endless dark green forest, a grand Alpine range,

"Lifting there
A thousand shadow-penciled valleys
And snowy dells in a golden air."

Still further, thirty or forty miles behind it, arose two great snowy pyramids, evidently beyond the North Peak, and not inferior to Mont Blanc. This view was superior in all elements of simplicity to anything I had ever seen since entering the mountains.

RAYMOND PHOTOGRAPHS THE JACOBINS.

Henry J. Raymond, the editor of the New York *Times*, who has been forced from his support of the President by the clamors of the Radicals, but a few weeks ago published the following penpicture of the Radical wing of the Republican party. The fidelity of the picture is so striking, that no one can mistake the originals of the different portraits.

"And more powerful for mischief than all of these combined, were commissioned officers whose official record was bad. * * With no higher views of patriotic duty while the great conflict was going on, than personal aggrandizement, they have no higher conception of honor and right as political partisans now that the the strife is over.

But here is what Raymond says of the Radicals:

"It has been the misfortune of the Republican party that so many of its adherents have sought—as it were purposely—to make it appear in the character of a sectional disunion organization. A class of camp followers, thrown out of employment by the termination of hostilities—men who suffered neither in purpose nor in property while the war lasted—have made themselves especially conspicuous as agents of discord and sectional malice during the past eighteen months. Some of them were unnecessary but unscrupulous attaches of Provost Marshals' offices; others were speculators in cotton and various descriptions of loose Southern property; yet another set had a stock of Northern philanthropy, in which they dealt, wherever paying prices were to be had; and, more powerful for mischief than any or all these combined, were COMMISSIONED OFFICERS WHOSE OFFICIAL RECORD WAS BAD. The accession of thousands of such men to any party could only be an injury, and to the extent to which they might be able to mould its policy—A CALAMITY. With no higher views of patriotic duty while the great conflict was going on, higher conception of honor and of right as political partisans now that the strife is over. And whatever error of judgement there may be chargable against the President or against Conservative Republicans who have given his policy an independent support, there has been nothing in the whole record of the Republican party so fatal to its permanent influence and power as its association with the tribe of mischief-makers whose fortunes were broken when the armies of the Confederacy surrendered to Grant. Their baneful influence has not only been felt here in their native haunts, where they only preach malice and uncharitableness a' will, but it spreads itself all over the country, and is felt, to-day, more than anywhere else, in the subjugated States; stirring up strife between master and servant, and keeping alive the flames of discord between sections and races."

JOKE ON BOB.

Stephen C—— was a jovial soul, and hesitated not to play a trick on any one. Among his acquaintances was a young man and a young lady, both of whom stammered very badly. They were unacquainted with each other.

Bob F——, the young man alluded to, was quite sensitive, and to think that any one was making fun of his defect made him frequently fly into a passion. It was Stephen's fortune to meet them at a party, and he soon determined on a joke.

"Miss Sue," said he, approaching his lady friend, "may I have the pleasure of introducing to you one of my acquaintances, a worthy young man?"

"Cer-cer-cer-cer-tainly, sir."

Away he started for Bob F——.

"Bob, old fellow, here is a nice girl. I want to introduce you. Come on."

"Does she taw-taw-talk?"

"Yes—like blazes."

So off they started and soon approached the side of the lady. Stephen introduced them and immediately withdrew to one side that he might see how they would manage each other, when his ears were greeted with the following conversation:

"How are you enjoy-joy-joying yourself th-th-this ev-evening, marm?"

"It is ra-ra-rather warm."

Bob's brow contracted; but he restrained his feelings and continued:

"I pre-r-r-presume you are acquainted with most of those pr-present."

"Ye-ye-yes, sir, with all, be-be-believe," said she, smiling."

But that smile ruined her forever in Bob's estimation, for, hastily rising, he exclaimed,

"By th-th-thunder! ma-ma-dam, if that is the wa-wa-way you make f-f-fun of a f-f-fellow's infi-firmities, you may go to gr-grass."

Stephen laughed immoderately all the time, and was subsequently called to account for the trick; but his good nature drove away all bad feelings.

A WOMAN'S FIGHT WITH INDIANS.—The following is from the Tehama California, *Observer*: "L. Hessick, who runs a pack train between Red Bluff and Hay-fork of Trinity, gives the particulars of a daring exploit of a lady. Mrs. Sarah Donelson, formerly a resident of Red Bluff, is living in a log house on the trail, with her children and her father. A few days ago her father went out hunting stock, and Mrs. Donelson was looking after her poultry a short distance from the house. Suddenly five Indians made their appearance. Mrs. Donelson started for the house, and was intercepted by two Indians. Throwing them from her, a third caught her by the shoulder. She knocked him down, and reaching the house in safety, barred the door. The Indians rested one or more rifles on the window levelled at the woman, who approached them, took down her father's rifle and returned the fire of the Indians through the apertures or 'chinks' of the log house. On attempting to cock her gun Mrs. Donelson found that the thumb of her right hand had been shot away by an Indian bullet, but using her left hand she soon had the pleasure of knowing that her would-be murderers had, retreated, whether with whole hides or not she could not tell. Muscle, courage and self-possession won a victory—one against five, and that one a woman. We challenge the State to exhibit an instance in Indian fighting wherein a woman has acquitted herself more creditably."

AN absent minded professor, in going out of the gateway of his college, ran against a cow. In the confusion of the moment, he raised his hat and exclaimed, "I beg your pardon madame." Soon after he stumbled against a lady in the street; in sudden recollection of his former mishap, he called out, "Is that you again, you brute?"

WHY is twice ten the same as twice eleven? Because twice ten is twenty and twice eleven is twenty-two.

WHEN is literary work like smoke? When it comes in volumes.