

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The Bedford Gazette is published every Friday morning by MEYERS & MENGEL, at \$2.00 per annum, if paid directly in advance...

The Bedford Gazette.

BY MEYERS & MENGEL.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 7, 1866.

VOL. 61.—WHOLE No. 5,375.

Hardware, &c.

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...

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...

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 line...

Give us a call and we can supply you with Barn Door Rollers, the latest improvements; Nova Scotia Wind Grates, &c. &c. also a variety of Shoe Findings, consisting of French Calf Skins, Morocco Linings, Bindings, &c. &c.

\$20.00 WANTED.—Would like to get it if our friends would let us have it. Loss will do; but persons having uncollected accounts will close them up to the first of March, to enable us to close our old books. This should be done by the 1st of March.

Drugs, Medicines, &c. J. L. LEWIS having purchased the Drug Store, lately owned by Mr. H. C. Remond...

Stock of Drugs and Medicines consist of the purest quality, and selected with great care. General assortment of popular Patent Medicines.

Of Stationery, there is a fine assortment: Bill-let, Note, Letter, Leaf and Mourning Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Ink, Blank Books, Power of Attorneys, Drafting Paper, Marriage Certificates, &c. &c.

Coal Oil Lamp Glass Burners, 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.

Best 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. Cigarettes of Best Brands, smokers can rely on a good cigar.

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.

Clothing, etc. 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 reasonable 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, Maslins, &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.

Bankers. J. J. SCHELL, REED AND SCHELL, Bankers and DEALERS IN EXCHANGE, BEDFORD, PA.

CLOTHING EMPORIUM.—GEO. KEIMUND, Merchant Tailor, Bedford, Pa., keeps constantly on hand ready-made clothing, such as coats, pants, vests, &c. &c. also a general assortment of goods of all kinds, also calicoes, muslins, &c. &c.

Bank of Discount and Deposit. COLLECTIONS made for the East, West, North and South, and the general business of Exchange Bankers. Notes and Accounts Collected. PAYMENTS promptly made. Oct. 20, 1865.

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

The Bedford Gazette.

VOODOOISM.

The Native African Paganistic Rite Among the Freedmen—Discussing Rites of the Deities of Voodooism—Influence of the Negro Mystagogues on their Followers, &c. &c.

[From the Nashville Union and American.] Some two months or more ago we copied from the Georgia and Mississippi papers statements showing that many of the negroes in certain localities in those States were afflicted with the most grotesque and absurd religious superstitions.

The Rev. C. K. Marshall, of the latter State, also made a statement of well-authenticated facts, indicating that these crude superstitions were much more general among the negro population of the South than was generally known.

One of the forms of this heathenism is denominated Voodoo by the negroes, and was exemplified practically in Memphis on Sunday last, in the manner stated by the Appeal, as follows:

"Voodooism.—We believe that this barbaric religion of worship is beginning to take hold among the negroes. Free from the check which was once held over them by their baser passions, and now and then it bursts out, and proves that the worship of their barbaric fathers still runs in the blood of the Americanized negro.

It was but last Sunday night that a party of five negroes, dressed in the garb which Father Adam is supposed to have worn, dashed down across South street into an open field, yelling and shouting like madmen, to the terror of the women and amusement and surprise of the men, who did not know what to make of them.

Talking with some negroes yesterday about this incident, we asked them what it all meant. Several shrugged their shoulders innocently, but one, more ignorant than the rest, informed us 'they are tryin' to voodoo de niggers.' Voodooism, from what we can learn, is a superstition little less than the idolatrous religion of Africa.

It prevails more extensively in New Orleans than elsewhere, and its rites and ceremonies are most disgusting. They believe in incantations and charms, bewitch their enemies by pieces of hair, feathers, and similar articles, which are charmed. They have been suspected of human sacrifices and are known to rob graves that they may procure materials for their charms, which are as varied and disgusting as those used by the witches in "Macbeth."

Strange to say, they have made white converts, and, in one or two cases, of sensible people. The initiatory rites, as described by the New Orleans Police, who have several times broken in upon them, consist of naked dances around a leaking caldron of charmed snakes, toads, human remains, and similar articles. They have a woman to whom they are subject. This woman, who resides in New Orleans, is known to the police as being a beautiful octoroon. The subject is one of interest, and the only works we know of on it are very unsatisfactory.

The negro Dr. Randolph, lately traveling with the Southern loyalists, delivered some lectures on the subject at New Orleans, claiming that he had learned its mysteries in Africa, but he evidently knew very little on the subject. It is known to be practised on most of the Louisiana plantations. Gilmore Simms has written a story called the "Enchanted Crow," which is evidently based on this heathenism and superstitious religion. It is to be hoped that some competent person will study it, for it is the religion of Africa brought to our doors.

The Galveston (Texas) Bulletin, a few weeks ago, stated a case occurring in the County Jail, as follows:

"There is at the County Jail a ducky supposed to be voodooed. Sambo has been there more than a month. He has never spoken, except when hungry and forced to say 'bread,' and on one occasion when he was heard to say 'nice morning.' Yet the rascal can evidently talk and understand what is said to him. He will stand by the hour straight in 'the position of a soldier,' staring at the blank wall. At other times he will sing 'Bobbing Around' for half the night, when he will curl himself on the ground, put his head on his tin plate and sleep like a pig. The other negroes say he is either voodooed or else is voodooing somebody."

Within the last ten days a case has transpired in this city, with similar characteristics. A negro, of the half-blood, who was for many years a slave in the family of the writer of this, and who has borne and reared a family of several children, was taken sick some six weeks or two months ago, with some serious form of disease. Failing to get relief she called in a negro "medicine man," who at once pronounced her bewitched, or voodooed. He told her that the bed on which she lay contained certain feathers, bones, and hair which had produced all her suffering, and whereby she had been voodooed. To prove it he proposed to rip open and examine the bed. Upon doing so he found certain minute chicken-bones, a few chicken feathers, and some hair. This demonstrated the truth of the physician's diagnosis, and he began his curative process by dispelling the sorcery, by incantations, sounds, gestures, &c., the evil spirit of the Voodoo. This so shocked and disgusted the husband of the patient and the other members of the family, that the "medicine man" was peremptorily discharged, with a warning not to

turn. Another form of the superstitions of this race was disclosed at the session of the Methodist Conference, which assembled at Galveston on the 24th ult. The following is an extract from the proceedings:

"Emmanuel Hammitt, a negro preacher from Millican, was elected to deacon's orders. It was stated that he could read the Bible well, was a good preacher, and 'Southern' in his feelings. The bishop wished to know if he held any of the superstitions common among the blacks, and was informed that he did not. The bishop then stated that in travelling lately through Harrison county, on Red River, he had found a religious organization of negroes, calling themselves 'The Angel Band.' They were under the direction of an old negro woman whom they called the 'God-mother,' and who, they believed, knew all their thoughts and actions, whether they were present or absent. She prescribed punishment at pleasure, which was received with opposition by the criminal.

"It was expected that each person should receive a revelation from Heaven and relate it to the society. One boy, about fourteen years of age, received no divine light, and was ordered to be flogged till the vision came. This was done and a wonderful story was related. The bishop asked the boy how it was that the whipping gave him such a revelation, and received the answer: 'Sir, if you had been whipped as I was, you would have had a revelation.'"

BUTLER. Ben Butler the Author of the Rebellion—Extraordinary Revelation. Alexander F. Pratt, editor of the Plain Dealer, published at Waukesha, Wisconsin, a Douglas delegate to the Charleston Convention, in 1860, and a man who has known Benjamin F. Butler intimately from his youth, publishes some extraordinary revelations concerning the part that notorious incendiary took in the Charleston Convention, the efforts he put forth to bring about secession, and the promises of help from the North, which he made in the name of Northern Democrats when secession should be accomplished in fact.

Mr. Pratt says: "Butler had been sent to that convention as we were, instructed to vote for Stephen A. Douglas; but during that struggle, which lasted some two weeks, he voted persistently for the nomination of Jefferson Davis.

"At that time," continues Mr. Pratt, "secession was openly advocated, and was as plain to us in the distance, as it is now to all in the background. Six or eight well drilled and well armed companies were then daily parading the streets of that city. One by one were our National delegates led into the private room of St. Andrew's Hall by Butler and others where they were met by such men as Silldell, Mason and others who had their millions in gold to purchase the nomination of a Southern man. How much Butler received we neither know nor care, but as we said before, the last speech we ever heard from Butler, and it will probably remain the last, unless we may have the good fortune to hear him speak upon the gallows, was a secret meeting held one evening after he and the Southern delegates had seceded from our convention. We obtained admittance that evening through a friend from Alabama, and for nearly an hour listened to a speech from Butler to Admiral Palmer.

"In this speech Butler assured them that we, the Douglas Democrats, were 'free soldiers,' that he and others were witnesses, but nothing has been done. I wrote a private letter to Secretary Stanton in regard to this matter, but not a move has ever been made against him.

Butler is a worthy son of New England. He is loved there as a good, true and patriotic man. Wait for a time and 'see his guilt unkenneled.' JOHN E. WATSON.

A MECHANICAL HORSE.—A sensation has been excited in Paris by an announcement that Mr. Aspic, of Cincinnati, has just invented a mechanical horse, that is likely completely to set aside the employment of its living predecessors. Mr. Aspic's horse is of the size of nature, and acts by a series of springs, enabling the rider to walk, trot, amble, or gallop at will. The "dumb animal," it is said, can twist itself about, move its eyes, prick up its ears, and even neigh, if winked at. The only obstacle to the acquisition of such a steed, that will require neither hay, nor corn, nor straw, nor groom, is its high price—upward of \$10,000.

The cure of an evil tongue must be done at the heart. The weights and wheels are there, but the clock strikes according to their motion. A gulfeful heart makes a gulfeful tongue and lips. It is the work-house where is the forge of deceits and slanders; and the tongue is only the outer shop where they are vended, and the door of it. Such ware as is made within, such and no other, can come out.—Leighton.

Why are fowls the most economical stock for farmers? Because for every grain of corn they give a peck.

What is better than presence of mind in a railroad accident? Absence of body.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE GAZETTE.

leans Railroad below Jackson, and ask anybody living on the railroad if supplies of all kinds were not regularly sent over the road from New Orleans.

Let the unbeliever inquire for a certain Captain Colby (formerly known in Cincinnati, Ohio) who was a commissary in the Confederate army, and stationed at Jackson, Mississippi, whether he did not receive constantly large supplies of coffee, salt, &c., &c., for a period extending over eighteen months. The writer of this article, while in Jackson, Mississippi, in the summer of 1862, had occasion to visit the chief clerk of Captain Colby, a Mr. Bliss, formerly Governor of Colorado Territory, and while there heard a conversation take place between Colonel Jones, of General Bragg's staff, and a confidential agent of General Butler in which it was agreed on the part of General Butler to furnish the Confederate army of the West with shoes, blankets, salt, &c., and 4,000 sacks of salt should be delivered—if I remember right—in three weeks. Bliss and myself were separated from the speakers by a board partition, not well made, and could hear the entire conversation. As we listened we became much interested, and exchanged frequent significant winks, both being good Confederates.

Bliss afterward "sloped" to avoid the conscript law; he was a fine fellow for all that, however. Butler's agent wanted a bale of cotton for a sack of salt, and the parties came near splitting on the point. Don't know how it was settled, but know that supplies came in regularly.

Upon the evening of the same day that the conversation above reported took place I visited the headquarters of General Van Dorn, and while talking to two of my old acquaintances—Col. Ned Dillion, Chief Commissary, and Col. Lomax, both graduates of West Point—General Van Dorn himself came in laughing—"Well," said he to Col. Lomax, "I have just had a proposition from Gen. Butler, and he proposes to supply our army with all we want, providing I will send him cotton." "What an infernal scoundrel he is," said Van Dorn. To this we all unhesitatingly agreed. "What a spectacle of depravity is here presented—a man furnishing gunpowder to slay his comrades, and clothes and food to supply their enemies."

I have been a Confederate soldier of the fighting department, and have met on many fields the noble soldiers of the Northwest, and I have thought when I have seen them dead and lying around me, that they had probably fallen, killed by ammunition furnished by General Butler. Now this beast, this "shape infernal," presents himself before the people of the North, and has been hailed with applause by thousands.

There is a just God above, who will pour out the vials of his wrath upon those who defy him! There is, and Ben Butler will come to a horrible end—mark the prediction, this man is destined to a terrible end. It might have been said of him that he was simply a brute for publishing his order No. 28, or for presenting a loaded pistol at the head of a weeping lady; but where are the terms in which to characterize the utter depravity of the man who would slay thousands of his countrymen for gold. Come forth ye hundreds of witnesses of this man's depravity, and make it known to the world! I summon you to the inquisition, not as a partisan, but for the cause of humanity. Ben Butler must be unmasked! Somebody must undertake this task.

Some months ago I wrote to Secretary Stanton, giving him "the points" against Butler, and the names of the witnesses, but nothing has been done. I wrote a private letter to Secretary Stanton in regard to this matter, but not a move has ever been made against him.

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A. WARD AT SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB.

[From the London Punch, September 26.] MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR:—I've been lingering by the tomb of the lamented Shakespeare.

It is a success. You may make any use of this opinion that you see fit. If you think its publication will subserve the cause of literature, you may publish it.

I told my wife Betsy when I left home that I should go to the birthplace of "Othello," and other plays. She said that as long as I kept out of Newgate she didn't care where I went. "But," I said, "don't you know that he was the greatest poet that ever lived? Not one of these common poets, like that young idiot who writes verses to our daughter, about the roses as grows and the breezes as blows, but a boss poet—also a philosopher, also a man who knew a great deal about everything."

She was packing my things at the time, and the only answer she made was to ask me if I was going to carry both of my red flannel night caps.

Yes, I've been to Stratford upon the Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare. Mr. S. is now no more. He's been dead over three hundred (300) years. The people of his native town are justly proud of him. They cherish his memory, and them as sell pictures of his birthplace, &c., make it profitable business to put in their abloom.

As I stood gazing on the spot where Shakespeare is supposed to have fallen down on the ice and hurt himself when a boy, (this spot cannot be bought—the town authorities say that it shall never be taken from Stratford,) I wondered if three hundred years hence pictures of my birthplace will be in demand? Will the people of my native town be proud of me in three hundred years? I guess they won't short of that time, because they say that the fat man weighin 1,000 pounds which I exhibited there was stuffed with pilfers and cushions, which he said one very hot day in July, "Oh bother, I can't stand this," and commenced pulling the pilfers out from under his weskitt and heaven 'em at the audience. I never saw a man lose flesh so fast in my life. The audience said I was a pretty man to come chiselin my own townsmen in that way. I said, "Do not be angry, feller citizens. I exhibited him simply as a work of art. I simply wished to show you that a man can grow fat without the use of cod-liver oil." But they wouldn't listen to me. They are a low and grovelin set of people, who excite a feelin of loathin in every breast where lofty emotions and original ideas have a bitin place.

I stopped at Leamington a few minutes on my way to Stratford upon the Avon, and a very beautiful town it is. I went into a shoe shop to make a purchis, and as I entered I saw over the door those dear familiar words, "By Appointment: H. R. H.;" and I said to the man, "Squire, excuse me, but this is too much. I have seen in London four hundred boot and shoe shops by Appointment: H. R. H.; and now you're at it. It is simply impossible that the Prince can wear 400 pairs of boots. Don't tell me," I said, in a voice choked with emotion—"Oh do not tell me that you also make boots for him. Say slipper—say that you mend a boot now and then for him; but do not tell me that you make 'em regular for him."

The man smilt, and said I didn't understand these things. He said I perhaps had not noticed in London that the dealers in all sorts of articles was by Appointment. I said, "Oh, hadn't I?" Then a sudden thought flash over me. "I have it!" said I. "When the Prince walks through a street, he no doubt looks at the shop windows."

The man said "No doubt." "And the enterprisin tradesman," I continued, "the moment the Prince gets out of sight, rushes frantically and has a tin sign painted, by Appointment, H. R. H. It is a beautiful, a great idea!"

I then bought a pair of shoe strings, and wringing the shopman's honest hand I started for the tomb of Shakespeare in a hired fly. It looked, however, like a spider.

"And this," I said, as I stood in the old churchyard at Stratford, beside a tombstone, "this marks the spot where lies William W. Shakespeare. Alas! and this is the spot where—"

"You've got the wrong grave," said a man—a worthy villager; "Shakespeare is buried inside the church."

"Oh," I said, "a boy told me this was it." The boy laughed and put the shillin I'd given him into his left eye in a inglorious manner, and commenced moving backwards towards the street. I pursued and captured him, and after talking to him a spell in a sarkastic stile, I let him went.

The old church was damp and chill. It was raining. The only persons there when I entered was a fine bluff old gentleman, who was talkin in an excited manner to a fashionably dressed young man. "No, Ernst Montessor, the old gentleman said, it is idle to pursue this subject no further. You can never marry my daughter. You were seen last Monday in Piccadilly without an umbrella. I said then, as I said now, any young man as ventures out in an uncertain clime like this without a umbrella, lacks foresight, caution, strength of mind and stability, and he is not the proper person to intrust a daughter's happiness to."

A GOOD TOAST.—At a printer's festival lately, the following toast was given: "Woman—second only to the press in the dissemination of news!"

I slapt the old gentleman on the shoulder, and I said, "You're right! You're one of those kind of men—you are."

He wheeled suddenly round, and in an indignant voice said, "Go way—go way! This is a privit interview."

I didn't stop to enrich the old gentleman's mind with my conversation. I sorter of inferred that he wasn't inclined to listen to me, and so I went on. But he was right about the umbrella. I'm really delighted with this grand old country, Mr. Punch, but you must admit that it does rain raythur numerously here. Whether this is owing to a monerkl form of government or not, I leave all candid and unprejudiced persons to say.

William Shakespeare was born in Stratford in 1564. All the Commentators, Shakspearean scholars, etsetry, are agreed on this, which is the only thing they are agreed on in regard to him, except that his mantle hasn't fallen on to any poet or dramatist hard enough to hurt said poet or dramatist much. And there is no doubt if these commentators and persons continuer investigating Shakspeare's career, we shall not, in due time, know anything about it all.—When a mere lad, little William attended the Grammar School, because, as he said, the Grammar School would n't attend him.—This remarkable remark coming from one so young and unexperienced, set peple to thinking there might be something in this lad. He subsequently wrote "Hamlet" and "George Barnwell." When his kind teacher went to London to accept a position in the offices of the Metropolitan Railway, little William was chosen "by his fellow-pupils to deliver a farewell address. "Go on, sir," he said, "in a glorious career. Be like a eagle, and soar, and the soarer you get the more we shall be gratified. That's so."

My young readers who wish to know about Shakspeare, better get these valuable remarks framed.

I returned to the hotel. Meetin a young married couple, they asked me if I could direct them to the hotel which Washington Irvine used to keep?

"I've understood that he was unsuccessful as a landlord," said the lady. "We've understood," said the young man, "that he busted up."

I told 'em I was a stranger, and hurried away. They were from my country, and undoubtedly represented a thrifty ile well somewhere in Pennsylvania. It's a common thing, by the way, for an old farmer in Pennsylvania to wake up some mornin and find ile squirtin all around his back yard. He sell out for 'normous price, and his children put on gorgeous harness and start on a tower to astonish people. They succeed in doin it. Meantime the ile squirts and squirts, and Time rolls on. Let it roll.

A very nice old town is Stratford, and a capital inn is the Red Horse. Every admirer of the great S. must go once certainly; and to say one isn't an admirer of him, is equivalent to sayin one has just brains enough to become a efficient tinkler.

Some kind person has sent me Chawcer's Poems. Mr. C. had talent, but he couldn't spell. No man has a right to be a literary man unless he knows how to spell. It is a pity that Chawcer, who had genecus, was so uneducated. He's the wass speller I know of.

I guess I'm through, and so I lay down the pen, which is more mightier than the sword, but which I am afraid would stand a raythur slim chance beside the needle-gun. Adoo! Adoo!

ARTEMUS WARD.

A PRIZE FIGHTER IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.—Years ago, in England, there lived a notorious character named James Gully, a public prize fighter, who, in many a fair and square stand-up fight, gained many friends among the nobility and the "fancy." Having made some money, he opened a "hell" in James street, London, within a few doors of Piccadilly. Here his acquaintance with the nobility extended, and he next loomed up a patron of the turf, and elbowed his way into "good society" at Doncaster, where he came near carrying off the Earl Jerger stakes from the notorious St. Lerger. From the race course at Doncaster was but a step into the British House of Commons, where James Gully, Esq., figured as a member for the borough Friarborough. So the election of John Morrissey to Congress has not only precedent, but his previous history is almost parallel with that of the pugilistic M. P.

CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE AND THE PRESIDENT.—The Washington correspondent of the Boston Advertiser, Radical, gives in a dispatch of the 18th inst, the following account of the much-talked-of interview between the Chief Justice and the President:

Mr. Chase has recently had two interviews with the President. The first of these was concerning judicial matters and had no connection with a subsequent informal meeting of Cabinet ministers. At the second interview, by appointment for that purpose, he was asked and gave his opinion upon the questions before the country, earnestly advising the President to recommend the adoption of the amendment of the Constitution as a just basis of settlement, or, if he was not prepared for that, to take ground in favor of substituting for the second and third sections of the amendment universal amnesty and impartial suffrage. The counsels of the Chief Justice have not heretofore been followed and there are no indications that they will be this time. In fact, Mr. Johnson yesterday expressed emphatically his determination to abide by his position.

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