

Bedford Inquirer.

A Weekly Paper, Devoted to Literature, Politics, the Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, &c., &c.—Terms: One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance.

BY DAVID OVER.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1858.

VOL. 31, NO. 24.

Select Poetry.



Trust in God and Do the Right.

Contrite, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
Trust in God and do the right.

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Perish all that fears the light:
Trust in God and do the right.

Perish "policy" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no party, church, or faction,
Trust no "leaders" in the fight;
But in every word and action
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no forms of guilty passion,
Friends can look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
Trust in God and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
Trust in God and do the right.

Simple rule and sweet guiding,
Inward peace and inward light;
Star upon our path abiding,
Trust in God and do the right.

AGRICULTURAL.



A Few Things that Everybody ought to Know.

A quart of peas, sown in a shallow box fifteen inches wide by eighteen long, at any time of the year, and cut off when about four or five inches high, and boiled like spinach, with a little salt makes a delicious dish. The tops of Jerusalem artichokes, cut off about six inches long, and boiled like other greens, makes a capital dish, which partakes, in some degree, of the flavor of the root. Boiled water cress also makes a wholesome and delicious dish. It must not, however, be over-boiled; for impaired constitutions it is invaluable. In April and May, late potatoes should always be peeled some ten or twelve hours, and steeped in cold spring water before they are cooked. This is a great improvement; it makes the potato nearly as good as those dug in October. The proper way to make a cup of good tea is a matter of some importance. The plan which I have practised for these twelve months is this: The teapot is at once filled up with boiling water; then the tea is put into the pot, and is allowed to stand five minutes before it is used: the leaves gradually absorb the water, and as gradually sink to the bottom. The result is that the tea leaves are not scalded, as they are when boiling water is poured over them, and you get all the true flavor of the tea. In truth, much less tea is required in this way than under the old and common practice.

Jam. Cuthill, London.

CULTIVATION OF TOMATOES.—A writer in the Genesee Farmer thus describes the method of transplanting and growing tomatoes.

My method is as follows: Out with a long-bladed knife the dirt between the rows of plants each way, to the depth of six or eight inches. Then, with a trowel or spade, carefully take up each plant with as large a ball of earth as possible. Do not trust their removal to careless hands. With a hoe, dig holes three inches deep, set in the plants with the earth attached, and finish by hilling up, making large hills. If the work has been well done, the plants will scarcely wilt under a hot sun. By this method the roots are brought near the surface, to receive the influence of the sun. The fruit is also well exposed to the sun, and my little mounds of tomatoes are not "forever and the day after" in ripening. No watering is necessary, except a little in the holes before transplanting, and then only in a dry time. Trimming off a portion of the side branches close to the main stem, will produce larger and finer fruit. Tomatoes give the greatest yield on a rich soil, but do not ripen fruit so soon as when grown on a poorer one.

REMEDY FOR MILDEW ON GOOSEBERRIES.—One-third and sometimes one-half the gooseberry crop is destroyed every year by mildew. In the spring the bushes are loaded with berries, and a large yield is promised, but before

the fruit is ripened a large portion of it is blighted by mildew. A remedy is given by a writer in the Horticulturist, some years since. It is simple and we think worthy of a trial.—The ground on each side of the bush is covered with salt hay to the depth of three inches.—This, the writer says, keeps the ground moist and cool, the salt in the hay attracts moisture from the air and gives it to the bushes. This prevents the sudden changes from hot to dry, which almost immediately causes mildew.

REMEDY FOR THE CURCULIO.—An old farmer in Haverford, informs us that he has discovered a certain remedy against the ravages of the Curculio, one of the most dangerous enemies to different kinds of fruit the farmer and the nurserymen have to contend with. His plan is to take lime and slake it to the consistency of thin whitewash. This wash he sprinkles liberally over the fruit trees in the month of May, as soon as the blossoms fall, and while the dew is on, or the trees are wet from a shower. The method of applying it is by means of a common garden pump, or a syringe, such as is used to wash windows. Our informant states that, after an experience of six years he is satisfied that it is effective. The experiment is easily tried, and the cost if it fails, does not amount to anything. For peaches, pears, plums and cherries, it is equally valuable.

SEASONABLE THOUGHTS.—It will be well to bear in mind that all animal and vegetable matter make manure. Everything that will rot in the soil you may consider as furnishing food for plants. Of course there is a great difference in value, but that we will not now stop to discuss. Use this spring all the manure you can scrape up, beg or borrow. In four or five months you will reap the reward. Don't dawdle out barn-yard manure to the field a great while before you intend to plow it under, or at least spread it. Let the spreading be done early.

Any dry time, and the sooner the better, so that the soil is not too dry. Three or four bushels of unleached, well-dried, and double this number of washed, will produce a very desirable effect. Top-dressing old meadows is an excellent way to reseed them. Good, well-sifted barn-yard manure will give them a start that will very likely assist you, sometimes it is well to scatter over a lime timothy seed before dragging. Where manure is scarce ashes may be used, either with or without manure, though we prefer both.

After a good deal of observation and some experience we have come to the conclusion that potatoes should be planted as early as possible. In one season out of ten late planting might prove the best, but in the other nine a much better crop will be grown by planting just as early as the ground can be got in order. If you plant for your own use only consult your own taste, but if for market grow only the best kinds and such as will bring a high price, like the Mercer.

If you have light land, and clover sod, you will need nothing better for producing a good crop of sound potatoes.

Nothing is gained by planting corn too early. To keep crows from pulling it up after planting a correspondent wishes us to say that there is nothing like tar, if used right. Put the corn in a heap—say a bushel—then pour on it a pailful of sealding water, and while hot add half a pint of tar. Stir until mixed thoroughly, and dry with plaster. Those who wish to try the important question whether or not we can produce sugar at the North must not forget the Chinese cane.

Do not forget to search thoroughly for the caterpillars' nests in the orchard. A bunch of rag daubed with thick whitewash will bring down the nest or destroy it.—*Rural New Yorker.*

CABBAGE PLANTS.—The cut-worm is frequently a source of much annoyance to the gardener as well as destructive to plants. A very simple and effectual remedy against the onslaught of these pests is to provide yourself with a bunch of hickory leaves prior to setting out your plants, then, as you take a plant in hand, also take a leaf and roll it loosely around the stem of the plant, funnel like. The lower edge of the leaf should be some little distance above the roots of the plants, so that about one-half the leaf will protrude above ground. This will form a barrier that the boldest enemy of the worm species will seldom have courage to scale. As to going through the leaf, they will never do it, as they are quite repugnant to such game. This is a remedy that I have always applied with success. It is accessible to all, therefore try it.

Virginia, May, 1858.

J. S. F.
Baltimore Sun.

FLOWER BEDS.—The ladies should remember that one of the prime causes why their an-

nual flower seed will not come up is the want of power to force their way through the hard or hardened surface of the soil. Care is usually taken by the ladies in sowing their favorite seeds; they make the soil very nice, rake a little, and then wonder that nothing or next to nothing appears. If they will examine the little beds they will find that the rains have battered down the soil so as completely to crush it, forming a barrier through which it is impossible for the seed to penetrate. To remedy this, take your little iron rake and break up the surface finely after each rain; and, if the seeds were good when sown, you will find them to germinate freely.

SALE OF FORT SNEILING.

The Fort Sneiling case is now down for consideration in Congress this week. The Committee's Report, with the evidence on which it is based, has now been several weeks before the public, and up to this point, none of the statements on which the Committee's conclusions are based have ever been controverted. Not a single Administration journal has ventured to published even a synopsis of the Report of the testimony. That remarkably independent and plucky sheet, *The New York Herald*, has printed the minority's tedious and sophistical attempt to beguile and pettify the case, so as to screen the depredators from public reprobation; but it has never ventured to let its readers see what the case is against the Secretary of War.

The Fort Sneiling Reservation lies between the Rivers Mississippi and Minnesota, at their junction, and forms, unquestionably, the finest site for a great commercial city in all Minnesota. St. Paul, six miles below, with the thriving towns surrounding the Falls of St. Anthony, six miles above, have now so great a start that no city erected on the Fort Sneiling location may ever overtake them, but its original superiority is manifest. The land is prairie, some of it low and swampy, but at least three-fourths of the whole is high, healthy and beautiful. Some of the soil is excellent, but a part is thin, overlying a white sand, well adapted to cultivation. From many points the Reservation contains, has never been publicly ascertained; though Maj. Eastman of the Army (who had long been stationed there, and knew the ground intimately) was sent out to survey it, and did survey it in part, in April and May of last year. Before he had finished his job, however, he was notified that he had been appointed, along with Mr. Wm. King Heiskell of Virginia, a commissioner to sell the Reservation, and, without completing the survey, they proceeded to sell it, as we shall hereinafter set forth. The Reserve contains from seven to ten thousand acres, worth \$20 to \$60 per acre, in view of its proximity to several growing cities, if regarded as not itself an eligible site for a city. If we esteem it the proper site for the emporium of the trade of the Minnesota River country (which it certainly is, if it is not still), its value cannot be less than \$1,000,000.

Over two years ago, Mr. Franklin Steele, long resident on this Reserve as butler to the troops posted there, sought to buy it as a speculation. Mr. Henry M. Rice, then Delegate, now United States Senator from Minnesota, wrote on Steele's behalf to Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of State offering \$15 per acre for the whole, but estimating the area of the Reserve at only five thousand acres. Col. Davis answered May 6, 1856, quickly and earnestly, "The Reservation is still needed for military purposes, and Mr. Steele's offer cannot, therefore be entertained. His letter to you is herewith returned."

Ten months thereafter, Mr. Rice procured the insertion in the Military Appropriation bill (March 3, 1857), of a proviso authorizing the sale, by the Secretary of War, of such Military Reservations as had become or thereafter might become useless for Military purposes.—No reference was made to the Fort Sneiling or any other Reserve in particular, but a Senator, on the reading of this amendment, very naturally asked, "How are these lands to be sold?"—to which Mr. Weller of California promptly answered, "at public sale," which quieted suspicion, and the clause passed without objection.

Mr. John B. Floyd, of Virginia, immediately thereafter became Secretary of War, vice Davis, who went out with the late President. Very soon afterward, Dr. Arch. Graham, hailing from Virginia, called on his old friend the Secretary, (so the Dr. testifies,) and announcing that he was on his way to Minnesota to speculate in lands, asked if he (Floyd) could throw anything in his way. The Secretary replied that he could not, unless he chose to undertake the sale of certain old forts in that region. The Dr. promised to think of it and respond; which in due time he did, declining the job, having privately resolved to dip into the Fort Sneiling matter not as a seller but as a purchaser.

Maj. Eastman was about this time dispatched, with only verbal orders, to survey the Fort Sneiling Reserve; Dr. Graham had gone on intending to purchase it, and now the figure heads of Messrs. John C. Mather and Richard Schell (now Senators) of this city, emerge from the limbo of obscurity. Both were then private citizens; Mr. Schell a Wall street broker and general speculator; Mr. Mather had filled the post of Canal Commissioner, therein achieving notoriety rather than distinction, and was now nothing in particular but a special creature of the two Schells, and an esteemed acquaintance of Secretary Floyd. R. Schell,

Mather and Dr. Graham agreed to become jointly interested in the purchase of Fort Sneiling. Toward the purchase money, \$5,000 was advanced by Mr. Augustus Schell; but that takes in the testimony of the shape of a loan to Mrs. Richard Schell. Mr. John C. Mather was appointed by Secretary Floyd, a Commissioner, at \$8 per day and expenses, to survey and prepare for sale another Military Reserve in Minnesota, known as Fort Ripley. So he was present at Fort Sneiling before and after its sale, under pay from the Treasury.

Fort Sneiling was all this time occupied as a military post, and still is. No military authority had recommended its abandonment. No competent authority had even been asked to give an opinion on that point. The Secretary, who had never till last March had any connection with Military affairs, and who was merely authorized, not directed, to sell such Reserves as were no longer required, did not deem it his duty to ask any one whether this was or was not required. He did not let the public know that Fort Sneiling was to be sold. Letters of distinguished Democrats—among them the Hon. Robert Smith, M. C. elect from Illinois, and the Hon. Paul Dillingham, ex-M. C. from Vermont—inquiring whether Fort Sneiling was or was not to be sold, and asking for a change to buy part of it if it were, were never answered. All was dark, silent, mysterious as the grave.

On the 25th of last May, Maj. Eastman of the army, (a special order of Steele's then presumed to be surveying Fort Sneiling as aforesaid, and Wm. King Heiskell, of Abingdon, Virginia, an intimate friend of Secretary Floyd, were appointed Commissioners to sell the Fort Sneiling Reserve and as they should think proper. Twelve days thereafter, they had sold at Fort Sneiling, over a thousand acres from Washington, the whole Reserve, the survey uncompleted, the area unascertained, to Franklin Steele, for \$800,000, of which only \$30,000 was to be paid down, and thereupon a free and clear title to be given; the remaining \$770,000 to be satisfactorily secured (not on the property) and paid one and two years thereafter. We challenge the production, from the whole history of our country, of any sale of public property on terms like these.

The sale was made ostensibly to Franklin Steele alone, but Messrs. Richard Schell, John C. Mather and Archibald Graham were privately his copartners in the purchase. Steele paid \$10,000, Schell and Mather \$20,000 of the purchase money, including \$5,000 of Augustus Schell's money, might not enter there. Steele is owner only of one-twenty-seventh of the purchase, and is to have \$5,000 per annum as manager of the property. Eastman and Heiskell swear they did not know that any one but Steele was interested in the purchase. Mather and R. Schell cannot (or will not) tell how they learned that Fort Sneiling was to be sold, but Mather thinks he learned it from the Session Laws! which did not appear till long after he was deep in the speculation, and said nothing relative to the sale of Fort Sneiling when they did appear. In fact, the amount that Schell and Mather "don't remember," "can't recollect," "don't know," &c., about this whole business, is most blissing.

Messrs. Eastman and Heiskell gave no one but Steele & Co. the least chance to bid upon or purchase this property, or any part of it. Heiskell, when pushed by the Committee on this point, thought he had told the bartender at his hotel that he was there to sell Fort Sneiling. As Eastman had been for some weeks surveying the tract, he should at least have ascertained the number of acres, but it does not appear that he did. Before his colleague had fairly found time to walk over the tract, they had sold it for \$800,000, one-third cash, to the only person they had permitted to know that they were commissioned to sell. Nobody in St. Paul, in St. Anthony, in Minneapolis—all then on fire with land speculation—nor even the eminent Democrats who, on suspicion that Fort Sneiling was to be sold, had written the Secretary of War, praying for a chance to buy—were allowed to know anything on the subject till the sale was consummated. And it is as morally certain as that there will be frost next winter, that had Messrs. Eastman and Heiskell really wished to get a good price for the Reserve, they might have finished surveying it into forty acre lots, given each a number, and solicited sealed bids for each or all of those lots, the highest bid for any one to take it if the cash were duly forthcoming, and could thus have obtained at least \$400,000 down, instead of \$90,000, one-third down, the balance in one and two years. Then the people would have been fairly treated, and the Government not dishonored, contrary to what is now the case. And when Eastman was asked by the Committee why they did not advertise the property, he made the ridiculous answer that then it would not have been a private sale!

We have said that the green Secretary never sought nor took the advice of the proper military authorities as to the expediency or practicality of abandoning Fort Sneiling—and it was only reserves no longer needed for military purposes that he was authorized to sell. Adj. Gen. Thomas visited the northwest post officially last summer, and on his return reported to Gen. Scott, bearing strong testimony against this unfortunate sale. Gen. Scott transmitted this Report to the Department, as was his duty. Secretary Floyd indorsed thereon a most unfair and insulting commentary, closing thus:

"When this Department is required to report to subordinates under what circumstances the post at Fort Sneiling was sold, or any other act was done, the duty shall be performed; but until then a military man will probably understand that a superior in authority is not to be called on for an explanation of any order."

Adj. Gen. FLOYD, Secretary of War.

Now Adj. Gen. Thomas had never received him to "report" anything whatever—had not

called on him for an explanation—had not addressed him at all. He had simply reported to his own superior, Gen. Scott, that the sale of Fort Sneiling was a sad mistake and wrong, and that no military man could have recommended it. And for this honest and obviously true statement, the *ex gratia* "superior in authority" of several weeks' standing assails and flouts the faithful officer who is precluded by discipline from making any reply. But the country will reply for him.

Be it understood, once for all, that we do not blame Franklin Steele, Richard Schell nor Archibald Graham for buying this property at one-fourth of its value. It was not their business to judge whether this property was still needed for public uses, nor to take care that it was not sold for less than its value. But that was the business of Mr. Secretary Floyd—business for which he is honorably regarded and liberally paid—and, in a subordinate sense of Messrs. Eastman and Heiskell likewise.—Mr. Mather, too, having resolved to dip into this plum pudding, ought to have imitated the fastidiousness of his man Graham, and refused to take a Minnesota commissionership at Mr. Floyd's hands. Nor, after the assurance given by Mr. Weller in the Senate, on the strength of which the proviso was carried, was the Secretary morally at liberty to sell otherwise than at public sale, or in some manner which secured the fullest scope to competition. Congress, as the Grand Inquest of the Nation, is now called to review and judge this whole transaction. Let the members discard prejudice, begin at the beginning, and draw the inevitable inferences from what the witnesses conceal as well as what they disclose, and they must realize that here is a most reckless, deeply-planned, prodigal squandering of public property to satiate personal and partizan rapacity. And if they hesitate to pronounce the proper verdict on the perpetrators, even to their chief, the public will be less forbearing, and will be apt to include them in its judgment of condemnation.—*N. Y. Tribune, May 25.*

SHADOWS.

BY ELA MERWIN.

It was early morning in bright spring time. The sweet perfume of a thousand flowers stole through the lattice of a darkened room.—Gently the light breeze swayed to and fro the curtain folds, which loving hands had arranged to drop low over each window; for sunbeams were not to enter there.

The angel of sickness had entered, had laid its blighting hand upon a fair form, had hushed a little voice that was wont to make sweet music there. Ah! earth is a land of shadows! They fall on every heart, in every home. Phantoms of wrong and misery darken the page of life, as if the heavy wing of night were folded there.

They steal with noiseless footsteps along the paths of childhood, mocking the sunshine of early dreams, as mist at morn obscure the sun's bright beam. They give token of their presence on manhood's thoughtful brow, and age forgets to count them "things that were." Mingling with the sunshine, they come in our happiest hours, to send the beaming smile away, to hush the sweet lay of the free heart's joy.

'Tis the vale of shadows we enter, when stern adversity wraps around us her tear-stained mantle. 'Tis there cheerless sway our hearts acknowledge, when the breath of a cold world's scorn sweeps chillingly over the warm, gushing tide of affection. Shadows of sin, of sorrow—they have fallen everywhere; and though we sometimes feel that we are wrapped in their misty folds, and lost in thick darkness—there is light shining through them all, and if we have not seen it, it is because we have not looked. Light that has pierced the gloom of earth! Light that will guide to a land where shadows never come!

CONTRADICTION.—Col. Forney, of the Philadelphia Press, contradicts, in the following language, a statement to the effect that he was about to return to the support of the Administration:

"The course of the Press on the Kansas question has not been a doubtful course; but the editor of the New York Times has admitted a letter into his paper of Monday last, purporting to have been written from Washington, in which it is distinctly stated, and with some attempt at detail, which has surprised us in the Times, that the Press is about to surrender the great principle to which it has been devoted for many months, and to become the subservient tool of power. We have only to say, in reply, that the editor of the Times has been grossly imposed upon by some reckless knave. The story is an utter fabrication. It has no probability, no possibility, to rest upon. We have nothing to surrender. It would afford us great pleasure to agree with the general Administration on this Kansas question; but this will never be, until the Administration is true to itself, and to the pledges upon which it is elevated to power."

A CONGRESSMAN OUSTED.—In the House of Representatives at Washington, on Tuesday last, Lewis D. Campbell of Ohio, was ejected from his seat, and Mr. Vallandigham voted in by a strict party division. The contest between the two, at the last election was close, Mr. C. having a majority of only nineteen over his opponent. The seat was contested on the allegation that certain colored men voted for Campbell, which, however, was not substantiated.

A COMPROMISE WOMAN.—The Richmond South says: Our pen recoils from the duty—yet it is our province to record the revolting fact that a white woman in Mecklenburg county, Va., became the mother, a few days ago, of four children, two of whom were of her own color and the other two black.

A DEPLORABLE DRUNKARD.

A Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times, communicates the following:

Some years ago, Congress numbered among its members several who were much given to a love of liquor, and were frequently seen about the streets of the metropolis "on a spree."—Such conduct on the part of our lawmakers did not impress the outsiders with such an exalted opinion of M.C.'s as they once had, as the incident I am about to relate will show.

One hot, moonlight night, during a long session, a party of gentlemen, including several Members of Congress, were seated around the door of the house of a friend, trying to get cool, when an old toper, "all tarred and feathered," known as Bill Spragg, made his appearance in their midst, and asked for money to obtain a night's lodging and something to eat. The Hon. Mr. W., a very kind-hearted and respectable Member of the House, soon engaged Bill in conversation, and at once discovered that he was an educated man, and remarked to him: "My friend you appear to have seen better days; I would like to know something of your history." Bill drew himself up, and after a short pause, said: "Sir, I have seen better days! My parents were well-to-do, they gave me a good education and a profession, and, at one time, my prospects in life were as bright as any man's; but, alas! sir, in an evil hour I became addicted to drink, and from that moment I have been going down, down, until I have become in coat, a laborer of no account—fit for nothing on this earth but to be a Member of Congress!"

The above is the true story; for among those who were present, and heard it, was the writer.

A HEROIC MOTHER.—A few days ago a slide occurred at a corner the Pittsburg and Connellsville Railroad at a point on the Youghiogheny, above opposite to M. Keessport, where there is a sharp curve in the river, and the track is laid wholly on its cutting. A large rock fell and completely cut off the track. This was observed by a daughter of Mr. John Dravo, who resides on the opposite side of the river. The male portion of the family were absent at the time, and she, knowing that it was about the hour when the cars would pass that point, and that there was no time to be lost, ran to the river side, unlashed her father's skiff, rowed across with all possible haste, and ran along the track in the direction of the approaching train, waiting a red handkerchief, and succeeded in attracting the attention of the engineer, in the nick of time. The brakes were applied, the train of all on board the cars. The train was not so sharp that a collision would have thrown the cars off the track down the embankment into the river.

The Company have shown a proper appreciation of the heroic conduct of the young lady, and the invaluable service rendered, by presenting her with a pass over the road for many years to come, and ordered the train to stop at the point where she can most readily reach her residence, whenever she happens to be on board the cars—a complimentary and convenient at the same time, as it is a considerable distance from her father's house to the nearest station. Such ready presence of mind and prompt action deserves reward, which in this instance is generously and happily bestowed.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

TERRIBLE DEATH.—The Omro (Wis.) Republican says: About four miles west of this village, on the afternoon of Saturday last a man by the name of Mitchell was buried alive by the caving of a well. The first time that the dirt gave way it buried him up to his knees but such was the pressure of the dirt that he could not get out, even with the help of a windlass. When striving to extricate him, the sand caved again and buried him up to his waist. His brother-in-law sprang into the well and commenced throwing the dirt from him, but it continued running in until he was buried up to the neck. His brother-in-law, seeing that the dirt came in faster than he could throw it out, left him to get assistance. When the help arrived, they found him completely covered. After digging some hours he was taken out dead. Mitchell was a young man about 24 or 25 years of age, and leaves a wife and child.

DRUGGING A LOVER TO CATCH A HUSBAND.—A strange story is told by the New Haven Journal, which says that a young man of Bethany, of highly respectable connections, and an only son, being about to leave his home for South America, was a few days upon his acquaintances, when a young lady was desperately attached to him, as her last means of gaining him, had the means to plot with some of her associates to drug him, and have him taken to a low justice of the peace, who is a disgrace to the office, where the marriage ceremony was performed.

A strange murder was recently perpetrated in St. Louis. A man named Hugh Dowrie went into a barber shop to get shaved. While on the chair, the boy who was attending to him, dropped some of the soap into his eyes, which blinded him for the time, when two other boys who were engaged in the same shop, threw a rope around his neck, and he was choked to death. The young murderers were actuated by a desire to rob their victim. They got but \$50 from him besides his watch and some other small articles.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm us of all our hostility.

As Gen. Foley, of Indiana, says he was not very well when he wrote that letter, it is suggested he must have had a very bad spell.

It is a double shame to a man to have inherited distinction from his ancestors, if he bequeaths disgrace to his posterity.