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M. LYERS & DICKERSON,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Office as formerly occupied by Hon. W. P. Schell, two doors east of the *Genette* office, in the second story of Bedford county. Pensions, bounties and back pay obtained and the purchase of Real Estate attended to.  
May 11, '66—lyr.

J. T. KEARY,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Office to give satisfaction to all who may trust their legal business to him. Will collect moneys on evidences of debt, and specially procure bounties and pensions to soldiers, their widows &c. Office two doors west of Telegraph office.  
April 16, '66—lyr.

J. B. CESSNA,  
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Office with John Cessna, on Juliana street, in the office formerly occupied by King & Jordan, and recently by Filler & Kengy. All business entrusted to his care will receive faithful and prompt attention. Military Claims, Pensions, &c., specially collected.  
Bedford, June 9, 1865.

J. M. SHARPE,  
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SHARPE & KEER,  
Will practice in the Courts of Bedford and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to their care will receive careful and prompt attention. Pensions, Bounty, Back Pay, &c., specially collected from the Government.  
Office on Juliana street, opposite the banking house of Reed & Schell, Bedford, Pa. mar24

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. June 23, '65—lyr.

J. R. DURBORROW AND JOHN LUTZ,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. Collections made on the shortest notice.  
They are, also, specially 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.  
April 28, 1865—lyr.

W. M. ALSPY,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.,  
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Military Claims, Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, &c., specially collected. Office with J. S. Spang, on Juliana street, 2 doors south of the Mengel House.  
April 18, 1864—lyr.

M. A. POINTS,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.,  
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the public. Office with J. W. Lingenfelter, Esq., on Juliana street, two doors South of the Mengel House.  
Dec. 3, 1864—lyr.

L. M. LINGENFELTER,  
ATTORNEY 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.  
April 18, 1864—lyr.

JOHN MOWER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Bedford, Pa.  
April 1, 1864—lyr.

DENTISTS.  
G. M. RICKER,  
DENTIST, BEDFORD, PA.,  
Office in the Bank Building, Juliana Street.  
All operations pertaining to Surgical or Mechanical Dentistry carefully and faithfully performed and warranted. TERMS CASUAL.  
Jan 9, '65—lyr.

DENTISTRY.  
I. N. BOWSER, RESIDENT DENTIST, WOODBURY, Pa., visits Bedford three days each week, commencing with the second Tuesday of each month. Prepared to perform all Dental operations with which he may be favored. Terms within the reach of all and strictly cash except by special contract. Work to be sent by mail or otherwise, must be paid for when impressions are taken.  
Aug 5, '64—lyr.

PHYSICIANS.  
W. M. W. JAMISON, M. D.,  
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. [dec5-lyr]

D. R. F. HARRY,  
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office and residence on Pitt Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. H. Hofus.  
April 1, 1864—lyr.

J. L. MARBOURG, M. D.,  
Having permanently located respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office on Juliana street, opposite the Bank, one door north of Hall & Palmer's office.  
April 1, 1864—lyr.

BANKERS.  
G. W. RUPP,  
BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT,  
COLLECTIONS made for the East, West, North and South, and the general business of Exchange, Transfer, Notes and Accounts Collected and Remittances promptly made. REAL ESTATE bought and sold.  
Apr 15, '64—lyr.

JEWELER, &c.  
ASALOM GARLOCK,  
Clock & Watchmaker and Jeweler,  
Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., promptly repaired. All work entrusted to his care warranted to give satisfaction.  
He also keeps on hand and for sale WATCHES, CLOCKS, and JEWELRY.  
ES. Office with Dr. J. A. Mann. my4

JOHN REIMUND,  
CLOCK AND WATCH-MAKER,  
in the United States Telegraph Office,  
BEDFORD, PA.,  
Clocks, watches, and all kinds of jewelry promptly repaired. All work entrusted to his care warranted to give entire satisfaction. [Nov3-lyr]

DANIEL BORDER,  
FITT STREET, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BEDFORD HOTEL, BEDFORD, PA.,  
WATCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, &c.  
He keeps on hand a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Spectacles of Brilliant Double Refracting Glasses, also Scotch Pebble Glasses. Gold Watch Chains, Brass Pins, Finger Rings, best quality of Gold Pens. He will supply to order any thing in his line not on hand.  
Apr 28, 1865—lyr.

D. W. CROUSE,  
WHOLESALE TOBACCONIST,  
On Penn street a few doors west of the Court House, North side, Bedford, Pa., is now prepared to supply wholesale all kinds of CIGARS. All orders promptly filled. Persons desiring anything in his line will do well to give him a call.  
Bedford, Oct. 25, '65.

A LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, EDUCATION, LITERATURE AND MORALS.

DURBORROW & LUTZ Editors and Proprietors.  
BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1866.

Poetry.

From the Atlantic, for July,  
THE DEATH OF SLAVERY.  
BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

O Thou great Wrong, that, through the slow  
paced years,  
Didst hold thy millions fettered, and didst wield  
The scourge that drove the laborer to the field,  
And look with stony eyes on human tears,  
Thy cruel reign is o'er;  
Thy brutal cross no more  
In terror at the advance of thine eye;  
For He who marks the bounds of guilty power,  
Long suffering, hath heard the captive's cry,  
And touched his shackles at the appointed hour,  
And led thee fall, and he whose limbs they galled  
Stands in his native manhood, disenthralled.

A shout of joy from the released is sent:  
Ten thousand haunts swell the hymns of thanks;  
Our rivers roll exulting, and their banks  
Send up hosannas to the firmament.  
No more shall thine empire be  
No more shall thine trench the soil,  
Seen now to bask in a serene day;  
The meadow-birds sing sweeter, and the airs  
O Heaven, with more caressing softness play,  
Welcoming man to liberty like theirs  
A glory clothes the land from sea to sea.  
For the great land all its coasts are free.

Within that land wert thou enthroned of late,  
And they by whom the nation's laws were made,  
And they who filled thy judgment-seats, obeyed  
Thy mandate, rigid as the will of fate,  
Thy fierce men as thy right hand,  
With gesture of command,  
Gave forth the word that none might dare gainsay;  
And grave and reverent ones, who loved thee  
not,  
Struck from thy presence, and in blank dismay,  
Choked down, unuttered, the rebellious thought;  
While meager crowds, mingled with thy train,  
Proved, from the book of God, thy right to reign.

Great as thou wert, and feared from shore to shore,  
Thy foes of God's own flock thee in thy pride:  
Thy soldiers, when they saw thee, by thy side,  
Thy one strong arm gave nerveless evermore.  
And they who quailed not  
Before thy lowering brow  
Devote thy memory to scorn and shame.  
And soot at the pale, powerless thing thou art,  
And they who ruled in thine imperial name,  
Sewal at the hands of heaven's lightning,  
And shatred at a blow the prisoner's chain,  
Well was thy doom deserved; thou didst not spare  
Life's meager hours, but brutally didst spare  
Husband and wife, and from the mother's heart  
Didst wreat her children, dead to shriek and prayer;  
Thy inner law became  
The hand of God's own will,  
Thy laid dropped blood; the murderer, at thy side,  
Showed his red hands, nor feared the vengeance  
due.

Thou didst sow earth with crimes, and, far and wide,  
A harvest of uncounted miseries grew,  
Until the measure of thy sins was last.  
Was full, and then the avenging bolt was cast.  
Go then, accursed of God, and take thy place  
With baleful memories of the older time,  
And bloody war, and from the mother's knee;  
With the black death, whose way  
Through wailing cities lay,  
Worship thy pride, thy tyrant's blood,  
Thy Lyranian and cruel deeds that taught  
To avenge a fancied guilt by deeper guilt—  
Death at the stake to those that held thee not,  
Let the four phantoms of the gloom  
Of the down ages, part to yield thee room.  
I see the better years that hasten by,  
Carry thee back to that shadowy past,  
Where, in the dusty spaces, void and vast,  
The graves of those whom thou hadst murdered lie,  
The slave-pen, through whose door  
Thy victims came,  
Is there, and there shall the grim coils remain  
At which the slave was sold; while at thy feet  
Scourges and engines of restraint and pain  
Crumble, and there shall the symbols that proclaim thy crimes,  
Dwell, thou, a warning to the coming times.

THE SHADOW OF THE FLAG.  
From a late letter by an American traveling abroad, to the *New York Independent*, we extract the following most graphic and interesting account of a young man attending a visit to the U. S. Consulate at Cardiff, in Wales:

I had been guided to the right house by seeing a crowd of men and women, whose garb and faces showed that they were of the humbler class, standing in clusters in front of the building patiently waiting in all the rain, earnestly talking in low tones, and anon pointing up to the windows of the consulate. The passage and stairs were thronged by them—some going up, some coming down, but all having the same intent, serious, burdened look. As I reached the door, it was nearly closed, and a little company that possibly I might be of other business than my predecessors. Mr. Burch happened not to be within, but was expected every moment; and I accepted the polite intimation that I might await his coming. I had hardly got seated when there was another knock at the door; and they who came in were pouring in, and away when there was still another knock, and another, and so on in rapid succession. What could it all mean? The clerk informed me that two weeks before they had given me a few copies of an official document relating to government assistance in emigrating to the United States. These documents, it seems, had blown like the winds among the poor working people, both Irish and Welsh, throughout all this region; they had been carried back into the country, among the glooms of the mountains, and down into the coal-pits and iron-mines; they had been eagerly read by the furnace-fires, by the flickering lantern of the collier, by the blaze of peat on the cottager's hearth—they had lighted up hopes in thousands of heavy hearts eagerly clutching at the dim possibility of escaping from their hard lot here to the wonderful Land of Promise beyond the sea. Immediately a stream of resolute aspirants began pouring in, and the clerk, Mr. Burch, had intended merely to obtain the names of any who would like to go to America on particular conditions, and to report the probable number to the govern-

THE RICHEST MEN IN NEW YORK

THE HARDEST WORKERS.

The hardest working men and the hardest working institutions in New York, are those which are most successful. But the outsiders it seems an easy thing to make money and to keep it. Banking was an easy work a few years ago, and is now, in the old-fashioned institutions which have no foreign or country exchange. By no factory or machine shop keeps men on the jump as does a live bank in this wide awake city. I was in one of these institutions yesterday which is not yet ten years old. Its army of clerks have to be on hand early in the morning, and they cannot leave until their day's work is done, which is often not until long after the gas is lighted. Its capital is seven millions, and its daily receipts seven million dollars. It receives daily from two hundred and fifty to four hundred letters, all of which have to be registered and processed before the close of the day ends. No bank clerk on a salary of four thousand dollars a year goes to his bank as regularly, or works as many hours, as William B. Astor, who counts up his forty millions. His little one-story office, a step or two from Broadway, on Prince street, is his place of business. He is a man of a police prison, in which he performs his daily toil, and out of all his wealth and labor he gets only his vitals and clothes. He attends personally to all his business, knows every dollar of rent or income that is to become due, pays out every dollar, makes his own checks, and his own orders, and his subordinates come to him for information, while he does not go to them. He generally comes down in the omnibus at an early hour of the day, remains closely absorbed in business until five o'clock. He rarely takes exercise, and finds his chief pleasure in the closest attention to his business. A friend of mine rode to Washington with him in the same car from New York. He neither spoke nor got out of his seat, and hardly moved from Jersey City to Washington. He usually leaves his office at five o'clock, and walks slowly up Broadway to Lafayette place. He is over six feet high, heavily built, with a double German nose, small hazel eyes, as if he was half asleep, head on a pumpkin, and about as destitute of hair. He is exceedingly hospitable, and in the "season" gives a dinner to his friends weekly at which the richest viands on ser-vices of the table are presented by liveried servants to his guests.

Commodore Vanderbilt never worked harder in his life—never worked more hours than now. He has a confidential servant who works like a pack-horse, who has been in his employ thirty years. Besides this, Vanderbilt does his own business, makes and executes his own contracts, and this, with the business he does on twenty millions, is no small toil. The Commodore goes down to his business regularly every day, and can be found at certain hours. His only recreation is a game at euche and fast horses.

Moses Taylor, whose dividends from coal stock alone this year reached the pretty little sum of a million dollars, began the undertaking in New York when he was sixteen years of age, kept his books with his own hands, and has done so ever since. His library in his house in Fifth Avenue is a regular workshop. Every night he brings up his business with his own hand. His vast business, personal to himself, and his makes all the original contracts, and goes to his office for no information, and he knows just how things must be there to be right; and should every record kept by his book-keepers and clerks be destroyed, it would make no difference with him, for he has the originals. He is in the evening in riding, or in games, or in the excitement of the evening stock board; but Mr. Taylor finds his recreation in a bath, a good dinner, a comfortable siesta, and an evening devoted to work. Such a man would make money as fast as specimens of how the men of wealth in our city become men of toil.—*Y. Y. Tribune.*

AN AMERICAN PROFESSOR IN ENGLAND.

A very remarkable article appeared lately in the *Cornhill Magazine*, from the pen of that eminent critic and essayist, Matthew Arnold, who told his countrymen, with a degree of frankness and boldness that hardly any American would venture upon in addressing his own compatriots, that a lack of proper education in the general classes of Great Britain had been imported into the position of first in the rank of nations to that of third, placing France and the United States both before her. But Mr. Arnold is not alone in his opinion of his countrymen. A Liverpool merchant, of the name of Thompson, who recently visited the United States, was so impressed with the beneficial ignorance of his educated countrymen in relation to our history and our institutions, that on his return home he made the very liberal offer to the University of Cambridge, of a sum sufficient to endow a professorship, which should be filled by an American, to be appointed by Harvard College, subject to the approval of Cambridge, whose duty it should be to deliver lectures on America. The proposition was eagerly accepted by some of the Cambridge men, among whom was Charles Kingsley, but the "Dons" were so alarmed by the proposition, that they refused to accept it. What cared they for America or its institutions? Like the Peruvians, they "want no change," and least of all such a change as a Harvard professor would be likely to bring them. They shuddered at the very mention of it; they scented Socialism and democracy from afar, and they rejected the offer with as much indignation as a Mississippi college, before the rebellion, would have rejected a similar offer from the same quarter. It is simply incredible to us on this side of the Atlantic, where information of all kinds is so eagerly sought for, that such a proposition should be made, and that the benevolent Liverpool merchant should have been rejected by one of the principal seats of learning in Great Britain. There could have been but one motive that influenced the Cambridge dons in making the decision; they were apprehensive that the altering face of our history would so demoralize the minds of the Cambridge students that they would prefer republicanism to a constitutional monarchy. We do not imagine they would have refused a similar offer in relation to Austria or Prussia. But what they have missed! One of our English correspondents, presuming that the offer of Mr. Thompson would be gladly accepted, suggested, as a suitable person for Harvard to send over, Professor Lowell; and what a delightful and instructive series of lectures the genial and brilliant author of *Hesperia* would have given them, if he had accepted; and how much would the personality of such a representative Yankee have done towards correcting the crude ideas of an American which an average Briton entertains. Harvard would, of course, have selected one of her best men, or have furnished relays of them, to show

EXTRAVAGANCE.

The pulpit and the religious press are well nigh dumb with this immoderate display which is every day demanding fresh and bold treatment. We are all asleep, while worldliness, in its worst forms, is coming upon us like a flood. It is quite humiliating to find the pulpit so backward, and the religious press uttering an uncertain sound, or no sound at all, when the world is so rampant at fashion and frivolity to be struck by the secular press. Can it be shamed into a better course, or is it so completely absorbed with petty sectarian strife that it has no power to turn aside for an hour, and treat questions of practical morality? Among a few extravagant journals, the *Roman Tablet* gives us an excellent example in this respect, and one which we might all well follow. It well says in its last issue that a "craziness is abroad in the land. Some mysterious spirit of evil has led the people into the extravagance of the means. The one great ruling passion has become the thirst for money—money for display and money for reckless excesses. Men that once were counted reasonable and sensible are carried along on the waves of wild and foolish speculation, and women that once were decorous, modest and womanly, have donned the most shameless fashions and flaunt the most extravagant ornaments. The worst of all that France can offer, is poured in upon us with no regard for either decency or economy. At least one half the people are living beyond their means. In fact, the poor, half seem to make the greatest display, and enter into the most unparadiseable excesses. The blood of the people is pulsing quite too fast for health and vigor. We are drifting sadly, and far away from the old landmarks, and with every beacon of sense and security. What madness has seized upon the people? How far are these things to carry us?"

These are questions that we may well ask. Further on it says: "The real extravagance of the people is doubtless but little known. The outer cloak of display which the multitude can see, is not a tithe of the real excessiveness. Men that have but small incomes feel that they must live within limits of style and location which they know are beyond their means. The fact is, the greater part of the men of the middle and upper classes are living beyond their means. Fashionable women too often encourage them in their course, and instead of safe and economical men, we have excited and reckless spectators. Fortune must be made in some way, or the man considers himself of little account. He has no time for the movement of his hand, and no time for public and benevolent enterprises. He must maintain his place in society, go to a given number of parties and live up to a polite standard of expense and enjoyment. Strange, passing strange! As though a young man could make his way faster by assuming airs and position beyond his right to do so!"

In the course of the article, the editor also lashes that class of women (you see them in all the churches on Sunday) who so greedily accept the follies which the French *demi monde* bring in, and declares, with good reason, that it is a shame to see respectable women of the middle and upper classes giving way to such disgraceful authorities. It concludes as follows: "There is but one road to happiness and prosperity, for either individuals or a nation, and that is economy and faithful persistence in the legitimate paths of business. The man that comes in an hour, generally goes in an hour, and do more harm than good. Hence we call upon all good people to unite in an effort to stay the tide of wild excess. Let a man be frowned upon in society when it is known that he is living beyond his means. Let all noble and true women express their disgust at the extravagance and indecent display of the followers of fashion. And so shall the nation be saved from the millstone that has dragged our young men find a larger and nobler devotion than that of money and modesty and dignity shall not who do not assert American manhood."—*Episcopalian.*

SLEEPING AWAKE.—A capital story is told of a spirited young lady on her way to the church to be married. At the door her intended husband paused, and said very unexpectedly, "My dear girl, there are three things of which I ought to have spoken to you before, and if you do not like them, it is not too late to retire even now from our engagement. To tell you the whole truth, I must insist first, to sleep alone; secondly to eat alone; and thirdly, to find fault when there is no occasion." "Is that all?" she said. "I agree at once. If you sleep alone, I shall not; if you eat alone, I shall eat first; and as to your finding fault, I shall take care that you never want occasion."

The conditions being thus adjusted, they entered the church, the ceremony was performed, and at the last accounts, both parties were doing very well, the husband having given in to the high spirit and good humor of his wife.

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE.  
BY REV. J. W. ALEXANDER, D. D.  
After a day's work of calculation and copying, I was under the necessity of waiting an hour in the tap room of a tavern to secure the services of a mail guard who was to carry a parcel for my employers. Amid the smoke, the spitting and the clatter of a crowd of inn-hunters, I could not but find some subject for reflection.

The presiding genius of the bar was a bloated, whiskered young man, whom I had long known as the abandoned son of a deceased friend. I sighed and was silent. Ever and anon, as one after another, or squads of two or three, approached the shrine to receive and empty his glasses and deposit their sixpences, I heard the short peremptory formula of the Bacchante minister: "What will you have?" And the victims severely made their bids, as the case might be. The constant repetition of the "form in that case made and provided," set me upon a drowsy meditation on the pregnant question, "what will you have?" "I think I can answer the question," said I to myself, as I cast a glance around the murky apartment.—And first to the young shoe-maker, who, with a pair of newly finished boots, is asking for "grog." What will you have? "Young man you will soon have an empty pocket."

There is a trembling, ragged man, with livid spots under the eyes. He is a machine maker, and has lodgings in the house. What will you have? "As the bar-keeper knows without an answer, he takes his gin and water. Poor man—I know all what you will have. Already you have been twice at death's door; and the gin will not drive off that chill. You will have the typhus fever and death."

The glass was washed out and cleaned in the slop tub under the half shelf. Now a fresh berry comes up, cigar in hand. "Gentlemen, what will you have?" I supply the answer for myself. The baker there will have an apoplexy or a sudden fall in his shop. The tailor in green saddles will have the consumption; and I fear that the three idlers in their train will have the next epidemic that shall sweep off our refuse drunks.

POWERFUL ON THE GUM.

A laughable incident occurred at the depot. The train from Mobile brought up several barrels of shell oysters. A number of country negroes stood by, and, never having seen oysters before, were somewhat surprised at the bivalves. "Where he mouth?" exclaimed one of the most inquisitive. "How um eat?" "Golly! I tink um nuffin 'cept a bone. Yuh! yuh!" he continued, laughing at his wit; "spec some white man tink nigger a fool when he call dat ister." Just then he discovered an open oyster, and seizing it eyed it closely. "Not so fast! catch the examination, he placed it to his nose, but no sooner was that organ inserted between the shells than they closed; the nigger hoveled with pain and called out, "Pull um off! pull um off! pull um off!" but the more the oyster was pulled the more it would not let go, and the nigger danced and yelled, his frantic efforts to rid himself of his uncomfortable nasal ornament were both ludicrous and painful. "Hit um wid a stick," suggested a buxom wench, and in a moment the oyster was knocked dead and left with a shell, but Ouffee danced with it. "Pinch his shell," cried a little nig; "and he sure to let go!" but there was no tail to pinch, and poor Ouffee seemed doomed to wear the oyster forever. At this moment an intelligent contraband whipped out a knife, and with it soon severed the oyster. Ouffee looked at the shell with amazement, and finding the oyster toothless threw it away, with the remark, "Um got no taef, but he gum is powerful!"

YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—How annoying to an industrious man to have office loafers hanging round, not only killing their own time but his also. Such persons usually complain of "hard times," "poor pay," and government, and in a game where a "slip shod" way, grumbling, grunting, or cursing, complaining of others and excusing themselves. They find fault quarrel with women and children but fail to hit those most to blame—themselves. Loafers generally smoke, chew, or drink; and are always ready to take a hand at any game where the chances may result in a gratuitous "treat by a junior loafer, whose "means" are not yet exhausted. Oh, could these persons but see where this sort of life most lead to, would they, could they, continue on? Idleness, dissipation, and a worse, lead to death by degrees. Reader, admonish the loafer; set him to work; induce him to read, think and pray to be delivered from the temptation which leads straight to perdition. Do not permit "loafers" to live in your presence. Set them to work, and teach them business, and induce them to mind it.

IN MEMORIAM.—The Rochester Democrat proposes to erect a monument in honor of the defunct Democracy, and offers the following as an inscription:  
*He Saecl!*  
THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY,  
SLAVERY,  
an indulgent father of  
Kloms  
and a firm friend  
REBELLION.  
The tender plant that north winds chilled,  
He dropped and withered in its prime;  
But what the snowy ball killed,  
May flourish in a warmer clime.

A Paris letter says: "There is a new bonnet on the horizon. It is made of one large full blown rose, which lies flat on the top of the head, sewn on a scarf of dew-dropped tulle, which is crossed under the chin, where another small rose peeps forth. The whole is called "chapeau puff." In less than three weeks it will be in struggling rivalry with "Lambrille."

A temperance lecturer descending on the essential and purifying qualities of cold water, remarked to a gentleman in his presence: "When the world had become so corrupt that the Lord could do nothing with it, he was obliged to give it a thorough soaking in cold water."  
"Yes," replied a toper, "but it killed every damed critter on the face of the earth."

"Sir," said a little blustering man to a religious opponent, "to what sect do you suppose I belong?"  
"Well, I don't exactly know," drawled his opponent, "but to judge from your size, appearance, and constant buzzing, I should think you belong to the class generally called in-see."

An elderly lady telling her age remarked that she was born on the 22d of April. Her husband who was present observed, "I always thought you was born on the 1st of April." "People might well judge so," responded the matron. "In the choice I made of a husband."

A carriage driver made a very happy reply to the other day. A gentleman had responded to his "Was't a carriage sir?" by saying, "No, I am able to walk," when he rejoined, "May you long be able, but seldom willing, sir."

"Who's there?" said Robinson, one cold winter night, disturbed in his repose by some one knocking at the street door. "A friend," was the answer, "What do you want?" "Want to stay here all night." "Queer taste, ain't it? But stay there by all means," was the benevolent reply.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The following curious facts with regard to our Presidents appear from history:  
George Washington, first President, died without children. He was re-elected.  
John Adams, second President, died without children. He was not re-elected.  
Thomas Jefferson, third President, died without children. He was re-elected.  
James Madison, fourth President, died without children. He was re-elected.  
James Monroe, fifth President, died without children. He was re-elected.  
John Quincy Adams, sixth President, had children. He was not re-elected.  
Andrew Jackson, seventh President, had children, and was re-elected.  
Martin Van Buren, eighth President, had children, and was not re-elected.  
William H. Harrison, ninth President, had children, and died in about six months after he was sworn into office.  
John Tyler, tenth President, had children, and was not re-elected.  
James K. Polk, eleventh President, had children and declined a nomination for a 2d term.  
Zachary Taylor, twelfth President, had children, and he died before the expiration of his term.  
Millard Fillmore, thirteenth President, had children and was not re-elected.  
Franklin Pierce, fourteenth President, had children and was not re-elected.  
James Buchanan, fifteenth President, had no children and will not be re-elected.

From the above facts it will be seen that no President ever having had any children has been re-elected to the Chief Magistracy of the Nation, while, with the exception of Mr. Polk, who declined a re-nomination, all those having no children, having been re-elected.

SOME TIME since a prominent English Wesleyan divine suggested that a most interesting volume might be produced by collecting the various prophecies and prognostications made by hostile European journals concerning America during the progress of our conflict, and comparing them with the actual results. Such a book would certainly be a most valuable work, and, however, whether the *London Times*, and other journals of that stripe, would learn any lessons from it; for, notwithstanding their previous ridiculous failures, they have continued, since the close of the war, to prognosticate and pressage in regard to this country with all their accustomed assurance. This has been especially true of our financial affairs. The *European Times* remarks on this point:

There is one feature of the present period which has commanded much attention—the large amount of specie which is now reaching us from the West Indies, and the state of the exchange. Every recent packet from America has brought considerable quantities of gold. No less a sum than two millions has come to hand during a short time from that country. So far the commercial panic, which many writers on the one side of the ocean declared must inevitably overtake the Americans on the termination of their great struggle, has not yet made its appearance. It is a remarkable fact that almost all the dismal prognostications which were indulged in here, both during the war and since its termination, have been signally falsified by actual events. There were to have been sudden collapse, universal bankruptcy, and other deplorable evils; and the answer to these misgivings is the millions of gold from America which now prove so useful in the coffers of the great English monetary establishment in Threadneedle street.

LOSS BY NOT TAKING A COUNTY PAPER.  
Generally speaking but little importance is attached to the taking of a county newspaper. This neglect and indifference had its practical reward the other day.  
Some time ago a gentleman in this town was appointed an Auditor to distribute the funds in the hands of an Administrator amongst the creditors. Notice of the Auditor was published in two of the county papers.

It so happened that a few creditors residing in a certain portion of the county, who had collectively claims to the amount of seven or eight hundred dollars, from the neglect of taking a county paper, never heard of the audit until after the Report of the Auditor had been confirmed by the Court. They then came to town to inquire about their claims, and were informed that they had upon an Attorney, who examined into the matter, and informed them that they had for ever lost their money, and we presume charged them five dollars for the information. All this resulted from being too penurious or too careless to subscribe for a county paper.

These gentlemen have learned a lesson that will last them the balance of their lives and is a warning to others who from the same motives fail to take their county paper.  
There is scarcely a man in the community who will not be caught up some day on a legal notice, that does not take a paper, unless he clandestinely reads his neighbor's and every gentleman should be above literary pilfering like this.—*Exchange.*

A young girl named Molly Morgan accompanied one of the Fenian regiments from Wisconsin to the field as "daughter." She is sixteen years old, the daughter of a Union soldier who died of wounds received at the battle of South Mountain, and is said to be highly educated. She wears a short woolen dress and trousers, on which is embroidered the Irish harp in silk.

One Charles S. Dunlap got himself into jail the other day, at Zanesville, for going through the country and poisoning the mouths of horses then suddenly appearing as a "horse doctor," and offering to cure them for "so much." He ought to be made take a bit in his own mouth.

The intelligence and education of a people are the passports of a country to empire and cross-bred.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.  
All advertisements for less than 3 months, counter for the first 100 words, 25 cents per line additional. All resolutions of Association, communications of a limited or individual interest, notices of marriages and deaths, exceeding five lines, 10 cts. per line. All legal notices of every kind, and all Originals Court and other judicial sales, are required by law to be published in both papers, and Notices of death per line. All advertising done after first insertion. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

One square.....	3 months, 12.00	1 year, 36.00
Two squares.....	6.00	9.00
Three squares.....	8.00	12.00
One-fourth column.....	8.00	25.00
Half column.....	13.00	25.00
One column.....	30.00	45.00

her intellectual wealth. Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow and Emerson might have been sent over in turn, with Bancroft, Motley and some of the younger men whose names are not yet familiar on the other side. But the opportunity of affecting so much good for one's country in a manner not altogether lost if Cambridge objects, perhaps more conservative Oxford might not; but if the great universities refuse to be enlightened, Mr. Thompson might accomplish his object by instituting a course of lectures outside of these venerable seats of learning. He will find hearty response here whenever he settles upon any practicable plan of enlightening his countrymen in relation to American.—*Independent.*

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