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DURBORROW & LUTZ Editors and Proprietors.

BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1866.

Poetry.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ. The following is pronounced by the "Westmin-ster Review" to be unquestionably the finest American poem ever written:

Within the sober realms of leafless trees The russet year inhaled the dreamy air. Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease, When all the fields are lying brown and bare

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills, O'er the dun waters winding in the vales, Sert down the air a greeting to the mills, On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights are mellowed, and all sounds subdued, The hills seemed further and the streams sang

As in a dream the distant woodman hewed His wintry log, with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed with gold, Their banners bright with every martial hue, Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old, Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue

On sombre wings the vulture tried his flight; The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's co plaint;

And, like a star slow drowning in the light, The village church-vane seemed to pale an faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew Crew thrice-and all was stiller than before: Silent, till some replying warder blew

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest, Made garrulous trouble round her unfledge And where the oriole hung her swaying nest, By every light wind like a censer swung.

Where sung the noisy martins of the eaves, The busy swallows circling ever nearoreboding, as the rustic mind believes, An early harvest and a plenteous year.

Where every bird that waked the vernal feast Shook the sweet slumber from its wings a

All was now sunless, empty and forlorn.

And creaked the crow thro' all the dreary gloo Alone, the pheasant, drumming in the valo, There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers

The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by The thistle down, the only ghost of flowers

Sailed slowly by-passed noiseless out of sight. Amid all this-in this most dreary air, Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,

Amid all this, the centre of the scene, Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mier

Sat like a fate, and watched the flying thread. She had known sorrow. He had walked with her Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust, And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir,

Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust. While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom, Her country summoned and she gave her all

And struck for liberty the dying blow; Nor him who, to his sire and country true, Fell mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;

ong, but not loud, the memory of the gone Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulou

At last the thread was snapped-her head was bowed. Life dropped the distaff thro' her hands seren

And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud; While death and winter closed the autum

Miscellancous.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING. BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

There is one thing in which I think nov clits make a great mistake. If they par-ticularly desire to enlist the sympathies of their readers for their hero or heroine, they represent him or her alone in the world, estitute of relatives or friends, with no necle or aunt, or even a country cousin to

uncle or aunt, or even a country cousin to fall back upon.

Now to my mind, such a situation is the acme of this.

Everybody who reads this will call me a brute; but I wish before he judges me, he wait until he is the youngest of sixteen children; born of a mother who was afflicted with twelve brothers and sisters, and son of a father who has ten sisters living.

This is my situation—the situation of James Brown, of Brownsville.

I cannot remember the time when my relative to me. atives were not a source of trouble to me.
All through my childhood I was afflicted
with aunts. They wanted to kiss me; and
though I never objected to being kissed by
the ladies in general, I objected to this monopoly of aunts. And, besides, all of my aunts
but one took souff; and the smoked.

but one took snuff; and she smoked.

As I grew older my uncles became my trial. They wanted me to do chores. They were all settled down near my father's residence—most of them farmers; if the sheep got in the field, or the horses jumped out of the pasture, or the cat eat up the chickens, Jim was called to attend to the matter. It's the greatest wonder in the world that I did

the greatest wonder in the world that I did not run my feet off before I reached the age of young manhood.

When I reached the period of being tor-tured with the tie of my cravats, and agonized about the glossiness of my dickies, then my cousins came down upon me with their wants. If they wanted to go to a concert, or singing school, or lecture, or dance, why there was cousin Jim. Of dance, why there was cousin Jim. Of course cousin Jim would be delighted to go.
And cousin Jim would go; and they would flirt with some other fellows, who were not cousins, all the evening; and likely enough get to sleep going home, and leave cousin Jim the pleasure of whistling to the

school; and only Ellen and myself were at

and would not be likely to spend fifteen or twenty dollars in visiting us.

I began to make myself into a gentleman.

I patronized the barber and his unguents—and cultivated a moustache, which was my bean ideal of perfection. I wore bright colored neckties, and sported a gold watch, and invested three dollars in a rattan, and six dollars in a beaver, which always grave. six dollars in a beaver, which always gave me the headache, and made me look precise-ly like an inverted candle mould. But no natter for that, so long as I was fashiona-

I made the acquaintance of several charm-I made the acquaintance of several charming young ladies, among whom was Miss Flora Van Voorhies, the belle of the street on which we lived. Flora was a beauty, and one of the most fastidious creatures in the world. Nothing was quite good and elegant enough for her. She would not have breathed the common air if she could conveniently have disconned with it and if elegant enough for her. She would not have breathed the common air if she could conveniently have dispensed with it; and if the soles of her dainty boots touched the soil of mother earth, it affected Flora's nerves so badly, that she had a headache for hours afterward.

In my mad might through yard No. 2. I nearly overturned a young woman who was hanging clothes on a line. I opened my mouth to apologize, but she seized me by the arm with an exclamation of delight.

"Why, Jim Brown, I declare! don,t you know me? Me, your cousin Nelly?" hours afterward.

I was raised to the seventh heaven and

ewenth neaven and lemon colored kids by her preference; and every night I devoutly prayed that some of my relatives would appear and nip the whole thing in the bud.

Five months rolled away, and I began to

rive months rolled away, and I began to feel at ease. None of them had troubled us, and we had not heard from them in any way. I indulged the hope that they had forgotten us. So, I think, did my mother, who had become quite genteel, and had formed some very genteel acquaintances.

One morning when Mrs. St. Michael, and Mrs. Loery, two of our most distinguished. Mrs. Loery, two of our most distinguished acquaintances, were in the parlor with my mother, one of the railway hacks stopped at our front door. An indefinable dread seized me. I felt myself growing as cold as peeled frog. From the hack there issued three bandboxes, two trunks, a butter box, a handled basket, a bundle in brown paper, an unbraella and lastle a green peles ben an ambraella, and lastly a green poke bonnet, beneath which I distinguished the little wizened face of my father's oldest sister—Aunt Sally Nutter. The very black sheep of the whole flock of relatives!

'Bring 'em all right into the entry," she called, in a stentorian voice, "I'm to hum here. This is brother Jason's house. La! here. This is brother Jason's house. La! Jason's got up in this world sense he used to peddle lobsters! It was a lucky thing for him when he went to making pills, and got doctor hitched on before his name! I ixpict Martha's so big you can't tech her with a ten foot pole. But law! she needn't try to put on extras with me! I know em ail, root and branch! egg and bird!" and she burst into the room, carrying her basket and bandboxes.

ket and bandboxes. The blinds were drawn, and Aunt Sally's foot struck against an ottoman, which brought her down, basket bundles and all to the floor. The cover of the basket flew open and out rolled seven dozen of eggs—most of which were smashed by the fall, but some were in a good state of preservition.

Consarn it!" cried aunt Sally, strug-Consarn it! cried auth Saily, straggling from the ruins, "there goes, seven dozen of eggs! And I brung'em here to git thirty cents a dozen; they hain't but fifteen at Brownsville! What on airth do you have your house so dark for? Anybody sick, or dead or gwine to be? It smells mouldy here! Do open a winder, so I can see an inch before my nose!"

My mother red and discomposed, threw pen a blind. Aunt Sally rushed up to her. open a blind. Aunt Sally rushed up to her.

"Why, Martha, how tickled I am to see
you! You look as natural as life, only
it seems to me, you begin to show your age!
Wall taint to be wondered at! A woman that's brung up so many children as
you have, when she gets to be fifty year old,
will naturally begin to look old! And
here's Jim, I declare! why how you've
growd! But I must say you hain't growd
handsome! The brown family hain't apt
to. He's a going to be the express image to. He's a going to be the express ima of his granther—hain't he Martha? J who's these ere people here? Some of your city friends, I reckon?"

Mrs. Leroy lifted her eye glass, and surveyed aunt Sally with an illl concealed contempt.

empt.
"Ho! ho! I reckon your'e nigh sighted, marm; thought so the minit I seed your eyes. Eyes that is kinder faded out, and

reddish like yourn, is apt to be weak. Ever tried roseleaves steeped in milk?"

Mrs. Leroy arose, and drew her skirt around her. Her face was as red as her eyes. She spoke very pointedly.
"I think I will be going, Mrs. Brown, you have other company vastly more amu-

My poor mother stammered out something, and followed the ladies into the hall.
Aunt Sally brought up the rear, crying out:
"You'd better do something for your eyes rite off! They look dreadfully! I can see it clean here!"

My mother drew my aunt back.
"I will chory you up strips now if you

My mother drew my aunt back.

"I will show you up stairs now if you please," said she.

"Oh no! I don't keer about seeing your house just yet. There'll be time enuff for that; for if I like Boston, I kalkerlate to stay four or five weeks! I'm tired now; them pesky keers has eanamost shook me all to peices. And then your roads here is so rocky, I got all jouneed up! If I lived here, I'd have the rocks picked out of the the roads if I had to do it myself."

I seized my hat and left the house. I was too much excited to stay in aunt Sally's society any longer at present. Anything was better than staying at home with her.

I rushed down the first little street that offered; but my course was soon stopped by

offered; but my course was soon stopped by a crowd, among which the star of a police-

man shone conspicuous.
"I say I didn't do it!" Cried a some "I say I didn't do it!" Cried a some-what familiar voice, pitched on an extreme-ly high key. "I'll tell you I didn't tech it; and if you don't let me alone, I'll knock you down by hokey! Hallo! there's my cousin Jim! He knows me, and he'll tell you that I'm jest as henest a feller as the day is long!"

I'm jest as henest a feller as the day is long!"
I shuddered. Here was another of my relatives; and at a little distance I recognized the glossy tile of Dick Van Voorhies,
- Flora's brother.
"I say Jim!" cried my cousin, Tom Brown, flourishing his arms at me, "come here this minit, and tell this man I hain't a pickpocket! I say, Jim!"
"I don't know you!" stammered I; and taking a step backward, I stumbled over the stand of a candy and apple woman, unset-

stand of a candy and apple-woman, upset-ting the whole concern, and myself besides. The woman was angry, as she had a right to be; and she called me some very hard names in a very strong brogue, and hit me two severe blows with a long handled, two quart noggin!
I scrambled to my feet and fled, hearing

as I went, the flattering remark from a bymoon for an usement.

When I was about twenty, my father removed to Boston. Twelve of my brothers and sisters were married; two were at tother one! Should'nt wonder if he was the

school; and only Ellen and myself were at home.

I was delighted with the change. We should be relieved from our relatives. Most of them were thoughtful of their money, and would not be likely to spend fifteen or twenty dollars in visiting us.

I began to make myself into a gentleman.

A coal cart came rattling along, and a A coal cart came rattling along, and a rusty voice sung out,
"Hallo! if there hain't cousin Jim Brown! Jim, I say, look up here and see Sam Smith, won't you? Shake hands with a feller, do;" and he extended toward me a paw which, for size, would have fitted a Hercules, and, for color, an Ethopian.

I made a dodge into the back yard of a house, the inmates of which set a dog on me, and inspired by the stimulus of his bark, I managed to escape into another yard, by climbing over the fence, and leaving my hat and coat-tails behind me as a souvenir!

and coat-tails behind me as a souvenir!
In my mad flight through yard No. 2. I

how me? Me, your cousin iveny!

1 broke from her; and no grass grew under my feet until I was safe in my own chamber. I sunk down completely exhausting of the online population of

ted, wondering if the entire population of Boston consisted of my relations.

Suddenly, I remembered that I was going to the theatre that night with Flora. I must put my hair in papers, and perfume

must put my hair in papers, and perfume my moustache.

At dinner, Aunt Sally eyed me curiously, and asked me what I'd got my hair rolled up for. She guessed there was a going to be a quilting somewheres, she said. My mother, unfortunately, informed her that I was going to the theatre. From that moment my doom was sealed.

That was the very place of all others that

That was the very place, of all others that aunt Sally wanted to visit. And she "could go with me jest as well as not, if not more

go with me jest as well as not, if not more so," she said, complacently.

I dressed myself, when the time came, and hurried out a side-door, determined to baffle aunt Sally; but the old lady was too sharp for me. There she sat, composedly, on one of the stone lions that flanked the gateway, dressed in a flounced, pink calico, and a yellow bonnet, waiting for me.

"I'm all ready," she remarked, jumping up; and I've took my work bag along, with some crackers in it. If it holds in till after nine o'clock, we shall want a launchin."

We stepped into the street. The people

We stepped into the street. The people stared at us. I felt as red as a full blown poppy. My face streamed with perspiration. I could not endure it; it was no use.

unassisted, to the theatre.

Judge, then, of my horror, when, on reaching that place of amusoment, the first spectralle in the traced my eves was analyst her arm, her voice raised to its highest tension, and her right hand gesticulating to the

there he's now, and the tome along, Jim; with him, by her gound! Come along, Jim; the meetin's jest a goin to begin! They're a tooting on the bass-viol now! airth did you go to so quick? Is that your

Indignation and dismay held me silent Indignation and dismay held me silent. Flora's face was like a blush-rose. The crowd, by a great effort, restrained themselves from cheering the old lady; but it was very evident to me that they would not long exercise any such forbearance.

"Jim," said my ancient relative, in a confidential whisper, loud enough to be heard by the whole assembly. "you've got some

by the whole assembly, "you've got some smut on your upper lip! I seed it before we started, but I didn't like to say nothing. You'd better wipe it off; it looks dreadful-

The crowd fairly roared. Smut, indeed my cherished mustache, that I had scented and oiled, and admired for three long months! If the old lady had been a man, I should have challenged her on the spot. With a desperate effort I addressed Flora. "Flora, my dear, we will go in, and not

pay any regard to this insane old woman."

Flora turned toward me, an iron determi nation in her blue eye.
"Frank," she said—she always called me

Frank—"tell me who that horrid old creature is before I go another step!"
"Horrid critter! I hain't a horrid crit-"Horrid critter! I hain't a horrid critter!" cried aunt Sally, waving her work-bag.
"I'm a decent woman, and haint got no paint onto my face, as some folks that I know of has. And I'm Jim Brown's own aunt—his father's sister, Sally, that married a Nutter; and I've mended his pinnyfores

a Nutter; and I've mended his pinnylores and trowsers many a time!"
Flora listened; and when sunt Sally finished, she cast upon me such a look!
"Mr. Brown," she said, quietly, "I have the honor to wish you a very good evening, with your estimable relative;" and then she took the arm of Fitz Ludlow, and sailed

away.

I thought I should have fainted on the spot; and, perhaps, I should, if I had not felt my sleeve vehemently pulled. I turned, and saw a lean-faced man.

"Jim," said he, "lend your uncle five dollars, do. I've left my pocket-book to have!"

hum!'
Good gracious! it was uncle Solomon
French! and behind him was my uncle Bill;
and behind him my aunt Mary, and cousin
Susan. I did not stop to see how many
more there was. I took it for granted that
the whole audience was to be composed of
my relatives. I jumped down the steps, and
fled at the top of my speed. Aunt Sally
cried at the extent of her lungs.

"Stop him! Stop him! I'll give a quar-ter to the man that captivates him!" Community at large at once decided that Community at large at once decided that I must be a thief, or a murderer; and they rushed after me at a railway speed. A dozen dogs joined in the chase, making night hideous with their howling. I was in too much of a hurry to keep a very keen look-out for obstacles; and the first thing I knew, I ran headlong over a lady drawing a below carriage.

knew, I ran headlong over a lady drawing a baby carriage.

Of course, she was angry. She seized the baby with one hand, and my shoulder with the other, and began a lecture in language more forcible than polite. I tore myself loose and renewed my flight.

But they overtook me. I had committed a crime which people never overlook; I had abused a woman with a baby—so they said. I deserved death on the spot.

A couple of policemen came up oppor-

thority, and marched me off to the watch-

I waited to hear no more. The vessel was just putting off; but I could swim. Yes, thank heaven! I could swim! And without so much as saying good-bye, I dashed into the water, and struggled to the shore,

into the water, and struggled to the shore, to be met by aunt Sally, who exclaimed, "Better go right home, Jimmy, and change your stockings. Wet feet is dreadful apt to bring on the rheumatiz. Don't mind him captain!" yelled she, after the receding vessel: "he was allers a little weak in the upper story!"

I broke from aunt Sally—went to a hotel—dried my clothing—got into a railway car—went to Philadelphia, and enlisted in the army; and my captain is my uncle Saul; and I have three cousins in my company.

and I have three cousins in my company, and five more in another regiment with

which ours is brigaded.

Did ever a poor fellow have such luck?

If I should ever be found, some fine morning, at the end of a rope, it will all be the fault of my relatives.

EUROPE FOLLOWS AMERICA.

It is seldom that American institutions are appreciated and defended by English philosophical writers. There is a marked contrast in this regard between the political philosophers of the European continent and those of England. Some of the first European minds of the present century have been directed seriously toward us, and have reached conclusions favorable to the truth of those principles which we were the first to establish, or at least the first to exemplify

with success.

The best essay on government which has proceeded from a French pen for half a century, was the result of a careful contemplapoppy. My face streamed with perspiration. I could not endure it; it was no use. Politeness I ignored in this case. I took advantage of the old lady's rapt, gaze at the window of a print shop to bolt down a by street; and in a few moments I was in the presence of my divine Flora. We walked leisurely to the theatre; I at my case—for I knew the old lady never could find her way, unassisted, to the theatre.

Judge, then, of my horror, when, on reaching that place of amusement, the first ble reputation of the American system, matured by deep thought. De Tocqueville opened a new light upon the western republic. He unquestionably startled Europe; but all Europe could not answer him, and shrank from the ciples almost universally unpop dar, principles detested by the powerful and scarcely known to the weak, he established an enviable reputation. known to the weak, he established an envia-ble reputation, and was sought for as a near countrymen have pursued the subject, until it may be concluded that the French phi-losophical school is now arrayed on our side. Gasparin has dealt with the topic in a mansion, and her right hand gesticulating to the crowd she had gathered around her.

"He went out of sight jest like a flash!" she was saying, "and I give a little boy a ten cent piece to show me the way here—and I'm waiting for him to come along. I'm kinder afeared he's got lost, for he was allas rather weak-headed; but, seeing as if he might have asked somebody the way; he's got a tongue in his head———. Hallo! there he's now, and the Queen of Ingland with him by her cound! Come along, I'm:

I may be concluded that the French philosophical school is now arrayed on our side. Gasparin has dealt with the topic in a manner such as has won him a place beside De Tocqueville. Guizot, perhaps the best filled and best arranged mind in the France of today, is known to have given his approval, Orleanist as he is, to many of the vital principles of this republic. Thiers has evinced his tendency toward us by many brilliant there he's now, and the Queen of Ingland with him by her cound! Come along, I'm: And more lately. Laboutave lished a volume of essays, putting himself on the record in favor of free institutions without equivocation: "L, Etat et ses "Limites. Suivi d. Essais politiques par E. Laboulaye, membre de l, Institut. Paris: Charpentier."

The most, recent work which marks the

The most recent work which marks the liberial philosophy of France, and the ten-dency of that school toward republican instilency of that school toward republican insti-utions, is a volume on education (L. Ecole) from the able pen of M. Jules Simon.
This essayist seems to have grasped his subject with an intelligence which rivals that of
De Tocqueville. There is abundant evi-De Tocqueville. There is abundant evidence that, like De Tocqueville, he has had before his eyes the example of the United States, and has clearly discerned in general education the reason why our republic has been successfully maintained. It is hardly too much to say that Simon is the first Frenchman who has perceived clearly that it was the want of educational institutions in France that has stigmatised her revolutions and that it is the presence of such instituand that it is the presence of such institu-tions that has given our government a strength consistent both with security and liberty. With the enthusiasm of a zealous devotee of intelligent liberty he urgently de-mands a reform in the educational system of France, and points with just indignation to the fact that public moneys, which should be devoted to the intellectual elevation of the masses, are spent in luxuries useless to all, and from which the poorer classes are

It is evident that these works, following at is evident that these works, following each other in rapid succession, and not refacted by the intellects which concede allegiance to the Napoleonic idea, are turning the thoughts of intelligent Frenchmen in the right direction; and it is not presumptuous to predict that the time is not far distant when the Empire will be forced to concede education and political freedom to France, or follow to obliteration the already dead dynasties upon whose rains it has rear dead dynasties upon whose ruins it has rear

Several well-known German writers, especially in the kingdom of Prussia, have taken firm ground in behalf of the principles of popular liberty, and the dissemination of German histories of our late struggle will do much to conduct public opinion into the right channels. A history of the "Causes of the Civil War in America" is about to appear, from the pen of Professor Fredrick Neumann. William the Second and Bismarck have now quite sufficiently taxed the patience of the good natured Fatherland. It is quite needless to revert to the appre-It is quite needless to revert to the appreciation in which our example is held by intelligent Italians. Cavour taught Italy to regard the institututions of America with regard the institutations of America with veneration, and to draw practical lessons from our example. The whole spirit of the new kingdom is liberal; and the intelligent thought of Italy is in advance of its government. Thus everywhere is discernible the healthy influence of intellectual activity in Europe—not the morbid ideas of the eighteenth century, but the calm and lucid comprehension of the nineteenth. Was it ever more clear than at present, that America. more clear than at present, that America, emerging triumphantly from a war against her unity and liberty, is the pioneer of progress to all the world?—Evening Post.

The best description of weakness we have ever heard is the wag's query to his wife, when she gave him some chicken broth, if she would not try to coax the chicken just

AMONG THE PINES.

thority, and marched me off to the watch-house.

In that interesting school of morals I remained until the next morning, when my examination took place; and no one appearing against me, I was discharged.

But I would not go home. Aunt Sally was still there; perhaps a dozen more of my relatives; since "it never rains but it pours."

A bright thought struck me. I would put the ocean between us. A whaler was lying at one of the wharves, which was advertised to sail that very day. I went dewn there, entered my name on the book, got a seaman's rig, and presented myself to the captain for inspection. He received me with open arms.

"Good heavens!" cried I.

"Yes!" said he, "I am your own cousin, David; and your cousin Daniel, and George are among the erew; and your aunt Peggy is going as far as Florida for her health."
I waited to hear no more. The vessel was just putting off; but I could swim. Yes, thank heaven! I could swim! And without so much as saying good-bye, I dashed into the water, and struggled to the shore, into the water in the world. The pine scall furnishing the finest lumber and timber in the world. The pine engoing of Southern Georgia. In Appling, Ir and furnishing the finest lumber and timber in the world. The pine engoing

wick or to Savannah.

The riches long unused in this region are now to be brought into commerce. There are six first-class saw mills already running at Brunswick, a dozen more are building, and the capital is raised to build at least twenty more. Steam and water are both employed to drive these mills, and on all the streams running through the interior, rafts of logs are floating towards the Brunswick mills. A new and busy race is peopling the pine woods, and the long-while silent woods ring with the axe-stroke. The field is inviting to laborers who wish to emigrate to the South. The labor is constant and remuner-South. The labor is constant and remuner-ative, the cost of living is low, and wages are high. Men of enterprise, with a small capital will be enabled to become large pine-land owners and proprietors of well-paying mills, producing at cheap rates lumber com-manding always the highest prices at the North, and for which the demand is literally unlimited which the service of the conunlimited, while the supply itself is inex-

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.

There are thousands of excellent farmers in our country, who are capable of penning communications that would be read with great interest and the plow and spade and other implements of husbandry, will be able to pen an article equal to the man who has never done but little else in his whole life but write.

but write.

We desire to have our young farmers try their hand a little. If they fail, it can be no worse for them. Writing one communication will greatly facilitate the task of penning another. Farmers have a great deal of leisure during our long winter evenings; and it would be an excellent way to spend a second of their time to write communication. but write. portion of their time to write communica-tions on subjects connected with their busi-Let us suggest a few thoughts to aid

young writers:
Write briefly. You can pen a communication of good length on one page of foolscap
paper. Record facts which have been interesting and profitable to yourselves, and you may rest assured that your writings will be perused with interest by others. Young writers sometimes think that if a communi-cation does not cover three or four pages of cation does not cover three or four pages or foolscap paper, it will not be acceptable to an editor. Nothing is more erroneous. Editors usually prefer short articles to long ones. Four short communications would be much more likely to prove acceptable to editors, and to be published, than one long one. If there is any subject on which you have made discoveries of on which you have made discoveries, or on which you have thoughts that would be likely to be profita

ble to other farmers, sit down and write upon it, but confine yourself to that subject alone—e. g. the management of cows, or sheep, or other animals. Many farmers have certain modes of performing different kinds of labor, which if de-scribed in proper language, would be of great value to beginners. Let our young

men improve their talents in communicating their knowledge to others.

While engaged in manual labor the mind may be employed in the investigation of some subject to write on, after the labors of the day have closed.

CANINE SAGACITY.

During the summer of 18—, a gentleman, by the name of "Old Moso," who was considerable of a wag, was traveling on a steamboat up the Mississippi river. He had with him an ugly cur, that he called Major.

had with him an ugly cur, that he called Major.

"Old Mose" was seated with a number of men in the cabin, and was boasting what his dog could do. The captain, who was standing near, remarked that what he said might be true, but he did not believe it. Mose replied, that he would bet the treat for all the gentlemen present, that he would make his dog do three things by telling him to do them. The captain took the bet. Mose then opened the door and went out on the guards, followed by the captain and gentlemen present, who were anxious to see the sport. Mose seized him by the nape of the neck, and tossed him overboard. As soon as he touched the water, Mose yelled out:

"Swim, Major, swim!"

The dog swam, of course. Moss kept his eyes on the dog. As soon as he perceived that the dog could touch the ground, he roared out:

"Wede Major wade!"

"Wade, Major, wade!"
Major waded until he landed on dry ground, when Mose shouted out:
"Shake yourself!"
Major shook himself. Moss turned to the

captain, who with the gentlemen present, were convulsed with laughter, and exclaim-"There! by the eternal living boots, 1 have won the bet." It is useless, perhaps, to say that the captain paid the treat.

THOSE who have been once dear to us, whatever offence they may have alienated our affection when living, are generally remembered with tenderness when dead; and after the grave has sheltered them from our resentment, and rendered reconciliation impossible, we often regret as severe that conduct, which before we approved as just. possible, we often regret as severe that conduct, which before we approved as just.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

THE RICH AND THE POOR-WHO ENJOY THE MOST ?

I will say, for example, that you are a working man, earning a few dollars a week, and that I am an independent person with an income of ten thousand a year. I will not take the example of a king, because I apprehend few persons in their senses would aspire to that uncomfortable position. Well then, we are both men, with the same senses and the same appretize. As reards our aspire to that uncomfortable position. Well aspire to that uncomfortable position. Well then, we are both men, with the same sense and the same appetites. As regards our animal natures, you eat, drink and seep; I can do no more. Provided we both have sufficient, there is no real differences, shutting out the sky and darkening the ground, a sombre sea of pines. This is the poetical view of the practical fact that these almost illimitable forests, yield good, sound, merchantable yellow pine, waiting for the cutting, and worth from twenty-five to thirty dollars per thousand feet on shipboard at the nearest port, and much more money in Boston. Baltimore, Philadelphia or New York.

All that is needed to convert these standing trees into timber and money is the enterprise and capital which should fill these pine barrens with men, mules, axes and sawmills. The land and lumber thereon, 'as it stands,' can be had for a trifling cost. Brunswick, on the southeastern coast of Georgia, is the oultet for this region. It has a good harbor, where vessels can lie and load for any port, north or south. From Brunswick to Waresboro', in Ware county, there is a railway crossing the Southeastern Georgia Railroad, and other roads are projected or building which will traverse the whole pine region, carrying all needed supplies, and byinging back lumber to Brunswick or to Savannah.

The riches long unused in this region are row to be honeyed in the state of the sea and special properties. As regards our animal natures, you eat, drink and thesa me about heave sufficient, there is an intures, you eat, drink and inatures, you eat, drink and insurers, you eat, drink and insurers, you eat, drink and insurers, you eat, drink and the same appetites. As regards our animal natures, you eat, drink and insurers, you eat, drink and the same appetites. As regards our animal natures, you eat, drink and the same appetites. As regards our animal natures, you eat, drink animal natures, you eat, drink animal natures, you eat, drink animal natures, you e

a ready and rapid communication with the London markets, the servants of country gentlemen residing on the banks of the Severn, Tey, the Dee, and Spey, made a stipulation in their terms of engagements that they would not be fed upon salmon more than three times a week. Pheasant and partridge are delicacies of the season; but always to dine on pheasant and partridge would be less tolerable than perpetual kread and water. There is nothing for which a man should be more thankful than an ever recurring appetite for plain beef and mutton—nothing except the means of indulging that appetite. Those highly-spiced dishes, called by fine French names, which are set upon the tables of the rich and great, are mere cooks tricks to stimulate a languid appetite. To hanker after such things is to have a longing for physic, not for wholesome have a longing for physic, not for wholesome food. Many grand folks who habitually eat them are miserable creatures, who have to coax their stomachs at every meal—pitiable

victims of dyspepsia and gout.

People who envy the luxurious feasts of the rich should know that the wise men the rich should know that the wise men who sit down to them only make a pretense of partaking of the so-called, good things that are placed before them. I have heard that the cabinet ministers, before they go into the city to the Lord Mayor's banquet, dine quietly at home on some simple and wholesome viands, knowing that there will be many dishes on the groaning tables of elaborate productions of culinary art; but she herself makes her dinner off a cut of simple mutton. Cook as you will, there is no exceeding the enjoyment of that carter no exceeding the enjoyment of that carter sitting by the roadside thumping his bread and cheese!—All the Year Around.

Artemus Ward, in a recent letter, thus gives an idea of reorganization:

I have never attempted to reorganize my wife but once. I shall never attempt it wife but once. I shall never attempt it again. I'd bin to apublic dinner, and had allowed myself into drinkin' several people's health; and wishing to make 'em as robust as possible, I continued drinkin' their health; until my own became affected. The consekens was, I presented myself at Betsy's bedside, late at night; with considerable liquor concealed about my person. I had somehow got possessun of a hosswhip on my way home. Rememberin' some cranky observashuns of Mrs. Ward's in the morning. I snapt the whip putty lively, and in a loud voice said, "Betsy you need reorganizin." I have come. Betsy, "I continued—crackin the whip over the bed—"I have come to reorganize you!"

That nite I dreamed that somebody had laid a hosswhip over me sev'ril times; and laid a hosswhip over me sev'ril times; and when I woke up I found she had. I hain't drunk much of anything since, and if I ever have any reorganizio jeb on hand I'll let it

A certain green customer, who was a stranger to mirrors, stepped into the cabin of one of our occan steamers, and, stepping in front of a large pier glass, which he took for a door, said:
"I say, mister, when does this here boat start?"

Getting no reply from the dumb reflection before him, he again repeated—
"I say, mister, when does this here boat fart?"
Incensed at the still silent figure, he broke out:
"Go to thunder, you darned sassafrascolored, shock-headed bull-calf! You don't

ook as though you knew much, anyhow. Was It a "Waterfall!"—In that admirable book "The Canoe and Saddle;" by the lamented Theodore Winthrop, in the description of the manner of catching salmon by the Klalam Indians up in Puget's Sound we find the following: "They don a head gear like a' rat's nest,' confected of wool, feathers, furry tails, ribbon and rags, considered attractive to salmon and highly magical." This sounds very like a description of the modern waterfall. Perhaps our belies took the hint from the Klalams and think their "head gear,' will make them more successful "fishers of men."

WAAT IS AN EDITOR?—Why he's an individual who reads newspapers, writes articles on any subject, sets type, reads proof, folds and mails, runs on errands, saws wood, works in the garden, talks to all who call, receives blame for a hundred things that's no one's business but his own, works from 5 A. M. to 10 P. M., helps people get into office (who forget all about it afterward), and frequently gets cheated out of half his earnings. Who wouldn't be an editor?

How bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men square in the face, if he only bears in his breast alcear conscience, void of offence toward God or man! There is no spring, no spur, no in-spiration like this. To feel that we have omitted no task, and left no obligation un-fullfilled, this fills the heart with satisfac-tion, and the soul with strength.