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......J. W. DICKERSON. MEYERS & DICKERSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Office same as formerly occupied by Hon. W. P. Schell, two doors east of the Gazette office, will practice in the several Courts of Bedford county. Pensions, bounties and back pay obtained and the purchase of Real Estate attended to.

May 11, '66—lyr.

JOHN T. KEAGY, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Offers to give satisfaction to all who may entrast their legal business to him. Will collect moneys on evidences of debt, and speedily procure bounties and pensions to soldiers, their widows or heirs. Office two doors west of Telegraph office.

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prompt attention. Military Claims, Pensions, &c.,
speedily collected.

Bedford, June 9, 1865.

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Will practice in the Courts of Bedford and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to their care will receive careful and prompt attention.

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Attorney at Law, Bedford, Pa,. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.
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April 28, 1865:t

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Dec. 9, 1864-tf.

IMMELL AND LINGENFELTER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA
Have formed a partnership in the practice of
the Law Office on Juliana Street, two doors Sout

OHN MOWER,

April 1, 1864.--tf.

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BLOODY RUN, PA.,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to
the people of that place and vicinity. [dec8:tyr

DR. B. F. HARRY,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and definity.
Office and residence on Pitt Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. H. Hoffus.
April 1, 1864—tf.

J. L. MARBOURG, M. D.,
I Having permanently located respectfully tenders his pofessional 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—tf.

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A BSALOM GARLICK, Clock & Watchmaker and Jeweller,

to give satisfaction.

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HN REIMUND, CLOCK AND WATCH-MAKER, Clocks, watches, and all kinds of jewelry varranted to give entire satisfaction. [nov3-Jyr] [nov4-Jyr] [nov4-J

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RY, SPECTACLES, &C.

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A NTI-DUST PARLOR STOVES, (Spear's Patent) at B. Mc. BLYMYER & CO.'S

Bedford Inquirer.

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

DURBORROW & LUTZ Editors and Proprietors.

Poetry.

PENNSYLVANIA FOR THE UNION.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Hurrah for Pennsylvania! she's blazing up at

Like a red furnace, molten with Freedom's

From all her mines the war-light shines, and

The glorious fire leaps higher and higher, till

From valleys green and mountains blue her

And leave the forges burning, and the oxen

Up from highland and headland they muster

By the blaze of their fiery beacons, in the

Hurrah for Pennsylvania! her sons are clasp-

Down from the Alleghanies, and up from Jer-

uniata fair to the Delaware is winding her

And the Susquehanna, like warlike banner

And the lover leaves his sweetheart, and the

And the women go out in the harvest, and

While the bearded men are marching in the

Hurrah for Pennsylvania! through every vale

Beating like resolute pulses, she feels the

From Erie's lake her legions break-from

And with ringing shout they are tramping out

And they carry the swords of their fathers,

And they swear as they rush to battle, that

from brave old Valley Eorge; And up from the plains of Paoli the minute

and the flags their fathers bore;

each freeman's heart her targe;

Rolling back from the ramparts of freedom

from the land of Anthony Wayne.

Hurrah for Pennsylvania! We hear her soun

men, with a terrible glory and power;

Hurrah for Pennsylvania! And let her sol-

From the battle-fields where hearts were

Hurrah for Pennsylvania! Her soldiers well

THE VOICELESS.

Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,

The wild flowers who will stoop to number?

Whose song has told their hearts' sad story.

Weep for the voiceless who have known

O'er Sappho's memory-haunted pillow;

But where the glistening night dews weep

O'er nameless sorrow's church-yard pillow.

A TRUTHFUL ANSWER-Bunkum, in the old North State is undoubtedly the health-

The cross without the crown of glory !

Not where Leucadian broezes sweep

O hearts that break and give no sign, Save whitening lip and fading tresses,

But o'er their silent sister's breast,

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,

A few touch the magic string, And noisy frame is proud to win them;

Alas for those who never sing, But die with all their music in them?

shields to bar the invader's way!

fierce Rebellion's path,

men march once more,

never shall cowardly stain

Anthony Wayne.

or hordes;

and swords.

frantic wrath

on her in vain-

ding call,

lution's hour,

rules the land !"

Anthony Wayne.

come from border fray-

loyal strain-

diers march

may march

of our Arch!

Anthony Wayne.

triumph train

is bright with Stripes and Stars; And the hunter scours his rifle, and the boat-

rushing blast!

out of her iron hills

all the land it fills :

veomanry arouse.

in forest and plain,

land of Anthony Wayne.

at their ploughs:

ing hands,

sev's sands;

bugle bars :

and glen,

man grinds his knife,

husband leaves his wife;

gather the golden grain,

land of Anthony Wayne.

Tuscarora's gorge-

BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1866.

Miscellaneous.

The Residence of Robert Browning the Poet-Visit to Gotfried Kinkel and Other Celebrities. The foreign correspondent of the Cincin-

nati Commercial writes from London the

following interesting literary gossip . A POETICAL NEIGHBORHOOD. A POETICAL NEIGHBORHOOD.

In the northern corner of London, near he beautiful open fields of Kensal Green and Kilburn, there is formed by the junction of two Canalsa very pretty lakelet, on one side of which is a noble row of houses forming Warwick Crescent, while the other side is built in villas and called Bloomfield Road. One of the finest houses in Warwick Crescent was the London residence of the gifted Browning, and is still occupied by her husband, the poet Robert Browning. Friends in passing, point to an upper winriends in passing, point to an upper window of the elegant mansion and say, "that was the room in which Mrs. Browning studied and wrote." Almost any fine day, the past three years, you would have seen a crowd of people collected on the bridge and crowd of people collected on the bridge and watching the magnificent rowing of a young fellow on the little lake. That young fellow is the son, of Florentine birth, so often and so exquisitely referred to in the poems of Mrs. Browning. Whether or not he will ever develop any of the literary genius of his reports have unpressingably a splendid his reports. bis parents, he is unquestionably a splendid boatman. He is now about seventeen; goes to Oxford this year; and will be a good "muscular christian," even if he does not excel as a poet and scholar. Just across the lakelet, in one of the villas of Bloomfield Road, lives another man of mark and fame in the world. in the world—a poet, an orator, a patriot and an exile. It is GOTFRIED KINKEL, the did not obtain from him any verdict upon this subject. The exact truth will never be revealed during the lifetime of the present generation—for it would cost the lives of many who aided the gallant Shurz, and who are still living within the grasp of German despotism.

Dishonor a blade or a banner in the land of despotsm.

I remember as a boy, seeing Dr. KINKEL on his visit to the United States. What a magnificent specimen of manly beauty, and even of majesty, he was, When, after the lapse of so many years, I met him again in London, I found the same noble dignity and lefty grace, yet there were traces of time Hurrah for Pennsylvania! she fears no trait-Bulwarked on all her borders by loyal souls From Delaware's strand to Maryland, and bright Ohio's marge, Each freeman's hand is her battle brand, And she stands like an ocean breakwater in And shivers its angry surges, and baffles its And the tide of Slavery's treason shall dash osition as a lecturer on art and literature, nd now the crown of honor and of success in his recent appointment to a professorship in the renowned University of Zurich. He has accepted the position, and will enter upon its duties in September. In that Ringing out Liberty's summons from Inde-That toesin rang with iron clang in the Revo-And 'tis ringing again, through the hearts of

office of dignity he will probably spend his last days. Let us hope that in the calmons of the University his muse will be roused to its old strains, and that he will give to the world worksworthy of his fame and the promise of his dawning manbood.

Before taking my read. This bean third seam that he names of some other celebrities who live near. Just round a corner and down a street, you come into West bourne Tenrace, where lives the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel. and where the great RICHARD CORDEN used to dwelf. Seen from the back windows of Dr. KINKEL's house, is the residence of Campanella, the Italian exile, to call upon whom GARDBAL. A, the Italian exile, to call upon whom GARDBAL. A, the Italian exile, to call upon whom GARDBAL. The Italian exile, to call upon whom GARDBAL a, the Italian exile, to call upon whom GARDBAL a, the Italian exile, to call upon whom GARDBAL as a street called St. John's Wood Road, where lives the artist Sir EDWIN LANDSER. In the little churelyard of St. Mary's, which is near our lakelet on another side, are the graves of Mrs. Sidnoss and of poor Tow Hayden, and the provest of the strange and production of the bear when he ought to have got fifteen bushels of grain.

Levery body has heard the proverb of warming and pound folloish. A liberal should be produced for the Hon. Mrs. Notton. For some well-blood faces one must now, alas! look in which walls. It would be hard to say how many the walls. It would be hard to say how many the walls. It would be hard to say how many the walls. It would be hard to say how many the walls. It would be hard to say how many the walls. It would be hard to say how many the walls. It would be hard to say how many the walls. It would be hard to say how many the walls. It would be hard to say how many the walls. It would be hard to say how many the walls. It would be hard to say how many the walls. It would be hard to say how many the walls. It would be hard to say how many the walls. It would be hard to say how many the walls. It would be hard to say how And all the people hear it—that mandate old Proclaim to the utmost nation that Liberty And all the people chant it-that brave and On the borders of Pennsylvania-the land of Under the Arch of triumph-the Union's star With banners proud, and trumpets loud, they

Beneath her ancient banner-the Keystone We have long been satisfied that the best popular argument in favor of a strict Sab-bath is, that to open the day to amusement and dissipation, would in the end cause it to And all the mighty Northland will swell the and dissipation, would in the end cause it to be given up to industrial pursuits, like other days, and so work immense injury to the operative classes, who would find themselves compelled to give seven days' work for six days' wage. We are glad to see that this view has been taken in England. Mr. Hughes not only gave his own view, but said that the intelligent portion, the majority of the working classes sided with him. From the land of Pennsylvania-the land of

In England, as lately in this country, a In England, as lately in this country, a laborious effort has been made to break down the strictness of the current Sabbath observance, and throw open museums, picture-galleries and libraries on the Lord's day. The reason urged for this has been that the working classes, busy throughout the working classes, busy throughout the week, required such recreation on the Sabbath. The movement has, happily, met with a check from the right quarter, the working people themselves having common sense enough to see that Sunday recreation would soon lead to Sunday labor; that cabmen, omnibus men and railroad employees would have to give up their Sunday rest, men, omnibus men and railroad employe es would have to give up their Sunday rest, to earry crowds to places of amusement—that the custodians of these places would need to be on hand all day—and that, the sanctity of the Sabbath being invaded, its opportunities for refreshment and serene repose would be lost. The very men for whose benefit the indulgence was demanded, have, therefore, raised their voice against it, and declared to the authorities that they desire nothing of the kind. Mr. Hughes, M. P. ("Tom Brown at Oxford,") at first an advocate for Sunday opening, has accordan advocate for Sunday opening, has accordingly now cast his weight against it, and even the *Times* intensely worldly as it usually is, raises its voice in favor of a quiet Sabbath, as affording by its sudden change of thought and pause in business, a refresh-ment to the mind scarcely less than that of sleep to the body, and as giving opportunities for family intercourse and calm reflection, which it would be impossible otherwise to obtain.—Christian Intelligencer.

he was about?

"Digging a grave, sir."

"Digging a grave? Why, I thought people didn't die often here, do they?"

"Oh no, sir, they never die but once!"

They never asked that question "but once."

They never asked that question "but once."

AN EDITORS QUALIFICATIONS.

It is to be a mirror to give reflection of the outer world to your readers and to receive reflection of all uncomplimentary sorts from them. It is to cater to their amusement, minister to their consolation, satisfy their cariosity, gratify their tastes for the mar-velous, teach them morals, religion and pol-itics, form their sentiments, lead them in wisdom's and folly's ways, show them to their bad deeds, publish their incomes, advertise their inventions, guide them in the standard with the standard with the standard the vertise their inventions, guide them in youth, tell their friends and enemies when vertise their inventions, guide them in youth, tell their friends and enemies when they marry, and write their epitaphs. It is to make small men great and great men small, to build up and pull down, to puff quacks and to expose humbugs, crack up theatrical reputations and get full houses for nigger minstrels. It is to paint every day's picture on the canvass of the present, and when the figures are scarce to-produce the past. It is to be anybody's servant and everybody's master. It is to wield a mighty power and to be under its control. It is to make the public believe what you please, and to exercise the same privilege yourself. It is to make and unmake cabinets, to coerce presidents, raise armies, levy taxes, fight presidents, raise armies, levy taxes, fight battles, make treaties, dissolve unions, manage reconstructions, pardon and condemn age reconstructions, pardon and condemn age. Mixed of lower clay, the exact empared to the condemn age. raitors, and run government generally. It less recreation, on less sleep and poorer pay, than any of your fellow-mortals. It is to be busy when your neighbors are idle, busier busy when your neighbors are idle, busier when they sleep, and busiest while they are enjoying a good time. It is to be always in a hurry, always under a press of business, always "setting up" when others are lying down, and always charitably "distributing" the result of our daily labor. It is to have your opinions always put to "proof" and seldom into practice. It is to advertise other people's wants, wishes and wares, to announce facilities for pleasure, to herald the approach of disease and the invention of and an exile. It is Gotfreid Kinkel, the story of whose release from the Prussian prison by the daring ingenuity of Carl Shurz was recently told in a Paris paper, "L' Eventment," thence translated for the New York Times by its Paris correspondent and thence capied into the Commercial. As I have lived for three years a neighbor of Dr. Kinkel, and have had the honor of his acquaintance, I presented to him the number of the Commercial which contained the account of his escape. I had my doubts about its truth—for other versions of the story are in circulation here. Of course I did not obtain from him any verdict upon this too much sentiment for one, too much political ways put to "proof" and your opinions always put to "proof" and prushed seldom into practice. It is to advertise other repeple's wants, wishes and wares, to an nounce facilities for pleasure, to herald the approach of disease and the invention of cures for them, to make known who has been robbed, where, of how much, who is the robber, his personal history, his trial, sentence and its execution. It is to receive nice fruit and notice it, to be shown natural curiosities and describe them, to be everywhere at all times, and be able to answer all did not obtain from him any verdict upon this questions on all subjects. It is to publish too much sentiment for one, too much polies for another, and too little news for all. nd to be pitched into by anybody who chooses to consider himself aggrieved. It is to belabor your brother editor across the way

on paper, and shake hands cordially when you meet. It is to publish a paper for two dollars in advance that costs three, to wait for your pay till a collector has gotten fifty per cent. for getting it, and make a living by the operation. It is to take compliment when the per cent of the state of the social Science Society, who has a literary position in England quite beyond what one might imagine, and which is much more the result of her personal attractions. tary tickets to everything and pay for them in complimentary notices. It is to be bored London, I found the same noble dignity and lofty grace; yet there were traces of time, of toil, of anxiety, disappointment and grief. His hair which once was as black as the raven's plume is now white; he is getting bald; and that athletic frame, which Prussian cruelty could not bow, is beginning to yield to the weight of years and sorrow. He has had deep domostic sorrows, of which I need not speak; and the great grief of his heart must be the blighting of the patriot's hope for Germany. He has toiled most industriously, first in Edinburg then in London. He has achieved the highest position as a lecturer on art and literature, She will soon be married MEANNESS IN BUSINESS.

he acknowledges the everlasting fact, that there can be no permanent prosperity or good feeling in a community where benefits

are not reciprocal,

We know of instances where traders have enjoyed the profits of hundreds of dollars orth of trade, and yet have exhibited not the slightest disposition to reciprocate even to the smallest amount. Now what must of the shahest amount acourse? Sim-ply the loss of large profits per annum, in the loss of trade which, under a more liberal system, might have been retained.

The practice of some men seem to be to make as little show in the way of business, as possible. Such a one, if a trader, takes no pains with the appearance of his store. Everything around him is in a worn out, dilapidated and dirty condition. To have it otherwise would cost a dollar for whitewash, and perhaps five for painting, and a few dollars besides, for cleaning up and putting things in order. And so he plods on and loses hundreds of dollars worth of custom, for want of attention to these matters, while his more sagacious neighbor, keeping up with the times and having an eye to appear-

ances, does a prosperous business.

Another will spend no money in any way to make business, for fear he should not get it back again.—Consequently he sends out no circulars, distributes no handbills, publishes no advertisements; but sits down oaking about hard times-moaning over the future prospect of notes to pay, no money and no trade; and comesout just where he and no trade; and comes out just where he might expect to come—short, while his neighbor, following a different track—doing all that is necessary to be done to make business, has business, isn't short, but has money to loan; and it would be just like him to get 12 per ct., perhaps, for the use of it; and we should not blame him for so

The fact is, times have changed .- The manner of doing business is different now from what it used to be. It would be just as foolish to insist upon doing business in the old fashioned way, as it would be to insist on travelling on an ox team instead of a rail road, to get news by old fashioned stages, instead of lightning telegraph. The times demand men of enlarged, liberal, energetic souls—men who will keep up with the world as it goes; men of hearts too, who not only desire to go ahead themselves, but take pleasure in seeing others succeed; and who have public spirit enough to do something for, and rejoice in the prosperity of the people. — Worth and Wealth. ENGLISH AUTHORESSES.

In a letter from London to the Round Taance of some of the leading female writers

of England : What Margaret Fuller's father said of her when she was a girl-in cedii: regina-may be said of the mature woman who writes

bodiment of the southern phrase "commony," with a color which looks like rouge, ny," with a color which looks like rouge, but is not, she is really indescribable here; but my reader may see her anywhere along Broadway at any time of the day. Miss Francis Power Cobbe is huge. The first impression she makes is that of a great mass of merry flesh and blood, weighing nearly three hundred and fifty pounds. She too often has to walk on crutches, which gives one a sad feeling that this enormous size is far from being the result of, or accompanied by health. But when one converses with Miss Cobbe he finds that the chief characteristic of her face and expression is delicacy. There is a lambent humor about her mouth, a sub-tle perceptiveness blended with sweetness tle perceptiveness blended with sweetness about the eye, a sensitiveness and sensibility in her manner, under which—as conversation and acquaintance go on—the corpulency seems to shrink, and the most charming physiognomy to be unsheathed. Miss Cobbe has an extraordinary power of conversation, is one of the wittiest of mortals, and wherever she appears has about her a group of fascinated young people—particularly of her own sex—by whose bursts of merriment one may know on entering a merriment one may know on enterin

company where the authoress of "Intuitive Morals" is seated. Very likely there will be not far off Miss Isa Craig, editress of the Argosy, leading Secretary of the Social Science Society, who tiveness than any of her published works. She is not pretty, is something of a German,

One cannot do any justice to these letters There is no greater mistake that a business man can make, than to be mean in his business, always taking the half cent, and never returning a cent for the dollars he has made or is making. Such a policy is very made or is making. Such a policy is very three transactor, Frederika Rowan; there is the transactor, Frederika Rowan; there is the transactor, and viscorus, but not altogether atin a brief letter, nor can he even mention

assist in the pursue of the saltor whom she prefers. On a signal from the father all the horses gallop after the fair one, and which ever first succeeds in encircling her waist with his arm, no matter whether disagreeable or not to her choice, is entitled to claim her as his wife. After the usual delay inci-dent upon such occasions, the maiden quits the circle of her relations, and putting her steed into a hand gallop, darts into an open

lain.

When satisfied with her position, she al cadence to the tongue of Baker, and cleanse his gray hair from the gore which our fellow Democrats shed upon it. Restore the enlivening smile of humanity to the care-worn face of Lincoln, now pallid under the bloody hand of a Democratic assassin, and bring back daylight to those glassy eyes that were so sleepless for the Union and Freedom. Take down the bereavement that hangs in the sorrowful dwellings of the people, and bring back to life and home the thousands of devoted men who dyed the land of treason red with blood to make it pure. Do this, O thou thrice damned spirit turns round to the impatient youths, and stretches out her arms toward them as if to woo their approach. This is the moment for giving the signal to commence the chase, and each of the impatient youths, dashing his-pointed heels into his courser's sides, darts like the unhooded hawk in pursuit of his fugitive dove. The savannah was extensive, full twenty miles long and three in width, and as the horsemen sped across the plain the favored lover became soon appaplain the favored lover became soon apparent by the efforts of the maiden to avoid all others who might approach her. At length, after nearly two hours' racing, the number of pursuers is reduced to four who are all together, and gradually gaining on the pursued. With them is the favorite; but alas! his horse suddenly fails in his speed; and, as she anxiously turns her head, she perceives with dismay the hapless position of her lover. Each of the more fortunate leaders, eager with anticipated triumph, bending his head on his horse's mane, shouts at the top of his voice, "I come, my Peri! I'm your lover." But she, making a sudden turn, and lashing her horse almost to fury, darts across their path, and makes than ordinary share of misery and want in their own lives. The most entertaining portions of literature have been written by portions of literature have been written by men whose hearts have been bowed down by sorrow, and at moments when that sorrow has been heaviest. It was in the gloom of a mother's death, deepened by his own poverty, that Johnson penned the charming tale of "Rasselas;" it was in the chill desolation of a bare and fireles garret that poor Goldsmith, the beloved vagrant of literature sketched the brightest pictures of homes and happiness the world has ever had, it was from a sick bed, in sore distress, and in a necessitous exile, that Tom Hood shook all England with laughter. The enchantment of Scoot, the satire of Jerrold, all the gems of English wit and humor, have been thrown out by genius in its most sorowful moments. a sudden turn, and lashing her horse almost to fury, darts across their path, and makes for that part of the place where her lover is vainly endeavoring to goad on his weary steed. The three others instantly check their career; but, in the hurry to turn back, two of the horses are dashed furiously against each other so that both steeds and ri-

ders roll over the plain.

The maiden laughed (for she well knew she could elude the single horseman) and flew to the point where her lover was. But flew to the point where her lover was. But her only pursuer was rarely mounted, and not easily shaken off. Making a last and desperate effort, he dashed along-side the maiden, and stretching out his arm almost won the unwilling prize; but she, bending her head to the horse's neck, cluded his grasp, and wheeled off. Ere the discomfitted horseman could again approach her, her lover's arm was around her waist, and, amidst the shouts of the spectators, they turned towards the fort.

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VOLUME 39; NO 48.

A FAST STORY.

An Englishman was bragging of the speed on English railroads, to a Yankee traveller seated at his side, in one of the cars of a "fast train" in England. The engine bell was rungas the cars neared a station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of "taking down his companion a peg or two."

'taking down his companion a peg or two.'
"What's that noise?" innocently inquired

'We are approaching a town," said the

I suppose they havn't invented bells in

Why, yes," replied the Yankee, we've

' said the Yankee, "had to give Then we tried steam whistles, but

Why, yes, replied the lance, we've got bells, but can't use them on our railroad. We run so fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound; no use whatever; the sound never reaches the village till after the

they wouldn't answer either. I was on a locomotive when the whistle was tried. We

were going at a tremendous rate; hurricanes were nowhar, and I had to hold my hair on.

We saw a two-horse wagon crossing the track, about five miles ahead, and the engin-

eer let the whistle on, screeching like a trooper. It screamed awfully, but it wasn't no use. The next thing I knew, I was picking myself out of a pond by the roadside, amid the fragments of the locomotive, dead horses

broken wagon, and dead engineer lying be-side me. Just then the whistle came along mixed up with some frightful oaths that I had heard the engineer use when he first saw

the horses. Poor fellow! he was dead be-fore his voice got to him.

After that we tried lights, supposing these

would travel faster than sound. We got one so powerful that the chickens woke up

all along the road when we came by, suppo-sing it to be morning. But the locomotive kept ahead of it still, and was in the dark-ness with the light close on behind it. The

inhabitants petitioned against it; they couldn't sleep with so much light in the night-time. Finally we had to station elec-

tric telegraphs along the road with signal men to telegraph when the train was in sight; and I have heard that some of the fast trains beat the lightning fifteen minutes every

forty miles, but I can't say as that is true the rest I know to be so."

WHAT THE AGE WANTS.

A writer says: "The great want of this age is men. Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest, sound from the centre

al cadence to the tongue of Baker, and

pure. Do this, O thou thrice damned spirit of rebellion, and thou mayest again have the

Sadness and Literature

that it has often been the lot of those men who have contributed largely to the mirth

One of the anamolies of literary history is

INFLUENCE OF A TRUE WIFE. - A sensible

affectiouate, refined, practical woman makes a man,s nature all the stronger by making it

Union as it was.

train gets by."
"Indeed!" said the Englishman

Englishman; 'they have to commence ring-ing about ten miles before they get to a sta-tion, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful, isn't it? I suppose they havn't invented bells in

the Yankee.

It is beauty's privilege to kill time, and ime's privilege to kill beauty.

The veil which covers the face of futurity s woven by the hand of beauty.

is woven by the hand of beauty.

If we are loved by those around us, we can bear the hostility of all the rest of the world; just as if we were before a farm fire, we need not care for all the ice in the Polar

we should give as we receive—cheerfully, uickly, and without hesitation, for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fin-

The truly illustrious are they who do not court the praise of the world, but perform the actions which deserve it.

Some sensible chap says, truly, that a person who undertakes to raise himself by scandalizing others, might just as well sit down on a wheelbarrow and undertake to wheel himself.

Dentist to his patient-"Hem, very odd. I must have made some mistake; there's nothing the matter with this tooth. Never mind, I'll try again. Of course, I won't charge you for pulling more than one of

them, no matter how many I take out.'

THE BEAUTY OF OLD PEOPLE. - Men and omen make their own beauty or their own gliness. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton speaks uginess. Sit Edward Dulwer Lytton speass in one of his novels of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be:" and if he could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good look-ing or the reverse as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chiesle of evil. On our features the line crises of lought and emotion are eternally at work. Beauty is not the monopoly of blooming young men and white pink maids. There is a slow growing beauty which only comes to perfection in old age. Grace belongs to no period of life, and goodness improves the longer it exists. I have seen sweeter smiles on a lip of seventy than I ever saw on a lip of seventy than I ever saw on a lip of seventy of youth on a lip of seventy than I ever saw on a lip of seventeen. There is the beauty of youth, and the holiness—a beauty much more seldom met; and more frequently found in the armchair by the fire, with grand-children around its kuee, than in the ball-room or the promenade. Husband and wife who have fought the world side by side, who have made common stock of joy and sorrow, and grown aged together, are not unfrequently found curiously alike in personal appearance and in pitch and tone of voice—just as twin pebbles on the beach exposed to the same tidal influences, are each other's alter ego. He has gained a feminine something which brings his manhood into full relief. She has gained a masculine something which acts as a foil to her womanhood.

to the circumferennee true to the hearts core. Men who fear the Lord and covetous-A WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP .- It is a wonness. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as in others. Men whose consciences are steady drous advantage to a man, in every pursuit or vocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a ubtile delicacy of tact and a plain soundness as the noedle to the pole. Men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and subtile delicacy oftact and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character. honor and repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman-friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to do an impudent thing. A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and heart, whom he loves the earth reels. Men who can tell the truth and look the world and the devil right in the and look the world and the devil right in the eye.—Men that neither brag nor run. Men that neither swagger nor flinch. Men who can have courage without whistling for it, and joy without shouting to bring it. Men in whom the current of everlasting life runs still and deep, and strong. Men careful of God's honor and careless of men's applause. Men too large for sectarian limits and too strong for sectarian bands. Men who do not wife of good sense and heart, whom he loves and who loves him. But, supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendehip he must still have, or his intellect strong for sectarian bands. Men who do not trive, nor cry, nor cause their voices to be heard in the street, but who will not fail, nor be discouraged, till judgment be set in the earth. Men who know the message and will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap, even in its strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, such friendships where disparities of years or cirit. Men who know their duty and do it. who mind their own busines. Men will not lie. Men who are not too lazy question. Middle life has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. We may have female friendships with those much older, and those much younger, than ourselves. Female friendship is to a man the bulwark, sweetener, ornament of his

PUNGENT SERMON. - Jerome, in one PUNGENT SERMON.—Jerome, in one of his sermons, rebuked the women of his day in words so apropos to those of modern times that we cannot forbear copying them:

"Ah! I shall tell you who are the women that Scandalize Christians. They are those who daub their cheeks with red, and their eyes with black—those who plaster their faces too white to be human—reminding us of idols—those who cannot shed a tear without its tracing a furrow on the painted surout its tracing a furrow on the painted surface of their faces—those whose ripe years fail to teach them that they are growing old and to teach them that they are growing old—those whose head-dresses are made up of other people's hair—those who chalk wrink-les into the counterfit presentiment of youth and those who affect the demeanor of bashaccooks, twin brothers of valor. Heal the savage wounds of Dalghren. Re-animate the commanding form of Ellet. Call Sedgwick from his grave and Wadsworth from the silent republic of the dead. Breathe the breath of life into the nostrils of the gentle Lander. Return new strength to the sinewy arm of Reno. Give back its musical sedges to the torong of Pales and ful maidens in the midst of troops of grand children."

If he had added those who wear "tilting

skirts," the picture would have been complete.

Mobile recently, for a "lovely woman."—

Home Journal.

The Journal ought to have told the whole

story. They not only killed, but ate each other up. The survivor was married next day to the 'lovely woman' whom he had so deservedly won.—Mobile Register. "None but the brave deserve the fair.

A CLERK in a merchantile establishment writes to a friend at home: "I have a nice time of it now a days—very little work to do—our firm don't advertise."

A BRUTE. - One asked his friend why he married so little a wife? "Why," said he, "I thought you had known that of all evils you should choose the least!

Not Very Definite.—An exchange says: "Peaches are selling in New York at fifty cents a piece." The price of a whole one is not stated.

Why is a newspaper like a toothbrush? D'ye give it up! Because everybody should have one of his own and not borrow his neighbor's.

Booth the tragedian, had a broken nose. A lady once remarked to him: "I like your acting, Mr. Booth, but to be frank with you, I can't get over your nose!" "No wonder, madam," replied he, "the bridge s gone.'

When you see a man on a moonlight night trying to convince his shadow that it's highly improper to follow a gentleman, you may be certain it is time for him to join a

lover's arm was around her waist, and, amids the shouts of the spectators, they turned towards the fort.

Want less than you have, and you will always have more than you want.

a man, s nature all the stronger by making it more tender—puts a new heart into all his strivings—and gives dignity to all his prosperity, and comfort for his adversity. Every true life wields a still greater power when it feels a living heart drawing it with "that's my feller outside, he won't come irresistible force into every position of duty."

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