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J. H. LONGENECKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.,
All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
☞ OFFICE with S. L. RUSSEL, Esq., nearly opposite the Court House.
Oct. 16, '66.-6m.

S. F. MEYERS.....J. W. DICKERSON.
MEYERS & DICKERSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PENN'A.,
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—1yr.

JOHN T. KEAGY,
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BEDFORD, PENN'A.,
Offers to give satisfaction to all who may entrust 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. april1:'66-1y.

J. B. CESSNA,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office with JOHN CESSNA, on Julianna street, in the office formerly occupied by King & Jordan, and recently by Filler & Keagy. All business entrusted to his care will receive faithful and prompt attention. Military Claims, Pensions, &c., speedily collected.
Bedford, June 9, 1865.

J. M'D. SHARPE.....E. F. KERR
SHARPE & KERR,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
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., speedily collected from the Government.
Office on Juliana street, opposite the banking house of Reed & Schell, Bedford, Pa. mar2:tf

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 Julianna st., nearly opposite the Mengel House.) june23, '65.1y

J. R. DURBORROW.....JOHN LUTZ.
DURBORROW & LUTZ,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PA.,
Will attend promptly to all business intrusted to their care. Collections made on the shortest notice.
They are, also, regularly 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:t

ESPY M. ALSIP,
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. speedily collected. Office with Mann & Spang, on Juliana street, 2 doors south of the Mengel House. apl 1, 1864.—tf.

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 "Mengle House." Dec. 9, 1864-tf.

KIMMELL AND LINGENFELTER,
ATTORNEYS 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.
apr1, 1864—tf.

JOHN MOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
BEDFORD, PA.
April 1, 1864.—tf.

DENTISTS.

C. N. HICKOK.....J. C. MINNICH, JR.
DENTISTS, BEDFORD, PA.
Office in the Bank Building, Juliana Street.
All operations pertaining to Surgical or Mechanical Dentistry carefully and faithfully performed and warranted. TERMS CASH.
Tooth Powders and Mouth Wash, excellent articles, always on hand.
jan6'65-1y.

DENTISTRY.
I. N. BOWSER, RESIDENT DENTIST, WOODBERRY, Pa., visits Bloody Run three days of each month, commencing with the second Tuesday of the 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.
aug5, '64:tf.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. GEO. C. DOUGLAS
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of Bedford and vicinity.
☞ Residence at Maj. Washabaugh's.
☞ Office two doors west of Bedford Hotel, up stairs. aul7:tf

WM. W. JAMISON, M. D.,
BLOODY RUN, PA.,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. [dec8:1yr

DR. B. 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. Hofius.
April 1, 1864—tf.

J. L. MARBOURG, M. D.,
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.

JEWELER, &c.

ABSALOM GARLICK,
Clock & Watchmaker and Jeweller,
BLOODY RUN, PA.
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.*
☞ 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. [nov3-1yr

DANIEL BORDER,
PITT 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 Refined Glasses, also Scotch Pebble Glasses. Gold Watch Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, best quality of Gold Pens. He will supply to order any thing in his line not on hand.
apr. 28, 1865—zz.

FRUIT CANS AND SEALING WAX, at B. Mc. BLYMYER & CO'S.
ANTI-DUST PARLOR STOVES, (Spear's Patent) at B. Mc. BLYMYER & CO.'S

Poetry.

☞ The following beautiful little poem was published in our paper of March 16, 1866. It was read and commended for its beauty at the time by an elderly christian lady whose spirit was then in view, and passed soon thereafter to the "better land." We republish it now by request of her friends.—EDS.

SOONER OR LATER.

BY HARRIET E. PRESCOTT.

Sooner or later the storm shall beat
Over my slumber from head to feet;
Sooner or later the wind shall rave
In the long grass above my grave.

I shall not heed them where I lie,
Nothing their sound shall signify,
Nothing the headstone's fret of rain,
Nothing to me the dark day's pain.

Sooner or later the sun shall shine
With tender warmth on that mound of mine
Sooner or later, in summer air,
Clover and violet blossom there.

I shall not feel in that deep laid rest
The sheeted ligh fall till over my breast;
Nor ever note in those hidden hours
The wind-blown breath of the tossing flowers.

Sooner or later the stainless snows
Shall add their hush to my sweet repose;
Sooner or later shall slant and shift
And heap my bed with drizzling drift.

Chill though that frozen pall shall seem,
Its touch no colder can make the dream
That rocks not the sweet and sacred dread
Shrouding the city of the dead.

Sooner or later the bee shall come
And fill the noon with his golden hum;
Sooner or later on half poised wing,
The blue-bird's warble about me ring.

Sing and chirrup and whistle with glee,
Nothing his music means to me;
None of these beautiful things shall know
How soundly their lover sleeps below.

Sooner or later, far out in the night,
The stars shall over me wing their flight;
Sooner or later my darling dews
Catch their white sparks in their silent ooze.

Never a ray shall part the gloom
That wraps me round in the kindly tomb;
Peace shall be perfect for lip and brow
Sooner or later—Oh! why not now?

JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh, deem not they are best alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep,
For God, who pities men, hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night,
And grief may hide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with every light.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

Miscellaneous.

THE SEWARD-JOHNSON REACTION.

We make the following extracts from a very able article with the above title, by James Russell Lowell, in the current number of the *North American Review.*

HOW TO TREAT THE SOUTH.

It is alleged by reckless party orators that those who ask for guaranties before readmitting the seceded States, wish to treat them with harshness, if not with cruelty. Mr. Thaddeus Stevens is triumphantly quoted, as if his foolish violence fairly represented the political opinions of the Union party. They might as well be made responsible for his notions of finance. We are quite willing to let Mr. Stevens be paired off with Mr. Vallandigham, and to believe that neither is a fair exponent of the average sentiment of his party. Calling names should be left to children with whom, as with too large a class of our political speakers, it seems to pass for argument. We believe it never does so with the people; certainly not with the intelligent, who make a majority among them, unless (as in the case of "Copperhead") there be one of those hardly to-be defined realities behind the name which they are so quick to detect. We cannot say that we have any great sympathy for the particular form of mildness which discovers either a "martyr," or a "pure hearted patriot," or even a "lofty statesman" in Mr. Jefferson Davis, the latter qualification of him having been among the discoveries of the London *Times* when it thought his side was going to win; but we can say that nothing has surprised us more, or seemed to us a more striking evidence of the humanizing influence of democracy, than the entire absence of any temper that could be called revengeful in the people of the North toward their late enemies. If it be a part of that inconsistent mixture of purely personal motives and more than legitimate executive action which Mr. Johnson is pleased to call his "policy," if it be a part of that to treat the South with all the leniency that is short of folly and all the conciliation that is short of meanness, then we were advocates of it before Mr. Johnson. While he was yet only ruminating in his vindictive mind, sore with such rancor as none but a "plebeian," as he used to call himself, can feel against his social superiors, the only really agrarian proclamation ever put forth by any legitimate ruler, and which was countersigned by the now suddenly "conservative" Secretary of State, we were in favor of measures that should look to governing the South by such means as the South itself afforded or could be made to afford. It is true that as a part of the South, we reckoned the colored people bound to us by every tie of honor, justice and principle, but we never wished to wink out of sight the natural feelings of men suddenly deprived of what they conceived to be their property; of men, too, whom we respected for their courage and endurance even in a bad cause. But we believed then, as we believe now, and as events have justified us in believing, that there could be no graver error than to flatter our own feebleness and uncertainty by calling it magnanimity, a virtue which does not scorn the society of patience and prudence, but which cannot subsist apart from courage and fidelity to principle. A people so boyish and conceited as the Southerners have always shown themselves to be unwilling ever to deal with facts, but only with their own imagination of them, would be to interpret indecision as cowardice, if not as an unwilling tribute to that superiority of which men who really possess it are the last to boast. They have learned nothing from the war but to hate the men who subdued them and to misinterpret and misrepresent the causes of their subduing; and even now, when feeling has been steadily growing in the rest of the country for the last nine months, deeper and more intense than any during the war, because mixed with an angry sense of unexpected and treacherous disappointment, instead of setting their strength to the rebuilding of their shattered social fabric, they are waiting as they waited four years ago, for a division in the North which will never come, and hailing in Andrew Johnson a scourge of God who is to avenge them in the desolation of our cities! Is it not time that these men were transplanted at least into the nineteenth century, and, if they cannot be suddenly Americanized, made to understand something of the country which was too good for them, even though at the cost of a rude shock for their childish self-conceit? Is that a properly reconstructed Union in the Southern half of which no Northern man's life is safe except at the sacrifice of his conscience, his freedom of speech, of everything but his love of money? To our minds the providential purpose of this intervention of Mr. Johnson in our affairs is to warn us of the solemn duty that lies upon us in this single crisis in our history when the chance is offered us of stamping our future with greatness or contempt, and which requires something like statesmanship in the people themselves, as well as in those who act for them. The South insisted upon war, and had enough of it; it is now our turn to insist that the peace we have conquered shall be so settled as to make war impossible for the future.

THE PROSPERITY OF THE SOUTH.

But how is this to be done? The road to it is a very plain one. We shall gain all we want if we make the South really prosperous; for with prosperity will come roads, schools, churches, printing presses, industry, thrift, intelligence, and security of life and property. Hitherto the prosperity of the South has been factitious; it has been a prosperity of the middle Ages, keeping the many poor that a few might show their wealth in the barbarism of showy equipages and numerous servants, and spend in foreign cities the wealth that should have built up civilization and made way for refinement at home. There were no public libraries, no colleges worthy of the name; there was no art, no science, still worse, no literature but Simms's; there was no desire for them. We do not say it in reproach, we are simply stating a fact, and are quite aware that the North is far behind Europe in these things. But we are not behind her in the value we set upon them, are even before her in the price we are willing to pay for them, and are in the way to get them. The South was not in that way, could not get into it, indeed so long as the labor that made wealth was cut off from any interest in its expenditure, nor had any goal for such hopes as soared away from the dreary level of its life-long drudgery, but in the grave and the world beyond it. We are not bound to say what may be said on the other side, nor to that fatal picturesqueness so attractive to sentimental minds, and so melancholy to thoughtful ones, which threw a charm over certain exceptional modes of Southern life among the older families in Virginia and South Carolina. But there are higher and manlier kinds of beauty,—barer and sterner some would call them,—with less lofty rounded edges, certainly, than the Wolf's Crag picturesqueness which carries the mind with pensive indolence toward the past, instead of stirring it with a sense of present life or bracing it with the hope of future opportunity, and which veils at once and betrays the decay of ancient civilizations. Unless life is arranged for the mere benefit of the novelist, what right had these bits of last century Europe here? Even the virtues of the South were some of them anachronisms, and even those that were not existed side by side with an obtuseness of moral sense that could make a hero of Semmes, and a barbarism that could starve prisoners by the thousand.

THE ADVANCE AND THE OFFICE OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

Some philosophers, to be sure, plead with us that the Southernors are remarkable for their smaller hands and feet, though so good an observer as Thackeray pronounced this to be true of the whole American people; but really we cannot think such arguments as this will give any pause to the inevitable advance of that democracy, somewhat rude and raw as yet, a clumsy boyguiant, and not too well-mannered, whose office is nevertheless to make the world ready for the true second coming of Christ in the practical supremacy of his doctrine and its incarnation after so many centuries of burial in the daily lives of men. We have been but dimly, if at all, conscious of the greatness of our errand, while we have already accomplished a part of it in bringing together the people of all nations to see each other no longer as aliens or enemies, but as equal partakers of the highest earthly dignity,—a common manhood. We have been forced whether we would or no, first to endure, then to tolerate, and at last to like men from all the four corners of the world, and too see that each added a certain virtue of his own to that precious amalgam of which we are in due time to fashion a great nation. We are now brought face to face with our duty toward one of those dusky races that have long sat in the shadow of the world; we are to be taught to see the Christ disguised also in these, and to find at last that a part of our salvation is inextricably knit up with the necessity of doing them justice and leading them to the light. This is no sentimental fancy; it is written in plain characters on the very surface of things. We have done everything to get rid of the negro; and the more we did, the more he was thrust upon us in every possible relation of life and aspect of thought. One thing we have not tried, a spell before which he would vanish away from us at once by taking quietly the place, whatever it be, to which Nature has assigned him. We have not acknowledged him as our brother. Till we have done so he will always be at our elbow, a perpetual discomfort to himself and us. Now this one thing that will give us no rest is, precisely what the South, if we leave the work of reconstruction in their hands, will make it impossible for us to do; and yet it must be done ere America can penetrate the Southern States. It is for this reason, and not with any desire of establishing a standing garrison of four hundred thousand loyal voters in the South that we insist on the absolute necessity of justice to the black man. Not that we have not a perfect right to demand the reception of such a garrison, but we wish the South to govern itself and this it will never be able to do, so it will be governed as heretofore by its circumstances, if we allow it to replace slavery by the disenfranchisement of color, and to make an Ireland out of what should be the most productive, populous, and happy part of the Union. We may evade this manifest duty of ours from indolence or indifference or selfish haste; but if there is one truth truer than another, it is that no man or nation ever neglected a duty that was not sooner or later laid upon them in a heavier form, to be done at a dearer rate.

This is something that altogether transcends any partisan politics. It is of comparatively little consequence to us whether Congress or the President carry the day, provided only that America triumph. That is, after all, the real question. On which side is the future of the country,—the future that we cannot escape if we would, but which our action may embarrass and retard? If we had looked upon the war as a mere trial of physical strength between two rival sections of the country, we should have been the first to oppose it as a wicked waste of treasure and blood. But it was something much deeper than this, and so the people of the North instinctively recognized it to be from the first; instinctively we say, and not deliberately at first, but before it was over their understandings had grasped its true meaning as an effort of the ideal America, which was to them half a dream and half a reality, to cast off an alien element. It was this ideal something, not the less strongly felt because vaguely defined, that made them eager, as only what is above sordid motives can, to sacrifice all that they had and all that they were rather than fail in its attainment. And it is to men not yet cooled from the white-heat of this passionate mood that Mr. Johnson comes with his paltry offer of "my policy," in exchange for the logical consequences of all this devotion and this sacrifice. What is any one man's policy and especially any one weak man's policy, against the settled drift of a nation's conviction, conscience, and instinct? The American people had made up not only their minds but their hearts, and no man who knows anything of human nature could doubt what their decision would be. They wanted only a sufficient obstacle to awaken them to a full consciousness of what was at stake, and that obstacle the obstinate vanity of the President and the blindness or resentment of his prime minister have supplied. They are fully resolved to have the great stake they played for and won, and that stake was the Americanization of all America, nothing more and nothing less. Mr. Johnson told us in New York, with so profound a misconception of the feeling of the Northern States as was only possible to a vulgar mind and that mind a Southern one, that the South had set up slavery as its stake and lost, and that now the North was in danger of losing the stake it had risked on reconstruction in the national debt. Mr. Johnson is still, it would seem, under that delusion which led the South into the war, namely, that it was that section of the country which was the chief element in its wealth and greatness. But no Northern man, who so long as he lives, will be obliged to pay his fine of taxes for the abolition of slavery which was forced upon us by the South is likely to think it very hard that the South should be compelled to furnish its share toward the common burden, or will be afraid that the loyal States, whose urgent demands compelled a timid Congress at last to impose direct taxes, will be unable to meet their obligations in the future as in the past.

PERCIVAL.

The following bit of literary gossip concerning James G. Percival, (the Mad Poet,) will serve to give our readers an idea of the eccentricities of one of our most gifted poets:

We dont believe there ever lived such a man as Percival; Croesus in soul, in intellect and learning; and Dives every way else. Think of a man who wrote in one instant thus:

"I have added to the mountain of books and the myriad of authors. But I sometimes think I had better be annihilated, books and all, than be the means of making fools gape, and girls cry, as I perhaps may."

And then presently:

"There is one employment, however, which I would wish to place above interest or ambition, which I would choose to regard as holy—poetry. * * * * * With such feelings I can no longer look to my poetry as a source of emolument. I cannot consent to use it for such a purpose. I can only regard it as the vestal fire in my *adytum*. I must meet the world with weapons of a more earthly temper."

And yet in the midst of all he was living the life of

A STRUGGLING POET.

Professor Ticknor tells me that, while a guest at his house in Boston at this time, Percival's ways were peculiar. Sitting at the table opposite Mrs. Ticknor, he would converse with her husband and sometimes with her with the greatest fluency, but with his eyes downcast upon the plate, always avoiding the glance of Mrs. Ticknor's eye: and this was his habit always among females. The same shrinking from woman was also seen in the drawing room. At the homes of his two Boston friends he was probably more at ease than anywhere else. I have been told that this dropping of the eye, (while he apparently saw everything) was observable as he walked the street wrapped in his camlet cloak, "the observed of all observers." While on his Geological Survey of Connecticut, he was often obliged to pick up a meal or a lodging where he could; and his dress was not always such as indicated his character and position. Throughout life he never polished his shoes, and his pants and hat generally showed that they had been used the full time of service. Clad in such a habit he presented himself one evening at the door of a young ladies' seminary, asking, as he was some distance from the village, for supper and a night's lodging. The lady principal met him at the door and was not inclined to grant his request. He urged it, however, as he was tired and hungry, and she finally yielded, following him into the kitchen, and remaining while he ate his supper. Observing him more minutely, she thought he looked more intelligent than common beggars, and engaged in conversation with him, when she found that he was apparently a well educated man; and as the conversation went on, from one surprise to another, she found that he could talk upon a variety of subjects. The conversation at length turned upon poetry; and the lady, after speaking of other poets, mentioned Percival, and went on to express her enthusiastic admiration of his poetry to the somewhat startled yet quiet listener—when, checking herself, she asked, "Do you know Percival? Have you read his poetry?" To which the stranger replied, in his gentle, lisping tone, "I—am—Mr. Percival, and I sometimes write poetry."

PERCIVAL IN LOVE.

He formed an attachment to a young lady in New Haven, the orphaned daughter of a sea-captain, who had great physical beauty. He carried books to her and read selections. She said of him, "I do wish Mr. Percival wouldn't bring those books to read. I don't like books, and don't like to read them." A friend told this to Percival, who then discontinued his visits. Not long after the young lady married a shoemaker, and went to reside somewhere on the Hudson. It was of her that he wrote the poem, beginning:

"She has no heart, but she is fair."

The third stanza conveys a fact very delicately and plaintively and bitterly:

"She has no heart, she cannot love,
But she can kindle love in mine—
Strange that the softness of a dove
Round such a thing of air can twine."

PERCIVAL AND JAMES THE NOVELIST.

Mr. James had all the airs of a man of society; and Percival was specially shrinking and modest in the presence of a stranger, making his worst impression at first. The parties were introduced, and an attempt was made at conversation, but they did not get on at all. Percival showed a decided repugnance, James a genteel contempt. Soon entering the cars they took different seats, and Mr. James said, "My friend who is that Mr. Percival?" It was replied that he was a distinguished poet, when Mr. James said, "a little cracked, isn't he?" The gentleman with him met Percival a few days after, who inquired, "Who is that Mr. James?" G. P. R. James, the novelist," was the reply. Said Percival, "a little drunk, wasn't he?"

OTHER PECULIARITIES.

Percival shared with Dr. Johnson that strong feeling of independence which makes one in need jealous of the favors of others. The late professor Silliman, noticing that the cap which so long peered above the cloak in which he wrapped himself had become altogether too shabby, left word with Mr. Mansfield, a hatter on Chapel street, to present him with a new hat. In the most delicate manner possible, Mr. Mansfield said to him that any hat upon his shelves was at his service, but the poet turned on his heel in contempt.

One Thanksgiving day, when it was known that he must be almost suffering for the want of food, the janitor of the hospital sent him a generous dinner. It remained at his door untouched.

A kinsman once paid him two dollars for information which he had received from him. He had repeatedly refused to receive money; but it was slipped into his hand as they parted, with the expectation that Percival would keep it. In a few days, however, the money was returned through one of the book-sellers.

RETIREMENT OF MR. HARPER.

B. C. Harper, Esq., Assessor of the 16th Assessment District of Pennsylvania, has been superseded by Hon. A. H. Coffroth, of Somerset. Mr. Harper addresses the following card to the public in the last number of his paper, the Adams *Sentinel*, with which he has been connected for forty years and upwards:

I have been removed from the Assessorship of the 16th District, and on Saturday last, all the documents connected with the office were handed over to the Clerk of Hon. A. H. Coffroth, of Somerset, who succeeds me in the office—so that I am no longer an official under the Administration of President Johnson. I will add a few words, which may not be out of place in this connection. I was appointed, immediately after the passage of the Revenue law, by the lamented Lincoln, and have faithfully and honestly performed its duties ever since—and I go out of office with the cheering consciousness of having done my duty, and that the Government has never lost one cent it was entitled to, by my act or my negligence.

After his re-election, and before his lamented death, I addressed a letter to the Department making inquiry whether there would be removals. The prompt reply to me was—"not except for cause; and an Assessor, who has so satisfactorily performed his duties as you have, need have no apprehensions of a removal." This clear record at Washington was gratifying to one; and I rested securely. Unfortunately for the country, the sad disruption of feeling and action between the Executive and Congress took place; and the breach has become too wide now for reconciliation. We regret it—but such is the fact.

The President and those who act with him saw no alternative for triumph, but to carry the next Congress—and every expedient was resorted to, to carry doubtful Congressional districts. This was one of them. Their eyes were pointed here, of course, under the direction of the chief manager, Mr. Cowan, into whose care Pennsylvania had been given.

I was the Editor of a paper of some political influence; was the Assessor of the District; and had eighteen or twenty assistants, all men who could wield some influence, as every man can do more or less. I was therefore marked out for operations. I supported Gen. Geary, I was told indirectly that this must not be. I still continued to support him, as I was bound by honor and feeling to do. This was my first offence. The next operation was, an invitation to attend the Philadelphia Convention. This I also declined. The next was, a demand for money to support their cause. This I declined also—and spurned the bribe—feeling that I could not, as an honorable man, sacrifice my political principles for any office. The consequence was, that I immediately received notice from Washington, to hand over the papers, &c., of the office, on the 20th of October. This, as I said above, was done on Saturday last, and they are now on the way to Somerset. I am, therefore, no longer Assessor of the 16th District. The reasons for the removal will be found above. I regret, I acknowledge, to lose the office; but I could not barter my good name and principles for office. Fellow-citizens, was I not right?

GOV. STONE, of Iowa, thinks he will not call an extra session of the Legislature to act upon the constitutional amendment, as the latter may be superseded by measures better suited to the exigencies of the times.

IT is claimed that the salt mines of Nevada are the best in the country. One bed is reported to cover fifty-two thousand acres, yielding two million bushels annually of salt, ninety-five per cent. fine.

MORAL GEMS.

Hope to the soul is as an anchor to a ship in a dark night, on an unknown coast, and amid a boisterous ocean. It is the most eminent of all the advantages which religion now confers, and it is the universal comforter; and if it were entertained with that full persuasion which faith demands, it would banish discontent, extinguish grief, and render life much more pleasant than it generally is.

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply the deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor, nothing is ever to be attained without it.

There is nothing which must end, to be valued for its continuance. If hours, days, months, and years pass away, it is no matter what hour, what day, what month, or what year we die. The applause of a good actor is due to him at whatever scene of the play he makes his exit. It is thus in the life of a man of sense. A short life is sufficient to manifest him a man of honor and virtue. When he ceases to be such he has lived too long; and while he is such it is of no consequence to him how long he shall be so, provided he is so to his life's end.

We hate some persons because we do not know them; and we will not know them because we hate them. Those friendships that succeed to such aversions are usually firm, for those qualities must be sterling that could not only gain our hearts, but conquer our prejudices in things far more serious than our friendships. Thus, there are truths which some men despise, because they have not examined, and which they will not examine, because they despise.

God means that every soul which waits on him should soar. Not creep nor burrow in the muck and mire of worldliness; not crouch in abject submission as the slave of men and Satan—but soar. When a soul binds itself to God, and lives a life of holy consecration, it is able to take wings and dwell in the atmosphere of heaven.

He who is passionate and hasty generally is honest. It is your old, dissembling hypocrite of whom you have to beware. There's no deception in a bull dog. It is only the cur that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned.

HEAD OF RICHELIEU.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Star*, says:

It appears that some of the Richelieu family papers have lately come to light, and have revealed the fact that the great Cardinal's head was preserved apart from his body. The question arose, what had become of it? The Emperor ordered search to be made, and desired that no expense should be spared in the effort to recover this treasure. After many months of patient research the head was found yesterday in the possession of an ancient family of Bretague. It was forwarded last night, (October 4th,) to the Ministere de L. Instruction Publique.

A friend of mine was present at the opening of the box. I give you his description verbatim. The head is in wonderful state of preservation—the whiskers, eyebrows, the Imperial and moustache, of a reddish color and quite perfect; one eyelid closed, the other half open. The flesh, of course, is black. *Cela va sans dire.* Altogether it presents the appearance of a mask, but far from unpleasing. A telegraphic message was dispatched to the Emperor in the following words: "What is to be done with the defunct Cardinal?" His Majesty's reply had not come when my friend left the Ministere. The fear is that orders will be given that his Eminence is to have a decent burial, which would be a pity.

Living and dead, he was, and is, an enigma, and as we have the jaw of Moliere to stare at, we might be allowed to gaze at his Eminence likewise. I should like to know how he felt whirling along by special train. As he rested his aching head on the velvet cushions of his gilded barge, and glided in stately pomp down the Loire to Lyons, followed by his doomed prisoners, the Courtier Croy Mois, and the witty De Thou, great would have been his amazement could a prophet have told him that centuries later the same head would come up to Paris at the pace of forty miles per hour, in a common packing-case, at the fiat of an Emperor of France, whose ancestor at that period was a private gentleman of Corsica.

OVER-EATING.

Health and longevity are not the only results of moderation in diet. Its influence is far from being limited to the body; its effect of the mind is still more important. Julius Cæsar, constitutionally addicted to excess, when resolved on some great exploit, was accustomed to diminish his diet to an extent truly marvelous, and to this diminution he ascribed the clearness and energy of mind which distinguished him in the hour of battle. When extraordinary mental vigor was desired by the first Napolean, he used the same means to attain it. To his rarely squaled moderation in diet, Dr. Franklin ascribes his "clearness of ideas" and "quickness of perception," and considered his progress in study proportionate to the degree of temperance practiced. While Sir Isaac Newton was composing his "treatise on Optics," he confined himself to bread and a little sack and water. Scarcely less rigid was the abstinence of Leipnitz, when preparing some parts of his "Universal Language," D' Aubigne relates of Luther, on the authority of Melancthon, that "a little bread and a single herring were often his only food for the day." Indeed, he was constitutionally abstemious; and even after he had found out that heaven was not to be purchased by abstinence, he often contented himself with the poorest food, and would continue for a considerable time without eating or drinking." Dr. Cheyne, a celebrated physician, reduced himself from the enormous weight of 448 lbs. to 140 lbs., by confining himself to a limited quantity of vegetables, milk, and water as his only food and drink. The result was a restoration of health and of mental vigor, and, amid professional and literary labors, uninterrupted health and a protracted life. An eminent man once made the remark, "that nobody ever repented having eaten too little."

Americans eat too much too fast, and too irregularly. It is the same with drinking.—*Phren. Journal.*

NON-PAYING subscribers are thus talked to by an editor out West:

"Wagons cannot run without wheels—boats without steam—bull toads jump without legs, or newspapers be carried on everlastingly without money, no more than a dog can wag his tail when he has none. Our subscribers are all good; but what good does a man's good do when it don't do you any good? We have no doubt every one thinks that all have paid but him, and as we are a clever fellow, and that his is a little matter, it will make no difference. Will some of our readers make a note of this.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—In this country, every man of sound mind is a capitalist. You, Sir Reader, of the thread-bare coat, and vacuous wallet, deny it utterly. You insist that your brain is healthy and well furnished; but intimate with a sneer that if any conjurer will make discovery of your capital, you will doff your napless hat to him, and be his to command forever more—Sir, put on your rusty Beaver, and we will tell you where your capital is. *Right under it.* We will suppose there is common sense, a fair stock of worldly knowledge, and plenty of energy within the circle of felt that you have just crowned yourself withal. That's capital—"*working capital*" of the best kind.

If you don't think so, you are over modest and the sooner you get rid of your diffidence, the better for you and yours. Why, man, such a head as yours is better than a philosopher's stone. It is an engine only requiring to be set at work, to procure you all the comforts and enjoyments that a rational being can desire.

As to wealth—its elements are lying in their crude state on every side of you, and only requiring persevering manipulation to convert them into the circulating medium. Indigent! With brains and health you have no right to be indigent in a country whose magnificent resources are out of all proportion to the number of heads and hands there are to develope them. Fifty roads are open to you. Take this piece of homely advice, and our word for it, your coat hereafter shall be of glossy broadcloth, with all accessories to match. Don't lean on friends, don't borrow, don't wait for dead men' shoes, don't tarry for something to turn up, or ten to one it will be the world's nose at your lack of pluck and industry. Employ the capital under your hat. Work it wisely, honestly, resolvedly and the returns are sure to be satisfactory.

A WORD TO BOYS.—A writer in an educational journal, the title of which we have unfortunately lost, has the following pertinent and truthful remarks:

Boys listen! The first thing you want to develop what force there is in you, is self-reliance; that is, as regards your relations to man. If I were going to give a formula for developing the most forcible set of men, I should say turn them upon their own resources, with their minds well storod with moral and religious truth when they are boys to "depend on themselves and not on father." If a boy is thrown upon his own resources, at fifteen, with the world all before him where to choose and he fights the battle of life single handed up to manhood, and don't develop and average share of executive ability than there is no stuff in him worth talking about. He may learn to plow, and sow, and reap and mow, but this can all be done with machines and horses, and a man wants to be something better than either of these. Wipe out of your vocabulary such a word as fail, give up wishing for improbable results, put your hands to the plow, or whatever tool you take to, and then drive on and never look back. Don't even sight your person to see it it is straight; "Don't be consistent but simply true." If you go "to see a reed shaken by the wind," it is pretty likely you will never see anything of more consequence.

DO IT WITH THY MIGHT.—Fortune, success, fame, position are never gained but by piously, determinedly, bravely sticking, growing, living to a thing till it is fairly accomplished. In short, you must carry the thing through, if you want to be anybody or anything. No matter if it does cost you the pleasure, the society, the thousand early gratifications of life. No matter for these. Stick to the thing and carry it through. Believe you were made for the matter, and that no one else can do it. Put forth your whole energies. Stir, wake, electrify yourself, and go forth to the task. Only once learn to carry a thing through in all its completeness and proportions and you will become a hero. You will think better of yourself, others will think better of you. Of course they will. The world in its very heart admires the stern, determined doer. Drive right along, then, in whatever you undertake. You'll be successful; never fear.

A YOUNG lady, while on her way to be married, was run over and killed. A confirmed old maid savagely comments: "She avoided a more lingering and horrible destiny."

Why are your nose and chin at variance? Because words are always passing between them.

Mr. Quilp has just discovered that there is quite a difference, sometimes, between having your choice and taking it.

Model wives formerly took "a stitch in time," but now, with the aid of a sewing machine, they take one in no time.

The worst organ-grinder—a hollow tooth that plays the deuce.

Best time for hay-makers—when it rains pitchforks.

A very unpopular officer with some of the ladies—General Housework.

A charity scholar, under examination in the Psalms being asked, "What is the pestilence that walketh in darkness?" he replied "Please sir, bed-bugs!"

It is very common for men, when corned, to have husky voices.

Without a liberal use of the rod, it is impossible to make boys smart.

M. PEABODY'S fortune is variously estimated, and conjecture is busy trying to discover what he is worth. In 1851 he was numbered among the millionares of London, and during the following ten years his business greatly increased. In 1860 he was said to be worth $15,000,000 in gold, and he has endowed various charities in the princely sum of $5,000,000. Mr. Peabody is now probably worth $10,000,000 or $15,000,000, for the increase of his property during the past six years has been considerable. Fortune has not smiled on him in vain, for seldom has so bountiful a giver been numbered among men.

AN amusing fact occurred in New York on the recent visit of Gen. Grant to that city. He took a hack to conduct him to the hotel. The driver after depositing the general gave his friends the following toast:—"Here's to meeself, Dennis Connelly, the biggest man in Ameriky, but one. I've driven the Lieutenant General of the United States, and its more than Bobby Lee ever did!"

A SHORT time since the following appeared among the clippings of the *Courier:*

Why is a beard like common sense? Because no woman possesses it.

At which a lady correspondent "goes for it" after the following fashion:

Why is the author of the above like a certain worn out instrument of music? Because he is an abandoned lyre—(liar.)

WHICH is at once the easiest and hardest of occupations? The musician's; for he plays when he works, and works when he plays.

☞ Sentimental Youth.—"Will you share my lot for life?" Practical Girl.—"How many acres [illegible] your lot, sir?"