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J. H. LONGENECKER,
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All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Juliana street, nearly opposite the Court House. Oct. 16, '66-6m.

B. F. 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, Pennsylvania, counties and back pay obtained and the purchase of Real Estate attended to. May 11, '66-1yr.

JOHN T. KEAGY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PENN'A.
Offers to give satisfaction to all who may entrust their legal business to him. Will collect money, on evidence of debt, and specially procure bonds and pensions to soldiers, their widows or heirs. Office two doors west of Telegraph office. April 16, '66-lyr.

J. B. CESSNA,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office with JOHN CESSNA, on Juliana street, in the office formerly occupied by King & Jordan, and recently by Miller & Keagy. A business and confidentially conducted with care and prompt attention. Military Claims, Pensions, &c., specially collected. Bedford, Pa., June 18, 1865.

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JOHN PALMER,
Attorney at Law, Bedford, Pa.
Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to the collection of Military claims. Office on Juliana st., nearly opposite the Mengel House. June 23, '65-lyr.

J. S. DURBORROW & JOHN LUTZ,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
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Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. Collections made on the shortest notice. They are, also, regularly licensed Claim Agents and will give special attention to the presentation of claims against the Government for Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, and other claims. Office on Juliana street, nearly opposite the Mengel House. April 28, 1865.

E. SPY M. ALSPY,
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Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Military claims, Pensions, back pay, bounty, and other claims, will be promptly and successfully collected. Office on Juliana street, nearly opposite the Mengel House. April 1864-4f.

M. A. POINTS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the public. Office with J. W. Lingenfelter, Esq., on Juliana street, two doors South of the "Mengel House." Dec. 9, 1864-4f.

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. April 1864-4f.

JOHN MOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PA.
April 1, 1864-4f.

DENTISTS.
C. N. HICKOK,
DENTIST, BEDFORD, PA.
Office in the Bank Building, Juliana Street. All operations pertaining to Surgical or Mechanical Dentistry carefully and faithfully performed and warranted. TERMS CASH. Teeth Pliers and Mouth Wash, excellent articles, always on hand. Jan 6-65-lyr.

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D. N. DOWSER, RESIDENT DENTIST, WOODBERRY, PA.
Will visit Bedford on Wednesday of each month, commencing with the second Tuesday of each month. Treats all cases of Dental operations with which he may be favored. Terms will be made for all who are unable to pay for their work. Work to be sent by mail or otherwise, must be paid for when impressions are taken. Aug. 5, '64-4f.

PHYSICIANS.
DR. GEO. C. DOUGLAS,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of Bedford and vicinity. Office on Juliana street, nearly opposite the Mengel House. Reside at Maj. Washabagh's. Office two doors west of Bedford Hotel, up stairs. Jan 1864-4f.

WM. W. JAMISON, M. D.,
Bloody Run, Pa.
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. (dec 1863-lyr)

D. R. F. HARRY,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office and residence on Pitt Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. B. Hoops. April 1, 1864-4f.

J. L. MARBOURG, M. D.,
Having permanently located respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office on Juliana street, opposite the Bank, one door north of Hall & Palmer's office. April 1, 1864-4f.

JEWELER, &c.
ASALOM GARLICK,
Clock & Watchmaker and Jeweller,
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. 1864-lyr

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CLOCK AND WATCH-MAKER,
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Clocks, watches, and all kinds of jewelry promptly repaired. All work entrusted to his care warranted to give entire satisfaction. 1863-lyr

DANIEL BORDER,
PITTSBURGH, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BEDFORD HOTEL, BEDFORD, PA.
WATCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, &c.
He keeps on hand a stock of the Gold and Silver Watches, Spectacles of Brilliant Double Reflected Glasses, Also Scotch Pebble Glasses, Gold Watch Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, best quality of Gold Pens. He will supply to order anything in his line not on hand. April 28, 1865-2s.

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

BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1866. VOLUME 29; NO 50.

Poetry.
The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flows the sweetest at the eve-tide,
And birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

LIFE.
Morning is lovely, but a hotter charm
Lies folded close in evening's robes of balm:
And weary man must ever love her best,
For Morning calls to toil, but Night to rest.

LONELY.
Sitting lonely, ever lonely,
Waiting, waiting for one only,
That I might have my mantle of repose
By the evening glow
Gathers slowly in the room,
And the chill November darkness nigh the sky.

Miscellaneous.
MR. NASBY DREAMS A DREAM—A JOHNSON KING.
CONFEDERATE ROADS
(which is in the State of Kentucky.)
October 24, 1866.

Cowan advanced to the foot of the throne, and on a bend knee demanded a boon.
"What, my faithful servant, does thou most desire?" said His Highness.
"We wood, Your Majesty, have the prisoners of state brot into the presence, that we make merry over 'em."

"I shal be done," said His Majesty, and forthwith Baron von Stockman, who had command of the King's Household Body Guard, was sent for them. In a moment they wuz brot in. They wuz a miserable looking set. Forney and Wendell Phillips wuz chained together, Fred Douglas and Anna Dickenson, Dick Yates and Governor Morton, Ben. Estler and Carle Shultz, Kelley and Covode, while Chase wuz tied to Horace Greely, onto whose back wuz a placard inscribed, "The last day wuz the Tribunes," at which Raymond, who left the Radicals and declared for the Empire precisely the same time, and wuz in superior of the Court Journal, lifted immediately. Some one exclaimed, "Bring in Thad. Stevens," at which His Majesty turned pale and his knees smote together. "Don't do that," said he, "his strength can't be put to the test. Keep him away! keep him away!" and he showed ez much fear ez men do in delirium tremens when they see snakes.

Methew I made inquiries and found that things wuz in a satisfactory way. Gen. Grant wuz in exile, and Gen. Sheridan, who had been despatched for reasons to acquiesce in the new arrangement. The country had been divided into dukedoms and cardoms, and such, over which the nobility rooled with undisputed authority. The principal men of the North had been captured and sold, and wuz a fillip wuz given to the palace by the nobility. No Lord or Duke or Earl considered himself well served unless he had a half dozen Northern Congressmen in his house, while the higher grade of nobility wuz not content with any thing less than a whole lot. The wuz in the South to the North had been adjusted. A decree had bin issued to the effect that Northern merchants who shood press a claim agin a Southerner should be benched and his goods confiscated. The question wuz slavery had bin settled forever, for the Democratic ticket wuz christened wuz and wuz class to serve wuz fully established. There wuz now three classes wuz society, the hereditary nobility, the united officials and the people; the latter, black and white, wuz all serfs, and all attached to the soil. Being wuz all wuz by foreigners, the policy of the government bein to make wuz native born people purely agricultural peasantry. The nobility desirin to make it easy for em gave em one-sixth of the produx of the soil, reservin the balance for their own uses.

My dream didn't continue long enuff for me to ascertain whether I wuz a nobleman or not, but I am of the opinion that I wuz, for a servant handin me a pin to stick into Gen. Butler to make him roar for the amozement of the company, addressed me as "I wuz one of the Lord's spiritous." Unfortunately at this pint I awoke and a sad awakenin it wuz. The gorgus halls wuz wuz, and I wuz in my offis not "Voor Grace," but merely a Postmaster in a Kentucky village. Well, that is suthin. Wat letter is a nobleman? He don't work neither do I. He drinks wine, I don't. He has a dapper little man, with a large, fine head, and very un-English manners. Being oppressed with "the mountainous man," he rather bored the company with "my poems, my plans, and my publishers," till Miss Eliza politely de-roted herself. The conversation became general, and soon after it was necessary to leave, lest the safety of the nation should be endangered by overstepping the fixed limits of a morning call.

AGREEABLE RECOMMENDATION.
A writer—a physician—the most highly respected, says apples are the most healthy fruit produced in this country. He cites a good many instances to prove the truth of this theory. And we suspect that he is very nearly—if not quite—right. He says, in substance, that there are but few articles of food so healthy and so useful and more universally liked than the apple. Why every farmer in the country has not an apple orchard, where the trees will grow at all, is one of the mysteries. Let every house-keeper lay in a good supply of apples, and it will be one of the most economical investments of any kind that he can make. In a raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthy dessert that can be placed on the table is a baked apple. If eaten frequently at breakfast, with coarse bread, and with a little warm milk or tea, it is an admirable means of bringing about the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidity, and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute apples, sound and ripe for rich cakes and sweetmeats, with which their children are too frequently stuffed, there would be a diminution in the sum total of Doctors' bills, in a single year, sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for the whole season's use.

INSIDE A PRINTING OFFICE.
It is not alone compositors who will enjoy the following. It is a capital and very forcible illustration of a printing office dialogue:
Foreman of the office—"Jones what are you up to?"
Compositor—"I'm setting 'A house on fire'—'almost done!'"
Foreman—"What is Smith about?"
Compositor—"His 'engaged on a' horrid murder."
Foreman—"Finish it as quick as possible and help Morse through with his telegraph."
"Bob what are you trying to get up?"
Foreman—"A panic in the money market."
Foreman—"Thomas what are you distributing?"
Compositor—"Prizes in the gift lottery."
Foreman—"Stop that and take hold of 'A run-away horse.' Slocum, what in creation have you been about this last half hour?"
Slocum—"Justifying the 'Compromise Measure' my sub set up."
Foreman—"You chap on the stool there, what are you on?"
Compositor—"On the stool—'On the table' that you gave me."
Foreman—"Lay it on the table for the present; no room for it."
Compositor—"How about these 'Municipal Candidates'?"
Foreman—"Run 'em in. What do you say, Slocum?"
Slocum—"Shall I lead these 'Men of Boston'?"
Foreman—"No; they are solid, of course."
Compositor—"Do you want a full faced head to 'Jenny Lind's family'?"
Foreman—"No; put 'em in small caps. Joseph, haven't you got up that 'Capital joke'?"
Joseph—"No, sir; I'm out of sorts."
Foreman—"Well, throw in this 'Million of California Gold,' and when you get through with it, I'll give you some more."
Foreman—"No; put 'em in small caps now?"
Devil—"More copy, sir."
Editor—"Have you completed that 'Eloquent Thanksgiving Discourse'?"
Devil—"Yes, sir; and I have just set up 'A warm winter.'"

That seat is occupied," said a bright-eyed girl to a man who was about to take it. "Occupied!" he growled; "where's his baggage?" With a saucy upward look at him, "I'm his baggage," she said. And this brings me to say that if you are going down country in the region of the "first come, first served," the most desirable piece of baggage you can take with you is not a hat box or a blanket, but a woman. If you have none, then marry one, for you are not thoroughly equipped for the road till you do. When dinner is ready you follow in her footsteps, and she snugly seated beside her, and exactly opposite the platter of chickens, before the hired crowd, woman-like as Adam was till he fell into a deep sleep, are let in at all.

There you are, and there they are. You wish to see the two best stories in the house, served and smiled on. Look down the table at the unhappy fellows, some of them actually bottoming the chairs they occupy, and arms and hands reaching across the table in every direction like the tentacles of a gigantic polypus. When night comes, and with it a border tavern, it is not you that shift uneasily from side to side on the bar room floor. If there is any bed she gets it and you share it. You follow her sparkling eyes and her show white teeth and you are too. More than that, a woman keeps you "upon your honor;" you are pretty sure to behave yourself all the way.

The conclusion is as strong as a larriat, that travelling bachelors have forgotten some of their baggage, and that if a woman hears a man sneer about her troublesome sex and their inevitable, inseparable handbox, and then in some weak moment he says to her, "Will you?" and she wive, she will be cautious. Men are not a little of the help of a woman in a journey. Let a man be their modest and their ignorant, we beg pardon, which?—are always conceding. Blessed be nothing. A lone woman can make the transit of the American continent, like Venus crossing the sun, without either danger or insult. She can emulate the Irish North, who, in some of her more doted with jewels and beauty, made the tour of Ireland alone, and not a soul harmed her as she went.

LITERARY NOTES.
A London correspondent of the independent gives the following gossip about well-known English lady writers:
GEORGE ELIOT.
Having an intense desire to see the author of "Adam Bede," I drove to the Priory one Sunday hoping that I might be vouchsafed me. To my great disappointment, however, Mrs. Lewes was too feeble to see a stranger. As we drove home I asserted my Yankee privilege of asking questions; and as the facts I then learned are of some interest, they are here given, having forgotten and taken back an unfaithful wife, accord according to English law, obtain a divorce, although the wife had twice deserted him. Miss Evans is considered his wife, and called Mrs. Lewes by their friends, though ever one is anxious to meet her on her peculiar position. Mrs. Lewes seldom goes into general society or sees strangers, though ever one is anxious to meet her and many of her warmest friends are among the wive and good. All whom I saw loved, respected and defended her; some upon the plea that, if genius, like charity, covers a multitude of sins in men, why not in women?

JEAN INGELW.
Coming at last to a quiet street, where all the houses were gray with window-boxes full of flowers, we reached Mrs. Ingelw's. In the drawing room we found the most beautiful of the noted English lady writers in widow's cap and gown, with the sweetest serene face I ever saw. Two daughters sat with her, both older than I fancied them to be, but both very attractive women. Eliza looked as if she wrote the poetry. Jean, the prose; and the former wore curls, had a delicate face, fine eyes, and the most venerable something which suggests genius; the latter was plain, rather stout, hair touched with gray, shy, yet cordial manners and a clear, straightforward glance, which I liked so much that I forgave her on the spot for writing those droll stories.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.
The New York Tribune professes to give its readers an account of a startling discovery made by Signor Nesumo, an Italian, residing at Bologna, Nessumo, our Italian critic tells us, means nobody—who found the pyramid of Pompeii, which he has been many years engaged in investigating, a complete report of a tour taken by Herod the Great immediately after the massacre of the Innocents. Herod, it appears, was accompanied by his chief minister, Servius Vardius, the general, who commanded his armies, the captain of his fleet, and a crowd of parasites. The cause of the journey does not appear, but something is said about a monument,—possibly that of Julius Caesar, which had been discovered, it happened, in the place of the city of Rome, and it is said that Herod came to a certain large town, whose name is not clear in the manuscript as it might be, and after dinner a large crowd came about the caravanserai where he was stopping and called for a speech, and he had just begun to pay away at the old, out-dried article that had served his turn so far, when he was interrupted by an ill-mannered fellow who cried out, "How about them babies?" Herod immediately grew red in the face, made a grab at his crown, and was about to hurl it at the stave-feller, when his wary old adviser, Servius Vardius, bravely caught it, and, to put it out of his head, he clasped it on his own head. Herod was in such a state of rage that for a few minutes he was quite incoherent, but at length he managed to speak. Here we quote Signor Nesumo's delightful free and native rendering literally as we can into corresponding English idiom. It must be remembered that Herod was not a Roman by birth, but was a barbarian, and had no advantages of education or of society until his accidental elevation to the throne, which, with all its honors, was not so rowly as his speeches here: "You'd better ask about them babies! If yer know more about babies in particular, you'd never ask such questions, I reckon. Who, I should like to hear, has suffered more from babies than I have? Who has put up with more from 'em than I have? I didn't kill those yer babies; they killed themselves; and if I did kill 'em, I had to do it, else they wuz would have killed me us. As for me I wuz soundd all the depths of honor and my ambition is gratified to repletion. I have ben everything by turns and nothing long. I began life in a small low way, but honors and dignities, climbed upon my brow, and I filed first one office, and then another until I had sat in the gubernatorial chair, and at length became tetrarch, which fills the cup of my ambition and leaves me satisfied with glory. It makes me mad to hear a demoralized and subsidized mob a holden out wherever I go. "How about them babies! How about them babies! Let me tell you that them innocents, as you call 'em, was a poor, feeble, insignificant, contemptible band of fanatics

who was engaged, in a gigantic scheme to rend my tetrarchy in pieces and blot out the stars from the imperial banner. They was a utterly powerless band of infuriated rascals, and the fact that they was only two years old and under, made their crime more heinous and abominable. It was well known that I had forbid playing in the market place, and yet those innocents came into the market place with yung, whistles and flags a flying, and with such defiant airs that it could not be stood, and their mothers actually had the brass to laugh at 'em and cheer 'em on. Who, my friends, has suffered more from these babes than I have? soundd all the depths of honor, I have set 'em in the gub—"

At this moment, continues the manuscript a scene of terrible confusion occurred. The people refused to hear the tetrarch any more and began to curse him up and down with-out ceremony. "You see him?" said the tetrarch every way. The air wuz thickened with a shower of sticks and stones, eggs of every degree of staleness added their perfume to the violet of his imperial robes, while the dead bodies of the smaller animals and vermin of the district wuz hurled without cessation upon his head, and the most unerring aim of his venerable head. One young Jew hurled a dead duck at him, another made a missile of a coepe, a creature which, though it is expressly stated in the Bible to belong to a feeble folk, proved on this occasion unpleasant and strong. It is in vain that the tetrarch wuz ever abused before. Herod seems to have been utterly unable to defend himself against the storm, and at last gave it up, retreating from the platform amid a whirlwind of jeers, threats, derisive cries and voices that repeated unceasingly "How about them babies!" and the wretched tetrarch was nearly mad with rage and terror. Not long after his return to Jerusalem and his friends hustled him back to the capital without ceremony—he was so weighed upon with remorse and mortification that he is actually said to have held his tongue for a month, whereas he had always been remarkable for the profuseness of his speech, and had never been known to go more than twenty-four hours without talking about himself. But the sequel was, that the Innocents were well avenged.

SCENE AT THE DEATH BED OF MR. LINCOLN.
At Carlisle, Pa., recently, the Presbyterial Synods of the Old and New Schools being in session at the same place, the two bodies met in communion with great harmony. Rev. Dr. Gurley, pastor of the church in Washington, which President Lincoln usually attended in a speech at the table, gave the following narrative which has never before been made public:
"When summoned on that sad night to the death bed of President Lincoln, I entered the room fifteen or twenty minutes before his departure. All present were gathered anxiously around him, waiting to catch his last breath. The physician, with one hand upon the pulse of the dying man, and the other laid upon his heart, was intently watching for the moment when life should cease."
He lingered longer than we had expected. At last the physician said: "He is gone; he is dead."
I solemnly believe that for four or five minutes there was not the slightest noise or movement in that awful presence. We all stood transfixed in our positions, speechless, breathless, around the dead body of that great and good man.

Length the Secretary of War, who was standing at the foot of the bed, made us said, "Doctor, will you say anything?" I replied, "I will speak to God." Said he, "Do it just now."
And there by the side of our fallen chief, God put it into my heart to utter this petition which I now repeat: "O God, we the nation might become more than ever united in our devotion to the cause of our beloved, imperiled country."
When I ceased there arose from the lips of the entire company a fervid and spontaneous Amen.
I was not the whole heart of the loyal nation responded "Amen!" and I replied, "I will speak to God." Said he, "Do it just now."
And there by the side of our fallen chief, God put it into my heart to utter this petition which I now repeat: "O God, we the nation might become more than ever united in our devotion to the cause of our beloved, imperiled country."

"I DON'T CARE."
Yes you do, and there's no use in trying to deceive yourself with the sophistry of these words.
The best and noblest, the truest and most generous part of your nature does care for the unkind, cutting words you have uttered to one you loved, in moments of pique.
You may carry yourself over to a neighbor and defiantly, you may never drop by word or look the dew of sweet healing on the wound you have made in a nature as proud, as sensitive, and exacting as your own; but to your honor be it said, you are better than one you loved, and away down in your heart you love, and repentance, and sorrow for them.
You may carefully hide them both, and in a little while they will be gone, for oh! it is very easy to make one's self bitter, and not in sickness, but in the affliction, before you can do a mean ungenerous thing to one who loves you, and have your heart endorses your "I don't care!"
And how often these words are uttered, how conscience sternly rebukes them; and how often they harden the heart and keep the feet off the way of evil.
Be careful, reader, when you say, "I don't care."

AGREEABLE RECOMMENDATION.
A writer—a physician—the most highly respected, says apples are the most healthy fruit produced in this country. He cites a good many instances to prove the truth of this theory. And we suspect that he is very nearly—if not quite—right. He says, in substance, that there are but few articles of food so healthy and so useful and more universally liked than the apple. Why every farmer in the country has not an apple orchard, where the trees will grow at all, is one of the mysteries. Let every house-keeper lay in a good supply of apples, and it will be one of the most economical investments of any kind that he can make. In a raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthy dessert that can be placed on the table is a baked apple. If eaten frequently at breakfast, with coarse bread, and with a little warm milk or tea, it is an admirable means of bringing about the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidity, and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute apples, sound and ripe for rich cakes and sweetmeats, with which their children are too frequently stuffed, there would be a diminution in the sum total of Doctors' bills, in a single year, sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for the whole season's use.

WEAVING FRUIT BLOSSOMS.
A little girl had a young cherry tree which bore beautiful blossoms one spring. She wanted flowers for a garland one day, and thinking the cherry tree blossoms very beautiful, she plucked and wove them into a garland. But when the time of harvest came the tree bore none. How could it? Cherries come from blossoms, and she had plucked the blossoms and made them into garlands. She could not use both blossoms and cherries.
It is just so with the hours of young lives. Hours are blossoms from which come the fruit of success and happiness in after years. Spend them in study, and they will grow into the fruit of scholarship by and by. Spend them in useful industry, and they will grow into the fruit of prosperity when you are older. Spend them in prayer and reading God's word, and they will grow into the fruit of ripe and many piety. But if you weave them into garlands for idle sport they will bring forth no fruit. Your life will be a barren tree. Do you understand?

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—A young lady, the other day, in the course of a lecture, (after the manner of Miss Anna E. Dickinson) said:
"Get married, young man, and be quick about it too. Don't wait for the millennium, hoping that the girls may turn to angels before you trust yourself with one of them. A pretty thing you'd be alongside an angel, wouldn't you—you brute? Don't wait another day, but right now—this very night ask some nice, industrious girl to go into partnership with you, to clear your pathway of thorns, and plant it with flowers."
When a gentleman stares at a lady, and she stares at him, they are apt to mount to the regions of love by a pair of stares.

A new style of bonnet has made its appearance in Paris. It is a twine string with a diamond set in the top.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
All advertisements for less than 3 months 10 cents per line for each insertion. Special notices on cash addition. Resolutions, addresses, communications of a limited or individual interest and notices of marriages and deaths, exceeding five lines, 10 cts. per line. All legal notices of every kind, and all Orders of Court and other Judicial sales, are required by law to be published in both papers. Editorial notices 15 cents per line. Liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

One square.....	3 months, 6 months, 1 year
Two squares.....	\$ 4.50 6.00 8.00
Three squares.....	8.00 12.00 20.00
One-fourth column.....	14.00 20.00 35.00
Half column.....	25.00 45.00
One column.....	30.00 45.00 80.00

"A Radical" sends to the Harrisburg Telegraph the following impeachment of Warren Hastings by Edmund Burke, and asks "What would Burke have said if he had been called upon to impeach Andrew Johnson?"
I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.
I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.
I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.
I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights and liberties he has subverted; whose properties he has destroyed; whose country he has laid waste and desolate.
I impeach him in the name and by the virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.
I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation and condition of life.
Says the correspondent of the Telegraph: Warren Hastings never attempted to subvert the government of his native land; he never publicly travelled round the country as ruled over in the character of a drunken ruffian; he never chose for his friends prize-fighters and the keepers of fero-banks; he never encouraged rebel ruffians to murder the ministers of the government; he never egged on villains and cut throats to burn down school houses for the poor.

PASSING AWAY.—One of our cotemporaries goes off as follows over the departure of the musquitos:
"The musquitos are gone. Only one visited our pillow last night. His hum (he didn't seem to feel at home) was a mournful sound. It spoke of other days—we mean the night's when, surrounded by his early puncturing companions, he struck his light guitar. We felt for him—but didn't find him. We turned on the gas and there sat the little devil on the head board, wiping his eyes with a corner of the musquito bar. The eloquence of his silent grief made us sad also. We picked up a copy of 'Young's Night Thoughts' with melancholy abstraction. Slowly and silently we approached him so that we should not disturb his meditation or intrude upon his grief. He was weeping for those who had gone before. Al-most recently did we elevate 'Young's Night Thoughts,' we poised it a moment in the air to hear what that plaintive wail—and then we wailed him:
He is gone, he the last of the musquitos.

Lighly they'll speak of the "skeeter" that's gone.
And o'er his cold carcass upbraid him:
But little he'll bite if they let him sleep on.
On the head board where 'Young's Night Thoughts' laid him.

EDITORIAL SLAVERY.—Every editor of a newspaper will appreciate the following passage from some of the writings of Capt. Marratt:
It is not the writing of the leading article itself, but the obligation to write that article every day, (or week,) whether inclined or not, in sickness or in health, in affliction or after a year; tied down to the task; remaining in one spot. It is something like the walking of a thousand hours. I have a fellow-feeling, for I know how a periodical will wear down one's existence. In itself it appears nothing, but the labor is not manifest; nor is it the result of the continued attention which it requires. Your life becomes, as it were, the publication. One day's, (or week's) paper is no sooner corrected and printed, than on comes another. It is the tone of life; an endless repetition of toil, constant labor; the exertion of intellect and spirits, demanding all the exertion of your faculties, at the same time that you are compelled to do the severest kind of drudgery. To write for a newspaper is very well, but to edit one is to condemn yourself to slavery. All of which is as true as preaching.

RECOVERY OF MR. PRENTICE.—Mr. George D. Prentice, senior editor of the Louisville Journal, acknowledges the sympathy of the press during his recent illness, in the following eloquent notice:
"Our heartfelt thanks are due to very many of our brethren of the press for their kind notices of us during our late illness. Their sympathy soothed and cheered and strengthened us, and when we were in a state of languor they light upon the world, and make us wish to linger still among our fellow men. There is much that is beautiful and holy and hallowing in sickness. Its influences are purer and better than those which attend the health of the body is often the health of the soul. We see and hear what we may not in the season of physical strength. Myriad spirits of the air flutter over the dividing line between two worlds, bringing down the benedictions of the angels who have learned in heaven. As we move downward upon the sombre and mysterious pathway that leads to the door of the tomb, we behold, as from the depths of a house for more than a quarter of a century, the shafts of floating stars, all visible in the glare and sunshine of the upper air, and their sacred and blessed light need never fade from the spirit."

DELAYS IN THE ROAD TO WEALTH.—Those who envy the merchants of New York little think how slow a progress they make from the time they first begin to care for the concern. The new house of Grinnell, Minturn & Co. has just been remodelled, and two of its former clerks are made partners. Both of these were fifty years of age and upwards, and one of them had been in the house for more than a quarter of a century. Both had ben elevated over the heads of other clerks, out of whom, numbering more than one hundred (employed at different times), only two have reached the pinnacle of success. Such is the dubious prospect held out to youthful ambition. A life of drudgery, perhaps, to bring success when age and habit have rendered it of little value. And yet so great is the rush to obtain situations in such houses that clerks receive no pay the first year, and but little even after that. Hence many become wearied and drop off, and only the hardiest and best of these not one in ten reaches the prize.

Sorghum jokes are so rare that when one transpires, even if it is not so funny, we fall like preserving it. Over the grave we caused a stone to be raised, on which, in the depth and in the light, he ordered to be inscribed: "Tears cannot restore her, therefore I weep."

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