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Professional & Business Cards

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

HAYES IRVINE,
ALTORNEY AT LAW,
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business intrusted to his care. Office with G. H. Spang, Esq., on Juliana street, three doors south of the Mengel House. May 24:1y

J. T. KEAGY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office opposite Reed & Schell's Bank. Counsel given in English and German. [ap|26]

S. L. RUSSELL. ..... J. H. LONGENECKER
RUSSELL & LONGENECKER,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Bedford, Pa.,
Will attend promptly and faithfully to all business entrusted to their care. Special attention given to collections and the prosecution of claims for Back Pay, Bounty, Pensions, &c.
Office on Juliana street, south of the Court House. April5:1yr.

A. F. MYERS..... J. W. DICKERSON
MYERS & 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.

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..... R. 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

D. ROSS 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:tf.

SPY 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.
april, 1864—tf.

PHYSICIANS.

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 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—tf.

DR. S. G. STATLER, near Schellsburg, and Dr. J. J. CLARKE, formerly of Cumberland county, having associated themselves in the practice of Medicine, respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Schellsburg and vicinity. Dr. Clarke's office and residence same as formerly occupied by J. White, Esq., dec'd.
S. G. STATLER,
Schellsburg, April12:1y. J. J. CLARKE.

DENTISTS.

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.

DENTISTRY! DENTISTRY!
A Beautiful Set of Teeth for
TEN DOLLARS!
DR. H. VIRGIL PORTER,
(LATE OF NEW YORK CITY.)
DENTIST,
Would respectfully inform his numerous friends and the public generally, that he has located permanently in BLOODY RUN, where he may be found at all times prepared to insert from one tooth to a full set of his BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL TEETH on new and improved atmospheric principles.
The *TRIUMPH OF MECHANICAL DENTISTRY RUBBER* for the basis of artificial teeth.
This discovery which has met with such universal approval throughout this and other countries, has seemingly placed *ARTIFICIAL TEETH* at the disposal of all who require them. *DR. PORTER* is now inserting the most *BEAUTIFUL* and *DURABLE* at prices ranging from
Ten to Eighteen Dollars
per set. Temporary sets inserted if desired. All operation warranted.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of *NITROUS OXIDE* or *LAUGHING GAS.*
This is no humbug, but a positive fact. Gas administered fresh every day. As the Gas administered by Dr. Porter is prepared in accordance with the purifying method of Dr. Strong, of New Haven, Ct., and Prof. Silliman (late Professor of Chemistry in Yale College) he has no hesitation in asserting that it is attended with no danger whatever. Persons desiring the services of a Dentist would promote their own interest by calling upon Dr. Porter, as he is determined to spare no effort to please the most fastidious. Dr. Porter's mode of operating will at all times be of the mildest character, avoiding the infliction of the slightest unnecessary pain, and carefully adapted to the age, constitution, health and nervous condition of the patient.
Special attention is invited to Dr. Porter's scientific method of preserving decayed and aching teeth. Teeth blackened and diseased, cleansed to appear beautiful and white.
H. VIRGIL PORTER,
Dentist.
Bloody Run, Penn'a., March 28, 1867.-1y.

Poetry.

[Published by Request.]

THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.

There is a name I love to hear.
I love to speak its worth:
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free:
It tells me of his precious blood
The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon his child,
It cheers me thro' this "little while,"
Thro' desert, waste, and wild.

It tells me what a Father hath,
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

It tells of one, whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in my sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

It bids my trembling soul rejoice;
It dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a "still small voice"
To trust and not to fear.

Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear,
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

This name shall shed its fragrance still,
Along this thorny road—
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill,
That leads me up to God.

And there with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin, and sorrow free—
I'll sing the New Eternal Song
Of Jesus' love for me.

LINES FROM THE POETS.

"Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair." *Byron.*

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!" *Mrs. Hemans.*

"Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all its chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling passed in music out of sight."

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood." *Tennyson.*

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breath:
In feeling, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best." *Baily.*

Miscellaneous.

NASBY.

Triumphal Progress of J. Davis From Fortress Monroe to Richmond.

[Written for the Toledo Blade.]

THE "SPOTTSWOOD," RICHMOND, VA., May 13, 1867.

In castin a retrospective glance backerd over the pathway uv the past, I kin see many mistakes wich I hev made. I hevn't allux made the most uv opportunities—I hev doubtid when doubtin wuz a crime, and I hev stood shivrin on the brink and feared to launch away, when on the tother side uv the Jordon wuz pelf and profit. Our foresite isn't allux ez good ez our hind-site. The great error uv my life wuz in not plungin headlong into the war ez a Confederit Major General, distinguishin myself for croocity to Fedral prizners, and bein at the close uv the fratricidle struggle reseived and embraced ez a long-lost brother by the Northern people, (bettin em kill fattid calves for me,) and uv coorse, bein the object uv sympathy ez a marter by the Southern people. In this sitooashen a man hez two strings to his bow. He brings to his support the two extremes. He fetches together Horris Greely from the one side and General Booregard from the tother—they embrace, and standin onto both their shoulders he hez wat may be called a soft thing uv it.

I wuz led into these train uv reflections by the experience I hev had with our sainted cheef, Jefferson Davis. I wuz sent hither by the President to see that everythin wuz done for the comfort uv the illustrious man that cood be done on the occasion of his contemplatid trip to Richmond. Pertikelerly I wuz charged to see that everything kalkelatid to jar onto his sensitive feelins be removed—everythin which cood wound his sense uv heatin, seein or smellin.

The grate man had consentid to go. He hed bin, he felt, illegally deprived uv liberty—unconstooshnelly in fact—and ef he shood consult his own feelin he wood remain but to forgiv. wuz divine. Vewin these preceedins in the lite of an apology he wood go.

The day hed arrived. The steamer wuz at the Fortress carefully prepared to receive its illustrious burden. It hed been thoroughly cleaned and fumigated, and cabins hed been nooly furnisht, and speshil alterashen made for the President and party. There wuz Yoonited States officers and soljiers aboard, but out of respeck for the feelins uv their illustrious "prizner," ez he is technically called, they kep themselves carefully out of his site, that the color uv their uniforms might not awaken unpleasant refleckshen. So perfeck, indeed, wuz the arrangements that the railin uv the boat which wuz originally bloo, wuz kivered with gray cloth, and the eagle figgerhead uv the craft wuz sawed off. This wuz sujested by a eminent Conservative uv Noo York, who hez a large Southern trade wich he didn't prejudis by his course durin the war. The ladies' cabin wuz originally assined to the party, but a female passeager hed no more regard for the comfort uv the marter than to die on the passage, an they were deprived uv it. The Conversative merchant insisted that the corpse be chucked overboard, but Mr. Davis, with a magnanimity which wuz alluz characteristic uv him, refoozed. "No," said he, "let her rest there. I kin endoor the inconvenience, severe as it is. It is but one more attempt to break my sperit."

All the way up ther wuz the most tetchin deference shown him. At every landin the people were assembled to greet him, wich he acknowledged with a condesenshun I never saw off the stage. He conversed but littie on the passage up. Ez the boat was a sweepin majestically past pints made historicle by the events uv the great struggle, his eye wood brighten, ef they waz sich pints ez a Confederit cood take pride in, and dim with teers ef they wuz pints at which ther had bin reverses.

The most considrit preparashens hed bin made for his resephen. Ther wuz no irons onto him—the only guards in site wuz them which wuz detailed to keep the crowd from annoyin him, and a carriage wuz in readiness, into wich we seated ourselves, and wuz driven off at a dignified pace to that resort uv the aristocracy uv Virginny—the Spottswood. Here more considerashen was shown. Mr. Davis being averse to walkin up stairs, a suite uv rooms hed bin prepared for him on the fust floor, and the presence uv General Burton, uv the Federal army, bein obnoxshus, he was assigned by the Ex-President a room at the further end uv the corridor. His nerves being very sensitive, hevy mattin was laid down in all the halls, and the servants uv the house wuz especially directed to wear list slippers and to walk on their tip toes.

I wuz invited to his room and wuz favored with a few minutes conversashen with the first of Amerikens. Glancin out uv the winder, his fine, soft gray eye restid on the roof uv Libby. "Lies! lies!" sed he angrily.

"What spechil lies hev yoo reference to?" askt I.

"Them wich wuz publisht in the scurrilous reports uv the committees uv a unconstitooshnel Congris regardin the treatment uv prizners in Libby. They asserted that the officers died becoz they hed but ten feet by two for sleepin, washin, cookin and eatin. They hed that space, and wat more wuz necessary! Why give em room to cook when they hedn't anythin to cook? Wherefore room to eat if they hedn't anything to eat? No; its false. It wuzn't the crowdin that perdoest the mortality."

Only wunst wuz his bozzum wrung, and that the Government cood not prevent. He wuz a standin at the winder, gazing out upon Richmond, his mind revertin to the time when it wuz the Capital uv his Confederacy, when a procession passed with moosic, and flags and banners. With a shreek uv anguish he buried his head in the curtins and wept aloud. I rushed to the winder. It wuz ez I feared. Filin slowly by wuz a procession uv niggers who hed past that way perposely.

"Merciful Heaven!" sed he, "hez it come to this?" and he wuz very reserved and deprest the balance uv the day.

The next day the President wuz taken to the Court. Ez he entered the room and glanced proudly over the awjence, it wood hev bin very difficult to decide whether he wuz goin to try the Court or the Court him. But repressin himself he took his seat. Techin solissitood wuz displade in the Court room for his comfort. A crack in a winder casing let in a draft uv cold air; he shuddered and a shudder run thro the entire assemblage. The shudder uv the Conservative merchant from Noo York wuz trooly artistic. Cotton wuz called for, when the Conservative merchant's wife tore off one of her buzzums and stuft the apertoor. Wuz ther ever more techin sacrifice? The President wept ez he beheld it. On assertaining the temperatoor wich best sootid his system, a thermometer wuz brot and the room wuz kept at that precise degree.

There wuz some triflin legal formalities gone thro with, and the President's counsel made a motion that he be admitted to bail. There wuz a stir in the Court—"Make it a million," sed one, "so that the craven North shel see how we kin take ker uv them we love!" but Judge Underwood fixed it at $100,000, and brisk ez bees, Schell a Noo York Dimocrat, several Richmond Democrats, and Horris Greely stept forard and signed it.

Never shel I forgit the shout that assendid ez Horris wuz signin his name.

"Three cheers for Jeff'son Greely and Horris Davis—one and inseparable, now and forever!" shoutid one enthooslastic confederit.

"Immortality is yours!" sed another, seezin him by the hand corjelly. "Jeff'son Davis is the big dog of the age, and you, my deer, sir, are now the tin kettle tied to his tale. Wat joy! Wat happiness! When posterity speeks uv Him they'll speek uv You!"

I coodent restrane myself no more. Bustin into teers I fell on Greely's buzzum and we embraced. Ez he hedn't his specktacles on he sposed it wuz Davis hissell, and he bustid into teers also, and there wuz wun uv the most striking tabloos ever exhibited. I got away afore he diskivered his mistake.

Here wuz the ending uv our troubles—the consummashen uv our hopes. Davis WUZ FREE! Ez he stept into the street the people crowded to the carriage wich contained us and rent the air with cheers. We reacht the hotel, and after embracin his wife, a season of religious exercises wuz held. The clergyman who had excloosive charge of Davis's piety doorin the war, wuz present, and he offered prayer. He prayed fervently that the Lord wood forgive the people of the north for the wrong they hed done our sainted head, that he would forgive, ef possible, the late hed uv the Government, who hed opposed him and the glorious coz, and ef Divine mercy could stretch so far that he wood forgive the Colonel uv Michigan cavalry which hed hunted down the Saint who wuz now in our midst, and made uv him a captive. He prayed for forgiveness, for the reckless men of the North who invaded Virginny; for the noosepaper conducktors who had aboozed him who is now with us, and partickerly Horris Greeley, who hed this day in some measure atoned for his previous wickidness. He prayed that the blessins uv Heven might rest, first, upon the city uv Richmond, then upon the balance uv Virginny, and afterward upon the rest uv the Southern States, and he wound up with a fervent appeal that the Ethiopians, wich coodent change their skins, might see the error uv their ways and return to their normal condishen.

After this the President received his friends.

I am not permitted to give more of the President's plans than this. He will remain in seclooshn, and will take no port whatever in politics until after his final acquittal in November. He don't feel at liberty to take hold uv the Government so long ez ther is even a tecknikle charge agin him. Our friends in the Northern States, who expected him to take the stump in their behalf this fall, will be disappointed. I return to-morrer to Kentucky.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.,
(Wich is Postmaster,) and Professor in the Ham and Japeth Free Academy for the develupment uv the intelleck uv all the races irrespective uv color.

A TERRIBLE BEDFELLOW.

I looked at my neighbor with considerable curiosity. His face indicated a man of not over thirty years—a period at which men are still young, but his hair was as white as fresh fallen snow. One seldom, sees even on the heads of the oldest men, hair of such immaculate whiteness. He sat by my side in a car of the Great Western Railroad, in Canada, and was looking out at the window. Suddenly turning his head he caught me in the act of staring at him—a rudeness of which I was ashamed. I was about to say some words of apology, when he quietly remarked:

"Don't mention it, sir; I'm used to it."

The frankness of this observation pleased me, and in a very little while we were conversing on terms of familiar acquaintanceship, and before long he had told me the whole story.

"I was a soldier in the army of India," said he, "and as is often the case with soldiers I was a little too fond of good liquor. One day I got drunk and was shut up in the black hole for it. I laid down upon the floor of the dungeon, and was just dropping off to sleep, when I felt a cold, slimy shape crawling across my right hand, as it lay stretched out above my head on the floor. I knew at once what it was—a snake! Of course my first impulse was to draw away my hand, but knowing if I did so the poisonous reptile would probably strike its fangs into me, I lay still with my heart beating in my breast like a trip hammer. Of course my fright sobered me instantly. I realized all my peril in its fullest extent. O, how I lamented the hour that I had touched liquor! In every glass of liquor they say there is a serpent; but it does not come to everybody in the shape it came to me. With a slow, undulating motion the reptile dragged its carcass across my face, inch by inch, and crept down over my breast, and thrust its head inside my jacket. As I felt the hideous scraping of the slimy body over my cheeks it was only by the most tremendous effort that I succeeded in restraining myself from yelling loudly with mingled terror and disgust. At last I felt the tail wriggling down towards my chin, but imagine what I felt at heart, if you *can* imagine it, as I realized that the dreadful creature had coiled itself up under my jacket as I lay and had seemingly gone to sleep, for it was still as death. Evidently it had no idea that I was a human creature; if it had it would not have acted in this manner. All snakes are cowardly, and they will not approach a man unless to strike him in self-defence. Three hours I lay with that dreadful weight in my bosom, and each minute was like an hour to me—like a year! I seemed to have lived a life-time in that brief space. Every incident of my life passed across my mind in rapid succession, as they say is the case with drowning men. I thought of my mother, away in old England; my happy home by the borders of the Avon; my Mary, the girl I loved, and never expected to see them more. For no matter how long I bore this, I felt that it would end in death at last. I lay as rigid as a corpse, scarcely daring even to breathe, and all the time my breast was growing colder and colder where the snake lay against it with nothing but a thin cotton shirt between my skin and its. I knew if I stirred it would strike; but I felt I could not bear this much longer. Even if I succeeded in lying still until the guard came, I expected that his opening the door and coming in would be my death warrant, for no doubt the reptile would see that I was a man, as soon as the light should be let in at the door. At last I heard footsteps approaching. There was a rattling in the lock. It was the guard. He opened the door. The snake—*a cobra dicapello* I now saw—darted up its huge head, with the hideous rings around its eyes, as if about to strike. I shut my eyes, and murmured a short prayer. Then it glided away with a swift motion, and disappeared in the darkness. I staggered to my feet, and fell swooning into the arms of the guard. For weeks after I was very sick; and when I was able to be about, I found that my hair was white as you see it. I have never touched a drop of liquor since."—*Wm. Wirt Sikes.*

IMAGINATION.

The influence of imagination not only cured a girl of a painful malady, but also proved the means wherewith to wipe off a tavern score which had been run up by a set of graceless and moneyless young gents. This case occurred in the early manhood of Chief Justice Holt. One day, for a youthful frolic, Holt and a number of his young friends had put up at a country tavern. At a time for their departure they found themselves with empty pockets; not a penny could they muster with which to meet the claims of Boniface. For a while they were at a loss what to do in such an awkward predicament. Holt, however, perceived that the inn-keeper's daughter looked quite unwell, and on inquiry as to what was the matter with her, was informed that she had the ague. Holt now passed himself off for a medical student, and assured the girl and her parents that he possessed an infallible cure for her complaint. He then collected a number of plants, mixed them up with various ceremonies, and inclosed them in parchment, on which he scrawled divers cabalastic characters. When all was completed he suspended the amulet around the neck of the young girl, and, strange to say, the ague left her and never returned. The landlord, grateful for the cure which had been effected on his daughter, not only declined to receive any payment from the young men, but pressed them to remain free of charge as long as they pleased. Many years after when Holt was on the bench, a woman was brought before him charged with witchcraft; she was accused of curing the ague by charms. All that she said in defence, was that she did possess a ball which was a sovereign remedy in the complaint. The charm was produced and handed to the Judge, who recognized the very ball which had himself compounded in his boyish days, when out of mere fun, or for the purpose of paying off a tavern score, he had assumed the character of medical practitioner.

IF every subscriber would ask his neighbor to subscribe and send his name to us, it would not only double our subscription list, and encourages us to publish a better paper but it would be a personal advantage to every subscriber. There is more happiness and prosperity in a neighborhood where every family takes a newspaper, than where they take none. It makes home happier, the father more thoughtful, the mother more cheerful, and the eyes of the children sparkle with joy whenever the newspaper comes.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER WAYS.

A late London letter says that the queen will not drive through the royal gateway of the Palace, nor has she since her husband died. She will not ride through the royal entrance to the House of Lords, but goes in through the Peers entrance. She will not wear the royal robes, and when she opens Parliament in person, the robes are thrown over the back of the throne, which is a gilded chair surmounted with a gilt crown, and sits on them. She comes to London when duty calls, seldom passes a night in her capital, and has passed less than a dozen in four years. She remains in quiet at Windsor or Osborne. She has no company but what her official position imposes on her. The state apartments at Windsor are all dismantled, and are unused—the massive plate is not used, a plain silver service is put on the table—a small, quiet pony and low wheeled carriage the queen uses for her private rides at Windsor, and she seldom, unless duty calls her to London, goes beyond the private park of the Castle. The hundred horses that fill the Windsor mews are seldom used, and the eight creames for state occasions are not driven twice a year.

The room in which the prince consort breathed his last is kept with scrupulous care; just as the prince left it. The ladies say that each night the dressing gown and slippers are put in their accustomed place. The queen's confidential attendant is a Highlander by the name of Brown. He takes all the orders from the queen—and bare-legged messengers come from the "queen's apartments" at Windsor when Her Majesty is to be served. This Brown has been the occasion of a world of talk. He is about fifty—tall and spare—with great assurance, and attends the queen to and from London. Great attempts have been made to dislodge him, but all in vain. The queen has a will of her own. Brown was the prince consort's Highland servant, and was held by him in all honor. While Victoria rules England, Brown will rule the royal household.

The attempt to compel the queen to dwell in London and make a show of royalty has about been abandoned. The coming of the princess was hailed with rapture—so young so amiable, so elegant, so graceful and courtly—withal the daughter of a king. She met with a warm welcome, and seemed to promise a revival of the splendors of royalty. Her sickness is lamented—her death would be greatly deplored.

Refusing to play the queen, Her Majesty has never forgotten to play the woman. Her visit to Balmoral and Osborne is a benediction to the poor. She will allow no unseemly honors. She drives her own pony wagon. Daily she goes her rounds, with her carriage filled with little gifts for the sick, the infirm, the poor. These she distributes with her own hand. By the bedside of the aged and neglected the queen kneels and prays to the Sovereign of all.

To one she daily reads, to another she presents some needed comfort; and she is especially tender to the little ones who are in sorrow or want. All through the Highlands she is regarded as an angel of mercy.

Her favorite room at Windsor overlooks the tomb at Frogmore, where Prince Albert lies. He was a benefactor to the poor, and the work he began she seems resolved to finish. The night he died the queen called in a young widow who was in her household to sit with her, and when all was over the queen said,—

"No one now lives that can call me Victoria."

Neglecting no duty that the nation has a right to ask at her hand, the queen has taken a public leave of mere display, and laid aside the mere baubles of royalty. To good acts and deeds of mercy she seems to have consecrated her time and fortune. Her benefactions are princely, but mainly among the poor and to institutions calculated to bless poor and neglected children. Mr. Peabody's donation in London touched the queen's heart, because it carried out a work to which Prince Albert devoted the closing hours of his life—the attempt to make comfortable the homes of the industrious toilers in the land.

CHICAGO WAR SONGS.

Chicago does more than listen patiently to foreign artists. It has music of its own. Those war-songs which cheered ten thousand camp-fires, and solaced many a weary march.—"Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "Kingdom Coming," "Wake, Nicodemus" and twenty others, familiar to the army and the country, were composed, printed and published in Chicago. That worthy gentleman, Mr. George F. Root, of the firm of Root & Cady, composed several of the best of them. Mr. H. C. Work, connected with the same house, is the author of others, some of which had a wonderful run. Now, reader, mark how time brings its revenges! Many years ago, Alonzo Work, father of this composer, was walking along a road in Missouri, when he was overtaken by a party of fugitive slaves, who asked the way to a free State. He directed them on their course, and gave them some slight aid in money. For doing this he was condemned to twenty years' imprisonment at hard labor, and served several years of the term before he was pardoned. In 1861, his son, a poor invalid journeyman printer, climbed up to Mr. Root's study, and laid upon his desk the music and words of a war song. Astonished that so forlorn an apparation should have ever had a thought of music in his soul, Mr. Root was still more astonished to discover that he had a genius for producing such music as the people love. Before he left the room he had engaged to compose for Messrs. Root & Cady for five years. His songs have been sung by millions of men, and he now has a pleasant cottage, paid for, and an income from copyrights of three thousand dollars a year.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

BOYS USING TOBACCO.—A strong and sensible writer says a good, sharp thing, and a true one, too, for boys who use tobacco: "It has utterly spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys. It tends to the softening and weakening of the bones, and it greatly injures the brain, the spinal marrow, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who smokes early and frequently, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, is never known to make a man of much energy, and generally lacks muscular and physical, as well as mental power. We would particularly warn boys, who want to be anything in the world, to shun tobacco as a most baneful poison."

The laws of health are infallible; the relation between transgression and the penalty is invariable, and the infliction of the latter is certain to follow upon the former. There is nothing about which young persons are more beguiled and deluded, than the belief that they can transgress natural laws and jump the penalty. Punishment for a violation of natural laws is just as certain as that the sun itself shines, and none can violate a law of his body, or any part of it, that there is not registered in him a penalty.

THE LATE HISTORIAN ALISON.

By a cable despatch, we are informed of the death of Sir Archibald Alison, the eminent historian and Scotch advocate. The deceased writer and lawyer was the eldest son of the Rev. Archibald Alison, author of the "Essay on Taste," was born at Kenley, in Scotland, on the 29th of December, 1792, and educated in Edinburgh, where his father was settled. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1814. He afterwards traveled extensively in Europe. In 1828 he was appointed one of the royal council, and in 1834 Sheriff of Lanarkshire, one of the highest and most responsible judicial offices in Scotland.

He had already established a high reputation there by his two works, "The Principles of the Criminal Law of Scotland," and "The Practice of the Criminal Law," which have become standard authorities with the Scottish bar. His "History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons," in twenty volumes, 8vo, the first of which appeared in 1833, established his reputation. The work ran through numerous editions, notwithstanding its extent and numerous reprints in Paris, Brussels, and America, and was translated not only into French and German, but also into Hindostand and Arabic.

Mr. Alison was a high tory, strongly opposed to all inovations, and looked upon the reform bill of 1832 as the commencement of the ruin of England. In this spirit he for many years contributed articles to Blackwoods Magazine on most of the important events of the day. A selection of these has been published under the title of "Essays." Besides these he published a work entitled "Principles of Population," in which he combats the theory of Malthus; in 1845, "England in 1815 and 1845; or a Sufficient or Contracted Currency;" and in 1847, "The Life of the Duke of Mariborough." He next engaged on a continuation of his history of Europe to the last overthrow of the French monarchy.

WHAT A SPIDER EATS IN A DAY.

In order to test what a spider could do in the way of eating, we rose about daybreak one morning, to supply his fine web with a fly. At first, however, the spider did not come from his retreat; so we peeped among the leawes, and there discovered that an earwig had been caught, and was now being feasted on. The spider left the earwig, rolled up the fly, and at once returned to his "first course." This was at 5.30, A. M. At 7 A. M., the earwig had been demolished, and the spider, after resting a little while, came down for the fly, which he had finished by 9 A. M. A little after 9, we supplied him with a daddy-long-legs, which was eaten by noon. At one o'clock, a blow-fly was greedily seized, and with an appetite apparently no worse for his previous indulgence, he commenced on the blow-fly. During the day, and towards the evening, a great many midges had been caught in the web. Of these we counted one hundred and twenty, all dead, and fast prisoners in the spider's net. Soon after dark, provided with a lantern, we went to examine whether the spider was suffering from indigestion, or in any other way, from his previous meals; instead, however, of being thus affected, he was employed in rolling up together various little green midges, which he took to his retreat and ate; this process he repeated, carrying up the lots in detatchments, until the whole were eaten. A slight rest of about an hour was followed by a most industrious web-making process; and before day-break another web was ready to be used in the same way. Taking the relative size of the spider and of the creatures it ate, and applying this to a man, it would be somewhat as follows: At daybreak, a small alligator; at 7 A. M. a lamb; at 9 A. M., a young camelopard; at one o'clock, a sheep; and during the night, one hundred and twenty larks.—*Chambers' Journal.*

LABOR HONORABLE.

Laboris not only useful but necessary and honorable. It makes the framework of society, and is the basis of civilization. In what consists the chief difference between the civilized man and the savage? The former labors in one way or another; the latter is idle. One daily food, all the arts and refinements and luxurious indulgences of life are the products of labor, from the first tilling of the soil and raising a primitive hut, up to the construction of stately mansions, palaces and churches, with all their interior decorations. Not less necessary is labor in its infinite variety of diversions for personal comfort and adornment, whether it be in manufacture of the coarse woolen for protection against cold, or of those rich silks and brocade and laces, the wearers of which, in parlor or drawing room, in court receptions or in the ball room, too often forget the many dexterous hands that labored to gratify their desire for such rich display.

We know not how far the heaven of aristocracy may be fermenting in the minds of those American citizens who by wealth and station, may now be uppermost in society. They can hardly forget that most of them have been elevated by labor—if not of their own hands, at any rate by the labor of others who have plowed, sowed and reaped, spun and wove, plied the hammer on the anvil, and kept furnace and forge a going to swell their incomes, and give them leisure, ease and enjoyment.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

A gentleman is just a *gentleman*; no more, no less; a diamond polished, that was first a diamond in she rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is generous. A gentleman is slow to take offense, as being one that never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that reluctantly thinks it. A gentleman goes armed only in consciousness of right. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his taste. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman deems others better than himself.

Sir Philip Sidney was never so much a gentleman—mirror though he was of England's knighthood—as when upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cold spring water that was brought to quench his mortal thirst in favor of a dying soldier. St. Paul described a gentleman when he exhorted the Philippian Christians:—

"Whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."—*G. W. Doane.*

SLANDER not others because they have slandered you; bite not a reptile because you have felt its bite.

IT is not in the power of a good man to refuse making another happy, where he has both ability and opportunity.

THE REV. MR. SPURGEON.

In a notice of Mr. Spurgeon, in connection with the Seven Dials ballad poetry, the London *Quarterly Review* says: "Mr. Spurgeon for the last few years has probably preached more sermons, in better English, in spite of their slang, with a mightier voice, to a greater number of thousands, in a larger rotunda, than any other young man of the age. All ages, ranks, and classes, have been found among his audience, from the days of the front rows and half guinea reserved seats at the Surrey Music Hall, to the present free seats at the Tabernacle: critics, embryo orators, profound admirers and ungodly scoffers, ladies of fashion, unbelievers, and Christians of every known shade, have all 'sat under' him. So great is his eloquence that, in the words of our poet—

'He can please the Duke, the lord, the squire,
And ladies with gold lockets,
He can make the very sovereigns jump
Out of old women's pockets.'

So mighty is the thunder of his eloquence that—

'If Spurgeon went into St. Paul's,
I'm sure he'd not dissemble,
His voice would make the dome to rise,
And St. Paul's church for to tremble.'

So winning are his persuasive powers as to make guineas fly from the closest of 'buttoned pockets;' to rouse his hearers to the heights of 'kingdom come,' or sink them to the depths of troubled anxiety about their 'poor souls,' or, as our poet again expresses it, 'An't he the one to harass?' In the great days of his Exeter Hall performances, when the Tabernacle was yet unbuilt, Mr. Spurgeon is said—though the story is probably mythical—to have delighted and amazed his great band of admiring disciples by sliding down the balusters of the rostrum from which he preached, from the top to the bottom, to illustrate the fatal ease with which man slides into the pit of destruction, while sliding up again was to symbolize the difficulty of winning his way back to the path of virtue. Action, gesticulation, and frantic ejacutation of the freest kind, were among the favorite weapons of these oratorical displays, and it is probably to some well known and favorite resort of this kind that the bard alludes when he says—

'He can look above and look below,
He can deeply sigh and groan, ah!
He can shake the rocks and swallow the whale,
He's a greater man than Jonah.'

No wonder, therefore, that—

'This wonderful man surprises the land,
Parson, lawyer, snob and surgeon,
From every place they run a race
To the wonderful man called Spurgeon."

NEWSPAPERS.

The *press* is an educational force of wonderful potency. The humble and unpretending newspaper that comes every week into a dwelling contributes imperceptibly but certainly to the intellectual growth of all the people therein. Indeed, it is not difficult, in the obscurer walks of life, to detect what kind of newspapers a man reads by the opinions he draws and the methods by which he states and defends them. Some men who pass for more than ordinarily intelligent and thoughtful know very little except what they have learned from the newspapers. Nay, let any one sit down and deliberately pass in review his stock of knowledge, accurately discriminate what he is indebted to the newspaper for, and what he has acquired through other sources, and he will be surprised to find how large are his obligations to the public journals. An uncommonly shrewd observer of men, and one personally acquainted with most of the eminent men of his day, remarked that some of the most conspicuous among them radiant with genius, and all other qualities requisite to constitute great leaders, were mainly newspaper men; that is, they relied through long and brilliant careers chiefly upon newspapers for facts suggestive of ideas, and largely for the discussion whereby the real and apparent were separated from each other.

It may be said, moreover, that newspapers manufacture more great men than are made by any other process. It is a matter of notoriety that very few public men, upon deliberate hearing and actual review, bear any fair proportion to the reputation they enjoy. Many men for whom nature has done better, and art less, have a colossal fame which will not bear to be examined too closely. In these cases the difference between the real and the imaginary is the product of newspaper laudation. The public may not feel under obligations to the *press* in this matter, but the fortunate individuals who reach high positions through this expenditure of ink have abundant reasons to prove that the newspaper is a power.—*Pittsburgh. Gazette*

TRUTH AT HOME.

Of all happy households, that is the happiest where falsehood is never thought of. All peace is broken up when once it appears that there is a liar in the house. All comfort is gone