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WM. W. JAMISON, M. D.,
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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. [Ap'l 1,64.

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.

HOTELS.

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
This large and commodious house, having been re taken by the subscriber, is now open for the reception of visitors and boarders. The rooms are large, well ventilated, and comfortably furnished. The table will always be supplied with the best the market can afford. The Bar is stocked with the choicest liquors. In short, it is my purpose to keep a FIRST-CLASS HOTEL. Thanking the public for past favors, I respectfully solicit a renewal of their patronage.
N. B. Hacks will run constantly between the Hotel and the Springs.
may17,'67:1y WM. DIBERT, Prop'r.

MORRISON HOUSE,
HUNTINGDON, PA.
I have purchased and entirely renovated the large stone and brick building opposite the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot, and have now opened it for the accommodation of the travelling public. The Carpets, Furniture, Beds and Bedding are all entirely new and first class, and I am safe in saying that I can offer accommodations not excelled in Central Pennsylvania.
I refer to my patrons who have formerly known me while in charge of the Broad Top City Hotel and Jackson House.
may25:tf JOSEPH MORRISON.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RUPP & SHANNON, BANKERS,
BEDFORD, PA.
BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT.
Collections made for the East, West, North and South, and the general business of Exchange transacted. Notes and Accounts Collected and Remittances promptly made. REAL ESTATE bought and sold. feb22

DANIEL BORDER,
PITT STREET, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BEDFORD HOTEL, BEDFORD, PA.
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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,'65.

OYES! O YES!—The undersigned has taken out auction license, and tenders his services to all who have sales or auctions to cry. Give him a call. Post Office address, Spring Meadows, Bedford county, Penn'a.
April5:6m* HENRY B. MOCK.

Bedford Inquirer.

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

DURBORROW & LUTZ Editors and Proprietors. BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, SEPT. 27, 1867. VOLUME 40; NO. 38.

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Poetry.

WOUNDED.

Let me lie down,
Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn tree—
Here low on the trampled grass, where I may see
The surge of the combat, where I may hear
The glad cry of victory! cheer upon cheer—
Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand!
Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to share;
The tempest—its fury and thunder were there,
On, on, o'er entrenchments, o'er living and dead,
With the foe under foot and our flag overhead—
Oh, it was grand!

Weary and faint,
Prone to the soldier's couch ah, how can I rest
With this shot shattered head and sabre-pierced breast?
Comrades, at roll call, when I shall be sought,
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,
Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge!
Right through the dread hell-fire of schrapnel and shell.
Through without faltering, clear through with a yell,
Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,
Like heroes we dashed at the mandate of doom.
Oh, that last charge!

It was duty!
Some things are worthless, and some others so good
That nations who buy them pay only in blood,
For Freedom and Union each man owes his part,
And here I pay my share all warm from my heart.
It is duty!

Dying at last!
My mother, dear mother, with meek, tearful eye.
Farewell! and God bless you, for ever and aye!
Oh that I now lay on your pillowing breast
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first prest!
Dying at last!

I am no saint,
But boys, say a prayer. There's one that begins
"Our Father," and then says "Forgive us our sins."
Don't forget that part: say that strongly; and then
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say Amen.
Ah, I'm no saint!

Hark! there's a shout!
Raise me up, comrades; we have conquered, I know!
Up on my feet, with my face to the foe;
Ah, there flies the flag, with its star spangles bright—
The promise of glory, the symbol of Right!
Well may they shout!

I'm mustered out!
O God of our fathers! our freedom prolong,
And tread down rebellion, oppression, and wrong!
O land of earth's hope! on thy blood-reddened sod
I die for the Nation, the Union and God!
I'm mustered out!

Political.

THE MAJORITY AND THE CONSTITUTION.

A correspondent, whose letter we print elsewhere, expresses in a few words what is the difficulty of thousands of honest minds with regard to this dispute between Mr. Johnson and Congress—of men, too, who do not approve of Mr. Johnson's course, but who, nevertheless, cannot persuade themselves that he and the Supreme Court have not each as good a right to interpret the Constitution—that is, define the limits of their own powers—as Congress has. It is, however, quite plain to the commonest intelligence that whatever a written constitution can do, there is one thing it cannot, and that is, prevent these co-ordinate branches of a government from coming into collision when each attempts to define its own powers. That these collisions have not occurred oftener, or rather have not proved of much moment hitherto, either here or in England, is due simply to the fact that in ordinary times the subjects on which co-ordinate departments differ, and the ends they have in view, are not of sufficient importance to tempt any one department into going to extremes. One is almost sure to give up before negotiation is exhausted. Therefore the arrangements made by a written constitution for preserving the balance of power may ordinarily work well. In this country they have worked well. Until the Dred Scott decision, although the powers claimed for the Supreme Court under the Constitution had excited jealous and avowed intention not to be bound by its decisions. But the Dred Scott decision touched a point which the majority felt to be vital, and at once the authority of the Court as an interpreter was repudiated by the majority. So, also, the issues raised in this reconstruction process are felt by the majority to be vital, that is, to go to the very foundations of the national existence, and, therefore, the slightest attempt of the Court to control the action of Congress would certainly be repudiated, and the Court knows it and wisely abstains from meddling.

If the Supreme Court had the power of interpreting the Constitution under all circumstances and in all cases, the judges would govern the country as a small oligarchy, and reform would be hopeless inside half a censury. You may assert that they have this power as much as you please, and the majority in quiet times may act as if they had it; but the minute troublous times come, and the majority is satisfied that if it obey the judges the ends for which the judges exist will be defeated, it will not obey them. To argue that this ought not to be so, is idle; you might as well argue that human nature ought to be changed. Perhaps it ought, but governments are made for men as they are and not as they ought to be, and the wit of man is not equal to the task of devising a written constitution which shall be obeyed under all circumstances. Nothing would secure this result but some occult power that would cause anybody who violated it instantly to drop down dead. In two thirds of what is written on the sancity of "fundamental law," including the long disquisitions of Mr. G. T. Curtis in the *World*, there is a false bottom to the thinking. The reasoning is based on the assumption that the Constitution is the ultimate fact of our system of government. This is a delusion. The ultimate fact of this, as of all Governments, is human nature; and until human nature is totally changed, the majority of a great and free country will not allow one man calling himself an executive, or nine men calling themselves a court, to interpret the fundamental law when, in the opinion of the majority, their interpretation would be dangerous to the public safety.

But this, says "Freedom," means a government of "mere majority, and leaves my breath dependent on their will." He is right. This is exactly what it means. We do live under a Government of the majority. The Constitution is an instrument by which the majority binds itself to refrain from certain acts, but it never gives up its right, in the last resort, of explaining the sense in which it took the pledge, or, in other words of taking the President or anybody else whom it finds running about and doing mischief, while professing to take "the Constitution for his guide," and putting him under lock and key, if it believes his hermeneutics dangerous to the State. The idea that there is something very horrible in being dependent on the majority of a Christian State for liberty and security, which "Freedom" seems to entertain, is the product of that species of fetish worship of which the Constitution has long been the object. The Constitution, unless it be a talisman, cannot have any more force than the majority gives it. If the majority desires to rob and cut throats, there is no virtue in the parchment to stop it. If it allows Andrew Johnson and the Supreme Court to define their own powers, it is simply because it does not consider it worth while to interfere with them.

This fact has always been so well understood by the highest class of minds, that in constitutional countries the skill of great statesmen has nearly always been shown in avoiding reliance on the constitution, in persuading the majority into doing or not doing certain things without falling back on naked legal rights. As soon as a King, President, or Minister says, in exciting times, that he will fall back on the constitution or charter, and act on his own construction of it, he shows himself as much a fool and is as sure to be destroyed, as a single man who should point his rifle at a regiment. The end and use of statemanship is to avoid bringing things to this pass. The minute the statesman appeals to force against the majority, the majority measures its own strength against him, and sweeps him aside.

This is just what Andrew Johnson seems disposed to do. He says his interpretation of the Constitution is the right one; Congress says its interpretation is the right one. Admitting one to be as likely to be right as the other, who is to decide between them? The Supreme Court is simply, when the destiny of a nation is at stake, nine elderly men. Suppose they throw themselves on Mr. Johnson's side, the result would be that ten elderly men would be of his way of thinking instead of one, because Congress does not regard the Court as any more competent intellectually to decide such questions as are raised in the reconstruction problem than Congress is itself. If the Court were more competent than Congress to decide such questions, it ought to govern the country completely, and the election and meeting of the Legislature is a useless expense, so that in the last resort the dispute can only be ended by the majority using its superiority of force to decide—and this it is sure to do. This may be an unfortunate state of things, but nobody is to blame for it—neither the framers of the Constitution, nor those who live under it. In every free State the maintenance of liberty and justice—no matter what the written forms may be—depends in the last resort on the character of the majority of the people. "Freedom" would be sure of his liberty in Philadelphia if the Constitution were abolished to-morrow; he would not be sure of his head or his purse if he lived in Mexico, though every man in the country wore the Constitution in a locket around his neck as an amulet.—*New York Nation.*

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

The experience of the last six years should have taught us that even in the United States there is no security against civil trouble. A more appalling introduction to it no nation ever had. Yet to the very moment of the actual blow it was considered impossible. The republic was charmed. Other countries had suffered, but we were exceptional. Wars were over, and however loud the threat of violence it would pass as an idle word. The method of the Southern madness was not heeded. The plainest declarations were regarded as political "gag." The most evident preparations were unseen or unminded. It was said that Senator Seward would rise in his place, and, in the midst of the most courteous but crushing anti-slavery speech, turn to Senator Butler, who sat behind him, and hold out his thumb and finger for a pinch of snuff. The Carolina Senator, averting his head, would extend his box to his colleague from New York, who still could not see any thing in the Southern speeches but party rhetoric. It was a game they played in the capitol. It was supposed that they would vow secession and disunion until after election, and then nobody would be so sound and earnest a Union man as Senator Seward's excellent friend from Georgia, Senator Toombs. It is only a cry of wolf! wolf! said comfortable public opinion. But one day the wolf came.

Is it worth while to return to that ghastly self-deception of six and eight years ago? Is it any more foolish to believe that the President will push the present extremity to an armed solution, if he can, than it was to believe that the secessionists would take arms at the first favorable moment? Andrew Johnson is at bay. He is conscious of the contemptuous condemnation of his country, and of the doom to which history will consign him. He is ignorant, passionate, and headstrong. He is surrounded by the worst demagogues—by Fernando Wood, Jeremiah Black, and men in sympathy with them. He is the constitutional Commander-in Chief of the National forces, and he has told us how he interprets the Constitution. After a long and exasperated struggle with Congress, in which it was supposed that he had been so bound by the laws as to be powerless, if not to have acquiesced in the inevitable, he suddenly assumes the defensive, defies the unquestionable public opinion of the country, quarrels, under polite phrases, with General Grant, and knows that within ninety days Congress will assemble and will probably impeach him. Has he done all this for the sake of being impeached? Has he done it with the intention of placidly yielding when he is impeached, and going humbly out of office? Or does he mean, if possible, to provoke an armed crisis?

We learn, upon good authority, that there are ten thousand men in Maryland called militia, armed and under the command of rebel officers. Not long before Mr. Stanton was suspended a requisition came from the Governor of Maryland to the War Department for batteries, which the Secretary refused. For what purpose is such a body of men so armed and so officered? We do not mention this to excite a foolish alarm, but an alarm which is not foolish. It may be an untrue story, but it is not in the least improbable that the President intends some action hostile to Congress. It may be in the guise of resistance to the process and results of impeachment. It may be in pursuance of a plan to issue an amnesty and to assemble a new Congress. The wildness of the plan and its futility do not make it improbable. If the President knew the feeling of the country he might pause. But he does not know it. He can not know it. He is surrounded and led by men who misrepresent it; and to General Grant the true friend of the country in the Cabinet, he does not listen.

The times are grave. No man should deceive himself or "deride," with the New York *Tribune*, the imminence of trouble. To be forearmed against danger we must be forewarned. We need not, indeed, imagine that we are already Mexicanized; but we ought certainly to reflect that in a revolutionary period, when the country still trembles with civil war, and peaceful order is not yet restored, a desperate, ignorant, and obstinate Chief Magistrate may plunge us into very serious difficulty.—*Harper's Weekly.*

COPPERHEAD LOGIC.

Our enemies persistently clamor about the magnitude of the national debt, as a proof of Republican incapacity to govern, and therefore argue that we ought to sustain copperhead candidates for office. But will they pay off the debt or repudiate it? If they propose to pay it off in what way can they do so without increasing the already enormous taxation? Yet these same copperhead's keep up the same clamor about the taxation as being a vast incubus. How can they reduce both the debt and the taxes? They already have the whole national administration in their hands, including the President and Secretary of the Treasury. We can give them no more power to reduce either debt or taxes. If they had a majority in both houses of Congress, they could not reduce expenses without embarrassing their own administration, unless they were to stop all payment of bounties and pensions to soldiers. Still they appeal to the soldiers as being their especial friends, and represent the Republicans as their enemies. Would they pay seven and a half millions of dollars for Alaska and five millions for Samana, or would they repudiate these engagements which are not Republican, but made by Seward and Johnson?

They magnify the burden of the debt and endeavor to render it odious to the people, at the same time that they pretend to accept the lessons of the civil war and the splendid results achieved it. If the war and its results are to be considered thus as beyond question, why dispute the debt without which it could not have been carried on? If they do not desire to repudiate that debt, why seek to render it odious? If they so ardently wish to reduce the debt, why increase its load of interest by funding greenbacks bearing no interest in securities that pay six per cent, in gold? If as a matter of economy they are opposed to paying bounties to the soldiers, why go on paying out millions for more territory? If they are so well satisfied with the greenbacks, why reiterate all the old stale cries about an excessive and worthless currency? If they prefer a guaranteed bank currency, why seek to undermine the credit of the national banks? If they are in favor of a reduction of taxation, why oppose the abolition of the onerous taxes on domestic industry? They have constantly represented that there existed so great and pressing a need for revenue as to leave no room for a lowering of taxes, and yet they keep up a clamor at the same time against this very taxation as unjust.

They seek to make the Union soldiers regard them as their friends, while they continually depreciate their glorious deeds, and award more credit to the rebel troops than to our own. They pretend to abhor the assassination of President Lincoln while they lament the execution of his assassins, and strain every nerve to render odious all engaged in their conviction and execution. They lay claim to patriotism and adhesion to the Union side in the civil war, while they do not disguise that their sympathies were with the rebels; and regard Jefferson Davis and his associates as the greatest of statesmen, and Lee, Beauregard, Johnson, etc., as the greatest of generals. They perpetually cry out for the Constitution, at the same time that they associate with rebels who sought to destroy it. They claim to be Democrats, yet oppose democratic principles. They assert their devotion to nationality, yet oppose everything national. Such a bundle of contradictions was probably never before seen in any political contest. The party is a thing of contrarieties, impossibilities, contradictions. Its creed cannot stand the test of any great national struggle.—*North American.*

THE PUBLIC PERIL.

Some of the Democratic papers are repeating their action of the autumn of 1860. When at that time it was very clear that the Democratic leaders at the South and in Cabinet intended to plunge the country into war some of the Republican journals in the country called attention to the significant signs of the times, as portending trouble, and asserted that under all circumstances the laws must be maintained. The Democratic papers declared that such a strain was incendiary, and that the Republicans were stirring up civil war.

As we said last week the public apathy and incredulity were remarkable, and the country blindly lurched into war. If the circumstances which were known to some had been made public, if the tocsin of the press had loudly rung the alarm, the war might not indeed have been avoided; but we should have been somewhat prepared for the struggle. At the present time, as we also stated last week, there is reason for grave apprehension of trouble, and the country ought constantly to bear it in mind. Nobody can seriously doubt that the President would resort to an armed settlement with Congress, if he dared. It is mainly a question of his courage. Suppose the President, having issued a general amnesty, should declare martial law in the District of Columbia and for as large an area around it as might suit his purpose. He would then be practically Dictator, and General Grant would be officially his military Lieutenant.

This would be illegal, it would be revolutionary, it would be preposterous. Undoubtedly; but it is none the less possible and probable. The President is not a person who can be trusted, and when that is said all is said. He knows that Congress will meet on the 21st of November. He is very sure that there will be a vigorous effort for his impeachment. He is pretty sure that the effect will succeed, and he probably has very little doubt of the result. Now he also believes, for he has told us very often, that Congress as at present constituted is a usurping body. He acknowledges its authority, indeed, but that acknowledgment would not interfere with his action, for he is wholly inconsistent and illogical, and he is desperate. He insists that the late rebel States are entitled to representation; and it follows, in the Presidential mind, that a Congress which forcibly expels a part of the States is not a body competent to impeach, and not a body, therefore, whose action is to be respected.

Is there any thing in the career or charter of the President which make it unlikely that he would attempt to resist or disperse Congress, or do something to make trouble before it assembles? Common-sense, indeed, rejects such a course as stupid folly. But is that a reason for supposing that it would not be adopted by the President? It is tolerably evident to most sensible men that a great cause, a great faith, and skillful leaders are necessary to a great and successful revolution; and that there is no cause, no inspiration, no leadership, in Andrew Johnson and his "policy." If he has any reliance, it must be upon the Democratic party. Is that party likely to support him in a *coup de'etat?* No, for they are very careful to disown the President and the President's performances. But although a great revolution requires a great cause, a serious and bloody trouble may arise from a very small one.

In insisting, as we do, upon the possibility and probability of Presidential violence, we wish to persuade our readers that it is their duty to be awake and alert, and that no peace is to be expected while Mr. Johnson is President. It was universally supposed and asserted that Congress had bound him so closely that he could do no mischief. Does the event prove it? Is he not today in a position to do as much mischief, more mischief than ever? And is there any doubt that his doing it will depend solely upon his courage? He is undoubtedly urged by evil counsellors, as Governor Seymour of New York was in 1863. The Governor, upon reflection, did not directly resist the National Government. It was a very wise course, and it is useless now to speculate upon the reasons that ruled him. If the President is as wise as the Governor we shall be very glad. If he is not, we shall not be surprised.—*Harpers Weekly.*

CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY.

Governor English telegraphs to Governor Haight that his election "will gladden the friends of Constitutional liberty the country through." Governor Haight telegraphs back that "California has echoed the voice of Connecticut, * * * We have but followed where you led in the sacred cause of Constitutional liberty." What do these gentlemen mean by *Constitutional* liberty?

They certainly mean something different from that liberty affirmed in the glorious preamble to our father's, Declaration of American Independence, when they proclaimed that "*all men* are created equal," and "endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." *Constitutional* liberty is something radically different from *universal* liberty, its champions themselves being judges. It is not that sort of liberty which Governor English advanced when, amid the despairing shrieks and howls of the devotees of "Constitutional liberty," he voted to abolish and prohibit slavery throughout this broad Republic. No, it is something very different from that, as the two accidental Governors—one chosen such by a lavish expenditure of his own and other millionaires' money, and the other slipping in through a deplorable feud which distracted the Union party and kept twenty thousand of its voters from the polls—very well know.

John C. Calhoun was, for twenty years, the leading champion of "Constitutional liberty." Polk, Pierce, and Buchanan were his timid and cautious disciples. The asserted right of every slaveholder to plant slavery wherever he might choose, in defiance of whatever local or general repugnance, was a direct deduction from this doctrine of "Constitutional liberty." Abraham Lincoln touched the core of it when, in his canvass with Douglass, he defined squatter sovereignty thus;—"If A chooses to make B his slave, C shall not interfere." God be thanked that this swindling mockery disguised as "constitutional liberty" is not the liberty for which our fathers fought, nor that which their lineal sons are determined and destined to achieve!—*New York Tribune.*

THE ISSUE.—Was the war right? This is the whole issue before us, stripped of all incidental and outside matter. If it was, we do not want and will not have its effects and consequences construed away. This is now the objective point towards which the Democrats are tending under the lead of Judge Black, and to this end they are attempting to fill our courts with lawyers of the strict or Calhoun construction school. Woodward tried to construe away the draft. Sharswood attempted to construe away our national currency. Black boldly decided that the nation had no power to defend its own life. So it goes. Step by step they undermine all that we have been living and fighting for since 1776, and if let alone, in a short time would have us repudiating every idea or semblance of nationality. These men, too, are conscientious in their heresy. Calhoun could not have been more so, and therein is the great danger. If we believe that our war was right, that our soldiers died in a good cause, and *that our bayonets gleamed through Georgia constitutionally*, then we must avoid, yea, spurn all men who conscientiously believe the war to have been wrong, and pronounce it, when they would excuse it, an error and mistake. There is no half way ground on this question. You must vote for Williams and a constitutional war, or Sharswood and an unconstitutional war.—*Philadelphia Press.*

IT is announced that the President means to rest awhile. This signifies that he intends to wait until after the Pennsylvania and New York elections, and then, if the republicans shall be defeated he will defy or perhaps disperse Congress. Do the republicans perceive the magnitude and gravity of the issue? Will they see to it that the elections so result as not to give the President a popular endorsement?—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

PHARAOH HARDENING.—Mr. Johnson keeps steadily on in his insane efforts to resist the will of the nation. It now looks as though he wished to make a martyr of himself, in order to get up another revolution, and get himself into notice. He stands about the best chance to get hanged of any Rebel in or out of the country, we judge, if we read his character correctly, and see what is just ahead of us. That he will fail of becoming a martyr; that he will fail of resuscitating the dead Democratic party; that he will be foiled by the good genius who presides now over our country's conscience, and not be able to get up a revolution; that the firm but silent man who has gotten into Stanton's place knows his man, and has him as tight as he had his friends Lee and Davis once upon a time; that he will make that public exhibition of his folly before all the nations so as to eclipse his inaugural spree, and that other stagger round the circle of last summer, we have no doubt. Pray God to harden Pharaoh's heart yet more, and the whole work will be done. The instrument of God is blindly doing His will, and all that is left undone to completely radicalize this nation will, or we are no prophets, shortly be revealed. God is in this man, bad as he is, just as he was in Judas, in Davis, and in the chosen men who do the will of Satan on earth. Thank God for the madness of Mr. Johnson! May he get no better very fast.—*N. Y. Church Union.*

Miscellaneous.

MUSKETOES—WHAT THEY ARE AND HOW THEY LIVE.

It is unscientific to say that musketoes bite, for they have no teeth; and they have no need of teeth to seize upon or prepare their food, for they are dainty, and take food only in the liquid form—spoon vituals. They are a chivalric race, and attack their enemies with a sort of sword or lance; no doubt they consider biting and gouging quite vulgar. The lance of the musketo is a very beautiful and perfect piece of work; it is smoother than burnished steel, and its point is so fine and perfect that the most powerful microscope does not discover a flaw in it. As the most delicate cambric needle is to a crowbar, so is the musketoe's lance to the best Damascus blade. The lance is worn in a scabbard or sheath, which in every respect is worthy of it; it is often ornamented with plumes. Man carries his sword at his side, and the musketo on his head. The latter arrangement has manifest and wonderful advantages—the weapon is always *en garde*, and does not impede locomotion by getting entangled with the legs.

The lance and its sheath being on the head and being somewhat flexible, is often called a proboscis. This view of the case is strengthened by the fact that the scabbard is a suction pipe through which the musketo drinks its food. As Moses struck the rock with his staff, so the musketo with a thrust of his lance pierces the fountain, and the nectar, gushing into the scabbard, finds its way to the more sensitive and vital parts. The musketo might be classed among our domestic animales may we not say among the household pets? They are the almost constant companions of man in town and country, during the holliday season of the summer. No home without the musketo. What affection! How they stick to us, closer than brothers! They often come a great way—hundreds of miles—to be with us. Most of those which greet us in this city have left their distant homes in Jersey and have made the perilous journey across a wide river. They also love their own society and travel in companies which sometimes comprise millions of individuals—in swarms which obscure the sun. But the commonplace detractors say that musketoes are bred in unwholesome swamps, and that it is only the wind which bears them, as it does feathers and malaria, wherever it listeth.

Let us inquire about the earliest beginning of the musketo; let us take him in the egg. The mother musketo has notions of naval architecture, and out of the eggs she lays she constructs a well-modeled boat, with elevated prow and stern and well proportioned midship. For the boat she employs 250 to 350 eggs, building it up piecemeal, somewhat after the manner of men, binding together the individual eggs by means of a powerful water-proof cement, into a substantial and complete structure. Unfortunately we are unable to give a recipe for the water-proof cement; there are many who would like to have it. The boat is built on the water, and when completed she is confidently abandoned to the mercy of the wind and the wave. Thanks to that water-proof cement, she can neither be broken, wetted, or sunk; she is safer than if she were copper bottomed. The little craft, it must be remembered, is freighted with life—each of its 250 or 350 little state rooms has its tenant. After a few days cruising the occupants of the shells come forth, and the ship is destroyed. But those little creatures are surely not musketoes! They appear more like fish or serpents, or little dragons. On closer examination they prove to be what every one knows under the name of "wigglers;" they are the larvæ of the musketo. They wiggle about in the well-known way for a week or two, and after changing their skins two or three times, they assume quite a new form and movement. They are now what the boys call "tumblers," and are the *pupæ* of the musketo. In about a week, if the weather, etc., be favorable, something of the form of the musketo may be seen through the transparent skin of the tumbler. Shortly the prisoner escapes from his confinement as a full-fledged and bold musketo, and soars away in search of food and pleasure.—*Scientific American*

THE ROC EGGS.—The following from the Calcutta Englishman, gives a full account of the enormous fossil eggs—if eggs they be—found in the Island of Madagascar:

The Mauritan mentions; on the authority of a Bourbon journal, that a singular discovery has been made in Madagascar. Fossil eggs of an enormous size have been found in the bed of a torrent. The shells are an eighth of an inch thick, and the circumference of the egg itself is 2 feet 9 inches lengthways, and 2 feet 2 inches round the middle. One which has been opened contains about two gallons! What was to have come out of these eggs? Bird or crocodile? The natives seem to be well acquainted with them, and say that ancient tradition is uniform as to the former existence of a bird large enough to carry an ox. This is only a little smaller than the roc of oriental fable, which waited patiently till he saw the elephant and rhinoceros fighting, and then carried off both at one stoop. Some fossil bones were found in the same place as the eggs; but the Bourbon editor says that he will leave it to the pupils of the great Cuvier to decide to what animal they belong. If they should prove to be the bones of a bird of size corresponding to the egg, the discovery will indeed be an extraordinary one.

THE GREASE TREE.—In China there grows a tree known as the Grease Tree. It is said that large forests of this vegetable lubricant are to be found there, and they form the source of a considerable local traffic. This tree not very long ago was imported into India, and it is said the experiment of cultivating it there has proved quite successful. In the Punjaub and northwestern provinces generally it grows as rapidly and as vigorously as in its native soil, and there are already thousands of trees on the government plantations, yielding tons of seed, admirably adapted to a variety of commercial purposes. Doctor Jameson, chemist in the Punjaub, has prepared hundred weights of grease from this particular tree, and has forwarded on trial a portion of it to the Punjaub railway, to have its qualities tested in a practical manner as lubricating material for those parts of the machinery constantly exposed to friction. The grease thus obtained forms an excellent tallow, burning with a clear, brilliant, and what is infinitely more to the purpose, a white light, and at the same time emitting not a trace of any unpleasant odor, or of the ordinary disagreeable accompaninments of combustion—smoke.

WHAT ARE YOU LIVING FOR?—A pastor walking out recently, met a little girl belonging to his flock. As they walked on together, he spoke to her of her studies, and was pleased to find her manifesting an interest amounting almost to enthusiasm in the cultivation of her mind:

"But why, Ellie," asked the pastor, "are you so anxious to succeed in your studies? What do you mean to do with your education after you get it?"

"Oh sir," said the girl, "I want to learn that I may do some good in the world. I don't want to tell the Lord in the day of judgment that I have lived so long in the world ithout having done any good in it."

Noble purpose! Who of our young friends are studying and living to so good an end? Who of us are making an every day impress for good on the hearts and eyes of those among whom we move?

THE BIRD OF THE TOLLING BELL.—Among the highest woods and deepest glens of Brazil a sound is sometimes heard, so singular that the noise seems quite unnatural; it is like the distant and solemn tolling of a church bell, struck at intervals. This extraordinary noise proceeds from the arawanda. The bird sits on the top of the highest trees in the deepest forests, and though constantly heard in the most desert places, it is very rarely seen. It is impossible to conceive anything of more solitary character than the profound silence of the woods, broken only by the metalic and almost supernatural sound of this invisible bird, coming from the air, and seeming to follow wherever you go. The "arawanda" is white with a circle of red around its eyes; its size is about that of a small pigeon.

EXTENT OF THE UNIVERSE.—It may give some idea of the extent of the Universe to know the length of time required for light, which travels 192,000 miles a minute, to come from different celestial objects to this earth. From the moon, it cames in one and a quarter seconds; from the sun, in eight minutes; from Jupeter, in fifty-two minutes; Uranus, in two hours; from a star of the first magnitude, three or twelve years; from a star of the fifth magnitude, sixty-six years; from a star of the twelfth magnitude, four thousand years. Light which left a star of the twelfth magnitude when the Israelites left Egypt has not yet reached the earth. Our entire solar system itself travels at the rate of thirty-five thousand miles an hour among the fixed stars.—*Home and Foreign Record.*

WAR.—Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a school house on every hill side, and in every valley over the whole earth; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every State, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a place of worship, consecrated to the promulgation of the Gospel of peace; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference; and the voice of prayer, and the song of praise, should ascend like a universal holocaust to Heaven.—*Rufus Stevens.*

LITTLE NEGLECTS.—By neglecting to lock the stable door the horse was stolen, by leaving a lot of old rubbish in the farmyard, one colt broke his leg and another got a nail in his foot; in neglecting to spend half an hour in battering upon the sheep fold, a pair of twin lambs froze to death. By carelessly tying the bull, the ox was gored and died; by neglecting to kill the ticks on the sheep, and lice on the cattle, the sheep became poor, shed all their wool, gave no milk, the lambs died, and a fine stock of cattle, in high condition when they came to stall, lost all their flesh before spring, some helped up by the tail and survived, while others were snaked off by the neck, a short retributive justice to their owners, always attached in some way to human transgressions.

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.—An able writer gives utterance to the following valuable secret: "The looking forward to enjoyment don't pay. For what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living or bottle moonshine for a cloudy night. The only way to be happy is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he has sighed for."

A WILLING DEBTOR.—Sir Walter Scott, on one occasion, was desirous of rewarding the wit and importunity of an Irish beggar by the present of a sixpence, but found that he had not so small a coin in his purse. "Here, my good fellow said the baronet, "here is a shilling; but mind you owe me sixpence." "God bless your honor," exclaimed Pat, "may your honor live till I pay you!" The author of Ivanhoe was highly tickled at the native reply.

"MARY, do you remember the text this morning?" "No, papa, I can never remember the text, I've such a bad memory." "Mary," said her mother, "did you notice