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All letters pertaining to business of the office should be addressed to

DURBORROW & LUTZ, BEDFORD, PA.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.—We would call the special attention of Post Masters and subscribers to the INQUIRER to the following synopsis of the Newspaper laws:

1. A Postmaster is required to give notice *by letter*, (returning a paper does not answer the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office, and state the reasons for its not being taken; and a neglect to do so makes the Postmaster *responsible* to the publishers for the payment.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the Post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the pay.

3. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, *whether it be taken from the office or not*. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

4. If the subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it, *if he takes it out of the Post Office*. The law proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post office, or removing and having them uncalled for, is *prima facia* evidence of intentional fraud.

# Bedford Inquirer.

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

DURBORROW & LUTZ Editors and Proprietors. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1868. VOLUME 41: NO. 1.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

All advertisements for less than 3 months 10 cents per line for each insertion. Special notices one-half additional. All resolutions of Association, 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 Orphans' Court and other Judicial sales, are required by law to be published in both papers. Editorial Notices 15 cents per line. All Advertising due after first insertion. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

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## Professional & Business Cards.

### ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

JOHN T. KEAGY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office opposite Reed & Schell's Bank. Counsel given in English and German. [apl26]

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 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.
Collections promptly made. [Dec.9,'64-tf.

HAYES IRVINE,
ATTORNEY 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

GASPY 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.

S. P. MEYERS.....J. W. DICKERSON
MEYERS & DICKERSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PENN'A.,
Office nearly opposite the Mengel House, will practice in the several Courts of Bedford county. Pensions, bounties and back pay obtained and the purchase of Real Estate attended to. [may11,'66-1y

JOB. B. CESSNA,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Speedily.....with JOHN CESSNA, on the square near the Presbyterian Church. All business entrusted to his care will receive faithful and ATTORNEY'S attention. Military Claims, Pensions, &c., and RE... [June 9, 1865.
Office on Main Street, Opposite...

E. B. STONEKEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, and REAL ESTATE AGENT,
Office on Main Street, between Fourth and Fifth, Opposite the Court House,
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.
Will practice in the adjoining Counties of Missouri and Kansas. July 12:tf

S. T. 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.

JOHN'D. SHARPE.....E. F. KERR
SHARPE & KERR,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Will practice in the Courts of Bedford and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to their care will receive careful and prompt attention. Pensions, Bounty, Back Pay, &c., speedily collected from the Government.
Office on Juliana street, opposite the banking house of Reed & Schell, Bedford, Pa. mar2:tf

M. D. 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 *Inquirer* office, and nearly opposite the 'Mengel House.' April 28, 1865:t

### PHYSICIANS.

WM. W. JAMISON, M. D.,
BLOODY RUN, PA.,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. [dec6:1yr

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.

DRS. 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.

### 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.
WATCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, &C.
He keeps on hand a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Spectacles of Brilliant Double Refined Glasses, also Scotch Pebble Glasses. Gold Watch Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, best quality of Gold Pens. He will supply to order any thing in his line not on hand. [apr.28,'65.

D. W. CROUSE
WHOLESALE TOBACCONIST,
On Pitt street two doors west of B. F. Harry's Drug Store, Bedford, Pa., is now prepared to sell by wholesale all kinds of CIGARS. All orders promptly filled. Persons desiring anything in his line will do well to give him a call.
Bedford, Oct 20, '65.

## Poetry.

### BROKEN VOWS.

Promises are lightly spoken;
Vows on which we blindly build
(Uttered only to be broken)
Go forever unfulfilled.
Oft betrayed but still believing—
Duped again and yet again—
All our hoping, all our grieving
Warms us, but warms in vain.

From the cradle to the coral—
From the sunny days of youth—
We are taught the simple moral,
Still we doubt the moral's truth.
When a boy, they found me rather
Loth to do as I was bid.
"I shall buy a birch," said father.
Broken vows! He never did.

Grown extravigant, when youthful,
In my tailor's debet I ran:
He appeared about as truthful
In his talk as any man.
Let me tell you how he sold me;
"Look you, What's-Your-Name,
I shall summon you," he told me—
But the summons never came.

Through the meadows, daisy-laden,
Once it was my lot to stray,
Talking to a lovely maiden
In a very spoony way:
And I stole a kiss—another—
Then another—then a lot.
"Fie!" said she, "I'll tell my mother."
Idle words; she told her not.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

### TOUJOURS AMOUR.

Prithee tell me, Dimple Chin,
At what age does Love begin?
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen
Summers three, my fairy queen.
But a miracle of sweets,
Soft approaches, sly retreats,
Show the little archer there,
Hidden in your pretty hair:
When didst learn a heart to win?
Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin!

"Oh!" the rosy lips reply,
"I can't tell you if I try!
'Tis so long I can't remember;
Ask some younger than I!"

Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face,
Do your heart and head keep pace?
When does hoary Love expire,
When do frosts put out the fire?
Can its embers burn below
All that chill December snow?
Care you still soft hands to press,
Bonny heads to smooth and bless?
When does Love give up the chase?
Tell, O tell me, Grizzled Face!

"Ah!" the wise old lips reply,
"Youth may pass and strength may die;
But of Love I can't fortoken;
But ask some older Sage than I!"

## Miscellaneous.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

### NASBY.

**The November Elections—How the Result Affected the Faithful in Kentucky.**

POST OFFICE, CONFEDERIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky.)
December 19, 1867.

The Corners wuz prostrated with joy last week at the receet uv the news uv the November electshuns. Ther wuz nuthin de monstrative about our joy ez there hed bin on occasions uv less interest. No! the result wuz too great, too overwhelmingly great! Our nachers wuz filled with joy and it bubbled up to the eyes, and slopt over in floods of teers. Deekin Pogram's dawter Mirandy borrered a tamborine, wich wood answer for a timbrel, and attempted to dance down the street, after the fashion uv Miriam, singin "Shout the glad tidens," et settry, but we rebookt her. Sich exultashen seemed to us inadekate. The Deekin met me and fal lin onto my neck, wept profoosely down my back, wich I stood ez long ez I cood bear the moistyer. Gently disengagin him, I led him to Bascom's fearin that so great a waste uv fluids wood cut short the old saint's life, unless that waste cood be repaired. We supplied the deficiency to wunst. Never saw I sich a picter. The blessid old man sittid onto a bench, a glass uv hot whisky in his hand, his white hair a fallin scantily about his temples, and tears a runnin in rapid succession adown his frost bitten nose, and glitterin a moment on the tip, droppin like strings uv pearls into the space below. It was tetchin.

The citizens met in the evenin, not to rejoice, but to adopt sich measures for turning the victry to account ez the occasion seemed to demand. The Deekin wuz there, and I bleeve every white male citizen uv the Corners wuz in his seet afore the glad peals uv the bell hed ceased pealin. I assoomed the chair and in a few joodishus remarks stated the objeck uv the meetin. Noo York Ire markt, hed spoken, and Noo Gersey, the blessed State uv which I had the honor to be a native, hed returned to her fust love. I wuz not now ashamed to own that I wuz a native of Noo Gersey. I am proud uv it, and were it not for the fact that I owe nearly half uv her citizens, in sums rangin from a half dollar up to eighteen, I wood return there to wunst. But I won't. It wood awaken expectations in their buzzums wich wood never be fulfilled, and I'm too tender hearted, to considrit uv the feelins uv others to lasserate ther feelins. I can't properly express my emoshuns. Thank heaven, the nigger is ourn. The Northern States hev spoken, and in thunder tones. The Ethiopian wunst wuz on the top wave, but wher is he now? Two years ago he wuz needed—but now wher is he? The Ablishions don't need him no more to fill up their quotas; they don't need him no more to take their places in the next draft, and thank the Lord he's the same d—d nigger he alluz wuz! The stink uv the nigger hez overcome ther gratitood to him—ther good feelin hez bin swamped by ther prejoodis—the Dimocrasy uv the two sections uv the Yoonion hez rushit into each other's arms, the nigger wuz between em, and consekently is under our feet. What happinis for Kentucky! The nigger can't go North with the eleckshen returns starin him in the face, and ef he stays here he must stay on our terms. Thank the Lord.

Deekin Pogram sed that he hedn't felt so good since his first wife died. He felt too good to speek, and the brethren wood excuse him ef his remarks shood be breef. ["We will!" "we will!" with grate yooninamity.]—Six weeks ago, when I heard from Ohio and Pennsylvany, he hed to wunst drawed up a skedule uv the loss that hed been inflicted onto him by the tyranical edict uv the Illinoy Gorriller, a copy uv wich he wood reed.

CONFEDERIT STATES UV AMERIKY,
IN ACC'T WITH GARREL POGRAM.....Dr.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| To 1 nigger, Sam, 26 years old..... | | $1,[illegible] |
| " 1 " Pompey, 30 years..... | | 1,300 |
| " 1 " Scip, 20 years..... | | 1,400 |
| " 1 " Peter 40 years..... | | 1,000 |
| To 1 lot miscellaneous niggers, 22 in number, mostly crippled and not uv much akkount, havin been flogd and hawed by dorgs, and injurd by bein knockt about the head and back, a dissiplinin uv em, at say $500 each..... | | 11,000 |
| To 1 nigger gal, Jane, 18 years old, nearly white with bloo eyes and curly hair, for wich I hed bin offered $2,500 to go to New Orleans..... | | 2,500 |
| To other wenches uv all shades and ages, 12 in number, averagin say $500..... | | 6,000 |
| | $24,700 | |

This bill he had determined to put in, becoz uv this property he hed bin robbed. Last nite he heerd uv the result uv the Noo York and Noo Jersey eleckshens, and he felt that mere yit wuz du him from the unconstooshnel government under wich we are forst to live. He wanted pay, not only for his twenty-four thousand dollars worth uv niggers, but legle interest on the amount, from Emancipashen to date, incloodin wat he paid to hev the calculation made, and the interest figgered onto it, and he wanted it in gold, ez he considerd greenbax just ez unconstooshnel ez emancipashen.

Isaker Gavitt remarkt that on behalf uv his father's estate he hed a claim on the oppressors. He hed made out no bill, ez yit, ez the nigger wich aluz did the figgerin for his father hed got to be impudent, and wood en't do it no more. But he shood get somebody who cood write to copy the Deekin's bill, wich wood anser, ez the two farms workt about the same number uv hands, tho uv fancy stock his father hed alluz kept the most, wich accountid for his bein more bald headed than the Deekin.

Kernel McPelter wanted no pay. He wan tid his niggers. To accept pay wood be to acknollege the right uv a filthy gorriller to releese em, wich he wood never do. He hed one—he saw her to-day—wich he wood hev back agin. Her and her husband, wich hed bin married sence they wuz torn from him, hed purchist ten akers uv ground up toards Garrettstown, and wuz a livin onto it. Uv course, ez the emancipusnun was illegal, the produx uv their labor sence that time wuz hizzen, just the same ez though they remained in their normal condishen. The ten akers woodent make him good, but they hed two children born to em sence; wich, ef niggers brot any price wood be suthin toards it.

Bascom preferred to hev Government pay ther valyoo, and let em stay free. He had arrived at this conclooshen after givin the subjeck matoor considerashen. They all hed some property now—leastways, they cood all do wat they pleased with their money. Troo, the heft uv the proceeds uv their labor went to Pollock for dry goods and groceries and sich, but he bleeved that they wuz a imitative race. Ef so, and they followed the eggsample sot em by their white sooperiors, they would in time leave the heft uv it at his bar. He hed a few uv em under trainin now, and he notist that they wuz better customers than the whites, ez they didn't swaller their rashens, and tell him to "jist chalk it down."

A sense uv the meetin wuz then taken, and a majority voted to fust try to reduce them to their normal condishen, and ef that wuz decided to be impracticable, then we cood, with still better grace, demand ther valoo uv the Government.

"Yes," exclaimed Kernel McPelter, "and for this great work there is no better time than now. The Yoonion ez it wuz! Foller me!"

And forthwith the entire congregashen piled out, rushin toward the nigger settlement, on the Garrettstown road.

Arrivin at the settlement, a consultashen wuz held. It wuz decided that I shood advance to the doors uv the houses and demand surrender, but I declined. Kernel McPelter volunteered, and we all awaited the result. He knocked at the door uv the first house.

"Wha' d'ye want?" exclaimed a voice.

"I want you," sed the Kernel.

"Wa' foah?"

"My freed," sed the Kernel impressively, "ef I recognize your dulcat tone your my nigger. Four years ago yoo wuz set free, yoo sposed, by Linkin, but we've done away with that. Come forth and give yourself up; yoo shel, ef yoo go peaceably, hev yoor old quarters agin and be treated ez uv old."

"Go way, white man, and stop your foolin. Dis nigga's in bed."

"Break down the doors!" yelled the Deekin, "and hev done with it," and a rush wuz make.

The doors wus broke down, and in a minit the nigger and his wife, and two children wuz out in the street, bound, and the Kernel hed the furnitoor packt, ready to take to his house. In the meantime, assaults hed bin made on two other houses, with rather different results. Deekin Pogram led one on the house uv a former slave uv hizzen, and wuz disabled by a charge of shot in his leg, and the intoxicated nigger threw open the winder and swore that he'd empty tother barrel into the head uv the first man who came within range. The whole settlement wuz by this time alarmed, and lites sprang up, and we cood hear the click uv the cocks uv muskets, and the pilin up uv furnitoor afore the doors. It wuz desided that the attempt to dislodge em be given over that nite; and carryin the Deekin, who wuz weak from loss uv blood, we made our way to the Corners agin.

The result demonstrated to me the impossibility uv the two races livin together in harmony. There is a natral antagonism between em wich must result inevitably in a war uv races, onless the status uv the two races is fixed by onalterable law. It can't be denied that, so long ez they are among us, so long shel we be tempted to subdoo em, so long will sich sole harrowing scenes ez that uv last nite result. Ez I heer the groans uv that prostrated saint, Deekin Pogram, [this is written at his bedside in the intervals uv feedin him likker with a spoon.] I feel ez tho I must vindicate my birth by going out and killin a nigger. Nothing but the oncertainty ez to who wood be killed restrains me. Thank heaven, next year when Seymour or Pendleton is President, and the unconstitooshnel acts uv a Rump Congress is done away with, all this will be fixt. It is this that soothes the Deekin and enables him to endoor his sufferins.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.,
[Wich is Postmaster.]

WHEN Moore was getting his portrait painted by Newton, Sydney Smith, who accompanied the poet, said to the artist, "Couldn't you contrive to throw into his face somewhat of a stronger expression of hostility to the Church Establishment?"

WHEN does a family sup on music? When it has a piano for te.

### THE LAND OF THE WINDMILLS.

**A Capital Description for Young Readers.**

"Carleton" writes to the Boston *Journal* a letter in regard to Holland, which is a more definite and vivid conception of the geography of that country than they would be likely to get from their regular school text books. We copy a large part of the letter: I am sure that every boy and girl who reads the *Journal* would take great pleasure in visiting Holland. It is such a queer, strange, funny place, and the people are so odd and curious. There are such scenes as cannot be found anywhere else in the wide world. Most of the boys in New England carry knives in their pockets; and I dare say that there is not a lad among all of them who may read this letter who has not whittled out a windmill, or at least a whirligig; but there are more windmills here than they ever dreamed of—windmills in the towns and cities, out in the country, and all along the shore of the sea—all in motion wherever there is wind enough to turn them. Yesterday I could see nearly one hundred at a time. It was a gusty, breezy day, and the storm clouds were flying in from the German ocean, and there was a tremendous commotion among the windmills. Each one seemed to be trying to whirl faster than the other.

Undoubtedly you have read of the exploits of that crazy knight, Don Quixote, who saw a wind mill and thought it was a giant, and went at it full tilt, and got tumbled into the dirt by the great fans, which went round and round just as if nothing had happened; but if he were alive in these days, and were to visit Holland, he might think with good reason that the land was full of giants.

WHAT THEY ARE FOR.

You wonder, perhaps, what the people of this country can want of so many windmills; but let me tell you that if it had not been for these mills in the past there would be very few people in Holland now. The windmills, in one sense, have made the country what it is.

Looking upon your map of Holland you will see that the river Rhine, which has its source away south in the centry of Europe, among the mountains of Switzerland, here reaches the sea. When it gets within about one hundred miles of the sea it splits itself into a dozen or more channels, all of which, after winding and turning through a great marsh, pour their waters into the ocean. Holland, therefore, was once a great marsh or bog. There are very few stones in the country; there are no mountains or hills, but one dead level of marsh land.

Hundreds of years ago the people who lived near the mouth of the Rhine saw that the marsh land was very fertile, for the silt in the river brought down every year from the mountains made the land very rich; they saw also that if they could only get rid of the water on the marshes they might lay out cabbage gardens and little farms. They commenced by building dams here and there—one on the branch of the Rhine called the Rotter—and the place in time was known as Rotterdam; another on the Amsel, which was the origin of the name of this city—Amsterdam. So all of the dams in Holland came, not because the people were in the habit of using wicked words, but because they built dams on the streams. But the water soaked through the embankments, and every rain made their gardens wet; they dug ditches, into which the water settled, and then conceived the idea of building windmills for pumping the water into the river.

They set one of the forces of nature—the wind—to work against another force—the rain; and as a gust of wind will turn several thousand of mills just as easily as it does one, they have conquered the rain—have forced the great river Rhine to quit the marshes, and have begun to pump the ocean dry.

That is the meaning of all these giants swinging their arms from one end of the year to the other—day and night—when ever there is a breath of air.

THE COUNTRY.

To see the country as it is, imagine a great embankment along the shore of the sea, against which the waves are always dashing. Walking along the embankment you notice that the land is ten, fifteen, twenty, even thirty feet lower than the sea. You can hardly realize that these gardens, green with cabbages, turnips, cauliflowers and other vegetables, were once the bed of the ocean; that the waves rolled miles and miles inland; that vessels once sailed where farmhouses now stand; that fishermen let down their hooks and nets above those meadows. But so it has been, and the story of the rise and growth and pumping out of Holland is one of the most interesting in all history. It shows us what enterprise, intelligence, perseverance and hard work will accomplish.

It would give you a strange sensation to sail up the river from the ocean in a steamboat or in a ship, and find yourself so high above the houses that you can almost look down the chimneys, also to see cattle and sheep feeding down below, and the men catching fish above.

Were it not for the windmills, the river, the ocean, and the rain would soon flood the fields and meadows and set all houses afloat; but, because the mills are always going, the boys and girls of Dutchland sleep securely at night, go to school, eat their three meals a day, play in the streets, go to church on Sunday, without ever dreaming of any danger.

Once there was a terrible disaster; a dam gave way, and the water came pouring in covering the meadows, drowning cattle and sheep, sweeping away farm houses, villages and towns, destroying many lives and making sad havoc. But the people filled up the breach, set the wind-mills a going, pumped the whole country dry again, and ever since have taken good care to keep all the embankments strong and in repair. There is a saying that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," but here in Holland it is the price of life. Men are on the watch all the time to see that there are no weak places in the embankments. They are paid by government, and have control of all the mills. They wage constant warfare with the ocean, at a cost of nearly three million dollars every year; but, with the wind for an ally, they are enabled to keep the marshes drained, and have transformed the bogs into beautiful meadows, pastures, orchards and gardens, and built villages and towns below the level of the sea.

SCENES ON THE CANALS.

The country is cut up by canals—some deep enough to float the largest of ships, others small and narrow. You see hundreds of boats. Stand with me on the bank of the great canal which leads from the city of Amsterdam to the ocean and see the crafts. A boy riding a horse trots past us—the horse towing a treckscuiten, a packet boat, a canal omnibus or stage which plies between Amsterdam and the adjoining villages. A man stands at the helm and his good wife is in the cabin dealing out bread, cheese and beer to the passengers, who are eating, chatting, laughing and smoking. The boat skims lightly over the water and is far down in the bend of the canal, almost before you have time to see what the people are up to on board.

Here comes a lazy lumbering craft almost as broad as it is long, with a man and boy tugging at a tow line. It is loaded with mud scooped up from the bottom of the canal. They are taking it out into the country to spread it on the land. Here comes a family craft—a boat which is at the same time a house—the owner, with his wife and children living on board. The father is tugging at the tow line. The air is still to-day, and he is obliged to pull the boat along the stream; if it were breezy you would see him hoist the sail and go scudding away. His wife has a long pole in her hands, and is pushing with all her might to help her husband; and their two children, a boy and girl, are steering the craft. They live on board—eat and sleep there in a little close cabin. Here they are to day, to morrow they will be at Harlem, and the day after at Leyden, perhaps, and next week will be here at Amsterdam again with a cargo of potatoes, or of wood, or of something else. Now a schooner, then a barge, and then a ship (her masts tall as church steeples) the sailors in the shrouds getting ready to shake out the sails. On the bay beyond the green meadows are hundreds of boats and barges with sails set to catch the little breath of wind which puffs in our faces. Here comes a boat loaded with cabbages; another loaded to the water's edge with turnips; another filled with sheep. Here is a marketman with chickens and geese, which are cackling and gobbling.

The channels to a great extent are the streets of Holland. In the summer they are thronged with boats of every description; and a month hence, men, women, and children will be skimming up and down these streets on skates, having many merry times through the winter.

### THE JAPANESE IN NEW ORLEANS.

HOW THEY GET INEBRIATED.

The new Orleans *Republican* is responsible for the following amusing story of the recent adventures of the Japanese, who were such favorites here last spring and summer:

"It is well known that the only original company of Japanese in the United States is now performing at the St. Charles Theatre, while another original company draws crowded houses nightly at the Academy of Music. Although interested in rival houses, and representing rival interests, these performers, like many politicians who breathe blood and carnage on the rostrum, and are the best friends in private, are like brothers in the retirement of their unprofessional life. One of these companies has been domiciled at the City Hotel, on Common street, and the other at Planters' Hotel, at the corner of Magazine and Julia streets.

"The gentlemen at the Planters' last evening invited some of their friends from the city to dine with them. With their best good clothes on, with an extra reef taken in their cerebral topknots, and their brightly polished and keenly sharpened sabres by their sides, the foreign gentlemen met in the hall of the Planters'—met, embraced, and were happy.

"It is needless for us to recall the many pleasant things they talked about in their native tongue, the many happy reminicences of old times in the proud little island off in the celestial waters, governed by the generous Tycoon, nor even of the strange things they would live to tell their grandchildren of their eventful experiences among the American barbarians. Enough to say that their tongues flowed glibly, and many were the flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar. Anxious to know more, so as to be able, perhaps, to tell more of the customs of the rude savages of the western world, they called for and indulged in sundry drinks of spirits—spirits as strong as theirs were vivacious. They were in the dining hall of the Planters' seated around the well-spread board. One after the other partook of the 'flowing bowl,' till the novel sensations of an American drunk heated their brains and disturbed their faculties. At length one of the most aged and venerable of the party, under the control of the fiery liquid in his stomach, fell back on the floor—drunk. The shouts that went up as he went down were unusual—were terrific! The ever courteous landlord, astounded at the noise, rushed into his dining-room only to become the spectator to a startling scene. One of the guests had mounted the table and was tossing a dozen dinner plates into the air and catching and tossing them again as they fell. Another was whirling the biggest platter of steak on his little finger; others were turning summersaults all over the seasoned edibles, and others, with the zeal of Chinaco fleas, were making astounding leaps over tables and chairs—all this to the music of startling shrieks and strange chattering in unheard of tongues.

"A frightened waiter ran for the police. The story grew in his heated imagination as he ran, till Lieutenant Manning, when the breathless messenger arrived at the station, had reason to apprehend that the whole Japanese delegation had hari karied each other, with their shining swords, and that the Planters' Hotel had become an immense channel house.

"Hastened to the spot with a dozen picked men, Lieutenant Manning brought himself into *rapport* with one of the party who spoke English with a strong Milesian accent. Mutual explanations ensued. The Japs agreed to keep the peace towards each other and the rest of mankind; and, leaving two policeman there to quell further disturbances, which fortunately did not occur, the lieutenant withdrew his forces from the field.

"The Japanese gentlemen recovered from their 'festivities' sufficiently to be able to appear before the public last evening in their usual exciting and varied programme, to crowded houses and delighted audiences. We sincerely hope they are none the worse for their experiment, and that they may reap no bad results from their primitive attempt at putting down 'Melican man's whis kee.'"

WHAT is treason, asked a wag, but reason to a t? which t an accident of the press may displace with the most awkward effect. Imagine an historical character impeached for reasonable practices.

ONE man asked another why his beard was brown and his hair white? "Because," he said, "one is twenty years younger than the other."

AN inveterate old bachelor says that ships are called "she" because they always keep a man on the look out.

A shadow without a substance—the shadow of a doubt.

A bad beginning—the end of the marriage service.

### THE AFRICAN JUDGE.

Alexander, of Macedonia, came one day to a distant province of Africa, rich in gold. The inhabitants went to meet him, carrying baskets full of gold and fruit.

"Do you eat these fruits?" said Alexander; "I am not come to view your riches but to learn your customs."

So they led him to the market, where their chief judge held his court. Just then a citizen stepped forth and said:

"O Judge! I bought of this man a sack full of chaff, and have found in it considerable treasure. The chaff is mine, but not the gold; and this man will not take it back."

His adversary, also a citizen of the place, answered, thou art afraid lest thou should'st retain something wrong, and I do fear to take it from thee. I sold thee this sack, including all that it contains. Keep thine own. Speak to him to this effect, O Judge!"

The Judge asked the first if he had a son. He answered "Yes." He asked the other if he had a daughter, and he also answered "Yes." "Friends," said the Judge, "you are both honest people; unite your children to each other, and give them the newly-found treasure for a marriage dower. This is my decision."

Alexander was astonished when he heard this sentence.

"Have I judged unrighteously," said the Judge of the distant land, "that thou art thus astonished?"

"By no means," answered Alexander; "but in our country it would have been otherwise."

"And how?" inquired the African Judge.

"The disputants," replied Alexander, "would have lost their heads, and the treasure would have come into the hands of the King."

The Judge smote his hands together and said "Does the sun shine with you, and does Heaven drop rain upon you."

Alexander answered, "Yes."

"Thus must it be," he pursued, "on account of the innocent animals that dwell in your land; for over such men ought no sun to shine, no heaven to reign."

MRS. MULOCH, in speaking of the influence of women in society, uses the following language:

"Oh! if gloomy women did but know what comfort there is in a cheerful spirit. How the heart leaps to meet a sunshiny face, a merry tongue, an even temper, and a heart which, either naturally, or, what is better, from conscientious principle, has learned to take all things on the bright side, believing that the Giver of life being all perfect love the best offering we can make to Him is to enjoy to the full what He sends of good, and what He allows of evil—like a child who, when once it believes in its father, believes in all his doings with it, whether it understands them or not."

That husband who has a perpetual sunshine in his home in the shape of a cheerful wife, should be one of the happiest of men, and if he is not, Providence has been too kind to him.

KISSING A YANKEE TAILOR'S WIFE.—William the IV., late King of England, when the prince of Wales, and during his service off the coast of Canada, made an excursion into Upper Cannada, and crossed over to the State of Vermont. He entered a tailor's shop, and on seeing the tailor's wife, an exceedingly beautiful woman, he, without ceremony, ravished a kiss from the lady, and remarked:

"There now, tell your countrymen that the son of the King of England has kissed a yankee tailor's wife."

Unhappily for him, at that moment her husband, the tailor appeared from the back room, and being a stout fellow, gave the scion of royalty a tremendous kick and exclaimed:

"There, go and tell your country-women that a yankee tailor has kicked the son of the King of England."

TAKE CARE!—How many of us in our mad pursuit of wealth, or fame, or pleasure, are willing to give a passing glance at the laws upon which our very existence depends? The subject that should first interest mortal man is man himself. He should look into the organization of his body, and study the laws by which the organization is governed. Yet, in this nineteenth century—this age of science—how few there are who have been educated or have educated themselves for the important work of taking care of their bodies! And in consequence of this neglect, how many there are who, day after day, throughout a lifetime, continue to violate the plainest and most imperative laws of nature—till, finally, they bring disease and premature death upon themselves, a penalty for violated law.

CUT THIS OUT.—For a long time, hydrophobia was thought to be incurable, and persons affected with it were either strangled or smothered to death. But a German forrester dying a few years ago, made known a life secret by which may serve a good turn to some of our readers. Bathe the wound constantly with hartshorn, and give three or four doses diluted during the day. The hartshorn decomposes chemically the virus insinuated into the wound, and immediately alters and destroys its deliteriousness.

A FEW years ago some Indians, who saw several women baptized by immersion in the river at St. Joseph, Mo., a hole being cut in the ice for that purpose, imagining that the ceremony, which they could not understand, was to make them good, afterward brought their squaws, cut another hole in the ice near by, and gave them a ducking in spite of their remonstrances.

AN Irishman having challenged a gentleman to fight a duel, who somehow "forgot" to attend at the appointment, met accidentally that same day the offending party, and thus addressed him: "Well, sir, I met you this morning, but you did not come; however, I am determined to meet you to-morrow morning, whether you come or not!"

AN Irishman was once asked to define an Irish bull, to which he replied.

"Whenever you see two cows lying down in a field, the one that is standing up is a bull."

THE industry of the ladies in Paris surpasses belief. They dye—their hair; they enamel—their faces; they gild—their locks; they paint—their cheeks; and now they bronze—their complexions!

THE most reluctant slave to vice that we ever saw was a poor fellow who had his fingers in one.

"PRAY madam, why do you name your old hen Macduff?" "Because, sir, I want her to lay on!"

SOME one says the best way for a man to train up a child in the way it should go, is to travel that way occasionally himself.

### JOURNALISM.

Mr. Greeley, in the last number of his "Recollections," concludes a history of the *Tribune* as follows: "The *Tribune*, as it first appeared, was but the germ of what I sought to make it. No journal sold for a cent could ever be much more than a dry summary of the most important or the most interesting occurrences of the day; and such is not a newspaper, in the higher sense of the term. We need to know not only what is done, but what is proposed and said, by those who sway the destinies of States and realms; and to this end, the prompt perusal of the manifestoes of monarchs, presidents, ministers, legislators, etc., is indispensable. No man is even tolerably informed in our day who does not regularly "keep the run" of events and opinions, through the daily perusal of at least *one* good journal; and the ready cavil that "no one can read" all that a great modern journal contains, only proves the ignorance or thoughtlessness of the caviler. No *one* person is expected to take such an interest in the rise and fall of stocks, the markets for cotton, cattle, grain, and goods, the proceedings of Congress, Legislatures, and Courts, the politics of Europe and the ever-shifting phases of Spanish-American anarchy, etc, etc., as would incite him to a daily perusal of the entire contents of a metropolitan city journal of the first mark. The idea is rather to embody in a single sheet the information daily required by all those who aim to keep "posted" on all important occurrences; so that the lawyer, the merchant, the banker, the forwarder, the economist, the author, the politician, etc., may find here whatever he needs to see, and be spared the trouble of looking elsewhere. A copy of a great morning journal contains more matter than an average 12mo volume, and its production costs far more, while it is sold for a fortieth or fiftieth part of the volume's price. There is no other miracle of cheapness in comparison with its cost which at all approaches it. The Electric Telegraph has precluded the multiplication of journals in the great cities, by enormously increasing the cost of publishing each of them. The *Tribune*, for example, now pays more than $100,000 per annum, for intellectual labor (reporting included) in and about its office, and $100,000 more for correspondence and telegraphing—in other words, for collecting and transmitting news. And while its income has been largely increased from year to year, its expenses have inevitably been swelled even more rapidly; so that, at the close of 1866, in which its receipts had been over $900,000, its expenses had been very nearly equal in amount, leaving no profit beyond a fair rent for the premises it owned and occupied. And yet its stockholders were satisfied that they had done a good business—that the increase in the patronage and value of the establishment amounted to a fair interest on their investment, and might well be accepted in lieu of a dividend. In the good time coming, with cheaper paper and less exorbitant charges for "cable dispatches" from the Old World, they will doubtless reap where they have now faithfully sown. Yet they realize and except the fact that a journal radically hostile to gainful arts whereby the cunning and powerful few live sumptuously without useful labor, and often amass wealth, by pandering to lawless sensuality and popular vice, can never hope to enrich its publishers so rapidly nor so vastly as though it had a soft side for the liquor Traffic, and for all kindred allurements to carnal appetite and sensual indulgence.

"Fame is a vapor, popularity an accident, riches takes wings; the only earthly certainty is oblivion—no man can foresee what a day may bring forth, and those who cheer to-day will often curse to-morrow; and I cherish the hope that the journal I projected and established will live and flourish long after I shall have mouldered into forgotten dust, being guided by a larger wisdom, a more unerring sagacity to discern the right, though not by a more unfaltering readiness to embrace and defend it at whatever personal cost; and that the stone which covers my ashes may bear to future eyes the still intelligible inscription 'Founder of the New York *Tribune*.'"

THE earliest French fool on record