

Stories of the Thirty Years' War in Germany.

The year 1618, between two hundred and twenty thousand men, was so noted for want of stores, and both parties lived by a regular and protracted intercourse of depredation of their host. But it was soon evident that either individual or some number were in danger as to be able to procure even the most necessary protection; so it was necessary for the army to live. When a troop of soldiers entered a village or country town, they rushed like devils into the houses, wherever the dungheaps were the largest, there the greatest wealth was to be expected. The object of the troops to which the inhabitants were subjected was generally to extort from them their hidden property; they were not to be dislodged by special names, as the "Swedish fleers," and the "old ones." The plunderers took thins from all their hands and forced the peasants' cattle in their place; they loaded themselves on their feet with salt, and caused the goats to kick them; they tied their heads behind their backs; they passed a needle threaded with horsehair through their tongues, and never let go until up and down; they bound a knotted cord round the forehead, and twisted it together behind with a stick; they bound two fingers together, and rubbed a nail driven into the skin and flesh; they burnt the bone, till the victim into the oven, lit the straw behind them, and so they were obliged to creep through the flames. Raughtmobs were everywhere to be found who were bargained with the soldiers to betray their own neighbours. And those were not the most horrible torments. Thus did the army mislead among the people, robbing every house, devastating every field, till they themselves were involved in the general calamity. The destruction of these thirty years increased progressively. It was the years from 1635 to 1641 which annihilated the last powers of the nation; from that period to the peace a death-like languor pervaded the country; it communicated itself to the armies, and one can easily understand that the bitter misery of the soldier called for some consideration for the citizens and peasants.—*Picture of Life in Germany.*

The Grave of Silas Wright.

The observant traveller looks down as he travels and reflects on the past, amid the busy tumult of the present. Such a man travelling through the interior of New York beholds from the car windows, in an unpretending church yard, at Canton, a plain white marble obelisk, bearing this simple inscription:

JAS. H. GRAHAM.

NOTE, May 24, 1862.—ED.—AUGUST 25, 1847.

This is all cold marble can do for the greatest of men. His eulogy must rest in the memory of man. The stolid urn, the animated bust, with all the pomp of ambitious epitaphs are the badge of posthumous glory. We can hardly realize that it is fifteen years since this patriot, this wise statesman, this honest man, stood on the high table land of the national councils, a leader among leaders. We cannot but lament in the reflection, that since his death, almost the era of Titans with whom he struggled, have followed him to the grave, and their places are filled with a cast-iron inferior order of public men; and when we recall the terrible die on which hangs the destiny of the republic, who can but leave an involuntary sigh that we cannot have again the wise counsels, the calm presence, the sober moderation, the incorruptible integrity, the acute penetration, the intrepid guidance, of honest Silas Wright! He was not a brilliant man; he was not an accomplished scholar, or a polished orator, or a magnificent theorist. He was a plain man, but of ripe wisdom and most accurate perceptions of National policy. He was a practical man. He was a party leader, and a great manager; but he was also, so incorruptible honest that he was held to be the Cato of the American Senate. He was a man of action rather than words. He held principles above all party and all men; and his country's good was the sole purpose of his public life. Peaceful rest the man is laid upon the grave of Silas Wright! *Boston Post.*

A shameless cotemporary, a bachelor, says: "The reason why the women do not eat themselves in two by tight living is because they feed around the heart, and that is so hard they cannot affect it." He ought to be kicked to death by female butties.

THIS RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—What a happy thought it was to put Ben Franklin's head on the postage stamps. Though in latter life, like the stamps, he was devoted to finance, during his earlier years he certainly stuck to letters—*Uxley Fair.*

A country editor, speaking of spiritualism, says: "We don't believe in any medium except the circulation medium, and that has become so scarce that our belief in it is shaking."

Man proposes, but God disposes," said a pious aunt to her over-confident niece. "Let a man propose to me if he dare," was the response, "and I will dispose of him according to my views, as he suits me."

Our brave soldiers don't want niggers fighting by their sides in this hot weather. It is bad enough for them to have to smell powder.—*Lovell Journal.*

SHAVING AND HAIR-DRESSING.

SHAVING AND HAIR-DRESSING.
At the Bush's Barber's Room,
The services have often been asked
For the service of shave and clean
Are now offered who does it with the
utmost care and skill.

Hair-dressing, "etc., and if you are willing,
Will take off your hair in three for a sum,
Very strong, quickly, dry or thick.
For beauties is the man to do it sharp and quick.

The reason may readily be seen
Why his custom is so large.

The service of shave and clean is about all he can do,
And just enough to do it well, and in a chearful way.

Jeorge P. Pleasant and son
Shea's Queen of size.

Placed and delighted and exclaim
The hair has not been cut.

Don't forget the place—in Graham's Row,
Just E. Shampoo's shop.

FAXEL PLEASANTS.
Clearfield, June 18, 1862.—*AC.*

Goods! Goods!!

REED, WEVER & CO.

ARE just now opening up a large and open
show window of BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS
which they offer at exceedingly low prices.
Please call and see us.

Price with Hemmer and Feller
\$35.00.

THIS MACHINE HAS A POINT OF
SUPERIORITY EQUALLY
ITS OWN.

Stitching, Hemming, and Telling with
a Single Thread.

It forms a flat, even, and elastic seam, which
is WARRANTED not to turn in wear, even if the
seam is cut at frequent intervals, and also
avoids stretching, or "REVERSE THE STITCH."

A patented device of great utility to tailors,
prevents the possibility of the machine being
run in the wrong direction, or the balance wheel
turning in any direction.

Another feature which deserves particular
attention is the WILSON PATENT NEEDLE CANNOT
BE BROKEN.

Two millions of these are in use.

Two millions of these are in use.