

# LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

GEO. FRYSSINGER & SON, PUBLISHERS,

LEWISTOWN, HUNTLIN COUNTY, PENN.

Whole No. 2748.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1864.

New Series--Vol. XVIII, No. 13.

**Lewistown Post Office.**  
Mails arrive and close at the Lewistown P. O. as follows:

ARRIVE.	5 33 a. m.
Eastern through,	5 33 a. m.
through and way	4 21 p. m.
Western " " "	10 38 a. m.
Bellefonte " " "	2 30 p. m.
Northumberland, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays,	6 00 p. m.

**CLOSE.**

Eastern through	8 00 p. m.
and way	10 00 a. m.
Western " " "	3 30 p. m.
Bellefonte	8 00 " "
Northumberland (Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays)	8 00 p. m.

Office open from 7 30 a. m. to 8 p. m. On Sundays from 8 to 9 a. m. S. COMFORT, P. M.

**Lewistown Station.**  
Trains leave Lewistown Station as follows:

Westward.	Eastward
Baltimore Express, 4 40 a. m.	
Philadelphia " 5 33 " "	12 20 a. m.
Fast Line, 6 26 p. m.	3 50 " "
Fast Mail, 10 38 " "	
Mail, 4 21 " "	
Through Accommodation, 2 35 p. m.	
Emigrant, 9 12 a. m.	
Through Freight, 10 20 p. m.	1 20 a. m.
Fast " 3 40 a. m.	8 15 " "
Express " 11 00 " "	2 35 p. m.
Stock Express, 5 00 " "	9 05 " "
Coal Train, 12 45 p. m.	10 38 a. m.
Local Freight, 6 45 a. m.	6 26 p. m.

Galbraith's Omnibuses convey passengers to and from all the trains, taking up or setting them down at all points within the borough limits.

## CAZETTE ALMANAC FOR 1864.

JANUARY.		FEBRUARY.	
Sunday	3 10 17 24 31	Sunday	7 14 21 28
Monday	4 11 18 25	Monday	8 15 22 29
Tuesday	5 12 19 26	Tuesday	9 16 23 30
Wednesday	6 13 20 27	Wednesday	10 17 24 31
Thursday	7 14 21 28	Thursday	11 18 25 30
Friday	8 15 22 29	Friday	12 19 26 31
Saturday	9 16 23 30	Saturday	10 13 20 27

MARCH.		APRIL.	
Sunday	6 13 20 27	Sunday	3 10 17 24
Monday	7 14 21 28	Monday	4 11 18 25
Tuesday	8 15 22 29	Tuesday	5 12 19 26
Wednesday	9 16 23 30	Wednesday	6 13 20 27
Thursday	10 17 24 31	Thursday	7 14 21 28
Friday	11 18 25 30	Friday	8 15 22 29
Saturday	12 19 26 31	Saturday	9 16 23 30

MAY.		JUNE.	
Sunday	1 8 15 22 29	Sunday	5 12 19 26
Monday	2 9 16 23 30	Monday	6 13 20 27
Tuesday	3 10 17 24 31	Tuesday	7 14 21 28
Wednesday	4 11 18 25	Wednesday	8 15 22 29
Thursday	5 12 19 26	Thursday	9 16 23 30
Friday	6 13 20 27	Friday	10 17 24 31
Saturday	7 14 21 28	Saturday	11 18 25 30

JULY.		AUGUST.	
Sunday	3 10 17 24 31	Sunday	5 12 19 26
Monday	4 11 18 25	Monday	6 13 20 27
Tuesday	5 12 19 26	Tuesday	7 14 21 28
Wednesday	6 13 20 27	Wednesday	8 15 22 29
Thursday	7 14 21 28	Thursday	9 16 23 30
Friday	8 15 22 29	Friday	10 17 24 31
Saturday	9 16 23 30	Saturday	11 18 25 30

SEPTEMBER.		OCTOBER.	
Sunday	4 11 18 25	Sunday	2 9 16 23 30
Monday	5 12 19 26	Monday	3 10 17 24 31
Tuesday	6 13 20 27	Tuesday	4 11 18 25
Wednesday	7 14 21 28	Wednesday	5 12 19 26
Thursday	8 15 22 29	Thursday	6 13 20 27
Friday	9 16 23 30	Friday	7 14 21 28
Saturday	10 17 24 31	Saturday	8 15 22 29

NOVEMBER.		DECEMBER.	
Sunday	7 14 21 28	Sunday	4 11 18 25
Monday	8 15 22 29	Monday	5 12 19 26
Tuesday	9 16 23 30	Tuesday	6 13 20 27
Wednesday	10 17 24 31	Wednesday	7 14 21 28
Thursday	11 18 25 30	Thursday	8 15 22 29
Friday	12 19 26 31	Friday	9 16 23 30
Saturday	1 8 15 22 29	Saturday	10 17 24 31

**County Officers.**

*President Judge,*  
Hon. S. S. Woods, Lewistown.

*Associate Judges,*  
Hon. Elijah Morrison, Wayne township.  
James Turner, Lewistown.

*Sheriff,*  
D. M. Conner, Esq.

*Deputy Sheriff,*  
John C. Sigler, Esq.

*Prothonotary, Clerk of Common Pleas, &c.,*  
Nathaniel C. Wilson, Esq.

*Register and Recorder and Clerk of Orphan's Court,*  
Samuel W. Barr, Esq.

*Treasurer,*  
Amos Host, Esq.

*Commissioners,*  
Samuel Drake, Esq., Newton Hamilton.  
O. P. Smith, Esq., Armagh township.  
M. Miller, Esq., Derry township.  
Commissioner's Clerk—George Fryssinger.

*Auditors,*  
H. C. Vanzant, Esq., Decatur township.  
H. L. Close, Esq., Armagh township.  
M. Mohler, Esq., Derry township.

*Deputy Surveyor,*  
John R. Weekes, Esq., of Lewistown.

*Coroner,*  
George Miller, Esq., Lewistown.

*Mercantile Appraiser,*  
James M. Lashell.

*Superintendent of Common Schools,*  
Rev. J. Williamson.

**LIST OF POST OFFICES.**

Offices.	Postmasters.
Lewistown,	Samuel Comfort
Decatur,	A. M. Ingram
Strode's Mills,	Jos. Strode, Jr.
McVeytown,	J. Criswell
Newton Hamilton,	S. W. Norton
Atkinson's Mills,	R. S. Gamble
Reidsville,	Samuel M. Greer
Milroy,	A. W. Graff
Kishacoquillas,	E. W. Hill
Locke's Mills,	E. E. Locke
Bellefonte,	W. C. Nelson
Memo,	Benj. Groff
Allenville,	N. Hartzer

**CLERGYMEN.**

Presbyterian—Rev. O. O. McLEAN.  
Lutheran—Rev. H. R. FLECK.  
Methodist—Rev. JOHN GUYER.  
Episcopal—Rev. JOHN LEITHARD.  
The Rev. J. S. McMURRAY, Presiding Elder of Carlisle District, Rev. S. LAWRENCE, and J. B. STRAIN, Presbyterian ministers, are also residents of town.  
African Wesley Church—Rev. Williams.  
African Bethel Church—Rev. John Henry.

## THE MINSTREL.

### THE CHARGE OF THE PENNA. RESERVES AT GETTYSBURG.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

The sun in his glory was sinking to rest,  
The army by legions and carnage o'erprest;  
The columns were flying—  
The wounded were dying—  
But hark! what is swelling? the enemy's snarls—  
'Tis the old battle-shout of the gallant Reserves.  
Right onward they strode with a firm, measured tread,  
Unheeding the wounded, unheeding the dead;  
Their banners are streaming,  
Their bright eyes are gleaming;  
With hearts beating proudly, with unshrinking nerves  
Is poured forth the shout of the gallant Reserves.  
Now quicker their footsteps are pressing in wrath,  
And many a comrade is left in his path;  
Still onward they're dashing,  
With bayonets flashing.  
The victory smiling o'er those she preserves,  
Rolls back the proud shout of the gallant Reserves.  
Oh! let not the nation forget the brave dead  
Which saved our great land in her uttermost need;  
Where treason so vaunting  
His banners were flaunting—  
But give in your annuals the "Meed" it deserves,  
To the desperate charge of the gallant Reserves.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Delivered at Harrisburg, Jan. 19, 1864.  
Fellow-citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:

Called by the partiality of my fellow citizens to the office of Governor of Pennsylvania for another term, I appear before you to solemnly renew the prescribed obligation to support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of Pennsylvania; and to discharge the responsible trust confided to me with fidelity.

When first summoned before you, three years ago, to assume the sacred duties of the Executive office, the long gathering clouds of civil war were about to break upon our devoted country. For years treason had been gathering in might—had been appropriating to its fiendish lust more and more bravely of the nation's honors—had grown steadily bolder in its assumption of power until it had won the tolerance, if not the sanction of a formidable element of popular strength even in the confessedly loyal States. The election of a President in 1860, in strict conformity with the Constitution and the laws, though not the cause, was deemed the fit occasion for an organized attempt to overthrow the whole fabric of our free institutions, and plunge a nation of thirty millions of people into hopeless anarchy. The grave offence charged against the President elect seemed alone to consist in his avowed fidelity to the Government, and his determined purpose to fulfill his solemn covenant to maintain inviolate the Union of the States. When inaugurated, he found States in open rebellion, disclaiming allegiance to the Government, fraudulently appropriating its property and insolently contempting its authority.

Treason was struggling for supremacy in every department of administrative power. In the Cabinet it feloniously disarmed us—our arsenals were robbed to enable the armies of crime to drench a continent in fraternal blood—our coasts were left comparatively defenceless to fall an easy prey to traitors—our navy was scattered upon distant seas to render the Republic helpless for its own protection—officers, educated, commissioned and sworn to defend the Government against any foe, became deserters, defied Heaven in shameful perjury, and with fratricidal hands drew their swords against the country of their allegiance, and when treason had thus completed its preparation, wanton, wicked war was forced upon our loyal people.

Never was war so causeless. The North had sought no sectional triumph, invaded no rights, inflicted no wrongs upon the South. It aimed to preserve the Republic, not to destroy it, and even when rebellion presented the sword as the arbiter, we exhausted every effort consistent with the existence of our Government to avert the bloody drama of the last 3 years. The insolent alternative presented by treason of fatal dismemberment or intestine war, was met by generous effort to avert the storm of death, which threatened to fall; but the leaders of the rebellion spurned peace, unless they could glut their infernal ambition over the ruins of the noblest and freest Government ever devised by man.

Three years of bloody, wasting war, and the horrible sacrifice of a quarter of a million lives attest the desperation of their purpose to overthrow our liberties. Mourning and sorrow spread over the entire nation, and defeat and desolation are the terrible trophies won by the traitor's hand. Our people have been sorely tried by disasters, but in the midst of the deepest gloom they have stood with unflinching devotion to the great cause of our common country. Relying upon the ultimate triumph of the right, they have proved themselves equal to the stern duty, and worthy of their rich inheritance of freedom. Their fidelity has been well rewarded. In God's own good time, He has asserted His avenging power; and if this war is persisted in by the leaders of the rebellion, as has become evident, then slavery and treason,

the fountain and stream of discord and death, must soon share a common grave. In this great struggle for our honored nationality, Pennsylvania has won immortal fame. Despite the teachings of the faithless and the hesitation of the timid, she has promptly and generously met every demand made upon her, whether to repel invasion or to fight the battles of the Union whenever and wherever her people were demanded. Upon every field made historic and sacred by the valor of our troops, some of the martial youth of Pennsylvania have fallen. There is scarce a hospital that has not been visited by our kind offices to the sick and wounded, there is not a department in which brave men do not answer with pride to the name of our noble State, and while history endures, loyal hearts will turn with feelings of national pride to Gettysburg, where the common deliberance of Pennsylvania and the Union will stand recorded in the unsurpassed glory of that blood field.

I need hardly renew my pledge, this during the term of office on which I am about to enter, I will give my whole moral and official power to the prosecution of that war, and in aiding the National Government in every effort to secure early and complete success over our malignant foes. For the preservation of our national life, all things should be subordinated. It is the first, highest, noblest duty of the citizen—it is his protection in person, property, and all civil and religious privileges, and for its perpetuity in form and power, he owes all his efforts, his influence, his means, and his life. To compromise with treason, would be to give it renewed existence, and enable it again to plunge us into another causeless war.

In the destruction of the military power of the rebellion is alone the hope of peace; for while armed rebels march over the soil of any State, no real freedom can prevail, and no governmental authority, consistent with the genius of our free institutions, can properly operate. The people of every State are entitled under the Constitution to the protection of the Government, and to give that protection fully and fairly, rebellion must be disarmed and trodden in the dust. By these means, and these alone, can we have enduring union, prosperity and peace. As in the past, I will in the future, in faithful obedience to the oath I have taken, spare no means, withhold no power which can strengthen the Government in this conflict. To the measures of the citizens chosen to administer the National Government adopted to promote our great cause I will give my cordial approval and earnest co-operation. It is the cause of constitutional liberty and law.

Powers which are essential to our common safety should now be wisely and fearlessly administered, and that Executive would be faithless, and held guilty before the world, who should fail to wield the might of the Government for its own preservation. The details of my views on the measures which I recommend are contained in my recent annual message, and need not here be repeated.

I beg to return to the generous people of my native State my hearty thanks for their unflinching support and continued confidence. They have sustained me amid many trying hours of official embarrassment. Among all these people to none am I more indebted than to the soldiers of Pennsylvania, and here I pledge to these brave men my untiring exertions to their behalf, and my most anxious efforts for their future welfare, and I commend here, as I have frequently done before, those dependent upon them, to the fostering care of the State.

I cannot close this address without an earnest prayer to the Most High that He will preserve, protect and guard our beloved country, guiding with Divine power and wisdom, our Government, State and National, and I appeal to my fellow citizens, here and elsewhere, in our existing embarrassments, to lay aside all partisan feelings and unite in a hearty and earnest effort to support the common cause which involves the welfare of us all.

Members of the Senate and House of Representatives, I pray you, in God's name, let us, in this era in the history of the world, set an example of unity and concord in the support of all measures for the preservation of this great Republic.

A. G. CURTIN.

*A Man Sowed in Teco.*—The Horns ville (N. Y.) Tribune says: 'A most terrible accident occurred at Reynolds's Saw Mill, a mile north of this village, last Thursday morning. While a man who gave his name as Frank Smith, who has been employed in the mill four months, was engaged in edging boards with a buzz saw and attempting to remove the edging, the saw caught his sleeve, instantly severing his right arm, at the same time drawing him down upon the saw, almost severing his body at the breast, separating the great arteries, and killing him instantly. The real name of the deceased was Alonzo D. Lewis. He was a single man, has been a soldier in one of the Pennsylvania regiments, and was said to have been a deserter, which accounts for his having changed his name.'

Do you attend church?

## FULL PARTICULARS OF THE TERRIBLE CALAMITY IN SAN TIAGO, CHILI.

### Two Thousand Women and Children Smothered and Burned to Death

We briefly noticed last week that one of the most horrible calamities that has ever fallen upon any people occurred in the city of Santiago, the capital of the republic of Chili, on the night of the 8th of December last.

The Church of the Jesuits, in which was being celebrated the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, was destroyed by fire, and with it were burned and suffocated over two thousand women and children. One can hardly realize the terrible catastrophe that has fallen upon the people of Chili. Whole families have been swept away in an instant, as it were, and there is hardly a home in Santiago that has not been thrown into the depths of woe. The battle field bath its horrors; but they are the incidents of war. In this case it has been women and children who have been destroyed, and none were able to render them any aid. Husbands, brothers and fathers have had to stand by and witness wives, sisters and children perish in the flames and not be able to render assistance. I give you the full account from the *Mercurio del Vapir* of the 17th ultimo, which has all the details; also remarks from that paper concerning the catastrophe, all of which are of deep interest.

One of those awful visitations which from time to time afflict nations with eternal mourning took place on Tuesday, December 8, at the festival of the Immaculate Conception, in what was the church of the Jesuits in the capital. A magnificent temple reduced to ashes, hundreds of dear lives sacrificed, the whole city weeping its lost ones—such is the picture Santiago offers us since the fatal night; the anniversary of another mortal catastrophe—the battle of Longsmilla. On the commemoration of the Immaculate Conception, the last of the festivities of the month of Mary, the most popular and frequented of all our solemnities, thousands of fair devotees thronged to the last performance, which was to eclipse all that had preceded. At six in the evening the spacious steps and part of the open place before the church swarmed with ladies in veils, frantically struggling to enter a temple where not one more could be made room for.

A few minutes before seven, and when the religious performance was about to commence, they were still lighting the last lights in the chancel, when the portable gas in the half-moon canvass and wood that formed the pedestal of a colossal image of the Virgin Mary began to burn one of the extremities of that apparatus. Some one rushed on the rising flame, and succeeded in smothering it; but by a fatal rebound the gas, compressed by the effort, burst out with redoubled vigor at the other extremity of the false half moon. Immediately a fierce flame rushed up. The persons who thronged the chancel flew towards the sacristy, crying 'water, water!' whilst the women, who filled the nave, arose in tumultuous confusion, screaming for help.

The suddenness of the fire was awful. The dense mass of women, frightened out of their senses, numbers fainting, and all entangled by their long swelling dresses, rushed, as those who knew death was at their heels, to the one door, which soon became choked up. Fire was everywhere. Streaming along the wooden ceiling, it flung the emphatic lamps, hung in rows there, upon the struggling women.

In a moment the gorgeous church was a sea of flame. Michael Angelo's fearful picture of hell was there, but exceeded it. Help was all but impossible; a Hercules might have strained his strength in vain to pull one from the serried mass of frenzied wretches who, piled one above another, as they climbed over to reach the air, wildly fastening the grip of death upon any one escaping, in order that they might be dragged out with them. Those who longed to save them were doomed to bear the most harrowing sight that ever seared human eyeballs—to see mothers, sisters, tender and timid women, dying that dread full death, that appalled the stoutest heart of man, within one yard of salvation, with in one yard of men who would have given their lives over and over again for them. It was maddening—the screaming and wringing of hands for help as the remorseless flames came on; and then, while some already dead with fright were burned in ghastly indifference, others in their horrible agony—some in prayer—were tearing their hair and battering their faces. Women, seized in the embraces of the flames, were seen to undergo a transformation as though by an optical delusion; first dazzling bright, then horribly lean and shrunk up, then black statues, rigidly fixed in a writhing attitude.

The fire, imprisoned by the immense thickness of the walls, had devoured everything combustible by ten o'clock; and then, defying the sickening stench, people came to look for their lost ones. Oh, what a sight the fair, placid moon looked down upon! Closely packed crowds of calcined, distorted forms, wearing the fearful expression of the last pang, whose smile was once a heaven; the ghastly phalanx of black statues, twisted in every variety of agony, stretching out their arms as

if imploring mercy; and then, of the heap that had choked up the door, multitudes with their lower parts entirely untouched, and some all a shapeless mass, but with an arm or foot unscathed.

The silence, after those piercing screams were hushed in death, was horrible. It was the silence of the grave, unbroken but by the bitter wail or fainting cry—over two thousand souls had passed through that ordeal of fire to the judgment seat of God. Heroic acts of sublime daring have not been wanting. Enduring gratitude has been excited in every Christian heart by the gallant efforts of Mr. Nelson, the Minister of the United States, his countryman, Mr. Meigs, and several other foreigners. There were generous men who defied the fury of the flames to save lives, and some of these died martyrs to their noble hearts. An Englishman or an American, it is unknown which, was seen to rush through the flames, and seize in his powerful arms a lady, stride with her a little way, and then, with his hair in a blaze, choked with smoke, fall back into the volcano never to rise again. A young lady named Ovello, having in vain implored some bystanders to save her mother, rushed in and shortly afterwards miraculously issued forth with her parent in her arms, saved. A young lady of the name of Solar, just before the smoke suffocated her, had the presence of mind to tie her handkerchief around her neck, so that her body might be recognized.

Additional particulars state that 'Twenty two hundred bodies have been counted out from the ruins, and it is supposed many were entirely burnt. The prevailing opinion is the number of lives lost will reach twenty five hundred. The count and names collected to date amount to some fifteen hundred. Many families have lost the entire female members—six, seven, eight and nine from one family. All those that could not be recognized by their surviving friends are now buried in one grave or hole. A piece twenty five yards square was excavated; into this they were laid, or tumbled and shoveled.'

### Governor Wright's Report of the Hamburg Exhibition.

Ex Governor Wright, of Indiana, who attended the International Agricultural Exhibition, held at Hamburg, has made an official report, in which he says that 80 acres of land were occupied by the exhibition. Buildings were erected for the accommodation of more than four thousand entries of stock, machinery, locomotives, steam engines, steam plows and farm implements, mineral products, artificial manures, plants, trees, fruits, flowers, and seeds. Thirty four nationalities were represented by contributions, including 4000 of the finest horses, cattle, sheep, and swine, some of the Sovereigns being contributors. Three thousand machines, and farm implements, and 75 steam engines were exhibited.

Governor Wright is convinced of the complete success of steam plowing, and thinks we are not sufficiently mindful of the progress of Great Britain and other portions of Europe in agricultural implements, though we surpass others in cheap labor saving machines, such as threshers, reapers, etc. The American reapers were awarded the superiority. After stating other interesting facts, he says he anticipates important results from the sympathy awakened and existing friendships strengthened towards our people by this exhibition, and testifies to the ardent sympathy for the restoration of law and order in the States, and for our success and unity. It was not thought possible for this country to achieve triumph in competing at the exhibition amid the scenes of civil war, and our actual success exhibited a moral power illustrative of the energy of the people and the resources of the country.

*Execution of a Woman.*—The English papers contain an account of the execution of Alice Hewitt, at Chester, for the murder of her mother. She induced a neighbor to personate her mother and by this means obtained an insurance upon her life. She then killed her mother by the administration of poison. Some three or four thousand persons were present at the execution. She fell on her knees, and prayed that her infant child might be spared a similar fate, and that her death might be a warning to others. Executions of females in this country are of rare occurrence. Last year one was executed in Canada with her husband for murder. In Boston during the recent century a woman was hung for theft.

*Pertinent Question.*—At the National Hotel, Lewistown, a few days since, two friends were conversing, and one of them asked: 'By the way, friend S—, what is your politics?' 'A Democrat, sir, because my father was one,' answered the person addressed. 'And what is your religion, S—?' 'A Protestant, sir, because my father was one.' 'And why are you a bachelor?' 'Because my father was—' At this moment S— happened to think what he was saying, so he turned mattering: 'Oh, darn, what's the use talking. Don't bother me with your silly questions.'

Schuyler Colfax in the Printing Office. Samuel Wilkerson, esq., formerly of the Buffalo Press, now of the N. Y. Times, in his admirable address as presiding officer at the 'Press dinner,' given at Washington recently to Speaker Colfax, related the following pleasant incident:

Eighteen years ago, at one o'clock of a winter moonlight morning, while the horses in the stage coach in which I was plowing the track mud of Indiana were being changed at the tavern in South Bend, I walked the footway of the principal street to shake off a great weariness. I saw a light through a window. A sign, 'The Register,' was legible above it, and I saw through the window a man in his shirt sleeves walking quickly about like one that worked. I paused and looked, and imagined about the man and about the lateness of the hour to which it was protracted; and I wondered if his wife was expecting him and had lighted a new candle for his coming, and if he was very tired. A coming step interrupted this idle dreaming. When the walker reached my side I rejoined him, and as we went I asked him questions, and naturally they were about the workman in his shirt sleeves. 'What sort of a man is he?' 'He is very good to the poor; he works hard; he is social with the people; he pays his debts; he is a safe adviser; he doesn't drink whisky; folks depend on him; all this part of Indiana believe in him.' From that day to this I have never taken up the South Bend Register without thinking of this eulogy, and envying the man who had justly entitled himself to it in the dawn of his manhood.

### The Spirit of a True Union Soldier.

A correspondent writing from the Army of the Cumberland gives the following incident: While riding up Mission Hill on the memorable 25th, turning my horse to the right and left to avoid treading upon the wounded, I had dismounted from my horse to give water to a dying boy, who lay upon his gun with a bullet hole through his head, when, a few yards to the right, I observed an officer being carried down the hill on a stretcher. Riding up, I inquired of the men: 'Who have you here?' 'Adjutant Marsh, of the 21st Michigan.' 'Where are you wounded, Adjutant?' 'In the left arm,' was the reply. 'Badly?' I inquired; when with a smile lighting up his face, at the same instant I discovered the arm adhering to the body by a small piece of flesh, he replied: 'My arm is gone; that's nothing; we've beaten them, thank God, and the slur of the Chickamauga defeat is obliterated. Let the arm perish; such a victory is worth a thousand arms.'

### A Presbyterian Horse.

A short time since, a certain minister in a certain village not far from Buffalo, started in a buggy to fulfil an appointment in a town some 20 miles distant. He had driven but a few miles, however, when he discovered that his horse was quite lame, and as the evening began to draw nigh, he deemed it best to stop for the night. In a short time he espied a farm house, in front of which stood a yeoman considerably advanced in years. As he drew up the following conversation took place: 'Can you tell me, my friend, how far it is to a house of entertainment?' 'Well, if you mean a tavern,' said the old man, 'it's close on to twenty miles; but if you mean a house of entertainment, we have one ourselves.' 'Ah, very good. My horse is quite lame as you see, and I am somewhat fatigued myself. Can you accommodate us for the night, my friend?' 'Well, yes, we can accommodate you; but if you are a minister, as you seem to be, I must tell you that the fare you'll get depends upon your religion.' 'How so, my friend?' 'Why, you see,' replied the farmer, 'if a minister is a good Presbyterian, we give him the best house affords; if he is a Baptist or a Methodist, he gets tolerable living; but if he's so unfortunate as to be an Episcopalian clergyman he can't expect much. We don't think much of them out this way.' 'Well, my friend, I am sorry that your prejudices are so imbedded,' remarked the other with a bland smile. 'Unfortunately in this instance, I am an Episcopalian clergyman, and I suppose I must content myself with a scanty meal, but (more careful of his horse's comfort than his own) let me assure you of one thing, that my horse is the bluest Presbyterian you ever saw.' The old farmer was not so obtuse that he did not discover and appreciate the minister's joke—a joke that procured for man and beast the best the farmer's larder and barn afforded.

A couple announce in the Providence Post their marriage, and add to the notice—'No cards nor any money to get them with.'