Administrator's and Executor's Notices 2 00
Administrator's and Executor's Notices 2 50
Auditor's Notices 2 50
Business Cards, five lines, (per year) 5 00

Merchants and others, advertising their business will be charged \$20. They will be entitled to a confined exclusively to their business, with

Advertising in all cases exclusive of sub-

scription to the paper. JOB PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fanors, done with neatness and dispatch. Hand-Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every va

ty and style, printed at the shortest notice. The ORTER OFFICE has just been re-fitted with Power ses, and every thing in the Printing line can executed in the most artistic manner and at the west rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Selected Loctry.

THE BEAUTY OF OLD AGE.

I often think each tottering form, That limps along in life's decline, Once bore a heart as young, as warm, As full of idle thoughts as mine! And each has had its dreams of joy, Its own unequalled, pure romance; Commencing when the blushing boy First thrilled at lovely woman's glance

And each could tell its tale of youth, Would think its scenes of love evince More passion, more unearthly truth Than any tale before or since. Yes! they could tell of tender lays. At midnight penned in classic shades,

Of days more bright than modern days-And maids more fair than modern maids Of whispers in a willing ear;

Of kisses on a blushing cheek; Each kiss, each whisper, far too dear Our modern lips to give or speak. Of passions too untimely crossed-Of passions slighted or betrayed-Of kindred spirits early lost, And buds that blossomed but to fade

Of beauteous eyes and tresses gay, Elastic form and noble brow, And forms that all have passed away, And left them what we see them nov And is it thus-is human love So very light and frail a thing? And must youth's brightest vision move Forever on Time's restless wing

Must all the eyes that still are bright And all the lips that talk of bliss. And all the forms so fair to sight. Hereafter only come to this? Then what are all earth's treasures worth, If we at length must lose them thus-It all we value most on earth Ere long must fade away from us

Miscellaneous.

THE PINK CALICO.

John," said old Mr. Morton, taking off rimmed spectacles and putting in their cases as he John, come into my study, I want

a talk with you."

Id gentleman said this with such importance that John Morton, alphlegmatic temperment, not easied at anything, arose and fols father with no little surprise and upon his handsome features.

t on earth can the Governor h ind?" he asked himself; "I hope going to fail or give me a stepbut he looks solemn enough for

indeed was the old gentleman's nce as he sat down opposite his ed his hands on the green cloth of between them and began :

ohn, if I am not mistaken, the day aforrow is your thirtieth birth-day." So it is, by Jove," said John, "I'd quite

Your thirtieth birth-day," continued the gentleman, "and really when a man nes to be thirty, it is my opiuion he ght at least to begin to think about a I married your poor dear mother I was five and twenty, and felt none ung. And as my sons have grown glad to say they have generally ny example. Hiram made a fine whea he married Miss Gower-and igh Peter's wife was not such an heiris a good woman and a pretty one and not extravagant -- and as for William ouldn't wish him a better partner than girl he married last year. You are the ss I am extremely anxious to see you arried before I die--and I am an old man.

, and can't live a great while." As to that, father, you'll live, I hope, to a hundred," said John, "But I will k about me, and if I see the girl I fancy, pop the question. In fact, I've been g that these ten years, only the right

son hasn't come along."
I see, I see," said the old gentleman with a sly chuckle, "you want a good wife
-a good, sensible girl, who knows how to ke care of her husband's home--eh ?"

Well, yes," said John with a yawn. A handsome girl-with bright eyes

nd rosy cheeks with dimples in them-and ice hair and taper waist." "You're quite a jadge of beauty, I declare, father," said John. "Well, I should

want a pretty wife, that's certain." "A little wife with a little something of ner own, too," said the old gentleman,

act an heiress. To sum up the whole-a ensible, affectionate beauty, with a forune. That's your wife, John."

the world are seldom given to one wonan. The heiresses are often frights, and he beauties poor, while half the time one oesn't care to hear a pretty one speak or ook at a sensible one. And as for prunce and economy, they are handed over

grandmothers, and affection is quite old nioned. However, find me such a para- handsome." on as you describe to-day, and I'll lay my and and heart at her feet to-morrow.

"Will you?" "Why, of course I will, sir" 'Ah, ha! you're a married man then, or I found her for you yesterday. John Morton's eyes

opened wider than eir lazy wont with a tonishment. Who is she?" he asked. She's a Miss Spice," said the old genman, "Baxter Spice's daughter. I met

Aradfuru Aepurter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

\$2 per Annum, in Advance.

A doo regard for MY REPUTASHEN impels me

There wuz 2 or three more. Gen. Carey,

uv Ohio, requested the President to move

him from his Collectorship, ez the holdin

wuz a coat uv arms, bull dog rampant, bowie knife couchant, supported by trottin

been elected to Congress in Noo York.

Mr. Morrissey remarked, that ez one uv

nection with Johnson or his party. He hed

a prematoor grave. Respeck for the high offis restrained him from sayin that the De-

And this epistle was dooly signed,

y one they all departed.

showed that his heart way need

It wuz a techin occasion.

ceed the demand, and yet th

PLTROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.,

the time spent in manufacturing musketoze

want. How they were put together, I nev-

trade, and that iz, the supply always ex-

not diminished: I kant understand this no

how. They are born of poor but industri-

care under the auspices of some uv our best

families. They have great impudence, and

bad bill. They have also consummate cour-

age. I have known a single muskeoter to

draw the first blood. It is very easy to kill

them you are apt to hit the exact plase

A well-known missionary at an anni-

for many years, have a proverb that "though

wag his own peculiarity in peace.

left it may go to Terrance McCarty.'

his own amusement.

THE editor who "did not mind his stops,"

ful little cusses, singing as they toil."

er could tell; and there was one commer

(wich is Postmaster.)

e production is

JOHN X MORISSEY, M. C.

in him is the thermometer uv the sole, and love.

to this course." I remain,

VOLUME XXVII.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., NOVEMBER 22, 1866.

Yoors trooly ..

day. I want you to go down and see her."

she's appropriated."

"She's only eighteen !" said Mr. Morton, "and—ahem! I happen to know she's not engaged. I had a talk with the old gen-He wants to see her married, but she don't fancy any one. She has a notion you see, that the young men are thinking of her money, and declares she will die an Between you and me, Spice expects you down."

And the young lady ?"

John vawned. "I don't mind running down that way," he said, "but really I can't promise to ad-

mire, you know."
"But you will without promising," said the old gentleman. "You can't help it. I've some business for you to make an excuse of, a couple of horses old Spice wants to sell, which are just thing for you. And he is a hospitable old fellow, who will make you stay a week if you once get Go up to-morrow and fall in love

with Miss Spice, you rascal." The rascal laughed. He had his own pinion about the probable beauty of Miss Spice, knowing that a fortune is apt to old eyes to many deficiencies, but there was a savor of romance in his search for a wife that pleased him after all, and grew quickly better. And in that time he determined to enjoy it to the full.

Consequently, on the following morning, he started, with his valise well packed, his dressing-case fitted up in exquisite style, and a secret determination to flirt with Miss Spice if she was in the least attrac-As for any serious design of wooing and wedding, nothing was farther from John Morton's thoughts.

When the train had screamed and whistled over the necessary number of miles, it steeped according to custom, at the little depot of D—, and there, with others, the traveler alighted, amidst a whirl of country dust, betook himself to that portion of the village wherein the residence of the Spices must be located were his direc-

He found it, at last A rather pretentious mansion, built on a rising ground, with stone steps leading to the garden, wherein a white fountain kept guard over sundry geometrical beds of flowers. Everything about it was trim and neat, and delightfully cool.

To one of John Morton's rather indolent

disposition the shady colonnade, and the rural seats under the great elms behind the ouse, had a wondrous charm. It would be a glorious place to live in, he thought; especially were one rich, and able to forget all tormenting business details, and fortune-making, and other bores of the kind, and lounge all day with a book and a Havana under those trees. "I wonder whether Miss Spice appreciates her resi-

As he thought thus, John Morton coolly sauntered, valise in hand, up the broad she said; "and this rain has done more gravel path, and rapped in his own care harm than good to the garden. I'm sorry, less fashion at the door. No one answered for the family will be home to-night. We ly brought out a white poodle with a pink to that effect." ibbon at his neck, who barked with puny fury at the stranger; but on a third trial, the door opened suddenly, and there stood not have been wild enough to fancy that have been he. before him a pretty girl in pink calico, with Mr. Spice had deserted the villa for his a white apron on, and her sleeves pinned sake, and left his free to idle there and up, exhibiting the plumpest arms in the world with dimples at the wrists and elbows. In one hand she held a dusting brush in the other a dust-pan, and keeping both tidily away from her dress, she seem ed to await for his inquiry. It came prompt-

"Dear me, no sir," replied the girl. "The family are all away--called very unexpectedly to see a sick relative. But-I beg.

your pardon-are you Mr. Morton?" That's my name," said the young man "Oh, in that case, Mr. Spice left word that he was very sorry to go, and that if until his return. Martin, the coachman, could show you the horses, he said, and we were to make you comfortable."

" Will you walk in, sir ?" John Morton hesitated a moment, and then crossed the threshold. The girl pushed open the parlor door and ushered him

"John shall show you to your room," she said, "and I will have a lunch for you when you come down, Mr. Morton. People generally find an excellent appetite after a

And away she ran humming a tune, and leaving John Morton to remember her

and dimples and pleasant voice. "If Miss Spice is not a very pretty girl, she must be jealous of this little creature, he said to himself. "What eyes and snow

white teeth! I wonder who she is?" An hour after, when fresh from his toilet he took his place at the tempting lunch table, he had a chance to ask the question :

"Excuse me," he said, as he took a cup of tea from her hand, "but what shall I call you?'

'Oh, I am only Hetty," said the girl. "Hetty?"

'Yes, sir. I don't call myself a servant, for they don't pay me any wages; but the old gentleman and lady give me my board "If I can find her, father," said John and clothes, and I make myself generally Morton. "But you see all the good things useful. I'm quite one of the family. Do help yourself, Mr. Morton."

Thank you, Hetty;" and he took a sandwich In a moment he began again : 'Mr. Spice has a daughter hasn't he.

Oh, yes. sir." "Very handsome, I've heard?" "Handsome! oh dear, no, not in the least

"Tastes differ, Hetty." "I know it. But, really, Miss Spice is, I should say, quite plain. Won't you have

some more jam, sir?"

"Not any, thank you. I presume Miss Spice, being so amiable, is considered handome on that account."

'Amiable! Oh, mercy!" "Why, is she not, Hetty?" "I shall not tell you, sir," said Hetty. "It's not my place to talk against Miss ber there yesterday, and the moment I set my eyes on her I said that's the wife for John Morton shrugged his sh

John Morton shrugged his shoulders and

my son John. A beauty—and such a notable domestic little body—and every cent old Spice calls his own will be hers some old Spice calls his own will be hers some of the subject of old Spice calls his own will be here. John laughed.

"Perhaps she's engaged to somebody else," he said. "People seldom leave such tempting fruit on the bough long—no doubt to other subjects. Hetty on these grew eloquent. She talked well, and had the sweetest voice ever heard; she told the city stranger of the pretty country places turned his heart to stone. close at hand, of the brook where the trout

John Morton listened he thought. "This Hetty!" girl is above the sphere of dusters and Oh! she don't know a word about it, tried her on other things, and found she had not one, I assure you. You will go, won't read a good deal, and that the books she wardrobe in pell mell, and using no gentle

The girl looked down demurely.
"You see I read Miss Spice's books." she replied, "and I have picked up a good deal

And then, lunch being over, she left him to pass the time as he chose, and to go with Martin to the stables and admire the garden. But at mealtime she acted the part of hostess, and after tea sat demurely at her

ty, who "made herself useful, for her board and clothes"

Mr. Spice and family would not return for several days -- so said Hetty -- even if ing rosy red as she murmured : was nothing for John Morton to do

others merry and self-possessed. She was stared at Hetty, whose mischievous face a puzzle to him; and, becoming interested in her, he tried to "make her out." The witching way And slowly his lips formed result was another puzzle more difficult than the first, but one fine morning John Morton awoke to the knowledge that he was in love. How it began he could not tell. The girl was comely and pleasant to look at, but not beautiful. Ho was proud and this half-menial position would have seemed an insurmountable barrier between himself and any woman. But the fact remained the same. He loved her. One bright hair of her head was worth all other women put together to him The thought of parting from her was intolerable. He could not, would not, turn away and say, 'This love of mine is too humble for me. Yet what a position. He was there as an aspirant for the hand of the mistress, and, ere she came, he had given his heart to the

For a few hours he had a mighty struggle with himself. Then he conquered and he sought Hetty. She was in the garden amongst the flowers.

amongst the flowers.

Surely nothing, not even those sweet roses, could be fairer or sweeter than the didn't I?" girl. Her eyes were cast down. Her ta-per fingers busy with some frail plant beaten down by the summer's shower. As he came she looked up with a smile.

"My poor cypress vine is almost dead,"

make love to Hetty forever. Yet the revelation was a shock

place be in the background. Mr. Spice and ride away at once. something must be done before even this pink calico. could be accomplished. Something in which Hetty was interested. He stooped down and touched her shoulder with his

"Hetty," he said. "leave those flowers a fuse me. It is something serious, Hetty. Hetty arose, tied on her garden hat, and looked down at her flowers still. She would Island : not lift her eyes and he saw on their lashes Those, and a smile about her mouth, made a perfect April's day of her

'You will walk with me, Hetty?" he

asked. And for an answer she turned and took on down to the brook side, where the purple flags grew amidst green sedge,

'Hetty, do you know I love you?" Hetty stood still: her hand trembled in ne began to sob

Then John Morton's arm crept around her waist. 'My darling," he said, " look at me-

speak to me. Tell me that you return my feeling-tell me that you will one day be

"You came here to be Miss Spice's suitr." she said: "I know it-I heard it talked over when I could not help listening. Say those words to her-not to me."

'To her !" I hate her very name," said John. "I love you, Hetty. "A poor girl, almost a servant?" "Why should I care? I love you, oh, Hetty. I love you better than I love my life.

Hetty, answer me--will you be my wife t needs but one little 'yes.' An odd convulsion, between laughter and weeping, passed over her face.

commanded her voice and said slowly "You belong to Miss Spice." Her words made John Morton flush scar-

Miss Spice is nothing to me," he said. I've never seen her nor do I desire to see er : Hetty answer me."

Hetty turned quite away from him, and n a sort of choaking voice replied; "This is the only answer I can give you: the back-bone to the hips. Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each dockeyment, painful to my feelins ez it

conversation, and from Miss Spice turned to other subjects. Hetty on these grew eloquent. She talked well, and had the sweetest voice ever heard; she told the ing in the merriest manner. The sight care, not only as an illustration of a great

"The heartless jade," he muttered; "and were found, and the soft green grass and purple flags beside its margin; of the high hill whence such a view could be had; of alike. Rustic simplicity in pink calico difthe stone church ninety years old where fers not whit form city airs and graces in gelatinous matter giving consistency to the they went every sunday; and of her own great love for all these things And as may come or go, for all I care. Oh, Hetty, water and air, while the solid lime dust

brooms and scrubbing brushes. She is as Morton made his way to Spice Villa, mount- was all gone! There stood the guilty ap much a lady as any in the land." Then he ed to his own room and proceeded at once ple tree, it was said at the time, caught in tried her on other things, and found she had to pack his port manteau; cramming his the very act of 'robbing the grave.' had chosen were not trash, and without intending to do so, expressed his surprise.

The girl looked down demurely.

The girl looked down demurely. was completed there came a sudden racket mitted : the organic matter of Roger Wilin the garden, a sound of wheels and mer- liams must have been transmitted into the

That night the gentleman who came to woo Miss Spice, the heiress, dreamt of Het
Tree minutes more I would have been year, so that the question clear of the house. However I'll not stay long;" and with this determination he dewoo Miss Spice, the heiress, dreamt of Het
NASBY. ty rush into the old gentleman's arms with the exclamation, "Dear papa."

Out of them she came in a moment, turn-

Oh, papa, I quite forgot-this is Mr Morton. John Morton stood like one petrified. He but to idle about the grounds, saunter into hardly heard the old gentleman's apology the stables, and get up a flirtation with Hetty.

Demure and shy she seemed at times; at

> two words-they were-Miss Spice !" "Eh!" said the old gentleman; "I really didn't understand you." The gentleman wants an introduction,

that made the old house ring, and brought on her head a maternal reproof for being so wild before a stranger."

Poor John Morton believed himself a victim of a dream. But two hours after he had recovered his senses, and sitting close by Hetty on the porch in the moonlight whispered

"Hetty, do you think Miss Spice will say Hetty answered, "I think she will." After awhile she said---the old lady's ab-

sence and the old gentleman's nap favoring whispers: "Never say I told you any stories.

"Well, that is true." " Ah !"

"So you fancied me a servant of your own accord, sir. How could I help that?" "Oh, Hetty, Hetty! But one story-nay, two-you have told. You said Miss Spice was ugly and cross-I know she is pretty

Then there was a sound suspiciously like Home to-night. John Morton had known a kiss, and there were but thre on the porch, of course that they would come. He could and Mr. Spice was snoring so it could not One month after that there was a wad

ding, and Mr. John Morton was united to Miss Spice; and if all weddings where the beginning of years as happy as theirs have Home! And Miss Spice, that ill-temper- been since then, is would be well for mard, ugly heiress would be there, and Hetty's ried folks the world wide over. Though Mrs. Morton is a little mischievous, and and win the lady and forget the girl. Not tells a story of a gentleman she knew who He would transact his business with traveled miles to woo and wed an heiress But and at the end fell in love with a girl in a minit uv profound silence, wich was brok-

THE BODY OF ROGER WILLIAMS ABSORB-ED BY THE ROOTS OF A TREE.

while and come and walk by the brook with statement is from the pen of Rev. J. H. Mc me. I have something to say to you. Don't Carty, who is writting a series of articles for the Ladies' Repository, on Roger Willliams, the founder of the State of Rhode

Ninety years after his death in 1771 steps were taken to erext to him some suitable monument, but the storms of the revolution came on and the work was forgotten And recently the question has been agitated anew, and Williams may yet at least, have ome outward sign to mark his greatness her place beside him. So they sauntered and perpetuate his name. During a period of one hundred and eighty three years not even a rough stone has been set up to mark deep in the clear water you could catch a the grave of the founder of Rhode Island, glimpse of shining trout. For a while both till the precise locality of his grave had been sept silent; then John Morton spoke sud- almost forgotten and could only be ascertained by the most careful investigation .found a short time ago, though there was is-her bosom rose and fell. In a moment little to exhume, on scraping off the turf and oblige, from the surface of the ground the dim outlines of seven graves, contained within less than one square rod, revealed the burial

ground of Roger Williams. In colonial times each family buried near their residence. Three of these seven graves | bin promised to a demokratic captin, At that she pulled her hand away from were adults. The easterly grave was identified as that Mr. Williams. On digging down into the 'charnel house,' it was found that every being had passed into oblivion. The shapes of the coffins could anly be traced by a black line of carbonaceous matter; be that uv ez dismissing him. The entire the thickness of the edges of the sides of the coffin could, with their ends, be distinctly defined. The rusted remains of the hinone hundred and eighty years.

Near the grave stood a venerable apple liams. The larger root had pushed its way through the earth till it reached the precis spot occupied by the skull of Roger Wil-There making a turn, as if going round the skull, it followed the direction of reputashen?"

way however, for, coming to a spot where the whole bear very close resemblence to a

This singular root is preserved with great principle in vegetation, but for its great historical association. There were the graves. usually remains. But in this case even the With these last words on his lips, John phosphate of lime of the bones of both graves

To explain the phenomenon is not the de ry voices. And his attention attracted to apple tree; it had passed into the woody the window. There at the gate stood a lit- fibre and was capable of propelling a steam the carriage, from which descended a stout old lady and a stout old gentleman. Mr. and Mrs. Spice returned without a doubt. "Five minutes more I would have been year to year, so that the question might be

NASBY.

A CABINET MEETING-LETTERS FROM REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, GEN. CUSTAR, HENRY J. RAY-MOND AND HON. JOHN MORRISSEY.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS, (wich iz in the Stait uv Kentucky,)

I wuz called to Washington by our pat ron saint, the President, to comfort his wounded sperrit. There aint no disguisin the fact, the sperit of Androo Johnson is wounded. He has endoored the stings and arrers uv more outrajus fortune than any other man who hes lived sence the days uv Hamlick-more, indeed, than Hamlick endoored---twice over. Hamlick's father wuz pizoned, and his mother married agin afore her mournin clothes wuz wore out, suthin no savin, prudent woman would do; but what was that to what A. John-

son endoors every day? Nothin.

The cabinet meetin to wich I wuz mened wuz called for the purpose uv sheddin a tear or two over the election returns. and to considder a variety uv letters wich His Eggscellency had received within a few days. I may remark that the cabine

had a gloomy and mildewed look. The fust wuz from Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Beecher remarked that he hed the highest possible respect for the offis wunst held by the good Washington, the great Adams and the sainted Linkin. He omitted remarkin anything about Pierce and Bookannan, out uv regard for the feelins of the present incumbent, wich, of he hed read history correct, wuz a ardent supporter uv the Administrations of both uv them men, wich he considered stains upon the pages uv Amercan history wich he cood wish might be obliterated. But what he desired to say wuz that he hed a higher regard for the good opinion uv mankind in general than he hed for the good opinion uv the accidental incumbent uv any offis, and ez he hed, in an hour uv temporary mental aberashen, wich hed happily endorsed the Administration, wich insanity hed worked evil unto him, he requested ez a simple act uv justice that the President shood cause it to be known that

ne (Beecher) wuz not considered by the Administration ez a supporter thereof. "I do this," sed the writer, "becoz the impression that I am in the confidence uv Eggsclency, wich is onfortunately

abroad, hez seriously damaged my reputa Trooly yours, et settery. The readin of this letter wuz follered by

en by the President. "Let him pass," sed the grate man who hez the dispensin uv post orffices, "let him pass. But here is another," sed he, bustin

into tears, 'read that." It wuz from Gen. Custar, him uv the yaller hair, wich hed some reputation door in the war as a cavalry commander. wuz to the same effect. He hed when he spoused the policy uv the President, wich he esteemed ez he must any man who held the exalted position wunst occupied by

the good Washington, the grate Jefferson and the sainted Linkin-"The ongrateful dog doesn't respect me. sed Androo, "it's the offis I fill," and he

burst into a fresh flood. — When he sposed the President's poli-cy wuz sich ez a soldier and patriot cood endorse, he endorsed it. But he diskivered that it led him, back foremost, into company wich door in the late war he hed allug visited face foremost and on horseback. and therefore to save his reputation, he must beg that the President wood give it Suffice it to say, however, the spot was out that he (Gen. Custar) wuz not nor never hed been a supporter uv his policy,

J. waz too hart-broken at this to make any reply, and Cowan and Doolittle wuz in the same fix. The Kernelcy wich wuz given to Custar to keep him in poishen, hed who were those of children; the remaining four | wuz led by a company in the first Bull Run fight, and who threw up in disgust the next day, not liking the manner in wich the war wuz bein conducted, but now the Kernelcy wuz gone and Custar too, and wat wuz worse, there wuz no sich thing to company younited in minglin their teers.

The next letter wuz read by Seward ez it wuz addressed to him. It wuz from ges and nails, with a few fragments of Raymond. He opened with the remark wood and a single round knot, was all that that for the Presidential offis he hed the could be gathered from his grave. In the highest respeck. Aside from the considergrave of his wife there was not a trace of ashen that it hed bin wunst okkepied by anything save a single lock of braided hair the good Washington, the great Adams which had survived the lapse of more than and the sainted Linkin, the President mite be considered the Father of his country, hevin so large a number of helpless chi tree, when and by whom planted is not dren to provide for, and besides he hed a known. This tree had sent two of its main instinktive respeck for the dispenser of roots into the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Wil- anything. It was difficult for him, being a open and simple minded man, not to adhere to the President, but-

"Good Heavens!" shreeked Johnson that little fox aint a goin to speak uv HIS

SWISS FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

[From the Letters of Rev. Mr. Prime to the New

Long before Abraham asked a burying place to put his dead out of sight, the living had their funeral rite and cermonies. And it is wonderful how widely they differ, it different parts of the world. There is doubt less, a great difference in the customs of the various Cantons of Switzerland, for though the whole twenty-two of them would not make a State larger than New Jersey, they have a costume or dress peculiar to each, and many of their habits are equally singular. I am in the Canton of Appenzell, NUMBER 26. singular. I am in the Canton of Appendent, in sight of Lake Constance, and by it separated from Germany. The language of the people is German, and their manners are German more than French or Italian, and their customs are in a great degree like those in the country over the lake. Their confidenshal relations with Him who oc-cupiez the Presidenshel chair, to hev it funeral rites may be more or less common in Switzerland, but I cannot say how far given out that I stand in opposition to him. they prevail.

In this rural and elevated region, (and

this morning as I walked out and looked

upon the hill and valley landscape, green

as green can be, and lighted with a glorious sun, I thought a lovelier picture could not be seen in all this beautiful world,)uv it wuz injoorin his reputashen; an edihere, where it would seem that sorrow and tor out West, who wuz sedoosed into takin sickness and death would not come, they a Post Offis, begged to hev it taken off his die, as they die all the world over; and hands, that he might save his circulashen before it wuz everlastingly too late: and continue the forest late is and death would be world over; and when they die, they must be buried out is sight. Indeed, they die often here. It is finally we cum to wun, the seal uv wich usual to have the funerals, if possible, on the Sabbath; more, I presume, to save time than from any other cause. It is so in horses, on a field uv green cloth. It wuz from Hon. John Morrissey, who hed just other Christian countries, our own as well. If the weather will permit, it is customary here to defer the funeral until Sunday, even if the person dies on Monday; and thus it the pillars uv the Democrasy, he felt he hed often occurs that there are two or three on a rite to speek. He wished it to be understood that he washed his hands uv any conchurch, the funerals being held in it, the seed a life. In States where the Democra-sy, uv which he wuz a piller, hed tied them-at the same hour. The average number of selves to Johnson, they hed gone down to deaths is about ninety in a year. Last Sunday there were three funerals here. The friends of the several deceased meet in mocrasy coodent carry such a cussid load, front of the respective houses where the but he wood say that the result uv the dead were lying. None but the relatives election in New York, where they depended enter the house. The three funerals were

solely on muscle and nigger, wich is the reel Democratic capital, and succeeded, while, where the Democratic capital, and succeeded, the same hour as early as pine in the capital and succeeded. while, where the Democrasy wuz loaded ing. The body is placed in a plain deal down with Johnsonianism, they failed, satcoffin, sometimes, but rarely, painted. And isfied him that the President wuz a inkubus. the custom of the country forbids the rich He said this with all doo respeck for the to have a coffin more elegant than the poor; the idea being that death abolishes all dis offis. Mr. Morrissey further remarked that this request. He commenced in a humble position, and hed filled the eye long enuff the coffin with the dead is brought out of to satisfy his modest ambishen—he hed walloped Sullivan and Heenan—hed owned shoulders of the nearest male relatives or the fastest horses and won more money at friends. One of these funerals was that of faro than any man in Amerika. His ambish. an aged mother. She left eight sons and two daughters; six of the sons were grown men, and they bore their mother on their en wuz satisfied so fur ez he was concernedbut he hoped to leave behind him for his infant son, (which wuz only twelve years of age, and wich hed a development of intelleck and muscle remarkable for one so shoulders to the grave. The three processions met near the church, and the three coffins were then borne in the order of the tender, hevin already walloped every boy in the skool to wich he wuz a going,) he desired to leave that son a honorable name. ages of the deceased, to the church, but not into it. The body is never taken into the church. But when the relatives and friends It hed been given out that he wuz a suphave entered, the body is carried by the bearers immediately into the Gottesacker, porter uv the individooal who okkupied the Presidenshal offis, and it wuz injoorin him. God's Acre; the graveyard, which usually He wished that stigma removed—a REGARD adjoins the church. It is there buried, while FOR HIS REPUTASHEN forced him to insist upnone are present except those who do the work. I stood at a little distance while this melancholy service was performed. It was not pleasing to me, that the dead should be thus put away unwept. And another custom was equally unpleasant to me. The There wuz silence in the Cabinet. This graves are arranged in regular order, withlast stroke intensified the gloom wich hed settled onto the government, and ez I turn-person in the place dies, he is buried in the ed my tear-bedewed eyes I saw the great grave next to the one who was buried before him. It may have been a neighbor with drops coarsin down the cheeks uv every one present. Mr. Seward retired without whom he was at enmity, but now in death sayin anything about ninety days, and one by one they all departed.

Whom he was at elimity, but how in detail they sleep side by side, and know it not by one they all departed.

Families are separated by the grave, as It was a solemn time. Ther wuz other well as by death, and no two of them, unletters yet to be read, but no one hed the heart to open 'em. I made a move in that er in the grave. This is surprising when direckshun, but Androo prevented me. "I'm we notice the remarkable attention they sick," murmured he in a husky voice, wich bestow on the Garden of the Dead. me to bed." I saw the great man bury his day after day, and adorn the grave with intellectooal head beneath the snowy kivrin flowers, and surround it with a border ux his oneasy couch, all but the nose, wich of green, and water it with their tears of

wich accordingly glowed, not with the While the body is thus cared for by the voosooal brilliant hue, but with a dull, dead bearers, the funeral service is proceeding and ghastly bloo. Noticin the convulsive in the church. This is similar to the serheavins uv the kivers, wich betrayed the vice in our own country, the prayers and agitashen uv the breast beneath, I whisselections of Scripture being read, and a pered in his ear ez I handed him his nite sermon preached, the same discourse an drink uv rve whisky flavored with bourbon. swering, of course, for all who are buried that he hed one hold, ez Delaware had suson the same day. At the funeral, all the tained him. A flush of satisfaction passed men in attendance wear a black mantle of over his nose, but it subsided in an instant bombazine or serge, which they may get, for a trifle, of the undertaker, who keeps Troo," gasped he, "it's ourn now but heore the next election a couple uv them them for hire. Persons of property, have Massachoosits abolishnists will buy the custhem of their own, to wear only on funeral sid State and re-people it to soot 'em, and occasious, but the most of the people hire ne gave a convulsive gasp and sank into a them when wanted, and thus every man at the funeral appears as a mourner. women dress in black when attending a funeral, and they never go to church in any other than a black dress. This is a very peculiar custom, but is invariably followed by all the people of this country. Not a light-colored dress appears in the great JOSH BILLINGS ON MOSQUITOES .- Mr. Bilings thus expresses himself on mosquitoes: congregation on the Sabbath day, or at a "We ere told that there want anything made in vain. This is so, but I have tho't

I cannot learn that anywhere in Switzer-

land the German practice prevails of havmust have been wasted if the musketoze ing a house for the dead to repose in, while it is determined whether or not they are yet alive. Such a place is prepared in concial peculiarlity about the muskeeter nection with the burying ground in many of the larger towns in Germany. In Munich, the dead of the city are brought to this house "prepared for all the dead," are arranged in ghastly tiers. The bride ous parents, and are brought up with great arrayed for the marriage altar, but who died in the exta cv of hope, still wears the orange flowers on her stone-cold, marble don't hesitate to stick their frends with a The wasted form of one who were out eighty years of life and at last died of old age, sleeps by the side of the young ight a man and his wife all nite long and bride, in the arms of deatn. Fifty are some times seen at one time in this melancholy musketoze when you kan. But in striking hall of silence. Each one has thimbles on his or her fingers which are attached to a were they recently wuz. They are cheerwire that reaches a delicately hung bell The least pulsation vibrates along the wire. and gives the alarm to an attendant, always in waiting for the dead to come to life. But they do not come to life. versary said ; "My dear friends, let us afloat in the community and are handed avoid sectarian bitterness. The inhabitants down by tradition, gathering horror as they of Hindostan, where I have been laboring roll, but it is not probable that one in a million is ever restored to life through the you bathe a dog's tail in oil, and bind it in aid of this life-saving arrangement. Indeed, splints, you cannot get the crook out of it." I asked the attendant at one of them, who Now, a man's sectarian bias is simply the had kindly showed me the apparatus, if he dog's tail, which connot be eradicated : and had ever known or heard of any one being hold that every one should be allowed to found alive after being brought to this chamber of discovery. He said unhesita-tingly, No. Tradition had reported a case in another city, but he did not think there "I bequeath," said an Irishman, in his was any well authenticated case of recovwill, "to my beloved wife, all my property, ery from the grave by this well meant, but without reserve, and to my eldest son Patvery useless practice. It would be well. rick, one half the remainder, and to Dennis, my youngest, the rest. If anything is however, if there were greater caution exercised in burying the dead in all countries Some families hurry their dead into the tomb. Many will hasten the funeral to take advantage of a Sunday. It is safe and pruintroduced some verses thus: "The poem pub-lished this week was composed by an esteemed friend "ho has lain in his grave many years for dent always to delay the burial, until nature herself gives undeniable evidence that

all hope of life is lost.