The Post.

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Poetry.

The Death of the Flowers.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Melancholy days are come,
the saddest of the year,
Wailing winds, and naked woods,
and meadows brown and sere.
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove,
the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust
and to the rabbits tread.
The robin and the wren are flown,
and from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow
through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
that lately sprung and stood
In light and balmy air,
Like a bevy of fair maidens
Blushing at the gaze of men
Their bright eyes are all shut.
Like the fair and good of ours,
Their eyes are closed to light,
Yet they lie dreaming of the time
When they shall rise and shine
Out from the cold November rain
We call them back from out the gloomy earth,
We call our lovely ones again.

The wild-flower and the violet,
They perished long ago,
And the wild-rose and the orchis died,
Amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun flower by the brook
In autumn beauty stood,
Till the frost, from the clear cold heaven,
Fell on them as they stood,
Blighting all the beauty of their smile was gone
Of the upland glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mid day
Still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
Fallen by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side:
In the cold moist earth we laid her
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle, and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

Miscellaneous.

BURYING ONES OWN FUNERAL

Having been dangerously ill, and those around me supposing me to be verging upon the very point of death. All at once I felt something giving way, and I was in perfect unconsciousness.

How long I remained in that state I cannot tell; but think it must have been about two hours. When I regained my power of mind I could distinctly hear the sobbing of my friends around me, and perceived that I had been "laid out" and my limbs were fastened to the board that was used for that purpose. I had been arrayed in a neat white shroud, and was at that moment entirely overspread with a winding-sheet.

As I have said, I had entirely regained my powers of mind, and I tried to move to speak, but it was in vain; I could not move so much as a finger; my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth, and could not be made to produce the slightest sound. I was able to understand everything around me, the whisper, the word, the sob, the soft footstep, and even the ticking of the clock upon the mantel.

Presently the door opened and out; some one had entered.

"Did you see the doctor, Tom?'

"Yes; I met him at his own door, and told him he need not come again as the patient was no more."

"What did he say, then?"

"Well he appeared to be very much surprised at first, and said he had no idea the poor man would drop off so soon, but that he was glad that I had saved him a journey out here, as he was very busy.'

This was very unwelcome news to me, for I felt sure that if the doctor could only see me he would understand how matters really were, and would give me something to restore my lethargic system to the wonted animation.

I was lying in a small bedroom adjoining the principal apartment of the house; and as the door was left continually ajar, I could hear everything that transpired. I soon heard the tramping of several persons in my room, and understood that they were approaching my bedside From the voices, I recognized Mrs. Jameson, a neighbor whose services were usually in great demand at a time of death. I also regonized the voice of Ralph Stetson, the undertaker, and knew that I was to be measured for the coffin.

As the sheet was turned down and the cloth removed from my face, I felt that the golden opportunity had arrived, and I made a desperate attempt to move something, an eye-lid, a finger, or a toe, but all in vain. Still, I had strong hope that those two characters, so much accustomed to death in all its forms and phases, could detect something unusual in my appearance which might lead to delay interment.

"Oh, how natural! Did you ever see a person look so natural?' exclaimed Mrs. Jameson, in a loud

"He was such a good, kind man, too!" mused Mrs. Jameson; "always ready to accomodate every one. It's really too bad he should have left his business insolvent.'

The undertaker paused.

"Insolvent! How?'

"Why, haven't you heard that Thomas Hawkings, the grocer, has trumped up notes and one thing and another, to the amount of over two thousand dollars, to be brought against the estate, when none of us supposed that the poor man here owed five hundred dollars, all told. It will leave Mrs. Stebbens quite destitute, indeed."

"Well, no; I had not heard of it. When did he bring them up, I should think that was rather premature.'

"Why only yesterday morning, while I was at the store, he inquired after the health of Joe Stebbins; and when I told him that he wasn't expected to live the day out, he said he must be looking into the property left to satisfy his demands. He said that Stebbins owed him upwards of two thousand dollars."

"Indeed! Well, if that is the case I must be looking up my own accounts with the family,' said the undertaker.

I could indistinctly feel the cold wet cloth as it was again wrung out and placed upon my face; the sheet was again spread over me, and I was left to my own reflections for a time.

'*Insolvent!*' what a base falsehood! I was indebted to Mr. Hawkins just one hundred and fifty-one dollars and twenty-nine cents, not a cent more nor less; and here was that rascal claiming upwards of two thousand dollars of my poor, defenceless family. Why, it was enough to make one rave. To all my other incentives to betray my existence was added this—and I confess it was the strongest of all—to protect my family from this lying thief who would willingly strip them of the last cent.

How long I had remained alone I cannot tell, for severe anxiety produced by the news I had heard, cause I me to lapse into another fit of unconsciousness, from which I again recovered just as the door was gently closing, and I heard the soft footsteps of a new comer upon the carpet. The sheet was again turned down, and the face-cloth removed; but this time I felt the touch of a tender, loving hand that had soothed my fevered brow all through the painful illness. A few low sobs, and my trusting, loving wife threw herself across the bed, and exclaimed. "Oh, my dear, dear husband! how can *I* ever part with you? Why was not I taken instead? O Lord! I beg that either I may be taken to join him above, or that he may return to walk by my side through the lonely vale of life.'

A few moments of silence ensued, broken only by the sobs of my wife, as she lay convulsed by grief, across my bed How I longed to throw my arms about her neck, and return the warm kisses she had left tingling on my brow! I concentrated every effort again, but to no purpose; I could not burst the iron band of paralysis that had control of every nerve and muscle Presently some one came and took her away, my wife my only friend, and I was left to my self again for a long time.

After nightfall I lay musing upon my strange condition, and thought of all the singular cases of trance of which I had ever heard, thought of the many instances in which people had been burried alive, and feared that such would be my horrible fate.

As night drew on apace, and I heard some of the inmates of the house indulging in a profound snore I thought to compose my own mind to sleep, in the hope that slumber might give me renewed strength for the morning, when I resolved upon another effort to regain my freedom, and escape the fate that was being prepared for me. But sleep was entirely out of the question; and what seemed very strange to me, my mind although harressed continually, did not experiences the slightest weariness.

Some young people, who were 'sitting up with the corpse,' came frequently and always very timidly, to change the cloth upon my face; and I am certain that if upon some of their occasional visits they had found me sitting up in bed (as I very much longed to do), it would have frightened some of them nearly to death. Upon such occasions I could catch a slight glimmer of the light through my eyelids; and I am not positive whether the 'smile' that one of the number observed upon my lips was not provoked by the tremulous hand that had recently taken the cloth from off my face, and the perfect awe which they evidently entertained for me.'

Morning came at last, and with it the coffin in which I was to be entombed. Contrary to my most earnest hopes, I was unable to convey the slightest sign of life to those who were employed in removing me into the 'narrow house;' and when once confined in it I gave up nearly all hope for the future, for my position was so cramped as to render the strongest man incapable of moving after a few hour's confinement.

Fortunately for me, the coffin lid had not been screwed down, but only fastened in place, so that a slight movement of my head enabled me to see all that was going on around me. I will not attempt to describe the feelings with which I watched the preparations for my burial. They were those of a person who, being buried alive, yet retains his senses, and knows that he must lie there and suffocate slowly. I will not attempt to describe the agony of my spirit as I watched the preparations for my burial. They were those of a person who, being buried alive, yet retains his senses, and knows that he must lie there and suffocate slowly. I will not

ration, still I think the lungs must have been inflated occasionally by a very slow and imperfect process, and there must have been a slight flutter of the heart, at least once every few minutes during the entire period that I had remained thus palsied.

Although the space of time could not have exceeded an hour, yet it seemed a moderate life time to me before we reached the church; and I heard an occasional sob, and at least the measured, solemn tones of the minister as he read the opening prayers.

Then the low thunder of the organ, preceding the tempest of solemn minstrelsy, began; and finally, the organ's grand outburst of sorrow seemed to roll away to heaven, where its tones were lost amid the sweet harmony of angels.

Some one was turning away at the screws of my coffin lid, and I knew that my time was almost come, and that presently the congregation would be allowed to amuse themselves by "looking at the corpse"

As the coffin-lid was removed, and everything was in readiness, the congregation was requested to 'move around in regular order, so that all might have an opportunity to view the corpse without any crowding or jostling.'

Now was my time, and I exerted all my pent-up energies to betray some sign or token of life I listened for the different footfalls, hoping to hear one which I should know above all others! It was that of Dr. Lewis, my physician during my last illness; and as one limb was considerably shorter than the other, he walked with a sort of halt, which I had become very much accustomed to. At length I heard him coming, or thought I did; and as I believed this to be my last hope, I exerted myself, beyond any former attempt, to move an eyelid, or a lip. I tried to smile, and was rewarded with the compliment of 'What a sweet smile!' from a sentimental school-girl.

Just then I heard the well-known halting footstep close beside the coffin, and changed the smile into what was intended for a frown. So great was my endeavor to signify that I still lived, that the prespiration came out in great drops upon my face.

"Lord a mercy, how he sweats!' exclaimed an old lady, considerately, wiping the moisture from my brow

"Again I thought I heard the halting footstep, upon the other side of my coffin, and took courage.

Soon another handkerchief was applied to wipe the prespiration from my face with the exclamation, "Did you ever see a corpse sweat so?"

"The relatives of the deceased will now be premitted to take their last look at the corpse,' said a solemn voice; and the chorus of sobs that greeted my ears warned me that unless some miracle interposed, I had but a few minutes more to live.

The mourners, as they stood weeping around the coffin, could not have felt more keenly the pangs of grief at our seperation than I did, as I struggled to smile and frown alternately, until the prespiration came and stood again upon my brow, and was wiped carefully away by some kind hand.

Long and tenderly my loving wife bent over me, while the scalding tears fell thick upon my face. At length the solemn voice informed her that she must go away, as it was already growing late. I knew by the sound of the footsteps that but very few were remaining in the neighborhood of my coffin, and that perhaps not more than a moment would be allotted me to live. I struggled desperately for the last time. The prespiration rolled down my cheeks in great drops; but that was quite unnoticed, and the solemn voice had already adjusted the coffin-lid, which—

"You will please leave this part of the ceremony to me,' put in the well known voice of Dr. Lewis.

"I do not comprehend your meaning,' said the solemn voice.

"I mean simply that myself and Dr. Sims here have the best of reasons for detaining you in this part of the ceremony.'

The possessor of the solemn voice, evidently thinking that the doctors were looking up a job of dessecting, again set about adjusting the lid of the coffin, as he remarked that he believed it was not the wishes of the family; besides it was growing late, and——

"Remove the lid of that coffin,' shouted the horse voice of Dr. Lewis, "or you will have reason to repent part of your conduct before the police court, this very afternoon!'

The coffin-lid was again removed, a vial of cordial was inserted between my teeth, my chest and lungs were bathed in a powerful mixture, and—oh, joy!—I breathed; my eyes presently opened, and in a few moments I had strength to speak. The grave-clothes were partly removed from my person, and I arose and set up in my coffin.

I shall never forget the looks of mingled astonishment, horror, and joy that were written upon the countenances of the hundreds assembled around me; some of the more delicate of whom had half a mind to swoon, but were prevented by the reassuring remarks of Dr. Lewis, who explained to them that I had not been dead at all, but was merely paralyzed. I will not attempt to describe the joy of my wife, when she saw me again alive, and very likely, as the doctor informed her, to recover my health entirely, and live many years to come. She has always persisted in believing my miraculous resurrection to be an answer to her prayer, and—well, after all I do not like to dispute with her, for Providence may have had something to do with it.

I will add here that Mr. Thomas Hawkins never remembered to send round that small account of "upwards of two thousand dollars," and I have never mentioned the matter to any one.

But I never attend a funeral, and look down into the opened coffin without wondering if the corpse is not guilty (as I myself was once) of personally "attending his own funeral.'

For THE POST.

European Correspondent.

LETTER No. 11.

The Swiss Lakes.

From Baden a ride of about two hours brings us to Strassburg, where we stop long enough to pay a hasty visit to the Cathedral and its wonderful clock. If one has the ambition to climb up the 450 feet of the cathedral spire, he will be rewarded with a particularly fine view of a beautiful and fertile country. The astronomical clock which is within the church and is built on the floor, is remarkable for the number of things which it indicates, and for the many figures which are in motion when the clock strikes. In the city we notice particularly the great number of awkward storks, which, being protected by law, are permitted to build their nests on the roofs and chimnies of the houses. The same thing is noticeable in the neighboring city of Bale. Strassburg, which is larger and well fortified, is the capital of the provinces taken from the French during the late war, and was until recently nearly on the boundary between Germany, France and Switzerland.

We make a brief stop at Bale, noted as being the residence for a time of Erastmus the friend of Luther.—In its Cathedral is all that remains of Holbein's celebrated frescoes of "The Dance of Death."

Our next stopping place was Schaffhausen at the Falls of the Rhine, which is one of the finest cascades in Europe. Neither in heighth of fall or volume of water it to be compared with Niagara, and yet it is well worth a visit. The river is highest in June and July when the snow among the Alps is melting. At this time the current is full and strong, and the water is dashed into foam as it is hurled over the rocks, and if the traveller is favored with the light of a clear, full moon he will carry away with him a picture which he will recall often with pleasure. Our hotel here was the first in which the waiters were girls. They wore a costume which, as in many places in Switzerland and Germany, is peculiar to the locality. It consists of a black velvet bodice, cut square in the neck, laced at the sides, and fastened with large silver clasps connected by long silver chains. The bodice also has wide white sleeves. The costume is quite pretty which I am sorry is more than can be said of the girls who wore it.

On our way to Lucerne we stop at Zurich which is one of the most flourishing of the Swiss cities, noted for its manufactories of silk and cotton, its world renowned Polytechnic Institute and for its unrivalled location. Situated at the foot of Lake Zurich it has from nearly every part of the city a superb view of the lake whose green shores are dotted on each side with villages and summer hotels, while the snow capped Alps rise in the distant background. The settlement of the place antedates Roman times and indeed any authentic history. In the museum here is preserved the finest known collection of relics from the ancient lake dwellers who have been as great a mystery to the antiquarians as our mound builders, and about whom next to nothing is as yet known. In the old armory the traveller will be shown one of the numerous cross bows, which claim the distinction of having once belonged to William Tell, if indeed our cold blooded historians do not decide that such a person never lived.

Leaving Zurich we soon reach Lake Zug, a beautiful little sheet of water nine miles long by three in breadth which is deeply set in between green mountain slopes, while towards the south towers the lofty Mt. Regi which is here visible from base to summit.

Shortly after, we reach Lucerne which is located at the foot of a lake of the same name, and is a favorite resort of tourists. A clear, dark stream which issues from the lake and flows swiftly through the city, is crossed by four bridges, two of which are old and very quaint. These two are furnished with roofs and are decorated with paintings, one with 154 pictures representing incidents in the lives of the patron saints of the city, the other with 45 grotesque pictures of the "Dance of Death." In these last death is represented as present in every profession and occupation of life. Of course every one hears the great organ, which is one of the best three or four in Europe. But to me the finest thing in Lucerne is Thorwaldsen's grand figure of the dying lion. This is 28 feet in length cut in the face of a solid perpendicular rock, and is a monument to the memory of 26 officers and 760 soldiers of the Swiss guard who were massacred in the defense of the Tuilleries in 1792. Its simple and grand proportions are wonderfully impressive and show the power of true art. This work is a study for hours.

From Lucerne a sail of three hours takes us to Fluelen, at the opposite end of the lake of the Four Cantons, one of the most beautiful sails which all Switzerland can boast. The whole extent of the lake is associated with the Swiss hero Tell, and the incidents and scenery are faithfully depicted in Schiller's *William Tell.*

We pass the little district of Gersau, a tract of only eight square miles shut in on all sides by mountains and lakes. It boasts the distinctions of being for four hundred years a free state, and the smallest one that has ever had an independent existence. Soon after, we pass a perpendicular rock rising from the lake which is inscribed in huge gilt letters in honor of "Frederick Schiller, the Bard of Tell." A few minutes later our steamer passes close by a little building called Tell's chapel, erected on the spot where it is said he sprang from Gessler's boat.

Two miles from Fluelen is the little village of Altorf where Tell performed his terrible feat of archery and defied Gessler. The familiar story of his shooting the apple from his son's head is dear to every Swiss heart and is often illustrated in ornamenting houses, for I have several times seen at one corner of a house the wooden figure of a boy with an apple on his head and at the other a carved archer with drawn cross-bow aiming at the apple.

At this end of the lake we are in the midst of snow capped mountains and in sight, nearly over our heads, a glacier is working its way slowly, its lower end dropping almost into the lake. Returning we land at Vitznau, at the foot of Mt. Regi, where we take the railway up the mountain. This road is about four miles in length, and in this distance makes an elevation of nearly 4,000 feet. In some places the elevation is one foot in every four. It is constructed like the Mt. Washington railway with a heavy cog rail between the two common rails, which connects with a strong cog wheel on the main axle of the engine. The ascent takes about an hour and a quarter. To my surprise I found in place of the cheap and small hotel which was on the summit five years ago, two fine hotels, one costing nearly $100,000.

The Regi is nearly 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and above 4,500 feet above lake Lucerne which washes its base. From the summit there is one of the finest and most extended views to be seen from any place in Europe. This magnificent panorama has a circumference of nearly 300 miles, and includes a range of snow covered Alps 120 miles long, thirteen lakes of different sizes, one so near that you think you can certainly throw a stone into it from where you stand, and on one side a broad open plain which stretches away into the Black Forest in the far distance. After enjoying the wonderful view for an hour or more we retire early as we are to be awakened by the Alpine horn at 3.30 in the morning to see the sunrise. At that unseemly hour a strength, sweet sound ringing through the halls of the hotel which seems to say to us as we are yet half asleep, "tra-da-tra da-dui-da." In a few minutes a motley crowd of sleepy eyed people are shivering in the cold wind which sweeps across the summit, and looking anxiously toward that quarter of the heavens where it is hoped the sun will soon appear. No language can begin to describe the beauty of the scene as the day light and then the rays of the sun glance from peak to peak of the snow covered mountain. A clear sun rise seen from Regi is one of the few things which can never be forgotten. The botanist of our party found more than forty varities of flowers growing within a few rods of the hotel.

After breakfast we descend by way of the inclined railway and take the boat for Alpnaih from which we go by carriages over the Brunig Pass to Giessbach on Lake Brienz. The carriage road over Brunig is a wonder of engineering skill and many times as we looked ahead at the apparently impassible mountains it seemed as if the road must certainly come to an untimely end The ascent is comparatively uninteresting but the descent is very fine, beautiful views constantly breaking in upon us. At Giessbach we are also pleasantly surprised to find a very fine new hotel in place of an old one. This place, which consists of nothing but this great hotel, is visited entirely for the sake of the waterfall and its illumination by night. Its six cascades are lighted by different colored Bengal lights, which are burned back of them. This gives the appearance of a waterfall of different colored flame and is certainly striking however questionable may be its taste. A ride of less than an hour brings us to Intertaken, a village of hotels, the Saratoga of Switzerland, which is most delightfully situated on a plane between two lakes and in full sight of the snow covered Jungfrau. It is the headquarters for excursions into the Oberland, and the point from which trips are best made to glacier of Grindenwald and the little waterfall of Staubbach which makes a fine mist at the base of the precipice.

A ride of three hours brings us to the quaint city of Bern, which is said to have preserved its characteristic features better than any other Swiss town. Along the principal streets the houses are built on arches over the side walk. Bern is the capital of the Swiss confederacy, and contains the plain inexpensive but convenient government buildings. The session of their legislative body had just closed and we had the pleasure of only seeing the rooms in which it was held. The President of the Republic receives the princely salary of $600 per year. The city has many things of interest, of which we can only mention the Tower Clock, which is fully as much of a curiosity as the one at Strassburg, the fountain of the Orgie, which is surmounted by a fearful figure devouring little children, and the bear pits which are kept up at public expense. The bear which is the heraldic emblem of the city is seen everywhere, and the figure of the bear is stamped on the bottom of loaves of bread. We were much interested in the museum and its adjoining library, which contained a fine collection of lacustrine remains from the various Swiss lakes, many pieces of tapestry most beautifully wrought, several of which belonged to Charles the Bold, and two or three boxes made of oak and supposed to be more than two thousand years old. In color and firmness it was much like ebony. In the library the lady attendant, after showing us many beautiful books from the early times, one more than 800 years old, knowing us to be a party of Americans, brought out with a look of genuine pleasure a large volume published by the United States Government containing letters and communications of condolence from other governments on the assasination of President Lincoln. But with only mentioning the carved wood work, music boxes, and cuckoo clocks for which Bern is noted, we must take our readers on through Freiburg with its celebrated organ to Lausanne, where at the Hotel Gibbon, in the garden of which the historian wrote a part of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," we will leave you to recover from the rapid travel you have had in this letter, and prepare yourselves for a trip with us next week over the Tete Noire Pass to Mt. Blaine.

O. R. BURCHARD.

What He Got.

"Now, Leander, my dear, I want you to be sure and not forget these few things when you come down to night," says the young wife, just before the kiss and "good-bye," at the summer hotel, in the morning, as the gentlemen were starting for the city.

"Certainly not, my love."

And this is the way the list ran:

1. Two yards of blue barege
2. Two yards of Hamburg edgings.
3. My new braid from the hair store
4. Half a dollar's worth of nainsook.
5. Box pearl-powder from my upper drawer.
6. "Modern Minister," from Loring's Library.

Arriving in town, he forgot all about the list till late in the afternoon, and then couldn't find it in any of his pockets; but hada't he read it over, and didn't he recollect it all? Of course he did, and this is what he brought home to his expectant wife:

1. Two heads of blue cabbage.
2. Three yards of handsome netting (mosquito).
3. Some blue braid.
4. Half a dollar's worth of canned soup.
5. Box of seidlitz powders and pair of drawers.
6. Poring said he hadn't got any such book as "The Mug and Canister" in the library.

Exclaiming on receiving the above, "O Leander, Leander, you must have been dining at that horrid club again, or you couldn't have made such a mistake.

A BOY in Burlington started to school the opening day of the term, and before he was five block from home he lrmed his dog, lost his geography, scared a horse, broke his slate and had three fights. Times are looking up

Robert Heller, the renowned magician, died in Philadelphia on Wednesday last, after an illness of only thirty six hours. He was forty-five years old.

A party of Ohio lynchers recently burned to death at the stake an old man who was charged with the murder of a sheriff.

Nillie Grant looks like a woman of 40, and her friends say she made a miserable marriage.

GOVERNMENTAL DIRECTORY.

UNITED STATES.

President Rutherford B. Hayes, Ohio.
Vice President William A. Wheeler, New York.
Secretary of State William M. Everts, New York.
Secretary of the Treasury John Sherman, Ohio.
Secretary of War—George W. McCrary, Iowa.
Secretary of the Navy Richard W. Thompson, Indiana.
Attorney General Charles Devens, Massachusetts.
Postmaster General David M. Key, Tennessee.
Secretary of the Interior Carl Schurz, Missouri.

STATE.

Governor—John F. Hartranft.
Lieutenant Governor—John Latta.
Secretary of the Commonwealth—J. B. Linn.
Deputy Sec. of the Commonwealth—Thos. McCamant.
Private Sec. to the Governor—Chester N. Farr, Jr.
Chief Clerk—C. F. Warden.
Attorney General—George Lear.
Deputy Attorney General—Lyman D. Gilbert.
Auditor General—Wm. P. Schell.
State Teasurer—Amos C. Noyes.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—William M'Candlass.
Superintendent of Soldiers' Orphan and Common Schools—J. P. Wickersham.
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State Librarian—C. L. Ehrenfeld.
Commissioners of Public Charities—G. Dawson Coleman, Philadelphia; General Agent and Sec., Diller Luther, Reading.
Fishery Commissioners—Benjamin L. Hewit, Howard J. Reeder, and James Duly.

JUDICIARY.

United States Supreme Court.

Chief Justice—Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio.
Associate Justices—Clifford, of Maine, Swayne, of Ohio, Miller, of Iowa, Field, of California, Strong, of Pennsylvania, Bradley, of New Jersey, Hunt, of New York.
Recorder—Wm. Todd Otto, of Indiana.

Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Chief Justice—Daniel Agnew.
Associate Justices—George Sharswood, Ulysses Mercur, Isaac G. Gordon, Edward M. Paxson, Warren J. Woodward, John Trunkey.

Twentieth Judicial District.

President Judge—Joseph C. Bucher.
Associate Judges—Hiram O'Neil, Samuel B. Schuck.

COUNTY.

Sheriff—D. Eisenhart.
Prothonotary—Jeremiah Crouse.
Register and Recorder—James M. Vanzandt.
Treasurer—Henry Benfer.
District Attorney—J. H. Arnold.
Coroner—A. M. Smith.
Commissioners—Joel Row, John Romig, Moses Krebbs.
Surveyor—George B. Benfer.
Auditors—Daniel Deifenbach, Ner B. Middleswarth, W. A. Glass.

LEVI RELLER,

Manufacturer of and dealer in

FURNITURE,

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Selinsgrove and vicinity, that he manufactures to order and keeps constantly on hand CHAIRS OF ALL KINDS, AND Furniture of every Description at the very lowest price. He respectfully invites an examination of

BEDSTEADS, BUREAUS, TABLES, SOFA LOUNGES, STANDS, CHAIRS, &c.

☞ A special invitation is extended to newly married folks to call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere.

LEVI RELLER

Selinsgrove, April 6, 1870-tf

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Trains leave Lewistown Junction as follows

MAIN LINE—WESTWARD.

Pittsburgh Express	1 00 a. m.
Pacific Express	6 20 a. m.
Way Passenger	10 42 a. m.
Mail	4 00 p. m.
Fast Line	8 29 p. m.

EASTWARD.

Philadelphia Express	12 35 a. m.
Pacific Express	10 00 a. m.
Johnstown Express	11 04 a. m.
Mail	5 40 p. m.
Atlantic Express	8 48 p. m

The Fast Line, Way Passenger and the Pacific Express west, and the Pacific and Atlantic Express east run daily.

Way trains leave stations in Mifflin county as follows:

	WESTWARD. a. m.	WESTWARD. p. m.	EASTWARD. a. m.	EASTWARD. p. m.
Granville	10 53	4 07	10 25	5 28
Anderson's	10 57	4 10	10 52	5 27
Longfellow	11 01	4 16	10 45	5 23
M'Veytown	11 14	4 27	10 34	5 09
Manayunk	11 26	4 37	10 25	5 02
Vineyard	11 30	4 43	10 19	4 55
N. Hamilton	11 40	4 52	10 10	4 47

The Pacific Express west can be flagged at McVeytown at 6 45 a. m. and the Atlantic Express east at 8 23 p. m.

GEORGE B. BENFER.

County Surveyor.

Kratzerville, Snyder County Penn'a.

Surveying and Conveyancing promptly and skillfully attended to. A share of the public's patronage solicited.

July 25th, '78, pd.

YOU WILL BE SORRY

if you replace that old Pump with a new one and do not first carefully examine the

Buckeye Force Pump.

The Buckeye is the very latest improvement in Pumps. It is constructed with air-chambers which make it very easy to operate. Hose can be attached to the Buckeye Pump, and water can be thrown upon any building in case of fire. You can water your Garden and Yard, Wash Windows, Wash Buggies, and have a

FIRE ENGINE

ever ready on your own premises at no more cost than an ordinary pump. It

Cannot Freeze

in cold weather. Durable beyond a doubt. The very pump for deep wells. The working parts are leather cup-valves and valves within a properly constructed chamber. Nothing to decay about it. The

Iron Turbine Wind Engine

is also a great improvement in Wind Engines. Call and see these pumps in operation, or address for particulars address

W. C. BEAVER,

Lewistown, Mifflin county, Pa.

Oct. 31, '77.