

# Bedford Inquirer and Chronicle.

A Weekly Paper, Devoted to Literature, Politics, the Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, &c., &c.—Terms: Two Dollars per annum.

BY DAVID OVER.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1857.

VOL. 30, NO. 4.

## Select Poetry.

### HOOPS.

By A. COOPER.

Hoops on barrels, legs and pails,  
Hoops on boxes, tubs and bales,  
Are articles indispensable—  
But hoops as they puff out woman's dress,  
Making the woman seem so much less,  
Are things most indefensible.

Hoops when their sturdy clasp confine,  
In brown old casks the richest wines,  
Are objects of admiration—  
But hoops as part of woman's baggage,  
Are like the whoops of a pained savage,  
A vile abomination.

Hoops make useful, pretty toys,  
For active little girls and boys,  
But hoops on woman's gait,  
Are things to sneer at and to scoff,  
And like the whoop of a whooping cough,  
Neither useful nor ornamental.

For while dear woman bones her skirts,  
And with skeleton fits and flirts,  
She has no time to tarry,  
Man finds it hard with her to talk,  
And harder still to sit or walk,  
But hardest of all to marry.

For when a smitten wretch has seen,  
Among the lost in crime,  
The one his heart holds dearer,  
Oh what a chill to ardent passion,  
To feel that there's this hollow fashion  
He never can be near.

That instead of timidly drawing near,  
And pouring into the thrilling ear,  
The flood of his soul's devotion,  
He must stand aloof in staid reserve,  
Across a barrier of skirts and bones,  
As if halting a ship on the ocean.

And if by chance the maid of his choice  
Shall faintly hear her lover's voice,  
And smile her concession—  
Why he captures a mass of hoops and rings,  
Skeletons, bones, and other things,  
Too horrible to mention.

Thus lovely woman hoops to folly,  
And drives poor man to melancholy,  
By her great fright-genee,  
Then let her hear a warning voice,  
Between her hoops and hoops make choice  
And give the dogs her bones.

### NEIGHBOR NELLY.

FROM SHELLEY'S HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

I'm in love with Neighbor Nelly,  
Though I know she's only ten,  
While I am eight-and-forty,  
And the married lot of men.

Free a wife that weighs no doubt,  
I've three daughters all with brains,  
I've a son with noble whiskers,  
Who at me turns up his nose.

Though a Squareside and a Beaufort,  
Yet I've sunshine in my heart,  
Still I'm fond of cakes and marbles—  
Can appreciate a tart,  
I can love my Neighbor Nelly  
Just as though I were a toy,  
And would hand her cakes and apples  
From my depths of corduroy.

She is tall, and growing taller;  
She is vigorous of limb,  
(You should see her play at cricket  
With her little brother Jim)  
She has eyes as blue as diamonds;  
She has pounds of amber curls,  
She regrets the game of leap-frog  
Is prohibited to girls!

I adore my Neighbor Nelly;  
I invite her into tea,  
And I let her nurse the baby,  
Her delightful ways to see,  
Such a darling bud of woman!  
Yet remote from my teens—  
I have learned from Neighbor Nelly  
What the girl's doll-tattlet means.

O, to see her with the baby,  
(He adores her more than I.)  
How she chortles his crawling,  
How she lures to every cry!  
How she rushes to put his dimples  
With her light forefinger deep,  
How she boasts as one in triumph,  
When she gets him off to sleep!

We must part, my Neighbor Nelly,  
For the Strimmers quickly see,  
And the middle-aged admirer  
Must, too soon, be supplanted by  
Y, as jealous as a mother,  
A suspicious, canker'd churl—  
I look vainly for the setting  
To be worth such a pearl!

A Western editor wants to know whether  
the law recently enacted against carrying  
concealed weapons applies to doctors who  
carry their pills in their pockets.

## For the Inquirer and Chronicle.

### WINTER.

MR. EDITOR:—Having a few moments to write, I will address you a few lines, to inform you, in a measure, of the appearance and demeanor of an old gentleman who lately taken up his abode with us. It is true, I generally feel some scruples in speaking or writing about any one behind his back; but, as the venerable personage, above referred to, frequently does things behind my back, I will take the liberty, on this occasion, to give you a chapter of his history.

To judge from the testimony given by ancient records, he must be, at least, 5000 years old; and when I beheld him, in imagination, I supposed, considering the extreme whiteness of his head and beard, and his tall, gaunt person, that he, in truth, must have been born some time about the commencement of antiquity—at least, he is old, old, old; and what is the worst, he is an old bachelor; this may account for the hardness of his heart, and the coldness and taciturnity of his disposition. And being of a great age, as he is perhaps aware—at least, he has never denied being old—one would naturally expect him to keep within doors more than he usually does; think more about eternity, and not be so much engaged in trying to cover the fair face of nature with a pall of desolation. And sometimes, when he first visits us, he does manifest symptoms of contrition, he appears more than commonly mild and amiable, so that we have faith in his sincerity and hope in his overcoming his cruel disposition; but alas, before he gets warm among us, or permits us to get warm, his mischievous propensities will get the better of him, when "bristling up," he will give us all the "cold shoulder," march round thro' the neighborhood, and put a feeling of coldness between us and our best friends, and his capers do not stop here. He will blow around in such a manner that the very clouds will be compelled to look darkly upon us, he will act as though he were "lord of the manor," take the liberty of binding the rivers in fetters of ice, and covering the plains with snow, so as to make it difficult for men to travel; and whilst one is undergoing the unpleasant sensations occasioned by the coldness of the air with which he is surrounded, if he happens to meet one, instead of shaking one warmly by the hand, he will try to pinch one's toes, if possible, commence trying to freeze one's nose, or to take one by the ears with his long, bony fingers, especially if they should unfortunately extend to any considerable distance from one's head. He also compels people often to incur heavy expenses, which of right he ought to bear; but I believe there is, as yet, no law or statute by which we might get so desirable an end effected, and even if there were, he is never in possession of any of the "shining dust," neither does he keep any goods nor chattels about him, so we could not compel him to pay any part of the expenses which he occasions. He is one of these individuals from whom we can take but little; therefore he is in some respects independent, and he seems to be aware of it, as to all appearance, he is going to do very much as he pleases, during the partial absence of the sun; The sun is, by the way, about the only one that can do much with the old fellow. If we were to command him to be off, he would pay no attention to it; but one consolation there is, that, although he now does so bravely, yet, when the potent sun shall come back from the sultry South, he will compel the old gentleman to gather up his "traps" and leave.

But I am glad to record that he is not always so disobedient. He does sometimes treat people—young people—some great pleasure and good nature. And I would just now state, that with all his faults—you know we all have our faults—I have no doubt, but that if one of us were placed in his lonely situation, it would not be any better for the world than it is. He is a little passionate, but, when his boisterous feelings have in a measure subsided, he endeavours, apparently, to conciliate our favour, so as to get us to forget his former coldness, and to engage in something that may afford us innocent and pleasant amusement. He will get old folks together to converse on matters relative to the past, the present and the future; on which occasions, old differences are frequently forgotten, the chain of friendship is made stronger and brighter, and many a hall is made to resound with peals of honest laughter, and having covered the earth with the proper material, he will induce young people to "turn out," and with smiles of cheerfulness to visit one another, accompanied by the music of the cheerful bells, carrying happiness with them wherever they go, and

these things go far towards making amends for his imperfections.

What I have written of his good qualities I have written with pleasure, and what I have said against him, I have said in candor; but you know that, in order to be an impartial historian, I was compelled to speak of his imperfections as well as his virtues. I have no feelings of animosity against him, and I hope that we will all be generous enough to forgive him all the evil that he may do against us, even as we hope to be forgiven.

I will now close for the present, Mr. Editor, hoping that, ere this reaches you, you will all have enjoyed the commencement of this new year, and wishing that you might all be permitted to enjoy a hundred or two of new years, that is, if you could content yourselves that long; then die extremely easy, and proceed immediately to the place appointed for the better portions of the world. I write hastily—please pardon all mistakes, and always believe me

Your friend,  
J. R.  
Clearville, Pa., Jan. 1857.

### BROTHER GRUBBER—AN ECCENTRIC DIVINE.

In "Wakely's Heroes of Methodism," we find the subjoined reminiscences of one of a class of preachers we regret to say, that are rapidly disappearing. The quaint remarks and eccentric habits of these men often prove more effective in bringing home the truth to the conscience of their hearers than the most finished production of our modern evangelists. But we are forgetting the anecdotes.

Brother Grubber was of an independent turn of mind, and would not take anything for granted, simply because everybody else did. He once took occasion to refute, in his usual quaint style, the old proverb, that "still waters run deep."

He used to shout aloud the praises of God, and contended that it was spiritual. In answering the objections to shouting, he noticed this, "still waters run deep." "Not so," said he, "still waters do not run at all, for if it ran it would not be still. Furthermore, still water is not so pure as the water that runs. It becomes stagnant and breeds tadpoles."

He was a warm republican, and during the revolutionary war, said, in one of his prayers, "Lord bless King George, convert him to Heaven, we have had enough and want no more of him here." The Amen of this prayer was unusually emphatic.

Another time he assisted in divine service, where a young Presbyterian violently preached against some of the doctrines of Methodism. Brother Grubber was asked to close the services with prayer, which he did, and as was customary, prayed for the minister, "O Lord, bless the preacher who has preached to us this morning, and make his heart as soft as his head is, and then he will do some good."

Grubber was very literal in his poetical ideas, and not long before his death sent a communication to the book room, in which he commented upon one of the hymns in the New Book. He said he did not like the hymn which commences, "I love to steal awhile away." He said there was no truth in it. He did not love to steal. He did not love to steal at home nor away from home.

With one more characteristic anecdote we will close our extracts, commending brother Grubber to all lovers of the old and eccentric.

At a camp meeting they found it exceedingly difficult to get the people to sit down. A number of ladies were standing on their seats and refused to comply with a request, that was perfectly reasonable. Mr. Grubber said, "if that young lady standing on the bench knew what a great hole she had in her stocking, I am sure she would sit down."

They not knowing who he meant, each supposed that he meant her, and they all sat down suddenly.

A preacher, after the discourse, asked him if he saw a hole in any of their stockings? He said no.

"How dare you say so, then?"

"Why," said Brother Grubber, "did you ever see a stocking without a hole in it?"

### THE MUTINEERS OF THE BOUNTY.

The inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island, all of whom are descendants from the mutineers of the ship Bounty, have been removed to Norfolk Island, on account of their numbers, having outgrown the capacity of their old home. They numbered 199 persons, of whom 97 are males and 102 females. Some 2000 sheep, 450 head of cattle, and 20 horses, and provisions for twelve months were left at Norfolk Island for their use.

### THE FRENCH IMPERIAL FAMILY.

A late letter from Paris has the following—

The Prince Imperial was yesterday, in spite of the coldness of the weather, taken out for air and exercise in the garden and court of the Tuilleries. In the afternoon his imperial highness was carried in a carriage, with a military escort, to the Park of Monceaux, where he remained an hour and a half. What he may grow up to it is impossible to say, but though a strong, healthy looking child, he is assuredly, at present, far from prepossessing in appearance; the mouth is gross and altogether uncomely; the cheek bones are long and prominent; the complexion is sallow. But he is lusty as a young eagle. Scarcely nine months old, he rolls himself over and over after any object which attracts him, with surprising agility, and shows all the germs of future despotism in his determined manner of exercising his free will on all matters within his domain. The fondness of the imperial parents is absolutely intense, and the genuine amiability of both is never more apparent than when the child is in their presence.

As to the Empress, it seems to be the only thing that was wanting to draw out the great depths of her character, and in the duties of maternity she displays a grave solidity and womanly earnestness of which she was not always supposed capable. The health of the Emperor, if it were ever affected to the degree so generally reported, is surprisingly recovered. He now rises at 7 o'clock, is frequently at work in his cabinet by candle light, and at 10 receives his Ministers, Marshals and high functionaries, as heretofore. The only difference observed in him by those who are most intimately associated with him—and I am speaking on the best information—is that he is often seized with long fits of abstraction, and will sit for hours sometimes doing nothing; and yet it is evident that this is not a state of inaction, for there unmistakable indications of his mind being in constant operation. He has an affection of the instep—a sort of the *douleur*, he calls it—which often prevents him drawing on his boot, and disposes him to mope about. His general health appears excellent, and thus secures him from the imputation of the gout.

### ALL COVERED WITH PAINT.

The Aurora Gazette relates the following incident:

The other day a couple of painters were being hoisted up the steeple of the new stone church in this place, by means of ropes running through pulleys at the top, when one of the ropes gave way, letting down one end of the board on which they stood with the kegs of paint, &c. A moment before we had been looking up, and involuntarily shuddered at the thought of the dangerous position the men were in.—Turning again as we heard a noise we beheld a man falling headlong with his hands outspread, a distance of ninety feet from the ground. With a cry of "man killed," we rushed to the foot of the steeple, expecting to find a mangled mass of flesh and bones, but what was our astonishment to find that the man after falling half way, had caught on the stone work. On casting our eyes up, there we beheld him, looking at his torn clothes, the contents of the kegs running down the side of the steeple on him. For a moment or so he seemed stupefied with fright, but his first words were: "Well, I'll be damned if I ain't covered all over with paint."

### MARION STEPHENS'S IDEA.

Porter's "New Correspondent," at Boston, "H. M. S." is certainly "one of 'em." Hear her on the sisterhood:

I would rather live one year of the healthful, plucky, thorough-going English woman's life, by attending all the races, following the hounds, leaping fences, and half the time grooming my own horse, than a life-time of listless, indolent, scandalous inanity, which forms the worthless existence of the largest half of our American females. There is no reason why a thorough-bred sporting woman should not be a thorough-bred lady, nor why a woman who can rule a fractious horse, or turn a short corner at a trot, four-in-hand, should be shut out from that straight and narrow path, wherein horses are not expected to travel. I never saw a woman who would scream at a caterpillar, or faint at a worm, that had not strength enough to kill characters by the wholesale; nor yet a free, dashing, "fast" woman, that hadn't just the softest kind of a heart for the woes and sufferings of her neighbors.

### ANSWERING A YOUNG LAWYER.

County Court was sitting awhile ago, in —, on the banks of the Connecticut.—It was not far from this time of year—cold weather, anyhow—and a knot of lawyers had collected around the old Franklin in the bar room. The fire blazed, and mugs of flip were passing away without a groan, when in came a rough, gaunt-looking 'babe of the woods,' knapsack on shoulder and staff in hand.

He looked cold, half-perambulated the circle that hemmed in the fire, as with a wall of brass, looking for a chance to warm his shins. Nobody moved, however, and, unable to sit down for lack of a chair, he did the next best thing—leaned against the wall, "with tears in his fists and his eyes doubled up"—and listened to the discussion on the proper way of serving a referee on a warrant deed, as if he was the judge to decide the matter. Soon he attracted the attention of the company, and a young sprig spoke to him:

"You look like a traveler."

"Well, I s'pose I am; I come from Wisconsin s'boot, 'tany rate."

"From Wisconsin? that is a distance to go on one pair of legs. I say, did you ever pass through the 'lower regions' in your travels?"

"'Yis, sir,' he answered, a kind of wicked look stealing over his ugly phizomogony, 'I ben through the outskirts.'

"I thought likely. Well, what are the manners and customs there? some of us would like to know."

"O," says the pilgrim, deliberately, half shutting his eyes, and drawing round the corner of his mouth till the two rows of yellow studs, with a mass of masticated pigtail, appeared through the slit in his cheek, "you'd find them much the same as in this region—the lawyer sit upstigh the fire."

### PARSON BROWNLOW AND HIS JONESBORO CUSTOMERS.

The last Knoxville Whig contains a characteristic and pathetic appeal from its editor to his former customers at Jonesboro, where the Whig was originally published. He offers to take bills on the Bank of East Tennessee, which are worth 20 cents to the dollar, in full payment, and adds:

"Persons wishing to square up with us now can do so. If, however, they wish to get off at a cheaper rate, they can withhold even these bills, and we promise during the coming year, to receipt them in full thro' the paper, forever, and file our claims against them in the High Chancery of Heaven, and let them settle with their God in the world to come!"

"And to leave all without excuse, we further agree to take Shanghai chickens, hoop skirts, boot jacks, broom corn, baby jumpers, fishing tackle, patent medicines, sucking pigs, frozen cabbage, old clothes, Colt's revolvers, second hand tooth brushes, ginger cakes, parched corn, circus tickets, or any other article found in a country retail store!"

### AN AGED VETERAN.

The Palestine American says:

"On a recent visit to Greenville, Hunt county, we saw there in the possession of Mr. Sampson, of that place, a negro who had attained a period of longevity with scarcely a parallel at this day. Old Billy was raised in Virginia, and served in the American Revolution, a portion of the time as servant of Gen. Washington, whose autograph letter of permit or 'pass' given upon one occasion, is still in possession of his master. He has regularly descended, as a sort of heir loom of the same family, from his original master to his present owner.—Mr. Sampson can refer to no written record to establish his age with certainty, but says that the traditional history of his family report him to have been too old to work for eighty years past, and that he has now arrived at the wonderful age of one hundred and fifty years. He still looks comparatively stout and healthy, and bids fair to live some time yet."

### RIGHT HON. ELIZABETH JERRINGHAM, WIDOW OF THE SEVENTH BARON STAFFORD.

of Great Britain, died at Costessy Hall, in the county of Norfolk England, on the 19th of November. Her ladyship was one of the three daughters of the late Richard Caton, Esq., of Baltimore, grand-daughters of Charles Carroll, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, who married English peers, viz: the late Dewager Marchioness of Wellesly and the Duchess of Leeds. Lady Stafford was married May 25, 1836, and became a widow, October 4, 1851.

### REMARKABLE LONGEVITY.

A remarkable instance of longevity is mentioned in the Mexican papers—that of a lady who died at Acetopan at the age of 139 years.

### FRIVOLITIES.

A Chaplain was once preaching to a class of collegians about the formation of bad habits. "Gentlemen," he said, "close your ears against bad discourse. The scholars immediately clapped their hands to their ears, and the chaplain looked rather amazed at so practical a demonstration.

A Cotemporary pulls Ross, the soap man, and his soap, concluding as follows: "The manufacturer of the best soap ever used for cleaning a dirty man's face. We have tried it, therefore know."

We hear constantly of absconding railroad contractors. It is not a matter of much surprise when it is remembered that it is a regular business with these fellows to make tracks.

A Country Lecturer, some years since, thus described part of his apparatus:—"Now gentlemen, this here vessel is full of air, and that 'ere vessel is full of vacuum."

A Virtuoso Man, who has passed through the temptations of the world, may be compared to the fish which lives all the time in salt water, yet is still fresh.

A Jeweler advertises that he has a number of precious stones to dispose of; adding that they sparkle like the tears of a young widow.

An Editor, describing a lecture to the fair sex, exclaims with enthusiasm, "Three thousand ladies hanging on the lips of one man!"

A Fellow caught stealing, excused himself on the ground that he did the act in a fit of abstraction!

It is with faded beauty, as with a clock: the more the face is enameled, the more clearly do we see the progress of time.

The Yankee who was lying at the point of death, whittled it off with his jack-knife and is now recovering.

A Medical gentleman defines winking to be a "affection of the eye."

Transported for Life—the man who marries happily.

When you see a small waist, think how great a waste of health it represents.

Punch says it requires an early start now-a-days for a man to get round his wife.

THE MILLIONAIRE NEGRO SINGER.—Among the celebrities of New York is E. P. Christy, the negro minstrel, who having made a princely fortune out of burnt cork and Ethiopian melodies, now lives the life of a wealthy and fashionable New Yorker. He recently made a great dash in the streets with a magnificent sleigh, which attracted unusual attention, from its splendor and the beauty of the prancing stud of snow white horses, to which it was attached.—In the summer he drives out in an elegant carriage, behind two splendid bays, with a fine large coach dog running under the carriage. He is quite a connoisseur in horseflesh, and in driving out alternates between his bay and white horses. In his promenade he is accompanied by a large bull terrier, a splendid specimen of the canine race. His wealth is prodigious, and as he has been economical and laborious while earning it, he feels authorized to spend it freely. He may frequently be seen in the dress circle of the Italian Opera, and is always the observed of all observers.

A PRETTY COMPLIMENT.—No courtier could have paid a more delicate compliment than the following from one whose calling does not lie particularly in that way.

At market a lady, laying her hand upon a joint of veal, said:

"I think, Mr. Wilson, this veal is not so white as usual."

"Put on your gloves and you will think differently."

Which can smell a rat the quickest—the man who knows the most, or the man who has the most nose?

Are the minutes relating to an affair of honor always drawn up by the seconds?

Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies? Because they want "carrying-out."

The man who made an impression on the heart of a coquette has become a skillful stone cutter.

The most dangerous kind of a bat that flies at night is the brick bat.

A polite young lady recently asserted that she lived near a barn-yard, and that it was impossible for her to sleep in the morning, on account of the crowing of a gentleman hen.

There is reason in all things. Some person was asked why B stood before C? Because was the answer, a man must B before he can C.

"Well, Dick," said a doctor to a polite man, whose wife he had been attending "how is your wife?"

"She is dead, I thank you."

### GOD'S WORLD IS WORTHY BETTER MEN.

By GEORGE HANLEY.

Behold an idle tale they tell,  
And who shall blame their telling it?  
The rogues have got their call to sell,  
The world pays well for selling it!  
They say the world's a desert drear—  
Still played with Egypt's blindness—  
That we were sent to suffer here—  
What by a God of kindness?

That since the world has gone astray,  
It must be so for ever;  
And we should stand still and obey  
Its desolators' stave!

We'll labor for the better time,  
With all our might of Press and Pen;  
Believe me, 'tis a truth sublime,  
God's world is worthy better men.

With paradise the world began,  
A world of love and gladness;  
Its beauties may be marred by man,  
With all his crime and madness,  
Yet 'tis a brave work still. Love brings  
A sunshine for the drear;

With all our strife, sweet rest hath wings  
To fold o'er hearts a weary.  
The sun in glory like a God,  
To-day climbs up heaven's bosom,  
The flower upon the jewel's sod  
In sweet love lessons blossom,  
As radiant of immortal youth  
And beauty, as in Eden; then  
Believe me 'tis a noble truth,  
God's world is worthy better men.

Oh! they are bold, knaves ever bold,  
Who say we are doomed to anguish,  
That men in God's own image soul'd  
Like bound slaves must languish.  
Probe Nature's heart to its red core,  
There's more of God than evil;  
And man—down trampled man—is more  
Of Angel than of Devil.

Prepare to die! Prepare to live!  
We know not what is living;  
And let us for the world's good give,  
As God is ever giving;  
Give Action, Thought, Love, Wealth, and  
Time

To win the primal age again;  
Believe me 'tis a true sublime,  
God's world is worthy better men.

The attention of transgressors is invited to the following piece of psalmody:

"We had a dream the other night,  
When all around was still—  
We dreamed we saw a host of folks  
Pay up their Printer's bill!"

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