

The Bedford Gazette.

BY MEYERS & MENGEL.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 12, 1866.

VOL. 61.—WHOLE No. 5,330.

The Bedford Gazette.

A GEN.
Can anybody tell who is the author of the following?
It is a "gen of purest ray serene," the owner-ship of which any poet might be proud:
Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below;
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along;
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong,
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from the Heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!
Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Flinging about in its mad, merriment,
It plays in its glee with every one,
Chasing,
Laughing,
Lights on the face and it sparkles the eye!
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around;
The town is a scene, and its lights in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!
How wild the crowd goes awaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges, like meteors, dash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye;
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow,
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by,
To be trampled and trocked by thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.
Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell!
Fell like the snow-flakes, from Heaven to hell!
Fell to be trampled as filth in the street;
Fell to be soiled, and to be spit on and beat.
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead;
Merciful God! have I fallen so low,
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.
Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!
Father,
Mother,
Sisters all,
God, and myself, I have lost by my fall;
The virtues I once had, I have lost;
Will take a white sweep, lest I wander too high;
For all that is on or above me, I know,
There is nothing so pure as the beautiful snow.
How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be, when night comes again
If the snow and the stars strike my desperate brain,
Fainting,
Dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan,
To be heard in the din of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down,
To lie and soiled in the gutter,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

RECONSTRUCTION.
Interview of Messrs. Wilson and Price of Iowa, with the President.—They fail to obtain an Assurance that the President will Retrace His Steps.
The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune give the following apparently authentic statement of a conversation between Messrs. Wilson and Price, of Iowa, and President Johnson, by which it will be seen that the latter adheres to the policy of reconstruction developed in his speeches and in his message. Mr. Wilson's disappointment in being unable to obtain from the President any admission of failure or retraction is very evident from the letter, which we print in full:
WASHINGTON, Dec. 19, 1865.
In my last letter I made allusion to the fact that certain Western members of Congress had had interviews with the President since the passage of Mr. Wilson's resolution, during which the subject of reconstruction was freely discussed, and that their impressions as to his future course had not been very favorable. I confined myself to this general statement, as I did not at the time feel at liberty to go into particulars. I am now permitted to give the subjoined full version of what took place on the stated occasion.
Mr. Wilson, with whom frank, straightforward action in all things is a leading characteristic, had been anxious for some time to have an early, free, and full exchange of opinion with the President relative to reconstruction. He desired to express his own views upon the policy pursued by the government toward the rebel States, which he knew to be identical with those of the majority of the House, with the utmost frankness to the Executive, and, if possible, elicit from him a clear definition of the line of action he meant to pursue toward Congress—whether he meant to recognize the right of Congress to determine upon the mode of recognizing and restoring the rebel States to the Union according to the views of the majority of both Houses, or whether his purpose was to bring the influence of patronage, and other agencies at his command, to bear in order to secure an endorsement and adoption of his own plan of reconstruction.
The passage of Mr. Wilson's resolution by a vote thoroughly testing the sense of the great majority of the House upon the President's Southern policy, on Thursday last, furnished a proper occasion for the mutual explanation he desired, and hence he sought the White House in company with his colleague, Mr. Price, on the evening of the same day. The President received his visitors very cordially, and, upon an introductory remark of Mr. Wilson, announcing the object of their call, invited them to an unreserved expression of opinions and suggestions. Thereupon Mr. Wilson proceeded to say substantially as follows:
"Mr. President, you have, no doubt, been informed of the resolution I offered to-day in the House, and of the vote upon it. In explanation of it I wish to say, that neither myself nor the rest of the majority voting for it, are disposed to make any distinction between Tennessee and the other States lately engaged in rebellion, in our preliminary examination in their respective claims to representation in Congress. At the same time, the joint committee of

Attorneys at Law.
JOSEPH W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to collections of bounty, back pay, &c., and all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Office on Juliana street, one door South of the "Mengel House," opposite the residence of Mrs. Tate.
EDWARD F. KERR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will punctually and carefully attend to all business entrusted to his care. Soldiers' claims for bounty, back pay, &c., specially collected. Office with H. Nicodemus, Esq., on Juliana street, nearly opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell.
JOHN P. REED, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Respectfully tenders his services to the public. Office second door North of the Mengel House. Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.
JOHN PALMER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to the collection of Military claims. Office on Juliana street, nearly opposite the Mengel House. Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.
ESPY M. ALSIP, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Military claims, bounty, &c., specially collected. Office with Mann & Spang, on Juliana street, two doors South of the Mengel House. Jan. 22, 1864.
J. W. KIMMEL & LINGENFELTER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law. Office on Juliana street, two doors South of the "Mengel House."
G. H. SPANG, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to collections and all business entrusted to him in Bedford and adjoining counties. Office on Juliana street, three doors South of the "Mengel House," opposite the residence of Mrs. Tate. May 12, 1864.
J. H. FULLER & KEAGY have formed a partnership in the practice of the law. Attention paid to Pensions, Bounties and Claims against the Government. Office on Juliana street, formerly occupied by Hon. A. King. March 31, '65.

Physicians and Dentists.
P. H. PENNSYLVANIA, M. D., BLOODY Run, Pa., (late surgeon 56th P. V. Co.) has his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. Dec. 22, '65-ly.
W. W. JAMISON, M. D., BLOODY Run, Pa., tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. Office one door west of Richard Langdon's store. Nov. 24, '65-ly.
DR. J. L. MARBOURG, Having permanently located, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office on Juliana street, east side, nearly opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell. Bedford, February 12, 1864.
DENTISTS, J. G. MISSICK, JR., Office in the Bank Building, Juliana St. All operations pertaining to Surgical or Mechanical Dentistry carefully performed, and warranted. TERMS—CASH. Bedford, January 6, 1865.

BANKERS.
REED AND SCHELL, BANKERS AND DEALERS IN EXCHANGE, BEDFORD, PA. DRAFTS bought and sold, collections made and money promptly remitted.
RUPP, SHANNON & CO., BANKERS, BEDFORD, PA. BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT. COLLECTIONS made for the East, West, North and South, and the general business of Exchange, Remittance, Notes and Accounts Current, and Real Estate promptly made. REAL ESTATE bought and sold. Oct. 20, 1865.

Miscellaneous.
DANIEL BORDER, PITTSBURGH, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BEDFORD HOTEL, BEDFORD, PA. WATCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWELRY, REPAIRING, &c. He keeps on hand a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Spectacles of Brilliant Double Relief Glasses, also Scotch Pebble Glasses, Gold Watch Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, best quality of Gold Pens. He will supply to order any thing in his line not on hand. Oct. 20, 1865.
H. F. IRVINE, ANDERSON'S ROW, BEDFORD, PA. Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Countryware, and Varieties. Orders from Country Merchants respectfully solicited. Oct. 20, 1865.
DAVID DEPIBAUGH, Gunsmith, Bedford, Pa. Shop same as formerly occupied by John Border, deceased. Having resumed work, he is now prepared to fill all orders for new guns at the shortest notice. Repairing done to order. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. Oct. 20, '65.
BEST BERE A GRINDSTONES Assorted sizes, also patent fixtures for same. In stock at HARTLEY'S OLD STAND.

right. But don't hitch on to his coat tail. It's mean an' he don't want it. He hain't done more'n his duty, an' he's jest goin' to entoothen that way, whether foax like it or not. I tell you, Bill, Andy means to do the right thing, but he ain't workin' easy. Them infernal New England fellers is draggin' on the traces an' tryin' to hold him back. Then your foax is mity spunky, an' that riles him purty considerable. He has a heap o' trouble tryin' to harmonize things, an' if the okwality men would only let up on him jest a little he'd find it easier. Tain't no use sayin' he'd order to do this or do that. He's jest goin' to do things the Johnson way. I don't believe in holdin' back on the pardon, but he does, an' there he's got me, for I ain't in the bizness. Well, I s'pose it'll be all right in the end, but some things moves mity slow, an' unless you shove 'em on now an' then, they'll git behind. Bill, you've got more friends down this way than you've hear'n o'. There's Greedy. He's your friend, sure; but he can't talk as he wants to. He's the only horse in the Tribune team. The other animals is mules, an' they've kiek'd the old man half blind. Then there's Beecher. He sez he ain't down on you; but if I was you I wouldn't trust him. That stock ain't sound. There's a heap of friends in this selskin which ain't goin' to go back on you. You jist git on your digan' they'll stand by you. They ain't sorry about slavery. It war'n't nothin' to them, an' they ain't goin' to cry about it. Foax down this way want to see things fixed up, an' I reckon they'd fix 'em if they had a chance. S'pose you cum here an' look round. It's a big place, but you won't git lost. Fetch along some of the little Arps an' git sum toys for 'em. Call an' see me when you feel at home. The editor'll tell you where I live an' send a boy to 'scort you. I hain't got any penner or silver plate 'cause I wasn't one of Sherman's bummers, but if you're sound on Bourbon, we'll do. I've got a fast rate article, an' ain't a savin' of it. Respectfully yours, BOB VARKIS.

DEATHS FROM DISEASE IN THE FEDERAL ARMY DURING THE WAR.
From reports recently published by the Surgeon General, it appears that in the Federal army the mortality from disease alone, was forty-eight and seven-tenths per one thousand of mean strength for the first year of the war, and sixty-five and two-tenths for the second. Total number of deaths from disease reported for the first year, 14,138, and 42,019 for the second. These figures do not include those who died while absent as prisoners of war, or after having been discharged the service for disability. The number constantly sick was about ten per cent. of the strength.
The total number of cases treated by the Medical Department, including wounds and injuries, 878,919 during the first year, and 1,711,969 during the second. The most fatal disease was camp fever, of which there were 213,290 cases, and 19,459 deaths during the two years; next came diarrhea and dysentery, 725,675 cases and 11,550 deaths; then inflammation of the respiratory organs, 204,384 cases and 8,990 deaths. Venereal diseases were much less frequent than the experience of other armies would have led us to suspect. Still, 84 men in every thousand suffered during the first year, and sixty-five during the second; the total number of cases being over 39,000.
Twenty-eight thousand six hundred and twenty discharges for disability were reported during the first year, or about nine per cent. of the strength of the army. Incomplete reports for the first year of the war from troops in the field and in garrison represent an average strength constantly present during the year, of 281,117 men; in hospital, constantly present, 9,759 men; total, 290,876, among whom were 14,138 deaths from disease. The number of deaths recorded is much less than the real number, and does not include prisoners of war and other absentees. For the second year, in field and garrison, 508,821; in hospitals, 45,687; total, 644,508, of whom there were 42,019 deaths from disease.
These mortality rates from disease are much smaller than is usual with armies in time of war, and are proportionately much less than those of the allied armies in the Crimea, or of our own army in the Mexican war. The proportion of deaths from disease for the third and fourth year was rather diminished.

A WHITE coachman, while waiting for his load of colored freight, who were at a ball in Bridgeport, Conn., was requested to walk inside. The coachman did so, but found the air so heavily laden with perfume that he was about to retire, when he was suddenly informed that several ladies requested that he would leave the room, as he smelt so of the stable.
A PROMINENT bachelor politician on the Ken-beck, remarked to a lady that soapstone was excellent to keep the feet warm in bed. "Yes," said the young lady who had been an attentive listener, "but some gentlemen have an improvement on that which you know nothing about." The bachelor turned pale, and maintained a wistful silence.
A boy six years of age set fire to his father's hay-stack, in Westbury, Connecticut, last week, and it was totally consumed. On being asked why he committed the act, he replied, "Well, father's sold the cow; what the devil did he want with hay now?"

SWINE'S FLESH.
Under the above heading a correspondent of the Kingston (N. Y.) Journal says:
In the last issue of your paper it is stated that the Jewish nation seldom suffer from Cholera, and this exemption is placed in connection with the fact that they eat no pork. This immunity from cholera is but a title of the blessings gained by the Hebrews by abstaining from the use of swine's flesh. In an experience of nearly a quarter of a century, and after much observation and enquiry, the writer has never known a Jew to suffer from scrofula, consumption, or tape worm. The sufferings and deaths from the first two diseases, or forms of the same disease, so common among the pork eating nations of the earth, are unknown among the children of Israel. Place these facts in connection with this, that the hog is the only domestic animal that suffers and dies from scrofula, and it speaks volumes. Your readers have all heard of "measly" pork; but they may not know that these measles are pure, deadly scrofula; and that they are never found in beef, mutton, veal, or lamb. Nor is it generally known that hereditary consumption and scrofula are one and the same disease; and that the most common forms of insanity are owing to the development of scrofulous tubercles in the brain. The seeds of these terrible maladies are transmitted from parent to child in the form of minute grains of tubercles deposited chiefly in the lungs and brain, and as the unhappy offspring of such parents progress in life, these tubercles become inflamed and enlarged, ending in consumption, if the lungs are the suffering organs; and in softening of the brain and insanity when that organ is the seat of the disease. Sometimes the poison of scrofula thrown out upon the skin in the form of tumors, ulcers, "fever sores," salt rheum, etc., in which cases life is often prolonged at the expense of constant misery and suffering.

TEMPER IN TREATING STOCK.
The farmer's stock around him partakes more or less of the quality of the owner or those who attend upon it. A man's influence is imparted to his beasts, particularly the horses, the working cattle, and the milch. A man of irascible temper gets up nervousness in a horse or a cow. The brute becomes afraid of him; and if of a vicious nature, is apt to be hurtful, spitefully influenced, perhaps irremediably spoiled—whereas a mild-tempered, discriminating man will gradually smooth down the asperities of a harsh disposition. We have known milch cows, wild as deer, brought to a placid tractability. The man is a superior and his superior influence will be communicated. Wise stock-men keep fools and irritants out of their stock-yards.

A Lot of broken Southern banks have had their rottenness vanished over by the application of the word "National," but as a portion of the people and press, remembering their insolvency, fail to give their issues full confidence, certain radical shoddy organs in Pennsylvania call this want of confidence "Attacking the National Currency," and cite it as the outcroppings of latent treason. In the estimation of such "loyal" shoddies, the Southern people must not only submit to the domination of arrogant negro soldiery; to disfranchisement; to negro equality; to be lorded over by agents of the negro Boardinghouse; to be plundered of their cotton, their lands, their household goods; and a hundred other plagues, but they must also submit to the plunderings of cleaned-out stock gamblers and swindling bankrupts who have been sugarcoted by the Treasury Department. In so many words, "loyalty" means, in the South, submission to every sort of plundering.

A FEW days ago the mayor of Springfield, Illinois, and forty "prominent citizens" made a carriage pilgrimage to the tomb of Lincoln, on the invitation and at the expense of a negro minstrel troupe. The minstrels performed some "pieces," which drew forth a speech from the mayor and a response from the leader of the troupe. The Chicago Times thinks "it must have been moving to see Bonas and the Tambores standing in reverent silence before the tomb, their jokes hushed, and their thoughts remote from conundrums and double entendres." It expects that the proprietor of the learned pig, and the exhibitor of the double headed calf will next make a pilgrimage under the mayor's protection, to be assured that he hopes they "will meet with the success which their loyalty and meritorious ability so richly deserve." "Wax figgers" seems to be looking up.

LETTER TO BILL AND.
From Bob Varkis, a Northern Aspirant for Literary Honors.
Another aspirant for literary honors has just emerged from obscurity in New York city. His first communication appears in a late number of the Metropolitan Record, and is addressed to the witty and talented Bill Arp:
MR. ARP, ESQ., GEORGY.—You're a trump, Bill, and tho' I ain't far ahead in dollars, I'll bet on you, I've bin readin' some of your letters, and like 'em. Gee Hooseat, how you do stung some of them fellers that fit with Sherman! Some of 'em wants to know might be bad what you live, so's they kin send back some furniture marked B. A. 'Tain't that's. I s'eed a chap yesterday with two silver fox and a knife. Know'd at once they cum from Georgy, for they was genuin'. He wanted two dollars on 'em, but I'd see him hang'd fast. Nary stolen property for me, s'pecially from Georgy. It's a bully old State Georgy is, and though it did git kiek'd, it ain't skeer'd. I'll bet on Georgy, Virginny ain't behind nuther. What d'ye think of Bob Lee? Ain't he a high old fighter? I tell you, Bill, I hear some chaps talkin' so much about how they kiek'd your fellers that I git mad. Goll darn 'em, they didn't do no fightin'. Most of 'em was in the bounty bizness, an' shoutin' at meetin's.—There ain't no fight into 'em, but they's powerful on talkin'.
Then talkin' about Old Virginny, ain't some foak proud of Stoneval Jackson and Jeb Stuart? Sam Hill! how them slashers did fall on the Feds! No time for prayin' that, I tell you! It was jest up an' git, and nary favor. That part of Virginny whar they fit should'n't raise nothin' but laurels. But all the big fighters wasn't on one side nuther. Sheridan cum down mity heavy in the Valley, an' Kilpatrick done some tall ridin' down your way. No use denyin' it, Bill, your foaks got kiek'd sometimes, but I know what side the odds was on. Three to one ain't a fair shake, an' it mostly went that way. But you made a big fight though, an' I tell you we ain't ashamed of you. Beecher says you fit bully, an' he knows. He wasn't that. All our jinerals sez so, too. They were thar.
I'm a Copperhead, Bill, a reg'lar double twisted sympathizer. Some foak say your fellers don't like Copperheads. Let 'em go ahead. I don't care. I ain't worshipin' you. I don't love the South perticklerly. I ain't goin' to say your foax have all the vartoo an' great men. Nary time. I know better an' so do you. But you've got a big share, tho', an' your wimmen is glorious. They don't wear pans an' address meetin's, but when they git goin' their tunts is powerful. I reckon they can hate moor'n is healthy, but they can't spare none for home. They sent so much after the Feds that the stock must be high run out. Well, hain't they got reason to hate? That's what I want to know.
What's your goin' to do with the freedmen; ain't they a noosance? I reckon they ain't much better'n they use to was. Well, poor critters, I pity 'em. They ain't much to blame if they air lazy. They wasn't edycated. They don't know what freedom is. They can't rekerpate nor be made Provisional Governors, nor Tax Collectors, nor anything but niggers. What's the use o' talkin' about makin' 'em citizens when they can't spell. Better give 'em sumthin' to eat, or bring 'em to Boston. Well, no I reckon Boston don't want 'em. Set 'em to work, if you can, if they don't stick to it, make 'em. You musn't be too hard on 'em though.—S'pose you lock up every mother's son of 'em, that goes into the vagrant bizness, an' give 'em shower-bath doses if they ain't willin' to take that. Thar'll foteh 'em, I reckon, for they don't take kindly to water. Filanthropy is very good, but it's sometimes demoralizin'. It mostly gits into noos-papers and stays there, so's the darkey's can't git no good of it, for they ain't much on readin'. I'll bet before Andy Johnson goes back to Tennessee, they'll larn sumthin'. He won't teach 'em, but hunger an' Jack Frost will. He likes 'em jist well enough to let 'em alone, an' if your foax will take care of 'em he'll help you.—Give 'em votes. Shaw! he don't want you to.
Look at Jamaka. Ain't them darkeys bin free long enuf to larn sumthin'? Well, I reckon they have, an' they have larned sumthin' too. They've larned to relapse and cut throats. They're powerful on relapsin'. Andy don't go in for givin' 'em votes, but work. He believes in protectin' 'em, an' he won't stand any nonsense. He goes in for loyalty an' labor, an' if both ain't right he'll raise a row. That's all. Don't you think loyalty is a very fine word? It sounds so nice, an' looks well in print. Our foax (I ain't one of 'em) made it up when your foaks was seedin'. Everybody's used to it now, an' it goes down mighty slick here. If you want to larn it so's to put it in your letters, jest jine the Freedmen's burd. Some of them collidge chaps will teach you, for they know every langwidge except a few. Ain't you sorry you wasn't edycated when they was? They have a powerful sight of larin' in Massachusetts, but ain't it healthy down your way?
Your talk about Andy Johnson is 'bout right. If I was down your way 'd bet take sumthin'. He ain't the United States, nor our father. He ain't goin' to set himself to the South, an' you don't want to buy him. Andy Johnson ain't for sail. He's on the Union track an' if foax foller he'll bring 'em in all

right. But don't hitch on to his coat tail. It's mean an' he don't want it. He hain't done more'n his duty, an' he's jest goin' to entoothen that way, whether foax like it or not. I tell you, Bill, Andy means to do the right thing, but he ain't workin' easy. Them infernal New England fellers is draggin' on the traces an' tryin' to hold him back. Then your foax is mity spunky, an' that riles him purty considerable. He has a heap o' trouble tryin' to harmonize things, an' if the okwality men would only let up on him jest a little he'd find it easier. Tain't no use sayin' he'd order to do this or do that. He's jest goin' to do things the Johnson way. I don't believe in holdin' back on the pardon, but he does, an' there he's got me, for I ain't in the bizness. Well, I s'pose it'll be all right in the end, but some things moves mity slow, an' unless you shove 'em on now an' then, they'll git behind. Bill, you've got more friends down this way than you've hear'n o'. There's Greedy. He's your friend, sure; but he can't talk as he wants to. He's the only horse in the Tribune team. The other animals is mules, an' they've kiek'd the old man half blind. Then there's Beecher. He sez he ain't down on you; but if I was you I wouldn't trust him. That stock ain't sound. There's a heap of friends in this selskin which ain't goin' to go back on you. You jist git on your digan' they'll stand by you. They ain't sorry about slavery. It war'n't nothin' to them, an' they ain't goin' to cry about it. Foax down this way want to see things fixed up, an' I reckon they'd fix 'em if they had a chance. S'pose you cum here an' look round. It's a big place, but you won't git lost. Fetch along some of the little Arps an' git sum toys for 'em. Call an' see me when you feel at home. The editor'll tell you where I live an' send a boy to 'scort you. I hain't got any penner or silver plate 'cause I wasn't one of Sherman's bummers, but if you're sound on Bourbon, we'll do. I've got a fast rate article, an' ain't a savin' of it. Respectfully yours, BOB VARKIS.

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SWINE'S FLESH.
Under the above heading a correspondent of the Kingston (N. Y.) Journal says:
In the last issue of your paper it is stated that the Jewish nation seldom suffer from Cholera, and this exemption is placed in connection with the fact that they eat no pork. This immunity from cholera is but a title of the blessings gained by the Hebrews by abstaining from the use of swine's flesh. In an experience of nearly a quarter of a century, and after much observation and enquiry, the writer has never known a Jew to suffer from scrofula, consumption, or tape worm. The sufferings and deaths from the first two diseases, or forms of the same disease, so common among the pork eating nations of the earth, are unknown among the children of Israel. Place these facts in connection with this, that the hog is the only domestic animal that suffers and dies from scrofula, and it speaks volumes. Your readers have all heard of "measly" pork; but they may not know that these measles are pure, deadly scrofula; and that they are never found in beef, mutton, veal, or lamb. Nor is it generally known that hereditary consumption and scrofula are one and the same disease; and that the most common forms of insanity are owing to the development of scrofulous tubercles in the brain. The seeds of these terrible maladies are transmitted from parent to child in the form of minute grains of tubercles deposited chiefly in the lungs and brain, and as the unhappy offspring of such parents progress in life, these tubercles become inflamed and enlarged, ending in consumption, if the lungs are the suffering organs; and in softening of the brain and insanity when that organ is the seat of the disease. Sometimes the poison of scrofula thrown out upon the skin in the form of tumors, ulcers, "fever sores," salt rheum, etc., in which cases life is often prolonged at the expense of constant misery and suffering.

TEMPER IN TREATING STOCK.
The farmer's stock around him partakes more or less of the quality of the owner or those who attend upon it. A man's influence is imparted to his beasts, particularly the horses, the working cattle, and the milch. A man of irascible temper gets up nervousness in a horse or a cow. The brute becomes afraid of him; and if of a vicious nature, is apt to be hurtful, spitefully influenced, perhaps irremediably spoiled—whereas a mild-tempered, discriminating man will gradually smooth down the asperities of a harsh disposition. We have known milch cows, wild as deer, brought to a placid tractability. The man is a superior and his superior influence will be communicated. Wise stock-men keep fools and irritants out of their stock-yards.

A Lot of broken Southern banks have had their rottenness vanished over by the application of the word "National," but as a portion of the people and press, remembering their insolvency, fail to give their issues full confidence, certain radical shoddy organs in Pennsylvania call this want of confidence "Attacking the National Currency," and cite it as the outcroppings of latent treason. In the estimation of such "loyal" shoddies, the Southern people must not only submit to the domination of arrogant negro soldiery; to disfranchisement; to negro equality; to be lorded over by agents of the negro Boardinghouse; to be plundered of their cotton, their lands, their household goods; and a hundred other plagues, but they must also submit to the plunderings of cleaned-out stock gamblers and swindling bankrupts who have been sugarcoted by the Treasury Department. In so many words, "loyalty" means, in the South, submission to every sort of plundering.