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The Manchester Journal.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

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Physician and Surgeon,
Office at the residence of L. L. Nelson Sr.
Agent for Thompson's Improved Truss
FACTORY POINT, VT.

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Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
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J. P. STONE, M. D.,
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Office at former residence of Dr. Geo. L. Ames,
1 Door East of Baptist Church.
FACTORY POINT, VT.

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Manufacturing and Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
1 Door East of Depot Store.
MANCHESTER, VT.

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Attorney at Law,
Pension and Bounty Claim Agent, Fire and Life Insurance Agent, and Commissioner for New York.
MANCHESTER, VT.

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Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
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DORTON & MUNSON,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
Office in the Court House,
MANCHESTER, VT.
E. H. DORTON. L. MUNSON.

VANDERLIP HOTEL,
This long established Hotel still continues open for the accommodation of the traveling public. Particular attention given to boarders from abroad during the summer months. The public patronage hitherto liberally extended is respectfully solicited.
E. H. VANDERLIP, Proprietor.
MANCHESTER, VT.

BUCK MITTENS & GLOVES,
Manufactured and sold by
F. W. HOYT, Agent.
MANCHESTER, VT.

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Practising Physician and Surgeon,
Office at Residence on Main St.,
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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
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CLAREMONT MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
E. L. Guernsey, Agent, manufacturers of Paper and Board, Job Printers and Binders, and Wholesale Stationers and Jobbers.
CLAREMONT, N. H.

CLOCKS WATCHES & JEWELLERY
Cleaned and Repaired
BLINKER BLOCK, NORTH CORNERS, VT.
2 Doors West of the Congregational Church.
Cash N. H.—All work warranted. ED
DORSET CORNERS, VT.

J. O. CLARK,
Practising Physician and Surgeon,
OFFICE AT HOTEL.
DORSET, VT.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, in pursuance of an act of the Legislature of Vermont, passed at its last session, that the Bennington Bank will redeem the outstanding bills, at the counting of the Bennington National Bank of Manchester; that the charter of the said Bennington Bank terminated by existence on the 15th day of November, A. D. 1866, and the following is a copy of the said Act of the Legislature:

AN ACT RELATING TO THE REDEMPTION OF BANK NOTES.

It is hereby enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Vermont:

SEC. 1. After the expiration of the charter of any Bank chartered by this State, or after the termination of the existence of any such Bank according to the laws of the State, the Bank Commissioner may cause notice to be published in all the weekly newspapers of the County where such Bank is located, for one full year, setting forth that said Bank will redeem its outstanding bills, the day of the expiration of the Charter, or the date of the termination of its existence, and a copy of the notice. And thereupon the publication of such notice, whether such Bank be in officers shall be liable to the action for the compensation of any of its outstanding bills, unless the same shall have been duly presented and payment demanded within the time aforesaid, at the Banking House of such Bank.

SEC. 2. After the expiration of the charter or after the termination of the existence of any such Bank as aforesaid, each bank shall cease to be a corporation for the purpose of suing or being sued, or of any other purpose of the corporation, except for the purpose of receiving payment of its debts, and distributing its assets.

SEC. 3. This act shall take effect from its passage.

Approved Nov. 15, 1866.

WM. HEACK, Cashier.

Manchester, Nov. 6, 1866.—4w

IMPORTANT TO FEMALES

DR. CHEESEMAN'S
FEMALE REGULATING
PILLS

PROCLAMATION! TO THE LADIES!
Both Married and Single!
THE OLDEST REGULATOR FOR FEMALES.

Dr. Cheeseman's Female Pills
Will be selected relieve, without pain, all disturbances of the periodic discharge, whether arising from Relaxation or suppression. They act like a charm in removing the pains that accompany difficult or irregular menstruation, and are the only safe and reliable remedy for Fluches, Sick Headache, Pains in the Loins, Back and sides, Palpitation of the Heart, Nervous Tremors, Hysterics, Spasms, Broken Sleep, and other unpleasant and dangerous effects of an unnatural condition of the sexual functions. In the worst cases of *Fluor Albus*, or Whites, they effect a speedy cure.

Dr. Cheeseman's Female Pills
Have been used over a quarter of a century. They are offered for the only safe means of regulating interrupted menstruation, but ladies must bear in mind that, there is one condition of the female system in which the pills cannot be taken without producing a peculiar result. The condition referred to is pregnancy—the result, miscarriage. Such is the irresistible tendency of the medicine to remove the sexual functions in a normal condition, that even the reproductive power of mature chastity can't it. They cannot do harm in any other way.

Dr. Cheeseman's Female Pills
Are the only Medicine that MARRIED AND SINGLE LADIES have relied upon for many years, or ever dare upon now. *BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!* These Pills form the Finest Preparation ever put forward, with REMARKABLE TRANSITORY SUCCESS. Don't be Deceived. Take this advertisement to your Druggist, and tell him that you want the BEST and most RELIABLE female medicine in the world, which is compiled by

Dr. Cheeseman's Female Pills!
They have received, and are now receiving the sanction of the most eminent Physicians in America. Explicit directions with each box—the price, One Dollar per box, containing from 50 to 60 pills.

Pills sent by mail, promptly, by remitting the price to the proprietors, or any authorized agent, in current funds. Sold by Druggists generally.

HUTCHINGS & HOTCHKISS, Proprietors,
36 Dey street, New York.

November 22, 1866.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Robert Ames,

Desirous of meeting the views of the people, has this day made great reductions in prices on his entire stock of goods.

Am offering a Large lot of Dress Goods at a discount of 25 per cent. from former prices.

Splendid Alapaccas from 15 to 60 cents per yard.

Empress Cloths for $1.25, fine quality.

DeLaines, 22 to 27 cents.

Poplins, Mohairs, Bombazines, Ladies' Cloths, Thibetts, &c.

All Wool DeLaines, 45 cents per yard.

Red, Gray and Blue all wool Flannel, 40c.

A good assortment of Plaid Shirting Flannels, from 50 to 65 cents per yard.

Ladies' and Misses' Shawls, a large assortment, from $1.75 to $10.00.

Ladies' and Misses' Balmoral Skirts, very cheap.

Fine assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Gloves and Hosiery, very cheap.

Heavy Sheeting, 20 and 22 cents per yard.

Fine Sheeting, 19, 22, and 25 cents per yard.

A nice article of Water Proof Cloths, $1.50 per yard. A good assortment of Cassimeres from $1 to $2.25 per yard. Black Broad-Cloth, Beaver, Doeskins. Large assortment Hoop Skirts.

SUGARS.---A Fine Stock at Great Bargains.

A very fine Brown Sugar	for 11	cents	per pound.
Yellow Coffee	" 14	"	"
A Coffee	" 15 1-2	"	"
Loaf, Brown and Granulated	17	"	"

Green Teas from 75 cents to $1 per lb.

The Best Tea in the County for $1.25 per lb.

A large assortment of Ladies and Misses Shoes which I offer at great bargains.
LADIES' AND MISSES' RUBBERS. MENS AND BOYS RUBBER BOOTS, VERY CHEAP.

Calf, Kip and Stoga Boots of Union Village Manufacture.

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' COPPER TOED SHOES.

A good assortment of HATS and CAPS. Men's and Boy's Caps. Men's and Boy's Fur Caps. **BUFFALO ROBES** very cheap.

Just received a lot of the best quality of KEROSENE OIL which I am selling

At 60 cents per Gallon.

Best T. I. SALT at 90 Cents per Bushel.

Heavy Pork 15 cents per lb.

The best Brands of Flour always on hand at the lowest market prices.
Oil, Paints, Lead and Zinc of the best quality.
All kinds of Produce taken in exchange for goods at the highest market prices.
Please call and examine my stock of goods and satisfy yourselves. No trouble to show goods.

ROBERT AMES.

Factory Point, Nov. 1866.

CLOTHING!

TUTTLE, EAST DORSET,

Has the Largest and best assortment of Clothing at this end of Bennington County!

Consisting of a large and well selected stock of

Overcoats at from	$10 to $30 each.
Boys' Overcoats,	9 " 11 each.
Winter Coats,	7 " 23 each.
Pants,	5 " 13 each.
Vests,	2 " 6 50 "
Undershirts and Drawers	1 " 1 90 "
Woolen Overshirts,	2 50 3 50 "
Cowhide, Kip and Calf Boots,	4.25 to 6.50 per pair.
75 Wool Hats,	1.25 each.
75 Fine Hats, different styles,	2.25 to 4.50 each.
100 Boys' and Mens' Caps,	1.00 to 4.00 each.

DRY GOODS.

A large lot of Flannels at from	45 to 80 cents per yard.
A large lot of DeLains,	30 cents per yard.
A large lot of Prints,	14 to 24 cents per yard.
A large lot of Fine and Heavy Cottons,	14 to 50 cents per yard.
A large lot of Sheep's Gray & Cassimeres,	75 to $2.50 per yard.

Denims, Stripes, Ticks, Notions, Table Diaper, &c., &c.

Also a large lot of

Breakfast Shawls, Sontags, Nubias, Hoods,
(Women's, Misses' and Children's.)

BALMORAL SKIRTS, $2.75 to 4.00.

HOOP SKIRTS, 30 cents to $2.25.

Also on hand a large stock of

Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Tin Ware.

Best Kerosene, 65 Cents per Gallon.

PORK, 16 CENTS PER LB.

FLOUR.

I have been and am still deducting 3 per cent on all sales of One Dollar and upwards, (except Pork, Flour and Kerosene) when cashed at time of purchase.

I advise my friends in the trade to keep lowering their prices if they expect to sell as low as TUTTLE. His goods are always marked to sell at market rates, and he is the first one to **mark up** or **down** as the market dictates.

My Goods were bought before the advance in Cotton goods, and I know I can sell a little cheaper than other merchant around. Call and look over stock and prices, and you will buy, and then tell your friends to come and do likewise. My Store is Full and I must sell to make room for more goods, and to get money to pay for what I have.

Buy at **E. C. TUTTLE'S,** Agent. East Dorset.

Forgiveness.

The medal true perfume, when rives,
The axe that did it gives.
Let man who hopes that God forgives
Forgive and bless his foes.

The Loved not Lost.

How strange it seems with so much gone,
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, Brother, only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, living as we will,
The voices of the dead shall be still
Look where we may the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces can we no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear like them the hum of bees
And rustle of the leaves of oak;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger over,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet love will dream, and faith will trust,
Since He who knows our need is just,
That somehow, somewhere meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through the cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lets his dead slip away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marble play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And love can never lose its own!

—*J. G. Whittier.*

Singular Effect of a Dream.

The Paris correspondent of the *Ne-* on narrates the following story of a mining engineer, about thirty years of age, whose black and luxuriant hair was whitened in a single night under the impression of a dream:—

M. C——, when inspecting certain mineral tracts in Brittany, stopped one night at a little roadside inn a few hundred yards distant from a mine which he had never seen, but which he proposed visiting the next day. Having walked many miles in the course of the day, M. C——, on reaching the inn, felt very tired. He accordingly went to bed early, fell asleep at once, and dreamed, he asserts, the following dream: He thought that he had just been appointed to the managership of the mine in question, and he was busy superintending the work of the miners, when the owner of the mine appeared on the ground. This man, rough and ill bred, addressed the new manager rudely, reproached him with his inactivity, adding:

"Instead of standing there, with your arms folded, seeing other men work, you would do better to go down into the mine and draw the plan of it, as you engaged to do."

"I will go down and begin the drawings at once," replied the young engineer, hurt and astonished at the manner of his employer.

Placing himself forthwith in the basket, ordered the men at the windlass to let him down into the mine. This was done; the basket reached the bottom; and then summoning a couple of the workmen to proceed with their lamps, he explored the various galleries of the mine, and, having made a plan of the workings, returned to the bottom of the shaft, got into the basket, and gave the signal for ascent. As he placed himself in the basket he remarked the great thickness of the rope which served to hoist it, and calculated that, the mine being unusually deep, the ascent could scarcely be accomplished in less than a quarter of an hour.

He had been ascending thus for two or three minutes, when, chancing to raise his eyes, he espied what seemed to him to be an abrasion of the rope, by which he was being drawn up. Startled by this appearance he fixed his eyes on the portion of the rope which had attracted his attention and saw distinctly that the rope was cut a few feet above his head, just out of reach of his hand. His terror at the discovery was such that he nearly fainted. Rousing himself by force of will, from the stupor of apprehension that had so nearly overcome him, he compelled himself to calmness, and set himself again to examine the rope. Perhaps he was mistaken; he would look again.—But no, he was not mistaken.—The rope had rubbed against some projection of the rocky walls which hemmed him in, and its strands were untwisting slowly but visibly. At the injured point the massive cable was already reduced to less than an inch.

The unfortunate man felt that his doom was sealed; the conviction of the utter hopelessness of his position chilled him to the very marrow of his bones. He tried to call out, but his tongue seemed frozen. Moreover he felt that if he could make himself heard, (which was totally impossible as he was now half way up,) no human aid could reach him. Looking up he could see the daylight at the mouth of the shaft, bright but distant, like a star. Gazing downwards, over the edge of the the basket at a depth that made him dizzy and sick to look down to, he could see, like so many glow-worms, the lamps of miners. And the basket, meantime, mounted higher and higher every instant, the rope creaking audibly under the increasing strain of the ascent. The unfortunate engineer saw clearly that there was no possibility of escaping the horrible fate awaiting him, and could almost count the seconds that would elapse ere the breaking of the rope must precipitate him into the fearful void below. Such was the intensity of his anguish that he was tempted to abridge its duration by throwing himself down at once, instead of awaiting any longer the inevitable instant. As he hesitated, longing yet fearing to take the fatal leap the basket reached the mouth of the shaft. He was saved! With a loud cry he leaped from the basket, awaking as he felt the solid earth beneath his feet.

The horrid adventure was only a dream; but M. C—— was trembling, exhausted, bathed in perspiration, and incapable of making a movement or uttering a sound. After a time he recovered his self-command so far as to ring for help. The people of the inn hastened to obey the summons, but could not at first recognize their customer of the preceding evening, for his luxuriant raven hair had become perectly gray. And, stranger than even this physical evidence of the violence of the emotions he had undergone during his troubled slumbers, there lay upon his bed, evidently drawn by his own hand, a plan of the adjacent mine he was to visit on the following day, but which he had never seen, and of whose internal arrangements he had no idea; and this plan, so unaccountably produced, proved on examination of the mine to be absolutely correct in every particular.

So much for the story vouched for by one of the five "leading journals" of this capital; its explanation I leave to the ingenuity of your readers.

The Duties of Ministers' Wives.

The following was evidently written by "one who knows," and a lady at that. We commend it to the people of all our churches:

Of course, I believe, as many others do, that ministers' wives are getting too independent, too much inclined to think and act for themselves, not seeming to realize that they are public property. A lady was asking me a few days since why it was that ministers' wives were always *sickly*. Reason enough, I thought as long as ministers will insist on marrying girls who have done nothing but attend school, making it as an excuse that they want intellectual wives, who can sympathize with their literary and pulpit labors, and to train up their children in an intelligent manner. Now I love ministers and I do not like to speak as though they had a single failing in the world; but it seems to me, that while they know they have the entire sympathy of us *sisters* in regard to their advancement and spiritual interest, that they might be sensible to marry good, stout, farmers' daughters who could attend the children, milk the cows, make the butter, &c., and get around so as to spend the afternoons in comforting and encouraging their husbands' flocks.

There are a great many good people who are not able to pay the minister any thing, but if himself and wife would call around, once in a week or two, it would encourage them so much, and as soon as they felt able they would probably do something for their support. I cannot imagine how Paul neglected to give ministers' wives some instructions; he seemed so remember deacons' wives. I have heard that he was opposed to getting married at all. But I will lay down some rules, and if our ministers' wives do not abide by them, it will not be because I have not done my duty faithfully

1. She should be like Mary, always sitting at the feet of Jesus, in possession of the one thing needful, regardless of every worldly interest.

2. Like Martha, she should do all the serving, yet without being encumbered by it.

3. She should be a little more prompt than Sarah of old, and have refreshments always ready for those travelling angels, whose visits at the ministers' are not "few and far between."

4. Like Dorcas, she should "keep constantly on hand a supply of ready-made clothing," to bestow upon all the poor saints and sinners in the community where she resides, with a spare box for others abroad.

5. Like the prophetess Anna, she should not "depart from the temple day or night," for the multiplied meetings of the church, constant attendance in the sanctuary, and it is the duty of the minister's wife to attend to them all.

6. Like the widow of Sarepta, she must have the art of using meal out of one barrel, and oil out of one cruse, the year round, without diminishing the quantity.

6. Like the widow of Sarepta, she must be apt to please everybody, "becomming all things to all men," women and children, grave or gay, refined or rude, intelligent or ignorant, affable or reverse, as suits the company she may chance to fall in. Upon these conclusions are based the following "remarks":

1. That it is the duty of churches to set apart young women, and educate them for ministers' wives.

2. When a church is about to call a a pastor, they should appoint a special committe to visit his wife and ascertain whether she is able and willing to perform the labor of five ordinary women, without any compensation except the crumbs which fall from her master's (husband's) table.

3. A minister's wife should be always at home and always abroad; always serving God and always serving the tables.

Lastly, she must be a little more prudent than our Saviour, for He had favorities among His disciples, which in her is unpardonable.

RAPPER COOL.—A boy less than twelve years old, but with rascality and impudence beyound his age, called for and ate a stew at an oyster saloon in Portland, a few days ago, and was walking out when the attendant reminded him that he had not paid for his repast. "Oh, no," said the lad, "I've got no money." "Why did you not tell me that before you called for the stew?" "Oh," replied the boy, with much nonchalance, "I tried that at Atwood's, but it wouldn't work;" and thereupon departed with great apparent satisfaction.

A brother editor tells us that when he was in prison for libelling a justice of the peace, he was requested by the jailer to give the prison a puff.

WHAT NEWSPAPERS DO FOR NOTHING.—The following article should be read and pondered well by every man who takes a newspaper without paying for it. My observation enables me to state as a fact that publishers of newspapers are more poorly rewarded than any other class of men in the United States who invest an equal amount of labor, capital and thought. They are expected to do more service for less pay, to stand more sponging and "dead heading," to puff and defend more people without fee or hope of reward than any other class.

They credit wider and longer get of every elected, suffer more pecuniary loss, are oftener the victims of misplaced confidence than any other calling in the community. People pay a printer's bill with more reluctance than any other. It goes harder with them to expend a dollar on a valuable newspaper than ten on a needless gewgaw; yet everybody avails himself of the use of the editor's pen and the printer's ink.

How many professions and political reputations and fortunes have been made and sustained by the friendly though unrequited pen of the editor? How many embryo towns and cities have been brought into notice and puffed into prosperity by the press? How many railroads, now in successful operation, would have foundered but for the "lever that moves the world?" In short what branch of industry and activity has not been promoted, stimulated and defended by the press?

And who has tendered it more than a miserable pittance for its service? The bazaars of fashion and the haunts of dissipation and appetite are thronged with an eager crowd bearing gold in their palms, and the commodities there vended are sold at enormous profits, though intrinsically worthless, and paid for with scrupulous punctuality; while the counting room of the newspaper is the seat of jawing, cheapening trade, orders and pennies. It is made a point of honor to liquidate a grog bill, but not of dishonor to repudiate a printer's bill.

WONDERS OF GREAT SALT LAKE—PECULIAR BOUYANCY OF ITS WATER.—All travellers, writes a correspondent, have mentioned with astonishment the peculiar buoyancy of the water of Great Salt Lake, and it is truly surprising. No danger of shipwreck need ever cross the mind of those who navigate the lake, for it would be simply impossible for them to sink if thrown overboard. With my hands clasped together under my head and my feet crossed, I floated on the very surface of the lake with at least one-third of my body above the water. Upon a warm summer's day there could not be the slighest difficulty in going to sleep upon the lake and allowing yourself to be blown about as the wind permitted; one would want no umbrella to keep off the rays of the sun.

It has been stated that three buckets of this water will yield one bucket of solid salt; but inasmuch as water will not hold above twenty-five per cent. of the saline matter in solution, and if more be added it is instatly deposited upon the bottom, this estimate is, of course, too large. On inquiring of the Mormons engaged in procuring salt, they unanimously stated that for every five buckets of water they obtained one bucket of salt, which gives the proportion as no less than twenty-five per cent.—No visitor to the lake should omit the bath; the sensation in the water is most luxurious, and leads one to think himself floating in the air. On the way to the city it will be as well for the bather to stop at the superb sulpher baths just outside the town, and remove the saline incrustations which have formed upon him, by a plunge into the fine swimming bath, whose only objection is its peculiar odor and its great heat, which requires a large admixture of cold water.

ASTRONOMY FOR THE MILLION.—The greatest distance from the earth to the sun is 96,000,000 of miles, and the least distance something over 94,000,000 miles. A saving of 2,000,000 of miles could be effected if a railroad should ever connect the two planets, by taking the least distance. This would shorten the time consumed in running and reduce the expenses very materially. Any railroad man will tell you that.

The mean distance from the earth to the sun is 95,000,000 miles, which is no *mean* distance, either, when you try to walk it.

The earth moves around the sun from west to east, consuming 365 days and six hours in every revolution, traveling nights and Sundays. Joshua, it will be remembered by some of our oldest citizens, once commanded the sun to stand still, and she is standing *still*. It ain't every fool of a planet that can get *around* the sun. The earth does it, however. She would get around most anything.

The earth turns upon its axis, making one revolution every twenty-four hours, except in Mexico—there they have a revolution two or three times a day. The earth and her axis were thick as peas together at one time, but one day the earth got down on her axis and *turned* on it.

It is the revolution of the earth that make night and day, to everybody but printers and editors—it's *all day* with them.

After digging a certain depth into the bowels of the earth the temperture becomes warm, and it grows warmer as you warm to your work so that at the depth of thirty miles (as we are informed by a gentleman who dug that distance one July morning) every thing is like molten iron at a white heat. There is good reason for believing that people who cheat the printer and whisky to get into shows without paying for it are sent thirty miles into the bowels of the earth when they die.

A CURIOUS FACT.—The *Tribune* states that from the year 1776 until 1844 the Constitution of the State of New Jersey conferred the right of suffrage upon "all inhabitants, male or female, white or black, who were the possessors of an estate of 50 clear, and had been residents of the State for one year. In 1790 the legislature, in an act regulating elections, used the words "he or she" and again in 1797. In the latter year seventy-five women voted in Elizabethtown for the Federal candidate. In 1800, women generally voted throughout the State in the Presidential contest between Jefferson and Adams. In 1802 a member of the legislature in Hunterdon county was elected by the votes of a few colored women in a closely contested election. In 1807, at a local election in Essex County, for the location of a county seat, men and women generally participated, and were jointly implicated in extensive frauds. The next winter the legislature restricted suffrage to free white males, though in violation of the constitution, and since that time women have not voted in New Jersey.

BOYS USING TOBACCO.—A strong and sensible writer says a sharp thing and a true one, too, for boys who use tobacco. It has utterly spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys. It tends to the softening and weakening of the bones, and it greatly injures the brain, the spinal marrow and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who smokes early and frequently or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco is never known to make a man of much energy, and generally lacks muscular and physical as well as mental power. We would particularly warn boys who want to be anything in the world to shun tobacco as a most baneful poison. It injures the teeth. It produces an unhealthy state of the lungs, hurts the stomach, and blasts the brain and nerve.

HUMANITARIAN VIEWS.—A Canadian boy, too young to comprehend the doctrine of total depravity, but old enough to have at least a vague idea of the hereditary principle of mankind, was recently detected by his parternal ancestor in falsehood, and punished therefor by solitary confinement. The punishment over, the youngster accosted his father with the question: "Pa, did you tell lies when you were little?" The father perhaps conscience-smiten, evaded an answer, but the child, persisting again asked "Did you tell lies when you were little? "No," said the father, "but why do you ask?" "Did ma tell lies when she was little?" "I don't know, my son; you must ask her." "Well," retorted the hopeful, "one of you must have told lies, or you wouldn't have a boy who would!"

CONSCIENCE.—There is nothing in the whole frame of man which seems to be so unaccountable as that thing called conscience. Had the troublesome yelping cur powers efficient to prevent a mischief, he might be of use; but at the beginning of the business, his feeble efforts are to the workings of passion as the infant frosts of an autumnal morning to the unclouded fervor of the rising sun, and no sooner are the tumultuous doings of the wicked deed over, then amidst the bitter native consequences of folly, in the very vortex of our horrors, up starts conscience, and harasses us with the feelings of the damned.

COULDN'T DO HIMSELF JUSTICE.—A colored man who had stuck to the rebel army of General Hood through thick and thin, was in high hopes of being able to march into Nashville and pay his respects to a lady who belonged to the upper crust of the colored society; and when he discovered that the besieging army was retreating, he determined to break through the lines and throw himself upon the mercy of the cruel Yankees. He presented himself to Gen. Thomas, hat in hand, and standing very straight.

"Where are you from?" inquired the General.

"I'se jest from de army, sah."

"What army?"

"Mr. Hood's army, sah."

"Where is Mr. Hood now?"

"He's leavin', sah; he's leavin'."

"Ah! I thought Mr. Hood, as you call him, was coming in to Nashville."

"*No, sah; Mr. Hood thinks he can't do himself justice in Nashville.*"

SLANDEROUS.—A miserable old batchelor poked his head into our sanctum door the other day and proposed the following:

"Why are yong ladies kissing each other like an emblem of Christianity?"

We told him we did not know. He answered:

"Because they are doing unto each other as they would that men should do unto them."

Out of gallantry we hurled our inkstand at his head as it disappeared out of the door, for the outrageous libel. The impudent fellow.—*Virginia.*

It used to be said of smart boys—"He will be a man before his mother," but female suffrage will practically change all this.

At what age do pigs end their existence? Answer—Sans-age.

Or when they are 8.

Why is life the riddle of riddles?—Because we all must give it up.

Which runs the fastest, heat or cold? Heat; because almost any body can catch cold.

"Where are you going so fast, Mr. Smith?" demanded Mr. Jones. "Home sir, home; don't detain me, I have just bought my wife a new bonnet, and I must deliver it before the fashion changes."

DRUNKENNESS.—It were better for a man to be subject to any vice, than to drunkenness; for all other vanities and sins are recovered, but the drunkard will never shake off the delight of drunkenness; for the longer it possesseth a man, the more he will delight in it, and the older he groweth, the more he will be subject to it; for it maketh the spirits and destroyeth the as ivy does the old tree; or as the worm that engendereth in the kernel of the nut.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*