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 DECEMBER 21, 1855. | VOL. 28, NO 51

C. N. Hickok.

DENTIST,

Bedford, Pa.

OFFICE on Pitt Street, nearly opposite the "Bedford Hotel." Teeth plugged, regulated, &c., and artificial teeth inserted, from one to an entire set. Charges moderate, and all operations warranted.

☞ Terms—POSITIVELY CASH.

Jan. 19, 1854.

NEW STORE!

Opened Out in a New Place!

THE subscriber has just opened out a New and Cheap

Dry Goods and Fancy Store,

in the West end of the building formerly in the occupancy of Dr. John H. Hofius, dec'd, and now occupied by Dr. B. F. Harry.

He sells silk pocket handkerchiefs at from 12½ cents up to $1; undersleeves from 10 cents to $2.50; silk mits from 5 to 75 cts; cotton hose from 6¼ up to 37½ cents; good blue calico for 6¼ cents per yard; collars from 3 cents up to $3; linen pocket handkerchief from 6¼ cents to $2.50; bonnet ribbons from 6¼ to 31 cents; chemisettes from 31 cents to $1.25; bonnets from 25 cts up; bloomers from 62½ cents up; and **Ladies' and Gentlemens' Wear** of every description, usually found in Dry Goods and Fancy Stores; also table linens at all prices; boots and shoes; carpets; a general assortment of **Queensware and Groceries**, and a great many small articles *one hundred per cent. lower* than can be procured elsewhere in this place.

He respectfuly requests all to call nd examine his stock and judge for themselves.

ELIAS FISHER.

April 6, 1855.

iracle of Science.

Dr. C. Kelling of Mechanicsburg, Cumberland Co. Pa., announces to those afflicted with Tumors, Wens, Cancers, Polypus, Lupus Moles or Marks, Scrofula or King's Evil and all diseases that have been usually treated with Caustic or Knife, he can remove them by an entirely new method, without cutting, burning, or pain. Neither Chloroform or Ether is administered, to the patient.

It is no matter on what part of the body they may be, he can remove them with perfect safety and in a remarkable short time. No Mineral or Vegetable poison, is applied, and no money required until a cure is perfected.

Prolapsis Uteri, Female complaints, Chronic, Veneral and all other diseases treated with positive success. Full particulars can be obtained by addressing in either English or German post paid. Patients can be accommodated with Board on reasonable terms.

Mechanicsburg is one of the prettiest and healthiest towns in this or any other State. It is 8 miles from Harrisburg on the C. V. R. R. and accessible from all parts of the Union.

The Dr. will visit cases in any part of the State when desired.

Kind reader if you know any afflicted fellow creature, delay not to tell them of this treatment.

Feb. 16, 1855.—zz

STANDARD CLASS BOOKS,

FOR THE ADOPTION OF

Township Boards of Education and Union Schools.

THE following excellent School Books have been adopted, by more than ONE THOUSAND Boards of Education, in the last eighteen months—*First*, because of their unsurpassed merit; *Second*, because they are, also, the most economical to the learner.

READING AND SPELLING.

McGuffey's Eclectic Pictorial Primer,
McGuffes's Eclectic Spelling-Book,
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McGuffey's Eclectic Fourth Reader,
McGuffey's Eclectic Fifth Reader, or Rhetorical Guide.
The Hemans Young Ladies' Reader.

CLASS BOOKS IN ARITHMETIC.

Ray's Arithmetic, Part First,
Ray's Arithmetic, Part Second,
Ray's Arithmetic, Part Third,
Key to Ray's Arithmetic.

ALGEBRA.

Ray's Algebra, Part First,
Ray's Algebra, Part Second,
Key to Ray's Algebra, Parts First and Second.

FOR COMMON SCHOOLS.

Pinneo's Primary Grammar, Revised and Enlarged, and printed from new type. This enlarged edition, embraces SYNTAX, which is treated in a clear, practical and pleasing manner, and the volume is a *full* and *complete* Class-book for Common Schools, containing all that is taught on the subject in Public Schools.

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Pinneo's Analytical Grammar, Revised, with enlarged type—designed for advanced pupils who wish to study the subject on a more extended basis, and with more minuteness in detail.

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It is believed that no books ever presented to the public have met with such universal approbation as those embraced in the ECLECTIC EDUCATIONAL SERIES. *Not* only have nearly all the leading practical teachers in the State, by their letters manifested their high appreciation of their merits, and the satisfaction they feel in using them; but many others, whose sphere of instruction is in the higher Departments of Education, but who also earnestly labor for the progress and welfare of the Common Schools, have united in this general voice of approval.

Published by W. B. SMITH & Co., Cincinnati.

AGENTS FOR BEDFORD COUNTY.—Dr. B. F. HARRY's Drug and Book Store, Bedford; Dr. F. C. REAMER's Drug and Book Store, Bedford; where these books may be had wholesale and retail, on the most favorable terms.

School Boards will be supplied with copies for examination, and schools supplied for a first introduction, at reduced rates.

Sept. 28, 1855—c

FEE BILLS,

For Justices, Constables, Witnesses, &c for sale at this office.

NEW STAGE LINE.

THE subscriber has started a new Stage Line from STONERSTOWN to BEDFORD, which will run each way twice every week.

The Coach will leave Stonerstown on MONDAY and FRIDAY of each week, immediately after the morning train arrives from Huntingdon, and returning, will leave Bedford on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, and arrive in Stonerstown in time to meet the evening train for Huntingdon, being much the nearest and cheapest route to Philadelphia.

FARE only $1.75 to Stonerstown.

PETER ELLISON.

Nov. 23, 1855—3t.

Cor. of the Inquirer and Chronicle.

WASHINGTON, DEC. 10, 1855.

After numberless vicissitudes and adventures almost equalling those which befel the mythological Æneas, but with a recital of which I do not intend to trouble you, I have pitched my tent for a "few days" at the capital of the nation, from whence I intend to keep you advised of the dull and common place political affairs with which politicians are now afflicted. I will not recount the *epic* of my life, of what I saw or heard, of my active or passive mood, until seated at the social hearth in Hafer's back parlor, in the presence of appreciating and sympathizing friends, and under the glowing influence of a generous mug of "hot with" I may rein to fancy, without being subjected to the monstrous charge of egotism. "Suffice it to say" in the language of our "Hard Shell" Baptist friend, I arrived at Washington on Monday last just before 12 o'clock, and at once inquired for Pennsylvania Avenue, and the "National" that being the place where, traditionally, statesman most do congregate. Here are Horace Greely, Gen. Webb, Gov. Reeder, Senator Wilson, Col. Edie and other distinguished representative men, with whom I intend to put myself on intimate terms. Being a correspondent, an acquaintance with great men is the readiest way to important state secrets.

My baggage being disposed of, I started at once to the capital. The Hall of the House of Representatives was crowded; the lobbies and door ways and windows were jammed with curious spectators, and not being able to witness the scene that was going on. I most agreeably occupied my time, until the adjournment, in admiring the magnificent paintings in the Rotundo, commemorative of events in our nation's history. And here let me, in brief parenthesis, return my sincere thanks to the unknown individ. who sympathizing in my condition of loneliness, kindly volunteered to act the part of a *chaperone*, and point out to me many objects of interest, the description of which I must defer for the present.

Most opportunely, when the house adjourned, I met your quandom fellow citizen, Col. Ottinger, who politely extended an invitation to dine with him, which I, of course, with equal politeness, accepted.—Besides the suave manners and courteous address of the Colonel, he is perfectly familiar with life in the metropolis, and inwardly confessing mine own inexperience, and having heard of the temptations, allurements, and seductions that constantly surround the path, and trip up the heels of unsuspecting young men from the country, (for they are "always preferred,") I resolved to make him my Mentor, and take from his sage lips some of the lessons that should guide me during my sojourn here. Commend me for my discriminations. The dinner! Hold babbling fancy, e'er you leap to Parnassian heights in the description of that dinner. In plain prose, it was served up at the extremely fashionable hour of 4 P. M., in most sumptious style, and consisted of the choicest and best of comestibles; and my appetite having undergone a process of invigoration since breakfast in Baltimore at 7 A. M., I was prepared to render the dinner more than might be termed strictly even-handed justice. And the wine! Need I own the "soft impeachment" that the wine being of the best, I tasted it.

While the weary, monotonous balloting for Speaker has been going on, I have spent my time in examining the many objects of interest in the capital which I will glance at in future letters occasionally during the voting I have gone into the galiery of the House with a list of yeas and nays and pencil in hand, and tried to cypher out who will be Speaker. In the space behind the clerk's desk, almost any day can be seen the calm and philosophic countenance of Horace Greely who daily sends to the *Tribune* his interesting accounts of the progress of events. He has thrown aside the old white coat which has been talked about so much and now appears in a suit of black which hangs on him loosely and awkwardly. He has a shambling, careless gait, his pants hanging in a slovenly way about his shoes, which are coarse brogans with the strings generally untied. You are at once struck with the honest simplicity and the shrewdness and intellect as well, which are marked on his brow. He is without doubt, one of the first men of the nation, and one whom his country will yet be proud to honor. Here also are Thurlow Weed, the Talleyrand of New York politicians, and Gen. James Watson Webb, eagerly watching the course of events, and endeavoring to shape things so as to elect a Republican Speaker. As Gen. Webb had the honor, upon the birth of the Whig party, of naming the bantling, it is natural that he should have the benefit of its dying. The chances now are in the Republicans triumphing by the election of Banks of Mass. It is thought that the whole strength of the north will be concentrated on him to-day. Banks was originally a Free soil democrat but has recently been identified with the Republican movement. He is besides, an American. Mr Robison of your district early took a decided stand in favor of Banks or Campbell, seeing that the prospect of electing Fuller was becoming gloomier every day, and the organization of the House and legislation of the country needlessly postponed. Here on the field of action, and closely surveying the contest, the course of Mr. Robison seems to me to be eminently proper and such as should merit the approbation of his anti-Nebraska constituents. "You must go to the country" they say "to hear the news," and although I think the position of your member is such as to entitle him to the thanks his constituents, it may look very different at home. But as this illustration about "the country" is rather mixed, I had better drop it. To give a clear view of the position of your member, he is regarded here as a Free Soiler without the slightest admixture of "dough" in his composition. But fondly as the people of the north believed that they had secured a representation of faithful men in Congress, there are fears that the race of "dough heads" is not yet quite extinct, and some genuine specimens of the breed have sprung up in quarters least expected. Sorry am I to indulge in such misgivings on the very threshold of affairs, and I hope that they may yet prove unfounded. If however the people are again deceived and betrayed, what we have seen in the past compared with what must follow, will be but as the blast of a tin whistle to the pipings of a moonsoon. The traitor representatives will sink back into their wonted obscuriety with with none so mean as to cherish a regret. The votes of certain northern gentlemen on the Speakership, give too much room for doubt concerning them; but they have not waded so deep into the slough of the nigger drivers that they cannot find their way out.

I have dropped two or three times into the Senate to see how things are progressing among the Conscript Fathers. The Senate just now seems to be the dull abode of Fogyism; but when the House once gets into operation, there will be some lively times among the grave Senators. One is struck on entering, at the exceeding smallness of the Senate Chamber, the space for spectators not being as great as in the Court House in Bedford. My first thought, after looking around was, Can this be the arena in which Clay and Webster made those wonderful oratorical displays which electrified the world? Charles Sumner, Clayton, Butler, Hale and other Senators whom I had not seen before were pointed out, but better opportunities than the present to speak of them will offer during the session. There is one peculiar fact worthy of notice, just now, in this connection.—While the majority of the House consists of those entertaining similar views in regard to sla very with Seward, Sumner, Wilson, Wade, and others of that ilk, and while the organization of the committees in the House will be entirely in the hands of free soil men, the Senate has coolly resolved not to place any of these Senators on the important committees. Seward, and Wilson and Hale must stand back for such men as Bayard of Delaware, who complacently reposes on his ancestor's virtues, for Thompson of the Camden and Amboy R. R, and Dodge! But, patience! A few years ago the "fanatics" were represented in the Senate by Hale and Seward alone, and now they have considerably more than a baker's dozen. There is a good time coming!

I have been here just a week, and find that the National, at $2.50 a day, with 25 cts. additional every time you look inquiringly at a nigger, does not exactly suit a man who is not comforted with Congressional per diem. So taking grave counsel of my necessities, and acting under the advice of my experienced Mentor, I have taken snug rooms—no not rooms, but *a room*—in a neat boarding house nearly opposite the National, with every convenience, so that if any of my *constituents* call round this way, they will find the latch string hanging out. But as my change involves a new phase of Washington life, and as there are some exceedingly interesting features connected with it, they must form part of the burthen of my next, and I will close this gossiping letter. In the language of the poet, *au reservoir*.

H.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

We clip the following from an Indiana paper, whose editor vouches for its truth:

"About twenty years ago, as the story goes, a man and wife (of prominence, by fashionable position,) who had been wedded long enough to be blessed by a female babe discovered that they did not love one another as they should, and therefore separated forever. The wife took the child and sought a home in an eastern city, where her parents resided, resuming her maiden name, and giving to the child the same. After a divorce had been agreed upon and obtained by due course of the law, the lady married, and the little girl was sent to a relative in the interior of York State, where she lived until a few months since.

The man has continued to reside in the west, and being young when separated from his wife, of a hale constitution, and particularly careful to remove from his countenance all traces of time's footprints, has kept up a very youthful appearance, considering his age. Being in affluent circumstances, of good address, and decidedly agreeable in all the little nicities that combine to stamp the gentleman of fashionable life, he was always regarded as a desirable prize by designing mammas. Nevertheless he had escaped all their snares, to the great annoyance of pretty girls and charming widows, who really thought it was the duty of Mr. ——— to get married. It might have been a settled aversion to the sex, or it might be attributed to his early lessons, yet it was a fact, he did not marry.

But not to be prolix, we'll cut off some of the little unimportant items, and proceed to the story. During last June, a Miss J. arrived here from the east, on a visit to a relative, who had been a resident of the Queen City but a few months. The second week of her western sojourn threw her in company with the grass widower of twenty years' standing, who showed by his attention that he was more than usually impressed by the charms of the fair stranger.—Every evening found him at her side, and she was thought not to be entirely insensible to his charms of person and mind. A month glided away—a month of courtship, which was carefully noted and meaningly winked at by her relative. At length her hand was asked in marriage, and the matter referred to her connexion.

He seemed to favor the project, and appointed an interview for the trio the same evening. They met in the parlor, when a more formal solicitation for her hand was made, and while the ardent suitor was waiting with breathless anxiety for the answer that was to seal his fate, the young lady was led forward and presented to her *own father!* the lover.

It is needless to add that both were astonished; however, it has resulted in good. The father has settled a liberal fortune upon the daughter, and ere this, both are in Paris, preparatory to making the tour of Europe. This romance of every day life is but another instance of truth often times being stranger than fiction."

AN INCIDENT.

It was late. The lamps of the car burned dimly. In one seat were a "happy couple" rejoicing in a carpet-bag, two bandboxes, a basket, brown paper parcel, and a "sleeping cherub. Suddenly cherub—a girl of some three years' experience in this strange world—awoke from one of those long undisturbed slumbers that are among the prerogatives of childhood, and climbed up so as to stand and look over the back of the seat. Two care-worn, travel-weary and half awake men sat directly in front of the little creature. They looked as if they had been on board of railroad cars for a month, and had journeyed from the regions about sunset. The great, serious eyes of the child fell upon them. She scanned carefully the face of each, and one would have deemed her to have been an infantile physiognomist. Presently one of them looked at her. It was evident that she rather liked him, of the two, and had about made up her mind to speak to him; for instantly her little voice was heard, as she piped out the query:

"Does you love little girls?"

The man looked at her a moment rather gruffly, and then replied:

"No—I don't."

A shade of disappointment and surprise was instantly daguerreotyped upon the countenance of the child, but passed away when she replied:

"Yes, you do."

The man roused himself, and took another look. He was evidently both puzzled and interested, and he said, "How do you know?"

And she replied, "'Cause you look as if you did."

This thawed him out some, and he said. "I have got a little girl at home."

The little questioner now evidently felt she was on the right "track," and after a look that showed that this intelligence presented a new and unexpected view of the affair, renewed the conversation earnestly and the following colloquy ensued:

"Does you love your little girl?"

"Yes."

"Is she a real good little girl?"

"Sometimes she is."

"Is she naughty sometimes?"

"Yes."

"Does she go down in the kitchen when she hadn't ought to?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Does she cry when you talk to her, and tell her she is naughty?"

"Yes."

"*Then* do you whip her?"

"Sometimes."

"When she says she is sorry, do you whip her *then*?"

"No, never."

The little creature's eyes danced and sparkled at this, and drawing conclusions no doubt from her own experience, she exclaimed:

"I'se real glad, I is."

Then looking at the other man who had refused to answer the question she had put to him, she said to her newly-made friend with a look of wonder:

"That man wont speak to me! Does he love little girls?"

The man had a heart somewhere, and he thawed out. Rousing himself, he extended his brawny hand, and said:

"How do you do, sissy?"

And the little creature, not altogether at her ease, replied:

"I'se pretty well, how is you?"

By this time all within hearing of colloquy were moved to tears; the eyes of the parents of the little prattler were full to overflowing, and those who were nearest heard one of the men she questioned say to the other:

"She's a little witch."

And so she was. Her blooming beauty and her infantile artnessness were powerful enough to break through the roughness, the weariness, the reserve and the indifference of these travel-worn men of the world, and to melt them to tears.—*Auburn American.*

SOCIAL HALL SKETCHES.

'Talking of animals,' said Smashpipes, some are very instictive indeed—up to anything.'

'Werry smart, indeed, are some beasts,' growled Old Hurricane, 'I've fought the tiger myself, day in and day out, without getting the better of him.'

'We had a cat in our family once,' pursued Starlight, 'who used to come regularly for pieces of cheese. We thought at first she ate 'em. But we found out better. She used to strew 'em round promiscuously where there were were rat holes, and lie in wait. When the rats came out, attracted by the smell, she'd up and at 'em

'Our, cat,' said Smoothly, triumphantly, 'used to go to the cook to have her cheese toasted. She found out that that way she could beat your Grimalkin by seven rats an hour. MI-CAT *inter omnes*.'

'Shines among them,' replied the Colonel, translating. 'And talking of shining and starlight, puts me in mind of what I observed one shiny night in Broadway.'

'There was a man who, when the stars were all out above, and the municipal stars were complaisant below, used to rig up a telescope wherewith to study astronomy, at sixpence a squint.

'One night, as he was getting under, way, I saw two Irish gentlemen, taking an observation of his movements. Both were policemen.

'Samey, ye devil,' said one, what in the wurrold is yon fellow after wid his machanery?'

'Whist, ye spalpeen,' whispered the other, sure an' can't ye see that it's an air gun, cannon that he's got. He's afther shootin' stars, he is.'

'Had'nt we bether be gettin' out ov the way thin?' inquired his friend.

'Sure, an' it's not us,' was the answer. 'Didn't ye niver hear of shootin' stars?'

'By time the telescope man had arranged his instrument and squinted through it up at the stars. The policemen gazed up likewise in wonder Just then by an odd chance, a large meteor shot down the sky.

'Bedad he hit it—he's fetched it down!' cried both the paddies in a breath. 'Sure, an' that's the greatest shootin' I ever saw in all me life.' But a sense of duty at once prevailed, and one of them at once rudely accosted the man of science.

'Ye'll jist stop that now, Muster, uv you plase. The night's dark enough now, and plinty—av ye go on shootin' stars at that rate, sorra the man will find his way aboot the strate.' And the telescope man had to pack up and be off.

And there was a dead silence of amazement at the immensity of the Colonel's unveracity, and the puffing of cigar smoke was all the sound we heard.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

Anecdote of Gen. Jackson.

At the south-west, the people delight to spin yarns of Gen. Jackson: of his daring, love of justice, and the prompt way of administering "that article," when he found it necessary. I was on the Mississipi last summer, when I heard the following story, which, never having seen in print, I send you for the benefit of the readers of the Spirit of the Times:

The General, then Judge Jackson, was holding court— long time ago—in a shantee at a little village in Tenessee, and dispensing justice, in large and small doses, as seemed to him to be required in the case brought before him. One day during court a great bulking fellow, armed with pistols and bowie-knife, took it upon himself to parade before the open door of the Shantee Court House and d—n the Judge, Jury, and all there assembled, in good set terms.

"Sheriff," sung out the Judge, in an awful tone, "arrest that man for contempt of Court and confine him."

Out goes the Sheriff, but soon returned with word to the Judge that he had found it impossible to take the offender.

"Summon a posse, then," said the Judge "and bring him before me!"

The Sheriff put out again, but the task was too difficult; he could not, or dared not lay hands on the man, nor did any of the posse like the job any better than he did, as the fellow threatened to shoot the first "skunk" that came within ten feet of him.

At this, the Judge waxed wrathy, to have his authority put at defiance before all the good people of the vicinity, so he cried out from the Bench, (it was literally a bench,) "Mr. Sheriff, since you can't obey my orders, summon me, sir, yes, summon me!"

"You, Judge!" exclaimed the Sheriff, amazed.

"Yes, me, summon me! By the Eternal! I'll see what I can do!"

"Well, Judge, if you say so, though I don't like to do it but if you will try, why I suppose I must summon you.

"Very well," said Jackson, rising and walking to the door, "I adjourn this Court ten minutes."

The ruffian was standing a short distance from the Shantee, in the centre of a crowd of people, blaspheming at a terrible rate and and flourishing his weapons, vowing death and destruction to all and singular who should attempt to molest him.

Judge Jackson walked very calmly into the centre of the group, with a pistol in his hand, and confronted him:—

"Now," said the Judge, looking him straight in the eye, "surrender, you infernal villain, this instant! or, by the Eternal, I'll blow you through!"

The man eyed the speaker for a moment, without speaking, and then let fall his weapons, with the words: "There, Judge, it's no use, I give in," and suffered himself to be led off by the Sheriff without opposition.—He was completely cowed.

A few days after the occurrence, the man was asked by one of his comrades why he knocked under to one man, when he had before refused to allow to be taken by a whole company; and his reply showed the estimation in which the daring and determined spirit of Jackson was held throughout the country.

"Why," said he, "when he came up, I looked him in the eye, and by——, I saw *shoot*, and there wasn't *shoot* in nary other eye in the crowd, and so I says to myself says I hoss, it's about time to sing small—and so I did.

KAINTUCK AND THE FIDDLER.

On board the steamer Indiana on one of her trips down the Mississippi, were a large number of good natured passengers. They were seeking to while away hours according to their several notions of pleasure, and would have got on very well but for one annoyance. There happened to be on board a hoosier from the Wabash, who was going down to Orleans, and he had provided himself with an old fiddle, and placing himself where he would attract notice, scraped away.

The fellow couldn't play any more than a setting hen, and the horrible noise disturbed his fellow passengers. A Frenchman, of delicate nerves and a fine musical ear, was especially annoyed. He fluttered, fidgeted and swore at the fiddler. It was no go—"he would music just as long as he pleased."

At last a big Kentuckian sprang from his seat, saying, "I reckon I'll fix him," and placing himself by the fiddler he commenced braying with all his might. The effect of this move was beyond all description. Old Kentuck brayed so loud that he drowned the screechings of the fiddle, and amid the shouts of the passengers the discomfitted hoosier retreated below, leaving the victory to the unequal contest with the Kentuckian and his singular impromptu imitation of Balaam's friend. The delight of the Frenchman knew no bounds, and quiet was restored for the day.

During the night the Kentuckian left the boat. The next morning after breakfast the passengers were startled by the discordant sound of their old tormentor. Hoosier had discovered that the coast was clear, and was bound to revenge himself on the passengers. Loud and worse than ever screamed the fiddle. The Frenchman, just seated to read his paper, on the first sound rose and looked anxiously around, shrugged his shoulders, and then shouted, "Vare is he? Queek! queek! Mon Dieu! Vare is Monsieur Kentuck, de man vat play on de jackass?"

PRAYER.—Prayer was not invented; it was born with the first sight, the first joy, the first sorrow of the human heart: or rather man was born to pray: to glorify God, or to implore him was his only mission here below; all else perishes before him or with him; but the cry of glory or admiration, or of which he raises towards the creator, does not perish on his passing from the earth; it re ascends, it resounds from age to age, in the ear of the Almighty, like the reflection of his own magnificence. It is the only thing in man which is wholly divine; and which he can exhale with joy and pride; in an homage to Him to whom homage alone is due—the infinite and eternal Being.—*Lamartine.*

PUBLIC SALE

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Bedford County, there will be exposed to sale by public outcry, on the premises on *Friday the 28th, day of December, inst.*, all that valuable farm, late the property of Allen Conly, dec'd, situate in Napier tp, about 2½ miles North-West of Schellsburg, containing

163 Acres

of patented lands, the improvements are:

A large Two Story log dwelling house, with Stone kitchen attached, large double log barn, grainery and other out buildings, about 120 acres cleared, under good fence and in a high state of cultivation, the balance is well timbered There are on this farm about 20 acres of good meadow. There is also a large apple orchard of choice fruit together with an abundance of peaches, pears plums, cherries &c.

There is also a well of never failing water near the door, and several good springs on the farm.

The above property is well worthy the notice of purchasers.

TERMS made known on day of sale.

URIAH CONLEY,
ISAIAH CONLEY,
Adm'rs of Allen Conley, dec'd.

P. S. Any person wishing to examine the property before the day of sale will please call on Uriah Conly residing on the farm.

December 7, 1855.

PUBLIC SALE,

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Bedford County, the subscriber will expose to sale, by public vendue or outcry, at the Court House in, the Borough of Bedford on *Saturday the 5th day of January, A. D.* 1856: the following described Real Estate, late the property of Solomon Filler, deceased, viz:

A LOT OF GROUND,

in the Borough of Bedford, being lot No. 13, in the plan of said Borough, situate on Juliana Street, containing 60 feet in front on said street, and running back 240 feet, having thereon erected a first rate commodious

FRAME BOARDING HOUSE,

Frame Stable, Ice House, Ten Pin Alley and other buildings. This property is handsomely located on the street leading to the Bedford Springs, and is a very desirable one—particularly to a person wishing to keep a private boarding house, for which purpose it has been used for several years. The building is sufficiently large to accommodate fifty or sixty boarders, and is insured for four years from the 23d day of September, ult.

TERMS—Cash at the confirmation of the sale.

S. L. RUSSELL,
Executor of the last Will, &c. of Solomon Filler, dec'd.

December 7th, 1855.

FINAL NOTICE.

ALL persons knowing themselves indebted to the late firm of SANSOM & MILLER, either by note or book account, will do well to have them settled by the 1st of January 1856. After that time they will be placed in the hands of a proper officer for collection.

A. J. SANSOM,
Surviving partner.

Dec. 7th 1855.

ALLEGHENY MALE AND FEMALE SEMINARY.

THE second session of this institution will commence on Monday January 21st, 1856. The session will be divided into two quarters of 11 weeks each without a vacation.

Rates of tuition as follows viz;	
Common English per quarter	$3,00
To which will be added for	
Each higher branch	75
Each Ancient language	1,25
The entire amount of the above not to Exceed six dollars	

EXTRAS.

Drawing and Painting of the different varieties	from $3 to 8,00
Lesson on Piano,	10,00
Vocal music 2 lessons per week	1,00
Incidentals,	50

Boarding can be secured on reasonable terms.

By order of THE TRUSTEES.

Rainsburg, Dec. 7, 1855.

Howard Association,

PHILADELPHIA.

Important Announcemn

TO all persons afflicted with Sexual diseases such as Seminel Weakness, Impotence, Gonorhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, &c., &c.

The Howard Association of Philadelphia, in view of the awful destruction of human life and health, caused by sexual diseases, and the deceptions which are practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, have directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a *charitable act* worthy of their name, to give *medical advice gratis*, to all persons thus afflicted, (Male or Female,) who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life,) &c., and in cases of extreme poverty and suffering to *furnish medicines free of charge*.

The Howard Association is a benevolent Institution, established by special endowment, for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with "Virulent and Epidemic Diseases," and its funds can be used for no other purpose. It has now a surplus of means, which the Directors have voted to advertise the above notice. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest Medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most modern treatment. Valuable advice also given to sick and nervous females, afflicted with abdominal weakness, Womb complaint, Costiveness, Lencorrhœa, &c.

Address, (post-paid,) Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2, South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *President.*
GEO. FAIRCHILD, *Secretary.*

June 1, 1855.—zz.

STRAY HEIFER.

CAME to the premises of the subscriber, living in Monroe Township, about the middle of November last, a red and white heifer, supposed to be rising two years old, no marks. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property pay charges and take her away.

LEWIS KOONS.

Dec. 7th, 1855.

WANTED.

WHEAT, Rye, Corn, Oats and Buckwheat, in payment for subscriptions, for which the highest market prices will be allowed, and to be left at any of the mills in the neighborhood.—Also, about 30 cords of good wood. Won't some of our friends bring on these articles.

THE EDITOR.