The Bedford Inquirer.

A LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, EDUCATION, LITERATURE AND MORALS.

B F McNEIL: Editor and Proprietor. BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1865. Vol 38: No. 6

The Bedford Inquirer

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Military claims, Pensions, back pay, Bounty, &c. speedily collected.

Office with Mann & Spang, on Juliana street, 2 doors south of the Mengel House.

April 1, 1864.—tf.

J. R. DURBORROW.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

Office one door south of the "Mengel House,"

Will attend promptly to all business intrusted to his care Collections made on the shortest notice.

Having, also, been regularly licensed to prosecute Claims against the Government, particular attention will be given to the collection of Military claims of all kinds; Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Bounty Loans, &c.

Bedford, apr. 8, 1864—tf.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

And agent for procuring arrears of Pay and Bounty money. Office on Juliana Street, Bedford, Pa.

April 1, 1864—tf.

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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.

April 1, 1864—tf.

JOHN MAJOR.
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, HOPEWELL, BEDFORD COUNTY.

Collections and all business pertaining to his office will be attended to promptly. Will also attend to the sale or renting of real estate. Instruments of writing carefully prepared. Also settling up partnerships and other accounts.

April 1, 1864—tf.

JNO. MOWER.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
BEDFORD, PA.,

April 1, 1864.—tf.

JOSEPH W. TATE.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD PA.

WILL promptly attend to collections and all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Money advanced on Judgments, Notes and other Claims. Has for sale Town Lots, in Tatesville, and St. Joseph's on Bedford Railroad. Farms and unimproved land in quantities to suit purchasers.

Office opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell.

apr. 15, 1864—10 m.

JOHN LUTZ,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND

Regularly licensed agent for the collection of Government claims, bounties, back pay, pensions, &c., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care.

Office with J. R. Durborrow, Esq., on Juliana Street, Bedford Pa.

August 19th, 1864.—tf.

M. A. POINTS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.

Respectfully tenders his professional services to the public. Office with J. W. Lingenfelter, Esq., on Juliana street, two doors South of the "Mengle House."

Bedford, Dec. 9, 1864-tf.

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I. N. BOWSER, Resident Dentist of Woodbury.

WILL spend the second Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, of each month at Hopewell, the remaining three days at Bloody Run, attending to the duties of his profession. At all other times he can be found in his office at Woodbury, excepting the last Monday and Tuesday of the same month, which he will spend in Martinsburg, Blair county, Penna. Persons desiring operations should call early, as time is limited. All operations warranted.

Aug. 5,1864.-tf.

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DENTISTS,
BEDFORD, PA.

Office in the Bank Building, Juliana Street.

All operations pertaining to Surgical or Mechanical Dentistry carefully and faithfully performed and warranted.

TERMS CASH.

jan6'65-ly.

DR. B. F. HARRY,

Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office and residence on Pitt Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. H. Hofius.

April 1, 1864—tf.

J. L. MARBOURG, M. D.

Having permanently located respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office on Juliana Street, opposite the Bank, one door north of Hall & Palmer's office.

April 1, 1864—tf.

DANIEL BORDER.
PITT STREET, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BEDFORD HOTEL,
Bedford, Pa.
Watchmaker & Dealer in Jewelry, Spectacles, &c.

HE KEEPS ON HAND A STOCK OF FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, SPECTACLES OF Brilliant Double Refined 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.

apr. 8, 1864—zz.

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HARRISBURG, PENN'A.,
CORNER SIXTH AND MARKET STREETS,
OPPOSITE READING R. R. DEPOT.

D. H. HUTCHINSON, Proprietor.

jan6'65-3m.

UNION HOTEL.
VALENTINE STECKMAN, PROPRIETOR,
West Pitt Street, Bedford, Pa.,
(Formerly the Globe Hotel.)

THE public are assured that he has made ample arrangements to accommodate all that may favor him with their patronage.

A splendid Livery Stable attached. ap1'64

BRITISH PERIODICALS,

VIZ.

The London Quarterly Review (Conservative).
The Edinburgh Review (Whig).
The Westminster Review (Radical).
The North British Review (Free-Church).
AND
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory).

The American Publishers continue to reprint the above-named periodicals, but as the cost of printing has *doubled* and the price of paper nearly *trebled*, they are compelled to advance their terms as follows:

Terms for 1865.

For any one of the Reviews	$4.00	per annum.
For any two of the Reviews	7.00	"
For any three of the Reviews	10.00	"
For all four of the Reviews	12.00	"
For Blackwood's Magazine	4.00	"
For Blackwood and any one Review	7.00	"
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For Blackwood and three of the Reviews	13.00	"
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These works will be printed on a greatly improved quality of paper, and while nearly all American Periodicals are either advanced in price or reduced in size—and very generally both—we shall continue to give faithful copies of all the matter contained in the original editions. Hence, our present prices will be found as cheap, for the amount of matter furnished, as those of any of the competing periodicals in the country.

Compared with the cost of the original editions, which at the present premium on gold would be about $100 a year, our prices ($15) are exceedingly low. Add to this the fact that we make our annual payments to the British Publishers for early sheets and copyright in Gold—$1 costing us at this time nearly $2.50 in currency—and we trust that in the scale we have adopted we shall be entirely justified by our subscribers and the reading public.

The interest of these Periodicals to American readers is rather increased than diminished by the articles they contain on our great Civil War, and though sometimes tinged with prejudice they may still, considering their great ability and the different stand-points from which they are written, be read and studied with advantage by the people of this country of every creed and party.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO., Publishers,
No. 38 Walker Street, New York.

Jan. 27, 1865.

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The price of the TIMES (Daily) is FOUR CENTS.

To Mail Subscribers per annum $10 00
Including Sunday morning edition, $12.

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Dec.23,'64-2m.

DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR
OF THE
HOPEWELL OIL COMPANY.

Capital.—$200,000. Shares.—200,000. Par Value,$1.00.

Hon. JOHN ROWE, President.

J. SIMPSON AFRICA, Secretary and Treasurer.

DIRECTORS:

W. S. FLETCHER, McConnellsburg, Pa.
JOHN ROWE, Greencastle, Pa.
F. BENEDICT, Bedford, Pa.
J. H. SEYBOLD, Hagerstown, Md.
J. C. EVERHART, Martinsburg, Pa.
JOHN J. SCHELL, Somerset, Pa.
C. P. RANSDELL, Oil City, Pa.

The property of this Company consists of 200 acres of land, in fee simple, situated on the west side of the Allegheny river, a short distance above the mouth of Scrub Grass Creek, in Scrub Grass Township, Venango county, Pa. It has a frontage along the river of one mile, with good boring surface for the whole distance. Two good oil wells are now in operation on the east side of the river, immediately opposite the property of the Co.

The following in regard to an adjoining tract, is taken from an editorial in the Philadelphia *Price Current*, of December 17:

"The geological relation of this property to Oil Creek, is such that the oil-bearing strata, which supply the wells on the Middle Section of Oil Creek (from the Washington McClintock Farm on the north to the Buchanan on the South) must pass under this property; the range of the strata certainly bringing the two localities into this mutual relation. Other data, obtained from an investigation of the conformation of the ground, and the underlying rocks, lead to the same conclusion, viz: that the main belt of oil, which extends down from the north-northeast and supplies the wells on the Washington, McClintock, Egbert, Stone, Tar, and Buchanan Farms, sweeps down still further on the same south southwest direction, corresponding with and controlled by the inclination of the strata, and underlies this property. It is well ascertained by the testimony of aged and respectable residents that the Indians, years ago, gathered oil from the surface of the ravines on this property and used it for rheumatic affections.

In later times the teamsters of Bullion Iron Furnace, gathered and used the oil for the purpose of applying it to galls and bruises on their horses. Oil for years was seen to exude at a number of places: among others, at the root of an old stump on the bank of the Allegheny river, and in the ravine alluded to.

A few years ago, the then owners of the tract, with one or two of their neighbors, bored a well, a few feet above the oil stump. The first vein of oil was struck at the depth of 200 feet, and the second at 460 feet: an experienced man from Oil Creek was employed to tube the well, which produced a stream of oil three quarters of an inch in diameter. The owners of the well, not satisfied with its production, pulled out the chamber, and drilled some feet deeper, when they struck salt water in large quantities and of great strength. Believing that the manufacture of salt would, at the time, yield them a better profit, they arranged their seed bags in the well, so as to enable them to exclude the oil and pump the salt water. Still oil was pumped along with the water, in such quantities as to gather upon the top of the water-tanks, from whence it was collected, barreled and sold."

There is every reason, therefore, to believe that the property of the Company is rich in its supplies of oil. The inclination of the Strata proves, conclusively, that those supplies of oil on Oil Creek have a *higher level* than the oil-bearing rocks on this property; and that, consequently, the supply will be *more permanent* than that of Oil Creek itself. The large extent of boring territory, equal to that of half a dozen companies on Oil Creek, a boat-landing on the Farm, with the advantage of a navigable stream for the transportation of oil, and the certainty of the existence of large quantities of coal upon the tract, makes the property of incalculable value.

The Company are about preparing to sink several wells, and confidently expect the early development of oil in paying quantities.

The plan of organization adopted by the Company commends itself to public approval, from the fact that it places no fictitious value upon its stock, but confines the sale of shares strictly to their par value.

A limited number of Shares can be had by applying to the following named gentlemen:

F. Benedict, Bedford, Pa.
Jacob Reed, " "
B. F. Meyers, " "
J. Henry Schell, Schellsburg, Bedford County, Pa.
James Lowther, Altoona, Blair County, Pa.
S. S. Barr, Hollidaysburg, Pa.
C. W. Ashcom, Hopewell, Pa.
J. H. Kausler, Hagerstown, Md.
S. H. Prather & Co., Greencastle, Pa.
J. Hostetter & Co., "
I. J. Phillips, Waynesboro, "
John S. Miller, Huntingdon, "
Samuel Henry, " "
W. D. McKinstry, Mercersburg, "

And at the Office of the Company, No. 430 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

dec.23,'64.

Blanks.

Blank, judgement notes, deeds, bonds and mortgages &c. &c., for sale at the INQUIRER Office.

Poetry.

For the Bedford Inquirer.

OH! I AM SAD TO-NIGHT.

BY C. P. CALHOUN.

The camp fires burn as bright to-night
As many a time before,
Time seems unconscious of her flight,
So soon the moments o'er.
But then I'm thinking sadly o'er
The days that 're passed so bright,
Of days and years that have gone before—
Oh! I am sad to-night.
CHORUS—Oh! I am sad, so sad to-night.
My years where have they flown,
The days that once were gay and bright,
Seem now to me unknown.

The snow flakes flutter in the breeze,
Once I enjoyed the scene,
The icicles in clusters freeze
Where foliage once was green.
The merry laugh of men is heard
As when all else is bright,
Each voice seems gay as a fairy bird
But I am sad to-night.
CHORUS—Oh! I am sad, &c.

PORTRAIT.

She was a phantom of delight
Which gleam'd upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon a nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
Fo human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller, 'twixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.
—WORDSWORTH.

GEMS FROM OLD CASKETS.

PREACHING.—"All the fine words and phrases in the world can never mortify one lust, nor convert one soul to God and goodness."—*Beveridge.*

IMMUTABILITY OF GOD.—"God is as it were the [redacted] ed point on which revolve all [redacted] universe without partaking his [redacted] tions."—*Saurin.*

WASTE OF TIME.—"Our lives a [redacted] doing nothing at all, or in doing no [redacted] pose, or in doing nothing that we o [redacted] are always complaining our days are [redacted] as though there would be no end of [redacted]

THE SABBATH.—"If keeping holy the [redacted] were only a human institution, it would b [redacted] method that could have been thought of f [redacted] ing and civilizing mankind."—*Addison.*

RICHES.—"I cannot call riches better th [redacted] baggage of virtue; the Roman word is better, i [redacted] *impedimenta*; for as the baggage is to an army, so is ri [redacted] to virtue; it cannot be spared nor left behind, bu [redacted] hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it some [redacted] times loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit."—*Bacon.*

AFFLICTION.—"God, by affliction calls men down from their heights to sit in the dust, plucks away their gay feathers wherein they prided themselves, rubs the paint and varnish from off the creature, whereby it appears more in its native deformity."—*Boston.*

CONFLICT OF FAITH.—"If Satan and I did strive for any word of God in all my life, it was for this good word of Christ: *Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out*; he at one end, and I at the other. O what work we made. It was for this that we did so tug and strive; he pulled and I pulled; but, God be praised, I overcame him, and got sweetness from it."—*Bunyan.*

BENEVOLENCE.—"I see in this world two heaps, human happiness and misery. If I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add to the other, I carry a point. If a child has dropped a half-penny and by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something. I should be glad indeed to do greater things, but I will not neglect this."—*John Newton.*

GUILTY CONSCIENCE.—"Guilt is that which quells the courage of the bold, ties the tongue of the eloquent, and makes greatness itself sneak and lurk and behave itself poorly."—*South.*

"A title of honor will no more abate the torments of conscience than it doth mitigate Beelzebub's torments to be styled prince of the devils. You may as well seek to cure a wound in your body by applying a plaster to your garment as seek to ease a wounded spirit by all the treasures, pleasures, and enjoyments of this world."—*Ezekiel Hopkins.*

ATHEISM.—"An atheist is not only a devil in religion, but a monster in nature."—*Donne.*

SELFISHNESS.—"It is a shame for a rich Christian to be like a Christmas-box, that receives all, and nothing can be got out till it be broken in pieces."—*Bishop Hall.*

FUTURE JUDGMENT.—"If God has given such demonstrations of the judgement to come as may assure all the world of the certainty of it, and an atheist, an epicure, a fool will not believe it; if he will not believe what a Felix believed and trembled at; if he will not believe what devils believe and tremble at; God will never come crouching to him and beg of him that he will believe it; but let him disbelieve it at his own peril, and take what comes."—*Lightfoot.*

MARRIAGE IN LAPLAND.—It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her parents or friends. When a young man has formed an attachment for a female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to meet to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of one-third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid out-run her suitor, the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being a penalty for the man to renew the motion of marriage. But if the virgin has an affection for him though at first she runs fast to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atlanta's balls to renew her speed) pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt before she comes to the mark or end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own wills; and this is the case that in this poor country the married people are richer in their own contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness.

THE PRESIDENT ON REBEL RELIGION.—Two ladies from Tennessee called upon the President, importuning the release of their husbands held as prisoners of war at Johnson's Island. When the President ordered the release of the prisoners, he said to one of the ladies who laid great stress upon her husband being a religious man: "You say that your husband is a religious man. Tell him when you meet him that I say that I am not much of a judge of religion, but that in my opinion, the religion that sets men to rebel and fight against their Government because, as they think that Government does not sufficiently help some men to eat their bread in the sweat of other men's faces, is not the sort of religion upon which people can get to heaven."

The President considers this his last, his shortest, as well as best speech.

From the Presbyterian.

LUTHER'S PARAPHRASE OF THE 12TH PSALM.

Luther's Psalms and Hymns did scarcely less for the Reformation in Germany, than his translation of the Bible. They are thirty-six in number, and were originally published on separate sheets, together with their appropriate tunes. They thus gained a more general circulation than they could have done, if collected and published in a more bulky form.—They traversed the land in letters, thus reaching places where a printed Bible would have been easily detected, and instantly seized. Their metrical form fixed them in the memory, and caused them to be repeated and sung even when they could not be printed and read. "It is wonderful," said a Spanish monk, "how much these hymns have furthered the spread of Lutheranism; they have poured forth from Luther's workshop, and are now sung in houses and shops, in markets, streets and fields." In 1528 the Reformer composed his paraphrase of the twelfth psalm, of which the following is a translation, attempting to preserve something of the ruggedness of the original:

O God, from highest heaven hear,
Nor let thy mercies slumber,
How desolate the poor appear,
Thy saints, how few in number!
Thy word the foe hath long assailed,
And human faith at length has failed
In what thy lips have uttered.

For truth men teach a cunning lie,
With confidence unbounded;
With double heart their schemes they ply,
Not on thy promise founded.
One chooses this, another that—
And while their show we wonder at,
They drive our souls distracted.

But God will from earth root out
All who have lies invented,
Who cry, while they the heavens flout,
We will not be prevented;
Both might and right sustain our deeds,
And what we propose aye succeeds,
And who shall be our master?

Therefore saith God, I will arise,
My poor are undefended;
I hear in heaven their heavy sighs,
I have their cry attended.
My healing words shall, in the strife,
Bring to them comfort, cheer, and life,
And be their strength and succor.

As silver in the furnace tried
Is ever found the purer,
So shall God's holy word abide—
No promise can be surer.
Our crosses prove its sovereign power,
Its glory lights the darkest hour—
It shines upon the people.

Its truth wilt thou, O God, display
Before this evil nation;
And by thy mighty power, we pray,
Save us from desolation.
Where'er this evil race abound,
The godless company are found,
Exalted o'er thy servants.

This paraphrase is associated with some of the most signal triumphs of the Reformation in Germany. It early proved itself a [redacted] The whole congregation joined in chorus, and as they reached the second stanza, "For truth they teach a cunning lie," the discomfitted preacher came down from the pulpit, and sneaked out of the church.

Two years later the same psalm was used with equally good effect at Lubeck. A poor blind man had been wont to sing Luther's hymns at the doors of the houses, and was at last, on this account, banished from the city by the Popish Councillor. On the following Sunday, just as the priest at St James' church began the mass for the dead, two little boys in the congregation began to sing, "O God from highest heaven hear." The people joined in, and devoutly sung the psalm through. It was the first time that a German hymn had been heard in a church at Lubeck; but it was not the last. The city gave itself up to the influence of the Reformation; and as often as a priest or a preacher uttered from the pulpit any thing contrary to the truth, the people began to sing Luther's 12th psalm.

Well has one of Luther's companions said, "God has given us, in Luther's little hymn-book, a great, and wonderful, and unexampled gift, for which we cannot sufficiently thank him throughout eternity."

THE BABY TOWERS OF CHINA.—Infanticide, so common in China is thus vividly depicted, in all its horrors, by a recent traveler. Burying an infant alive, is a horrible thing; yet how common it is among the Celestials:

The Pagodas, so often mentioned in accounts of the Chinese empire, appear to be more numerous in the mountainous districts, where they add greatly to the picturesque charm of scenery and are believed to be connected with the religious ceremonies of the people. In that country around Shanghai they are not to be met with—at least it was not our fortune to see any during our brief stay. The only structure like a tower, if we except the turrets on the city walls and watch towers erected within the past few years, when the Tae-Pings have threatened the city, is a tall, white monument, rising to the height of twenty feet, and without inscription or distinguishing mark of any kind. It looks like a fine, white tomb, higher and more ambitious than usual, and truly it is a "whited sepulchre!" Baby Tower, it is called by the foreign residents, for it is filled with the bones of infants—not such as have died a natural death, as Bayard Taylor asserts, but which have been thrust into this horrid monument of heathen cruelty when but a few hours old. Humanity shudders at the thought! These dazzling white baby towers, with their mockery of purity, their object known to all men, and openly inviting, as it were, the most unnatural and heartless of murders, is among the most hideous spectacles to be met with in a heathen land. True, a river or a pond will be pointed out to you in other parts of China, or India, where babies are daily drowned like puppies or kittens; but they do not affect the mind with such horror as these palpable structures, erected with the best skill of their architects, for this express purpose. The water closes over the murdered infant, and no trace of the crime remains; but here is a tower—a high tower—with deep foundations, filled with the bones of murdered babes that have been accumulating for generations.

AN INNOCENT MAIDEN.—Some one has felicitously translated from the German of Claudius the following lines: It is a beautiful picture painted with Flemish accuracy to nature, yet mingles gracefully with its fidelity to truth the coloring of the Italian schools. There is a charming simplicity about it, with a faint, mystic intimation that the little maiden had more than half guessed the mystery she is seeking to unfold. We commend these lines to the perusal of our fair readers, though we venture the assertion they are not *quite* so simple as the foolish little damsel who thus seeks to know concerning her rosy lips:

My mother, she tells me—
"Nature has given thee
Lips to speak with, my daughter, my own;
And so thou must use them for speaking alone."
But why are they red, then?
White lips would answer for speaking as well;
And why has she said, then—
"*Only* for speaking?" O! who can tell
A poor little innocent girl like me,
For what, but to speak with, our my mouth is?

Letter from Mr. Everett.

The following letter from Edward Everett to Robert Bonner, of the *Ledger*, contains passages of general interest now that he is no longer living:

BOSTON, Dec. 30, 1864.

MY DEAR ROBERT: Having been hard at work all day, I sit down by way of relaxation, late in the evening, to have a little chat with you. I am rejoiced to hear that the *Ledger* is doing as you say, "remarkably well." * * * * * *

I do, I assure you, take great satisfaction in the thought, that, through your columns, I speak to so large an audience, and occasionally with good effect. What are four thousand persons in Fanuel Hall compared with the numbers who read the *Ledger*? I often receive letters of acknowledgement. * * *

With respect to the French mission, it has been occasionally mentioned *to* me, never *by* me: except at this moment, in writing to you. Unless our ministers, now abroad, are recalled, it is not likely that Massachusetts, which has now three full ministers, will be allowed to have another. Even if they should come home, there are other Massachusetts men who will do what I shall not—seek the place for themselves or friends. In fact I am very doubtful whether I should accept it, if offered to me. I have been ten years in Europe. I am in my 71st year. I don't want the salary. I refused, two years ago, to go abroad on a confidential mission *to all the leading Courts*, with leave to stay as long as I thought expedient in each capital; to have a secretary and an allowance equal to the highest salary. It is true I was not to have a regular commission: but I was to have a plenary credential from the President; and a letter from the Secretary of State to all the ministers of Foreign affairs. Having declined this, when *urged* upon me, you can judge whether I am very eager to go abroad, or very likely to solicit any office. I do not wish these things published now, but when I am gone you can affirm them on good authority. In the meantime, my moderation is not likely, on this occasion, to be put to the test: for there is not the least probability that the office will be offered me. * * * * * *

Ever sincerely yours,
EDWARD EVERETT.

ROBERT BONNER, Esq.

A Southern Aristocrat.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

Recently in Paris at one of the clubs, Mr. John Slidell, on being asked to explain why it was that such extreme hatred and bitterness of feeling were manifested on all occasions by the Southerners towards the Northerners while the latter never exhibited any such sentiments, replied in his usual bombastic manner that the explanation was very simple indeed: "The Southerners were the aristocracy of America, while the Northerners were nothing but a herd of vulgar, peddling traders." Now it is in the memory of some of our citizens that this John Slidell, this exponent and exampler of the Southern aristocrats, left this city under coercion for a disgraceful and dishonorable act, with an injunction from the late Stephen Price, after the duel, that his life would be spared provided only he should never come back while he (Price,) remained here. His career at New Orleans, political and social, does not seem to have been such as to have created a very general impression that he was either a very high-minded or a very honest man. In Trinity Churchyard, in this city, may be seen a tombstone to the memory of "Joshua Slidell, a native of England, tallow chandler," grandfather of John Slidell, aristocrat. In old days the late W. T. Robinson, of the firm of Franklin, Robinson & Co., had apprenticed to him two poor emigrant Scotch girls, Debby and Margery McKenzie—both of whom were married out of his kitchen—Debby to John Slidell, journeyman soapboiler, father of John Slidell, aristocrat, and Margery to Thomas Bolton, journeyman shoemaker; and their employer, as an acknowledgment of their good conduct, cancelled their articles on the occasion. Too respectable a parentage for a renegade and a traitor. Their descendants pretend to aristocracy, and do not object to a Hebrew tinge. Erlanger's money in Paris is worth youth and beauty, even of the aristocratic Slidell blue blood. Here it may seek to lead the ton in Fifth avenuedom, and amaze Newport by the splendor of its equipage and its gorgeous liveries. But the Hebrew race is shrewd, getting by money at the same time wives from the aristocracy (?) and honors from the democracy, even if it does come from many a shrewd Wall street operation instead of the honorable merchant's steady gains.

BANEFUL INFLUENCE OF HOLIDAYS.—"It is a great misfortune to the Greeks," says President Felton, in his delightful little volume of "Familiar Letters from Europe," "and to the Athenians in particular, that they have so many saints in their calendar, and so many festivals in their honor, to interrupt the usual business of life. They lose a quarter or a third of the time in putting on their best clothes, gadding about the streets, gossiping in the coffee-houses, getting tipsey on execrable wine, and singing noisy songs in the streets, in honor of the blessed saints and martyrs who swarm in their ecclesiastical history. The sensible men here are gradually diminishing the number of their idle days, and the sober part of the tradesmen and men of business find their advantage in attending to their affairs, while the rest are dissipating time and drachmas, to the impoverishment of their purses and the damage of their health, in bacchanalian orgies. I cannot share in the regrets of those persons who lament the absence of festivals and amusements in our country. What I have seen of their effects in Europe—east and west—has given me a strong distaste for them, and the worst possible opinion of their influence upon the moral, mental, and well-being of the people. In the next place, the waste of money, in small sums to be sure, but swelling in the aggregate to immense amounts, helps to keep the people poor, and make them poorer. And, finally, the frivolity, dissipation, and low habits, everywhere encouraged by these festivals, crown the climax of grave objections to their observance, which I think must strike every reflecting person who travels with his eyes open through these countries. You will never again hear me lamenting the want of amusements in America, or finding fault with the serious countenances of our American people. The weekly rest of Sunday, Christmas, Thanksgiving, the anniversary of our Independence, and one or two other holidays, for the interchange of friendly salutations and the reunion of scattered families, are infinitely better than all the festivals in the calendars of the Catholic and Oriental countries."

A. LINCOLN'S LAST STORY.—His Excellency, Governor Andrew, related, at the dinner to the cadets the other evening, a "little story," which he credited to President Lincoln, and which we have not yet seen in print. The anecdote was first told on the night of the 8th of November, when, long after the success of the Rep. candidates was assured, the returns of heavy majorities still came in thick and jubilant. Then it was that the President was reminded of this little Illinois incident:—A friend of his, passing along a village street, was painfully bitten by an ugly dog. A single blow of a heavy stick, skillfully aimed, was sufficient to kill the animal instantly, but the enraged pedestrain still continued to pummel the corpse till little vestige of the canine form remained. At length he was accosted with—"What are you about? That dog has been dead these ten minutes." "I know it," was the reply, "but I want to give the beast a realizing sense that there is a punishment after death."

DINNER AS AN EDUCATOR.—You will find that a great deal of character is imparted and received at the table. Parents often forget this; and therefore, instead of swallowing your food in silence, instead of brooding over your business, instead of severely talking about others, let the conversation be genial, kind, social, and cheering. Don't bring disagreeable things to the table in your conversation any more than you would in your dishes. For this reason, too the more good company you have at your table, the better for your children. Every conversation, with company at your table is an educator of the family. Hence the intelligence and refinement, and the appropriate behavior of the family which is given to hospitality. Never feel that intelligent visitors can be anything but a blessing to you and yours. How few have fully gotten hold of the fact that company and conversation at the table are no small part of education.—*Dr. Todd.*

RUSKIN ON READING.
Opinions of an Art Critic.

That marvelous master of the English language, John Ruskin, lately delivered a lecture at Manchester, England, on "What and How to Read." From a report in a local paper we extract the following:—

"Books were divisible into two classes—the book of the hour and the book of all time. The distinction was not one of quality, but of species. There were good and bad books of both classes. The good book of the hour was the useful or pleasant talk of some person with whom one might converse printed for us. Records of graceful words, accounts of travel, good-humored discussions on useful subjects, statements of facts, and the passing events of real history—all such books were multiplying among us, and they were a peculiar characteristic of the present age But we made the worst possible use of them if we allowed them to usurp the place of true book; for strictly speaking, they were not books at all, but only letters or newspapers. The newspapers might be entirely proper for breakfast time; it was not proper all day.

THE BOOK FOR ALL TIME.

"A book, strictly speaking, was written not with the mere view of communication, but for permanence. The author had something to say which he perceived to be useful, true or beautiful. So far as he knew no one else could say it. He was bound to say it clearly and melodiously if he could, clearly at all events. Books of such a kind had been written in all ages by the greatest men. The society of the dead multiplied as the world's ages, into it we might enter always, and take fellowship and rank according to our will. That court of the past differed from all living aristocracy in this, that it was open to labor and merit, and to nothing else. There if one sought admittance he must rise to the level of the great men's thoughts if he would understand their words, and share their feelings, if he would feel their presence. [Hear, hear.]

"One must show his love for those great ones in two ways—by evincing a true desire to be taught by them, to enter into their thoughts; and by a true desire to feel with them, to enter into their hearts. He must desire to enter into their thoughts, not to find himself expressed by them. If the person who who wrote the book was not wiser than the reader, it would be of no use of reading it. If the author was worth reading, his meaning would not be got all at once, nor would his whole meaning be ascertain for a long time. The best authors would only write in a sort of parable in order that their meaning might not be got at unless it was really wanted. Gold was not found on the tops of mountains; but nature hid it in little fissures in the earth, that men might dig deep in order to find it. So it was with the hidden treasure of wisdom. Good reading required leisure and then the first requisite was to understand the author's words in the sense in which he used them.

ON VULGARITY.

"He had said of those mighty societies of the dead that they allowed no vulgar person to enter. What did they think he meant by vulgar? They would find it a fruitful subject of thought, and at the last they would find that the essence of all vulgarity lay in the want of sensation. In true inbred vulgarity, there was a callousness which became capable of every condition of crime, without sensation at all, and it was in the blunt hand and dead heart, in the diseased habit and hardened conscience, that all men became vulgar, and were forever vulgar exactly in proportion as they were incapable of sympathy, tenderness, quick understanding, and all that deep intensification which might be called the contact and touch faculty of the human soul.

"They came to this great concourse of the dead not merely to know what was true, but chiefly to feel with them what was just and noble, and to feel with them we must be like them, and have a noble curiosity. It was not true that sensation was rendered dead by the want of action; it was the sheer stupidity and license of feeling that deadened it. When the character was rightly disciplined sensation was precious, but we must not seek it—it should come from its right causes. The bad sensation did not rise out of one's character, but fell from the outside. That they had to seek for, and run for, and its influences were deadening and poisoning. There was no disease so terrible as that brought on by the pursuit of sensation for its own sake."

HOW COURAGE IS IMPARTED.—A bold, hopeful man inspires courage in many weaker minds. for there is something in the human soul that responds to the call of a noble example. Mr. Wasson says, in the *Atlantic Monthly*:

A little girl sleeping by her mother's side awoke in a severe thunder storm, shrinking into the smallest possible space, said, trembling,

"Mother, are you afraid?"

"No, my dear," answered the lady, calmly.

"O, well," said the child, assuming her full proportion, and again disposing herself for sleep, "if you're not afraid, I'm not afraid," and soon was slumbering quietly.

What volumes of gravest human history in the little incident! So infinitely easy are daring and magnanimity, so easy is transcendent height of thought and will when exalted spiritually, when imperial valor and purpose breathe and blow upon our souls from the lips of a living fellow! Not, it may be, that anything new is said. That is not required. What another now thrills, inspires, transfigures us by saying, we probably knew before, only dared not let ourselves think that we know it. The universe, perhaps, had not a nook so hidden that therein we could have been solitary enough to whisper that divine suggestion to our own hearts. But now some childlike man stands up and speaks it to the common air, in serenest unconsciousness of doing anything singular. He has said it—and lo, he lives? By the help of God, then, we, too, by word and deed, will utter our souls.

THE EFFECTS OF IMPATIENCE.—Nothing more incapacitates a man for the lead than impatience. No constitutionally impatient man, who has indulged his tendency, ever gets to the bottom of things, or knows with any nicety the standing disposition and circumstances of the people he is thrown or has thrown himself, amongst. Certain salient points he is possessed of but not what reconciles and accounts for them. Something in him—an obtrusive self, or a train of thought, or likings and antipathies—will always come between him and an impartial judgement. Neither does he win confidence, for he checks the coy, uncertain advances which are the precursors of it. We doubt if a thoroughly impatient man can read the heart, or be a fair critic, or understand the rights of any knotty question, or make himself master of any difficult situation. The power of waiting, deliberating, hanging in suspense, is necessary for all these,—the power of staving off for considerable periods of time merely personal leanings.—*London Saturday Review.*

THE ENDURANCE OF THE AFRICAN.—The Boston Journal calls attention to the well known fact among physiologists and statisticians that the African has less power of endurance in our climate than the European. In hot countries he is better adapted to labor; in cold countries less. The Journal says: "Of the free colored population residing in the North, we find them gradually but surely decreasing in the per cent of increase. From 1820 to 1830 the yearly rate of increase in the United States was a little more than 2.6 per cent; from 1830 to 1840, a little more than 2 per cent; from that time a gradual decrease, until for the last ten years the yearly rate of increase has been but one per cent, and will still further be reduced. The ratio of the colored population to the white is rapidly lessening, and a few years hence it will be almost inappreciable, so great will be the preponderance of the whites."

A GALLANT PEDLER.—As a lady of great personal beauty was walking along a narrow lane, she perceived, just behind her, a hawker of earthen-ware, driving an ass with two panniers laden with his stock in trade. To give the animal and his master room to pass, the lady suddenly stopped aside which so frightened the donkey that he ran away, and had not proceeded far when he fell, and a great part of the crockery was broken. The lady, in her turn, became alarmed, lest the man should load her with abuse, but he merely exclaimed, "Never mind, ma'am; Balaam's ass was frightened by an angel."