The Bedford Juquirer

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Bedford

Inquirer.

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

DURBORROW & LUTZ, Editors and Proprietors.

BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1865.

Griginal Poetry.

FOR THE BEDFORD INQUIRER.
THE ASSASSINATION.

Great God! and has it come to this; In this Thy "chosen land," That "Thine annointed's" stricken down By an assassin's hand? Oh! why not for his righteousness, Stretch forth Thine arm to save

His country's saviour to the same And shield him from the grave? Well might the sun withdraw in shame,

Well might the sun withdraw in she
And darkness reign supreme,
And Nature in her anguish shriek
Before the atrocious scene:
'Tis but the crucifixion o'er;
He for his country stood,
But now, alas! his only thought
Is baptized in his blood.

Just when the light begins to dawn.
When treason's voice grows dumb,
When dastard criminals stand appalled,
And traitor hordes succumb,
He like the pioneer of old;
The head of Israel's host,
When just in view of Consen's land When just in view of Canaan's land Has yielded up the ghost.

But now, redeemed and disenthralled,
The Nation stands to-day,
Cured of the cankering—festering sore—
The curse which on it lay,
And as Regeneration's stream
Flowed from the Saviour's side
So now is Freerow's golden fruit
Scaled in a crimson tide.

'Tis well, oh God, thy purpose good;
Thy son for sinners died—
Blest Saviour! on the accursed tree
"Thy will be done" He cried.

"Thy will be done free, So let us bow to thy decree,
And with Thine Eternal Son,
Although deep sorrow rends our hearts,
Exclaim "Tay will be done." W. J. M.

Select Story.

TRYING AN EXPERIMENT.

"A girl! My dear Carry what are you thinking of?" Peter Carver pushed his chair abruptly back from the table, and surveyed the faded little face on the opposite side of the tea tray with a gaze of innocent astonishment.

Faded enough, now, though she was bare-

be twenty-seven, you would hardly have believed how fresh and pretty Carry Carrer had been on her wedding day, with cheeks like newly opened quince blossoms, and lips like newly opened quince blossoms, and lips like a strawberry. Seven years of matrimony had dimmed the pink and scarlet, and stolen the light elasticity of the step. Her husband saw the change, but somehow he supposed that all women faded just so. "They were frail things at best, not much better than a piece of washed-out calico." And so Mr. Carver dismissed the subject from his powerful mind.

"There is so much to do Peter, and the children demand so much of my time and attention," pleaded the meek wife, winking back two bright drops that began to sparkle omnjously under the eyelids.

omniously under the eyelids.

"I tell you what, Mrs. Carver, if I were manager in this household, things would happen very differently."
"I have no doubt of it," said Carry, very

quietly.
"There's no earthly reason," went on Mr. Carver, ignoring the sarcastic meaning of her tone, "why the work shouldn't be done and you dressed and enjoying yourself, cul-tivating your mind, or something, at eleven o'clock every morning that we live. Washing o'clock every morning that we five. Washing the hildren's hair—what does it all amount to? Why, my dear, don't you see the folly of asking for a servant to help "How much milk? I don't know—a "How much milk? I don't know—a "How much milk?"

Carry rose to her feet, as near being in a he said, bowing chivalrously to a lady

passion as her gentle nature ever came—a state that reminded you of a white dove with its feathers indignantly ruffled up.

"Peter you have no right to speak so, when you have no practical knowledge of the subject."

"Any man knows what housekeeping amounts to," returned Peter, drawing up the strings of his purse with a jerk.—
"There's not a bit of science in it—a mere breach."

knack. Carry stood watching her husband as he brushed his hat, buttoned up his overcoat and slowly sauntered out of the room. She did not cry, she did not slam the breakfast dishes, nor bite her lips, nor clench her teeth as some women would have done under simas some women would have done under sinilar circumstances; she merely sat down and
bowed her head on the table, crushed and
weary and sick at heart, feeling as some poor
heathen devotee may be supposed to feel after the wheel of Juggernaut has rolled over
it, overwhelming sense and reason, and volition itself under the iron weight. Poor

lition itself under the iron weight. Poor Carry! how many wives have fallen under Juggernaut besides you!

"This will never do," she said, at length, rising slowly. "Slow death—slavery worse than that bound with chains! I must find some escape from this bondage before it undermines life and health, and leave my little ones motherless!"

The morning synships great down the pale

"Carry! Wife! Aren't you going to get up this morning? It is half past seven, and the—"

and the—
"I cannot, Peter," groaned Carry, turning her face away from the light. "I am suffering such dreadful pein in that foot I sprained last night. I wish you would reach me the camphor bottle and some fresh bandarse."

dages."
"I am sorry, Carry. I hope it isn't very painful," said Peter, making a dive at the pomatum pot instead of the camphor bottle. "But what the deuče is a fellow to do for his breakfast? Tommy and Pet are sailing their shoes in the wash-basin, and the fires are all out. Suppose I send over for Mrs. Simmons to come over and help round a bit?"

'Mrs. Simmons has gone to visit her daughter," answered Carry, faintly.
"Well, what shall I do?"

"Well, what shall I do?"
"You must take sharge of the housekeeping yourself, Peter," said Carry, hiding a smile in the folds of her pillow. "It's only for a day or two, and I don't know of any help you can obtain. It won't be much, you know, with your ideas of system."
"That's true," said Peter somewhat encouraged. "Anybody could get a breakfast couldn't he?"
"Oh! pertainly. But Deter "

"Oh! certainly. But, Peter—"
"Yes, my dear."
"Please darken the room and keep the children away, and don't speak to me, if you can help it. I have such a racking headache, and the least excitement almost drives

Peter shut the door with great caution, and went down stairs on a creaking tiptoe. As he passed the nursery a duet of voices chimed shrilly on his ears—

"Papa! papa! we are not dressed."

"Dress yourselves then, can't you?" said Mr. Carver, pausing.
"Pet is too little to dress herself," said
Tommy, loftily; "and mamma always dres-

ses me."
"Where are your shoes?"

"I don't know," said Tommy, with his finger in his mouth.
"I know," said Pet, aptly revenging herself for the hit at her dimunitive proportions "Tommy dropped them out of the window."

"Tonmy is a bad boy," said the vexed pater-familias, crawling under the bed for sundry little stockings that had been thrown there, apparently, as balls. "Where are the clothes?"

'In the bureau,' answered the child.

"In the bureau," answered the child.
"But where?"
"I don't know."
Crash went a fancy bottle of cologne off
the table, as Tommy groped for his elastic
garters, and bang fell Mrs. Carver's rosewood writing desk to the floor, bursting off
the frail hinges, and scattering pens, envelopes and postage stamps far and wide!
Pet pounced upon the ruins like a vulture on
the battle-field, while Tommy burst into a
lond wail.

oud wail. Mr. Peter Carver was an affectionate father in a general way, but human nature could not endure all this. He promptly gave his adhesion to Sclomon's wisdom by adminis-tering brisk personal chastisement. Tom coared, and Pet joined in with a treble scream of sympathy.

"I never saw such children in my life!" said the chagrined parent. "It would take one person's whole time to keep them out of

mischief."
And he bundled the two little creatures miscellaneously into whatever articles came uppermost, rending off strings and fracturing button-holes in frantic desperation.
"There! Now, see if you can behave yourselves while I get breakfast."
"Papa," snivelled Tommy, "you have buttoned my frock in front instead of behind, and Pet has not had her face washed."
"I can't attend to you, pay" said Mr.

"I can't attend to you now," said Mr. Carver, banging the door with a sigh of re-lief. "Children are a great trial; I never The kitchen range looked black and cheer-ss enough as he stood staring helplessly at

"I don't know much about making a fire, he pondered; "but I suppose a newspaper and a lot of kindling are about the right thing, with a few shovelfuls of coal on top. ess me! there's nothing you can't reduc

But the fire obstinately refused to burn, setting theoretical perfection utterly at defiance, although Mr. Carver opened the oven doors alternately, and drew out all the dampers he could spy."

"Confound "the fire!" said Mr. Carver, wiping his wet forehead with the stove-cloth "it won't go. I'll have a blaze of kindling, and fry the breakfast on that."

He seized an oleaginious ham, carving several thick slices which he transferred deftly to a gridiron, and then, elated with his success, broke several eggs over the ham.

"Bless me. how there were all the server opened the object of the canary birds, nor—"

"Stop! for mercy's sake, stop!" ejazulated Mr. Peter Carver, tearing wildly at his hair. "You don't mean to say that all you do all these things every day?"

"I'd o most certainly—and long before twelve o'clock. And yet you wonder that I am not dressed and cultivating my mind before eleven."

"I'm a donkey," said Peter Carver, with charming candor.

"And you say," persisted the merciless Carry, "that a child of ten years old could do the work of the canary birds, nor—"

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ly to a gridiron, and then, elated with his success, broke soveral eggs over the ham.

"Bless me, how they run!" he ejaculated rather puzzled. "But I know I'am right; because if the eggs don't cook on the ham how the deuce do they come there? I wonder why this coffee don't boil. I'll stick in a few more kindlings—that's the idea. There are the children crying up stairs—hungry, I suppose. I do believe they do nothing but eat and cry. Here—Pet, Tommy—come here, and I'll give you some bread and molasses."

and molasses."
While the little creatures were gradually becoming hopelessly sticky and begrimed on the kitchen floor, Mr. Carver rushed to

was tripping down the street, and adding, sotto voice, "but I don't see anything to laugh at in the remark. Some women are

always giggling."

"Papa," said Pet, innocently looking up,
"your nose is all black with charcoal."

"You look so funny, papa," said Tommy
"with that big towel pinned round you."

Mr. Carver turned scarlet—this was the
mysterrof Mrs. Grey's uncontrollable amusestery of Mrs. Grey's uncontrollable amuse

"A man can't cook and keep himself lean," said he pettishly.

Then he remembered with a remorseful pang, how white Carry's collars and cuffs always were, and how spotless and pure her morning wrappers invariably looked. And he sat down, tired and spiritless, to a repast of half cooked meat and liquid mud, by

or half cooked meat and induce must, by courtesy termed coffee.

"Stuff," he ejaculated, throwing the coffee spitefully into the sink. "I wonder how Carry did it I'm sure it seemed easy enough. Now, I suppose I have got to wash these

He looked despairingly around at the chaos that reigned in the kitchen.

"Nine o'clock, as I live—and nothing done. Well, I see very plainly there's no office for me to-day. Now, then, what is venting?"

wanting? "The clothes for the wash, please, sir?" said a little girl courtesying humbly at the

dy's chamber" went Peter Carver, laying hands on whatever he considered proper prey for the wash-tub, rummaging in bureau drawers, upheaving the contents of trunks, and turning wardrobes inside out for a mortal hour before he had completed the requisite search. The kitchen was empty when he returned

ne returned. 'Where are the children?" was his first alarmed thought, expressing himself unconsciously in words.

"I saw them go out of the door, please,
r," said the little girl. sir," said the new. Was it long ago?"

"No sir-not very; it might be fifteen Peter rent off the towel wherewith he Peter rent off the towel wherewith he had girdled himself, and set off hot haste after the missing ones. The July sun was beginning to glow intensely in the heavens, the pavements reflected the ardent shine with tenfold heat, and poor Peter Carver was nearly melted into nothingness ere he espied, in the train of a hand-organ and monkey, his hopeful son and heir, with Pet following, both nearly unrecognizable from dust, perspiration and molasses.

"Come home, this instant, you little

"Come home, this instant, you little wretches!" ejacu!ated Peter, quite forgetting in his rage the emolument precepts inculcated as the parents' guide, and lavishing a shower of not very caressing words on his offspring, as he promptly arrested them.

Neither of them would walk—in fact, the little wanderers were far too weary. So Mr. Carver mounted one on each arm and car-

"Yes-that is, I have taken a little exer-

A little! It seemed that every acquaintance he mustered on his bowing list made a point of meeting him on that particular morning, of all others, and his confusion and mortification were acute in the extreme ere he reached home, tired, panting and breathless, as the clock struck eleven!

"I'll have a nurse for you, my young friends, before the world is a day clder," he said, grinding his teeth with impotent wrath as he deposited Pet and Tommy on the floor, and went weary about his household duties.

'How are you now, Carry?'' he said, about an hour afterwards, throwing himself into a chair by her bedside, and fanning him-self with the newspaper he had laid there "About the same, dear. How does the

"About the same, dear. How does the housekeeping get along?"
"It don't get along at all."
"Is dinner ready?"
"Dinner!" echoed Peter, in a sort of dismayed tone; "why, I haven't got through with breakfast yet!"
"But it is tways o'clock."

with breakfast yet !"

"But it is twelve o'clock."

"I don't care if it is twenty-five o'clock—a man can't do forty things at once."

"Yet," remarked Carry, quietly, "you would scarcely have remarked the force of that remark, as coming from me, if my meals

were not punctual to a minute."
Mr. Carver began to whistle.
"Where are the children?" asked his

wife.
"In bed. They were too much for me

"In bed. They were too much for me; so I undressed them and put them to bed, to get them out of the way."
"Poor things!" said Carry.
"Poor me, I should think," said Mr.
Peter Carver, irately. "I had quite enough to do without them. I have broken the plates and scalded my leg with a kettle of boiling water, and melted off the nose of the team of the tree and lest my dismond rise in the tea-pot, and lost my diamond ring in the ash barrel, end cut my fingers with the carving knife already. Is not that enough?"
"I should think so," smiled Carry. "Have you looked after the pickles and baked fresh

"Nor blackened the range, nor cleaned the knives, nor scrubbed up the kitchen

"Nor made the beds, nor swept the chambers, nor dusted the parlors, nor polished the windows, nor heard the childrens' lessons, nor taken care of the canary birds,

charming candor.

"And you say," persisted the merciless Carry, "that a child of ten years old could do the work of this family; you declare that were you manager things would be altogether different." "So they would," admitted Deter: "but I don't know that the difference would be an improvement."
"Do you wonder that I am weary and

worn out, and that I feel the necessity for some assistance?" some assistance?"
"My dear Carry," said Peter, penitently,
"I have been a brute. I'll have a cook and
a nurse and a chambermaid here, just as
soon as I can possibly obtain them—you

shall be a drudge no longer."

Carry's softeyes filled with tears as her husband bent over to press a kiss on her lips before he went down stairs to resume domestic avocations.

ook was scorehing his whiskers over a grid-ron, which alarmed him by suddenly blazing up into his face, without the least premon tory symptom, when a light step crossed the kitchen floor, and a little hand took the handle of the gridiron from hisgrasp.
"I release you from duty, sir," s
the wife. "My ankle is better now."

"I say, Carry?" "Tell the truth now. Wasn't that ankle usiness a little exaggerated, just to give me

"Don't you think the lesson was needed?"
He put back the brown hair with a loving and she knew that her days of trial

Miscellaneous.

DURATION OF LIFE.

The average duration of life of man in civilized society is about thirty-three and a third years. This is called a generation, making three in a century. But there are making three in a century. But there are certain localities and certain communities of people where this average is considerably extended. The mountaineer lives longer than the lowlander; the farmer than the artisan; the traveler than the sedentary; the temperate than the self-indulgent; the just than the dishonest. "The wicked shall not temperate than the self-indulgent; the just than the dishonest. "The wicked shall not live out half his days," is the announcement of Divinity. The philosophy of this is found in the fact, that the moral character has a strong power over the physical; a power much more controlling than is generally imagined. The true man conducts himself in the light of Bible precepts; is temperate in all things; is "slow to anger;" and on his grave is written: "He went about doing good." In these three things are the great elements of human health; the restraint of the appetites; the control of the passions; and that highest type of physical exercise, "going about doing good." It is said of the eminent Quaker philanthropist, Joseph John Gurney, that the labor and pains he took to go and see personally the objects of his contemplated charities, so that none of them should be annouthly bestaved was his contemplated charities, so that none of them should be unworthly bestowed, was them should be unworthily bestowed, was of itself almost the labor of one man, and he attended to his immense banking business; in fact he did too much, and died at sixty. The average length of human life, of all countries, at this age of the world, is about twenty-eight years. One-quarter of all who die do not reach the age of seven; one-half die before reaching seventeen; and yet the average of life of "Friends," in Great Britain and Ireland, in 1860, was nearly fifty-six years, just double the average life of other people. Surely this is a strong inducement for all to practice for themselves, and to inculcate it upon their children day by day, that simplicity of habit, that quietness of demeanor, that restraint of temper, that control of the appetites and propensities, and that orderly, systematic, and even mode of life, which "Friends" discipline inculcates, and which are demonstrably the means of solve and have many only appears in a length in their character.

We are not sent into the world paired and nicely fitted to each other without any agency of our own; we are brought here with selfish natures to be subdued, and angelic natures to be unfolded from within; and this done through constant watchings, then, with hearts intensely natural, be brought together in the mest sacred of all related to each other without any agency of our own; we are brought here with selfish natures to be subdued, and angelic natures to be unfolded from within; and this done through constant watchings, then, with hearts intensely natural, be brought together in the mest sacred of all relations. They think they are matched. They are not sent into the world paired and nicely fitted to each other without any agency of our own; we are brought here with selfish natures to be subdued, and and nicely fitted to each other without any agency of our own; we are brought here with selfish natures to be subdued, and and related to each other without any agency of our own; we are brought here with selfish natures to be subdued, and and relate

Naturalists say: A dog grows for 2 years, and lives 8. An ox " 4" " 16.

A dog grows for 2 years, and lives 8.

An ox " 1" 16.

A horse " 5 " 25.

A camel " 8 " 40.

Man 20 "should live 100.

But the sad fact is, that only one man for every thousand reaches one hundred years.

Still it is encouraging to know, that the science of life, as revealed by the investigations of the physiologists and the teachings of educated medical men, is steadily extending the period of human existence.

The distinguished historian Macaulay states that, in 1765, one person in twenty died each year; in 1850, out of forty persons, only one died. Dupin says, that from 1776 to 1843 the duration of life in France increased fifty-two days annually, for in 1781 the mortality was one in twenty-nine; in 1843, one in forty. The rich men in France live forty-two years on an average; the poor only The other mistake is that of supposing the happiest marriages must be a union of congenial tastes and pursuits. Just the opposite, we think is true. What does one want of another who is just like himself, and is not complementary of his own imperfect being? As Mr. Emerson puts it "they must be very two before they can be very one." The more two the better. Ideal men want practical wives, ideal wives want practical men; and then, the earth-side and the heaven-side of life are put together, it rounds it to a glorious completeness. But they must be put together by inter-penetration, and not by soldering; or, as Swedenborg says; they must be conjoined and not adjoined. one in forty. The rich men in France live forty-two years on an average; the poor only thirty. Those who are "well-to-do-in-the-world" live about eleven years longer, than those who have to work from day to day for a living. Remunerative labor and the diffusion of the knowledge of the laws of life among the masses, with temperance and thrift, are the great means of adding to human health and life; but the more important ingredient—happiness—is only to be found in daily loving, obeying, and serving Him "who giveth us all things richly to enjoy."—Hall's Journal of Health.

HEINE. Concerning this impassioned and erratic German poet, a writer observes: Heine's dramas and tragedies were the first windfall of his poetical imagination. Only twenty-three years old when he wrote them, he was then known as a young lyric poet, and a dreamer in whom passion had already begun to be an intolerable suffering, either ill-concealed by bitter irony, or marked by heart-less defiance, yet giving him no truce. Ger-many was, therefore, taken by surprise, and wondered, as the world has wondered ever wondered, as the world has wondered ever since, at so much audacity, so much fierce and reckless independence, and such a ready courage to carry his colors unfurled to the wind of every passing opposition in so young

Yet the charm of Heine's writings is irre ret the charm of Heine's withings is fre-sistible. They are so genuine, so simple, so truthful, frank and open-hearted, and moo-dy, like the unguarded capriciousness of a child. His style is unique in its airy light-ness, and in that exquisite music movement we call grace. Now strong, impassioned, and eloquent with the ardor of a heart arous-ed from its deaths. they are deaths follow ed from its depths, then suddenly falling down to the softest flute-like notes of suavi down to the softest flute-like notes of suavi-ty, till the expression dies away in tears. For Heine lives in full in all he writes. We find him at every turn of the page, loving and suffering, with his unparalled mobility of nature, his rare qualities, his many vices; the man and the artist, such as nature fash-ioned in one of her most daring moods. Heine has no other hero but himself. When he takes us to the voluntous, sun-embrownhe takes us to the voluptuous, sun-embrowned Spain, or we follow him under the chilly gray sky of Scotland, lingering in Italy, or exiled in Paris, it is always his own tormented soul which he unveils to our gaze, and which we contemplate as the stage upon which are first enacted the tragical follies of his life. He tells us himself: "I have yearned for a pure ideal human love, and a ound nothing but bitter hatred; so I sighed

That very confession of profound disap-pointment and of mournful sadness draws us so close to Heine, and at once creates between him and usa fast fellow-feeling of sym-pathy. His exceptional nature must remain above reach of our small conventional foot measure. He scorned restraints. Impulse was the only law he recognized, and pleasure the only divinity he worshipped; but we should remember that strong lights project strong shadows; besides we may admire the artist, if not the man, if words that make but let them not creep in

strong snadows; besides we may admire the artist, if not the man, if words that make one of the most original and brilliant pages in modern literature.

It is mostly as a lyric poet that Heine has the board of the most of the little children's sake. It is mostly as a lyric poet that Heine has won an enduring place in the heart of the people. All his poems are songs, inexpressibly sweet and sad. Some have about them the plaintiff music of a lullaby, and make us drowsy and faint; others, on the contrary, sound like the wild wail of a storm breaking on desolate shores, with not even the flitting vision of a solitary sea bird. But all alike are marked with the same vivid imaginativeness, lightness of touch and fantastic humor. No man ever wrote like Heine. Too impressible for any great and sustained intellectual effort, he is so varied and versatile; so rapid in his flights from thought to sensation, and from criticism to pathetic tenderness, that his genius draws upon all the forces of our nature, and awakens to the full all its sensibilities.

His precision of touch is remarkable. Criticism with him is an intuition which guides him unerringly in his sketches of character, or his estimate of pictures and books. Unflinchingly independent of public opinion, he cared not for the frown of the malcontents who surrounded him. Literature and art richly opened their treasures to him; we know how delicately he has gathered the half hidden pollen out of everyflower there.

ered the half hidden pollen out of every flow er there.

MISTAKES ON MATRIMONY.

There are two mistakes about it. On that which Dr. Watts has sanctioned in celebrated lyric, that souls were paired when sent into this world, and somehow have got sent into this world, and somehow have got mixed and jumbled up, scarcely any one getting his true counterpart, or having any chance of doing so; and that hence are the jarrings of the married state. many people lay off their miseries upon this mystic fatalism, and think, if they had only their true partners, they should have been supremely happy. Now the truth is, there are no persons but those regenerated or becoming so who can be brought into any intimate relation, least, of all the most intimate, without drawing out all the mutual points of out drawing out all the mutual points repulsion in their character.

Neither of them would walk—in fact, the little wanderers were far too weary. So Mr. Carver mounted one on each arm and carried them, limber and unresisting, through the streets.

"Good day, Mr. Carver," said Judge Mason. with rather a surprised look; "have you been out for a walk?"

Peter thought of his dripping face and hatless head, and looked at the dirty scions of his race, ere he answered, sheepishly enough—

"So Mr. Carver," said Judge Mason. with rather a surprised look; "have you been only external and looked at the dirty scions of his race, ere he answered, sheepishly enough—

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"Beta of life, which "Friends" "discipline inculation of li

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larkness.
The other mistake is that of supposit

PROFANITY.

whose prerogative it is to be; who sits upon the circles of the earth, and the inhabitant

against them, make the ground treacherous beneath them, heaven terrible above them

and hell ready to meet them at their coming. The magnitude of the sin cannot b

THE CHEERFUL VOICE

ling sensitively ever to the tones of such

voices as sweep across it? Let us be kind and cheerful-spoken, then, in our ho Once a Month.

THE TRUE WOMAN.—The true woman, for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adorations are sufficient, who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose legislative faculties are in making laws for her nurse; whose heart asks no other honor than husband's love and hard-added to the state of the state

toilet, and who does not disdain to be beautiful; who believes in the virtue of glossy hair and well-fitting dresses, and who eschews rents and raveled edges; slip shod

a husband's love and adoration; a wo

listancel

THE SECRET OF YOUTH.

There are women who cannot grow old—women, who, without any special effort, remain always young and attractive. The number is smaller than it should be; but there is still a sufficient number to mark the wide difference between this class and the other. The great secret of this perpetual youth lies not in beauty, for some women possess it who are not at all handsome; nor in dress, for they are frequently careless in that respect, so far as mere arbitrary dictates of fashion are concerned; nor in having nothing to do, for these ever young women are always busy as bees, and it is very well known that idleness will fret people into old age and ugliness faster than overwork. The charm, we imagine, lies in a sunny temper, neither more or less—the blessed gift of always looking on the bright side of life, and stretching the mantle of charity over everybody's faults and failings. It is not much of a secret; but it is all that we have been able to discover; and we have watched such with great interest and a determination to report truthfully for the benefit of the sex. It is provoking that it is something which cannot be corked up and sold for fifty cents per bottle; but, as this isimpossible, why, the most of us will have to keep on growing old and ugly and disagreeable as unsual. —Jenny June. show themselves, and they will grow more protrusive, sharp and quickly, and make the disunion more and more complete. This will appear at first rather insensibly under externals, but will grow to a terrible reality. At first they will only wish to look at the moon through separate windows; but very soon it will be as Hood says, and they will want separate moons to look at; and, lastly there will be no moon, at all, for all the romance of life will have departed, and its soft silvery light will have gone out in total darkness.

THE SECRET OF YOUTH.

COPPERHEAD RECORD.

COPPERHEAD RECORD.

The Copperheads are pretending to be rejoiced over the recent great successes of our troops, and some of them have the hardihood to say that they always expected that the rebellion would be put down by force of arms. Here is how much they expected it as declared by their National Convention:

"That this Convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, AFTER FOUR YEARS OF FAILURE TO RESTORE THE UNION BY THE EXPERIMENT OF WAR, * * * * justice, humanity, liberty and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostivites," etc.

And we also remember this:

"Resolved, That we believe the further prosecution of the present war cannot result in the restoration of the Union and the preservation of our Constitution, as our fathers made it, unless the President's Emancipation Proclamation be withdrawn."

Again on the 17th of June, 1863, the Copperhead Convention of Illinois resolved as follows;

Resolved, That we are opposed to the further offensive prosecution of the war, as tending to subvert the Constitution and the Government and entrailing upon this nation all the disastrous consequences of misrule and anarchy."

All of which is respectfully submitted to

The people of this land are certainly distinguished, to an extent unknown in other countries, except perhaps Great Britain, by profaneness. A stranger might infer from the tone of popular conversation, from the exclamations of excited individuals, from the clamors of anger and passion, that we acknowledge the Almighty for no other purpose than that we might have a name to swear by, or a convenient expletive to fill up the chasms of discourse. Profaneness is a sin the enormity of which the imagination cannot conceive, because no thought can compass the infinite excellencies of Him whose prerogative it is to be; who sits apon

the circles of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; who stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in. That a puny creature of the dust, borne to-day and gone to-morrow, should have the audacity to pour contempt upon that glorious name which seraphs adore with rapture, is enough to astonish the heavens and convulse the earth. Yea, still more astonishing is that miracle of patience which endures the monsters, when one word would arm all nature against them, make the ground treacherous OPENING OF THE CANAL OF SUEZ.—The great work of the Suez Canal, undertaken and carried out by the French, has been opened for trafic, although not fully completed. On the 6th of April M. Lesseps, the contractor, was metin the city of Alexandria, Egypt, by one hundred and twenty gentlemen, representing the Chambers of Commerce and great trade centers of the Oldand New Worlds who were delegated to witness the ceremonial of uniting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. He entertained themat a grand banquet, and the entire party set out the next morning for the Isthmus of Suez; so that we shall receive a report of the event in a day or two, and hear in a short time that the canal, which is now readily navigable by tugs and barks of thirty tons, has been deepened; so as to admit the largest seasoing vessels; and if so, the route to India around the Cape of Good Hope will generally be abandoned.

There is one view of this subject worthy of consideration. It is, the completion of this canal will insure the supremacy of France in the Mediterranean, and give an easy access to the East Indies for her powerful navy and immense military force should rupture take place with England and then ready to meet them at their coming. The magnitude of the sin cannot be exaggerated. It is enough to make the blood curdle, to think of the name of God bandied about as the bauble and plaything of fools, to point a jest, to season obscenity, and to garnish a tale. This offence cannot go unpunished. If there be a God, he must vindicate his own magesty and glory. There must be a period when all shall tremble before him; when every knee shall bow, and every heart shall do reverence. The sword of justice cannot always be sheathed, nor the arm of vengeance slumber. In the sight of angels, there can be no greater sin than that of profaneness. They know comething of what God is They fear that dreadful name, and their imaginations, lofty and expanded as they are, cannot measure the height and depth of that iniquity which can make light of so tremendous a being. It is the very spirit and core of all evil, the quintessence of augodliness.—American Messenger.

easy access to the East Indies for her powerful navy and immense military force should rupture take place with England. The press of the latter country has long considered this result, and often expressed its apprehension of its reality.

The comfort and happiness of home and THE TRUE MAN.—He is above a mean thing. He can not stoop to mean fraud. Invades no secrets in the keeping of another. He betrays no secrets confided to his own keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never takes selfish advantage of our mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of inuendoes. He is not one thing to a man's face, and another behind his back. If by action he comes in possession of his neighbor's home intercourse, let me here say, depend very much on the kindly and affectionate training of the voice. Trouble, and care, He is not one thing to a man's race, and another behind his back. If by action he comes in possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an instant oblivion. He bearssealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter at his window, or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He encreaches on no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notices to tresspassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted himself out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of its rights than win them thro' dishoner. He will eat honest bread. He insults no man. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. If he have rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, manly, in short, whatever he judges honorable, he practices toward every man. every man.

GERERAL JACKSON'S MOTTO.—"Think before you act, but when the time for action comes, stop thinking." This is the true doctrine. Many men fail in life and go down to the grave with hopes blasted and prospects of happiness unrealized, because they did not adopt and act upon this motto. Nothing so prepares a man for action as thought; but nothing so units a man for action in the course of action. Better by far adopt some course of action. Better by far adopt some course and pursue it energetic action in the course of action. Better by far adopt some course and pursue it energetic ally, even though it may not be the best, than to keep continually thinking without action. "Go ahead" ought to be printed in every young man's hat, and read until it becomes a part of his nature, until he can act upon his judgment, and not be turned from his course by every wind of interested advice. In conclusion, we would say, "Think before you act; but when the time for action comes, stop thinking." for action comes, stop thinking.

eschews rents and raveled edges; sinp shod shoes and audacious make-ups; a woman who speaks low, and does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, intellectual and industrious; who loves more than she reasons and yet does not love blindly; who never scolds and rarely argues' but adjusts with a smile; such a woman is the wife weall decorated force in the same way in the Whom to Marry.—When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly affectionate and respectful, from principle as well as nature, there is nothing principle as well as nature, there is nothing good and gende that may not be expected from her, in whatever condition she may be placed. Were I to advise a friend as to his choice of a wife, my first counsel would be, "Look out for a pious girl, distinguished for her attention and love to her parents. The fund of worth and affection indicated by such behavior, joined to the habits of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail, as a rule, to render her amild, obliging, and valuable companion for life." lreamed of once in our lives- away in the "Axe-Grinding."— This is a term borrowed from one of the most charming stories told by Benjamin Franklin. A little boy going to school was accosted by a man carrying an axe. The man calls the boy all kinds of pretty and endearing names, and induces him to enter a yard where there is a grindstone. "Now, my pretty little fellow" says he with the axe only turn that handle, and you'll see something pretty." The boy turns and turns and the man holds the axe to the stone and pours water over it until the