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Will attend promptly to all business transac-  
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tice. They are, also, regularly Licensed Claim Agents and  
will give special attention to the prosecution of  
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Back Pay, Bounty, Bounty Lands, &c.  
Office on Juliana street, one door South of the  
"Mengel House" and nearly opposite the Inquirer  
office. April 28, 1865-tf.

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Will attend to all legal business entrusted  
to his care. Will give special attention to  
cases against the Government. Office on Juliana  
street, formerly occupied by Hon. A. King.  
April 16, 1865-tf.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.  
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business  
entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining  
counties. Military claims, Pensions, back  
pay, Bounty, &c., special attention. Office on  
Juliana street, between the "Mengel House" and  
the Mengel House. April 16, 1865-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  
"Mengel House." April 16, 1865-tf.

**KIMMEL AND LINGENFELTER,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.  
Have formed a partnership in the practice of the  
Law Office on Juliana street, two doors South of  
the Mengel House. April 16, 1865-tf.

**JOHN MOWER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.  
April 16, 1865-tf.

**DENTISTS.**  
D. N. HICKOK, J. G. MESSICK, JR.,  
DENTISTS,  
Office in the Bank Building, Juliana Street,  
Bedford, Pa. All operations pertaining to Surgical or Me-  
chanical Dentistry carefully and faithfully per-  
formed and warranted. TERMS CASH.  
Jan 6-1y.

**DENTISTRY.**  
W. H. WHEELER, RESIDENT DENTIST, WOOD-  
BERRY, PA., will attend the second Monday, Tues-  
day, and Wednesday, of each month at Hopewell,  
and the first and third of each month at Bedford,  
in the office of his profession. At all other  
times he can be found in his office at Woodbury,  
excepting the last Monday and Tuesday of the  
month, when he will be in Martinsburg,  
Pa., and the first Monday of the month at  
Bedford, Pa. Persons desiring operations should  
call early, as time is limited. All opera-  
tions warranted. Aug. 5, 1864-tf.

**PHYSICIANS.**  
DR. B. F. HARRY,  
Respectfully tenders his professional services  
to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.  
Blacksmith residence on the building  
formerly occupied by Dr. J. H. Hoffus.  
April 1, 1864-tf.

**J. L. MARRBOURG, 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 Dr. Hoffus's  
office. April 1, 1864-tf.

**HOTELS.**  
**BEDFORD HOUSE,**  
AT HOPWELL, BEDFORD COUNTY, PA.  
BY HARRY DRÖLLINGER.  
Every attention given to make guests comfortable,  
whenever they visit.  
Hopewell, July 29, 1864.

**C. S. HOTEL,**  
HARRISBURG, PA.  
CORNER SIXTH AND MARKET STREETS,  
OPPOSITE READING R. R. DEPOT.  
D. H. HUTCHINSON, Proprietor.  
Jan 6-65.

**EXCHANGE HOTEL,**  
HUNTINGTON, PA.  
BY JOHN S. MILLER, Proprietor.  
April 29th, 1864-tf.

**WASHINGTON HOUSE,**  
No. 709 CHESTNUT STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
This Hotel is pleasantly situated on the North  
side of Chestnut at a few doors above Seventh.  
Its central location makes it particularly desira-  
ble for persons visiting the City on business or  
pleasure.  
apr. 25, 3m CHAS. M. ALLMOND, Manager.

**BANKERS.**  
G. W. RUFF, J. N. SHANNON & J. BERENSON,  
RUFF, SHANNON & CO., BANKERS,  
BEDFORD, PA.  
BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT.  
COLLECTIONS made for the East, West, North  
and South, and the general business of Exchange,  
Remittances, Notes and Accounts Collected, and  
Remittances promptly made. REAL ESTATE  
Bought and sold. REAL 15/64-tf.

**JEWELER, &c.**  
**DANIEL BORDER,**  
First Street, Bedford, Pa.  
WATCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWEL-  
RY, SPECTACLES, &c.  
He keeps on hand a stock of fine Gold and Sil-  
ver Watches, Spectacles of British and Foreign  
Glass, 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. 5, 1864-tf.

**HENRY HARPER,**  
No. 520 Arch St. above 5th Phila.  
Manufacturer and Dealer in watches, FINE  
JEWELRY, SOLID SILVER WARE, and Su-  
perior SILVER PLATED WARE. mar 3, 3m.

**JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.**  
**JOHN MAJOR,**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, HOPWELL,  
BEDFORD COUNTY. Collections and all business  
pertaining to his office will be attended to prompt-  
ly. Will also attend to the sale or renting of real  
estate. Instruments of writing carefully pre-  
pared. Also settling up partnerships and other ac-  
tions.  
April 16, 1864-tf.

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

DUBROW & LUTZ, Editors and Proprietors.

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

Vol 38: No. 21.

Original Poetry.

FOR THE BEDFORD INQUIRER.

THE ASSASSINATION.

Great God! had it come to this;  
In this Thy "chosen land";  
That "Thine appointed" 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,  
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! but only thought  
Is baptized in his blood.

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

But now, released and disintrailed,  
The Nation stands to-day,  
Cursed of the cackling-festering sora-  
The curse which on it lay,  
And as Regeneration's beam  
Flowed from the Saviour's side  
To bless the golden fruit  
Sealed in a crimson tide.

'Tis well, oh God, Thy purpose good;  
Thy will for sinners died,  
Blest Saviour! on the accursed tree  
Thou wast the only one.  
So low to bow thy knee,  
Although deep sorrow rends our hearts,  
Exclaim "THY 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 barely  
twenty-seven, you would hardly have be-  
lieved how fresh and pretty Carry Carver had  
been on her wedding day, with cheeks  
like newly opened cinque blossoms, and lips  
like a strawberry. Seven years of matrimo-  
ny 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 at-  
tention," pleaded the weak wife, wringing  
back two bright drops that began to sparkle  
ominously under the eyelids.

"I tell you what, Mrs. Carver, if I were  
manager in this household, things would hap-  
pen very differently.

"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  
up a few dishes—sweeping a room or two—  
brushing the children's hair—what does it  
all amount to? Why, my dear, don't you  
see the folly of asking for a servant to help  
you do nothing at all?"

"Have no doubt of it," returned Peter, drawing  
up the strings of his purse with a jerk—  
"There's not a bit of science in it—a mere  
knack."

Carry stood watching her husband as he  
brushed his hat, buttoned up his overcoat  
and slowly counted out of the room. She  
did not cry; she did not slam the breakfast  
dishes, nor bite her lips, norchen her teeth  
as some women would have done under simi-  
lar circumstances; she merely sat down and  
bowed her head on the table, crushed and  
weary and sick at heart, feeling as some poor  
dear creature who had been beaten out of  
the wheel of Juggernaut has rolled over  
it, overwhelming sense and reason, and vol-  
ition 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—slowly worse  
that than bound with chains! I must find  
some escape from this bondage before it un-  
dermines life and health, and leave my little  
ones motherless!"

The morning sunshine crept down the pale  
green wall paper, sprinkling drops of gold on  
the few little geranium plants that Peter  
called "the world" and lay in nonchalant  
on the carpet, and still Carry Carver  
stood there thinking—thinking.

"Carry! Wife! Aren't you going to  
get up this morning?" It is half past seven,  
and I cannot get," groaned Carry, turn-  
ing her face away from the light. "I am  
suffering such dreadful pain in that foot I  
sprained last night. I wish you would reach  
me the camphor bottle and some fresh band-  
ages.

"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 deuce is a fellow to do for  
his breakfast? Tommy and Pet are selling  
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?"

"You must take charge of the housekeep-  
ing yourself, Peter," said Carry, hiding a  
tear 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 en-  
couraged. "Anybody could get a breakfast  
cooked here?"

"Oh! certainly. But, Peter—"

"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 head-  
ache, and the least excitement almost drives  
me wild."

Peter shut the door with great caution,  
and went down stairs on a creaking foot-  
step. 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 dresses  
me."

"Where are your shoes?"

"I don't know," said Tommy, with his  
finger in his mouth.

"I know," said Pet, aply revengeing her-  
self for the hit at her diminutive proportions  
"Tommy dropped them out of the win-  
dow."

"Tommy 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.

"But where?"

"I don't know."

Crash went a fancy bottle of cologne of  
the table, as Tommy groped for his elastic  
garters, and bang fell Mrs. Carver's rose-  
wood writing desk to the floor, bursting off  
the frail hinges, and scattering pens, envel-  
opes and postage stamps far and wide.  
Pet pounced upon the rum like a vulture on  
the battle-field, while Tommy burst into a  
loud 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 Solomon's wisdom by adminis-  
tering brisk personal chastisement. Tom-  
my roared, 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  
trouble!"

And he bundled the two little creatures  
miscellaneous into whatever articles came  
uppermost, sending 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 be-  
hind, and Pet has not had her face washed."

"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  
realized it before."

The kitchen range looked black and cheer-  
less enough as he stood staring helplessly at  
it.

"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.  
Bless me! there's nothing you can't reduce  
to theory."

But the fire obstinately refused to burn,  
setting theoretical perfection utterly at de-  
fiance, 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 towel which  
"I won't go. I'll have a blaze of kindling,  
and fry the breakfast on that."

He seized an oleaginuous ham, carving  
several thick slices which he transferred deli-  
cately to a gridiron, and then, elated with his  
success, broke several 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 won-  
der 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—  
hangry, I suppose. I do believe they do  
nothing but eat and cry. Here—Pet, Tom-  
my—come here, and I'll give you some bread  
and molasses."

While the little creatures were gradually  
becoming hopelessly sticky and begrimed on  
the kitchen floor, Mr. Carver rushed to  
attend the peremptory summons of the milk  
man.

"How much milk? I don't know—a  
quart I suppose. Fine morning, Mrs. Gray!"  
he said, bowing chivalrously to a lady who  
was tripping down the street, and adding,  
"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 tremulous smile that Peter  
called "the big tremulous smile" and which was  
the mystery of Mrs. Gray's uncontrollable amuse-  
ment.

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

Then he remembered with a remorseful  
pang, how when Carry's collar and cuffs  
dishes, 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  
courtesy termed coffee.

"Stuff!" he ejaculated, throwing the coffee  
spitful into the street. "I wonder how  
Carry did it in a mere second easy enough.  
Now, I suppose I have got to wash these  
dishes."

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

"Nine o'clock, as I live—and nothing  
done yet! Well, I see very plainly that  
office for once to-day. Now, then, what is  
wanting?"

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

"Up stairs and down stairs, and in my la-  
dy's chamber," went Peter Carver, and  
handed 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 mor-  
tal hour before he had completed the requisite  
search. The kitchen was empty when he  
returned.

"Where are the children?" was his first  
alarmed thought, expressing himself uncon-  
sciously in words.

"I saw them go out of the door, please,  
sir," said the little girl.

"Was it long ago?"

"No sir—not very; it might be fifteen  
minutes."

Peter turned 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 as 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  
wretches!" ejaculated Peter, quite forget-  
ting in his rage the emolument precepts in-  
canted 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-  
ried 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  
hatted head, and looked at the dirty scions  
of his race, ere he answered, sheepishly  
enough—

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

A little! It seemed that every acquaint-  
ance he mustered on his bowing list made  
some remark on his appearance, and his con-  
fusion and mortification were acute in the extreme ere  
he reached home, tired, panting and breath-  
less, as the clock struck eleven!

"I'll have a nurse for you, my young  
friends, before the world is a day older," 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  
that morning.

"About the same, dear. How does the  
housekeeping get along?"

"It don't get along at all."

"Is dinner ready?"

"Dinner!" echoed Carry, in a sort of dis-  
mayed tone; "why, I haven't got through  
yet. For goodness sake, stand back a moment."  
"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."

"Yes," remarked Carry, quietly, "you  
would scarcely have remarked the force of  
that remark, as coming from me, if you mean  
to be punctual to a minute."

Mr. Carver began to whistle.

"Where are the children?" asked his  
wife.

"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 men!" should think," said Mr.  
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  
tea-pot, and lost my diamond ring in the  
ash barrel, and cut my fingers with the car-  
ving knife, and so on and so on."

"I should think so," smiled Carry. "Have  
you looked after the pickles and baked fresh  
pies?"

"No."

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

"No!"

"Nor made the beds, nor swept the cham-  
bers, nor dusted the parlors, nor polished  
the windows, nor heard the children's les-  
sons, nor taken care of the canary birds,  
nor theory?"

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

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

"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 this family; you declare that  
you shall be a donkey no longer."

"So they would," admitted Peter, "but  
I do not 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?"

"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 donkey no longer."

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

A few minutes afterwards the unskilled  
cook was scorching his whiskers over a grid-  
iron, and the chambermaid was suddenly blaz-  
ing up into his face, without the least premon-  
itory symptom, when a light step crossed the  
kitchen floor, and a little hand took the  
handle of the gridiron from his grasp.

"I release you from duty, sir," smiled  
the wife. "My ankle is better now."

"Well, Carry?"

"Tell the truth now. Wasn't that ankle  
business a little exaggerated, just to give me  
a lesson?"

"Don't you think the lesson was needed?"

"He put back the brown hair with a loving  
touch—his fingers were so kind, that her days of trial  
and trouble were over.

**Miscellaneous.**  
**DURATION OF LIFE.**  
The average duration of life of man in  
civilized society is about thirty-three and a  
half years. This is called a generation,  
making three in a century. But there are  
certainly ages and certain communities of  
people where this average is considerably  
extended. The mountaineer lives longer  
than the lowlander, the farmer than the ar-  
tisan, the traveler than the sedentary, the  
temperate than the self-indulgent; the just  
than the dishonest. "The wicked shall not  
live out half his days;" is the announcement  
of Proverbs. 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  
gray hair, 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 give and personally the objects of  
his contemplated charities, so that none of  
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, in 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 Brit-  
ain and Ireland, in 1860, was nearly fifty-six  
years, thus doubling the average life of other  
people. Surely this is a strong inducement  
to all to practice for themselves, and to in-  
culcate to 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-  
rate life, which "Friends" discipline incul-  
cates, and which are demonstrably the means  
of so largely increasing the average of hu-  
man existence.

Reasoning from the analogy of the animal  
creation, mankind should live nearly an hun-  
dred years; that law seeming to be that life  
should be five times the length of the period  
of growth; at least, the general observation  
is, that the longer persons are growing, the  
longer they live—other things being equal.

Naturalists say:  
A dog grows for 2 years, and lives 8.  
An ox "4 " " " " " 16.  
A horse " " " " " " 20.  
A camel " " " " " " 25.  
Man " " " " " " 30 "should live 100.

But the sad fact is, that only one man in  
every thousand reaches one hundred years.  
Still it is encouraging to know, that the aver-  
age of life, as revealed by the investigations  
of the physiologists and the teachings of ed-  
ucated medical men, is steadily extending  
the period of human existence.

The distinguished historian Macaulay  
states that, in 1765, one person in twenty  
only died in 1850, and that between 1776  
to 1843 the duration of life in France in-  
creased 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  
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 diffu-  
sion of the knowledge of the laws of life  
among the masses, with temperance and  
thrift, are the great means of adding to hu-  
man 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, we observe: 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 intolerable suffering, and his work was  
called 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-  
since, at so much audacity, so much fierce  
and reckless independence, and such a ready  
course to carry his colors unfurled to the  
wind of every passing opposition in so young  
a man.

Yet the charm of Heine's writings is irre-  
sistible. They are so genuine, so simple, so  
truthful, frank and open-hearted, and mood-  
y, 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 ar-  
dently down to the softest lute-like tones of suav-  
ity, till the expression dies away in tears.  
For Heine lives in full and constant con-  
tact with the highest of the heavenly spheres,  
and in every turn of the page, loving  
and suffering, with his unparalleled mobility  
of nature, his rare qualities, his many virtues,  
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 voluptuous sun-sand-dew  
of Spain, or we follow him under the chilly  
gray sky of Scotland, lingering in Italy, or  
exiled in Paris, it is always his own tor-  
mented soul which he unveils to our gaze, and  
which we contemplate as the stage upon  
which he performs his own tragedy. There  
must be a period when all shall tremble be-  
fore 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 professing to be good. There is  
something 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 inquiry which  
can make light of so tremendous a being.  
It is the very spirit and core of all evil, the  
quintessence of ungodliness.—American  
Messenger.

**THE CHEERFUL VOICE.**  
The comfort and happiness of home;  
more intercourse, let me here say, depend  
very much on the kindly and affectionate  
tone of the voice. Amiable, kind, and care-  
less, and yet firm, and most, of course, is  
best; let them not creep into our voices. Let  
only our kindly and happier feelings be vocal  
in our homes. Let them be so if for no  
other reason, for the little children's sake.  
These sensitive little beings are exceedingly  
susceptible to the tones. Let us have con-  
sideration for them. They hear so much  
that we have forgotten to hear. For as we  
advance in years, our life becomes more in-  
terior. We are abstracted from outward  
scenes and sounds. We think, we reflect,  
we begin gradually to deal with the past  
and have formerly vividly lived in the pres-  
ent. Our ear grows dull to external sound,  
it is turned inward, and listen chiefly to the  
echoes of past voices. We catch no more  
merely laughter of children. We hear no  
more the note of the morning bird. The  
note that used to prattle gaily to us, rush-  
ing unimpeded—we have forgotten to hear  
such things. But little children, remember,  
sensitive hear them all. Mark how, at every  
sound, the young child starts, and turns  
and listens! And thus with equal sensitiv-  
ness, does it catch the tones of human voi-  
ces. How were it possible that the sharp  
and hard light of so tremendous a being,  
should not startle and pain, even de-  
press, the sensitive little being whose harp  
of life is so newly and delicately strung,  
vibrating even to the gentle breeze, and thril-  
ling sensitively ever to the tones of such  
voices as sweep across it? Let us be kind  
and courteous, spoken, then, in our homes.—  
Once a Month.

**MISTAKES ON MATRIMONY.**  
There are two mistakes about it. One is  
that which Dr. Watts has sanctioned in his  
celebrated lyric, that souls were paired when  
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 false-  
hood, 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 who are paired, and the  
one who can be brought into any intimate re-  
lation, least of all the most intimate, with-  
out drawing out all the mutual points of  
repulsion in their character.

show themselves, and they will grow more  
productive, and quickly, and make the dis-  
sonance more and more complete. They  
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, and they will be rom-  
antic of life will have departed, and the  
soft silvery light will have gone out in total  
darkness.

The other mistake is that of supposing  
the happiest marriages must be a union of  
congenial tastes and pursuits. Just the op-  
posite, we think is true. What does one  
want of another who is just like himself,  
and is not complementary of his own imper-  
fect being? As Mr. Emerson puts it, "they  
must be very two before they can be very  
one. The more two the better. Ideal  
heights and practical heights, 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-pene-  
tration, and not by soldering; or, as Swe-  
denborg says, they must be conjoined and  
not adjoined.