The Bedford Juquirer

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY J. R. BURBORROW & JOHN LUTZ. On JULIANA ST., opposite the Mengal House, BEDFORD, BEDFORD CO., PA. TERMS:

\$2.00 a year if paid strictly in advance \$2.25 if not paid within three months, \$2.50 if not paid within the year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, ene insertion	\$1.00
One square, three insertions	1.50
Each additional insertion less than 3 months,	50
3 months, 6 months, 1 m	

A CALL AND THE REPORT OF A CALL AND A CALL	mens. o	monence 1	year.
One square	\$ 4.50	\$ 6.00	\$10.00
Two squares	6,00	9.00	16.00
Three squares	8.00	12.00	20.00
Half column	18.00	25.00	45.00
One column	30.00	45.00	80.00

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tice. They are, also, regularly licensed Claim Agents and will give special attention to the prosecution of claims against the Government for Pensions, 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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DENTISTS.

jan6'65-ly.

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PHYSICIANS. D.R. B. F. HARRY, Respectfully tenders his professional ser-vices to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office and residence on Pitt Street, in the building formerly secupied by Dr. J. H. Hofus. April 1, 1864-tf.



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

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

DURBORROW & LUTZ, Editors and Proprietors.

Original Poetry.

THE ASSASSINATION.

His country's saviour to the same, And shield him from the grave ?

Well might the sun withdraw in sna 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.

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 Canaan's land Has yielded up the ghost.

But now, redeemed and disenthralled,

The Nation stands to day, 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 FREEDOM's golden fruit Sealed 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.

Select Story.

So let us bow to thy decree, And with Thine Eternal Son,

Well might the sun withdraw in shame,

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

"Dress yourselves then, can't you ?" said FOR THE BEDFORD INQUIRER.

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.

"In the bureau," answered the child. "But where?"

"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 rose-wood writing desk to the floor, bursting off the frail hinges, and scattering pens, enve-lopes and postage stamps far and wide! I Pet pounced upon the ruins like a vulture on the battle-field, while Tommy burst into a lond wail

loud wail. Mr. Peter Carver was an affectionate fath

er 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 roared, and Pet joined in with a treble scream

"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 And with Thine Eternal Sou, Although deep sorrow rends our hearts, Exclaim "THY WILL BE DONE." W. J. M.

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 be-hind, and Pet has not had herface 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."

TRYING AN EXPERIMENT. "A girl! My dear Carry what are you thinking of ?" realized it before." The kitchen range looked black and cheer-

Peter Carver pushed his chair abruptly back from the table, and surveyed the faded little face on the opposite side of the tea tray enough as he stood staring helplessly at 'I don't know much about making a fire, with a gaze of innocent astonishment. Faded enough, now, though she was bare-ly twenty-seven, you would hardly have be-lieved how fresh and pretty Carry Carrer had been on her wedding day, with cheeks like newly opened quince 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 with a gaze of innocent astonishment. 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 redu

But the fire obstinately refused to burn setting theoretical perfection utterly at de-fiance, although Mr. Carver opened the ov-en 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 deft-

ly to a gridiron, and then, elated with his

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 meek wife, winking back two bright drops that began to sparkle omniously under the eyelids. "I tell you what, Mrs. Carver, if I were manager in this household, things would hap-ner very differently." ly 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 stars— hungry, 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." pen very differently." "I have no doubt of it," said Carry, very ietly. "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 While the little creatures were gradually becoming hopelessly sticky and begrimed on the kitchen floor, Mr. Carver rushed to

all amount to? Why. my dear, don't you see the folly of asking for a servant to help man. "How much milk? I don't know-a

"Dress yourserves men, can e you ? and Mr. Carver, pausing. "Pet is too little to dress herself," said Tommy, loftily; "and mamma always dres-ses me." "Where are your shoes?" "It his provide the extreme the ex "Where are your shoes?" "I don't know," said Tommy, with his finger in his mouth. "I know," said Pet, aptly revenging her-self for the hit at herdimunitive 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?" "I don't know," said Tommy, with his morning, of all others, and his confusion and mortification were acute in the extreme ere he reached home, tired, parting and breath-less, as the clock struck eleven ! "I'l 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

But it is twelve o'clock

"I don't care if it is tventy-five o'clock a man can't do forty things at once." "Yet," remarked Cary, quietly, "you would scarcely have remarked the force of

would scarcely have remarked the force of that remark, as coming for me, if mymeals were not punctual to a jinute." Mr. Carver began to thistle. "Where are the chidren?" asked his

where are the children ? asked his wife. "In bed. They weretoo much for me; so I undressed them an put them to bed, to get them out of the ray." "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 kg with a kettle of boiling water, and melted off the nose of the tea-pot, and lost my diamond ring in the ash barrel, end cut my fingers with the car-ving knife already. Is not that enough?" "I should think so," smiled Carry. "Have you looked after the pickles and baked fresh pice?"

"Nor blackened the range, nor cleaned the knives, nor scrubbed up the kitchen floor ?" "No !"

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

nor— "Stop ! for mercy's sake, stop !" ejacula-ted 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 before eleven.

"I'm a donkey," said Peter Carver, with

"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 were you manager things would be altogeth-er different." "So they would," admitted Poter; "but I don't know that the difference would be an immercent."

"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.

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 his domestic avocations.

Naturalists say: A dog grows for 2 years, and lives 8. An ox "4" "16. A horse "5" "25. A camel "8" "40. Man "20. "should live 100.

tance he mustered on his powing 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, parting and breathless, 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 dutas.
"How are you now, Carry?" he said, about an hour afterwards, throwing himself into a chair by her bedside, and fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, and fanning himself that morning.
"A camel " 5 " " 40. Man " 20. "should live 100. But the sad fact is, that only one man for every thousand reaches one hundred years. It is to a chair by her bedside, and fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, and fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, and fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, and fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, and fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, and fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, and fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, and fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, and fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, and fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, and fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, and fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, and fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, and fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, that fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, that fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, that fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, that fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, that fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, that fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, that fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, that fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, that fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, that fanning himself into a chair by her bedside, th 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, 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-con-cealed by bitter irony, or marked by heartcealed 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 readbase indexedorse and each ready 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 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. 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 depths, then suddenly falling down to the softest flute-like notes of suari-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 voluptuous, sun-embrown-ed Spain, or we follow him under the chilly gray sky of Scotland, lingering in Italy, or exiled in Paris, it is always his own tormen-ted soul which he unveils to our gaze, and which we contemplate as the stage upon which are first enacted the tragtest follies of his life. He tells us himself. "I have yearned for a pure ideal human love, and a found nothing but bitter hatred; so I sighed and I cursed." That yery confession of profound disarand I cursed.

That very confession of profound disap-pointment and of mournful sadness draws us so close to Heine, and at once creates be-Messenger of ungodliness. - American tween 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

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 ro-mance of life will have departed, and its soft silvery light will have gone out in total oft silvery light will have gone out in total

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larkness The other mistake is that of supposing

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 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-pene-tration, and not by soldering; or, as Swed-enborg says, they must be conjoined and not adjoined.

PROFANITY.

PROFANITY. The people of this land are certainly dis-tinguished, 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 damors 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 upon 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 formorrow, should have the audacity to pour contempt upon that glorious name which seraphs adore with rapture, is enough the astonish the heavens and convulse the earth. Yea, still more astonishing is that miracle of patience which endures the mon-sters, when one word would arm all nature against them, make the ground treacherous

gainst them, make the ground treacherous beneath them, heaven terrible above them, against them, make the ground treacherous beneath them, heaven terrible above them, and hell ready to meet them at their com-ing. 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 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 profameness. They know 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 injuity which can make light of so tremendous a being. It is the very spirit and core of all evil, the quintessence of ungodliness.—American

THE CHEERFUL VOICE.

The comfort and happiness of home and home intercourse, let me here say, depend very much on the kindly and affectionate training of the voice. Trouble, and care, train and vexation will and must, of course, come; but 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. other reason, for the little children's sake. These sensative 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 as we 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 merry laughter of children. We hear no more the note of the morning bird. The brook, that used to prattle gaily to us, rushmore the note of the morning bird. The brook, that used to prattle gaily to us, rush-es by unheeded—we have forgotten to hear such things. But little children, remember, sensitive hear them all. Mark how, at ev-ery sound, the young child starts, and turns and listens ! And thus with equal sensitive-ness, does it catch the tones of human voiness, does it catch the tones of human vol-ces. How were it possible that the sharp and hasty word, the fretful and complaining tone, should not startle and pain, even de-press, the sensitive little being whose harp of life is so newly and delicately strung, vi-brating even to the gentle breeze, and thril-line or stitude of the tones of much

THE TRUE WOMAN .- The true woman

THE SECRET OF YOUTH.

<text>

COPPERHEAD RECORD.

The Copperheads are pretending to be re-

All of which is respectfully submitted to those of our Democratic friends who are now rejoicing at the recent glorious victo-ries, and over the flattering prospects a-head.

Opening of the Canal, on Suzz.—The gratie work of the Suzz Canal, undertaken and farried out by the French, has been opened for trafic, although not fully completed. On the 6th of April M. Lesseps, the contractor, was met in the city of Alexandria, Egypt, by one hundred and twenty gentlemen, repre-senting the Chambers of Commerce and great the vertices of the Old and New Works where delegated to witness the ceremo-nial of uniting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. He entertained them at a grand the entire of the Old and New Works we shall receive a report of the event in a day which is now readily navigable by ugg and barks of thirty tons, has been deep vessels, and it so, the route to India zonad, which is now readily navigable by ugg and barks of thirty tons, has been deep vessels, and it so, the route to India zonad. The Cape of Good Hope will centre is one view of this subject worthy of fisis canal will insure the supremary of reasing access to the East Indies for her powerful navy and immense military force the press of the latter country has long ounsidered this result, and often expressed to zonad the result, and often expressed OPENING OF THE CANAL OF SUEZ .- The

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 ow

o'clock every morning that we nve. It cannot be coming hopercash at a carver rushed to the kitchen floor, Mr. Carver rushed to attend the peremptory summons of the milk

J. L. MARBOURG, M. D., Having permanently located respectfully tenders his pofessional services to the citizen of Bedford and vicinity. Office on Juliana street opposite the Bank, one door north of Hall & Pal mer's office. April 1, 1864-tf.

HOTELS.

BEDFORD HOUSE, AT HOPEWELL, BEDFORD COUNTY, PA., BY HARRY DROLLINGER.

Every attention given to make guests comfortable who stop at this House. Hopewell, July 29, 1864.

I S. HOTEL, HARRISBURG, PA CORNER SIXTH AND MARKET STREETS OPPOSITE READING R. R. DEPOT. D. H. HUTCHINSON, Proprietor.

jan6:65.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, HUNTINGDON, PA., JOHN S. MILLER, Proprietor. April 29th, 1864 .- ft.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, No. 709 CHESTNUT STREET, PHLADELPHIA. This Hotel is pleasantly situated on the North ide of Chestnut st., a few doors above Seventh. Its central locality makes it particularly desira-ble to persons visiting the City on business or ap28:3m CHAS. M. ALLMOND, Manager

BANKERS.

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COLLECTIONS made for the East, West, North and South, and the general business of Exchange, transacted. Notes and Accounts Collected and Remittances promptly made. REAL ESTATE bought and sold.

JEWELER, &c.

DANIEL BORDER, PITT STREET, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BED. ORD HOTEL, BEBFORD, PA. WATCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWEL-RY, SPECTACLES, &C.

He, STRUTACLES, aC. He keeps on hand a stock of fine Gold and Sil-ver Watches, Spectacles of Brilliant Double Refin-ed 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.

HENRY HARPER, Manufacturer and Dealer in WATCHES, FINE EWELRY, SOLID SILVER WARE, and Su-perior SILVER PLATED WARE. mar34:3m.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

JOHN MAJOR, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, HOPEWELL, by JOBITON OF THE FEACE, HOPEWELL, BEPFORD COUNT. 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 prepa-red. Also settling up partnerships and other ac-counts

April 1, 186-tf.

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 "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 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

lean," said he pettishly. Then he remembered with a remorseful

and he reinchine 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 dishes, nor bite her lips, norclench her teeth as some women would have done under similar circumstances; she merely sat down and bowed her head on the table, crushed and of half cooked meat and liquid mud, by courtesy termed coffee. "Stuff," he ejaculated, throwing the cof-fee spitefully into the sink. "I wonder how Carry did it I'm sure it seemed easy enough.

"Was it long ago?"

"No sir-not very ; it might be fifteen

weary and sick at heart, feeling as some poor heathen devotee may be supposed to feel af-ter the wheel of Juggernaut has rolled over it, overwhelming sense and reason, and vo-lition itself under the iron weight. Poor Now, I suppose I have got to wash these He looked despairingly around at the chaos

Carry I 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 that reigned in the kitchen. "Nihe 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 some escape from this bondage before it un-dermines life and health, and leave my little wanting ones motherless !"

"The clothes for the wash, please, sir ?" said a little girl courtesying humbly at the ones motherless!" The morning sunshine crept down the pale green wall paper, sprinkling drops of gold on the few little geraneum plants that Peter called "a waste of time," and lay in noon-splendor on the carpet, and still Carry Car-ver stood there thinking—thinking. * * * * * * * * * * door. "Up stairs and down stains, and in my la-dy's chamber" went Peter Carver, laying hands on whatever he considered proper prey for the wash-tub, rummaging in bureau

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

drawers, upheaving the contents of trunks, and turning wardrobes inside out for a mor-tal hour before he had completed the requi-site search. The kitchen was empty when and the—" "I cannot, Peter," 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 ban-daree" e returned. "Where are the children ?" was his first armed thought, expressing himself unconiously in words. "I saw them go out of the door, please, " said the little girl.

me the camput covery. I hope it isn't very "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 sailing their shoes in the wash-basin, and the fires are all out. Suppose I send over for Mrs. inntes

minutes." 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, Simmons to come over and help round a the pavements reflected the ardent shine with tenfold heat, and poor Peter Carver

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

was nearly melted into nothingness are he espied, in the train of a hand-organ and monkey, his hopeful son and heir, with Pet following, both nearly unrecognizable from "Well, what shall 1 do?" "You must take barge of the housekeep-ing 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 ust, perspiration and molasses. "Come home, this instant, you little wretches !" ejaculated Peter, quite forget-ting in his rage the emolument precepts in-culcated as the parents' guide, and lavishing

the streets.

enough-

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 couldn't he?" 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.

couldn't he ?" "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 head-ache, and the least excitement almost drives

"Good day, Mr. Carver," said Judge Mason, with rather a surprised lock ; "have you been out for a walk ?" wild. Peter shut the door with great caution, Peter thought of his dripping face and hatless head, and looked at the dirty scions of his race, ere he answered, sheepishly 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."

uart I suppose. Fine morning, Mr ew minu ook was scorching his whiskers over a grid was tripping down the street, and adding, sotto voice, "but I don't see anything to iron, which alarmed him by suddenly blazin up into his face, without the least premon tory symptom, when a light step crossed the kitchen floor, and a little hand took the 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." IMr. Carver turned scarlet—this was the mystery of Mrs. Grey's uncontrollable amuse handle of the gridiron from hisgrasp. "I release you from duty, sir," the wife. "My ankle is better now." "I say, Carry?"

stery of Mrs. Grey's uncontrollable amuse "Tell the truth now. Wasn't that ankle iness a little exaggerated, just to give me

'A man can't cook and keep himself

'Don't you think the lesson was needed?' He put back the brown hair with a loving -and she knew that her days of tria nd trouble were over

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 certain localities and certain communities of er there.

certain localities 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 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; 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 on that none of

Carver mounted one on each arm and carried them, limber and unresisting, through

strong shadows; 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.

in modern literature. 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, inexpress-ibly 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 flit-ting vision of a solitary sea bird. But all ting vision of a sontary sea bird. But all alike are marked with the same vivid ima-ginativeness, lightness of touch and fantas-tic humor. No man ever wrote like Heine. Too impressible for any great and sustained intellectual effort, he is so varied and versa-tile, so rapid in his flights from thought to sensation, and from criticism to pathetic ten-derness, 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.

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 pub-lic opinion, he cared not for the frown of, the malcontents who surrounded him. Lit-erature and art richly opened their treasures to him; we know how delicately he has gath-ered the half hidden pollen out of every flow-er there. ling sensitively ever to the tones of such voices as sweep across it? Let us be kind and cheerful-spoken, then, in our homes.-Once a Month.

MISTAKES ON MATRIMONY.

There are two mistakes about it. 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 the setting his true counterpart, or having any chance of doing so; and that hence are the any chance of doing so, and that hence are the jarrings of the married state. many people lay off their miseries upon this mystic fatal-ism, 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 re-basis. lation, least, of all the most intimate, with out drawing out all the mutual points of

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 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 Brit-years, just double the average life of other people. Surely this is a strong inducement for all to practice for themselves, and to in-culcate it upon their children day by day, that simplicity of habit, that quiteness 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 incul-cates, and which are demonstrably the means of so largely increasing the average of human severage of her average of her at restraint of temper, that control of the appetites and propensities, and that orderly, systematic, and even mode of life, which "Friends" discipline incul-cates, and which are demonstrably the means of so largely increasing the average of 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 poole. Surely this is a strong inducement for all to practice for themselves, and to inculate it upon their children day by day, that simplicity of habit, that quieteess 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 inculate their jagged points filed off, and finally, will be cast out entirely ; and whereas their and which are demonstrably the means of so largely increasing the average of human existence.
Reasoning from the analogy of the animal creation, markind should live nearly an human dired 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.
The provide the state of two selfish natures will begin to the grind.
The provide the state of two selfish natures will begin to the state of two selfish natures will begin to the state of two selfish natures will begin to the state of two selfish natures will begin to the state of two selfish natures will begin to the state of two selfish natures will begin to the state of two selfish natures will begin to the state of two selfish natures will begin to the state of two selfish natures will begin to the state of two selfish natures will begin to the state of two selfish natures will begin to the state of two selfish natures will begin to the state of two selfish natures will begin to the state of two selfish natures will begin to the state of two selfish natures will begin to the state of two selfish natures will begin to the state of two selfish natures will begin to the state of two selfish natures will begin to the the state of two selfish natures will begin to the the state of two selfish natures will begin to the state of two selfish natures will begin to the two selfish natures will begin to the two selfish natures will begin to the two selfi

keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never takes selfish advantage of our mistakes. He uses no ignoble 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 another behind his back. If by action he comes in possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them on instant oblivion. He bearsscaled packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter at his window, or lie open before him in un-guarded exposure, are sacred to him. He encroaches on no privacy of others, however the sentry aleeps. 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 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 straight-forward, open manly, in short, whatever hejudges 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 pros-pects 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 unfits a man for 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." GERERAL JACKSON'S MOTTO .- "Think for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adorations are sufficient, who applies her military instincts to the disci-pline of her household, and whose legislative faculties are in making laws for her nurse; whose heart asks no other honor than a husband's love and adoration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to her toilet, and who does not disdain to be beautiful; who believes in the virtue of lower hair and who does not disdain to be glossy hair and well-fitting dresses, and who eschews rents and raveled edges ; slip shod eschews rents and raveled edges; shp shoa shoes and audacious make-ups; a woman who speaks low, and does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, intellectual and in-dustrious; 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 dreamed of once in our lives— away in the distance! for action comes, stop thinking."

WHOM TO MARRY .- When a young

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 good and gentle 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."

THE FIRST WOMAN FROM THE RIB OF MAN.—We take the following beautiful pas-sage from Matthew Henry's "Commentary" on the second chapter of Genesis : "Woman was made from a rib taken out of the side of Adam; not out c? his head to top him, but out of his side to be equal with him, under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be loved." Surely this eloquent little extract ought to be committed to memory by every man who is married or intends to get married.

distance!