The Bedford Jugnirer

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April 28, 1865-tf.

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Have formed a partnership in the practice of
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aprl, 1864—tf.

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Office in the Bank Building, Juliana Street
and operations pertaining to Surgical or Machanical Dentistry carefully and faithfully performed and warranted, TERMS CASH.

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DENTISTRY:

I. M. BOWSER, RESIDENT DENTIST, Woodserry, Pa., will spend the second Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, of each month at Hopewell,
the remaining three days at Bloody Run, attending to the duties of his profession. At all other
times he can be found in his office at Woodbury,
excepting the last Monday and Tuesday of the
same month, which he will spend in Martinsburg
Blair county, Penna. Persons desiring operation
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Aug. 5,1864,-tf.

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DR. B. F. HARRY, Dr. B. F. HARRY, Respectfully cenders his professional ser-vices to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity Office and residence on Pitt Street, in the building rmerly occupied by Dr. J. H. Hofius. April 1, 1864—tf.

L. MARBOURG, M. D., J. Having permanently located respectfull tenders his pofessional services to the citizen of Bedford and vicinity. Office on Juliana street opposite the Bank, one door north of Hall & Palmer'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.

U. S. HOTEL, HARRISBURG, PA. CORNER SIXTH AND MARKET STREETS, OPPOSITE READING R. R. DEPOT.

D. H. HUTCHINSON, Proprietor. EXCHANGE HOTEL,

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

WASHINGTON HOUSE,
No. 709 CRESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
This Hotel is pleasantly situated, on the Nort
side of Chestnut st., a few doors above Seventh.
Its central locality makes it particularly desire

ble to persons visiting the City on business of

Bedford Immirer.

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

DURBORROW & LUTZ, Editors and Proprietors

BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1865.

Vol 38: No. 22

Select Loetry.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.-FOULLY AS SINATED APRIL 14, 1865.

You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace, groad for the self-complacent British sneer, His length of shambling limb, his furrowed fac His gaunt, gharled hands, his unkempt, bristh hair,

hair,

His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,

Of power or will to shine, of art to please

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's lang Judging each step as though the way were plain Reckless, so it could point its paragraph, Of chief's perpexity, or people's pain.

Seride this corpse, that bears for winding-elect The stars and stripes he lived to rear ancw, ; setween the mourners at his head and feet, Say, scurril jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneet To llame my pencil, and confute my pen— To make me own this hind of princes peer, This rail-splitter a true-bern king of men. Noting how to occasion's height he rose, How his quaint wit made home truth seem

true,
How iron-like his temper grew by blows. How himble, yet how hopeful he could be:
How in good fortene and all the same:
Nor hitter in success, nor beastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good gr
command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burd That God makes instruments to work his will, if but that will we can but arrive to know,

Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant beyhood he had piled
His warrare with rude Nature's thwarting

cleared forest, the unbroken soil The iron bask that turns the lumberer's axe, ... The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil, The prairie, aiding the mazed wanderer's tracks

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear-Such were the needs that helped his youth

If but their stocks be of right girth and grain. So he grew up, a destined work to do, And lived to do it: four long suffering years, III-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through, And then he heard the hisses change to cheer

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise, and took both with the same unwavering mood Till, as he came on light, from darkling days, And seemed to touch the goal from where h

A felon, had, between the goal and him,

Reached from behind his back, a trigger/prest—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift celipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to me

Utter one voice of sympathy and shame! ore heart, so stopped when it at least beat high Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt If more of horror or disgrace they bore; But the fool crime, blac Can's, stand's darkly

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly stri And with the martyr's crown crownest a life With much to praise, little to be forgiven!

Griginal Sketch.

FOR THE BEDFORD INQUIRER. A DYSPEPTIC IN PURSUIT OF A

BY MEDICUS.

Reader, have you eyer had Dyspepsia? If not, as you value your temporal (I might also add spiritual) salvation, avoid it if you can. If you would escape the horrors of "Blue Pill," avoid Dyspepsia.

Reader, I am a haunted mon—haunted by "Blue Pill," or "Blue Devils," if you please. From the earliest period of my recollection, this cerulean (why is it called "blue" when it's a grey as dingy as fricht Aminidab Butierstick's old shad-bellied overcoat?) compound has been familiar to my ears. I had an uncle once who took it and as he "went over Jordan," the name has ever been associated in my mind with something inconceivably horrible.

omething inconceivably horrible. But here let me narrate my m In the fall of 18 - after a severe hitch Bilious Fever, and a tremendous gorge of bean smip, I became slightly dyspeptic, and BANKERS.

BANKERS.

BANKERS.

BANKERS.

BANKERS.

BANKERS.

CHAS. M. ALLMOND, Manager apply in time to a physician. I did so apply in time to a physician. I did so apply in time to a physician. I did so apply in time to a physician. I did so apply in time to a physician. I did so apply in time to a physician. I did so apply in time to a physician. I did so apply in time to a physician. I did so apply in time to a physician. I did so apply in time to a physician. I did so apply in time to a physician. I did so apply in time to a physician. I did so apply in time to a physician. I did so apply in time to a physician. I did so apply in time to a physician to apply in time to a physician. I did so apply in time to a physician to apply in time to a physician. I did so apply in time to a physician to apply in time to a physician. I did so apply in time to a physician. I did so apply in time to a physician. I did so apply in time to a physician. I did so the same presented to the fearned man of physic prescribed Bine Pill. Reader, my short time so much that his hearest thought I had, in medical parlance, better apply in time to a physician. I did so the physic prescribed Bine Pill. Reader, my short time so much that his hearest thought so apply in time to a physician. I did so the same present thought I had, in medical parlance, better apply in time to a physician. I did so the physic prescribed Bine Pill. Reader, my short time so much that his hearest thought so apply in time to a physician. I did so the physic prescribed Bine Pill. Reader, my short time so much that his hearest thought so apply in time to a physician. I did so the physic prescribed Bine Pill. Reader, my short time so much that his hearest thought so apply in time to a physician that he has any mul. But twill never do to the flesh off his bones, and all the sense out of his cranital the physic prescribed Bine Pill. Reader, my short time so much that he sense out of his cranital the physic prescribed Bine Pill. Reader, my short time so much that he se

and laying them down on the table said—"why young man you're hyped?" The cussed old foo!! I was well nigh sending an old skull that stood near, slap into his face. But I forbore. He continued—"go home and go to work—you eat too much, and don't exercise enough—take one of these pills every night to keep your bowels regular, and you'll get well enough." I looked at the pills—thinks I you infernal noodle—"Hyped! and these pills are my old exemples as sure as I'm living." But I did not dare to trouble the lying old lackanape any further, so I left, and incontinently 'threw his physic to the dogs."

But the invalid ever feels an incontrollable hankering to take something. I now, though much discouraged, applied to the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, and so on through the whole catalogue of M. D's in the whole country. But success in obtaining relief.

the whole catalogue of M. D's in the whole the whole catalogue of M. D's in the whole country. But success in obtaining relief was 'non est inventus;' instead, my case had been gradually growing more and more desperate, besides I had mee with insult added to injury—injured by 'Blue Pill' (for they all with one consent, prescribed it) and insulted by being told that I had the "hypo." Were they blind? Why my appearance alone wave the lie to that assertion. Hypo Were they blind? Why my appearance alone gave the lie to that assertion. Hypo, indeed! why I was reduced to the "shadow of a shade," and looked as though I had been picked off a wreck at sea and drawa through a gimlet hole. "I wouldn't cared at that time if his satanic majesty had had the whole kit, and stuffed them with "blue blazes;" as they had me with 'blue pills." But I was now in complete despair. I went to the "Springs"—no recuperation, my impoverished system grew leaner and leaner every day until I was not thicker through every day until I was not thicker through the abdomen than a deal-board. At length I was completely "laid upon the shelf"— took my bed from pure exhaustion, literally dosed and starved to death. I discovered one day, whilst in a recumbent posture, that something hard existed in the umbilical region of my stomach-I examined it; it was about the size of a goose egg. Whew! about the size of a goose egg. Whew what a hubbub it created when I made it

known.

My friends immediately sent for "the doctor"—the very identical chap who had so grossly insulted me in the earlier stage of my dise ase. He came, put on the same old "specks," and proceeded to—not an autopsical quite—examination of the phenomenon. After a good deal of pow-wow and punching, looking sage as an owl, he pronounced it a "concretion"—of what? thought I—horror of horrors !a peck of "blue pills" wedged up in my gastronomical apparatus! He summoned a consultation of half a dozen more of my "Blue Pill" heroes. They came, examined, pummèled, and punched at the tumour to their heart's content—deliberated; and then passed sentence—"an at the tumour to their heart's content—de-liberated, and then passed sentence—"an indurated tumor in the hypogastrium— must be removed by an operation." Post-poned the same for a few days, and then came to the conclusion, unanimously, that it "couldn't be did without killing the pa-tient." Just as I expected, and wished, for I was ambitious at a natural death, if possible, after the amount of "blue pill" I had swiftowed. But, to tell the truth, I did not feel much like dying even then, I felt like eating, and eat I did, occupying one breath with the bolting of food, and the next in denunciation of "blue pills" and their authors.

And now let the elements be hushed; let every sound cease; let the sun and moon stand still, whilst all the inhabitants of Heaven and Earth, with fingers to their lips, on tiptoe, hear what this mighty, majestic and dignified "court of inquiry"—this austere, sapient and profound body of medical intelligence had well nigh done. After I took to eating (for they had allowed me nothing but the shadone of a pigeon boiled down methal?) the tumor began to disappear. one half) the tumor began to disappear, and in a few days it was gone. Reader, it was my backbone! But let me explain: In the spinal column there is a curve about its middle projecting inward towards the stomach; I was so much emaciated that there was little else material in front, and the egg

was fittle else material in from, and the egg like tumor was nothing more of the less than one of the most prominent of the dorsal vertebra. After my stomach assumed its natural distension, of course, as I said before, the thing disappeared. Let it be recorded for the benefit of future generations that a convention of wise

acres—a session of brilliant, magnanimous and learned (?) physicians of the 19th century of the world, decided on removing the backbone of a patient to cure him of dys But my troubles were not ended yet, for though materially improved by a better diet, my dyspepsia still remained. I now de termined to seek a remedy on my own hook For this purpose I dived into medical author up to the eyes. But here, too, I was doon

ed to fresh torture, renewed disappointment I would take up a book, look at the indexrun my finger along the same until I came to the word—Dyspepsia—refer to the page, glance over the description of the disease, and hasten on to the treatment. Invariably the first thing that met my eyes, sticking out in bold relief, was—"Blue Pill is beyond all comparison the best alterative that can be given." Indignant I would slap to the covers of the book, and mutter to myself—"Blue Devils are beyond all comparison" the worst disease a man can be afflic the fall of 18—after a severe hitch of lious Fever, and a tremendous gorge of son' the worst disease a man can be afflicted with son's the worst disease a man can be afflicted with son's the worst disease a man can be afflicted with son's the worst disease a man can be afflicted with son's the worst disease a man can be afflicted with son's the worst disease a man can be afflicted with son's the worst disease a man can be afflicted with son's the worst disease

Biographical Sketch.

OUR LATE PRESIDENT. Character of President Lincoln

BY RALPH W. EMERSON.

The following address was delivered by Ralph Waldo Emerson, in Concord, Mass., on occasion of the funeral services in honor

of Mr. Lincoln We meet under the gloom of a calami We meet under the gloom of a calamity which darkens down over the minds of good men in all civilized society, as the fearful tidings travel over sea, over land, from country to country, like the shadow of an uncalculated eclipse over the planet. Old as history is and manifold as are its tragedies, I doubt if any death has caused so much pain to mankind as this has caused, or will cause, on its announcement; and this not so much because nations are, by modern arts, brought so closely together, as because of the mysteso closely together, as because of the mysterious hopes and fears which, in the present day, are connected with the name and insti-

day, are connected with the name and insti-tutions of America.

In this country, on Saturday, every one was struck dumb, and saw, at first, only deep, as he meditated on the ghastly blow. And, perhaps, at this hour, when the coffin which contains the dust of the President sets forward in its long march through mourning States, on its way to his home in Illi nois, we might well be silent, and suffer the awful voices of the time to thunder to us. Yes, but that first despair was brief; the man was not so to be mourned. He was the most active and hopeful of men; and his work had not perished; but acclamations of praise for the task he had accomplished burst out in a song of triumph, which even tears for his death, capact keep down.

for his death cannot keep down.

The President stood before us a man of The President stood before us a man of the people. He was thoroughly American, had never crossed the sea, had never been spoiled by English insularity, or French dissipation; a quiet native, aboriginal man, as an acorn from the oak; no aping of foreigners, no frivilous accomplishments. Kentuckian born, working on a farm, a flatboatman, a captain in the Blackhawk war, a country lawyer, a representative in the rural Legislature of Illinoios—on, such modest foundations the broad structure of his fame was laid. How slowly, and yet by happily prepared steps, he came to his place.

pared steps, he came to his place.

All of us remember—it is only a history of five or six years—the surprise and disappointment of the country at his first nomination at Chicago. Mr. Seward was then in the property of his good favor was the favor. at Chicago. Mr. Seward was then in the culmination of his good fame, was the favorite of the Eastern States. And when the new and comparatively unknown name of Lincoln was announced (notwithstanding the report of the acclimations of that Conven-tion) we heard the result coldly and sadly. It seemed too rash on purely local repu-tation, to build so grave a trust, in such anxious times; and men naturally talked of

the chances in politics as incalculable. But it turned out not to be chance. The pro found good opinion which the people of Illi nois and of the West had conceived of him nois and of the West had conceived of him and which they had imparted to their col leagues, that they might justify themselves to their constituents at home, was not rash, though they did not begin to know the rich-

A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune attended him. Lord Bacon "Manitest virtues procure reputation ones, fortune." He offered no shi says: "Manifest virtues procure reputation; occult ones, fortune." He offered no shining qualities at the first encounter; he did not offend by superiority. He had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed good-will. He was a man without vices. He had a strong sense of duty which it was very easy for him to obey. Then he had what farmers call a long head; was excellent in working out the sum for himself; in arguing his case and convincing you fairly savs : arguing his case and convincing you fairly and firmly.

Then it turned out that he was a great worker; had prodigious faculty of performance; worked easily. A good worker is so rare; everybody has some disabling quality. In a host of young men that start together, and promise so many brilliant leaders for the next age, each fails on trial; one by bad health, one by conceit or by love of pleasure or by lethargy, or by an hasty temper—each has some disqualifying fault that throws him out of the career. But this man was sound to the core, cheerful, per-sistent, all right for labor, and liked nothing

made him tolerant and accessible to all; fair minded, leaning to the claim of the peti-tioner, affable, and not sensible to the affliction which the innumerable visits paid to him, when President, would have brought

es, hidden now by the very closeness of their es, indeen now by the very closeness of their application to the moment, are destined hereafter to a wide fame. What pregnant definitions; what uncring common sense; what foresight; and on great occasions what lofty, and more than national what humans lofty, and more than national, what humane tone! His speech at Gettysburgh will not

tone! His speech at Gettysburgh will not easily be surpassed by words on any recorded occasion. This, and one other American speech, that of John Brown to the Court that tried him, and a part of Kossuth's speech at Birtningham, can only be compared with each other, and with no fourth.

His occupying the chair of State was a triumph of the good sense of mankind, and of the public conscience. The middle-class country had got a middle-class President at last. Yes, in manners, sympathies, but not in powers, for his powers were superior. His mind mastered the problem of the day; and, as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was man so fitted to the event. In the midst of fears, and jealousies, in the Babel of counsels and parties, this man wrought incessantly with all his might and all his honesty, laboring to find what the people wanted and how to obtain it.

It cannot be said there is any available.

obtain it.

It cannot be said there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested he was. There was no lack of resistence, nor of slander, nor of ridicule. The times have allowed no State secrets; the nation has been in such a ferment, such multitudes had to be trusted, that no secret could be kept. Every door was ajar, and we know all that befel. obtain it.

Then what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war. Here was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair-weather sailor, the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years—the four years of battle days
—his endurance, his fertility of resources,
his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting.

er found wanting.

There, by his courage, his justice; his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood an heroic figure in the centre of an heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them: slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs; the true representative of this continent; an entirely public man; father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue.

heart, the thought of their minds articula-ted by his tongue.

Adam Smith remarks that the axe, which in Houbraken's portraits of British Kings and worthies, is engraved under those who have suffered at the block, adds a certain lofty charm to the picture. And who does not see, even in this tragedy so recent, how fast the terror and ruin of the massacre are already learning into glory around the vicalready burning into glory around the vic-tim? Far happier this fate than to have lived to be wished away; to have watched the decay of his cwn faculties; to have seen —perhaps, even he—the proverbial ingrati-tude of statesmen; to have seen mean men preferred.

tude of statesmen; to have seen mean men preferred.

Had he not lived long enough to keep the greatest promise that ever man made to his fellow-men—the practical abolition of slavery? He had seen Tennessee, Missouri and Maryland emancipate their slaves. He had seen Savannah, Charleston and Richmond surrendered; had seen the main army of the rebellion lay down its arms. He had conquered the public opinion of Canada, England and France. Only Washington can compare with him in fortune.

And what if it should turn out, in the unfolding of the web, that he had reached the term; that this heroic deliverer could no longer serve us; that the rebellion had touched its natural conclusion, and what remained to be done required new and uncommitted hands—a new spirit born out of the ashes of the war; and that Heaven, wishing to show the world a completed benefactor, shall make him serve his country even more by death that heaven his life. Nations like Kinze.

make him serve his country even more by death than by his life. Nations, like Kings, are not good by facility and complaisance.
"The kindness of Kings enosists in justice and strength." Easy good nature has beer the dangerous foible of the republic, and it was necessary that its enemies should out rage it, and drive us to unwonted firmnes to secure the salvation of this country in

the next ages.

The ancients believed in a screne and beau tiful Genius which ruled in the affairs of nations; which, with a slow but stern justice carried forward the fortunes of certain cho sen houses, weeding out single offenders; o offending families, and securing at last the firm prosperity of the favorites of Heaven. It was too narrow a view of the Eternal Nemesis. There is a serene Providence which rules the fate of nations, which makes little account of time, little of one generation or account of time; inthe of one generation of race, makes no account of disasters, conquers alike by what is called defeat or by what is called victory, thrusts aside enemy and ob-structions, crushes everything immoral as inhuman, and obtains the ultimate triumph of the best race by the sacrifice of everythin which resists the moral laws of the world t makes its own instruments, creates the nspires his genius, and arms him for hi ask. It has given every race its own talent, and ordains that only that race which comnes perfectly with the virtues of all shall

Miscellaneous.

ner cleanness and sanctity of life, are mat-ters not to be dispensed with in a reformer. The eye with the beam is not of sufficient clearness to detect the mote. The lip of the impure is too feeble to be effective in the tion which the innumerable visits paid to him, when President, would have brought to any one else. And how this good nature became a noble humanity, in many a tragic case which the events of the war brought to him, every one will remember, and with what increasing tenderness he dealt, when a whole race was thrown upon his compassion. The poor negro said of him on an impressive occasion, 'Massa Linkum am eberywhere.'

Then his broad good humor, running easily into jocular talk, in which he delighted, and in which he excelled, was a rich gift to this wise man. It enabled him to keep his secret; to meet every kind of man, and every rank in society; to take off the edge of the severist decisions; to make his own purpose and sound his companion, and to catch with true instinct the temper of every company he addressed. And, more than all, it is to a man of severe labor, an anxious and exhausting crisis, the natural restorative, good as sleep, and is the protection of the overdriven brain against rancor and insantity.

He is the anthor of a multitude of good for the same is to detect the mote. The hip of the impure is to be effective in the case to detect the mote. The hip of the impure is to be effective in the case top virtue. The mote and offensive hand will he claimed by those who have larger blemishes, as evils of no consequence. Although there may be something in the adage, "Set a thief to catch a thief," the thief would be but a sorry teacher of the man after he was caught. He would be too likely to recognize him as a persecuted brother of his own order. With such aid alone one might pray for the unlimited reign of goodness in the subjection of evil forever, and be no acarer to the answer of the desire of the righteous. We want whole-souled men, to help us—those who have wills to work and hands swift to relieve the wants of the poor and needy—men with strength to devise and strength to do. None of your dead lions. We have had enough of them in those literary, religious boasters who have been strong and scholar-DANIEL BORDER, which is a proper of the same presented properly and the physicans, and month longer, and then shadows of the physicans, and month longer, and then shadows of the same presentation of the same presents of the physicans, and month longer, and then shadows of the same presents of the physicans, and month longer, and then shadows of the same presents o

Two Bab Habits.—There are two weaknesses in our habits which are very common
and which are very prejudical to our welfare.
The first is giving way to the use or indulgence of the moment instead of doing at
once what ought to be done. This practice
almost diminishes the beneficial effects of
our actions, and often lead us to abstain
from action altogether; as for instance, if at
this season of the year there is a gleam of
sunshine, of which we feel we ought to take
advantage, but we have not the resolution
to leave at the moment a comfortable seat
or an attractive occupation, we miss the most
favorable opportunity and perhaps at last
justify ourselves for remaining in doors on
the ground that the time for exercise is past.
One evil attendant upon the habit of
procrastination is that it produces a certain
dissatisfaction of the mind which impedes
and deranges the animal custions, and tends
to prevent the attainment of a high state of
health. A perception of what is right,
followed by a promptness of execution, would
render the way of life perfectly smooth.
Children should be told to do nothing but
what is reasonable but they should be taught
to do what they are told at once.
The habit will stand them instead all their
lives. The second weakness is, when we
have made a good resolution, and have Two Bab Habits .- There are two weak The habit will stand them instead all their lives. The second weakness is, when we have made a good resolution, and have partially failed in executing it, we are very apt to abandon it altogether. For instance, if a person who has been accustomed to rise at ten resolves to rise at six, and after a few successful attempts happens to sleep till seven, there is great danger that he will relapse into his former habit, or probably even go beyond it, and lie till noon. It is the same with resolutions of economy or temperance, or anything else; if we cannot do all intended, or make one slip, we are apt to give up entirely. Now, what we should aim at is, always to do the best we can under existing circumstances; and then our progress, with the exception of slight interruptions, would be continual.

MAMMA, YOU HAVEN'T PRAYED WITH ME TO-DAY.—Not far from me lives a poor hard-working German mother, who with her six children, is seen almost every Sabbath in the house of God, but so hungry is she for the bread of life, that summer's sum or. Winter's storm seldom prevents her presence with the little ones in the sanctuary. She is in the habit of going into her room with only a three year old child to offer prayer. If she fails daily to do this, the little fellow is prompt to call her attention to the omission by the artless rebuke, "Mamma, you haven't prayed with me to-day." MAMMA, YOU HAVEN'T PRAYED WITH

A day or two since, on receiving a piece of bread from his mother, he looked up with loving eyes to the giver, with the remark, 'thank you mamma,'' and added reverently,
'thank you God.''
''Why do you thank God, my boy?''
''Cause I want to thank all my friends

Cause I want to thank air my friends who are so good to me."

Mothers, who would wield over their little ones, an influence wide as the world, lasting as eternity whose memory is cherished from early childhood, to old age, will you not believe as this poor German mother does, that children may be converted even in their influence?

does, that children may be converted even in their infancy?

Lead the little ones to the Savior in the early dawn of their young lives, and let mother and Jesus be the watchword that shall shield them in the coming years of trial and temptation. Oh, mothers, if you would spare your children many an hour of bitter conflict with the powers of evil, if you would save them from the fearful storms and tempests that so often prostrate a soul not strengthened by a mother's prayers, lead them to the children's Friend in their earliest years, and commit them to His tender care and keeping. Then only are they safe.—Congregationalist.

DESCRIBING several remarkable caves, in hat is called the Mowry Silver Mine, in

what is called the Mowry Silver Mine, in Arizona, a correspondent says:

'In exploring the mine with my companions, at a depth of one or two hundred feet below the surface, we came into some of those caves or chambers. Alladin's lamp never revealed such sparkling glories as did our poor, dimly burning candles as their light was reflected back from what seemed to be ten million diamonds. The moisture and water of those caves had crystalized on the roofs and sides and floors, in every variety of shape, but everywhere brilliant and beautiful. The white rock sometimes hung in glistening pendants in shape like icicles. Then it blossomed into pure white flowers, with stems and leaves, or grew into small shrubs with a main stem and branches, growing out from the stony sides of the cave from three to six inches long. Then again there were delicate growths of the same stony material, looking like the hear frost of winter, or the feathery, snowy covering of trees in winter in the North, after a storm. It seemed as if those white formations looking so like frost work would yield to the toneh. But they were firms as needles and ing so like frost work would yield to the touch. But they were firm as needles, and we brought away beautiful specimens of those subterranean flowers that had blosomed out of the rock, as well as of the oth ers that I have mentioned his live as

Correct Speaking.—We would advise all young people to acquire, in earlylife, the habit of correct speaking and writing and to abandon as early as possible any use of slang words and phrases. The longer you live the more difficult the acquirement of correct language will be and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim, if neglected, is very properly doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers and poets in his memory, and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show the weakness of vain ambition rather than the polish of an educated mind. ENGROSSED IN WORLDLY CARES _W

CORRECT SPEAKING .- We would advis

ENGROSSED IN WORLDLY CARES.—We keep ourselves in such a continual harry and crowd of cares, thoughts, and employments about the things of the body, that we can find little time to be alone, communing with our own hearts about our great concernments in eternity. It is with many of us as it was with Archimedes, who was so intent upon drawing his mathematical schemes, that though all the city was in alarm, the enemy had taken it by storm, the streets filled with dead bodies, the soldiers came into his particular house, nay entered his very study, and plucked him by the sleeve, before he took any notice of it.—Even so, many men's hearts are so profoundly immersed and drowned in earthly cares, thoughts, projects, a fpleasure, that death must come to their very houses, yes and pull them by the sleeve, and tell them its errand, before they will begin to awake, and come to a serious consideration of things more important.—Flavel.

RELIGION NOT GLOOM.

RELIGION NOT GLOOM.

We are of those who love religion; and wish to express it in our daily life; and, loving it as we do, we cannot push it to one side as a dark and solemn thing, fit only to receive our tears of repentance, and before which we must walk with long drawn faces. We see in it the glory, the sunshine of life. When it springs within us it does not consign us to a life of trembling suspense, passed on the edge of the tomb; cut of our souls, hitherto stumbling among the tombs, gropping in dim caverns of the earth, rise into the sunshine of God's love. This is the true life, and no one can truly say he lives, into the sunshine of God's love. This is the true life, and no one can truly say he lives, unless, throwing aside his grave-clothes, he walks forth in this light. We hold that those who live in earnest, must of necessity be religious, and that their religion will carry them above all sorrow and care. Therefore we do not like the fashionable sentimentalism which throws shadows upon religion. We like soberness and reverence, but also cheerfulness, triumph, joy and gladness.—Exchange. Exchange.

Asking Father.—A gentleman of fine social qualities, always ready to make liberal provision for the gratification of his children, a man of science and a moralist of the strictest school, was skeptical in regard to prayer, thinking it superfluous to ask God for what nature had already furnished ready at hand. His eldest son became a disciple of Christ. The father, while recognizing a happy change in the spirit and deportmant of the youth, still harped upon his old objection to prayer as unphilosophical and unnecessary.

necessary. "I remember," said the son, "that I once "I remember," said the son, "that I once made free use of your pictures, specimens, and instruments, for the entertainment of my friends. When you came home you said to me, 'All that I have belongs to my children, and I have provided it on purpose for them; still, I think it would be respectful always to ask your father before taking any thing. 'And so," added the son, "although God has provided every thing for me, I think it is respectful to ask Him and to thank Him for what I use."

The skeptic was silent; but he has since admitted that he has never been able to invent an answer to this simple, personal, sensible argument for prayer.—Congregationalist.

A Wife's Prayer.—Very beautiful is the following: "Lord bless that dear person whom Thou hast chosen to be my husband—let his life be long and blessed comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing unto him, and a sharer in all his sorrows, a meet helper in all the accidents and changes in the world; make memicible forcements his ozer and forcements. dents and changes in the world; make me amiable forever in his eyes, and forever dear to him! Unite his heart to me in all the dearest love of holiness, and mine to keep him in all the sweetness of charity and compliance! Keep me from all ungentleness, all discontendedness, and unreasonableness of passion and humor, and make us humble and obedient, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other according to Thy blessed word, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having our portion in the love and service of God forever!—Amen."

THE PURE IN HEART.—A little girl having one day read to her teacher the first twelve verses of the fifth chapter of the Gospel by Matlsew, he asked her to stop and tell him which of these holy tempers, said by our Lord, to be blessed, she should most like to have. She paused a little, and said with a modest smile. "I would ruther be pure in heart." Her teacher asked her why she chose this above all the rest.—"Sir," said she, "if I could but obtain a pure heart, I should then have all the other graces spoken of in this chapter." And surely this was a right answer. God, Himself has said: "Out of it (the heart) are the issues of life." It is in the heart that God sheds abroad the graces of His spirit: and from thence comes "grace of the lips" which shows forth the right mind within.

Working and Thinking.—It is a no less fatal error to despise labor when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two; we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call the one a gentlemen and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working, and both the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentleman in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, the other despising his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be happy, and the professions should be liberal and there should be less pride felt in neculiarity of employment and more in execuliarity of employment, and more in ex-di-

AN ENGLISH OPINION.—The last inaugu ral of President Lincoln made a strong in pression in England. The British Standar ral of President Lincoln made, a strong impression in England. The British Standard speaks of it as "the most remarkable thing of the sort ever pronounced by any President of the United States from the first day until now. * Its Alpha and its Omega is Almighty God, the God of Justice and the Father of Mercies, who is working out the purposes of his love. * It is invested with a dignity and pathos which lift it high above everything of the kind, whether in the Old World or the New. * The whole thing puts us in mind of the best mea of the English Commonwealth; there is in fact much of the old prophet about it." SELF EDUCATION. - We all have two ed-

SELF EDUCATION.—We all have two educations, one of which we receive from others, the other and the most valuable, we give ourselyes. It is the last which gives our grade in society, and eventually our actual value in this life, and perhaps the true color of our fate hereafter. All the professors or of our rate herester. At the professors and teachers in the world cannot make us wise and without our own co-operation; and if such we are determined to be, the want of them will not prevent it.

WHILE unpacking a bale of Chinese cetton at Bacup, the other day, the men so employed discovered two gold coins, one about the size of a threepenny piece, and the other smaller, with holes punched through them wrapped up in a piece of rag. Many silver pieces have also been found amongst this kind of cotton.

A BEAUTIFUL thought is thus sugges a the Koran—"Angels, in the grave, to question thee as to the amount ealth thou hast left behind thee, but a that deeds thou hast done in the world nittle thee to a seat among the blest.

A GREAT many of us are constantly complaining and growling about the shortness of time, and yet have a great deal more than we know how to dispose of, for the time that is given us is either spent in doing nothing at all, in doing nothing worthy of estimation, or in loing those thing; that we should not do.

Sound Advice—If you wish to relish your food work for it; if you would enjoy your raiment thoroughly, pay for it before you put it on; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

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