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TIMMELL AND LINGENFELTER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, REPPORD, PA.
Have formed a partnership in the practice of
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of the Mengel House, aprl, 1864--tf. JOHN MOWER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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All operations pertaining to Surgical or Mechanical Dentistry carefully and faithfully performed and warrauted. TERMS CASH.

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R. B. F. HARRY,
Respectfully cenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and wichnits office and residence on Pitt Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. H. floffus.

April 1, 1864—11.

April 1, 1804

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April 1, 1864—tf.

HOTELS.

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

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.O. E. SHANNON F. RENRDI RUPP, SHANNON & CO., BANKERS, BEDFORD, PA. BEDFORD, PA. BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT. 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.

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He keeps on hand a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Spectacles of Brilliant Double Refin.

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watch Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, best
quality of Gold Pens. He will supply to order my thing in his line not on hand. apr. 8, 1864—zz.

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Bedtord Inquirer.

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

BURBORROW & LUTZ, Editors and Proprietors.

BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1865.

Select Poetry.

The following beautiful poem was written for the occasion and read by Col. CHARLES G. HALPINE, at the laying of the corner stone of the Battle Monument at Gettysnrg, July 4, 1865;

As men beneath some load of grief Or sudden joy will dumbly stand, Finding no words to give relief-Clear, passion-warm, complete, and brief— To thoughts with which their souls expand;

So here to-day-these trophies nigh-Our lips no fitting words can reach; The hills around, the graves, the sky-The silent poem of the eye

Surpasses all the art of speech! To-day, a nation meets to build A nation's trophy to the dead Who, living, formed her sword and shield-The arms she sadly learned to wield When other hope of peace had fied.
And not alone for those who lie.
In honored graves before us blent.

Shall our proud column, broad and high, Climb upward to the blessing sky, But be for all a monument. An emblem of our grief, as well For others as for these, we raise:

For these beneath our feet who dwell, And all who in the good cause fell On other fields, in other frays. To all the self-same love we hear Which here for marbled memory strives; No soldier for a wreath would care Which all true comrades might not share-

Brothers in death as in their lives! On Southern hill-sides, parched and brown In tangled swamp, on verdantridge, Where pines and broadening oaks look down, And jasmine weaves its yellow crown, And trumpet-creepers clothe the hedge;

Along the shores of endless sand, Beneath the palms of Southern plains, Sleep every where, hand locked in hand, The brothers of the gallant band Who here poured life through throbbing vein

Around the closing eyes of all The same red glories glared and flew-The hurrying flags, the bugle call, The whistle of the angry ball,
The elbow-touch of comrades true: The skirmish-fire—a spattering spray The snarling growl of fire by file,

When opening batteries get in play, And the lines form o'er many a mile. The foeman's yell, our answering cheer, Red flashes through the gathering smoke, Swift orders, resonant and clear, Blithe cries from comrades tried and dear, The shell-scream and the sabre-stroke: The rolling fire from left to right,

The thickening fury of the fray

From right to left, we hear it swell: The headlong charges swift and bright, The thickening tumuit of the fight And bursting thunders of the shell. Now denser, deadlier grows the strife And here we yield, and there we gain;

The air with hurtling missiles rife, Volley for voiley, life for life— No time to heed the eries of pain! Panting as up the hills we charge, Or down them as we broken roll, Life never felt so high, so large, And never o'er so wide a marge In triumph swept the kindling soul.

New raptures waken in the breast Amid this hell of scene and sound; The barking batteries never rest, And broken foot by horsemen pressed, Still stubbornly contest their ground. Fresh waves of battle rolling in To take the place of shattered waves;

Torn lines that grow more bent and thin Twas thus were filled these very graves!

Night falls at length with pitying veil-A moonlight silence deep and fresh; These upturned faces, stained and pale, Vainly the chill night dews assail-For colder than the dews their flesh! And flickering far through brush and wood Go searching-parties, torch in hand-At dawn the fight will be renewed,

Sleep on your arms!" the hushed command. They talk in whispers as they lie In lines-these rough and weary men; "Dead or but wounded?" then a sigh; "No coffee either!" "Guess we'll try To get those two guns back again." 'We've five flags to their one! oho!" "That bridge--'twas hot there as we passed! "The Colonel dead! It can't be so:

Wounded and badly-that I know: But he kept saddle to the last." 'Be sure to send it if I fall-" "Any tobacco? Bill have you?"
"A brown-haired, blue-eyed, laughing doll-"Good night, boys, and God keep you all!" "What! sound asleep? Guess I'll sleep too." "Yes, just about this hour they pray

For Dad-," "Stop talking! pass the word!" And soon as quiet as the clay Which thousands will but be next day The long-drawn sighs of sleep are heard.

Oh, men ! to whom this sketch, though rude, Calls back some scene of pain and pride; Oh, widow hugging close your brood, Oh, wife! with happiness renewed, Since he again is at your side ; This trophy that to-day we raise Should be a monument for all;

And on its sites no niggard phrase Confine a generous nation's praise To those who here have chanced to fall.

But let us all to-day combine Still other monuments to raise; Here for the Dead we build a shrine; And now to those who, crippled, pine Let us give hope of happier days! Let homes for these sad wreeks of war Through all the land with speed arise; Tongues cry from every gaping scar, 'Let not our brother's tomb debar

The wounded living from your eyes."

A noble day, a deed as good, A noble day, a deed as good,

A noble scene in which 'tis done,

The Birthday of our Nationhood;
And here again the Nation stood
On this same day—its life rewon!
A bloom of banners in the air,
A double calm of sky and soul;
Triumphal chant and bugle blare,
And green fields, spreading bright and fair,
While heavenward our Hosannas roll.

Hosannas for a land redeemed,
The bayonet sheathed, the cannon dum
Passed, as some horror we have dreamed
The fiery meteors that here streamed,
Threatening within our homes to come Again our banner floats abroad, dione the one stain that on it fell—And, bettered by his chastening rod, With streaming cos uplift to tied We say, "He doeth all things weil,"

Miscellaneous.

RELIGION IN POLITICS.

Within two or three months we have had about as many letters requesting the discontinuance of the Recorder, on the ground that it had ceased to satisfy the religious wants of the writers. In all of them the complaint was that the paper meddled with politics, and did not confine itselt, as it should, exclusively to religious themes. In two cases the animus was sufficiently plain. One of the writers spoke of our sacrificing to "the Moloch of abolition," and the other considered our expressions of gratifule to Good on

the writers spoke, of our sacrificing to "the Moloch of abolition;" and the other considered our expressions of gratitude to God, on the taking of Richmond, as an unchristian exultation in bloodshed, and in triumph over suffering brethren. The other, in its form at least, was the expression of a desire to meet in a religious paper with only topics pertaining to the divine life—with sweet hymns, and passages of scriptural exposition, and practical experience. The two former, while professing to crave a higher tone of piety in the paper, were written in a spirit which showed that they did need some stronger and more effective religious influence to be exerted upon the character of those who wrote them than had kitherto been done. The latter seemed to be wholly honest and sincere. These communications gave rise to some thoughts and feelings which we proceed to express.

The hypocrisy of the former was so gross as to be disgusting. Unchristian to thank God for the capture of Richmond! Joy in the emancipation of a race from bondage, a sacrifice to the Moloch of abolition! And this sympathy for slavery and rebellion veiling itself under the pretence of a higher style of piety, which could not tolerate mundanc themes in a religious journal, but craved that which was more spiritual and experimental! How unmanly! How sneaking! How pitiful! The veil was too thin. The aniunus shone through thin gauze. If these men had said: "We drop your paper because we sympathize with the rebellion and slavery, and you do not; we think that the religion of Christ sanctions the latter, and that the former is to be vindicated on moral and political grounds"—there would have been candor and honesty in the proceeding. But to read us homilies on the sin of meddling cander and honesty in the proceeding. But to read us homilies on the sin of meddling with politics in connection with such unmis-takable indications of what was the real

takable indications of what was the real ground of objection to the paper, was as unskilful as it was gross hypocrisy.

It is sufficiently humiliating that we should have had this style of thinking and feeling in the free States at any time—but that it should linger even new among us is deplorable. That any one can now write about "the Moloch of abolition," and now sympathize with or apologize for the spirit in which this rebellion originated, is passing strange. That the old way of calling vindications of slavery religious and confintations of it political—that the old infidel spirit which considers the state not divine, but which considers the state not divine, but haman, and obedience to it not a matter of religious obligation, but of expediency and of interest, should have outlived the tremendous demonstrations of the last four years is indeed wonderful—but it is true. Dr. Seabury and Bishop Hopkins may write Bible vindications of slavery, and that is legitimate Christian exposition; but when Dr. Goodwin answers it in a book on exceptical grounds, and Phillips Brooks shatter it from the pulpit by the simple everlasting principles of the gospel that is politics! When one cants upon the horrors of war and the evils of fraternal strife—meaning thereby a lamentation—because—our Southern brethren were not permitted without molestation, to considers the state not divine were not permitted without molestation, to seize the Government, and extend slavery over all the land—that is pious reflection, even if it appears in a secular journal; but if one denounces treason, and thanks God for triumph over it, that is meddling with poli-But enough—this mean hypoerisy is not worth the words which we have be

But there is another sort of feeling on this subject which we think is mistaken, but which is entitled to respect. A pious and carnest heart, which locks the Saviour, and is weary of the sorrows and commotions of the time, would have all reference to them excluded from the religious journal. It seems to regard our national affairs, however they may be treated or contemplated, as essentially secular topics. They persist in calling them politics, and all writing and preaching about them, political. They would like to see the Recorder filled with just such matter as it would be if there had just such matter as it would be if there had been no rebellion, no war, no Christian, and no Sanitary Commissions. They would have religion applied only to Church life, and individual Christian life, quite apart from all other life. The thing is unpossible. The war has opened new fields, created new duties, thrown Christian life itself into new channels. The true idea of Christian life is that it should throw its influence into all the contriction of the time, whatever they may be activities of the time, whatever they may be, and penetrate them all, and turn them all to and penetrate them all, and turn them all to holy uses. Nothing is secular but that into which men put secularity. The State is not secular in itself, and will become so only when the pulpit and the press abandon it wholly to worldly and unholy hands. The expectation that a religious journal, whose high and special function, it is to look at all things that transpire in the world, in a reli-gians light, and to show the duties and re-lations to them of Christians and the Church, should ignore the sublime and awful trans-actions that are going on in our country, and actions that are going on in our country, and limit itself "to sweet devotional poetry" and

actions that are going on in our country, and limit itself "to sweet devotional poetry" and "precious, experimental and spiritual extracts, is puerile and preposterous. Assuredly, while we hold the editorial per, we shall wield it with all the vigor that we possess, in vindication of Christian ethies, in their application alike to States, and families, and to individuals. Assuredly no evasive apologist for slavery and rebellion shall stay our hand, by raising the cry of "politics!" or even by the terrifying message—"Stop my paper."

Most earnestly do we recognize, and desire to fulfil the function of ministering to the divine life in our readers' hearts, as the most solemn duty and the highest privilege of the religious press. But a religious newspaper is not a manual of devotion. It is to teach the truth and expose error. It is to be a guide in public opinion in all matters where practical life involves religious principle. If its friends concur with its enemies in the effort to keep it from exercising a moral and religious influence in the field of political life, and succeed in the attempt, then they will change journals into little periodical books, which will not, perhaps, create dissatisfaction among their patrons—if they shall have any—and will be perfectly satisfactory to all those advocates of prescriptive wrongs, who now hate their testimony and fear their power.—Epsscopal Rescriptive wrongs, who now hate their testi-mony and fear their power.—Episcopal Re-

THERE is a man out west who claims to cure disease by laying on hands. That is nothing marvelons. We have ourself, says the editor of the Bangor Whig, when young been cared of moral obliquities by the laying on of the parental hand—severely.

A PIECE OF HISTORY.

The Peace Conference at Hampton Roads.

The Augusta (Georgia) Chronicle and Sentinel has published a detailed account of the conference held off Fortres Monroe last January, between President Lincoln and Secretary Seward on one side, and the three rebel commissioners on the other. There seems good internal and other evidence for believing that this retempt was recorded. believing that this statement was prepared at the instance of Mr. Alexander H. Ste-phens, who is cited as authority by the pa-per. An inside view of the affair, which has been constantly misrepresented and en-veloped in mystery, the article is an exceed-

has been constantly misrepresented and enveloped in mystery, the article is an exceedingly interesting one.

Mr. Stephens says that:—

"Mr. Davis sent for him to communicate the information that Mr. Blair desired a conference between the authorities of the United States and the Southern States upon the subject of peace, and his advice was asked. He promptly replied that if "I. Blair spoke by authority of President Lincoln, he most earnestly advised the conference, but that, as the terms of peace, if favorable to the South, would awaken anny debate from the radical men of the North, and a failure to get terms but dishearten our own people, he recommended, first, that the strictest secrety be used; second, that the parties to the conference be President Lincoln and Mr. Davis, and that Generals Grant and Lee be the only ones to even know if the meeting."

This advice was disregaded, however, and the committee of three was appointed. Mr. Stephens gives an account of the interview mainly like that given to the public by the Union authorities. The following incident of the conference has not get into print before:—

"Mr. Hunter insisted that the recognition."

Mr. Hunter insisted that the recognitio of Davis's power to make a treay was the first and indispensable step to peace, and referring to the correspondence between King Charles the First and his Parliament as a reliable precedent of a constitutional ruler treating with rebels.

treating with rebels.

"Mr. Lincoln's face then wore that indescribable expression which generally preceded his hardest hits, and he remarked: "Upon questions of history I must releryou to Mr. Seward, for he is posted in such things, and I don't propose to be bright. My only distinct recollection of the matter, is, that Charles lost his head." That settled Mr. Hunter for a while." Mr. Hunter for a while.

Mr. Hunter for a while."
"During the interview it appears that Hunter declared that he had never entertained any fears for his person or life from so mild a government as that of the United States. To which Mr. Lincoln retorted, that he also had felt easy as to the rebels, but not always so easy about the lamp-posts around Washington city—a hint that he had already done more favors for the rebels than was exactly popular with the radical men of his own party.

his own party.

'The amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery was discussed. Mr. Lincoln suggested that there was a question as to the sight. suggested that there was a question as to the right of the insurgent states to return at once and claim a right to vote upon the amendment, to which the concurrence of two-thirds of the States was required.

"He stated that it would be desirable to have the institution of slavery abolished by the consent of the people as soon as possible—he hoped within six years. He also stated that four hundred millions of dollars might be offered as a compensation to the

might be offered as a compensation to the owners, and remarked, 'You would be surprised were I to give you the names of those who favor that.'

who favor that."

"Mr. Hunter said something about the inhumanity of leaving so many poor old negroes and young children destitute by encouraging the able-bodied negroes to run away, and asked, what are they—the help-less—to do? said the neighbor, 'the frost

vill soon be in the ground, and when the soil s hard frozen, what will they do then?' To which the worthy farmer replied, 'Let 'em "Mr. Stephens said he supposed that was the origin of Root, Hog, or Die, and a fair indication of the future of the negroes.

indication of the future of the negroes.

"Mr. Stephens came home," says the Chronicle, "with a new cause of sorrow, and those who said he talked of coming home to make war speeches and denounce the terms offered simply lied. Before Mr. Lincoln's death he thought he was doing a favor to him not to include that offer of four hundred millions in gold for the Southern slaves, in the published report, for it would be used to the injury of Mr. Lincoln by those of his enemies who would talk about taxation and the debt."

"Mr. Stephens has frequently expressed no apprehensions should the fortunes of war throw him into the hands of Mr. Lincoln, and said he would not get out of the way of

and said he would not get out of the way of a raid were it not for appearances, on ac-count of the office he held. He spoke of Mr. Lincoln as an old friend who had gen-erally voted with him in Congress, and who had a good heart and fine mind, and was

THE CANADA CONSPIRACY.

The testimony which was first taken in the The testimony which was first taken in the assassination case has now been published. It is astounding. It establishes the complicity of Davis and his Canada agents in the murder of Mr. Lincoln, and entirely justifies the proclamation offering a reward for the apprehension of the chief conspirators. The apprehension of the chief conspirators. The plot of these wretches was much more extensive, however, than the murder of the heads of the Government. It included burning the city of New York, cutting the Croton dam, and poisoning the Croton water. These men who, in their ferocious effort to overthrow the Government, were slaying thousands of loyal men in battle, were mean thousands of loyal men in battle, were meaning also to massacre the wives and children of these men at home. They claimed to be "gentlemen," to be "chivalrous," to be honorable." Gentlemen assassins! Chivalric poisoners! Honorable incendiaries! It was not enough to starve and freeze their hapless Union captives until they died, or went mad, or sunk into idiocy. They must heap infamy upon infamy. They must teach crimes deeper devilishness, and harheap infamy upon infamy. They must teach crimes deeper devilishness, and bar-barity, a more fiendish ferocity.

treach crimes deeper devilabness, and barbarity, a more fiendish ferocity.

It saw the Great Dead carried to his home all these things were done in the interests of slavery. To maintain slavery they rose in arms against the Government. To save slavery they starved our brave boys in prison. To revenge slavery they murdered Mr. Lin. To revenge slavery them they slavery them the slave, and its most repulsive product is the cruelty thinly veneered with courtesy, and called the "high-toned Southern gentility."

We hope the readers of these startling disclosures, will not forget that Jacob Thompson, Jefferson Davis, George N. Sanders, B. Beverly Tucker, Clement C. Clay, and the rest, who staid securely in Canada, and hirder feel at a father's grave.

It saw those millions of uncovered heads of night, from the scene of active duty, to the quiet rest of an honest man's grave.

It saw millions of uncovered heads of night, from the scene of active duty, to the quiet rest of an honest man's grave.

It saw millions of no trope the sakery that made them first rebels and then assassins. For slavery imbrates the master more than the slave, and its most repulsive product is the cruelty thinly veneered with courtesy, and called the "high-toned Southern gentility."

We hope the readers of these startling disclosures, will not forget that Jacob Thompson, Jefferson Davis, George N. Sanders, B. Beverly Tucker, Clement C. Clay, and the read should be the product of the courter of the product of the courter of the c

what people? Of the hardworking people who live by their daily labor? Oh no! Those they meant to poison if they could, and infect with yellow fever. The people who buy and sell other people were those of whom they were friends, and to whom they themselves belonged selves belonged.

Is there a man so blind that he does not

It heard the heart prayer of sincere millions for the rest of the departed, and that his death might not leave the nation in the utter darkness of desolation.

It heard a nation of mourners chant solemn dirges in accord with organ peals and the thunder of artillery, over the passing body of the nation's martyr.

If respectful, manifest sorrow for the dead, be any proof of civilization, then did Sixty-five witness a greater and more perfect civilization than any other child of Father Time.

As the days of Sixty-five relied into weeks see that the system which was the object of all the interest and efforts of those leaders was destructive of the rights of every poor was destructive of the rights of every poor man in the land? Injustice to any great mass of laboring men anywhere in a country, is injustice to all the laboring men in it. There is no plainer principle in human experience; and yet the party, to which these men belonged were constantly telling the poor working men at the North that it was for their interest to have the colord race held as slaves at the South. They can see now how much it was for their interest. These men took part in all elections, and because they were defeated rebelled. They gave the country the alternative either to be destroyed or to fight. The country chose the honorable course. It defended its life, and these men, by the war into which they forced the country, have laid upon it an everlasting sorrow and an enormous debt. Every cent of increased taxation this country owes to the chiefs of the rebellion, to the men whose chivalry chooses hunger, cold, poison, infecnan in the land? Injustice to any great mass chiefs of the rebellion, to the men whose chivalry chooses hunger, cold, poison, infected rags, and the mnrderer's pistol, as weapons of their "honorable" warfare. And until their spirit—the same old spirit which controlled them when they were conspicuous in our politics—is cast out, the peace of this nation will be imperilled.—Staten Island Union.

FREE DISCUSSION.

It was a great mistake that we ever gave up the right of free speech and free discuss-ion in the South—but it will be a still great-er mistake if we do not now, at once resume

it. The tyranny over opinion which the slaveholders so long exercised in the South-ern States, forced Northern men into a habit of saying that in the free States which habit of saying that in the free States which they were not permitted to say in the South. That is a habit we must get rid of as quickly as possible; and just now is a favorable opportunity to assert the right of free discussion in every Southern State.

If we want public sentiments in those States to be turned in the right direction, our ablest speakers and writers must address the Southern people—not from a distance, but face to face. The New York paper or Boston speaker reaches, at the best, only

Boston speaker reaches, at the best, only the few at the South who do not need light but are confirmed lovers of darkness. The Southern masses need enlightenment, and they will not get it in this generation if they are left to themselves, or worse yet, to the

There should be, within ninety days, an able anti-slavery and loyal press in every considerable Southern city and centre; and there ought to be immediately formed an association to send eloquent lecturers through every part of the South, to address masses the people upon the questions which are equal importance to them and to us, and demonstrate to them the wisdom of equal ghts, and the folly and mischief of discrim nating arbitrarily against any man on ac-

count of the color of his face. That is the speediest and the cheapest way to pacify the Scatheau people, to win them to right ways, to set the wheels of the local governments going in the right direction.

Let no one say this is impossible; that such speakers would not be safe. President Johnson is a lover of free speech; he has known what it is to have this right denied, and to see false detries a chelsel down the and to see false doctrines choked down the throats of a people, and the exponents of right crushed down. He will support free discussion everywhere in the Union; and it away, and asked, what are they the help less—to do?

'Mr. Lincoln said that reminded him of an old friend in Illinois, who had a crop of potatoes and did not want to dig them. So he told a neighbor that he would turn in his hogs, and let them dig them for them. The country is the frost the second of the country when the country would be a singularthing indeed, if a loyal man could not speak as freely in any Southern State as Mr. John Mitchell in New York. If it is necessary to guard a loyal speaker with a military force in the South, this ought to be done and will be done; for the Southern resolution, the frost of the country when the content and it would be a singularthing indeed, if a loyal man could not speak as freely in any Southern State as Mr. John Mitchell in New York. If it is necessary to guard a loyal speaker with a military force in the South. outhern people must learn-if they do not know it by this time—that every man has a right to speak, and that the remedy for those who do not like a speaker's sentiments is not to listen to him. But we do

nents is not to fiscen to film. But we do
not fear that any able loyal speaker will lack
an audience in any part of the south.

It is asserted by those who oppose negro
suffrage, that the Southern whites are opposed to it. Take away this argnment, and so one in the North will be so foelish as to offer opposition to the measure. We do not know what is the real opinion of the majority of the Southern whites on the subject. We doubt if any one does, We do know many Southern men who are strongly favor of negro suffrage, and many oth In layor of negro suffrage, and many others who desire to make all men voters in their States who can read, be they white or black. But we believe it possible, with proper and judicious efforts, such as we have spoken of above, to set the majority of the Southern people right upon this important question in a very short time. And in any effort of this purpose we have this in our few for this purpose, we have this in our favor, that the loyal whites inevery Southern State will favor general suffrage, perforce, to save themselves from falling under the control of their old and bitter enemies, the rebel eaders .- N. Y. Evening Post.

WAS IT EVER PARALLELED ?

The year we are now pushing through this eighteen hundred and sixty-five, stand out in grand, bold relief from all its prede cessors, a Star of the first magnitude in Time's constellation.

It saw the end of the imperious Slaveholder's Rebeition.

It saw the end of American Slavery.

Its earliest flowers covered the bier of a
nation's murdered Hero.

The sun and showers of its young months

freshen the green grass over the martyr's Its Spring time witnessed the grandest funeral pageant that ever honored the dead, or graced the living.

It saw a nation, Thirty millions strong, drop scalding tears of sorrow on the tomb of their slain Chief.

It saw the murderer's dishonered corpse sunk in an unknown place, ere the victim reached his grave.

It saw a procession of grief struck mourn-

ers two thousand miles in length.

It saw the Great Dead carried to his home
by a Nation, in whose Funeral Train cities
were pall-bearers, military chieftains the
corpse watchers, high civic functionaries
guardians of his Bier, great Imperial States
chief mourners, millions of preovered heads

THE CULTURE OF FISHES.

The cultivation of fishes is attracting much attention, and deservedly, in not only this, but in many European countries, as a means of incresing the amount of food for the million at a low figure. A few years since nobody thought of breeding fishes, and now nearly the whole world is talking about it. The culture of fishes owes its origin to a humble but very intelligent man, John Remy, a fivench fisherman, an uneducated man, without any instructor, adviser or patron, who succeeded by dint of penetration and perseverance in conducting the problem of raising fishes to an almost complete solution. M. Milne Edwards, in a report on this science to the Academy of science, declares that Remy, with his colaborer, Gehin, has the ment of having "created a new industry in France;" Mr. Geoffrey St. Hilaire, the great naturalist, did not hesitate to pronounce the humble fisherman of the Vosges, one of the "benefactors of his country." Yet this man, who had created a new industry and became one of the benefactors of France, died in a condition bordering on destitution, leaving a widow, four daughters and two sons unprovided for. But be it said to the credit of the French, immediately after his death a subscription for their relief was opened, and the wants of the family provided for.

Some time since attention was directed to this branch of science by a paper from the United States Patent Office, wherein it suggested that many new varieties of fishes might easily be introduced into the waters of this country, by means of transferring the spawn from one locality to another The mullet of the Garonne, and also the sardine might be valuable in the Potomac, or rivers alike to it. The golden carp, now tolerably abundant in the Hudson, was accidently introduced by the breaking away of a dam. After the opening of communication between the Hudson and Lake Erie, cels and other fishes, previously unknown to the waters of the Lake, made their appearance there, and at this time exist in abundance. It has been suggested, and the suggesti Vol 38: No. 29 silence of living Death covered with costly bages of woe, and the homes of the poor draped in the more simple and eloquent symbols of a People's sorrow. It heard holy ministers of Christ's Gospel speak words of peace for the murdered Dead, and comforting condolence for the liv-ing.

As the days of Sixty-five rolled into weeks and the weeks wheeled into months, the muredian of the year saw the people of other lands meet in sorrow for the stricken nation, heard their grief utterances, saw their Aumointed Rulers bow their heads in awe of soirowing sympathy and for once a child of solrowing sympathy and for once a child of Sixty-five saw in the mourned one the in-carnation of Freedom-loving, Liberty-prac-ticing people, this impersonation of capabil-ities and possibilities of Institutions based on the voice of men echoing the voices of God in the recognition of human rights and manly duties, the Emancipator of a Bace, and the Guarantor of their Liberties.

"A world in tears."

Was it ever paralleled?

year she died of consumption.

the riding first.

A stout, strong man working in a garden in May. Feeling a little tired about noon,

e sat down in the shade of the house and

MEN FIND THEIR OWN LEVEL.

CHECKING PRESPIRATION.

SINCLAIR TOUSLEY.

the department to collect varieties of foreign fish.

Tishes are among the most bountiful provisions of Providence for our support; they require no feeding, they multiply spontaneously, they are highly nutritious, and possess a variety of flavor. How deep a debt of gratitude do we owe for the nutritious blue fish and bass, and the Yankee for the institution of the cod fish. They are not only transmutable into bone and muscle, but the occupation of catching them is alike profitable, pleasant and healthy. We have an especial regard for the mackerel, also, and never see a pink-sterned schooner on a cruising ground without a thrill of respect. And what would life be worth without oysters and clams? And does not the mouth water at the very mention of trout? No one has ever drawn from its native element one of these delicious fish, with "a line as delicate as the finest hair from the tresses of a mountain sylph," can forget the enthusiasm with which he beheld the silver rain falling from the spotted back of his glittering victim, as he waved it from the uplifted rod. Talk of the ambrosia of the Olympian deities—talk of ortolians and perigord pies—why, they are poor and tasteless in comparison to a trout fresh caught in a silver stream of the granite hills! Let then every exertion conducive to the cultivation of fishes be made by all means. We cannot have too many varieties in our abounding waters.—N. Y. Times. and the Guarantor of their Liberties.

It saw in the "deep damnation his taking off" the possibilities and capabilities of the barbaric system which the GREAT MARTYR had, with a pen mightier than a conquerer's sword, condemned to utter destruction.

It saw the world old conflet between Liberty and Slavery and in favor of Liberty regulated by Law, of Justice founded on Humanity, of Civilization based on Right.

Was it ever paralleled? Edward Everett, the finished scholar, the accomplished diplomist, the orator, the statesman, the patriot, became overheated in testifying in a court room, on Monday norning, went to Faneuil Hall, which was cold, sat in a draft of air until his turn came to speak; "but my hands and feet were ice, my lungs on fire. In this condition, I had to and spend three hoursin the court room." He died in less than a week from this check is not the resemble. ing of the perspiration. It was enough to kill any man. Professor Mitchell, the gallant soldier, and the most eloquent astronomical lecturer that has ever lived, while in a state of prespiraion in yellow fever, the certain sign of re-overy, left his bed; went into another room secame chilled in a moment, and died the have too many varieties in our abounding waters. -N. Y. Times.

NATURAL HISTORY-THE COPPER-

same night.

If while perspiring, or while something warmer than usual, from exercise or a heated room, there is a sudden exposure in stillness, to a still, cold air, or to a raw, damp atmosphere, or to a draft, whether at an open window or door, or street corner, an inevitable result is a violent and instantaneous closing of the process of the skip by which HEAD. This curious animal is a native of North America, and is found in all parts of the Union, as well as in New Jersey, Swanzey and Marlow. Large numbers have also emigrated to Canada where they thrive very well, notwithstanding the contemptin which they are held by the inhabitants. Specimens have been seen, in Europea but the ous closing of the pores of the skin by which waste and impure matters, which were mak-ing their way out of the system, are compel-ed to seek an exit through some other chanthey are held by the inhabitants. Specimens have been senn in Europe, but they are probably carried thither by nobles for curiosities. The copperhead as it now exists is of recentorigin, being a hybrid produced by a 'cross' between a Southern rebel and a Northern dough-face, but animals of the same genius have existed in all ages of the world, and Agassiz is said to have discovered petrified remains of one in the formation of the Saurian period. ed to seek an exit through some other chan-nel, and break through some weaker part, not the natural one, and harm to that part is the result. The idea is presented by say-ing that the cold is settled in that part. To A lady was about getting into a small boat to cross the Delaware; but wishing first to get an orange at a fruit stand, she ran up the

bank of the river, and on her return to the boat found herself much heated, for it was summer; but there was a little wind on the water, and the clothing soon felt cold to her. The next norning she had a severe cold, From its form and talent of mimicry it has been supposed by some to belong to the monkey tribe, but this has been zealously opposed by the friends of the latter as being disparaging to the monkey. In form it very much resembles the human species. The male is from five to six feet in height, generally of dirt color, and when none have been her lungs, and within a cut off to avoid the draft, has five toes and five claws at the extremity of each fore paw or arm. It is blustering and frothy, but cow-

he sat down in the snade of the house and fell asleep. He waked up chilly. Inflam-mation of the lungs followed, ending, after two years of great suffering, in consumption. On opening his chest, there was such an ex-tensive decay that the yellow matter was scooped out by the cupful.

Multitudes of women lose health and life ardly.

The female is smaller, but vicious and savage. She generally has rings in her ears, and beard on her upper lip. Her bite is poisonous and deadly. We have heard of no instance in which one has been successevery year, in one of two ways: by busying themselves in a warm kitchen until weary,

fully tamed. fully tamed.

The copperhead is naturally a clumsy animal, but when nearly cornered by an opponent, it leaps from position to position with wonderful agility. It is generally a biped, but just before election it becomes a centipede. It feeds upon offal and the bodies of dead patriots, which accounts for its joy when the Union armies have been defeated and large numbers of saidages slain. Some and then throwing themselves on a bed or sofa without covering, and perhaps in a room without fire; or by removing the outer clothing, and perhaps changing the dress for a more common one, as soon as they enter the house after a walk or a shopping. The rule should be invariably to get at once to a warm room and keep on all the cloathing at when the Union armies have been defeated and large numbers of soldiers slain. Some attempts have been made to make use of the copperhead in the present war, but though it will travel northward, (towards Canada) no means have been found to induce him southward, which is probably owing to the fear of the negro. But next to the dog, the male copperhead is probably the most intelligent of the animal creation. He can be taught to chop wood, chew tobacca, and even vote and hold office. least for five or ten minutes, until the for-head is perfectly dry. In all weathers, if you have to walk or ride on any occasion do The flattery with which our assembled are not received with open arms by the edu-

cated and refined, they attribute it to their occupation, not to themselves; to the unreasonable pride and prejudice of others, not to their own deficiency. But water is not the collection that will find its collection. ADVICE TO YOUNG PEOPLE. Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to their own deficiency. But water is not the only thing that will find its own level. Getheir own deficiency. But water is not the only thing that will find its own level. Genius, wit, learning, ignorance, coarseness, are each attracted to its like. Two painters were overheard talking in the room where they were at work. Lord! said one, 'I knowed him well when he was a boy. Used to live with his gran'ther next door to us.—Poor as Job's turkey, but ain't seen him since, till I hearn him in —— hall, t'other night. Don't suppose he would come anigh me now with a ten font pole. Them kind of folks have short memories, ha! ha! Can't tell who a poor working-man is nohow.'

No, no, good friend, but it is not poverty. To say that it is, is only a way you have of flattering your self-love. For, if you watch those who frequent your friend's house, you find many a one who, lives in lodgings, with the commonest two-ply carpets, cane seat chairs, and one warm room; while you have a comfortable house of your own, with very likely tapestry and velvet in your parlor, and register all about. No sir, it is not because you are poor, nor because you work, for he is as hard a worker as you, though, perhaps, not so long at it, but because—begging your pardon—you are vulgar, and ignorant; because you sit down in your sitting room at home with your coat off, and hat on, and smoke your pipe,—because you plunge your own knife into the butter, and your own the personnel of the route of the route of the route. We have the safe and the route of the route. All who are the route of the route o