## The Bedford Inquirer

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April 1, 1864—tf.

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apr. 8, 1864—zz.

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Bedford Imanirer.

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

JURBORROW & LUTZ, Editors and Proprietors.

BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1865, a los stall and los

### Poetry.

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A PAPER!

He was a model husband, He was a model husband,
So generous and kind,
One like good natured Alfred Gray
'Mongst men 'twas hard to find.
He had a household, hale and strong,
But dim was wisdom's taper;
Because the evening glided by
Without the weekly paper.

But woman's eye is quick to see, And Mrs. Gray was shrewd;
And though he was a quiet man,
Yet sometimes she was rude;
And when they went, last Friday night,
To call on Mrs. Draper,
She said her husband was a goose,
And doesn't take a paper.

Good natured Alfred when accused Good natured Affred when accused
Of this before them all,
Looked calmly round and softly said,
My income is too small;
I always wear a bonnet less,
Said gentle Mrs. Draper,
Throughout the year to give my dear
His Democratic paper.

How would we know produce was up, How would we know produce was up,
Or shoes and dry goods down,
The name of our new President,
And where his native town,
Nor would we know young Andrew Brown,
Had wed the Miss Layper,
With ninety thousand, all in cash,
If 'twas not for the paper.

This have I done said Mrs. Gray, This have I done said Mrs. Gray,
For bonnetless am I—
I wear a hood of dingy silk,
Yet nothing have laid by.
My Alfred says 'tis very well
For every idle gaper,
Who has the cash and time to waste,
To buy and read the paper.

My Jane is twenty-six to-day,
And yet she don't get married;
Economy has been our rule,
Yet still at home she's tarried;
And Alfred has three dollars now
Saved up to buy a scraper;
I wish that he would change his mind
And take a weekly paper.

The question was then put to vote
To know which was most meet,
Get something new to clear the mind
Or shoes upon the feet;
The good wives clapped their hands with joy,
The children cut a caper,
The vote at once were twelve to one,
And so he took the paper.

There is an edifice up town, There is an edifice up town,
In upper-tendom street,
There's Alfred Gray, Esq's home,
The rich and poor to greet,
He rose quite soon from obscure life,
Soon left its murky vapor,
For affluence and usefulness
Because he took the paper.

Dear reader, in fretful home,
If you from day to day
Are hobbling awkwardly along,
As once did Alfred Gray:
If trials hard you have to bear,
Although you hear them meekly,
If you'd out-live them and be rich,
Why don't you take a weekly?
QUIET WILLIE.

# Select Story.

## TALK ABOUT MARRIAGE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR,

Two maidens, in youthful bloom and beauty, satearnestly talking. Their thoughts were reaching away into the future; their or more theme was marriage.

"I like him well enough," said one of board. them, but—'
She paused, the objection unspoken.
'What is the impediment, Alice?'
'His income is to small.'

Eight hundred dollars a year.'

say that the first hard struggling years of their life, were among the happiest she had known. But that dosen't signify for me. That is no reason why her daughter should elect to go into the kitchen, and spend her years in washing, ironing and cooking. If a man isn't able to support a wife genteelly, and in the style to which she has been accustomed, let him marry some Irish Cook, sewing girl, or washerwoman, who will manage his household with the needed economy. Young men who can't earn more than eight hundred or a thousand dollars a year should not look into our circles for wives.

'I don't like to hear you talk in this way, Alice,' said her companion. 'We are not superior beings, but only the equals of the men.'

be drawn. 'Our circles for wives, you said just now.'

'Yes.'

'What do you mean by it?'

'A circle of intelligence, refinement, taste and cultivation,' said Alice.

You don't say wealth.'

'No. My father, though living in good style, is not rich. I have heard him say, more than once, that we were living up to money if we here.'

That is, I my more than once, that we were living up to

'We are educated and accomplished, and

Alice was a little bewildered in thought, and did not finish the sentence.

'Not better educated, or accomplished, as girls, than are most of our young men, who as clerks, earn only \$700 to \$1,000 a year. In this regard they are simply their equals. But, it strikes me, that in another view of the case we cannot even delivered. the case, we cannot even claim an equality. They are our superiors.

They are our superiors.'
'Not by any means,' replied Alice.
'We shall see. Here is Harry Pleasant,
for instance. What is his income?' I think
you mentioned the sum just now.'
'Eight hundred dollars a year.'

iet me see—about twelve thousand dollars.
To be equal as a match for Harry, then, you should be worth \$12,003.

'How you talk, Fanny!'

'To the point, don's I? If we are not superior to the young nen who visit us, superior is simply virtue to our sex, then our only claim to be handsomely supported in idle relf indulgence, must be in the fact that we endow our husbands with sufficient worldly goods to warrant the condition.'

'You are increased. Is it that, my pretty one?'

'Alice? you do not deserve a good man. You are not worthy to wed Harry Pleasants, and I trust you will pass him by, should he ean't afford to marry a girl of your expectations; he must content himself with one who, like himself, regards life as real, life as earnest; and the way of use and duty, the way to true honor and true highest happiness.

Your are ingenious!

No, matter of fact. What have you to say against my position, Alice?! Are we better than young men of equal intelligence and education.

and education.

'No, I cannot say that we are.'

'If we marry, we must look upon these for husbands. Rich men as a general thing select their wives from rich men's daughters. Our chances in that direction are not very encouraging' Yours has no dowry for his child, nor has mine. Their families are large and expensive, and little or nothing of the year's income is left at the year's end. The best they can do for us is to give us homes; and I feel that it is not much to our credit that we are content to lean on our

credit that we are content to lean on our fathers, already stooping under the burden of years, care and toil, instead of supporting ourselves. The thought has troubled me not a little." A sober hue came over the face of Alice A sober had came over the face of Ance, as she sat looking into the face of her friend. She did not reply, and Fannie went on.

'There is wrong in this. On what ground

of reason are we to exempt the common lot of useful work? We expect to become wives and mothers. Is this our preparation? Can you make a loaf of sweet, light bread?

'Nor can I!' 'Or roast a sirloin?'

'Or broil a steak? Just think of it, Alice! Or broil a steak? Just think of it, Alice! We can manage a little useless embroidery, or fancy knitting; can sing and play, dance and chatter, but as to real and substantial things of life, we are ignorant and helpless. And with all this, forsooth, we cannot think of letting ourselves down to the level and condition of virtuous, intelligent young men who in daily useful work, are earning a fair independence. We are so superior that we must have husbands able to support us in luxurious idleness, or we will have none! We are willing to pass the man to whom love would unite us in the tenderest bonds, because his income is small, and marry for because his income is small, and marry for position one from whom the soul turns with instinctive aversion. Can we wonder that so many are unhappy?

But eight hundred dollars, Fanny! How is it possible for a married couple to live in any decent style, in this city, on eight hundred dollars was a support of the city. dred dollars a year?'

'They may live in a very comfortable style, if the wife is willing to perform her

What do you mean by her part, Fanny."
We will take it for granted that she is no better than her husband. That having brought him no fortune beyond her dear

'Well?'
'He has to work through all the day.

'Under what equitable rule is she exempt?' 'Under what equitable rule is she exempt?'
'None. She must do her part, of course, if there is anything to do it with. She must keep his house, if he can afford a house. But if he only has eight hundred dollars a year. Why rent alone would consume half or more than half of that. There would be no house keeping in that case. They must

'And the wife sit in idleness all the day

'She would have nothing to do.'
'Could she not teach? or by aid of a or engage in some other useful work that

Eight hundred dollars a year.'

You might live on that.

You might do something of the kind—but if marriage is to make 'workies' of us, it were better to remain single.

'And live in unwomanly dependence on our parents and relatives.

You parents have been weak in nany decent kind of style.'

Did your father and mother begin their marriage life on a larger income than Harry Pleasants now receives? Mine did not, as I have often heard them relate.'

Yes, she might do something of the kind—but if marriage is to make 'workies' of us, it were better to remain single.'

'And live in unwomanly dependence on our parents and relatives. No, Alice; there is a false sentiment prevailing on this subject, and as I think and talk, I see it more clearly. Our parents have been weak in their love for us, and society, as constituted has given wrong estimates of things. We should have been required to do useful work in the bousehold, from the beginning, and should have taught that idleness and self indulgence were indiscreditable. Our brothers are put to trades and professions, and made to comprehend, from the beginning, that industry is honorable, and that the way of useful work is the way by which the world's brightest places are to be reached.

But we are raised daintily and uselessly and so fitted for our duties as wices and

a year.'
And they were happy together, I am quite sure.'
No doubt, In fact, I've heard mother say that the first hard struggling years of sa future queens, who are to be ministered

hundred or a thousand dollars a year should not look into our circles for wives.'

'I don't like to hear you talk in this way, Alice,' said her companion. 'We are not superior beings, but only the equals of the men.'

'Did I say we were superior?'

'One might infer from your language that you thought so.'

'I don't see how the inference can fairly be drawn.'

'These are no good. I reckon your gans, which you have got, would knock these walls to pieces mighty quick.'' Then looking a cross the river he pointed out the place where the new fortifications are to be erected at when she stands by her husband's side, and out of love for him, removes one burden and another from his shoulders, and so lighted the place of war with you, Grant would come up from warniness and the shadows of care. If he be rich, she can hardly have so great a privalent.

So pride is stronger than love. But pride has its wages as well as love; and the one is bitter while the other is sweet. It is this pride of appearances, this living for the eyes of other people, who do not care a penny for us, that is marring the fair fabric of our social life. Fine houses, fine dresses, parties and shows, costly luxuries of all kinds, are consuming domestic happiness and burden. consuming domestic happiness, and burden-ing fathers and husbands in all grades of so-ciety with embarrassment and wretchedness. Alice, we must be wiser in our generation.'

# Miscellaneous.

GENERAL GRANT IN CANADA.

What People Think and Say of Him. A correspondent of the Boston Journal, writing on board the steamer Europe, which conveyed General Grant and his party from Quebec to Montreal, relates the following interesting incidents:—

THE DEPARTURE FROM QUEBEC.

When the tourists at Quebec learned that General Grant was to go up the river by boat, there was a rush for tickets. Every stateroom and berth was speedily engaged. There is a crowd on board, and the steward is transforming the saloon tables into bedsteads. The rescences have improved the occasion to passengers have improved the occasion to stare ad libitum at the Lieutenant General. Many have been introduced; many have introduced themselves. His uniform courtesy to all is the theme of remark. His departure from Quebec was marked by the same enthusiasm which greeted him on his arrival. The wharf was packed with people, who cheered vociferously.

Tenavor around the mount of front at the mouth, you will find a black face will answer the purpus. Therefore the nigger is, to-day, our best and only holt. Let us use him.

For the guidance ov the faithful, I shell lay down a few plain sools to be observed, in order to make the most uy the cappytle we have:

I allus assert that the nigger will never heads to tak eare my hisself, but will allus

florid face, quick and vigorous in his actions, and a good natured countenance. General Grant is so well known that I need not give Grant is so well known that I need not give a description of his personal appearance. Sir James found a plain man in plain clothes. The admiral and his officers were gorgeous in gold lace, bright buttons, crimson sashes, chapeaus, nodding plumes, epaulets and stars. After the call the Admiral sat down with General Grant and enjoyed a cigar. He gave free expression to his admiration of General Grant. He said he was surprised to see a man so unostentations. "He is not at all like man so unostentatious. "He is not at all like our officers," he said. The Admiral laid a-side his coat, chapeau and plumes, and ap-peared in naval undress of white pants, blue

coat, and plain cap. CANADIAN OPINION OF GENERAL GRANT. CANADIAN OPINION OF GENERAL GRANT.

As stated in a previous letter, I am here, not to speak of General Grant's movements, but the state of him. It is unteresting to hear the comy ments. There is a large, stout, white-haired man, dressed in Canada grey, accompanied by his wife and daughter on a trip.

"I intended to spend another day in Quebec," said he, "but when I found General Grant was going up the river, I thought I would go in the same boat, and so secured

would go in the same boat, and so secured tickets. my wife feels bad not to see Montmorenci, but then she can see General Grant."

'How does he inpress you?" I asked.

'Oh, he is a geatleman. He is a plain man, and the more I see of him the better I like him. He is not stuck up at all, but vears his honors quietly," was the reply.

On the sofa opposite to me is a youn

bout him," he says to a fellow of the same breed who sits beside him.

If the subject of their remarks was exceedingly dignified and wore full military dress, with epauletts, stars, gold lace, and gilt buttons, if he looked haughtily upon everybody present, if he was proud enough not to see any one who was not presented with formality and dignity, doubtless these fellows would see something remarkable in him. They have not sense enough to know that his unostentatious manners, his urbane treatment of all who approach him, is so very remarkable that the people recognize it at once.

If there aint no niggers, Sentrel Committis must furnish em. A half dozen will do fer a ordinary county, ef theyr hustled along with energy. Ef they won't steel, the Sentrel Committis must do it themselfs. Show your niggers in a township in the mornin, and the same nite rob the clothes lines and hen roosts. Ever willin 2 sacrifice myself for the cause, I volunteer to do this last kuty in six populous counties.

These tiges if follered, will, no doubt, keep us together until our enemies split, when we will reap the reword uv our constancy and fidelity. May the Lord hasten the day.

I stood upon the guard when the boat left the wharf at Quebec and listened to the

"He's a brick," said one.
"That is the man who licked the Rebels," said another who stood by his side.
"I had a brother who fit under him," said

a third.

While walking around the citadel I fell into conversation with the soldier who conducted our party. He belongs to the Rifles.

"I had a brother who was under Grant," said he. "He was wounded in front of Petersburg and has got his discharge."

"What does he say of General Grant?" I asked.

"Oh, he says he is a bully boy."

Then he began to talk about the fortifica

These are no good. I reckon your gans.

wearness and the shadows of care. If he be rich, she can hardly have so great a privilege; but if they are alike poor, and know how to moderate their desires, their homes may become an image of Paradise. Eight hundred dollars? Alice if you were really fitted to become Harry's wife, you might live with him, doing your part, happier than a queen.

Maine and take us cu the land side.

There was more practical wisdom in what he said than in the whole Board of Admiralty, or whatever board of the Home Government sat upon the Canadia can't be defended any more than a queen.

style, is not rich. I have heard him say, more than once, that we were living up to our income.'

'Then we have our own sweet selves with which to endow our husbands. No houses or lands; no stocks from which to draw an income; nothing substantial on which to claim the right of being supported in costly idleness. We must be rich indeed as to personal attractions.'

'We are educated and accomplished as a living of the question,' and the properties out of the question in marriage, I think.'

'But house rent alone would take half of our income.'

'That is, I must take in work, and earn money, if we board; or—but housekeeping is out of the question.'

'No, it should never be out of the question accorded to General Grant by the our income.'

'That does not follow.'

'It does for any house I would consent to live in.'

BRITISH FREE TRADE.—Lord Godarish.

"Other nations know, as well as the noble Lord opposite and those who acted with him, that what we meant by free trade, was nothing more nor less than, by means of the great advantages we enjoyed, to get at the monopoly of all their markets for our manufactures, and to prevent them, one and all, from ever becoming manufacturing nations."

# MR. NASBY LAYS DOWN A PRO-GRAMME FOR THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

SAINT'S REST, (which is in the Stait) uv Noo Gersy, Joon 12th, 1865. ] These is the dark days of Dimocrisy. These is the dark days of Dimocrisy. The misforehoens that befoll our armies in front uv Richmond, the fall uv our kappytyle, follered by the surrender of our armies to. Grant and Sherman, hez lrurt us. Our leeders are either pinin in loathsum danguns, inkerseratid by the heavin-defvin, man-destroyin, tyranikle edix uv our late lamented. President, or air barskin in the free are uv Italy and Kanady. We hev no way uv keeping our voters together. Opposin the war wont do no good, fer before the next eleckshun the heft uv our voters will hev diskivered that the war is over. The feer uv deafts may be suthin in sum parfs uv Pennsylvany and Suthren Illinoy, fer sum time yit; but that can't be depended on.

But we hev won resourse fer a Ishoo—ther will alluz be a Dimoerisy, so long ez ther's a nigger.

Ther is a uncompromisin dislike to the nigger in the uind uv a ginooine Dimocrat. The Spanish bull fighter, when he wants to inflame the bull to extra cavortin, waves a red flag afore him. When you desire a Dimicrat to froth at the mouth, you will find a black face will answer the purpus.

Among those who called upon him was Sir James Hope. Admiral, commanding her Majesty's navy in America. He drove up to the hotel this forenoon with three of the officers of his fleet in full official dress. A second carriage contained his valet and boxes enough to freight one of Adams and Co's express wagons. The contrast between the two men was very great. The Admiral is taller than General Grant and older by fifteen or twenty years, with iron-grey hair, white whiskers trimly brushed, a grey eye, florid face, quick and vigorous in his actions. that sich uv us ez hez bin foretunt enuft 2 get credit, pay a trifle on account, so ez to maik our patronidge worth suthin.) This course rigidly and persistently follered up, wood drive the best uv em to stealin, and the balance to the poor houses, proovin wot we hev allus claimed, that they ar a idul and vishus race. Think, my brethren, wot a inspirin effeck our poor housis and jails full of niggers wood hev onto the people. My sole expans ez I contemplait the delightful vishun.

expans ez I contemplait the delightful vishum.

2. Likewise assert that the nigger will come North, and taik all the good places, throwin all our skilled mechaniks out uv work by underbidden uv em. This might be open to objecshuns, to wit: It crosses slitely Rool the 1, and men mite say, ef there's jist enuff labor fer wat's here, why not perhibit furriners from coming? I anser: Its the biznis uv the voter to reconsile the contradikshun—he may beleeve either or both. Ez to the sekund objecshun, wher is the Dimocrat who coodn't be underbid, and stan it even to starvashun, if the underbidden wuz dun by a man uv the proud Kantalian race? and wher is the Dimocrat so lost to manhood ez to drink blud, et the same underbidden is dud by the nigger? The starvin for work ain t the question, it's the color uv the cause uv the starvashun that maiks the diffrens.

On the sofa opposite to me is a young snob, dressed in a grey roundabout. He has red whiskers of the shoe-brush pattern, and is quizzing the General through his eye glasses.

"Aw, I don't see anything remarkable actives, and 2d, That anshent and tuff extra they wuz, some one wuz still goin for em.

If there aint no niggers, Sentrel Com actives must furnish em. A half dozen will be a fellow of the same.

the day.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

Lait Paster uv the Church uv the Noo Dis-

## OUR CENSUS.

war while the cities eked out their quotas in larger measure from the ever in-flowing tide of immigration. Some of the Counties drafted once or twice, which sent quite a string of the more malignant Copperheads at full speed into Canada, whence they had not returned when the Census was taken. (They are all disfranchised by their disloyalty or cowardice, and must be spotted at the polls next Fall.) We judge that the migration hence to the Western States has been less

Alice, we must be wiser in our generation.

That is, coop ourselves up in two or three little rooms, with our eight hundred dollar a year husbands, and do our cooking and look Goderich said.

Twenty thousand Poles, it is said, are coming to the United States. The Poles are an agricultural people, and to the Southern State, they would be a valuable acquisition at this time.

Vol 38: No. 35 There were many thrilling scenes in the New England churches during the Revolutionary War. The following one occurred in Sharon. Come, under the mainistry of Rev. Cotton Mather Smith. It is found in Headley's 'Chaplains of the Revolution.'

Mr. Smith one Sunday took for his text a part of Isaiah xxi. It: 12:—"Watchman what of the night?" The watchman said. 'The morning cometh.' The question in the first part of this passage had been the daily, almost the hourly inquiry for nearly a month, of every one of that congregation, and hence its appropriateness was keenly fielt, by the starting announcement, 'The morning cometh,' took them by surprise; and they could not at first comprehend its significance or how it could be adapted to the present prospect. Had he heard any good news? What had happened that he could say so cenfidently, The morning cometh? Ne he had nothing new to tell them, only to proclaim over again his unshaken cenfidence in God's promises. He did not attempt to conceal or lesson the callamities that had befallen the country, nor deny that a fearful crisis was at hand. He acknowledged that to human appearance "clouds and darkness were round about God's throne," but said that the eye of faith could pierce the gloom. The throne was there, though wrapped in impenetrable A STARTLING SCENE IN CHURCH.

could pierce the gloom. The throne was there, though wrapped in impenetrable darkness. In all the disasters that had suc-cessively overwhelmed them, he traced the hand of God, and declared that to his mind, they clearly indicated some striking interpo-sition of Divine Providence about to take place in their behalf. Man's extremity had come, and now was the time for him to make bare "his arm for the deliverance of the peo-Prophet-like, kindling with the vision on which the eyes of his his faith rested, he boldly dropped the general subject of God's faithfulness, and told his astonished hearers that he believed they were on the point of hearing extraordinary news of victory to our arms. He would not wait, for an indefinite future to prove his faith to be well founded—he was willing to bring it to the test of the present. They might judge whether he was right or wrong, for, said he, "The morning cometh." I see its beams already gilding the mountain tops, and you shall soon bethe mountain tops, and you shall soon be-hold its brightness bursting over the land."

One cannot imagine the effect of such a time of doubts and suspense. He ceased, and as he closed the Bible and exclaimed

"Amen so let it be," a silence profound and leath-like rested on the audience; each one semed to feel as if an invisible presence as there, and some weighty announcement come North, and taik all the good places, throwin all our skilled mechaniks out uv work by underbidden uv em. This might be open to objecshuns, to wit: It crosses slitely Rool the 1, and men mite say, ef there's jist enuff labor fer wat's here, why not perhibit furriners from coming? I anser: Its the biznis uv the voter to reconsile the contradikshun—he may beleeve either or both. Ez to the sekund objecshun, where is the Dimocrat who coodn't be underbid, and stan it even to starvashun, if the underbidden wuz dun by a man uv the proud Kanbanan ace? and wher is the Dimocrat so lost to manhood ez to drink blud, et the same underbidden is dud by the nigger? The starvin for work ain't the question, it's the color uv the cause uv the starvashun that maiks the diffrens.

Nigger equality may be workt agin 2 advantage. All men, without distinckshun uv seeks, air fond of flatrin theirselves that somebody's lower down in the skale uv humanity than they is. Ef twan't fer niggers, what wood the Dimocrisy do for someboddy to look down upon?' Its also shoor to enlist wun stile uv wimmen on our side.

In times gone by I've notist gushin virgins uv 45, full 16 hands high, and tuff ez wire, hold'n aloft banners onto which wuz inscribed 'Save us from Nigger Equality,' yoo see it soothed em 2 hev a chance uv sore and some weighty announcement to was just at hand.

Suddenly the deep hush was broken by and the dietannic clatter of a horse's hoof along the dietannic. All the distant clatter of a horse's hoof along the road. The sharp and rapid strokes told of swift riding and of urgent haste. They was there, and some weighty announcement was just at hand.

Suddenly the deep hush was broken by a die dietannic latter of a horse's hoof along the road. The sharp and rapid strokes told of with riding and of urgent haste. They was there, and stanic latter of a horse's hoof along the road. The sharp and rapid strokes told of west the distant clatter of a horse's hoof along the was there, and smarle thand.

Suddenly the deep hush was the die

his hand trembled and an ashy hue overis reached out to receive it. "Burgoyne has surrendered," were the first words that met his eye. He staggerred under them as under a blow. The next moment a radiance like that of the morning ment a radiance like that of the morning broke over his countenance, and he burst into tears. Rising to read the incredible tidings, such a tide of emotion flooded his heart that he could scarcely utter them aloud. The audience sat for a moment over-whelmed and stupefied, then, as their pas-tor folded his hands and turned his eyes to heaven in thankful prayer in melled by tor folded his hands and turned his eyes to heaven in thankful prayer impolled by a simultaneous movement they fell like one man upon their knees and wept aloud. Sobs, sighs, and fervently uttered "Amens" were heard on every side, attesting the depth of their gratitude and ecstacy of their joy. "The morning" had come; bright and glorious, and its radiance filled all the house.

It was a very sensible piece of advice that the philosopher of the Tribune gave to Barnum, when asked whether he should continue his business and rebuild the Museum—'Take the rest of your life easy," said Greely; "go fishing. I've been wanting to go fishing for the last thirty years, and have not had a chance yet." The advice is none the less sensible that Barnum didn't act upon it. When men have been long in business and acquired a competent fortune—and we mean by competent, a fortune sufficient. The State Census now being taken shows that the rural districts of our State have rather lost than gained population since 1860. There may be local exceptions; but we presume there is no longer a doubt that the general fact is as we have stated. We note attempts to impeach there on the accuracy of the Census, they seem to us unfoun ded. At our late Presidential Election, when the vote was very heavy, the Agricultural Counties of Allegany, Cattaraugus, Clinton, Franklin, Fulton, Genesee, Livingston, Rockland, St. Lawrance, Seneca, Warren, Wayne, and Wyoming gave each a smaller vote than at the less excited election of 1860. Deduct the increase in the cities and large villages (Syracuse, Auburn, Binghamton, Owego, Ithaca, Morrisania, Flushing, &c.) and we presume three-fourths of the Counties in the State would show a like falling off.

The causes are not far to seek. The rural districts sent the flower of their youth to the war while the cities eked out their quotas in larger measure from the ever in-flowing tide of immigration. Some of the Counties draf. day; they want to amass a few more thousands; they want to figure as largely as their neighbors in the income list; and so old age, decrepitude, and infirmities are upon them before they retire from business. Then, intead of enjoying life and fortune, their time is employed in postponing the visit of that stern messenger who knocks with equal force at the door of the rich man's palace and the poor man's cottage. It is philosophical advice, that of Greely. Go fishing. If you have secured a competence, give way to young men who are pushing forward for the same end. Retire from business; from the confinement of the counting room, the perplexities of the office, the strife of political life, the cares of state. Seek nature in her ted once or twice, which sent quite a string of the more malignant Copperheads at ful speed into Canada, whence they had not returned when the Census was taken. (They don't see it?

I have some important information on that and kindred points which I must preserve for another letter. But we are approaching Montreal, the bitterest secession place in Canada. It will be interesting to watch the reception accorded to General Grant by the people of that city.

Bertish Free Trade—Lord Goderich, in a debate in the British Parliament, his there are most bows to be most bows t

Sleep soothes and arrests the fever-pulse of the soul, and its grains are the quinine for the cold fit of hate, as well as for the hot fever of love.

A PRINTER'S TOAST.—"Woman—the fairest work in creation. The edition is large, and no man should be without a copy."

THE slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient gifts easy to give; be liberal with them, they bre worth more than money.

### STRIDING.

It is difficult at times not to feel that we are living in a land of dreams. Good old-fashioned thinkers moralize about "the even pace" of nations, but in the latter days it seems that nations stride, and that over the whole world there is one continuous rush and roar. This month of July ended the most magnificent hundred days in history. The hundred days of 1815 are memorable for the multitude of events that crowned them, although nothing remained but a Government which took no root and lasted thirty years, and the exile of man who only wanted that exile to turn the world's hatred into the world's pity. In those Hundred Days Europe was thrown back a century. Tyranny and superstition and oppression were all sustained and protested by the great name of Wellington. The tinged expensive and dusty robes that England calls royalty, and which cover and clog and check everything like free thought and free deed, were burnished anew and wrapped tighter a found the growing limbs of a struggling people. In our Hundred Days we have completed the overthrow of the rebellion; we have reduced our armies to a mere contingent; disarmed a navy and sent ships of war back to the better duties of carrying corn and cotton; hurled a victorious army into the mines and cannons of the Western Territories, and raised money enough out of our own farms and looms to pay the extraordinary expense of the Government. Our victories of peace are even greater than the victories of war. On one side our pioneers and chave at any boundary this side of the Polar Sea. In the majesty of newly asser-ted strength we stride toward a dazzling

rolar Sea. In the majesty of newly asserted strength we stride toward a dazzling destiny.

Do we feel that every step brings us more important and burdensome duties? For the second time in the world's history we are called upon to rise up and control the destiny of the world. This is no vain thought. Men are but representatives of ideas—and ideas are not bounded by religion, race, or territory. Cromwell, Washington, Franklin, Mirabeau, Napoleon, Hugo, John Brown, Lincoln—step by step the idea of Resistance to Tyranny has traveled over the world—saved England, revolutionized France—destroyed Slavery in America. Those who look at these men and their times, and see what they call the ebb and flow of ideas—Cromwell followed by Charles, Mirabeau by Nepoleon, Franklin by Calhoun, Hugo banished by a Bonepart, and Brown hanged by Buchannan—forget that generations are but as days—that whatever temporary ebb may come the tide always rises—that Cromwell dead was as powerful as in life—and that when John Brown's body went down to moulder in the dust, his soul still marched—on. Nor is our work done. It is merely beginning. When John Stuart Mill triumphed over palace and treasury, aided by "two hundred workmen," it was the logical result of Grant's success. Those workmen took comfort from America, and were strong "two hundred workmen," it was the logical result of Grant's success. Those workmen took comfort from America, and were strong and bold when they saw men of their own blood and lineage defending their flag and giving up their lives for a government with more devotion than royalty ever commanded. America has not triumphed invain. There is not a desponding Rebublican that crouches under the Hapsburgs and Boneparte or eats hard bread away down in a dismal mine that my Lord of Westminister may carry a stick before Her Majesty and eat up thousands of broad acres in feeding oxes, hounds and deers, who does not feel strenger, and more resolute, and more anxand more resolute, and more anxious for the hour to strike. Men call this a and selfish, sensual, mercenary age, but only in our moments of petulence and impatience. It is a grand old Nineteenth Century, full of good deeds and brave endeavors, and proudly to be remembered in song and story and over many a cup of generous wine in the good days coming.—Exchange.

## SPARE MOMENTS:

A lean, awkward boy came one morning to the door of a principal of a celebrated school and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen. The boy did as he was bidden, and soon appeared at the back door.

The boy did as he was bidden, and soon appeared at the back door.

"You want a breakfast, most likely," said the servant girl, "and I can give you that without troubling him."

"Thank yeu," said the boy, "I should have no objection to a bite, but I should like to see Mr. —, if he can see me."

"Some old clothes, may be you want," remarked the servant, again eyeing the boy's patched clothes. "I guess he has none to spare, he gives away a sight," and without minding the boy's request, she went away about her work.

"Can I see Mr. —," again asked the boy, after finishing the bread and butter.

"Well, he is in the library, if he must be disturbed, he must, but he does like to be alone some times," said the girl in a peevish to admit an ill-looking fellow into her master's presence. However she wiped her hands and hade him follow. Opening the library door, she said:

"Here's somebody, sir, who is dreadful anxious to see you, so I let him in."

I don't know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened business, but I know that after talking awhile, the principal put aside the volume he was studying and took up some Greek books and began to examine the new comer. Everyquestion which the principal asked the boy was answered readily.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "you do well," looking at the boy from head to foot over his spectacles:—"Why my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"In my spare moments," answered the boy.

Here he was, poor, hard-working, with

WE are apt to hate them who won't take our advice, and despise them who do.

A LADY says moustaches are the things she sets her face against. A LADY says moustaches are the things