Bedford Inquirer.

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

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BEDFORD HOUSE,
AT HOPEWELL, BEDFORD COUNTY, PA.,
Every attention given to make guests comfortable, who stop at this House.
Hopewell, July 29, 1864.

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THE subscriber would respectfully announce to his friends in Bedford County, and the public generally that he has leased for a term of years, this large and convenient brick hotel, at the corner of Pitt and Julianna Streets, Bedford Pa., known as the, WASHINGTON HOTEL, and formerly kept by Wm. Dibert.
This House is being thoroughly re-fitted and re-furnished, and is now opened for the reception of guests. Visitors to the BEDFORD SPRINGS, and persons attending Court, will find this House a pleasant and quiet temporary home. Every attention will be paid to the accommodation and comfort of guests.
The TABLE will at all times be supplied with the best the markets afford. Charges will be moderate.
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Coaches leave this House Daily, (Sundays excepted) at 6½ o'clock, A. M. and 2 o'clock P. M., to connect with the trains going East, from Mount Dallas Station and Bloody Run. A coach will also leave tri-weekly, (Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday) for Somerset. The traveling public will find it decidedly to their advantage to stop with him.
ISAAC F. GROVE.
Bedford, April 7, 1865.

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apr. 28, 1865—zz.

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Mar 10, 1865.

Poetry.

NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

There is no time like the old time, when you and
  I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed, and the birds
  of spring-time sung!
The garden's brightest glories by summer suns are
  nursed,
But, oh, the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that
  opened first.

There is no place like the old place where you and
  I were born,
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the splendors
  of the morn
From the milk-white breast that warmed us, from
  the clinging arms that bore;
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that will
  look on us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend, who has
  shared our morning days.
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his
  praise:
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown
  of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets
  in every fold.

There is no love like the old love that we courted
  in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and we're
  failing side by side,
There are blossoms all around us, with the colors
  of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the light
  of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—they shall
  never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place—keep green
  the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends—may
  Heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves—God bless
  our loving wives!

Atlantic Monthly.

PARTED.

A faded flower, a lock of hair,
A little ring, a small white glove,
A portrait of a maiden fair;

Some crumpled notes, "Aurora Leigh,"
With pencil marks and inscribed name,
A favorite song oft sung to me;

A ribbon blue, with golden clasp,
A scarlet hood, with faint perfume,
A waist belt small, with broken hasp.

What foolish things are those to keep;
So very small, so worthless too—
What folly over them to weep!

The faded flower, the small white glove,
The little ring, the portrait fair,
Are relics of a long-lost love;

And whispering soft and whispering low
A story of a little grave,
They cause those bitter tears to flow.

Miscellaneous.

SPEECH OF HON. THADDEUS STEVENS,

Gettysburg, Pa., October 3d, 1865.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

I fear the ensuing election is considered of so little importance as to create indifference. Although there are two State officers to be chosen, beside the county ticket, yet I look upon this election as the most important of any which has been held for many years, except on the re-election of President Lincoln, which tested the fidelity of the people to the Union. I will give the reasons of its importance. A great war between the "Confederate States of America" and the United States, has been won by the Union, at the cost of Four Billions of money; the loss of near half a million of lives, and the ruin of many loyal citizens. The enemy renounced allegiance to the Constitution, and declared themselves an alien enemy. We so treated them on many a well fought field. No manly foe would ever again claim shelter under the rejected Constitution, until admitted under it by a new compact containing conditions corresponding to the altered circumstances of the two belligerents. No wise conquerer would admit such claim, if meanly made, except upon terms such as victors impose, of full indemnity for the past (as far as possible) and full security for the future. In the important question of dealing with the vanquished enemy, we must remember that they are no common foe waging war at the command of their lawful rulers, but the whole body of the army and people (with a few loyal exceptions) are traitors, rebels and perjurers—are, in short, wanton and cruel murderers of our best citizens. What, therefore, might seem harsh towards a common enemy, is mercy when dealt to them.

Two modes of dealing with them are now before the people and to be decided by them at this election.

One proposition is to treat the Rebels as never having abjured the Constitution or left the Union *in fact;* but as merely trying to resume their supposed rights, illegally to be sure, but still within the Union, as "erring brethren," and, therefore, entitled at their option, to cease this "family strife" and resume their places, with all their rights; that in doing this they are to consult only the Executive of the nation, without any regard to the sovereign power—the Legislature. The terms are, a few oaths, a humbug State Constitution, made without authority of law, by less than a third of the people, and never submitted to the people for ratification. They are then to be taken within our fraternal embrace, receive a free pardon, and have all their forfeited estates restored to them, and come into full communion in Congress, and in all the offices. They are to pay none of the expenses or damages of the war, nor contribute to the support of our disabled soldiers and bereaved citizens.

This plan has the full approbation of all the Rebels and rebel sympathizers, of the whole Copperhead party, of such Republicans as are naturally parasites, and of such public journals as "PUBLISH BY AUTHORITY."

The Union party of Pennsylvania have adopted a different plan. The State Convention resolved that the estates of the leading Rebels should be confiscated to pay the national debt: increase the pensions of our soldiers; pay the damages done to loyal men, and relieve the burden of taxation, now heavy, and likely to be increased. This principle is approved by Maine, Massachusetts and all the Union Conventions which have yet spoken. The tax paying loyal people are unanimously in favor of it. All who sympathize with our wounded soldiers and their bereaved friends; all who wish to see the damages done by Rebel raiders paid, approve of it. But it has been opposed by every Copperhead Convention yet held (or to be held, I suppose.) Every Copperhead paper in the nation; every opponent of the war, and slanderer of the soldiers, condemns it. While every copperhead paper, convention, and politician shouts the praises of the first named scheme with a unanimity unparalleled in political contests. But these schemes you are to decide.

Our leading journals seem bewildered. I took up one lately that says reorganization is easy. The fundamental principle it lays down is "that the Rebellion must be considered as having destroyed no State, nor any State Government; they were only in obeyance," and he says the President acts upon that principle. Let us see where that would lead us to.

I have said, elsewhere, that our national liabilities, when all shall be ascertained, will reach four billions of dollars. Certain temporizing Republicans say that the amount is exaggerated. Let us see.

By the last report of the Secretary of the Treasury, the ascertained amount, excluding cash on hand, was over $2,850,000,000. The amount due the Army and Navy would no doubt swell it to at least three billions of dollars. I think that the unsettled claims against the Government for damages, goods furnished, and services rendered, will reach at least five hundred millions of dollars. The pension list will soon require $30,000,000 annually, whose capital is $500,000,000. Here we have already four billions. But there are other various liabilities—annuities to Indian tribes; bonds to the Pacific Rail Road not less than $100,000,000, *et cetera.*

This, to be sure, will not all be on interest for two or three years to come. Our legal tenders cannot be funded before that time. But, in the mean time, that which is on interest bears much more than six per cent. Seven-Thirty is the lowest payable in money. The gold bearing is between eight and nine per cent., (reduced to legal tenders.) To pay the interest and ordinary expenses of the Government, and the increased cost of the Army and Navy will require $500,000,000 annually. Our present revenue will be, in common years, about $300,000,000, leaving $200,000,000 to be raised by additional taxation. This whole debt was forced on us by the rich Rebels of the South. They organized a regular government; defied the United States to battle; compelled them to raise and maintain a million of men; and a navy of seven hundred vessels. Those who created this debt have been conquered. The law of nations says; the law of justice, and of the God of Armies says, that they shall pay the expenses and damages of this wicked war. The Rebels, the Copperheads, and a few bewildered staggering Republicans say, "let them back with all their privileges, without fine or forfeiture. To consolidate the Union we must leave the homicidal traitors in its bosom, and treat them kindly lovingly, and mercifully. Touch not a dollar of their property; but allow loyal men to groan under the burdens they have heaped upon them." This is not the Pennsylvania platform. It says "confiscate the property of the rich Rebels, and apply it to pay the debt, and to indemnify the loyal men who have ruined them; and add something to our wounded soldiers' comfort." And yet I perceive certain Republicans, who sit on velvet cushions, fill high places, and grow fat on federal patronage, join the whole throng of Copperheads and traitors, and beg that mercy and loving kindness shall be bestowed on the vanquished wretches: and especially on those who sue for pardon, because they are worth more than $20,000 each; and that none of their vast estates shall be taken from them, while our loyal poor, made houseless by their incendiary torch, must wander in poverty and labor by the day, to feed and shelter their suffering families!

The shabby Republicans to whom I have referred, take that course because they pretend it is the President's plan. All admit and applaud the patriotism and honesty of the President. It is true that the applause of the Copperheads, and their unanimous approval of what they call his views, have made the loyal pause. But they need not be alarmed; nor need the rebels exult at what they deem the President's plan of reorganization. I do not find that he has any definitely chosen mode. He tells us he is trying experiments, as it is his duty to do, to see which works best. He cannot for a moment pretend, nor do I understand him to pretend that the Executive has anything to do with reconstructing the nation. His duty, as Commander-in-Chief, is to do what he is doing, hold the conquered belligerent under military rule until the meeting of Congress. Not one of the Confederate States is yet released from military supervision. The President cannot make laws to govern them, nor can their own Legislatures, for they are subject to the conqueror. Congress, and Congress alone, can re-instate or re-admit them. But the President has an important duty to perform. He should be prepared to recommend some scheme to Congress. To know what is wisest to advise, he is trying the experiment of allowing the captives to fabricate forms of State Governments, and pass municipal laws. If he finds that they are weaned from their slavish ideas and have learned to bow to God's decree of equal rights, he willl recommend Congress to admit them to the communion of Freedom. If, as seems likely, from the specimens we have had, their old prejudices prevail; and they will not bow to the decree of Heaven, and honestly embrace the Declaration of Independence, he will no doubt advise Congress to keep them still in a state of pupilage. The theory on which he is allowing the South to patch up State governments, show that he cannot expect them to be permanent. He directs his Military Governors to allow the people to take the old Conttitutions as the substratum of a new organization, and so amend them as to meet the expectations of the North, by abolishing slavery. The Governors direct who shall vote and when the Conventions shall be held. Now those Constitutions which are to be re-formed, point out the modes of amendment.

The Constitution of Tennessee provided that "whenever twothirds of the General Assembly shall think it necessary to change or amend this Constitution they shall recommend to the electors to vote for or against a convention," *et cetera.*

The Constitution of South Carolina now being furnished by Provisional Governor Perry says: "No Convention of the people shall be called unless by the concurrence of two thirds of both branches of the whole representation." The Constitution of Mississippi requires a two thirds vote to amend; so of Louisiana, Virginia, and all the other States. None of the present cobbled Governments have gone through this process. I think about a dozen townships and fifteen hundred voters acted for the eleven hundred thousand people of Virginia. What new law has authorized this mode of amending or creating new States? The President can pass no law, and Congress has not met since the conquest. It is evidently an "experiment;" a job for these captives to learn on while held in military subjection. I do not overlook what the President has occasionally said to them. It is a very allowable Christian gratification for him and his chief minister whom these men have persecuted, and placed rewards on their heads, and attempted to assassinate, to see them ranged by fifties at his foot stool, begging his pardon, and to lecture them in a patronizing way; and listen to their submissive answers, and see them clap their delicate hands in constrained applause; to tell them not to be alarmed at the radicals, that they are under his protection and under the shield of the Constitution which they *had never abjured;* that he loves them like a father, and will love them all the more for this little "family feud."

It is easy to see that this is all irony, cutting irony, which they well deserve. If it be not irony to the living traitors it is mockery to the loyal dead. With what feelings would our returned soldiers listen to those in authority, soothing, encouraging, patronizing those who had just been seeking their lives? How could you standing among the thick graves of the immortal battle-field of Gettysburg, listen to such language if it were to be literally understood? How more cruel than steel would it enter the hearts of fathers, brothers and kindred of those who had fallen by Rebel hands, to see the Chiefs of the Union fraternizing with and embracing the murderers of their kindred while their garments are yet dripping with their fresh-blood? Those who know the remarkable intellectual character of those eminent men perceive, if they do not enjoy, the rich irony of their speeches, so delicate and yet so subtle that the trembling supplicants accept it literally, and have gone home to boast of their success and plot new treason. You will now see how important it is to carry this election. The Union platform says: "The Rebel's property shall pay the damages done to loyal citizens; double the pensions of our soldiers, and pay a part of the National Debt. The Copperhead platform says: "Touch not a dollar of the enemy's property but let them back unpunished, iuto the Union that they may a d their loving Copperhead friends in controlling the Nation."

This is the distinct issue. If we succeed it will so strengthen the hrnde of the Union Members of Congress as to enable them to overcome all opposition, and reconstruct the Government upon the principles of Justice, which is universal liberty. How are we to prevent the pro-slavery party from getting a majority in Congress until all wholesome legislation shall have been completed? Begin, at the opening of the next session of Congress, by declairing all the Confederate States in a territorial condition; and refuse to admit a member from any one of them. If it is conceded that any of them are States capable of representation, then the sole ques- will be the personal qualifications of individual members; and one after another will find their way into both branches of Congress. That would entitle the States to vote for President and Vice President; and the successor of Andrew Johnson would be a Secession Copperhead. Then comes the assumption of the Rebel debt, or the repudiation of ours—a condition worse than peaceable separation—for I can conceive of no condition worse than National repudiation.

What is coclusive evidence that the President considers the present adjustment of States as temporary and experimental only, is, that the Supreme Court has decided that the declaration of the condition of States belongs exclusively to Congress. The present arrangement was made under the decrees of the President and his Military Governors. If this could be deemed permanent, it would form a precedent, on which future Presidents might build a throne, and usurp a crown. The President is too much of a plebeian to indulge in such absolute ideas. The people of the border counties, Franklin, Adams, York, Cumberland, and others, have been robbed of their personal property; and one whole town laid in ashes by the Rebel armies. Let the Union plan be sustained, and all their losses will be paid, and your taxes greatly lessened. Let it be defeated and the Rebels will be allowed to retain their property, and you will look in vain for the payment of yours. How can any one standing amidst these plundered citizens, and almost in sight of the ruins of Chambersburg, sustain a party, which says to the rich Rebels, "Keep your estates, and let those whose property you destroyed, work on in hopeless poverty to the grave!"

I was lately in Philadelphia, and heard of a case, (a sample of many others,) which stirred my blood, cold as it is. A rich rebel owned city stock amounting (with interest,) to more than one hundred thousand dollars. It had been seized under our confiscation laws, it was ready to be paid into the United States Treasurr, when a pardon came, which restored it to its Rebel owner. If such things meet your approbation, support the Copperhead ticket.

I observe, it is said that so anxious are these "erring brethren" to escape the action of Congress, that they are being pardoned at the rate of hundreds a day; and as no human endurance could stand such rapid labor, a machine has been invented to do it mechanically, and three hundred are pardoned daily by machinery. I do not see why a machine may not do this work as well as human intellect. Thus they hope to escape unpunished. But I think they will be mistaken, so far as their property is concern ed. I do not believe that the President's pardon can restore property confiscated by Congress, and vested in the United States. Congress did not seize it as the property of traitors, but look it as enemies' property. such is the express wording of the law of July, 1862. The first four sections apply to traitors, A pardon would guard against conviction for treason; but it has nothing to do with belligerent rights. Property once vested in the United States cannot be divested by any acts of the Executive.

We are commanded to administer judgment in mercy. I am for mercy, but not until justice is satisfied. Many are ostentatious of their merciful feelings. Some, I suspect, mistake timidity and softening of the brain for tenderness of heart.

With us are all the best warriors of the nation—Sherman, Hooker, Hunter, Howard, Sheridan, the talented Butler and the gallant Hartranft. I do not speak of Grant for so silent is he, that all we know of him is *that he is an unconquerable hero.*

Against us are Jeff. Davis, Judge Black, Jeff's namesake of Doylestown, James Buchanan, Capt. Wirze, Dean Richmond, Gen. Lee, Gen. McCausland and their followers.

As I am speaking in a Senatorial Dictrict, composed of Franklin and Adams counties, (in both of which some acquaintance,) I will say a very few words with regard to the local tickets of each. I have known your Senatorial candidate from his boyhood. He is a gentleman of excellent talents and education. Above all hypocrisy, while he is affable to all, he is sycophantic to none. I knew his respected father well. No truer man ever lived. He is of a stock in whose veins no dishonest blood ever flowed.

Of his competitor I know nothing. His parents were of this County, and worthy people. It is enough to know that he is on the Secession ticket.

Your County ticket is the noblest that possibly could be formed. Lieut. Houck, the candidate for the Legislature, for bravery and patriotism is without a rival. Wounded, and left for dead on the field of battle he unexpectedly recovered; again sought the enemy, and was again seriously wounded. As soon as he was able to move, he again joined the army, and served to the end of the war. His shattered system will probably lead him to an early grave; but he has acquired glory enough for one man. I doubt not that he will be honored by a grateful people.

His competitor is ——— nobody. When soldiers were wanted, and his name was enrolled, he was no where to be found. Can good Old Adams disgrace herself by postponing the brave patriot filled with rebel lead, to prefer a skedaddler?

I happened to meet your candidate for Prothonotary—the son of an old acquaintance, a humble mechanic. His family furnished two sons for the war. One of them fills a Soldier's grave. The other bears the highest badge of honor—an armless sleeve. Who can go to the polls and oppose him? His opponent I believe, is a very worthy man, who served his country faithfully, and returned uninjured to enjoy the home of a wealthy father.

As this may meet the eye of some who vote in Franklin county, I will say a word of their ticket.

The Union candidate for the Legislature, Col. Stumbaugh, is admitted to be a gentleman of excellent talents. His courage and patriotism have been tested on the battle-field. He served in the army until disease compelled him to retire.

His opponent is my old friend, McLellan, whose downfall I deplore. He was never a fortunate, but was a correct, politician. Raised a Whig, and always professing to belong to that school, I know not what madness should make him join the Rebels just when they are subdued. I can attribute it to nothing but (what he believes) to be gratitude. While they were in Chambersburg destroying the humble houses of the common people, they spared his magnificent dwelling and furniture. This is the only plausible way that I can account for his conduct. I know that he attempts to palliate it, by saying that he was constrained by a desire to obtain from the State satisfaction for the damages inflicted by the enemy on the people of Franklin county. I would not for a moment doubt the sincerity of that gentleman. But I believe he deludes himself as to his real motives. How can he expect to accomplish more than his two talented predeceseors? They were one of each party; each influential in his own party. He will have no party, no influence, for he would have the odor of apostacy upon him. Colonel Stumbaugh would have much more power, in these days, when soldiers are potential.

It would be but justice that those on the frontier, who stood as a bulwark between the enemy and the interior, should be indemnified by the State. Such was the opinion of Alexander Hamilton. The Union candidates, alone, can obtain compensation for the border people. But, above all, damages done by the enemy should be paid by their property. They are usually provided for by treaties of peace, by compelling the vanquished belligerent to pay those damages as the expenses of the war. As the "Confederate States" had no hed, with whom we could consent to treat, it rests with Congress to impose the terms of peace. One of these terms the Union party of Pennsylvania, contends shall be "that the estates of the Rebels shall pay for the property which they destroyed in Pennsylvania, and other States." It is the certain and true mode, possibly the only one, by which indemnity can be had. This is opposed by the Copperheads. Go with us, and enable us to carry out our views in Congress, and all will be paid the damages which were inflicted by the rebels; our wounded soldiers will be made comfortable; and our national debt greatly reduced by the property of those who caused it. Defeat us, and you put the rebels in power; our despoiled citizens will go unpaid; and all will be oppressed, through ages to come, by increasing taxation.

THE WEALTH OF OIL.

The New York *Tribune* thus discourses upon the subject of petroleum. Among the many sources for congratulation at the tide of returning prosperity which now rolls across the country, we must not forget that wonderful legacy of nature to which we fell heirs about the beginning of the war; we mean the Petroleum fields. The sensation which followed their discovery and development has abated, but the oil still flows in undiminished streams, pouring into the National lap presents far richer than the diamonds of Golconda, or the glittering metals of the Far West. The oil trade has become a fixed institution, and is already making new curients and new centres of trade.

In December, 1752, Major George Washington, of the Virginia militia, was sent by Governor Dinwiddie to the French commander of that day, who was establishing a line of military posts between Lake Erie and the Ohio River. In his route he passed up the Valley of the Allegheny and across the County of Venango, then the habitation of Indians and wild animals. A hundred years later, and all that could be seen among those barren hills was a couple of sleepy Dutch towns, with very little to sell to the outer world and still less to buy from it. Within the past five years the discovery of an illuminating oil beneath the surface of the earth has transformed the face of nature with magical rapidity. The whole country for miles is dotted with derricks, steam engines, and shanties; new cities have sprung up, with their hotels, stores, banks and theaters. In a circuit of thirty miles around Oil City are over 200,000 inhabitants.

Meadville, the neck of the oil regions, through which is poured the oil outgoing and the thousand supplies ingoing, has risen from a population of 3,000 in 1860 to 15,000. Places like Franklin, Titusville, Oil City, Pithole, which scarcely existed, now boast of their daily newspapers, their hotels, banks, stores, and theatres. In the circuit of thirty miles around Franklin theve are not less than 200,000 energetic people.

OIL AS A SOURCE OF REVENUE.

The Pithole discoveries have lately given another impetus to the excitement, and visitors to that interesting spot relate marvelous stories of its wonderful yield of oil.—There are it appears, on the two or three farms known as Pithole City, some 200 wells sunk or in process. We have the record of thirty of these wells which yield from thirty barrels (pumping) to 1,500 barrels (flowing) a day. The total yield of forty of the wells now reach nearly 10,000 gallons per day.—The oil is worth $10 a barrel at the wells, but costs from $3 to $5 more to haul to railroad. The Government imposes an internal revenue tax of one dollar a barrel on the crude, and twenty cents per gallon upon the refined oil, so that with the least margin of cost for labor or machinery we have a steady contribution of $200,000 a day, or $70,000,-a year from this vicinity alone.

The field of the whole of the Pennsylvania oil regions is three times that of the Pithole region, so that without counting the product in West Virginia, Kentucky, or Ohio, we have a sum of over $200,000,000 annually as a direct gift from nature, or sufficient to discharge the National Debt in fifteen years. Not only so, but we are furnished with a portable economical light superior to any other in use. The principal difficulty experienced at present is the transportation to market. It is estimated that there are upward of 30,000 barrels of oil awaiting shipment, and the railroads are daily refusing freight in both directions.

Oil wells are notoriously uncertain ventures, and many curious facts are related of narrow hits and misses of fortune. On the whole, the yield seems to be as great or greater than ever, though brought from many more channels, the current sometimes setting from one to another. Leases are now selling at premiums of from $3,000 to $5,000 and half the oil. The territory has risen in places to prices so fabulous as to be out of the market. Most of the famous flowing wells have a regular pulsation in their flow, an interval of from 15 to 30 seconds, in which gas escapes, again followed by oil. Speculation seems to be vagne in reference to the extent or origin of the source. The retorts in which the internal fires have been distilling this precious fluid may have been at work for thousands of years, or may be still. The supply may be, so far as human demands are concerned, exhaustless—may, indeed, be the liquid side by side with the fluid residum of the sidereal heat which originally permeated the mass we inhabit.

THE WIVES OF POETS.

The London *Telegraph* says: There is a book which never will be written—the Lives of the Wives of Poets—though it is a book which all of us would be eager to read. Should we learn that it is bad or good, well or ill, to know so much of these gifted natures? When the applause is over, the garland removed from the weary head, the string unstrung, and the eloquent lips cease to enchant the world with melody, is there only a common-place heart left for its rightful owner? Or is not the leisure and the love of these great natures something as much above the ordinary experience of human relationships as their thoughts and language? Imagine the household presence of Shakspeare, his fireside talk, his inner life, the unrobed existence of a soul so majestic and masterful! It is hardly less than a solemn thought to picture the partaking of such a mind and heart as those which, to this day, sway millions with their genius, and have planted their work amid other work like mountains among monuments. Yet what do we know of it? What can we know? Think of Milton, with a genius so rare, and stately, and pure, that the lady in *Comus*, white and serene among the brutal drinkers and revellers of the wood, is alone like it. Think what it must have been, as a human feminine destiny, to be charged with the daily solace and share of that soul, so lofty, and sedate, and opulent! It is by accident that these teachers and minstrels of men mate, since sometimes, as with Milton, it is "Paradise Lost" that they would describe if they described at all the life that is lost, out of their biographies?

These are speculations that will seem foolishness to the Stock Exchange, and a stumbling block to men about town; but the nature which is born to break into such music or such high thought that the world listens, and crown it with the garland of the poet or philosopher is not quite like the natures that marry for money or family, or the rest of worldly reasons; and one would like to know something more of those whom they choose out of the world, just as we draw kings and queens together in picture books, and for the causes that make us dissatisfied with the information we have.

REBEL CRUELTY.

Let the historian catalogue Calcutta, Black Holes, French Bastiles and Spanish Inquisitions, but what names will read on the middle of the nineteenth century like Libby Dungeon Castle Thunder, Belle Isle, Salisbury, Millen, Andersonville—all will be synonymous with cruelty, starvation, misery, and death. Truly a civilization that can palliate such iniquity as this rebellion has inaugurated and practised, needs reform or eradication. It is civilization apostatized—civilization without the moral forces of the age that elevate and enoble. It is Christianity without Christ. God has brought us to see our national sins as we never saw them before. Our covenant with such montrosity against humanity must be broken. Because we have justified slavery under the constitution, we are suffering God's judgment. Human rights underlie constitutions. We are told this evil is dead. Let us not be deceived. It only slumbers. Even loyal States refuse to accept the logic of the war or the decisions of God's Providence. They stand back and brace themselves against the march of events New Jersey, Kentucky, and Delaware refuse to ratify the anti-slavery amendment of the Constitution. Clothed with the saddest woe, as we are to-day, this grief will sting their future sons with shame because their fathers were wallowing in the depths of the national corruption. All the traitors North and South will not justify the deeds this rebellion has disclosed. We grant that the destruction of the masses by yellow fever infection, and clandestine burning of steamboats, and cruelty to prisoners, and assassinations are not conceived or encouraged as just by many that are in arms against us, yet they could have raised a voice against such barbarities. The almost deified and Northern-lionized rebel chieftain, Lee, could not have daily known and seen the miseries and deaths by brutal treatment of our poor starved patriots of those Richmond "hells," had he been so great and good. His word was law. Why did he not exercise it? Why did not he and the Southern pulpit enter their protests in the face of heaven against the barbarities of the dark ages?—*N. Y. Observer.*

SENATOR SHERMAN ON THE TARIFF.—Senator Sherman spoke at Springfield, Ohio, last week, when he expressed himself on the subject of tariff and taxation as follows: He believed it unwise and unfair to remove the duty from imported paper while the home manufacturers had to pay a tax equal to ten per cent. on what they made. The revenue from imported paper amounted to three or four millions of gold per annum, and the Senate thought the country could not afford to lose this sum. The Committee on Finance were unanimously of this opinion. A tax on paper is generally unwise. It is a tax on knowledge, and except under extraordinary circumstances should not be imposed.

Mr. Sherman believed that the next Congress might find it expedient not to remove the duty from imported paper, but to lessen the internal tax on the home made article. The financial condition of the country was getting to be such that this might be done. The stamp duty, he thought, would be the first to be repealed next winter, after it the tax on iron, then the tax on paper.

COLERIDGE, in one of the most beautiful of similes, illustrates the pregnant truth that the more we know, the greater is our thirst for knowledge, and the more we love, the more instinctive our sympathy: "The water lily, in the midst of waters opens its leaves and expands its petals at the first pattering of the shower; and rejoices in the rain drops with a quicker sympathy than the parched shrub in the sandy desert."

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

All advertisements for less than 3 months 10 cents per line for each insertion. Special notices one half additional. All resolutions of Association, communications of a limited or individual interest and notices of marriages and deaths, exceeding five lines, 10 cts. per line. All legal notices of every kind, and all Orphans' Court and other Judicial sales, are required by law to be published in both papers. Editorial Notices 15 cents per line. All Advertising due after first insertion. A liberal discount is made to persons advertising by the quarter, half-year or year, as follows:

	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
One square	$ 4.50	$ 6.00	$10.00
Two squares	6.00	9.00	16.00
Three squares	8.00	12.00	20.00
One-fourth column	14.00	20.00	35.00
Half column	18.00	25.00	45.00
One column	30.00	45.00	80.00

A MISTAKEN IDEA.

One of our cotemporaries most truthfully remarks that a popular idea among our people is that all of their sons should adopt clerkships, and the adoption of the business of book keeping as a means of obtaining their livelihood, and every effort is made to give them an education to that end. So far as the education of their children in the science of keeping proper accounts is concerned the idea is a good one; as every young man should have a sufficient knowledge to properly manage his own books, should he ever embark in business, but to make book keepers and clerks of all our boys is a grand mistake. Better place them in a workshop, mill or foundry, where they can learn independent trades, which at all times will secure for them employment, and the pecuniary compensation for which will be at least as much, if not more, than the business of accounts. We earnestly advise all parents to teach their sons trades, no matter what, so that it is an industrious pursuit, and let us in the future be spared the pain of seeing so many stout ablebodied young men out of employment, and seeking situations where the pen can only be used. There is dignity in labor, and an honest trade is the best legacy a parent can bestow upon his child, for it will secure his bread where all else may fail. We base our remarks upon the fact that nearly one hundred applications from young men were received by a firm in our city, who recently advertised in our columns but twice for an assistant book keeper. This fact alone taken in connection with the well known scarcity of labor in the mechanical branches of industry, speaks volumes in condemnation of the popular error of making book keepers out of all our boys.

PROTECTION.

A Growing feeling in favor of a high protective tariff is evident in the tone of our Western exchanges. Numerous articles, characterized by great ability appear in their columns. The importance of diversifying our industry is conceded and two great points are powerfully presented viz: first that the farmer best serves his interests by encouraging manufactures which furnish a home market and diminish competition in agricultural pursuits; and second that the internal revenues of the Federal Government being chiefly derived from the manufacturing industry of the country while real estate furnishes the basis of the taxation levied for the support of State and municipal purposes it is vitally important to stimulate the former and thus prevent the whole indebtedness from being thrown on the latter. It would be difficult if not impossible for a nation exclusively devoted to agricltue to maintain our credit while by a liberal encouragement of our manufacturing and mining interests it will be easy to defray the annual interest of our debt and to provide for the speedy extinguishment of the principal. A gratifying proof of the feeling of some of the agriculturists of the west, is afforded by the following letter to the tariff Association of Cleveland written by Hon. J. B. Grinnell, M. C. from Iowa who is the owner of six thousand acres of land and an extensive grower of grain and stock:

"It gives me pleasure to say that I concur most fully with you in principles and policy. A nearer market in the agricultural States is always to be chosen in preference to a foreign one. The hope that our new States will be manufacturing States is a chimera, if we do not foster and protect what manufactures we have, I am for the highest duties on all articles which we can fabricate or raise at home, and as earnestly for a premium on all the skilled labor it is necessary to import, that we may feed, clothe, and warm all who labor for us on our own soil. A great vital struggle is at hand, and I wish you all sagacity and enterprise in behalf of our material iterests."—*Phila. Press.*

AT HOME.—The highest style of being at home grows out of a special state of the affections rather than of the intellect. Who has not met with individuals whose faces would be a passport to any society, and whose manners, the unstudied and spontaneous expressions of their inner selves, make them visibly welcome wherever they go, and attract unbounded confidence towards them in whatever they undertake? They are frank, because they have nothing to conceal; affable, because their natures overflow with benevolence, unflurried, because they dread nothing; always at home, because they carry within themselves that which can trust to itself anywhere and everywhere—purity of soul with fulness of health. Such are our best guarantees for feeling at home in all society to which duty takes us, and in every occupation upon which it obliges us to enter. They who live least for themselves are also the least embarrassed by uncertainties,

LEAVE A NAME BEHIND.—Thousands of men live, breathe, move, pass off the stage of life—are heard of no more. Why? They do not a particle of good in the world, none was blessed by them as the instrument of of their redemption. Not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went down in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, oh man, immortal? Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, and love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you may come in contact with year by year. You will never be forgotten. No! your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars from heaven.

A SCENE IN THE FUTURE.—We may picture to ourselves a group of noble young lads some ten years hence accounting for their orphanage. Says one my father fell in beating back the invaders at Gettysburg, says another my father fell on Lookout Mountain fighting above the clouds, says another my father suffered martyrdom in Libby prison; says another my father fell at Fort Donalson. And there will be hapless lads who will listen in mournful envy, saying in their secret hearts: Alas we have no part nor lot in suchageryings our fathers were rebels, and here and there a youth more unfortunate still, will steal away from his comrades and murmur in bitterness of soul "Ah God help me my father was a Copperhead.—*Cin. W. Times.*

LEARNING A TRADE.—It was a wise law of the ancient Jews, that the sons of even their wealthiest men should be obliged to serve an aprenticeship to some useful occupation; so that, in case of reverse of fortune, they might have something to "fall back upon." The same still exists in Turkey, where every man, rich or poor, even the Sultan himself, must learn a trade. How fortunate would it be now, had it been a law in this country! "Would to God I had a trade!" is the cry of thousands of returned soldiers, North and South, who find themselves ruined in pocket, with no immediate prospect of gaining a livelihood. It should teach parents that whatever else they may give their sons, they should give them a good trade.