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ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

B. F. MEYERS.....J. W. DICKERSON.

MEYERS & DICKERSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PENN'A.,
Office same as formerly occupied by Hon. W. P. Schell, two doors east of the *Gazette* office, will practice in the several Courts of Bedford county. Pensions, bounties and back pay obtained and the purchase of Real Estate attended to.
May 11, '66—1yr.

JOHN T. KEAGY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PENN'A.,
Offers to give satisfaction to all who may entrust their legal business to him. Will collect moneys on evidences of debt, and speedily procure bounties and pensions to soldiers, their widows or heirs. Office two doors west of Telegraph office. april1'66-1y.

J. B. CESSNA,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office with JOHN CESSNA, on Juliana street, in the office formerly occupied by King & Jordan, and recently by Piller & Keagy. All business entrusted to his care will receive faithful and prompt attention. Military Claims, Pensions, &c., speedily collected.
Bedford, June 9, 1865.

J. M'D. SHARPE.....E. F. KERR

SHARPE & KERR,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Will practice in the Courts of Bedford and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to their care will receive careful and prompt attention. Pensions, Bounty, Back Pay, &c., speedily collected from the Government.
Office on Juliana street, opposite the banking house of Reed & Schell, Bedford, Pa. mar2:tf

JOHN PALMER,
Attorney at Law, Bedford, Pa.,
Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.
Particular attention paid to the collection of Military claims. Office on Juliana st., nearly opposite the Mengel House.) june23, '65.1y

J. R. DURBORROW.....JOHN LUTZ.

DURBORROW & LUTZ,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
BEDFORD, PA.,
Will attend promptly to all business intrusted to their care. Collections made on the shortest notice.
They are, also, regularly licensed Claim Agents and will give special attention to the prosecution of claims against the Government for Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Bounty Lands, &c.
Office on Juliana street, one door South of the "Mengel House" and nearly opposite the *Inquirer* office. April 28, 1865:t

ESPY M. ALSIP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.,
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Military claims, Pensions, back pay, Bounty, &c. speedily collected. Office with Mann & Spang, on Juliana street, 2 doors south of the Mengel House. apl 1, 1864.—tf.

M. A. POINTS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the public. Office with J. W. Lingenfelter, Esq., on Juliana street, two doors South of the "Mengle House." Dec. 9, 1864-tf.

KIMMELL AND LINGENFELTER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law Office on Juliana Street, two doors South of the Mengel House.
apr1, 1864—tf.

JOHN MOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
BEDFORD, PA.
April 1, 1864.—tf.

DENTISTS.

L. N. BOWSER.....J. C. MINNICH, JR.

DENTISTS, BEDFORD, PA.
Office in the Bank Building, Juliana Street.
All operations pertaining to Surgical or Mechanical Dentistry carefully and faithfully performed and warranted. TERMS CASH.
Jan6'65-1y.

DENTISTRY.
I. N. BOWSER, RESIDENT DENTIST, WOODBERRY, Pa., visits Bloody Run three days of each month, commencing with the second Tuesday of the month. Prepared to perform all Dental operations with which he may be favored. *Terms within the reach of all and strictly cash except by special contract.* Work to be sent by mail at other times must be paid for when impressions are taken. aug3, '65.1y.

PHYSICIANS.

WM. W. JAMISON, M. D.,
BLOODY RUN, PA.,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. [dec8:1yr

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

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

BANKERS.

G. W. RUPP.....G. R. SHANNON.....F. BENEDICT

RUPP, SHANNON & CO., BANKERS,
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. apr.15,'64-tf.

JEWELER, &c.

ABSALOM GARLICK,
Clock & Watchmaker and Jeweller,
BLOODY RUN, PA.
Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., promptly repaired. All work entrusted to his care, warranted to give satisfaction.
He also keeps on hand and for sale *WATCHES, CLOCKS,* and *JEWELRY.*
Office with Dr. J. A. Mann. my4

JOHN REIMUND,
CLOCK AND WATCH-MAKER,
In the United States Telegraph Office,
BEDFORD, PA.
Clocks, watches, and all kinds of jewelry promptly repaired. All work entrusted to his care warranted to give entire satisfaction. [nov3-1yr

DANIEL BORDER,
PITT STREET, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BEDFORD HOTEL, BEDFORD, PA.
TCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, &C.
He keeps on hand a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Spectacles of Brilliant Double Refined Glasses, also Scotch Pebble Glasses. Gold Watch Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, best quality of Gold Pens. He will supply to order any thing in his line not on hand.
apr. 28, 1865—zz.

D. W. CROUSE
WHOLESALE TOBACCONIST,
On Penn street a few doors west of the Court House, North side, Bedford, Pa., is now prepared to sell by wholesale all kinds of CIGARS. All orders promptly filled. Persons desiring anything in his line will do well to give him a call.
Bedford, Oct. 20, '65.

Poetry.

THE WILLOW.

Oh, willow, why forever weep,
As one who mourns an endless wrong?
What hidden woe can be so deep?
What utter grief can last so long?

The Spring makes haste with step elate
Your life and beauty to renew;
She even bids the roses wait,
And gives her first sweet care to you.

The welcome red-breast folds his wing
To pour for you his freshest strain;
To you the earliest blue-birds sing,
Till all your light stems thrill again.

The sparrow trills his wedding song,
And trusts his tender brood to you:
Fair flowing vines, the summer long,
With clasp and kiss your beauty woo.

The sunshine drapes your limbs with light,
The rain braids diamonds in your hair;
The breeze makes love to you all night—
Yet still you droop and still despair.

Beneath your boughs, at fall of dew,
By lovers lips is softly told
The tale that all the ages through
Has kept the world from growing old.

But still, though April's buds unfold,
And Summer sets the earth aleaf,
Or Autumn pranks your robes with gold,
You sway and sigh in graceful grief.

Mourn on forever, unconsoled,
And keep your secret, faithful tree!
No heart in all the world can hold
A sweeter grace than constancy.

LOVE'S BEGINNING.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying.

Yet, remember, midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but love has ruing;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes and Love he tarries,
Just as Fate or Fancy carries;
Longest stays when sorest chidden,
Laughs and flies when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odor to the lily;
Bind the aspen n'er to quiver,
Then bind love to last forever.

Miscellaneous.

TWO NATIONAL DREAMS.

The abiding jealousy felt in England towards the United States has many causes, some of them just, more perhaps unjust, but one of them very strong and very little noticed. This is the difference in the forecast which Englishmen and Americans make as to their own destiny. Some cause, which is very difficult to trace, but which is possibly the absence of hereditary anxiety in America, has upon this point absolutely separated two people of the same blood and in most aspects strangely similar. The Englishman, when he thinks at all upon the subject, is very apt to forecast an unpleasant future for his country, to believe the day will come when it will be shut up in the ocean, or starved for want of corn, or ruined by the exhaustion of its coal, or deprived of its pre-eminence in manufactures, or in some way or other thrown back to a secondary rank. The notion that his country has reached its zenith, and must from som cause unknown, recede, has for a century been constantly present to the Englishman's mind. The American, on the contrary, believes in a boundless future almost visibly before him, is the happier for it and the stronger, accepts children with greater readiness, meets the troubles and especially the pecuniary trouble, of life with greater ease and more perfect *sang-froid*. Somebody, he thinks, will always be wanting something; if he cannot grow corn he can make lucifer matches, and in a short time "we shall be two hundred millions, sir, and the scream of the American eagle will drown the *Te Deums* of the Old World; and two hundred millions, sir, will offer a market for lucifer matches wide as the universe, profitable as dealings in petroleum oil." It is all so amazingly true, too.

There is no vaster dream dreamed on earth than that of these Americans, and yet it is all within the limits of the possible, so far within them that its realization is more probable than its failure. Judging, as human beings are alone entitled to judge, on the evidence, it is much more likely than not that in 1966 the American people will be one hundred and fifty millions, speaking one language, and that English, and possessed of all the knowledge that language contains, with a country of all climates and all scenes, resources scarcely explored, and an almost total freedom from physical distress. Every race, cultivation and capacity will be represented in its borders, and nearly every civilization compatible with Republicanism and a very elastic Christianity. The number of the States will be at least fifty, and in each a marked and peculiar society, will have been formed under the gradual operation of laws as different as the marriage laws of Wisconsin and Vermont now are, and of social systems as separate as those of Maryland and Massachusetts. Experiments of the most gigantic character will have been tried to the full, experiments as wild as the Western one of a nearly unlimited right of divorce, or as those social schemes tried so often in Western New York, or as the idea, so precious to every Democratic mind, of dispensing with every control save that of the parish constable.

A hundred and fifty millions of men of all races and all instincts will be living together on one soil under all climates and possessed of every resource, coal, and iron, and corn, and wine, coal-fields so endless that even American lavishness cannot waste them, iron-fields so vast that they will consume forests covering a continent, corn-fields which will feed the world, and vineyards which even now send their produce to the owners of Hermitage and Johannisberg. There is no science such a race may not prosecute in peace for ages, no form of literature it may not develope, no discovery possible to man it may not hope to make. It will, without an effort, raise 300,000,000*l.* of revenue by a taxation lower than that of England now is, and employ the whole, or nearly the whole of it, in works of peace. Distress or tumult, or resistance to authority, or dread of freedom in its most unrestrained forms, will, says the American, be as unknown in that land as ignorance or violent crime. Every man will be secure in his home, every man equal, every man free to do whatsoever of good his hand can find, or his brain invent, or his heart conceive. So great will be the love of the people for these institutions, that the idea of attack will fade away, for what nation could dream of attacking a country in which thirty millions of armed males, capable of becoming soldiers in six weeks, will perish rather than suffer menace, and will own ships greater in number than those of the rest of the earth? Yet so great will be content of this people that Europe will pass on its way unharmed, unimpeded, and uncontrolled, save indeed, it may be, by an extorted agreement that America shall always be left open, a secure harbor of refuge, the "shadow of a great rock" to the poor, and the miserable, and the oppressed. To South and North alike the land will be open, and while the Dane eaten out of his home may find in Maine a climate as rough and manners as kindly as his own, the Italian unable to prosper may grow Lacrima Christi on the slopes of Virginia, or renew the myrtiles of Sicily by the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico. There is room for all and to spare, and when the tale is complete, and Americans outnumber ever white race, there will stretch before them other territories to possess, lands more vast, mountains more various, plains more rich, rivers still broader, cultivation and possibilities of social life yet more multiform and great, for they may cross the Isthmus, fix a capital greater than Rome, at a spot where the President can look from the White House upon two oceans, and stretch away, pressing on in innumerable hordes, over the glorious wilderness of Brazil and the rich alluvium of the Amizon, mine the Andes, and fill those wonderful plateaus where, as in Bogota, the apple and the pineapple grow side by side, and so spread slowly down away to the Antarctic zone. The half of earth will then be Americans, and the curse of divided language done away; and the human race, rid at last of physical misery, of war, of inequality, and of the paralysis of powers produced by fears of each other, may commence a career as new as that which began when man first instituted marriage and discovered fire.

It is a pleasant dream, one which makes New England farmers better, and softer, and nobler amidst their sordid cares; and it is all possible, or at least conceivable. No Englishman with an imagination denies that in his heart, or even doubts it, and it raises in him, among other things, that fierce jealousy which broke out so strangely during the recent civil war. He feels as if this structure thus visibly rising to the stars cast a shadow over England, as if his own land were lost in the haze around that coming Empire, as if he were dwarfed by the presence of his mightier decendant. He feels as a Jew might in the year 30, when, conscious that he alone of mankind recognized the grand intellectual and moral truths, he yet saw his country nominally independent, really but a province of all-absorbing and luxurious Rome.

The bitterness is the greater because the Englishman, almost alone among mankind, has neither past nor future, neither dwells on the glory of his forefathers nor looks forward with hope to the descendants. The Scotch peasant remembers Bannockburn as if it were yesterday, the Russian moujik believes in the day when Holy Russia, mistress of Constantinople, shall give the law to mankind. The average Englishman knows nothing which happened before his father, looks forward to nothing in which his country will play a conspicuous part. He has few national traditions and no national hopes.

The educated German believes always in some coming Utopia, when all men shall have leisure to enjoy, and Germany, safe in her unity, shall plunge fearlessly into thought; and the educated Frenchman never wearies of the past of France; but the educated Englishman only wonders how men endured lives so bad as those of his forefathers, looks forward only to the time when the greatness of England shall have passed away. Yet if he dreamed, as Americans dream, pleasant things, and yet possible, the dream would not be an ignorant one.

He might dream of a little kingdom in a rough but healthy climate, cultivated like a garden, in which a society of forty millions had been organized till it was as completely an entity as a human being, in which the slightest injury to the meanest was felt as the plucking of a hair in a strong man's beard. In that land, so small and so cold, might exist a society coherent as the diamond, but with colors as infinitely varied, a table as bright, facets as definite and as dissimilar—a society in which men rich as the old kings of the East realized a luxury more than Assyrian, by the aid of arts more subtle than those of Greece, yet shared every luxury and every art with the meanest of those around them; and in which workers, never poor to pinching, cordially aided in producing the magnificence they freely enjoyed; in which thought, for the first time really free, for the first time spread among millions, would strike out new literatures and novel sciences, and add every day not only to man's dominion over nature—it was a savage who first tortured earth into multiplying seed corn—but to man's capacity for living noble lives; in which so indefinite would be the variety of position, and circumstance, and work, that every capacity and every disposition should be able to put out and profit by the full measure of its powers; in which the latent use of all forms of weakness should become visible, in which the virtues should be able to act as motors, the passions be pruned down into energies.

He might dream of an England in which every man was educated and could form an opinion for himself, every man provided with means sufficient to give his faculties scope, and every man able to rely on the aggregate force of all for aid against nature, or time, or circumstance, as he now relies on it against violent evil-doers; an England in which Parliament should be the brain of a vast being, of a municipality with a conscious life, guiding all men, facilitating all measures, making enterprises easy which now seem impossible or absurd. He might imagine England thus organized, thus throbbing with many-colored life, ruling quietly over South-ern Asia, breaking up sun-baked civilizations, sowing the seeds of new life over half mankind, watering every germ as it grew to maturity, and learning, as all great gardeners learn, to recognize the beauty, and the meaning, and the use of things which seem to be ignorant poisonous weeds.

He might dream of an England which had reconciled the great difficulties of mankind, absolute freedom with perfect organization, liberty with Union, self-will with self-sacrifice, a State which could act like a man, yet of which every citizen felt himself a free and component part.

He might finally imagine England not indeed as powerful as the Union, but so devoted to independence, so scientifically organized, so finely and strongly welded into a weapon, with Anglo Saxon for weight, Celt for edge, and Scotch for temper, that to attack it would be simply to strike at a rapier with a crowbar, which might destroy, but not in time to prevent a mortal wound. Nothing in all that is impossible, once a generation is fully educated, and we shall educate the next.

Rapid intercommunication is already binding the nation into one great family, till a hind cannot be horsewhipped on a remote moorland without a national roar of anger, and the House of Commons becomes for all purposes the *conseil de famille*. Let but the spirit of localism, or, as we call it, self-government, decay a little more, as it always does under education, and England will be welded as we have described, will present such an aspect of variegated, but not unhappy life.

This dream seems to us as bright as the other, though not as vast, as the lawn may be as beautiful as a prairie, Windermere as Erie, a garden as a wilderness of wild flowers. The element of vastness is only wanting, and we can find that in our purposes and our tropical possessions. Palissy's life was noble, though the end of that toil and endeavor was only a pretty enamel; and the work of Athens was vast, though she never covered the space of the Duke of Sutherland's estate.

All that man knows of the ideas which should regulate human organization was worked out by a nation of less than 30,000 freemen, so worked out that Europe has no words for policy save those the Athenians used, and in eighteen hundred years has invented but one new political idea, the possibility of rule by representation. Vastness is nothing, organization everything, the smallest entity with life and potentalities greater and more than the biggest, if it possesses neither. Grand as the mountain is, as Kingsley puts it, and oppressive to the spirit, men who could scarcely be seen on its sides, tunnel through it at their leisure. But then we want the fixed idea that England, which cannot be the mountain, is to be the man.—*London Spectator.*

WHAT HEISTER CLYMER DECLARED AND DID WHILE HE OCCUPIED A SEAT IN THE STATE SENATE.

He insisted that secession was not treason.

He declared that coercion of armed rebellion was unconstitutional. He styled Union soldiers "hounds," "bull-dogs," "hirelings," "minions," "incendiaries" and "plunderers."

He predicted and encouraged a fire in the rear of Union soldiers.

He proclaimed, by implication, that Jeff. Davis was a purer patriot than Abraham Lincoln.

He discouraged the raising of armies by volunteering.

He denounced the filling up of our armies by conscription.

He opposed and execrated every measure by which the Union was saved.

He characterized Abraham Lincoln as a "tyrant," "usurper," "buffoon and assassin."

He ridiculed Andrew Johnson as a "recreant," "pelf hunter," "inebriate" and "adventurer."

He opposed the extension of the elective franchise to the men in the field perilling their lives in defense of the Union, and when they did vote, he charged that such use of the ballot was illegal and a fraud.

He opposed the disfranchisement of the deserters and struggled with all his legal force to prevent the punishment of bounty-jumpers.

He could see nothing heinous in the murder of a draft officer or the pilfering of an enrollment office.

He declared the war a failure and insisted that it ought to cease, while he advocated the election to the Presidency of a played out military bombast.

He rejoiced over rebel and mourned at Union victories.

He opposed the establishment of a National currency.

He insisted on Pennsylvania paying her English creditors in gold, when by all the rules of financial business the State could only be asked to pay in currency. The payment in gold cost the Commonwealth many thousands of dollars, which went at the time to fill the pockets of Englishmen who were then engaged in affording aid and comfort to the rebels, fighting for the destruction of the Government.

These are a few of the distinguished acts performed by Heister Clymer while he was a State Senator. He is now a candidate for Governor, nominated by his party because of his record above given. Will the people of Pennsylvania endorse a candidate coming before them with a record like this? The result of the election in October will be the answer.

WHY WOMEN DRESS.

A clever and sprightly female writer refers to certain strictures in the *Round Table* on female extravagance: and denies that the sex dress for one another. "Women do not dress for one another; we dress for *you*, gentleman—for you alone." Furthermore "Hagar" declares that a woman can cheat a man out of his eyes with the deceits of dress. "You do not know the difference between natural and artificial beauty. You do not know whether the pretty flush on the face is natural or 'put on.' You do not know whether the softness or fairness of a pretty face is nature's work or 'liquid pearl'—the fashionable name for whitewash. Indeed, you do not. To use your own words, gentlemen, you only know when a woman looks well.' You may *think* you know a painted face, but you do not. I could not detect it myself if I had not seen the paint put on, and were not familiar with this branch of high art. And as long as you think the pretty which we made up a genuine one, what is the difference whether it is or not?" Heigho! well, Jenkins, of the *Leader* rejoices with exceeding great joy that he got safely married before the age of cosmetics, laughing gas and "the German" dance. Well, "Hagar" is right after all. On the ladder of civilization women are always just one rung below men. As they ascend or descend so do their mothers, wives and daughters. 'It is for *you* we spend our last dollar for dress,' exclaims Hagar, "and go half starved and comfortless in consequence. It is for *you*; we are just what you make us." Moral by Jenkins—The women will run after the men.

LEARN THE SANCTITY OF DUTY.—It is to be feared that thousands even of intelligent persons, and persons who are supposed to be religious beings, have no conception of the greatness of the idea of duty, or moral accountability, of the meaning of the word "ought." But it is certain that nothing is done well until it is done from the sense of a controlling principle of inherent and essential rightness. Duty is the child of Love, and therefore there is power in all its teachings and commands.

THE SOUL'S LONGINGS.

Fifteen years ago to-night, a young girl knelt beneath the starry sky to pray; and the burden of her prayer was, that she might be endowed with the powers of genius; that power might be given her to write; to give voice to the tumultuous feelings surging through her soul. This was all the boon she craved. She asked not for love, for wealth, or high estate: neither did she ask for fame; as yet ambition had no place in her heart. She asked but for power to weave together the loose matter that was clogging up her heart; to write out its unwritten music; its glowing dreams and prophesies; and it was granted.

Will it bring her happiness?

Years passed away. Again she knelt to pray. Her dark eyes radiant with the light of genius, were fixed upon the distant heavens; her lips were half unclosed, and her long dark ringlets fell over her uncovered shoulders—she looked like one inspired. Suddenly, the fair head was bent low, and her hand raised, with a kind of deprecating gesture, as if some sorrow had crept in upon her joy. Then, folding her arms over her heart, she bowed her face in the dust of humiliation, and, in broken words exclaimed:

"Father, *to be loved!*"

Ha! she is not happy! she craves the boon of love.

It was not enough that mighty power was given over her own mind and the minds of others. She had made her a world apart from the world she lived in. She had won fame, and bevies of friends; and yet her woman's heart craved for love.

It was sad to see the fair young head bowed so humbly; to see that proud heart humiliated with the thought that the bosom she had craved so passionately asking that, and only that, had failed to satisfy her heart. Again her prayer was granted.

The love of a noble heart was given her; a princely home, and the homage of the multitude. Will the love she has coveted fill her heart? Will love do more for the woman's heart than fame did for the girl's?

She had a happy home; sheltered in from the world's clamor and change—that far-off world she thought so beautiful. Would that she could part the thick curtain that hung between it and her. She did so, and found that the curtain was of coarse gray serge; that the beautiful colors it had worn at a distance had been wrought by her own brain. She wished then that she had not peered beyond the curtain that had been so wisely hung between her and the world that seemed so fair—for she had gained more light and knowledge than was wise for her. She found out the fallacy of her early dreams; that love and truth were not the things they seemed; that happiness was a myth; and the "trail of the serpent was over them all."

Alas! her heart yet unfilled, her soul yet unsatisfied.

And now, from white, quivering, lips, new prayer arises. But, this time she does not kneel, but bears it about in her heart; and, at last, when the want grows unbearable, the trembling lips, utter, passionately, "Give me children, O Father!"

A little life fluttered into existence—a sweet pale blossom of wondrous loveliness. The blue of the violets were in its eyes, and the rose flush upon its cheeks. There was a new delicious feeling in her heart, and her soul thrilled to the touch of those tiny fingers.

Was the want in her soul filled? had the babe's coming stilled its longings? Ah! no; something was wanting—what could it be?

There came a night when the breath floated out from the babe's lips, and it went to dwell beyond the pearly clouds. Then there came hours of darkness and sorrow—afterward there was light!

As the stricken mother gazed on the wee, waxen babe she had loved so well, she could scarcely "believe and quiet herself" before him who had bereaved her. But, even in the midst of her anguish, a new revelation dawned upon her She saw that she had been blindly following her own will, regardless of his who created her. Every prayer of her life had been answered. Genius had been given her, and fame and love; and more precious than all, the sweet child love which is surely a fortaste of Heaven.

Once more beneath the stars she knelt to pray; not the young girl of fifteen years ago but a woman weary and worn. The prayer this time, is not for intellectual endowment; not for human love, nor fame, nor the pattering of children's feet; but, faintly from white lips, come the words:

"Wash me and I will be whiter than snow! Let Thy love fill my heart, O Father! Thy love alone can satisfy the soul! Take away all vain dreams; all strivings for earthly happiness, all yearning for human love! Let the prayer of my heart ever be, Not my will, Father, but thine be done! Thy will let it be done on earth, as it is in Heaven, now and forevermore!

"Lord make me what Thou wilt, so Thou wilt take

What Thou dost make
And not disdain
To house me, though among
Thy coarsest grain."

CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS.

Show us the philosopher that a child cannot puzzle. We have never seen no such a phenomenon. Roll all the wisacres of the world into one, and a schoolboy's whys and wherefores shall confound the combination. If when the Admirable Crinchton travelled through Europe, affixing his challenges to the gates of colleges, the professors had pitted their six year olds against the prodigy, we warrant they would have propounded problems beyond his skill to solve. The truth is, that it is much easier to answer a learned man than a child. Your philosophers understand well enough that there are matters concerning which all men are equally ignorant and with commendable tact and prudence they steer clear of them. But children are bold and persistent querists.—They are not satisfied with evasive replies. They cross examine with merciless perseverance, and sometimes drive the most profound to the refuge of "I don't know." But even that confession—so humiliating to grown up wisdom—does not always silence the youthful searcher after knowledge. He is apt to think you *ought* to know, and to ask why you *don't* know. We really like to set a smart child on a pedant. It is astonishing how the little interlocutor will worry and badger the man of books. But it does him good. It teaches him how much he *does not know*. It is very foolish for any man to give himself airs on the score of acquirements which do not suffice to save him from being cornered and convicted of ignorance by a mere baby.

After quoting from John Locke, that a blind man took his idea of scarlet from the sound of a trumpet, a witty fellow says that a hoopskirt hanging out of a shop door reminds him of the peel of a bell.

THE CHOLERA.

It is generally conceded at present, by almost all of our leading physicians that we will be visited by Asiatic cholera during the coming season. At least, every indication points in that direction. In view of the fact we submit the following series of rules, the observance of which cannot but prove eminently beneficial at any time;

1. Avoid all causes of excessive nervous exhaustion: avoid intemperance in eating and drinking; live upon a nourishing diet, and keep the digestive functions in a healthy condition.

2. Avoid and discourage panic and needless anxiety when the epidemic is announced, remembering that, in its premonitory stage, cholera is generally curable, and that all the exciting causes of the malady can be avoided

3. Promptly second the efforts of the public authorities in all enlightened plans for protecting the public health, especially in all that relates to civic cleanliness, the abatement of nuisances, and the proper care and feeding of the poor.

4. If in business, or charged with any public or philanthrophic duty, do not forsake your post of personal or official labor, except when suffering from premonitory symptoms of cholera or other sickness.

5. Aid and encourage the removal and prevention of the localizing and exciting causes of cholera throughout the district in which you reside.

6. Give particular attention to the drainage, dryness and cleanliness of your premises and the neighborhood, and see to it that the water supply is both pure and sufficient.

7. Inculcate habits of personal neatness.

8. Avoid the employment of purgative drugs, except when prescribed by your physician.

9. Avoid and prevent effluvia from excrementitious matter, sewers, privies and chamber vessels. Frequently and thoroughly disenfect these sources of fever poison.

10. Insist upon the utmost cleanliness and purity of every portion of your apartments furniture and domicils.

11. thoroughly and frequently ventilate every apartment in the dwelling, even to the cellars, closets and vaults. This should be aided by fires in open fire places, wherever available.

12. Carefully protect the body against sudden alterations of temperature. Wear flannel, and when exposed to changeable temperatures, or suffering any disorder of the bowels, wear a broad flannel band extending from the tops of the hips to the middle of the body.

13. Be prudent in the use of food and beverages, being particularly attentive to quality and digestibility.

14. Bear in mind the fact that a painless diarrhoea is the almost invariable precursor of the cholera, and that if not immediately and properly treated it will more probably terminate fatally than favorably.—*Exchange*

A RECEIPT FOR HAPPINESS.—It is simple, when you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done—a left-off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves, light as air,—will do it, at least for twenty-four hours; and if you are young depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. Look at the result; You send one person—only one happily through the day; that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year—and supposing you live forty years only after you commence this course, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred human beings happy, at all events for a time. Now worthy reader, is this not simple? and is it not worth accomplishing? We do not often indulge in a moral dose—but this is so small a pill, that one needs no red currant jelly to disguise its flavor, and it requires to be taken but once a day, that we feel warranted in prescribing it. It is most excellent for digestion, and a producer of pleasant slumber.—*London Atlas.*

THE PURE HEART.—The springs of everlasting life are within. They are clear streams gushing up from the depths of the soul and flow out to enliven the sphere of outward existence. But like the waters of Siloah, they "go swift." You must listen to catch the silvery tones of the little rill as it glides from its mountain home: you may not witness its silent march through the green vale, but its course will be seen in the fresh verdure and the opening flowers: its presence will be unknown by the forms of life and beauty that gather around it It is ever thus with the pure. You may not hear the "still small voice," or heed the silent aspiration, but there is a moral influence and a holy power which you will feel. The wilderness is made to smile flowers of new life and beauty spring up and flourish while an invisible presence breathes immortal fragrance through the atmosphere.

AGRICULTURAL EXPORTS.—The Commissioner of Agriculture states that the following is a statement of the exports from New York of the leading agricultural products from January 1, 1866, to May 1: Flour (wheat), 344,490 barrels; rye flour, 1,074 barrels; corn meal, 43,523 barrels; wheat, 109,467 bushels; rye, 171,823 bushels; oats, 676,520 bushels; peas, 26,604 bushels; corn, 2,077,157 bushels; cotton, 235,852 bales: hay, 17,646 bales; hops, 382 bales; leaf tobacco, 13,020 hogsheads; manufactured tobacco, 962,543 pounds; petroleum, 9,035,296 gallons; pork, 39,536 barrels; beef, 12,015 barrels; beef, 21,379 tierces; cut meats, 21,636,355 pounds; butter, 743,055 pounds; cheese, 1,989,191 pounds; lard, 12,087,482 pounds; tallow, 8,163,115 pounds.

HIBERNIAN TOASTS.—Two gallant "sons of Erin," being just discharged from service, were rejoiceing over the event, when one who felt all the glory of his own noble race, suddenly raised his pot above his head and said, "Arrah, Mike, here's to the gallant old 69th—the last in the field and the first to leave it." "Tut, tut, man," Said mike; "ye don't mane that." "Don't mane it, is it? Then what do I mane?"

"You mane," said Mike, and he raised his glass high, and looked lovingly at it, "Here's to the gallant 69th, equal to none!" And so they drank.

THE people of West Virginia have, by a great majority, voted to disfranchise all rebels, their sympathisers and aiders and abettors. No limitation has been fixed, so that it is probable that the curse that was laid upon the tories of the Revolution will be fastened upon the traitors through all time.

TEXAS COTTON CROP.—Of the cotton crop, we hear from nearly every part of the county, the most flattering prospects. The freedmen are doing better than was to be expected, while our returned soldiers have gone to work with a *vim*, and all seem to be doing their "level best" to make a large crop.—*Texas Countryman.*

THERE is a paper at Columbus, Ga., which has for some time been urging, as the true policy of the South that no cotton be planted for several years, until the Yankees driven by necessity, shall, on their knees, beg the South to accept all their rights and save the Union from bankruptcy. Few if any planters will be inclined to adopt such a policy. It was tried early in the war, when to their great surprise the Southern people learned that cotton was no longer king.

THE NEW WOOL CLIP.—The Sandusky *Register* of the 26th says: "The wool season was inaugurated yesterday by the sale of two thousand pounds at fifty cents. The wool was in very fine condition. Prices are ruling from forty to fifty cents. At the convention yesterday, buyers manifested little disposition to settle upon prices for the new clip on account of the unsettled condition of the market."

IN MILFORD, Mass., the children of Roman Catholic parents were instructed not to conform to certain regulations which have been instituted in all the schools, which regulations consist in singing moral and patriotic songs and bowing the head during prayer. The consequence is that a large number of Irish children are out of school, and have appeared in procession in the streets.

AT the time of the explosion of the nitroglycerine in the yard of Wells, Fargo & Co in San Francisco, a lad was sitting at his desk writing, while plastering and timber fell around, without so much as hurting a hair on his head. The same boy was sitting on the paddle box of the steamer Yosemite when she was blown up, on a trip to Sacramento, and was blown entirely across the river, when he coolly swam back to the wreck to offer assistance to the less fortunate passengers.

A soldier who, in going from Baltimore to Rock Island, had met with four accidents was on the fifth occasion in a car that completely turned over. Making his way through a window, and gaining an upright position, he looked around him and coolly inquired: "What station is this?" He thought this was a way they had of stopping.

Sir James Mackintosh invited Dr. Parr to take a drive in his gig. The horse became restive. "Gently, Jimmy," said the doctor, "don't irritate him: always soothe your horse. Jimmy, you'll do better without me. Let me down, Jimmy." Once on *terra firma* the doctor's view of the case was changed. "Now, Jimmy, touch him up. Never let a horse get the better of you. Touch him up, conquer him, don't spare him—I'll walk back."

Not long since there was a dancing party at the house of Mr. Scott, near Avena, Lawrence county, Ala. The weather was very warm in the early party of the evening, but it had become exceedingly cold when the party broke up heated and fatigued. The company went home; two of them died the next morning, and seven have since died. Others are seriously ill, and none of the participants in the affair are well.

HOPE—Hope is the sweetest friend that ever kept a distressed friend company; it beguiles the tediousness of the way, all the miseries of our pilgrimage. It tells the soul such sweet stories of the succeeding joys; what comfort there is in heaven, what peace, what joy, what triumphs, what marriage songs and hallelujahs there are in that country whither she is travelling, that she goes merrily away with her present burden.

SEEKING FOR TRUTH.—The labors to try man's soul and exalt it, are the search for truth beneath the mysteries which surround creation, to gather amaranths, shining with the hues of heaven, from plains upon which hang, dark and heavy, the mists of earth.

Sir Walter Scott, in lending a book one day to a friend, cautioned him to be punctual in returning it. "This is really necessary," said the poet in apology; "for though many of my friends are bad *arithmeticians*, I observe almost all of them are good *book-keepers*.

A Surgeon, who was bald, was on a visit to a friend's house, whose servant wore a wig. After bantering him a considerable time, the doctor said: "You see how bald I am, and yet I don't wear a wig." "True, sir," replied the servant; "but an empty barn requires no thatch."

IMMENSE IMMIGRATION.—A gentleman just from Sioux City states that between that place and Iowa Falls he met over five hundred teams with immigrants, all bound for the West, some to Dacotah, some to the Sioux City region, and others for the fertile valleys of the Des Moines and other streams this side of the Big Muddy. The rush westward this spring has never been exceeded even in the flushest of the flush times.

An odd bit of dialogue occurs in a novel now publishing in a French paper.

"Where is your husband!" asks a gentleman.

"He went out to buy a cigar," replies the lady.

"Has he been gone long?"

"Eighteen years."

"He is quite right," remarks the gentleman, philosophically; "he wants to choose a good one."

The late lamented Lempriere tells us that Io was changed into a heifer; but we have lately gleaned from the doctor's prescription the following piece of information respecting the end of that young person: "iodide of potassium."

The National circus advertises that they have engaged the services of the best "cannon ball player in the world. On the play bills the name is Conklin. It is evidently a misprint. Grant hasn't retired from the business.

John C. Breckenridge has gone into the pork business in Canada. Judging from the past, it is just the thing for him. When he left Jeff Davis in the lurch, he showed that he knew how to "save his bacon."

When a young lady promises her hand to her lover, on a bright night,