The Bedford Inquirer
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
BY
J. R. DURBORROW AND JOHN LUTZ,
ON
JULIANA St., opposite the Mengel House
BEDFORD, PENN'A

TERMS:

$2,00 a year if paid strictly in advance.
If not paid within six months $2.50.
If not paid within the year $3.00.

Bedford Inquirer.

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

DURBORROW & LUTZ Editors and Proprietors. BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1867. VOLUME 40; NO 11.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

All advertisements for less than 3 months 10 cents per line for each insertion. Special notices onehalf additional. All resolutions of Association, communications of a limited or individual interets 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 made to yearly advertizers.

	3 months.	6 months.	1 year
One square	$ 4.50	$ 6.00	$10.00
Two squares	6.00	9.00	16.00
Three squres	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

Professional & Business Cards

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 Filler & 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,
Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.
☞ Particular attention paid to the collection of Military claims. Office on Julianna 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.

JOHN MOWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
BEDFORD, PA.
April 1, 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.

DENTISTS.

DR. H. VIRGIL PORTER,
(late of New York City,)
DENTIST,
Would respectfully inform his numerous friends and the public generally that he has located permanently in BLOODY RUN. DR. PORTER is constantly availing himself of every late discovery that modern science proves practically useful, and, together with his many years constant practice and profound study, feels confident in asserting that he has acquired the most sure, safe, and satisfactory method of inserting his BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL TEETH on new and improved atmospheric principles, that has yet been discovered.
Teeth filled in a superior manner without pain and all operations warranted.
☞ Teeth extracted positively without pain.
feb:15, tf.

C. S. HICKOK.....J. G. 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.
Tooth Powders and Mouth Wash, excellent articles, always on hand.
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 or otherwise, must be paid for when impressions are taken.
aug5, '64:tf.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. GEORGE C. DOUGLAS
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of Bedford and vicinity.
☞ Residence at Maj. Washabaugh's.
☞ Office two doors west of Bedford Hotel, up stairs. au17:tf

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 pofessional 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.

JEWELER, &c.

ABSALOM GARLICK,
CLOCK AND WATCH-MAKER,
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

DANIEL BORDER,
PITT STREET, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BEDFORD HOTEL, BEDFORD, PA.
WATCHMAKER 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.

Poetry.

WEIGHING THE BABY.

"How many pounds does the baby weigh—
Baby who came but a month ago?
How many pounds from the crowning curl
To the rosy point of the restless toe?"

Grandfather ties the 'kerchief's knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging weight,
And carefully over his glasses peers
To read the record "Only eight."

Softly the echo goes around:
The father laughs at the tiny girl;
The fair young mother sings the words,
While grandmother smooths the golden curl;

And stooping above the precious thing
Nestles a kiss within a prayer,
Murmuring softly, "Little one,
Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
Or the love that came with the helpless one;
Nobody weighed the threads of care
From which a woman's life is spun.

No index tells the mighty worth
Of little baby's quiet breath—
A soft, unceasing metronome,
Patient and faithful until death.

Nobody weighed the baby soul,
For here on earth no weight there be
That could avail; God only knows
Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul,
That seeks no angel's silver wing,
But shrines it in this human guise,
Within so frail and small a thing;

O, mother! laugh your merry note;
Be gay and glad, but don't forget
From baby's eyes looks out a soul
That claims a home in Eden yet.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

Dim shadows gather thickly round,
And up the misty stair we climb,
The cloudy stair that upward leads,
To where the golden portals shine,
Round which the kneeling spirits wait
The opening of the Golden Gate.

And some with eager longing so,
Still pressing forward, hand in hand,
And some with weary steps and slow,
Look back where their beloved stand;
Yet up the misty stairs they climb,
Led on by the angel Time.

As unseen hands roll back the door,
The light that floods the very air
is but the shadow from within,
Of the great glory hidden there;
And morn and eve, and noon and late,
The shadows pass within the Gate.

Miscellaneous.

A STRANGE CASE.

A Young Lady Living Without Food—Remarkable Features of the Case.

The following communication appears in the New York *Times:* Some publicity has recently been given to facts which for several months past have been familiar to many families in Brooklin, respecting the inexplicable peculiarities of Miss Mary——, who has been afflicted, and is still suffering from disease, and who presents a study not only for the medical facility, but for students in mental science. About a year ago this young lady had the misfortune to be thrown from a horse, and received severe injuries, in consequence, but so far recovered as to be able to walk and ride out for exercise. On one of these occasions when she was riding in a car, as she attempted to step to the street, her hoop skirt caught, and she was thrown down and dragged some distance, receiving very severe injuries, which caused apprehensions that she would lose her life. She was taken to her mother's residence where she has since remained, and where every possible tenderness and attention were lavished upon her, and though many physicians have seen her and several of her friends, yet the history of the case, which may be regarded as extremely important to science, has been hitherto veiled from the public—publicity being the last thing that the family, of which the young lady is a most estimable daughter, would desire. The very great importance of the case, notwithstanding the marvelous character, must be the excuse for breaking silence upon the facts.

It appears that Miss Mary——, after being taken home, was a sufferer from severe spasms, after which she reclined on her right side, with her right hand under the back of her right ear. The left hand was at liberty, and one of the lower limbs was twisted around the other, the toes being somewhat near each other. In this condition the patient remained, her eyelids and teeth being closed so that the physicians were of the opinion that lockjaw had set in. The patient not only took no food and no drink, but she did not sleep. Her eyes were closed, but her mind was always awake. The variations from these conditions and posture were only during spasms, when the limbs were set at liberty for a moment, and then flew back to their wonted places. While in the ordinary position and unaffected by spasms, the patient soon began to display remarkable powers, which will be comprehended when they have been described. She wrote with her left hand to her friends, and never failed to write on the ruled blue lines of the paper with the same ease as if she had the use of her eyes. Her letters to her friends and schoolmates are cheerful compositions, written in an elegant Italian back hand, although the use of the thumb of the left hand is denied to her. The pen has always been taken by the forefinger and firmly grasped, the little finger and the edge of the hand being parallel to the paper. These letters have been familiarly signed "Mollie," and breathes no complaint at her sufferingss. This young girl, however, has not been deserted by nature altogether, and left to be pitied. She has been able to call up the deepest interest, because she seems to be gifted with clairvoyance to a remarkable degree. She crochets, and that, too, in colors. The materials are placed at the back of her head, when she uses the thumb and forefinger of her right hand and her left hand in producing very handsome results. She can crochet, thus at the back of her head, without making any mistake in the colors, as well as any young lady who has the use of vision and her two hands. She can also cut beautifully in paper, and do embroidery work, and in this way she finds both employment and amusement. Another faculty that she possesses is that of reading any book without ever opening it. It seems however that it must be near her, or that she must touch it. A published report says that she does not see in this way everything in the room. This is possible, and even probable; but it seems that she can see without the use of her eyes, anything that is near her. Our informant, who is well known in this community, avers that there is no doubt of her complete power of clairvoyance, although he has never authenticated, and he has called the attention of Prof. Agassis to the subject, in the hope that some scientific report, beyond the question of a doubt, may be made upon the facts.

The latest condition of the patient varies somewhat from that in which she has been for many months. About Christmas she fell into a trance that lasted twenty days, and since that time hopes have been entertained that some nourishment is given to her, but the physician in attendance states that so far as food is concerned she cannot be said to have taken any for nine months.

It will naturally be asked if she has not become emaciated from such fasting. This would be the usual inference, but in her case she presents a picture altogether the reverse. She has grown more handsome and apparently more healthy during her disease. No sign of ill health mark her cheeks. As she reclines upon her right arm, when not engaged in her employment, she might be regarded as in a gentle sleep. She is not pleased with the visits of physicians, but she is gratified to have the presence of friends. The question of her recovery is doubtful, although the fact that she seemed to obtain some very slight nourishment lately gives a little hope. She is attended by one of the most eminent physicians of Brooklyn, who states that while she is ill it is impossible to give any opinion as to the direct cause of this peculiar malady. It is certain that at one period, from the 19th of September until Christmas, she never ate, drank or slept, and that during that time she worked at her employment and books as though possessing all her faculties.

So wonderful a case as this of course is liable to be received as a report of imaginary facts, but the knowledge that the whole matter, for the sake of science, must soon be made public, is the only apology that is required for directing public attention to the case. The medical men of Brooklyn have been much interested in this interesting young patient, and are able to corroborate the statement made, but they have no opinion to offer, so far as can be learned, on the causes of the malady. It is thought by some that the spine has been injured, and that the clairvoyance is the result of some abnormal condition of the brain.

THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

What a dark and loathsome place! No ray of hope pierces its dense gloom. The goodly minister must not, dare not, repeat of sepulcher, that touchingly beautiful passage in the burial service: "We commit the body of this, our departed brother, 'dust to dust and ashes to ashes,' in sure and certain hope of a glorious ressurrection from the dead at the last day." Hope for the drunkard in death! Alas! there is none. Inspiration inscribed upon his death tablet, in letters of fire, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." Despair eternal sits enthroned upon the drunkard's grave, and an utterance of awful truthfulness, proclaims its undisputed right to hold the prisoner as his lawful pray until he shall "awake to everlasting shame and contempt," to receive his final doom. Every clod, as it falls upon the coffin lid, declares with terrible significance, the hopelessness of the lost man.

While kindred shed their tears of anguish, and friends perform their last act of kindness, how terrific the thought that demons are holding a festival of meriment over another soul plunged by the maddening cup into perdition's fiery depths.

Imagine, if you can, all the drunkards who have from the first transgressions until now been brought by some invisible power into one place. How vast the multitude! How immense the mound of debased humanity. What a commingling of the great and small, the wise and the ignorant, the civilized and the rude, the rich and the poor, the honorable and the ignoble! As you gaze upon this mountain pile, this commingling of nations, of divers sects, of all classes, you see written upon every brow, by the pen of an outraged divinity, "DIED WITHOUT HOPE."

It matters not how brave, or learned, or rich, or generous, or noble, or eloquent, or influential that a drunkard was in his day, the shroud of despair covers him.

The drunkard's grave is the very citadel of eternal hopelessness. What bolts and bars and chains are here! And all the more fearful because they were forged by the miserable victim as he went forth in his day, under the sunlight of heaven. It is of no consequence to him now when or where he lived—whether in a palace or a wigwam—upon a throne or in serfdom—in luxury or in poverty—at home or in a foreign land; the result is essentially the same. His life was spent in digging a grave, which to him is the home of despair.

Strange that the living will not take warning, but they will not. How many in this very town, and all over the land, are every night engaged in forging the chains that will ultimately bind them in this grave of ruin. With many, the business for this terrible consummation is well nigh done. A few more glasses from the poisonous flood and all is over. The final stagger made, and then the hoary headed sinner falls in the pit of gloom he has dug for himself. O, if he would listen to the voice of reason and repent before he makes the final plunge in the place where repentance comes not!

But what is still worse, as these old veteran drunkards die off, there is no lack of others to take their place. What a legion of young men have already entered the pathway leading to the drundard's prison house. O, could we speak to them, one and all, we would plead with them in accents of burning love to pause before they take another step. Another glass—another spree—another bacchanalian feast, and it may be too late! By the yearnings of a mother's bosom; by the first love to her to whom you have given the nuptial pledge; by the obligations of your manhood; by the respect you bear to yourself; by the compassion of a Saviour's heart, and the wrath of an offended God, we beseech you to go no further in the downward way. Shun the revelry of the dram-shop and the glee of the festive board as you would the scorpion's bite. Remember, young man, that every liquor hotel—every drinking saloon—every dram shop of every sort, is the gateway to the drunkard's hopeless destiny. To every one who indulges in the cup that intoxicates, we would in all affection address the solemn warning of the prophet: "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways for why will ye die?"

HAVING AN OBJECT AND STICKING TO IT.

Persistence in any chosen vocation is an essential to success. This is a general rule, but we desire now only to apply it to the business of the mechanic. Constant practice, constant study, and constant application are conditions precedent to perfection. But even these will be wasted if the occupation chosen is unfitted to the natural qualifications of the workman. Some are born without any natural aptness for the mechanical arts. Every mechanic understands what is meant by a "mechanical eye." The want in the visual organs thus characterized does not necessarily imply that there is a disease or malformation of the optic nerve, but rather that there is no judgment to direct and guide the eye. The infant grasps as readily at the moon as at his rattle within a few inches of his face. In time, by repeated experiments, he learns the relative distances and dimensions of objects. All are capable of this amount of judgment, but in the practice of mechanics a much higher degree of experience is required and a much closer exercise of the judgment. There are some men who may practise at a mechanical trade their whole life long and never be even passable workmen. They never can tell whether a line is straight, or a surface level, even with the aid of levels and straight-edges. We remember an instance in point, where a young man ardently desirous of becoming a machinist was compelled to forego his favorite business because of this imperfection—the want of a "mechanical eye." His first job was the centering of some pieces of round iron, seven inches long and one and one-eighth inches diameter. He worked with vice, hammer, center punch, and bench centers half a day on twelve pieces, yet he did not correctly center a single one, although he received repeated instructions and examples from the foreman. Indeed he could not, even with the aid of chalk held against the revolving surfaces of the cylinders, see in what respect they were not true. Such an apprentice could never become a workman and his failure would result from no fault capable of remedy. Many employers have had a similar experience with their apprentices, or with those who called themselves workmen. The first requisite, therefore, is to have a proper object, one fitted to the capabilities.

Another of more importance is to stick to it. We take it for granted that every beginner at a mechanical business enters it with the intention and purpose of becoming a first class workman. If not it is more than probable he will never reach even mediocrity. If he is satisfied to serve his time, blundering through his work without understanding it, he will come out one of those nuisances to employers and disgracers to workmen, a "poor tool." Such professional workmen cannot stay long in any situation and are compelled to accept the most distasteful work with the lowest wages. Even under these circumstances there might be hope for them if they would, thus late, endeavor to stick to their business; but, being disheartened, they leave the attempting, idling and succeeding in nothing because they will not thoroughly, and honestly, and persistently apply themselves to their business.

Soon apprentices think that when they have achieved the triumph of doing one job in a single department of their business their trade is learned and their position secure. They do not seem to realize that although the customary or legal term of their novitiate has expired they are still learners. New methods of doing work, new tools, new descriptions of work, new combinations of materials are continually being brought forward, and the mechanic who has attained the position of a first class workman by patient practice, must preserve and hold that position by constant endeavor.

There are others who "stick to it," in a different way. These are they who having spent a limited time in a shop assume to know all they have ever had to do and also all they have seen others do. They have done with learning. In their own estimation they are perfect. When seeking a job they assume a thorough knowledge of the work to be performed and the method of doing it. These men soon find their level. We knew once of such a prodigy who hired into a machine shop and had for his first job the turning of connecting bars tapering from center to ends. He asked a fellow workman how he should turn them. The answer was: "Set the tail of your lathe over," meaning to move transversely the upper portion of the tail stock to the proper angle. He understood it literally and procuring a crow-bar was swinging the lathe frame out of line with the driving shaft when the foreman discovered him. His services were incontinently dispensed with.

Mechanical art does not need such helpers. It needs men with a purpose; men who are willing and ardent to learn; men who are not dismayed at obstacles, but who take a pride in either removing or overcoming them. Only such will ever become mechanics worthy the name. The others are abortions.—*Scientific American.*

NOTICE THEM.

"There is teacher coming!" says the little girl, as she trudges home from Sunday school; and with eager haste she brushes back the hair beneath her little sister's hood, quickly arranging her own dress, that both may be as presentable as possible to the handsomely dressed young lady she admires so much. But the teacher passes on, chatting gaily with a young associate, and never bestowing a glance on the poorly-clad little creature, who a moment before had eyes for nothing else in the world but for her.

Who can tell how deeply such "trifling disappointments," as we call them, sink down into little hearts? How sadly the little one turns away, mortified, too, that her companions had witnessed the disappointment of her reasonable expectations. What a little effort it would have cost, to have lightened up the child's pathway for hours and days to come! She will not meet the teacher the next Sunday with the accustomed frankness and affection. The childish spirit has been too deeply wounded, and she feels there is a distance between them which did not exist before. Perhaps the teacher did not observe her; but this only shows that the habit of noticing the young needs cultivation.

Your worst boy will respect himself more and behave better, for a friendly pleasant word of recognition, even in the midst of his street companions. It does him good to have the boys see that a well-dressed gentleman thinks enough of him to speak to him in his every-day jacket, and he will make an effort to deserve better such attention. Keep a look-out then for your children all through the week, and when occasion offers supplement your Sunday instructions by a word of kindly counsel. It will often tell more powerfully on the heart than your stated instructions.

SIN is never at a higher flood than when grace is at a low ebb.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON ON THE DECADENCE OF THE CHURCHES.

ON Sunday, December 16th, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon addressed his overwhelming congregation on the decadence during the year 1866 of the Protestant Churches, and the extraordinary and alarming increase of ritualism. He selected for his text Habakkuk iii. 2—"O Lord I have heard thy speech, and was afraid: O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy." He said it was known to be a fact, and one that could not be denied, that during the last twelve months the Church of the living God had not made the slightest approach to an advance, and he believed that for many years past no advance in it had been made. The Baptist denomination was, upon the whole, in as sound and healthy a state as any Christian community; in ordinary respects, perhaps, it was more sound and healthy than any other; but then had there not been some increase in London and Glamorganshire, there would have been a decrease upon the year of the entire denomination in England, Scotland, and Ireland. In the greater part of Wales and fifteen counties in England there certainly would have been a decrease, and they should have lost numbers, while to counterbalance these losses the entire increase in London would not amount to more than 4,000 souls. It was true the statistics were not very accurate, but if they were more correct he was afraid that even worse results would be apparent. If the other Churches had increased far less than the Baptist denomination, and he believed they had, then he was justified in saying that the Church of God, instead of making any advance in proportion to the increase of the population, had absolutely gone back in 1866. It would appear too, that if a census were taken that day of the numbers attending places of worship they would be found to be fewer than on the corresponding day last year; and as respected missions to foreign lands, the success was so trifling that the Christian public ought to be bowed down into the dust when they reflected on it. Where now was there a nation born in a day? Where were the kings of the earth who had bowed before King Augustus? Was there a tribe however insignificant that had honored Christ during the past year? Not one. The army of the living God had rather suffered a repulse rather than obtained a victory, and it seemed at the best that the Church had stood still. What kind of an age had this been in which we lived? Had we been living in one of the dark ages in which mind was rocked to sleep, and in which there was a somnolency of the human intellects? Nothing of the kind. The year had been one of the most wakeful in the annals of this generation. There had been stirs everywhere, including political stirs, from which truth had nothing to dread. The only dread he had being that arising from a sleepy audience. Men had agitated this year for what they believed their rights, and on that agitation the human mind had been [illegible] He believed not, and in proof of that assertion he begged the congregation to look at the progress of error. Evangelical truth had made no advance; but that could not be said of Ritualism, for its advance had been astounding. Had an angel from Heaven told them that it should have succeeded as it had, he would not have been believed. England, they had been often told, was Protestant, so soundly Protestant, that the people would never bear to have incense smoking under their noses, or the millinery of the Church of Rome flaunting before their eyes. But they had borne it. Where now were the greatest crowds of them to be seen? Were they not to be found kneeling at the feet of the Priest of Baal, where their senses were delighted, while their souls were deluded? Yes; there had been an advance, but not an advance in truth; and while error was spreading over the land and men were perishing daily, and multitudes were going astray, the Church was folding her arms, allowing the banner of Christ to become moth eaten, and suffering the advocates of Ritualism to have their way. He feared that God would send judgments upon the Churches of Britain for this neglect, and perhaps take away the candlestick. He feared lest these Churches should have a name to live and be dead, lest they should be treated as others were treated, lest they should become like Rome when she was made an apostacy and an abomination in the face of angels and of men."

A FISH STORY.

About the strangest thing we ever heard of occurred here on last Friday, 2d inst. Mr. Schoelhurtz, a well known citizen who lives in a small frame house near the depot, went fishing to the lighthouse dock with a couple of friends. Their luck did not seem very good, as but one black bass and a few perch were all that had been captured, and the interest in the sport naturally began to flag. While Mr. Shoelhurtz was examining his watch, a very fine one to which a black ribbon and a seal were attached, his line being left carelessly in the water, a sudden heavy jerk that nearly took the fish pole from his hand, and so startled him that in trying to grasp it with the other hand, in his excitement he somehow let go of his watch, which struck his knee and bounded off into the water, his line (though a very strong one,) parted the same instant with a snap. Regrets, though naturally indulged in to some extent, were useless, so the party continued fishing for a couple of hours after the accident, and then rowed homewards with a light string of fish, Mr. Shoelhurtz's ill luck having followed him so persistently that he had actually caught nothing. When nearly back to the starting point they were overtaken by a fishing boat, and being ashamed to exhibit their "catch" to their friends, as unlucky fishermen always are, they concluded to buy a few fish to add to those honestly caught, agreeing not to tell tales on each other as to the manner in which they were obtained—Mr. Shoelhurtz purchased an eight pound black bass and three small ones. As he was carrying the fish home he thought he saw something sticking in its gills, which on closer inspection proved to be a fish hook that very much resembled the one he had lost in the afternoon, and it was with a kind of savage joy that he anticipated eating the prime cause of his ill luck; but the strangest of all, upon cutting the fish open he found his watch, which had not even stopped ticking.—*Erie (Pa.) Dispatch.*

AN Irishman was summoned for refusing to pay a doctor's bill, when he was asked why he refused to pay. "What for should I pay?" said Pat; "sure he didn't give me anything but some emetics, and divil a one could I keep on my stomach at all."

PRENTICE, of the Louisville *Journal*, tenders his advice to the public as follows: "Never buy goods of those who don't advertise. They have so little to sell that they have to sell dear."

A PEN PICTURE OF THADDEUS STEVENS.

Thaddeus Stevens is just coming in from his committee-room, and looks feeble, the great old man, it makes me sorry. The men abroad who assail him with such ferocity, if they could see him now, would be quite disarmed. His spirit is not abated, his sarcasm cuts as keenly as ever, his wit flashes as brightly, his great intellect seems in no wise dimmed; yet the hand of Time lies heavy upon him. The will which never swerves, which always conquers and rules men, is powerless to resist the pressure of pain and the infirmities of age. Although no casual observer would think it, Thaddeus Stevens is over seventy years of age. A comely wig robs him of the hoary crown which always hallows the head of age. His face, in outline approaches the Indian type. The square perceptive brow, the deeply set eyes, the high cheek-bones, the broad jaw and saturnine mouth are most marked. The face in repose, is stern, but not savage. The "sardonic smile" that we read so much about is a very human and kindly face after all. Thaddeus Stevens' inimitable sarcasm and wit seem purely intellectual gifts, flames of the head, free from all smoke of personal malice. He will say the most savage things of a man's acts or opinions, without one emotion of ill will toward the man. He will annihilate a member in a speech, and then, clapping him on the shoulder, ask the discomfited brother to go with him to lunch. You hear of his many kindly deeds from those who know him best; of the gentle charities which blossom along his private path, of the many poor boys whom he has lifted from poverty and obscurity to give them help and a motive in life. For many years he has been a power in the nation, a leader in the House, marshaling in the van the hosts of liberty. No man is more eagerly listened to. No man perhaps would be so positively missed if he were to pass forever from the Congressional Hall. He has stood there so long, his intellect is so powerful, his personality so positive, his utterance so unique. his spirit so masterful, his memory will not pass away with his presence, nor his name with his generation.

He is one whose sayings will live long after him. His jeweled witticisms will set in many a speech, and gleam in many a Congress, when the brain which gave them birth has gone back to dust. But the old lion of the House is fighting his last battles. One who has fought so long and so bravely does not like to confess that he is at last worsted by Time—that even he has found a conqueror. To have lived in the world, to have been with it, and of it so long, to love it only to leave it, how hard. To a heart broken by its own burdens, death comes a healing and a consolation; but to a man who has sought the satisfaction of life in public spheres, whose activities have been expended on the issues of the age, while the grand problems of his time remain unsolved and the cast victories of the future yet unconsummated—to him death is as unwelcome as it is irremediable. Such a man has no time to die.—*New York Independent.*

BRITISH REFORM.

The Government Plan—Resolutions Introduced by Mr. Disraeli.

The following is a copy of the reform resolutions moved by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in Committee of the whole House, on Monday, February 25:

This House having, in the last session of Parliament, assented to the second reading of a bill entitled "A bill to extend the right of voting at elections of members of Parliament in England and Wales," is of opinion:

1. That the numbtr of electors for counties and boroughs in England and Wales ought to be increased.

2. That such increase may best be effected by both reducing the value of the qualifying tenement in counties and boroughs, and by adding other franchises not dependent on such value.

3. That while it is desirable that a more direct representation should be given to the laboring class, it is contrary to the Constitution of this realm to give to any one class or interest a predominating power over the rest of the community.

4. That the occupation franchise in counties and boroughs shall be based upon the principle of rating.

5. That the principle of plurality of votes, adopted by Parliament would facilitate the settlement of the borough franchise on an extensive basis.

6. That it is expedient to revise the existing distribution of seats.

7. That in such revision it is not expedient that any borough now represented in Parliament should be wholly disfranchised.

8. That, in revising the existing distribution of seats, this House will acknowledge, as its main consideration, the expediency of supplying representation to places not at present represented, and which may be considered entitled to that privilege.

9. That it is expedient that provision should be made for the better prevention of bribery and corruption at elections.

10. That it is expedient that the system of registration of voters in counties should be assimilated, as far as possible, to that which prevails in boroughs.

11. That it shall be open to every parliamentary elector, if he thinks fit to record his vote by means of a polling paper, duly signed and authenticated.

12. That provision be made for diminishing the distance which voters have to travel for the purpose of recording their votes, so that no expenditure for such purpose shall hereafter be legal.

13. That an humble address be presented to Her Majesty, praying Her Majesty to issue a Royal Commissien to form and submit to the consideration of Parliament a scheme for new and enlarged boundaries of the existing Parliamentary boroughs where the population extends beyond the limits now assigned to such boroughs; and to fix, subject to the decision of Parliament, the boundaries of such other boroughs as Parliament may deem fit to be represented in this House.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.—Did you ever think, short though it is, how much there is in it? Oh, it is beautiful! Like a diamond in the crown of a queen, it unites a thousand sparkling gems in one.

It teaches all of us, every one of us, to look to God as our parent—"Our Father."

It prompts us to raise our thoughts and desires above the earth—"Who art in heaven."

It tell us that we must reverence our heavenly Father—"Hallowed be thy name."

It breathes the Saint's reward—"Thy kingdom come."

And a submissive, obedient spirit—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

And a dependent trusting spirit—"Give us this day our daily bread."

And a forgiving spirit—"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

And a cautious spirit—"Deliver us from evil."

And, last of all, an adoring spirit—"For thine is thy kingdom, and the power and the glory, forever and ever. Amen."

A SISTER.

He who has never known a sister's kind ministrations, nor felt his heart warming beneath her endearing smile and love beaming eye, has been unfortunate indeed. It is not to be wondered if the fountains of pure feeling flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentler emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes of manhood.

"That man has grown up among kind and affectionate sisters," we once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark

"And why do you think so?" said we.

'Because of the rich development of all the tenderer and more refined feelings of the heart, which are so apparent in every word"

A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's later years; and the heart of him who has grown cold in his chilling contact with the world, will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment, as some incident awakes within him the soft tones and glad melodies of his sister's voice. And he will turn from his purposes, which a warped and false philosophy has reasoned into expediency and even weep for the gentler influences which moved him in his earlier years.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

Blessed influence of one true loving human soul on another! Not calculable by algebra, not deducible by logic, but mysterious, effectual, mighty as the hidden process by which the tiny seed is quickened, and bursts forth into tall stem and broad leaf, and glowing tasseled flower. Ideas are often poor ghosts; our sun filled eyes cannot discern them; they pass athwart us in thin vapor, and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made flesh; they breathe upon us with warm breath; they touch us with soft, responsive hands; they look at us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones; they are clothed in a living human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power, then they shake us like a passion, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

"EAT YOUR BROWN BREAD FIRST."—It is a plain, but faithful saying, *eat your brown bread first;* nor is there a better rule for a young man's outset in the world. While you continue single you may live within as narrow limits as you please; and it is then you must begin to save in order to be provided for the more enlarged expenses of your future family. Besides, a plain frugal life is then supported most cheerfully; it is your own choice, and it is to be justified on the best and most honest principles in the world, and you have nobody's pride to struggle with, or appetites to master, but your own. As you advance in life and success, it will be expected you should give yourself greater indulgence; and you may then be allowed to do it both reasonably and safely.

BOOK PRICES.—Lamb's old associates are now dead. "They that lived so long," as he says, "and flourished so steadily, are all crumbled away." The beauty of these evenings was that every one was placed on an easy level. No-one out-talked the others. No one—not even Coleridge—was permitted to out-talk the rest. No one was allowed to hector another, nor to bring his own grievances too prominently forward, so as to disturb the harmony of the night. Every one had a right to speak and to be heard; and no one was ever trodden or clamored down (as in some large assemblies) until he had proved that he was not entitled to a hearing, or had abused his privilege. I never, in all my life, heard so much unpretending good sense talked, as at Charles Lamb's social parties. Often a piece of sparkling humor was shot out that illuminated the whole evening. Sometimes there was a flight of high and earnest talk that took one half way towards the stars.—*Lamb's Memoirs.*

THE MOTHER.—There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed, in the loneliness and neglect of a foreign land, but has thought of the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor stifled by gratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and if misfortune overtake him, he will be dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world besides cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

HOPE ON!—A bankrupt merchant returning home one night said to his noble wife:—"My dear, I am ruined, everything we have is in the hands of the sheriff."

After a few moments of silence the wife looked kindly into his face and said:

"Will the sheriff sell you? Oh! no! Will the sheriff sell the children? Oh! no! Will the sheriff sell me? Oh! no! Then do not say we have lost everything. All that is most valuable remains to us—manhood, womanhood, childhood. We have lost but the result of our skill and industry. We can make another fortune if our hearts and hands are left us."

IF you should ever meet with an accident at the table, endeavor to be composed. A gentleman carving a tough goose had the misfortune to send it entirely out of the dish into the lap of a young lady who sat next to him on which he looked her full in the face and said with the utmost coolness—'Madam I will thank you for that goose.'

A Washington special says: It is stated that a friend of the President has gone to Richmond to urge the Legislature of Virginia to adopt the measures proposed in the military bill so as to become a State in the Union as speedily as possible. The Legislature is holding secret sessions in consequence.

AN Irish judge had the habit of beggin pardon on every occasion. At the close of the assizes, as he was about to leave the bench, an officer of the court reminded him that he had not passed sentence of death on one of the prisoners as he had intended. "Dear me," said his lordship, "I really beg his pardon."

I PRESSED her gentle form to me, and whispered in her ear, if, when I was far away, for me she'd drop a tear; I paused for some cheering words, my throbbing heart to cool, and with her loving lips she said, "Oh, Bob you're sich a fool!"