Bedford Inquirer.

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

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TERMS.

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April 7, 1865—tf.

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Aug. 25, 1865.

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Schellsburg, April 21, '65. E. S. CLARKE.

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Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. Dec. 15, '65.

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April 13, 1866—tf.

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Having permanently located, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office on Juliana street, opposite the Bank, another north of Hall & Noble's office. April 13, 1866—tf.

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Oct. 28, 1865—tf.

D. W. CROUSE,
WHOLESALE TOBACCONIST,
No. 2 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 cases promptly filled. Persons having anything to sell will do well to give him a call.
Bedford, Oct. 20, '65.

REED & SHANNON, BANKERS,
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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. HIGHEST MARKET PRICE paid for GOLD and SILVER. [may25'67

THOMAS MERWINE,
MANUFACTURER OF
CABINET WARE, &C.,
BEDFORD, PA.
The undersigned, having purchased the Shop Tools, &c., of the late Wm. Stahl, dec'd, is now prepared to sell all kinds of CABINET WORK in good style and at the shortest notice at the OLD STAND in West Pitt street.
☞ Having a HEARSE, he is also prepared to furnish COFFINS and ATTEND FUNERALS.
THOMAS MERWINE.
March 15, '67.

Poetry.

HYMN OF NATURE.

The harp of Nature's silver string,
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung,
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean howls up to heaven,
And mirrors wave the star.

Its waves are dwelling on the strand,
As incense the human lines;
Their wills forbe bowing to the sand
The grandeur of the pines.

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring;
And all the listening hills of earth
Unite in the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar curtains of the hills
Are raised to purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud
Or low with sobs of pain,
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With folded hand and branches crossed,
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its floor is earth and air,
The music of its starry march,
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The worthless heart of man.

—*Whittier's "Tent on the Beach."*

TERMS.

The Negro Vote—Mr. Vasby in Institution of Waste Hampton, Tries to Conciliate the African—The Result of the Venture.

POST OFFICE, CONSUMPTIVE X ROADS, }
Which is in the State of Kentucky, }
March 28, 1867. }

I have had many sudden and rather strordinary changes in politics since the nevvember election in the conseffecce. I rekollect vunst in advocatin free trade and high protective tariff, all within twelve hours. I made a speech in a agricultooral cesstrick, in New York in the forenoon at 10 A. M., and in a manufacturin town in Pennsylvany in the evenin, our platform being so constructid that both sides could find a enforcement in it, and hev performed many other feats in nurni gymnastics, but this last change I hev been called upon to make is probably the suddenest. Last week Tuesday, Dea-kin Pogram, Captain Rod'erick and I was engaged in ratifien the Corners' ny noggins. We hed embraced em so long ez we cood possible, and determined on stumpin it no longer. Sellectin three verii we wuz satisfied had too much gullin look into em to be enslaved agin, we was preparin noises to be served out to em, ordern em to leave in twenty-four hours, when I received in the Northern mail a letter marked "Free—Alexander W. Randall, P. M. G." I knowed it wuz offishul to wunse—that bleedin signature is on my commishun, and I've contemplated it too often to be mistaken in it. Its contents wuz brief, and run thus:

"To all Postmasters in the Southern States: The niggers hev voices—consiliation is our best hop. See to it."

This seed, tho not hard to be understood, order, was sealed with the offishel seal uv the Post Offis Department stampt into putty instid uv butter, with ten hands a grabbin at it. I comprehended the situashun at site, and at about noon my fury with both Roman and Spartan firmness. "Deakin," sez I, restin on the noises, "these niggers we hev misunderstood. They are not a inferior race—they are not decendants of Ham and Hagger—it wuzn't Paul's idea in sendin back Onesimus to condemn him to servitood—we hev misunderstood the situashun, and must make amends. The nigger is devoid uv cruelt, and is trooly a man and a brudder!"

"What!" said the Deakin, tipping back in amazement.

"Just wat I say," sez I, "read that," and I flung him the letter.

The instint uv the conference went hitherd wuz the callin uv a meeting the next nite, at wich all the Ethiopians in the Corners wuz invited and urged to be present.

The trouble wuz to get the niggers to attend the meetin. The first one I spoke to left in my face, and asked me how long it wuz since I hed ceased bein a counsle uv niggers, by way uv finishin off a celebrashun. Pollok, the Illinois storekeeper, got hold uv it, and told the Bigler, and Fox swore that ef the niggers hedn't any more sense than we give em credit for, in spoon we cood humbucker em so cheep, he stood go back to the old relief, to wit: that they wuz only a superior race uv monkeys, after all—and by mite every nigger in the vicinity wuz posted thoroughly, and on uv all av em I cood only get four who would promise to attend, and them the Deakin agreed to pay $2 apiece to. To give eclat I promised one uv em $5 (to be paid at the close uv the meetin) to set on the stand with me, which, being a very poor man, and livin a sick wife in a shanty near by, who wuz sufferin for medicine (which is coolant git without money), he accepted.

At this point an idee struck me. I remembered Philadelfy, and determined to hev a scene rivalin the Couch and Orr fizzle.

"Another thing, Cuff, understand that it's a part uv the bargain that when in my speech I turn to you and stomp, you must rise and embrace me."

"What?" sez he.

"Roll me in yer arms, livin like—you understand—just as tho we wuz long, long sinse brothers!"

"Sense me!" sez he. "Use a mity low nigger, and wants to buy de old woman some quinine, an wood to mos' anything for dat, but golly, dat's too much!"

"You a cent," sez I, sternly, assoomin my most parcenss gaze, "unless this is instituted!"

"Well," returned he enkidje, "ef I must I must, but golly—"

The nite arrived and the meetin house wuz full. We had rus up a platfirm in the chapel to the College, that give up the rites uv immolashun, ez own to the illyterate uv our Northern friends in Invarnlin sich subscriptions ez they hev missed, we hevn't got no further with the feelin than kyin the corner stun. In the front wuz the four niggers all in clean shirts, and on the stand wuz the nigger I hed engaged. (I use the platform, wuz the idearin nations.)

"In Reunion there is strength—for President in 1868, Fernando Wood. For vice President, Frederick Dugla."

"In the nigger, strength—in the Caucasian, beauty—in the mulatter, who is proph the noblest uv the human race, both."

In allushen to these, we dug up all the old mottoes with Jefferson with about wuminal liberty and sich, with feelin ten quoted in Kentucky for twenty years, and postid em up; in brief, had Wendell Phillips' blessid spereit hin a hoverin over that meetin house, it wood hev smiled approvingly.

I spoke to em eloquently on the vooniversel brotherhood uv mankind, holdin that whatever else coot is said, Adam wuz the father uv all mankind, and that the only difference between a white man and a nigger wuz sun burnt. The nigger, I remarkt, wuz, undoubtedly originally white, but hevin bin, sence his arrival in this country, afflicted to agricultooral persents, he hed become tanned to a degree with, tho it marred his physical beauty, did not interfere with his sterlin goodniss uv heart. Other than this difference between the races—at times (her bed in applesauntnisses with no one regretin more than I). The whites uv the Corners hed not allus bin ez considerate ez I cood hev wished. They hed flogged several uv em, and hung many more, and in times gone hed held em in slavery, and sich, but that shood not be dun now at this happy time. It wuz constitootional to do these things then, and Kentucky wuz eminently a law abidin State. "Here," sez I, "on this platform, with the flag in our common country over me, I declare eternal fraturnity to the colored man, and to seel the declaration I thus entrooce—"

The obstinit nigger did'nt stir a step.

"Come up and fling your arms around me you black ossa," I sed, in a stage whisper. "Come up."

"No you don't boss," sed the nigger, in a loud voice which wuz audible to all over the church, and holdin out his hand. "I don't trust you a dressed nimmit. Gib me $5 first. You owe its only six dollars now to sawin wood to yeah post offis, and if we sa gwin to hab on rites in de vote I did put mine to will be gitten dat money. Pay up in full in free afterward. I can't go sich a disagreeable ting widout de cash in advance."

This rather destroyed the effect. The amities wuzn't preserved. The niggers in front riss out in a torturing hiff, and Pollock and Bigler called it a conspiracy, an—

In wich hall, as our people joined. Me a standin petrified, in the attitude of entreaten, that ongrit nigger standin with his hand extended for the money, with the Deakin and Beacon horror struck just behind, formed a tableu wich wuz more striking than pleasant.

The meeting wuz to wunst adjourned, for it wuz evident to the dullest comprehension that nothing more could be done that nite. My counsil failed to start a capital. Each man possest in the paltry sum uv five dollars how different wood her in the result! Perchance we may thro the deficiency, loss Kentucky. It must never occur agin—my salery must be raised. I can't make bricks without straw.

Joe Bigler met me next morning and remarkt that he regretted the occurence, as he ardently desired to see the two races a pullin together. "The fact is," continued he, "wuz in not managin properly. The next time you rust a spectable nigger to sit on the platform with you and the Deakin, or else or enlinese you—git him drunk. He'll fix it then probably—I know he will. If he's drunk enuff he'll hurrah for Johnson, and it's possible to get em down to the mint by voting with you. Lord how whisky drags a man down. 'See wat it's brot you to,' and the insultin wretch rolled off laffin boisterously. 'Got on drunk, Perfesser,' he yelled or long ez he could see me.

We don't intend to give it up. Bigler's advice was given in jest, but, nevertheless, I shall act upon it. Whisky is what brings white men to us, and if a white man kin be thus enlisted, why not a nigger. The Deakin says I got a far to fall to go down to our level, and it'll take less to bring him. Beacon entered five barrels to-day, with I spose the Administration will pay for. We have yet the New York Custom House, and more in the parkesits must be used for politikle purposes.

Parnounsing W. Nasby, P. M.,
With a Postmaster, and likewise Professor of Illiblike Politicks in the Southern Classikle and Military Institoot.

WHO IS LOUIS HARMS?

To this question our answer is a genuine puzzle, a true Christian hero. Louis Harms is a plain Lutheran clergyman. In 1846 he was installed as pastor of the parish of Hermannsburg, on the Lueneburger Heath, in the kingdom of Hanover. He is a man, according to the reports, of simple, direct nature, full of faith and the Holy Ghost. His parish, in which his father had been pastor before him, is made up of simple country people, and among them, as in most other parts of Germany, a dead orthodoxy had for the most part held sway. Under the new pastor and his faithful helpers the parish soon assumed a new aspect. The Christian life began to quicken, and in a short time the reformation became thorough to a degree unknown, perhaps, in any similar population in the world. In Hermannsburg there are now no beggars, no rough street hangers, no drunkards, no ragged struggling children, and no paupers. In every house in the village there is family prayer, morning and evening; no one is absent from church, except in case of sickness; the services in the week are as well attended as those of the Sabbath; the workmen have prayers in the fields, and throughout the parish the songs heard are not the common country ditties, but sweet, sacred melodies, which joyfully express the Christian life. During the year there are eleven thousand communicants, which must embrace nearly the whole adult population. The people live in great harmony, and are good farmers and good laborers. All this has come of the blessing of God inspiring and giving fruit to the labors of a single man.

As was natural, when the parish of Hermannsburg was brought to such a state of Christian completeness and efficiency, when it seemed by its character to invite the divine hand to use it for the benefit of the world, it came into the mind of the people to do something for others. A mission to the heathen was suggested. The simple people wanted to be missionaries themselves, and the suggestion at once took the form of a solemn purpose, and speedily grew into a plan. Twelve persons offered themselves as candidates for the missionary work, and were accepted. A separate house was assigned as a Missionary Institute, and there presented a course of training which was to occupy four years. This course embraced much hard work, especially for persons without any previous preparation. Besides studying introduction, exegesis, dogmatics, history of doctrines and church history, lectures on missions, homiletics and catechetics, they were required to perform a daily task of manual labor. This work with their hands as farms still does, was to keep them healthy, to enable them, in part, to earn their own support, and to teach them, that they might never be ashamed of their work any more than Paul was of his tasking as Paul of his tent making.

Like the Christian brothers, they chose the hardest field they could think of. They selected the tribes of the Galla, on the east coast of Africa, who were said to be the "men without being human." True, they have not yet reached these people, but still they are among the heathen, doing a great and good work. When the pupils in the Institute were nearly through with their preparatory training, the question necessarily arose as to how they were to be sent out. Where was the money to come from? Harms "knocked," as he says, "diligently on the dear Lord in prayer." But he well understood that the man who prays does not stand still. Hence he wrote to this and the other great man, but nothing came of it. At last it was said, Build a ship! Good, thought Harms, but the money? He prayed on. He remembered that when Duke George, on his death bed, counted whether he should go directly to Jesus Christ with his dear beetles or to the Pope with his good works, a trusty courtier said, "Your Grace, straight forward makes the best runner." That word stuck fast in his soul. He arose at midnight and said: "Forward, now, in God's name!" He was assured. The brig was built and paid for, stores supplied for the long voyage with all the needful provisions and comforts from Hermannsburg, and lifted her anchor and floated away on her holy, unselfish errand amid exciting songs and earnest loving prayers.

And what now? Behold the fruit. The results are as wonderful as the means. Harms, it seems, is not a dreamer. His life and his faith are both real. The ship continues her voyages back and forth between Hamburg and Africa. Candidates are kneeling for admission to the Institute; a new Institute is in process of being erected, which will accommodate forty-eight persons; more than a dozen missionaries are already in the field; nine stations have been established, and the results, in the way of converts among the heathen, are larger than usual for the first harvest to the world.

And all this, humanly speaking, is the work of one man, one man, without money, without earthly power, of one man quickening, inspiring, and animating its simple population with his own unwavering and all conquering faith. But we have not yet answered the question as to where the money came from. The answer is a purely spiritual one. He asked God for the money, and God gave it. He asked no one but God. He would neither beg himself, nor allow his people to do it. His sole and continual resort was to the "dear Lord." He prayed to God in secret, and men sent him the money. It came from Australia, from America, from England, and from many parts of Germany. It came, in many cases, in the very nick of time, but never, never came too late.

We have here a problem. What will men of the world do with it? Upon their principles it is wholly insoluble. They must confess their ignorance or attempt to explain it as a series of accidents, strangely persisted in through scores of years, until chance itself becomes a law. But then, where to things of this sort occur outside of the sphere of religion? Why, nowhere. Christianity has a better answer. The work of God, through Louis Harms, without being a miracle, was the nature of a miracle. It was divine intervention, a series of divine interventions, lying between the ordinary form in which God answers the prayers of his people, and the more startling form characterized as miraculous. It is so nearly miraculous that only ignorant and stupid fools can refuse to see God in it, and yet it is not precisely like restoring dead senses to their normal condition by a word. Harms has no command to coin gold with which to build his ship. Money does not fall down from the sky at his word. That were a formal miracle. He "knocks on the door Lord," and men bring him the money, but still it comes as surely as if he had snatched it from above the clouds.—*The Methodist.*

QUESTIONS, BY JOHN'S WIFE TO MRS. SEWARD (OF MR. SEWARD).

Mr. Seward, I am happy to say, enjoys the personal regard of his neighbors in an eminent degree. His characteristic affability—which, during his earlier years, he was never wont to lose, but which he now loves ever dry—is still delightfully remembered by his townspeople, and is quoted to a stranger as one of the former glories of a fallen man.

But, what to these friends say of his guiltless conduct?

One of the most interesting of psychological phenomena is the peculiar and intellectible regret with which a great statesman's admirers are compelled to witness at last his decline and fall. Mr. Seward stood once like an ebn—green, towering and monumental; but, after having grown gradually rotten at the root—a defective radical!—he at last toppled over, and now lies prone on the ground. Accordingly, his kind hearted neighbors, with a pensive air, can only say to the visitor, "This was one the grandest of all trees, but look now!" And they inwardly suffer as they make the confession. For, when a man of great reputation thus plays false with the public confidence, he becomes the author of a peculiar cruelty in the wounds which he thereby inflicts upon his friends.

As I peered into Mr. Seward's garden and saw the snow and ice cloaking its trees and shrubs, I could not but think of the still more chilling night which his winter-killed fame is enduring. Of course, I do not refer to his domestic bereavements. God forbid that any criticism of a public man's character should go unaccompanied with sympathy at a moment when his critics are looking at the shut windows of his half empty house, and remember that its recent and other household lights lie quenched in the grave. The late mistress of this mansion was one of the noblest women of America. I have never heard Mr. Greeley praise the character of any woman as I have heard him praise the character of Mrs. Seward. A few days after her death he wrote in the *Independent* the noblest tribute which any public pen paid to her memory. Tearing therefore, at this shadowed house through the blaze of this irresistible sympathy, I could not but recall contrasts to my mind, my early boyish enthusiasm for Mr. Seward—when I thought him the greatest of statesmen, and bravest of leaders—when I believed that he loved liberty better than power, and sought justice rather than power—when his calm, pure, limpid eloquence flowed like a fountain undefiled—when I ranked him as the foremost of American statesmen, and one of the chief pillars of the anti-slavery cause—and when I shed foolish but actual tears of disappointment at his rejection by the Chicago Convention, and the nomination of Abraham Lincoln instead.

Melt, snows of Auburn and unveil the great man's garden once again to the sun, and his pleasant plants, whose time now is their bud and bloom, shall my mood, their master's laurel, which shall not again be green!—*N. Y. Independent.*

A MIDNIGHT SCENE IN GENERAL GRANT'S CAMP.

The battle of Aztech was the eloquence of daring on the part of the young Macedonian king; that of Thermopylæ was the eloquence of patriotism on the part of Leonidas and his Helots. The battle of Austerlitz was the eloquence of bravery on the part of the young Corsican. The scene of Valley Forge was the eloquence of faith on the part of Washington. The scene after the battle of the Wilderness contained all these elements, and added the eloquence of silence.

The well known result of that farce conflict was adverse to the army of the United States. General Lee had flung one wing of his army between our forces and the base of their supplies, which would require another battle to regain them. Each division and corps commander knew the sad condition of affairs. They were all summoned to a council of war, to be held at the headquarters at one o'clock at night. They were the saddest steps ever taken by the hand of devoted hearts. Fifteen thousand brave soldiers, dead, or dying, or wounded, were lying on the field hard by.

One after another entered, and after making a noiseless salute, silently took their seats. Generals Sedgwick, Meade, Hancock, Warren, Sheridan and others. Those knew were there. Not a word was spoken. A full half hour thus passed by. Their emotions were too deep for utterance. Hosts of millions [redacted] themselves, at this dreadful moment, to the God of battles. Then, with a voice choked with emotion, General Grant said:

"Our enemy have a better at last, and our cause is lost!"

He had let the officers the night before to let their soldiers keep long; but now he saw the army whom he thought utterly defeated moving round between him and the base of his supplies. He listened to begin retreating his course, and confessed to an artillery officer of the Confederate army that the doom of their cause was sealed.—*Brooklyn com.*

A WORD OUT OF DATE.

Mr. Wilkes was almost as pungent and inspiring in his sarcasm on the errors and frailties of men as Robert Hall; but, mindful of his own faith, he once undertook to cast the mote out of his brother's eye. He might have been entertained, he received a record from the eternal princes of wit that extinguished all desire to a second interference.

Mr. Wilkes, one day, in the presence of several ministers and other religious men, addressed Mr. Hall as follows, immediately after the latter had been indulging in those sarcasms, jokes, and ill-natured remarks at the expense of other men, to which he was so much in the habit of giving utterance:

"Mr. Hall, we all admit you are a great man; some of us think you are a good man; but I must plainly tell you that there are many persons who doubt your Christianity altogether."

"Why so, sir?" inquired Mr. Hall in his usual impatient and abrupt manner. "Why so, sir? Why should any man doubt my Christianity any more than your Christianity, sir?"

"Because, Mr. Hall," replied Mr. Wilkes, "you are so much in the habit of making acrimonious remarks and sporting jokes at other people's expense."

"Well, sir," returned Mr. Hall, "and what if I sometimes do? The only difference between you and me, sir is, that I speak my nonsense in the parlour, and you speak yours in the pulpit."

Mr. Wilkes, strong as were the nerves, was completely put down, as the phrase is, by the continued wit and severity of the remark. He was heard afterwards to say, that he would never again take upon himself the office of reminding Mr. Hall for any improprieties of speech of which he might be guilty in his presence.

WOOLEN CLOTHING.

The most healthful clothing for our climate the year round is made of wool. If worn next the skin by all classes, in summer as well as winter an incalculable amount of coughs, colds, diarrhœas, dysenteries, and fevers would be prevented, as also many sudden and premature deaths from croup, diptheria, and lung diseases. Winter maladies would be prevented by the utility of a woolen garment to keep the natural heat about the body more perfectly instead of conveying it away as does as generated, as linen and bacon garments do as the cotton and silk, although these are less colling than irish linen; as any one can prove by noticing the different degrees of coldness on the application of a surface of six inches square of flannel cotton and linen to the skin the moment the clothing is removed. The reason is, that wool is a bad conductor of heat and linen is a good conductor of heat.—*Dr. Hall.*

When a young man is dependent upon his daily coin for his income and marries a lady who does not know how to make a loaf of bread or mend a garment, I wonder if he is not selling somewhere, say toward the ton for instance?

A BEAUTIFUL CITY.

Batavia—the capital city of the island of Java—according to the description of a newspaper correspondent, is a brilliant specimen of oriental splendor. The houses, which are as white as snow, are placed one hundred feet back from the street, the intervening space being filled with trees literally alive with birds, and every variety of plants and flowers. Every house has a piazza in front, and is decorated with beautiful pictures, elegant lamps, cages, etc., while rocking chairs, lounges and ottomans of the most description, furnish luxurious accommodations for the family—who at three mornings and evenings. At night the city is one blaze of light from the lamps. The hotels have grounds of eight and ten acres in extent around them, covered with fine shade trees, with fountains, flower gardens, etc. Indeed, so numerous are the trees the city almost resembles a forest. The rooms are very high and spacious, without carpets, and but few curtains. Meals are served up about the same as at first-class hotels in the United States, although the habits of living are quite different. An early light coffee and tea are taken to the guests' room, and again at eight o'clock light refreshments. At twelve breakfast is served, and at seven dinner. Coffee and tea are always ready, day and night. No business is done in the middle of the day, on account of the heat. The nights and mornings are cool and delightful; birds are singing all night. The thermometer stands at about 82 degrees throughout the year. The island of Java contains a population of 10,000,000. The island abounds with tigers, leopards, anacondas, and poisonous insects of all kinds. The finest fruits in the world are produced in a great profusion.

SMALL TALK.

Of all the expedients to make the heart lean, the main gauzy, and to thin life down to the consistency of a camera scrotum, the most successful is the little talk and tattle which, in some charmed circles, is courteously styled conversation. How human beings can live on such meager fare—how outlume existence in such a famine of tones and on such a short allowance of sense—is a great question, if philosophy could only search it out. All we know is that such men and women there are who will go on fifteen to four score and never a hint nor confession that they died at last of consumption of the head and marasmus of heart. The whole universe of God, filling out its splendors and terrors, is there for their attention, and they wonder where Mrs. Somebody got that dilution to her bonnet." The whole world of literature, though its thousand tons of lame, adjuring them to regard its hot stores of emotion, and they think all the time, if John intends to marry or for him to pay the question!"—In so sure, this leprosy is spread little envy and malice, and prepares for scandal and mes bits of tetrarchs becomes endowed with a digin vitality which does pretty well in ure of soul, to carry on the machinaing without the reality of life.—*Wayland.*

THE BIBLE INFLUENCE.

The following paragraph we clip from one of Henry Ward Beecher's recently published sermons:

"Not money, not honor, not even a good name is the best inheritance of a child—far above all secular gifts is a parent's good name; but there are some good things that are better than that, namely, those transmissible moral qualities which put the soul, from the first, under the dominion of the nigher instinct. From my mother I had a legacy which I would not be able to thank God enough for in this world, if I was to live for long ages. Have you no reasons to thank God that you sprang from such parents as yours were? And do you not know that the nature which they handed down to you was one that represented, as it were, in our journal, the point at which they left the conflict having gained victory upon victory, that your warfare might be less and your victories easier? And that which you have inherited of tendencies toward things noble and true, and away from things selfish and base, you may transmit with augmenting power. Herein a great lesson of life.—

BOOKS AND COURAGE.

True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to particular objects, and if it has all should be lost, it has saved itself in its own integrity and worth. Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils, it is the abandonment of good—the giving up of the battle of life with dead nonchalance. He who can implant courage in the human soul is the best physician. To seek to govern men by their fears and theirs wants is an unworthy purpose, the desire to rule by means of cowardice. Love inspires courage and hope, and this is doubly the giver and preserver of life. Whatsoever enables to hold to combat the manifold evils and assaults of life, entitles us to win the crown of victory. Special care therefore, ought to be taken in education to teach what true courage is—as well in social and domestic as in public affairs—and by what means it may be best sustained.

OUR FRIENDS AFTER DEATH.

A father once related to his children the following story. The governor of an island was once called to appear before his king to give an account of his stewardship. Those friends in whom he most confided, parted with him at his house; others went with him to the ship, while many in whom he had placed but little trust, and whom he scarcely recognized as friends, much to his surprise, escorted him on his journey, spoke for him, and secured him the favor of the king.

"So man," continued the father, "has on earth three kinds of friends whom he only learns to know aright when he is called to leave this world and render his account to God. The first of these—gold and lands—remain behind; the second—friends and relatives—go only to the verge of the grave; the third—its good deeds—accompany him in its journey to the better land, and are with Christ his advocate before the throne, and purchase for him favor and pardon. How foolish is man to prize so little here what will constitute his wealth hereafter.

"Was you're a married man, Sammy, you'll understand a great many things as you don't understand now, but rather it's worth while to go through so much to learn so little, as the charity boy said when he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter of taste."

CHARACTERISTIC PUFFING.

The Chimney Corner, that very interesting periodical of Frank Leslie's, has the following in its funny column, on "characteristic puffing."

Yankee. Jonathan—"Sal dar you love me one o' them laughnuts."

Western Gal—"Jonathan, Jonathan—"Golly, out-gal—see here!" I'vecatterfied—crosted all over the squinuity of this 'ere country, looking for just such a critter as you. What say, will yer hitch?"

Western Gal—"O dunno. I calkerlate so let's git up and git."

Dutch Man—"Ich will haben you, Johannas. Ich love you more better than I does mein lager beer."

Johannas—"Oh ya, Hans, dat is good."

Frenchman. French Gallant—"Oh, Mademoiselle, you will to me so very much honor to accept ze hand!"

Mademoiselle—Oh, Monsieur, you make my face very much rouge. Ask maman, Voulezvous?"

Jew. Hamman—"Matilda, I have five gold watches, almost as good as new, two good, but of second hand clothing, and two good sound hair shawl, which I will give to you if you will be mine bride."

Matilda—"Dear Hamman, I can't resist, but let me see the camel hair shawl first."

Irish. Patrick—"Bridy, darling, would'nt yees like a new house, a cow, a pig, and myself in the bargain?"

Bridget—"Och, Paddy, don't be taxing me!"

'Tis the praste we o'ather wanting."

"TOO MUCH DITTO."

In a small village in New England lived an old man, who though very wealthy, did not possess a good education, and also did not his wife. He purchased most of his household goods at a dry goods and grocery store in the village, and at the end of the year the bill was presented for payment. On one occasion in looking it over, he observed the word "ditto" occurred frequently. On reaching home he said to his wife:

"What have you been doing with so much ditto this year?" showing her how it stood on the bill. "I haven't bought any, and what have you been doing with so much?"

"I haven't had a bit," she replied.

"You must have had it," he returned, "for it always deals honestly by me, and out here it is on the bill. You can see for yourself."

"I don't care if it is. I payed for any, and it has cheated you. I always said it would."

"Well, then I must see about it," he replied. So he trudged back to the store.

"Look here, M., what do you mean by charging me with so much ditto. I haven't had any and my wife says she hasn't."

When the old gentleman returned home, his wife inquired if he found out about the "ditto."

"Yes," said he, "I have found out that I was a fool, and you was a ditto."

A HANDSOME DONATION.—We understand that Hon Thaddeus Stevens, a few days ago, sent to the Treasurer of Pennsylvania College, Five Hundred Dollars as a contribution towards the erection of the Preparatory Department. This is one of Mr. Stevens' characteristic acts, and will serve to remind our community of the public spirit, liberality and benevolence which so eminently distinguish him. Penn'a. College is largely indebted to Mr. Stevens for its existence, he being a member of the Legislature when it was incorporated, and secured for it an appropriation of $15,000 or $18,000, when it was struggling for support. He has ever since been a member of the Board of Trustees, and has from time to time interested himself in its welfare. This donation will be accepted by its friends as furnishing gratifying evidence of its continued interest in the institution.—*Gettysburg Star.*

The starvation point that has been reached in South Carolina is evidently only relative. That point of famine which no longer admits of fastidiousness in the choice of food has not yet been arrived at. They are hungry, but some delicacy of appetite yet remains. Thus, for instance, General Scales writing to the Chairman of the Southern Relief Committee in Boston, says: "If you send corn meal let me suggest that you send white meal, for white persons will not eat yellow meal. It is only given here to cattle, and even the colored people refuse it." When we call to mind what Union soldiers, who cowried rebel prison pens at Salisbury and Andersonville, had to feed upon in their extremity, it certainly requires some stretch of charitable feeling to arouse anything like sympathy for people who are so very particular about the quality of the alms they beg for.

THE NATIONAL DEBT.—The statement of the public debt for the month of April has been completed. The statement will show a reduction of about $6,000,000 in the debt for the month, which is very small compared with the last monthly statement. The conversion of Seven Thirties and Compound Interest notes into Five Twenties will amount to about $35,000,000. The statement will show the amount of gold on hand to be about $135,000,000. The amount of currency on hand will be considerably less than last month, which is accounted for by the small receipts of internal revenue during the month. Some of the four million Legal Tenders which the Secretary of the Treasury may by law retire each month, were retired.

A few days since a gentleman from a distance visited Columbus, Ohio, on business, and having a leisure hour, concluded to call on Miss—, with whom he had some acquaintance. At the door he did not recognize her in her kitchen attire. Wondered if Miss—was at home. She very prudently accepted the situation, and informed him that she was in, and after seating him in the parlor, retired, as she observed, to inform her of its presence. She went to her dressing room, and after a thorough re-rigging, application of paints, powders, false curls, titers, etc., she presented herself a second time, when she was at once recognized by the gent. Of course a pleasant hour was wiled away, during which she found occasion to apologize for not making her appearance sooner than she did.

WISE COUNSEL.—It is an evidence of true wisdom not to be precipitate in our motions, nor inflexible in our opinions, and it is a part of true wisdom not to give hasty credit to every word that is spoken, nor immediately to communicate to others what we have heard, or even what we believe. In cases of perplexity and doubt, consult a prudent and religious man, and choose rather to be guided by the counsel of one better than thyself, than to follow the suggestion of thy own mind will.

KINDNESS.—Kind words are looked upon like jewels on the breast; never to be forgotten, and perhaps, to cheer thy memory along sad life, while words of cruelty, or carelessness, are like swords in the bosom, wounding and leaving scars which will be borne to the grave by their victim. Do you think there is any bruised heart which bears the mark of such a wound from you? If there is a living one which you have wounded hasten to heal it, for life is short—to-morrow may be too late.

HARMLESS SWEETS.—Douglas Jerrold calls women's arms "the serpent's that wind about a man's neck, killing his best resolutions," the "oldest inhabitants don't object to them kind of serpents."