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Bedford Inquirer.

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

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Professional & Business Cards.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office opposite Reed & Schell's Bank. Counsel given in English and German. [apl26

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Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law Office on Juliana Street, two doors South of the Mengel House. [April 1, 1864-tf

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Will practice in the adjoining Counties of Missouri and Kansas. July 12:tf

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Will attend promptly and faithfully to all business entrusted to their care. Special attention given to collections and the prosecution of claims for Back Pay, Bounty, Pensions, &c.
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Office on Juliana street, one door South of the "Mengel House" and nearly opposite the *Inquirer* office. April 28, 1865:t.

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. [Ap'l 1,'64.

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 Ball & Palmer's office. April 1, 1864—tf.

DR. S. G. STATLER, near Schellsburg, and Dr. J. J. CLARKE, formerly of Cumberland county, having associated themselves in the practice of Medicine, respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Schellsburg and vicinity. Dr. Clarke's office and residence same as formerly occupied by J. White, Esq., dec'd.
S. G. STATLER,
Schellsburg, April12:1y. J. J. CLARKE.

HOTELS.

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
This large and commodious house, having been re-taken by the subscriber, is now open for the reception of visitors and boarders. The rooms are large, well ventilated, and comfortably furnished. The table will always be supplied with the best the market can afford. The Bar is stocked with the choicest liquors. In short, it is my purpose to keep a FIRST-CLASS HOTEL. Thanking the public for past favors, I respectfully solicit a renewal of their patronage.
N. B. Hacks will run constantly between the Hotel and the Springs.
may17,'67:1y WM. DIBERT, Prop'r.

MORRISON HOUSE,
HUNTINGDON, PA.
I have purchased and entirely renovated the large stone and brick building opposite the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot, and have now opened it for the accommodation of the travelling public. The Carpets, Furniture, Beds and Bedding are all entirely new and first class, and I am safe in saying that I can offer accommodations not excelled in Central Pennsylvania.
I refer to my patrons who have formerly known me while in charge of the Broad Top City Hotel and Jackson House.
may25:tf JOSEPH MORRISON.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RUPP & SHANNON, 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. feb22

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,'65.

OYES! O YES!—The undersigned has taken out auction license, and tenders his services to all who have sales or auctions to cry. Give him a call. Post Office address, Spring Meadows, Bedford county, Penn'a.
April5:6m* HENRY B. MOCK.

Poetry.

THE SHORTEST WAY HOME.

"The shortest way by half a mile—
I come so often by it—
Is up the road, across the stile,
And through the meadows. Shall we try it?"
The days were not without a charm,
When, talking soft and looking silly,
My love and I walked arm in arm,
And lanes were lone and fields were stilly.

We found so many things to say,
That always in the shiny weather
We took the—well, the shortest way,
To be a longer time together;
We spoke about—(but goodness knows
Our topics of confabulation)—
About the weather, I suppose,
The crops, the harvest, and the nation.

At all events, although the talk
Was neither wise nor very witty,
We ended each successive walk
With "Home already—what a pity!"
We might have lost a little ground,
Through coming by the road selected,
But both agreed that we had found
The journey shorter than expected.

Can life's experiment support
The paradox that Love proposes?
Does any path seem very short,
Unless it be a path of roses?
We seldom find the nearer way:
And if we hit upon and take it,
By creeping on from day to day,
It seems as long as length can make it.

The road to Fame is never brief,
The way to Wealth is dull and dreary;
All earthly routes, in my belief,
Are very long and very weary.
Nay—one that leads through care and strife,
In short, when mortals once begin it;
We take the "near cut" out of life,
Although we take the longest in it.

Miscellaneous.

From the Toledo Blade.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Goes to New Orleans to Acquaint the President's Friends with the Contemplated Change.

POST OFFIS, CONFEDRIT X ROADS, (Which is in the Stait uv Kentucky), August 20, 1867.—I wuz a settin all so pleasant in the Post Offis last nite, a musin onto the mutability of human affairs, when I received the follerin despatch, per boy on a mule, from the stashen:

WASHINGTON, August 20, 1867.—*To P. V. Nasby, &c.*: Hev determined to be President or nothin. Shel remove Stanton, and immejitly thereafter Sheridan, and ultimately the balance uv em. Go on to Noo Orleans and make this known to our friends. Draw on the general fund for expenses.

Wat a thrill run thro me ez I red this! I never felt so good but wunst before in my life. I wuz in an interior town in Massachusetts four days, where the most stimulatin beverage wuz root beer.

The occasion when I felt better than I did on the receet of that dispatch, wuz the identikle minit I struck Noo York and stood afore a bar. Oh wat a pleasin, soothin, magnetic thrill run thro my veins ez the golden likquid gurgled down my esoffagus! Just so I thrilled at reedin that despatch. My thot-contracted brow smoothed agin, the wrinkles of care left my face, and I wuz a boy agin!

I left immejitly, and after a pleasant journey reached Noo Orleans.

I hed no trouble in finding them to whom I wuz accredited. If there's a divinity which doth hedge a king, there must be suthin also in the face of a true Demikrat which betrays him. I was follered to my hotel by a crowd uv the first men of the city, and when they saw my name onto the register, the scene was terrific. They knowd me! they knowd my comin wuzn't for nothing, and afore I had time to say nay, I wuz hurried to the "Lost Coz" Club rooms and made an onorary member for life, includin the freedom uv the bar, wich privilege I prized.

"Wat nooze from Washington?" shout'd they all with one akkord.

"Calm yourselves!" sed I impressively, "and restrane your emoshens. Four days ago I received this," and I read 'em the despatch. Never shel I witnis another sich a seen. Old men danced like youth, while young men wept like wimmen.

"Excoose us, sir!" sed one, "this weepin is onmanly, but ah, did you know what I hev suffered! Since last Joon a year I hevn't killed a nigger nor a preacher, and hev only knocked two uv 'em down, and for them two I was imprisoned three months each. But thank God. I'm free agin—I'm free!" and he fell onto my neck and askt me to take a drink with him, wich, fearing the effex uv irritashen on him, in his present eggsitable state of mind, I did.

I wuz askt of I hed ever bin in Noo Orleans before, and on saying that I hedn't, my friend accompanied me to the many objecks of interest in the city.

"Here," sed he, "is the buildin in which Beast Butler received the surrender uv the city, and there he signed the order for the hangin uv Mumford. Subsequently in this same room, the tother beast, Sheridan, took his orders from Mayor Monroe and Abell. Ha! ha! 'twas retribushen," and he smiled grimly several minits. "Here is the hall where Dostie and his Ablishen hordes gathered over a year ago, and from which Dostie was carried a corpse. At that angle in the building, I, with this good rite hand, slew three niggers and a Burow preacher. Right here where we are standing, a cart containing the killed came along. I was eggsited and infuriated at their obstinacy in holding the Convention. In my revolver there wuz one load—in the cart under the corpses was a nigger groanin. I mounted the cart, and turning over the corpses—the wounded nigger had on a bloo cote—inflamed with rage at the site I pulled the trigger and he groaned no more."

"Glorious sperit!" sed I, in eggstacy, wringing his hand.

"Just in front uv where we stand thirty old niggers was killed, and one or two uv them Burow teachers. It don't become me to say how many I killed, but I wan't idle. In three weeks thereafter I received my pardon from the President, and am now, thank God, a citizen."

By this time we reached the Club agin, and for hours I listened to tales of oppresshun on the part of the military satraps which made my blood run cold. A citizen had shot a nigger—and forthwith he was torn from the buzzum uv his family and incarcerated in a common prizen. Another's wife had throwd a buckit uv bilin water over a wench in the street, uv which the perverse creature died, and she, too, was arrested. Policemen hed bin discharged for refoosin to arrest men whose spirits coodent brook nigger equality, and who had banged 'em about somewhat, and others had been dismisst for hurrain for Jeff. Davis and pullin down Federal flags. There had been no liberty uv speech or ackshen. This Club room hed bin invaded and pistols and shot-guns hed been taken out by those despots which was grindin the citizen into the dust. But the most oppressive case wuz that uv one uv our first citizens, who hed a girl in his family who wood persist in attendin skools, after he had positively forbid her doin so. He tied her up, and in the most patriarchal manner gave her one hundred and fourteen lashes. She was obstinit and died. He gave her a chrischen burial, but nevertheless he wuz pulled up, and fined ard imprizened! Fined and imprisoned for wallopin a nigger!

Then biznis commenced. Lists were bein made out the purport of which I comprehended. "Enter up," sed one, oilin a revolver, "the nest uf niggers on the alley jist around the corner from my house. They hev ther a chapel, in which they hev preechin Sundays, and skools doorin the week. Aside from the annoyance it is to my family, it's really dangerous. Two hundred nigger children attend it, beside the adult nigger classes.

"Enter up," sed another, cleanin out a shot-gun, "the grocer on the same street. He is from Iowa, and teeches a Sunday skool class in the same chapel. Sich incendiaries we kin never tolerate."

"There's a nigger church two squares from me which must be abated," sed another, "and, by the way, a agent uv the nigger missionary society, and two teechers from Connecticut, boards next door. Put 'em down." "In my part uv the city," sed another, "there's four nigger draymen who hev been impudent enuff to scrape together enuff to buy ground and build 'em houses. Don't forgit to put 'em down—don't. They are niggers and they hev houses. I," he added, bitterly, "I am a white man and I have none. Put 'em down. When Sheridan goes! ha! ha!"

And so on. The Sekretary entered the names ez fast ez they wus furnisht him, ontil the name uv every man suspected uv Yankee proclivities wus registered. The niggers waz not put down 'ceptin them uv sich prominence cz they desired to make shoor uv; it is considered entirely safe to kill a nigger anywhere. Some of them desired to make excepshens in favor uv certain niggers who cood be depended upon ez troo. One uv 'em kep a keno, and t'other a fary bank. But they wuz rooled out. The niggers, it was decided, wuzn't to be trusted. Their impudence, in presumin to keep faro banks, was friteful.

The next day, brite and early, I was at the Club, when I received another despatch. The members flockt around me. "Is it done?" shreekt they, "Is Stanton out?"

"He is," said I, slowly, "he is, but—"

"But wat? Oh, releeve our suspence."

"But Grant is in," returned I, droppin the message, and sinkin on a sofa in a brown study. But they was delited.

"It's better than we hoped," sed they. "Grant hez come over at last. Bless the Lord! His name will give the Administration strength." They cheered like loonatics.

Finally, one mornin I got a despatch that Sheridan would be releeved that day, and the enthusiasm biled up agin—this time I shared in it, for I felt that that wuz throoly soothin. It wuz impossible to restrane the gentle lambs uv the club any longer. Ez a sort of a lunch, preceeding the feast that was to come, they sallied out and made it lively for sich niggers ez they cood git safely near to. At noon, the next despatch came to me. The entire membership uv the club wuz gathered around impashent to hear me sound the glad tidins over Egypt's dark sea. I broke the seal.

"Sheridan is removed this day!—"

"Ror! Ror! Ror!" cheered the club.

"And Thomas is appointed in his place!"

So read this despatch. There wuz nary a cheer follered it. The most death-like silence pervaded the room. One by one the members skulked out to settle with the niggers whose beds they hed bustid in the mornin, and to ashoor em it was all a joke. The lists wuz destroyed and the revolvers and shot-guns was all packed away. At a meeting held immejitly, the following resolooshens wuz passed:

Resolved, That it is possible for men whose faith is bigger nor a grain uv mustard seed to hev confidence in President Johnson, but ourn is gin out.

Resolved, That we ask him for bread and he give us a stone; we asked him for an egg and he give us a scorpion.

Resolved, That a committee uv two be appointed to toss up for the difference between Sheridan and Thomas, and another to figger up wherein we are better off under Grant than we wuz under Stanton.

Resolved, That the President, in awakenin hopes only to dash em to the ground, is guilty uv a crooel disregard uv our feelins.

Resolved, That if he is ever goin to do anything for us why don't he do it, and—"

At this pint another dispatch came. I wuz too much affected to read it, and I passt it to the President. "Hell!" sed he, "Gentle sirs, hunt yer holes. Thomas is sick and won't come, and Sheridan is goin to stay after all."

Concludin that my offishel duties prevented me from makin a longer stay in Noo Orleans, hastened North agin with all speed. Jest ez I wuz leavin the city, I got another despatch statin that Hancock was appointed to Sheridan's place. I didn't consider the nooze suffishiently cheerin to indoose me to go back agin. I feel that men uv my opinions is safer in Kentucky than anywhere else. Kentucky didn't secede, and therefore, within her borders seceshinists are safe. Thank the Lord for Kentucky!

They don't do Johnson just down there, tho. He wood help 'em if he cood, but he can't. Congris tied his hand. He kin appint this man or that man, but both this man and that man are bound to execoot the law. Wat kin the President do?

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Wich is Postmaster.)

THE STUDY OF PROFESSIONS AND LEARNING OF TRADES.

There has been for many years a perceptible increase in the number of young men who are seeking to make a living by entering the professions, and a visible diminution of those who are choosing, by honest toil, to acquire a competency by learning a trade. We do not see where this current will lead to, if it continues at the same rate it has been flowing for the past twenty years, but suppose that the natural equilibrium will be restored some time by the utter failure of the professions as a means of living, and a compulsory return to the work of the muscle instead of the brain. It seems, however, about time that the reaction should set in. A glance at our Philadelphia bar will show how poor an inducement is held out by the profession of law; yet how many who could earn a sufficient competency by their muscles are living from hand to mouth, because of a false pride or preference which induces them to attempt a task which they are incapable of fulfilling! Of the numerous lawyers at the bar of our city, how many of them are making an income in proportion to what they could had they adopted a trade? While the attorneys are numbered by hundreds, the successful lawyers can be almost counted on your fingers. Yet with this evidence of the almost certain result of such an attempt, the crowd still continues to flock up for admission, and seek to fill a position which, if there were no competitors, they would still be unfitted by nature to adequately maintain. As it is, with powerful rivals, and men who are by nature fitted for legal prominence, they sink into insignificance, and barely manage to live by doing other work than that pertaining to their profession. The same remarks apply in a lesser degree to both medicine and divinity. In them are men who were never designed by nature for anything but a trade and who, having wilfully mistaken their calling, are paying dearly for their supposed respectability by straightened means and wretched remorse. It is not as if this was an exceptional thing, but it is an everyday occurrence. Honest labor is being held derogatory, and one of the professions seems the only thing highly respectable. The consequences are, of course disastrous. We have a deteriorated bar, a shallow ministry, and incapable physicians, while the trades languish for want of those who are capable of filling them with skill and energy. The idea seems to have possessed the mind of youthful America that it is beneath the dignity of our people to work with their hands, that it is a discredit to be a machinist, or a bricklayer, or a carpenter, or a dozen other trades all equally honorable and remunerative. Under the influence of this idea, the apprenticeship system is being gradually abandoned, and our statute which relates to apprentices is reckoned among the obsolete laws of the days of our colonial government. That we deprecate this unfounded notion it is hardly necessary for us to say. We mourn over this false standard of respectability, a standard as ridiculous as it is ruinous to the prospects of many of our young men. The professions are overflooded. So full are they, that if not a recruit was added for ten years, the want of them would never be felt. While they are crowded to repletion, the trades are opening a chance for a competency, which needs but energy to secure. The broad field of skilled labor calls fo young men to enter and possess themselves of its wealth. It holds forth a prospect of almost immediate support and of certain independence in the future. There is but one need, and that is the will to undertake the necessary preparation. The superior intelligence of our young men forms an effectual protection against any fears of foreign competition. That the want is felt is proved by the action of many of our manufacturers, and especially those of machinery, who are importing, at a heavy expense, skilled hands from Belgium, because their want cannot be supplied by native material. This fact is a demonstration of a want, and it behooves our young men and boys to see to it that they secure the lucrative places now offered to foreigners.

Parents are doing a grevious wrong to their children in not impressing on them the honor and dignity of labor. It is with them that the responsibility must rest, and when we see them putting their sons into stores at ridiculously low wages, or eagerly seeking to gain them places as office boys with lawyers, and congratulating themselves that they are doing their sons a great favor rather than having the boys apprenticed to some trade, we regret to think of the wrong they are really committing on their children. Until a boy is of age, he certainly cannot do more than make his living: if he does that he does well—far better than most boys. His living can be earned either by the purposeless life in a store or an office, or else by a course of training which will fit him for a future clearly marked out, and which will be remunerative as well as honorable—for a position which is entirely independent of the will of a superior, and which in any quarter of the globe, could gain for him his daily bread.

The choice is made, The boy is put at a place of "respectability," and he fritters away the precious years which should have been devoted to preparation, in idling among bales, running errands, or summing up small accounts. He is of age at last, with no money saved, with little knowledge acquired, with habits expensive, and probably with wrong ideas in regard to real labor. He certainly will have false notions on the subject of respectability, and doubtless passes through life a clerk, or possibly a salesman, with an insufficient income and heavy expenses, rather than as a skilled mechanic, universally respected, and yearly saving money. Such is too true a picture of what is daily occurring. We most earnestly call upon fathers with boys not yet entered in a business, to hesitate before they close the avenues of an honest trade, and put their sons into a field which is no more respectable, and which is filled already by many whose money and family connections give them too great a preference to be overcome. A trade is the great opening to day for every American boy.—*Evening Telegraph*

COUNSEL TO BOYS.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

RELIGION.

It is not my province to tell you which creed or church is superior to all others, nor yet to argue that all of them are equally good, nor that belief and unbelief are of no practical account. On this head I will only say, generally, that the good son of virtuous, intelligent parents, will be very apt to abide in their faith and communion until he is quite sure that his understanding is mature, and his knowledge as to facts and principles at least equal to theirs. What I would wish to urge, is this—that one essential, fundamental, base of a noble career, in my view is a firm, clear, living conviction that the universe is no accident—no casual product of fate or chance or the fortuitous concussions of atoms—but the Creation of an omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent Will.

No man is old enough or wise enough to solve all the problems presented to finite minds by what we see and know. If the universe has a Creator, must there not have been a time when it did not exist? If God made all things but Himself, must He not have previously existed alone? And must not Infinity have been enlarged by the subsequent calling of the material universe into being? Thus question after question may be asked to which no satisfactory answer can be given, and with reference to which we can only say with Tennyson:

"I sink upon the altar stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God."

But, when we quit the dreary domain of speculation, all is simple, cheerful, certain. We are not the waifs of Chance, the slaves of Necessity. "Though now we see through a glass darkly," we can yet see enough to render it certain that we are children of an infinitely powerful, wise and good Parent—too wise and too loving to permit us to defy His laws with impunity. He must punish every aberration from the straight and narrow path of Righteousness—that is, Rectitude—He would not be absolutely good if He did not. To permit us to do wrong with impunity—to break His laws and secure thereby seeming personal advantage or gratification, at the expense of general injury—would be to resign His benignant scepter, and allow the world to drift helplessly toward Chaos and the unfathomable abyss.

The vital truth is tersely summed up by the Psalmist, in the statement, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." That is the one great, fatal mistake which covers our globe with misery and woe. But for this, there could be no libertine, no thief, no drunkard, no heinous transgressor. The conceit that God's justice may be somehow evaded, circumvented—that the pleasures of sin may be enjoyed, and His penalties escaped—is a form of qualified Atheism immensely more prevalent and more baleful than any other. It is the omnipresent prompter of greed and lust and indolence and knavery less palpably absurd than the notion that nothing originated everything, it is more widely cherished, more vastly injurious.

Let no one harbor a doubt of the universality, the inexorable, unavoidable certainty of Retribution. In spite of all deceiving appearances, we reap as we have sown and receive as we have deserved. The succession of effect to cause is not always instant nor obvious—appearances may often seem to ignore or defy as plainly as the sun seems to revolve around the earth; but the truth is obscured—never subverted. God reigns; that is the great first truth. He does not merely contemplate and oversee; He designs, directs, and decrees, and is never disconcerted nor disappointed. What to us are aberrations, defeats, disasters, are to Him, "who foreseeth the end from the beginning," but steps toward the fulfilment of His transcendent, beneficent purposes of Universal Good.

Young friends, I do not intend to preach to you, and you will probably hear no more from me in this precise vein. But every plan of life and duty must find anchorage in some fundamental idea; and the one truth which seems to be most essential is that which the fool's heart denied when he said:—"There is no God."

AUTUMN DAYS.

"When the autumn days come," says Beecher, "Nature, like a retired merchant, changes its manner from thrift and bustling industry to languid leisure and to ostentatious luxury. The sun rises later and sets earlier than when it had all the summer's crops on hand, and was playing universal husbandman. There is no nest-building now, and no bird-singing—which is a purely domestic arrangement, designed, on the birds' part, to keep peace in the family while the children are being raised, and laid aside as soon as the young birds are off their hands. Mornings come fleeced in mists, which hang over streams and low, moist places. The sun plays with them, but they perish in his arms. A few belated flowers yet keep watch, but chiefly the asters, which fringe the fields, star the edges of forests, and, like a late comer at a feast, seem bent upon making for lost time. At night, crickets and katy-dids scrape their shrill viols, and fill the air with stridulous music. Over all the shrinking fields, the trees lift up their gorgeous foliage, and, like those who wait for the marriage bell and the bridegroom, they shine out in glorious apparel. The hills, forest-clad, are become the Lord's younger sons, and, like Joseph, they are dressed in a coat of many colors. October days, short between horizons, reach higher into the vault than any days of the year; and through them the season seems to look with softened sadness, as one who, in the calm of age, meditates on all the mistakes of his past life, and solemnly thinks upon the advancing future. Along the fence rows, where seeds and late bearies may be found, birds hop silently, as if ashamed to be seen. Soon they will change their solitary ways and collect in flocks. To-day, the fields will swarm with them; to-morrow, there will not be one left, and they will be picking their food many degrees of latitude south.

CONCEIT.

Hardly anything is more contemptible than that conceit which rests merely upon social position, the conceit of those who imagine that thus they are divorced from the clay of common men, of those who shrink with horror from the idea of work as something which degrades by its very contact, and yet who, very likely, owe their present position to some not remote ancestor who, recognizing his call to work, lived more honestly in the world than they do, and was not ashamed of soiled thumbs. It is one of the meanest things for people to be ashamed of the work from which they derive their income, and which glorified their ancestors more with their soiled aprons and black gowns than themselves with their fine ribbons and flashing jewelry. It might be a fine thing to be like the lillies, more gloriously clothed than Solomon, and doing nothing, if we were only lillies. Advantageous position is only a more emphatic call to work and while those who hold the advantage may not be compelled to manual drudgery these should recognize the fact that manual drudgery may be performed in the same spirit as that which characterizes their own work, and therefore that it is equally honorable.—*Rev. Dr. Chapin.*

HOW NAPOLEON TRAVELS.—The special train in which the Emperor Napoleon went with his suit from Paris to Saltzburg is described as exceeding in comfort and elegance anything of the kind that has hitherto been known. The train consisted of nine carriages communicating with each other by tastefully decorated bridges. In the middle was a handsome sitting-room, furnished with chairs, ottomans, sofas, mirrors, pictures, clocks and chandeliers. On one side of this room was the dining-room, and on the other the Emperor's study. In the middle of the dining-room there was a table, capable of being extended or contracted at pleasure, with easy chairs placed parallel to the sides of the carriage. The Emperor's study contained an elegant writing table, a clock in the style of the renaissance, a thermometer, a barometer, and a telegraphic apparatus, by means of which telegraphic communication was established with the apartments of the various Court officials traveling with His Majesty. Next to the study was the bed-room of the Emperor and empress, with two beds placed transversely against the sides of the carriage. The dressing-rooms were attached to the bed-room. The remaining carriages consisted of a kitchen, a wine cellar, and the apartments of the Emperor's suite. There was also a conservatory filled with the choicest flowers.

BEAUTIES OF SHADOWS.—The shadows all day long play at silent games of beauty. Eeverything is double, if it stands in light. The trees sees an unrevealed and maffled self lying darkly along the ground. The slender stems of flowers, golden rods, wayside asters, meadow daisies, and rare lillies (rare and yet abundant in every nice, level meadow,) cast forth a dim and tremulous line of shadow, that lies long all the morning, shortening till noon, and creeping out again from the root all the afternoon, until the sun shoots it as far-eastward in the evening as the sun shot it westward in the morning. A million shadowy arrows such as these spring from Apollo's golden bow of light at every step. Flying in every direction, they cross, interlacing each other in a soft net-work of dim lines. Meanwhile, the clouds drop shadow-like anchors, that reach the ground, but will not hold; every browsing creature, every flitting bird, every moving team, every unconscious traveller writes itself along the ground in dim shadow.

WITH all the hard practicability of American life, there is in it a strong undercurrent of speculative thought, a liking to dwell on the immaterial and mysterious part of nature. Left to itself, the tendency degenerates into spiritualism, table-wrapping, mesmerism, and all kindred follies, in their foolishest phases. Trained and instructed, it can find a boundless and worthy field in grappling with those subtle questions which in all ages have claimed the attention of master minds.

Bad goods require dark rooms, and as many articles of merchandise seem valuable till taken into the light, so there are many things which appear fair till they are set in the light of God's countenance. Before Him the friendships we often profess are nothing but instances of selfishness; and the prayers and praises we often engage in are forms of godliness. We may come to His house as His people came, sit and hear his words, and commend the preacher, and with our mouths show much love, while He sees our hearts going after covetousness. And how dreadful to think that He will hereafter develope all, and divulge all respecting us; and that we have always been before Him, we shall be made to appear before an assembled world!

Pitiful! that a man should so care for riches as if they were his own, yet so use them as if they were another's; that when he might be happy in spending them, he will be miserable in keeping them, and had rather dying leave wealth with his enemies, than being alive, relieve his friends.

EXERCISE IN NERVOUS DISEASES.—An English writer and surgeon, Mr. Skey, expresses his strong conviction, in which we heartily join him, that there are many diseases, at least many forms of indisposition which, with a strong will, may be walked away, provided the exercise be taken systematically and rendered a prominent feature in the daily treatment. Tone is imparted by this means to both mind and body, cheerfulness replaces gloom, and sympathy for others a morbid dwelling on self. The exercise should be active, and not consist of either strolling or sauntering out of doors, or even amateur gardening. A good brisk walk should be taken at a pace of at least three miles an hour, but always stopping short of fatigue.

People will be often heard to say that they take plenty of exercise about the house, and that they are on their legs many hours of the day. What is wanted for the health is exercise without fatigue, for fatigue is exhaustion, and the desired object is only to be gained on the terms just stated.

The distance walked could be increased daily and it will be found that increasing strength will give the readiness and wish for increasing exercise. There is an accumulation of incapability in those who are afflicted with what are vaguely called nervous disorders, which render such persons restless, fidgety, irritable and full of strange fancies, and which is best brought down to a healthy standard by exercise in the open air, and its concomitant change of scene and new trains of thought.

WHAT HE HAS DONE. When Hayne, of South Carolina, urged on by his Southern friends, had made his speech which called forth that immortal reply of the great "Northern Lion," many of Webster's friends, struck with Hayne's real ability began to say to each other, "*Can Webster answer that?*" Mrs. Webster was present at the Capitol, and was greatly agitated at the fire and force of the hero of South Carolina. She rode home with a friend in advance of her husband. At last the "Lion" came tramping up to the door and marched in, in an easy, unconcerned way. His wife has tened into the hall just as she was, and with tears in her eyes, said to him, "*Can* you—*can* you answer Mr. Hayne?"

With a sort of grunt or quiet roar her lord turned upon her. "Answer him? *I'll g-r-i-n-d- him finer than that snuff in your box!*"

In due time the Websterian thunder rolled through the arches of the Capitol, and Hayne was *ground fine*.

"What do you think now," says the General's friend to his southern acquaintance, "of our northern lion?"

The reply came quick, but rather angrily,

"He's a long-jawed, strong-jawed, tough-hided devil!"

ERRORS.—The little that I have seen of the world and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through; the tears of regret; the brief pulsations of joy; the feebleness of purpose; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary and threatening voices within; health gone, happiness gone, I would fain leave the soul of my fellowman with him from whose hands it came.

A CAUTIOUS JUDGE.—An Irish judge tried two most notorious fellows for highway robbery. To the astonishment of the court, as well as of the prisoners themselves, they were found not guilty. As they were being removed from the bar, the judge, addressing the jailor, said: "Mr. Murphy, you would greatly ease my mind if you would keep those two respectable gentlemen until seven or half-past seven o'clock, for I mean to set out for Dublin at five, and I should like to have at least two hours start of them."

TRUST IN GOD.—He that taketh his own cares upon himself, loads himself in vain with an uneasy burden. I will cast my cares on God; he hath bidden me. They cannot burden Him.

PURE love is the sunshine which steals slowly and silently up the bleak hill of earth's journey, and warms us with its genial presence through a life's weary way.

A SPIRITUAL student, who has just heard of the Russian treaty, says Uncle Sam is like the prodigal son, because he is wasting his substance in a fur country.

THE violet grows low, and covers itself with its own leaves; and yet of all flowerets, yields the most delicious and fragrant perfume. Such is humility.