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DURBORROW & LUTZ, BEDFORD, PA.

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1. A Postmaster is required to give notice *by letter*, (returning a paper does not answer the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office, and state the reasons for its not being taken; and a neglect to do so makes the Postmaster *responsible* to the publishers for the payment.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the Post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the pay.

3. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, *whether it be taken from the office or not*. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

4. If the subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it, *if he takes it out of the Post Office*. The law presumes upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

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

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
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Office nearly opposite the Mengel House, will practice in the several Courts of Bedford county. Pensions, bounties and back pay obtained and the purchase of Real Estate attended to. [may11,'66-1y

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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 Inquirer office, and nearly opposite the 'Mengel House" 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 professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office on Juliana street, opposite the Bank, one door north of Hall & Palmer's office. April 1, 1864—tf.

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.

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.

D. W. CROUSE
WHOLESALE TOBACCONIST,
On Pitt street two doors west of B. F. Harry's Drug Store, Bedford, Pa., is now prepared to sell by wholesale all kinds of CIGARS. All orders promptly filled. Persons desiring anything in his line will do well to give him a call.
Bedford, Oct 20, '65.,

ALL KINDS OF BLANKS for sale at the *Inquirer* office. A full supply of Deeds, Leases, Articles of Agreement &c,

Bedford Inquirer.

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

DURBORROW & LUTZ Editors and Proprietors. BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1868. VOLUME 41: NO. 2.

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Poetry.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandure, better than Gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthful body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasure that always please;
A heart that can feel for another's woe
And share his joys with a genial glow,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untried by the lust of cares or wealth;
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot.
For a mind and morals in nature's plan
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep,
Bring sleepy draughts to the downy bed
Where luxury pillows, his aching head,
His simple opiate labor deems
A short road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
Than in the realms of books can find
A treasure surpassing the Austrian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore,
The sage's lord and the poet's lay,
The glories of empire passed away,
The world's great drama will thus enfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come.
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, sister, or wife,
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The blessings that were never bought or sold
And centre there, are better than gold.

Miscellaneous.

BOLIVAR.

BY JAMES PARTON.

The reader, perhaps, has sometimes asked himself why the fertile countries of South America advance so slowly in wealth and population. In all that continent, which is considerably larger than North America, there are but seventeen millions of inhabitants, while North America contains almost exactly twice that number. Brazil, for example, which is about as large as the United States, and was settled sooner, contains but seven millions of people, and nowhere exhibits anything like the prosperity which has marked every period of our own history.

The principle reasons of this difference are three in number. In the first place, nature herself in South America interposes mighty obstacles to the purposes of man. Vast plains exist, which, in the rainy season, are covered with luxuriant verdure, and in the dry season assume the appearance of a desert. The forests, owing to the fertility of the soil under a tropical sun, are so dense and tangled as almost to baffle the efforts of the pioneer to remove them. The principal rivers, which are the largest in the world, are more like flowing seas than navigable streams. The Plata, for example, is one hundred and thirty miles wide at its mouth, and is full of strong, irregular currents. The Amazon, too, which is four thousand miles in length, and navigable for one half that distance, is, in many places, so wide that the navigator has to sail by the compass. The mountains, also, are precipitous and difficult of access, and contain thirty active volcanos. All nature, in fact, is on a prodigious scale, and the very richness of the soil is frequently and injury rather than a help to man.

In the next place, the Spanish and Portuguese, who settled this continent, drawn thither by the lust of gold, were little calculated to wrestle with the obstacles which nature placed in their paths. Lastly the Spanish and Portuguese governments, narrow, bigoted, ignorant and tyrannical, for three centuries cramped the energies of the people and oppressed them by merciless exactions.

"Three hundred years ago," said Henry Clay, in his great speech upon the emancipation of South America, "upon the ruins of the thrones of Montezuma and the Incas of Peru, Spain erected the most stupendous system of colonial despotism that the world has ever seen—the most vigorous, the most exclusive. The great principle and object of this system has been to render one of the largest portions of the world exclusively subservient, in all its faculties, to the interests of an inconsiderable spot in Europe. To effectuate this aim of her policy, she locked up Spanish America from all the rest of the world, and prohibited, under the severest penalties, any foreigner from entering any part of it. To keep the natives themselves ignorant of each other, and of the strength and resources of the several parts of her American possessions, she next prohibited the inhabitants of one vice-royalty or government from visiting those of another; so that the inhabitants of Mexico, for example, were not allowed to enter the vice royalty of New Granada. The agriculture of those vast regions was so regulated and restrained as to prevent all collision with the agriculture of the peninsula. Where nature, by the character and composition of the soil, had commanded, the abominable system of Spain has forbidden, the growth of certain articles. Thus the olive and the vine, to which Spanish America is so well adapted, are prohibited, wherever their culture can interfere with the olive and the vine of the peninsula. The commerce of the country, in the direction and objects of the exports and imports, is also subjected to the narrow and selfish views of Spain, and fettered by the odious spirit of monopoly. She has sought, by scattering discord among the several castes of her American population, and by a debasing course of education, to perpetuate her oppression. Whatever concerns public law or the science of government, all writings upon political economy, or that tend to give vigor, and freedom, and expansion, to the intellect, are prohibited. A main feature in her policy is that which constantly elevates the European and depresses the American character. Out of seven hundred and fifty viceroys and captains general whom she has appointed since the conquest of America, about eighteen only have been from the body of the American population."

If any reader supposes that the orator exaggerated, I point him to the Island of Cuba, which Spain still oppresses, and where almost every feature of the odious tyranny so vigorously portrayed by Mr. Clay still exists.

That Spain does not still bear sway in the finest provinces of South America, is chiefly due to the heroism and virtue of one man, Simon Bolivar, the founder and first president of the States, one of which bears his name. He was born at Caraccas, in Venezuela, in 1783, of a family rich enough to afford him the most costly advantages of education. When a young man, he traveled extensively in the United States and in Europe, and learned to speak with ease, and write with ability, five languages—Spanish, French, Italian, German and English. Returning home, he gave the first proof of an enlightened mind by freeing the negro slaves employed upon his estate.

The example of the United States in throwing off the yoke of the mother country produced the most powerful impression upon the oppressed Creoles in South America. During the boyhood and youth of Bolivar, his fellow citizens rose four times in revolt against the Spaniards, and four times their efforts were frustrated, and the rising flame of freedom quenched in patriot blood. Instead of mitigating the oppression of the people, the Spanish government bore more heavily upon them, until, in 1811, the people of Venezuela attempted for the fifth time to throw off the yoke. Bolivar was then twenty eight years of age. Entering the patriot army with the rank of colonel, he shared the misfortunes of General Miranda, and again saw his country drenched in blood. The Spanish general waged a war of extermination. The very malefactors in the prisons were organized into guerrilla bands and let loose upon a defenceless people, and their places in the dungeon were filled with the most respectable and virtuous of the land. The cry of despair reached Bolivar in his exile at Carthagena. He reappeared in his native land, raised again the standard of revolt, called his fellow citizens around him, and was soon in a position to wage effective war again the public enemy.

The Spanish commander, exasperated by this new revolt, resolved upon the most desperate measures, which he delaid not to execute. The campaign of 1813 was one of the most terrible that ever desolated a Christian country. Cities were given up to pillage and conflagration. The wives and daughters of the patriot soldiers were abandoned to the brutality of the Spanish troops. Prisoners of war were mercilessly put to death, and hundreds of citizens were executed for the crime of wishing well to their country. Bolivar, then commander-in-chief of the patriot forces, was compelled to issue an order declaring that no quarter should be given to any Spanish captive. Such brilliant successes, however, were won by him over the Spanish troops, that, in January, 1814, he could report to the congress of Venezuela that no Spanish army polluted its soil. He resigned his commission, following the example of Washington, but the congress insisted upon his retaining it until the confederated republics had expelled the foe.

The Spaniard was not yet defeated. The campaign of 1814 was disastrous to the cause of liberty in the adjacent countries, and Bolivar alone, among the distinguished men maintained a firm countenance and urged his countrymen to persevere. Spain now made prodigious efforts. In the spring of 1815 a fleet of fifty ships arrived, which attacked and captured the principal seaports while the new Spanish army ravaged the interior. During these two terrible years more than six hundred patriot officers and citizens were banished or put to death, and Bolivar himself was compelled to fly, and take refuge under the British flag in the island of Jamaica.

But his great soul was still unconquered. The next year, at the head of three hundred men, "equal," as he said, "in courage and in patriotism, as they were in number, to the soldiers of Leonidas," he appeared once more in his native land. Again the Republicans flocked to his standard. The campaigns of 1817 and 1818 were triumphant for the patriots, especially that of the latter year. The career of Bolivar, henceforth, was one of almost unbroken victory, and after four years of terrible warfare, the Spanish government was compelled to treat for peace, and to concede the independence of the United Republics. Again Bolivar resigned his commission as general and dictator. In his address to Congress, he said:

"I am the child of camps. Battles have borne me to the chief magistracy, and the fortune of war has sustained me in it; but a power like that which has been confided to me is dangerous in a republican government. I prefer the title of Soldier to that of Liberator; and, in descending from the Presidential chair, I aspire only to merit the title of good citizen."

Spain renewed the war, and Bolivar was called again to the Supreme command. Three more bloody campaigns were necessary before the Spaniards were wholly and finally expelled from the soil of Columbia, by which name the confederated republics were called. In 1825, Bolivar once more abdicated the dictatorship. An equestrian statue having been decreed him by the corporation of his native city, he declined the honor saying:

"Wait till after my death, that you may judge me without prejudice, and accord to me then such honors as you may deem suitable; but never rear monuments to a man as long as he is alive. He can change, he can betray. You will never have this reproach to make to me; but wait a little longer."

Unfortunately, the Creoles of South America, after they had expelled the oppressor, were not able to form a stable and satisfactory government. The ambition of some men and the weakness of others made the young republics the scene of confusion and, sometimes, of civil war; and Bolivar was compelled again to accept the supreme authority. It was the great design of his policy to unite all the republics, both of South and North America, into a kind of league, offensive and defensive, with a Supreme Court which should decide such questions as are usually decided by war.

Like General Washington, Bolivar was less popular as a civil ruler than he had been as a commander of armies. Disgusted at length by the calumnies with which he was assailed, he not only resigned the presidency but determined to leave his country. He addressed to his fellow citizens a farewell letter:

"The presence of a fortunate soldier," said he, "however disinterested he may be, is always dangerous in a state just set free. I am tired of hearing it incessantly repeated that I wish to make myself emperor, and to raise again the throne of the Incas. Everywhere my actions are misrepresented. It is enough. I have paid my debt to my country and to humanity. I have given my blood, my health, my fortune, to the cause of liberty, and as long as it was in peril I was devoted to its defence; but now that America is no longer torn by war, not polluted with the presence of an armed foe, I withdraw, that my presence may not be an obstacle to the happiness of my fellow citizens. The welfare of my country would alone reconcile me to the hard necessity of a perpetual exile far from the land which gave me birth. Receive, then, my adieus as a new proof of my ardent patriotism and the particular love which I cherish for the people of Colombia."

He sold his estate and was preparing to embark for Jamaica, whence he intended to sail for Europe, when he received a letter from the government, giving him the title of "First Citizen of Colombia," and settling upon him a pension of thirty thousand dollars a year. Before it could be known whether he would accept these offers, he was seized with a fever, of which he died, in December, 1830, in the forty-eighth year of his age. His friends did not doubt that his life was shortened by the fatigues of war and the mortifications of later years. Everything we know of this brave and virtuous man tends to justify the title conferred upon him by his countrymen, of the Washington of South America. If he was less successful in peace than in war it was because his fellow citizens, debased by three centuries of oppression, did not possess the knowledge and virtue requisite for the founding of a free, just and stable government. Washington, too, would have failed if he had not been seconded by able and disinterested men, and supported by a people long accustomed to revere and obey the laws they themselves had made.

"QUIET" IN THE WEST INDIES.

Mark Twain thus writes to the *Tribune* from Washington: Could you give me any information respecting such islands, if any, as the government is going to purchase? It is an uncle of mine that wants to know. He is an industrious man, and well disposed, and wants to make a living in an honest, humble way, but more especially he wants to be quiet. He wishes to settle down and be quiet and unostentatious. He has been to the new island—St Thomas—but he says he thinks things are unsettled there. He went there early, with an attache of the State Department, who was sent down with money to pay for the island, and so when they went ashore, getting a receipt, the sailors broke open the box and took all the money, not making any distinction between government money, which was legitimate money to be stolen, and my uncle's which was his own private property and should have been respected. But he came home and got some more, and went back. And then he took the fever. There are seven kinds of fever down there, you know, and as his blood was out of order by reason of loss of sleep and general wear and tear of mind, he failed to cure the first fever, and then some how he got the other six. He is not a kind of man that enjoys fevers, though he is well meaning and always does what he thinks is right, and so he was a good deal annoyed when it appeared that he was going to die.

But he worried through and got well, and started a farm. He fenced it in, and the next day that great storm came and washed the most of it over to Gibralter, or around there somewhere. He only said, in his patient way, that it was gone, and he wouldn't bother about trying to find out where it went to, though it was his opinion it went to Gibralter.

Then he invested in a mountain, and started a farm up there, so as to be out of the way when the sea came ashore again. It was a good mountain and a good farm, but it wasn't any use; an earthquake came the next night and shook it all down. It was all fragments, you know, and so mixed up with another man's property that he could not tell which were his fragments without going to law, and he would not do that, because his main object in going to St. Thomas was to be quiet. All that he wanted was to settle down and be quiet.

He thought it all over, and finally he concluded to try the low ground again, especially as he wanted to start a brickyard this time. He bought a flat and put out 10,000 bricks to dry, preparatory of baking them. But luck appeared to be against him. A volcano shoved itself through there that night, and elevated his brick yard about 2,000 feet in the air. It irritated him a good deal. He has been up there, and he says the bricks are all baked right enough, but he can't get them down. At first he thought may be government would get the bricks down for him, because if government bought the island it ought to protect the property where a man has invested in good faith; but all he wants is quiet, and so he is not going to apply for the subsidy he was thinking about.

He went back there last week, in a couple of ships of war, to prospect around the coast for a safe place for a farm, where he could be quiet; but another earthquake came and hoisted both of the ships out into one of the interior counties, and he came near losing his life. So he has given up prospecting in a ship, and is discouraged.

Well, now he don't know what to do. He has tried Walrussia; but the bears kept after him so much, and kept him so on the jump, as it were, that he had to leave the country. He could not be quiet there, with those bears prancing after him all the time. That is how he came to go to the new island we have bought—St Thomas. But he is getting to think St. Thomas is not quiet enough for a man of his turn of mind, and that is why he wishes me to find out if Government is likely to buy some more islands shortly. He has heard that Government is thinking about buying Porto Rico. If that is true, he wishes to try Porto Rico, if it is a quiet place. How is Porto Rico for his style of a man? Do you think the Government will buy it? MARK TWAIN.

A HAPPY MOMENT.—A person was once asked what had been the happiest moment she had ever known. She was one who had more than a common share of the good things of this world. She had a bright home and many joyous friends. She had achieved success in a brilliant society, and had won literary fame, and had drank deep of intellectual pleasures in the course of a life which was far spent. Yet she said the happiest moment she had ever known was that in a withered old woman tottered into the room, holding out her shaking hands towards her, and weeping for joy as she exclaimed, "I said I'd come and thank you for saving my boy, though I dropped on the road."

Her boy was a poacher, who, in a midnight affray, had inadvertently, as he said—wilfully as others declared—shot a gamekeeper. He was tried for his life, and almost to the last moment he had no counsel, as neither he nor his miserable old mother had the means of securing one. The lady, knowing nothing of him, heard accidently that if he remained undefended it would go hard with him, and she engaged a first rate counsel on his behalf. The result was, that although his sentence was death, it was accompanied by a recommendation to mercy; a petition, which was afterward drawn up by his defender procured a commutation to the extreme penalty; and so it was that the joys of happy love, and fame, and pleasure, paled before the grateful light in the poor old mother's eyes as she spoke her homely thanks, and then dropped back to her obscurity and was no more seen.—*Good Words.*

WHAT IS GOLD THREAD.

Gold in the minutest particles is used for ornamental purposes in the form of plating, leaf, wash, etc., but one of its most delicate applications is that of a fine thread, either woven into a fabric of silk, used for embroideries, twisted into fringe, or netted into lace. In none of these forms, however, is the thread a filament or wire of soled gold; the thread is gilded, and consists of two metals and a core of silk. Wire for gold thread is of silver with a coating of gold so infinitesimally thin as to be beyond our comprehension. A rod of silver is coated with gold to a thickness of about one-hundredth part of the silver, and then this silver gilt wire is drawn down to a wire much finer than the finest human hair, and yet it will then be perfectly coated with the gold, still maintaining its relative thickness of one hundredth part, one tenth the thickness of fine gold leaf.

This gilded wire is then passed between [illegible] and flattened, preparatory to being spun upon the silk thread. In this form of film like ribbon it is so light that a handful of it tossed in the air will float in the atmosphere of a room like gossamer. The flattened wire—if its diminutiveness deserves the name—is spun around a thread of silk, covering it in a spiral coil, so closely laid that it appears like a solid gold thread, while in fact the gold is as nothing compared to the other material. This thread is so delicate, although of triple composition, that it can be easily threaded in a fine needle and used for embroidery purposes. It can be woven into silk or into gold lace, or spun and twisted into cord, bullion, and fringe. The lace that decorates the uniforms of soldiers, and the bullion fringe of the epaulettes which has such a massive rich appearance, is but this fine hair-like thread of silk, silver and gold.

But the larger part of our gold lace and other ornamental gilt materials is base, having not a particle of gold in its composition. That which represents gold is merely one of the compositions having copper for a base, ductile and tenacious, and worked in the same manner as true gold thread. This wire, however, has no silver core, nor is it usually spun upon silk, but on orange colored cotton. This is largely manufactured in this country, and when just from the workman's hand is very rich in appearance, but soon tarnishes, and if exposed to moisture turns green from oxidation, which quickly rots the cotton core. Gold thread and its manufacture are costly, not so much for the material employed as for the skill and care necessary for its production. It is wonderfully strong when properly made, and if protected from moisture the lace and embroidery will retain their luster for years.—*Scientific American.*

THE AMERICA OF THE FUTURE.

As one looks forward to the America of fifty years hence, the main source of anxiety appears to be in a probable excess of prosperity and in the want of a good grievance. We seem nearly at the end of those great public wrongs which require a special moral earthquake to end them. Except to secure the ballot for women—a contest which is [illegible] seems nothing left which need be absolutely fought for; no great influence to keep up from a common place and perhaps debasing success. There will, no doubt, be still need of the statesman to adjust the details of government, and of the clergyman to keep an eye on private morals, including his own. There will also be social and religious changes, perhaps great ones, but there are no means of any very fierce upheaval. And seeing the educational value to this generation of the reforms for which it has contended, and especially of the anti-slavery enterprise, one must feel an impulse of piety for our successors, who seem likely to have no convictions that they can honestly be mobbed for.

Can we spare these great tonics? It is the experience of history that all religous bodies are purged by persecution and materialized by peace. No amount of accumulated virtue has thus far saved the merely devout communities from deteriorating, when let alone, into comfort and good dinners. This is most noticeable in detached organizations—Moravians, Shakers, Roman Catholics—they all go the same way at last; when persecution and missionary toil are over they enter on a tiresome millenium of meat and pudding. To guard against this spiritual obesity, this carnal Eden, what has the next age in reserve for us? Suppose forty millions perfectly healthy and virtuous Americans, what is to keep them from being as so many Chinese?

I know of nothing but that aim which is the climax and flower of civilization, without which purity itself grows dull and devotion tedious—the pursuit of science and art. Give to all this nation peace, freedom, prosperity, and even virtue, still there must be some absorbing interest, some career. That career can only be sought in two directions—more and yet more material prosperity on the one side, science and art on the other. Every man's aim must either be riches, or something better than riches. Now the wealth is to be respected and desired, nor need anything be said against it. And certainly nothing need be said in its behalf, there is such a vast chorus of voices steadily occupied in proclaiming it. The instincts of the American mind will take care of that; but to advocate the alternative career, the striving of the whole nature after something utterly apart from this world's wealth—it is for this end that a stray voice is needed. It will not take long; the clamor of the market will re-absorb us to morrow.—*Atlantic Monthly for Dec.*

NEVER whine over what you may suppose to be the loss of opportunities. A great many have good early opportunities without learning much; every man way educate himself that wishes to. It is the will that makes the way. Many a servant that wanted knowledge has listened while his master's children were saying their letters; and putting them together, to form easy words, has thus caught the first elements of spelling. If any one has a strong thirst for knowledge, we do not care where he is put, he will become an educated man. The first step towards self-improvement is to leave off whining over the past, and bend every energy to the improvement of the present.

LORD BACON beautifully said, "If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from the other lands, but a continent that joins them."

AN exchange paper begins a forcible appeal to its delinquents with this touching sentence: "We must *dun* or we must be *done*."

JOSH BILLINGS says if a man is going to make a business of serving the Lord, he likes to see him do it when he measures onions, as well as when he hollars hallelluyar.

WHEN is an actor a good friend to another actor? When he takes his part.

THE Cleveland *Leader*, in a recent article, answers the question, "What kind of a man is attractive to a woman?" in this sensible style. This answer can be given in a few words: God has so made the sexes that woman, like children, cling to men; lean upon them for protection, care and love; look up to them as though they were superior in mind and body. They make them the suns of their system, and they and their children revolve around them. Men are gods, if they but knew it, and women burning incense at their shrines. Women, therefore, who have good minds and pure hearts want men to lean upon. Think of their reverencing a drunkard, a liar, a fool, or a libertine. If a man would have a woman do him a homage he must be manly in every sense; a true gentleman, not after the Chesterfield school, but because his heart is full of kindness to all; one who treats her with respect, even deference, because she is a woman; who never condescends to say silly things to her; who is never too anxious to please, but always anxious to do right; who has no time to be frivolous with her; always dignified in speech and act; who never spends too much upon her; never yields to temptation, even if she puts it in his way; who is ambitious to make his mark in the world, whether she encourages him or not; who is never familiar with her to the extent of being an adopted brother or cousin; who is not over careful about dress; always pleasant and considerate, but always keeping his place as the man at the head, and never loosing it. Such deportment, with noble principles, a good mind, energy and industry, will win any woman in the land who is worth winning.

WHY are young ladies like arrows?—Because they never go off without a bow (beau) and they are always in a quiver till they get one.

WONDER AND FACT.—"I wonder where the clouds are going," sighed Flora pensively as she pointed with her delicate fingers to the heavy masses that floated in the sky. "I think they are going to thunder," said her brother.

CULTIVATE impudence—it is a good substitute for bravery—only be a little keerful to pick your customers when you try it on.—*Billings.*

MR. HALL says: "To be a great orator, a peerless beauty, or the star of the social circles, whether man or woman, is the next door to being lost."

"PAPA please buy me a muff when you go to Boston," said little three year old Ruth. Her sister Minnie, hearing said: "You are too little to have a muff."

"Am I too little to be *cold*?" rejoined the indignant little Ruth.

THAT'S THE POINT!—We often hear the expression, "A quotation within a quotation." For our own wart we are rather curious to know how there could possibly be a quotation *without* a quotation.

[illegible] Yankee's reply to the European traveller when he asked him, if he had just crossed the Alps, replied, "Wal, now you call my attention to the fact, I guess I did pass a little risin' ground."

FROM "THE MILLER AND HIS MEN."—Corn is rising. Bread is dearer. Even the other classes appear to be falling into dreadful destitution, for it is no uncommon sight now to meet their wives, and daughters wearing nothing but sacks.

MEN talk idly about empire, nation, family. The foundation of the empire is in the nation, of the nation in the family, of the family in the individual; in fine, government is founded on the people, the people on the family, the family on its chief.

ANOTHER vexed question has arisen in Europe.—when was Lord Brougham born? Sept. 19th was his birth-day; but neither the venerable lord nor any one of his family knows what age he attained that day. The Peerages say he was born on the 19th of September, 1778; the Biographical Dictionaries on the same day in 1779; so that he is either eighty-eight or eigthy-nine.

To confound wealth with happiness is to mistake the means for the end. You might as well fancy that a knife and a fork would give you an appetite. The smallest compliment we receive from another confers more pleasure than the biggest compliment we pay to our selves. Most fashions are ridiculous; but we are obliged to fall into the ridicule to avoid appearing still more ridiculous.

THE road to eminence and power from obscure condition ought not to be made to easy, nor a thing too much of course. If rare merit be the rarest of all rare things, it ought to pass through some sort of probation. The Temple of honor ought to be seated on an eminence. If it be open through virtue, let it be remembered, too, that virtue is never tried but by some difficulty and some struggle.—*Edmund Burke.*

A WELL KNOWN parish minister in the West Highlands, distinguished for his vein of humor and sarcastic observation, meeting the other day a zealous minister of the Free Church, said, "I am told that you are thinking of coming back to the Establishment again." "Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the other; upon which the minister rejoined, "Well, it is seldom you and I agree on such matters, but those are just the very words I used when I heard the report.

CURRAN was once engaged in a legal argument. Behind him stood his colleague, a gentleman whose person was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally intended to take orders. The judge observed that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law. "Then," said Curran, "I can refer your lordship to a high authority behind me, who was once intended for the Church, though, in my opinion, he was fitter for the steeple."

THE following story is illustrative of the language of Scotland, and affords an example of the prominence said to be given to vowels in Scotch discourse. The dialogue is between a shopman and a customer, and the conversation relates to a plaid hanging at the shop door:—*Customer* (inquiring the material); "Oo?" (wool?) *Shopman*:—"Ay, oo" (yes, wool). *Customer*: "A' oo?" (all wool?) *Shopman*: "Ay, a' oo" (yes, all wool). *Customer*: "A' ae oo?" (all same wool?) *Shopman*: "Ay, a' ae oo" (yes, all the same wool).

OUR homes are like instruments of music. The strings that give melody or discord are the members. If each is rightly attuned they will all vibrate in harmony; but a single discordant string jars through the instrument and destroys its sweetness.

A PLEA FOR MEAN MEN.

The *Missouri Republican* has a correspondent who undertakes the thankless task of defending mean men. He endeavors to prove in an elaborate essay, the superiority of the "good fellow" of our period. And in good sooth, he comes nearer to success in his task than it is polite to acknowledge.

One thing that a mean man is remarkable for, is his reliability. You always know where to find him. Ask him to contribute to a testimonial to Fodjers, or to subscribe for the relief of Smuggs. He says no. But he also acts no. He don't give a cent. But put the same appeal to "good fellow," and he says "Certainly, my dear boy. Put me down for a V." And you do put him down for a V, subsequently enjoying the privilege of making a subscription good out of your own pocket. For a "good fellow" always says yes, but never acts yes.

So far we have discoursed on the text given by our topic. Now let the correspondent speak himself:

Who makes the better husband? At the risk of bringing down a torrent of maledictions on my unprotected head, I shall still adhere to the man who is supposed to have no heart or genuine human sentiment. The good fellow for a lover the mean man for a husband. The latter will rob all creation to supply his household; the former will rob his family to accommodate his friends. Form all the married women in St. Louis, in a solid column up and down Fourth street and if I don't get ninety-nine votes out of one hundred in favor of my proposition, I will treat the drinking community to a barrel of gin and water on the occasion of the first election for a female President. Good fellow, all love; mean man, all business. One takes his wife to the opera in a four-horse carriage; the other rides triumphantly in a street omnibus. The good fellow never can be cross to anybody but his wife, for fear of making himself unpopular; the mean man is so sour with all the rest of the world that he has not one particle of ill temper to spare at home.

"Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,
For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

but it won't buy beef. Mean man seldom gets "salubrious;" he is to mean. His wife is never jealous. She knows all women hate him, because he is mean, and she rather likes it. She laughs and grows fat. Good fellow drinks; too kind-hearted to refuse; and he loves everybody. Good fellow's wife pale and emaciated, decrepit with care and full of sorrow; mean cuss's wife hale and hearty, fat, red-faced, and weighs a ton. Am I right?

CUPID ON A RAID.

It is real singular what a man killer and woman-killer the god Cupid is; for one of his heft. He is pictured on paper about the size of a four year old fat boy baby, with a pair of wings about as large as a boss butterfly's, and is armed with a bow and arrows, that might possibly answer to kill bumble-bees at four paces.

This little fellow has bagged more game with his wooden shuteing irons than all the shot that has ever been built can brag of.

He has in his quiver innumerable arrows, sum few of them dipped in genuine love, and feathered with good sense; but most of them would seem too trifling tew be at all dangerous if I hadn't, with my own eyes, noticed him at work with them, both at male and female game, both sitting and flying, and seen the many ded shots he has made.

I have been at sum pains for the last tew sezons tew watch his monoovers whare I have happened tew be, and the following rekord is a faithful history of this little chap's bloody bizz.

Ben Slocum, aged nineteen years, weight about 190 pounds, and a good eater, at work by the month for farmer Brown, hoeing corn, receiving his death wound from a garter belonging to Rachel Tucker, Brown's hired girl, as she, said Tucker was learning tew jump the rope down the garden.

Kate Freelove, youngest daughter of I. S. Freelove, Esq., who could play big on the pianny, and had studied Latin one quarter, was shot thru and thru by a paper of Stuart's mixed candies that Frank Fevor sent her.

John Davis got his mutton cooked by a spit curl that was dangling on Angeline's forehead.

Bill Wetherby, a dry goods clerk, died suddenly by getting in range of one of Roxy Matthew's sweetest smiles darted across the counter.

Sally Munson diseased without a struggle. Cause—Dick Fenton's No. 7 patent leather boots and California solitaire.

Sam Benson, butcher, wounded with a hoop skirt, got better; then was struck plump dead by a false calf in the Bowery.

Lawrence Peters, aged sixty, and for thirty years a consistent batchelor, lived only an hour, in great agony, after eating warm apple pies at Widow Stebbin's.

Frank Hunter, maimed for life, by a black balmoral with an orang stripe in it.—*Josh Billings.*

MR. GOUGH'S RECOVERY.—The following incident is worthy of being often repeated, as an encouragement to laber for moral or religious reform. A warm heart and wise tongue may overcome the most formidable obstacles