The Bedford Inquirer.

A Local and General Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Education, Literature and Morals.

JOHN LUTZ, *Editor and Proprietor.* BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1869. VOL. 42: NO. 22

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Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Military claims, Pensions, back Pay, Bounty, &c. speedily collected. Office with ...n & Spang, on Juliana street, 2 doors south ...e Mengel House. apl 1, 1869.—tf.

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SHARPE & KERR, *ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.*

Will practice in the Courts of Bedford and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to their care will receive careful and prompt attention. Pensions, Bounty, Back Pay, &c., speedily collected from the Government.

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W. C. SCHAEFFER ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.,

Office with J. W. Dickerson Esq.. 23apr1y

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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 1,69.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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D. W. CROUSE, DEALER IN CIGARS, TOBACCO, PIPES, &C.

On Pitt street one door east of Geo. R. Oster & Co.'s 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 April 1, '69.

C. N. HICKOK, DENTIST.

Office at the old stand in BANK BUILDING, Juliana st., BEDFORD.

All operations pertaining to *Surgical and Mechanical Dentistry* performed with care and WARRANTED.

Anæsthetics administered, when desired. Artificial teeth inserted at, per set, **$8.00** *and upward.*

As I am determined to do a CASH BUSINESS or none, I have reduced the prices for Artificial Teeth of the various kinds, 20 per cent., and of Gold Fillings 33 per cent. This reduction will be made only to strictly Cash Patients, and all such will receive prompt attention. 7feb68

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,'69:1y WM. DIBERT, Prop'r.

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This old establishment having been leased by J. MORRISON, formerly proprietor of the Morrison House, has been entirely renovated and refurnished and supplied with all the modern improvements and conveniences necessary to a first-class Hotel.

The dining room has been removed to the first floor and is now spacious and airy, and the chambers are all well ventilated, and the proprietor will endeavor to make his guests perfectly at home. Address, J. MORRISON, EXCHANGE HOTEL, Huntingdon, Pa.

31julytf

MAGAZINES.—The following Magazines for sale at the Inquirer Book Store: ATLANTIC MONTHLY, PUTNAM'S MONTHLY LIPPINCOTT'S, GALAXY, PETERSON, GODEY, MD'M. DEMOREST, FRANK LESLIE RIVERSIDE, etc. etc. ft

Inquirer Column.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE BEDFORD INQUIRER.

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BY

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OFFICE ON JULIANA STREET,

BEDFORD, PA.

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JOHN LUTZ.

Poetry.

DEDICATION.

BY EDWIN ROSSITER JOHNSON.

If that indeed were fact which seems
A pleasant universal fiction,
That's daily born of youthful dreams,
Nor dies of daily contradiction—

That every mortal has a mate,
And counterparts go blindly groping,
To find perchance, through fogs or fate,
The end of all their weary hoping—

I'd say: Whatever I have done
To manhood's earnest work befitting,
Be consecrate to her alone
Who waits for me, though all unwitting;

Who puts the signs of pain away,
Lest grief too soon her cheek should furrow;
Who beats temptation back to-day,
That I may see some glad to-morrow;

Who dare not pluck a flower that grows
Beyond the path God spreads before her,
Nor ever think of passing those
That bloom beside it to adore her;

Who strives to add a cubit yet
By faith unto her moral stature—
Dear soul!—lest I should feel regret
At finding less than mine her nature;

Whose hands train many a trailing vine
That mine had rudely left to perish,
And all its tendrils deftly twine
In folds that failing years shall cherish;

Whose steps will mark life's tune alway,
Though mine have stumbled, failed, and blundered;
Whose spirit walks with mine to day,
However far our feet are sundered.—

From Lippincott's Magazine for June.

Miscellaneous.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Tries an Experiment which Results not as he Expected—The new Feeling toward the Nigger in Indiana.

POST OFFIS, CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
Which is in the State uv Kentucky,
May 1, 1869.

The Dimocrisy uv the country are not in that happy condishen jest at this time that I cood wish. The Satrap at the head uv the Government, and his subordinit satraps, at the head uv the Department, hev not left ez many opinins ez they ought, for our good, and the reduckshen uv the expenditoors uv the Government so persistently follered up is death to us. We want groaning, but it must not be uv dismist clerks and army officers. Hed the Government put a garrison into every town ez we profeside it wood, and cood we hev hed this summer, in addishen, the potato rot, weevil, frost locusts, floods, drouth, yellow fever and cholera, we mite hev some chance uv carryin the fall elections, for the people wood hev murmured. But ez long ez everything goes smooth they laff at us when we in-ist upon a change and say, jecrinly, "Go up, bald head."

And in addishen to the calamities, we hev bin, or are just about bein, deprived uv the nigger which hez bin our cheef and best holt. O, wat a blackslidin there hez bin in this matter! O, what a levelin there hez bin uv the walls uv the Demikratic Zion! O, what a going back there hez bin on Demikratic cardinal principles!

Feelin an oneasiness in my mind cz to the condishen uv the public mind in the Northern States on the adopshun uv the Fifteenth Amendment, I determined to adopt a most hazardous experiment. I hed no fears uv Kentuck, none. Kentuck will git ready to adopt an idea ninety years after date, but I felt that I wanted to be satisfied cz to the soundnis uv the Ohio and Injeany Dimocrisy on this question.

To this end I determined to resort to strategy. I wanted to know precisely the feelins entertained in those States regardin the Afriken. I wanted to see with my own eyes the skornful look wich was formerly slung at Afric's nose; I wanted to hear again from Demikratic lips that cheerin expression, "D--n the nigger, anyhow!" To accomplish this, I determined to personate a nigger, and in that guise to go boldly into Injeany, announce myself ez an Afriken nigger determined to assert his rites, and note the result. I expectid, uv course, to be hooted and reviled. I expected to be stoned and shot at, but I wood thereby kill two birds with one stone, viz: I wood disgust the Injeanians with nigger ekality, ez they wood see wat it wuz leadin, and I could exhibit my scars to Kentucky ez proof uv the stedfusnis uv their Northern frends.

Wat I determine upon I do. In my younger days, the feat involvin the possesshen uv a horse, which resultid in my bein tried for grand larceny, and convicted by twelve prejoodist joorymen, and my incarcerashen from which I wuz only releeved bee-z my vote wuz needid to carry Pennsylvany for Bookannon, this masterpiece wuz conceeved and execootid in less than four hours. Unforchnitely, the courts wuz nearly ez expedishus, for four days thereafter I found myself in a Basteel.

I entered Injeanny ez a white man; I rejestered my name at a hotel ez a white man, but I left it a nigger, wich transformation was recomplished by means uv burnt cork, in my room; wich transformation wuz uv double use, ez it enabled me to leave my hotel without likidatin my account, wich otherwise wood hev bin impossible. The county in wich I landed wuz a close one, the two parties bein nearly tied, neither hevin fifty votes to spare, and there bein over a hundred niggers in the county, the Afrikin will, ef he votes this Fall, hold the balance uv power.

With my face and hands blackt to the color uv nite, and assumin the character uv a preacher in the M. E. Afrikin church, wich character I cood assoom, ez the burnt cork hid the acquired color uv my nose, I sallied forth boldly. Procoorin the locasben uv the leadin Dimikrat uv the county, wich wuz also the candidate for sheriff, I sought him out and demanded a subscripshen for a Afrikin church, wich I asserted I was desirous uv erectin in the east part of the county, and uv wich I wuz to be pastor in charge, holdin myself at the same time in sich a posishen that a kick cood do but little if any damage.

"I wuz not kickt!"

On the contrary, quite the reverse! The gushin candidate kindly, blandly and winningly begged me to be seated; he askt me, with tears uv intrest gushin from his eyes, ez to the prospex uv our Zion; ez to how many we numbered, male and female, adult and youthful, and whether or not we coodent indulge a reasonable hope that many more uv our color mightn't be induct to leave the South and settle in the county.

Hopin to frightin him with nigger emigrashen, wich I hed heard him denounce not a year before in onmitigated terms, I answered promptly that I wuz even then arrangin for the removal uv three thousand into the county.

"Thank the Lord!" says he. "The admirashen I feel for the Afrikins—the respeck I hev for their many qualities uv head and heart make me say, in the language uv the inspired writer, 'The more the merrier.' Here is my humble contribootion to yoor church," sed he, handin me $10, "take it, and may the Lord bless its use. And next fall, after the Amendment hez bin ratified, and yoor people git the rites wich wuz alluz theirn, I trust yoo will remember at the polls them wich hev stood yoor frends, uv whom I am wich."

Dumbfoundid I staggered over to another who was candidate for Treasurer, and to my surprise and horor he not only give me $10, but took me by the arm in a most effeckshnit manner, and insistid on takin me round and assistin me in raisin the amount I needed. Feelin that so far cz hatin the nigger wuz concerned, all wuz lost. I recklessly went with him, and reely did raise $160 cash off uv the candidates for the county officers, and one wich desires to okkepy a seet in Congris. Only wunct wuz this wretch nonplussed. Turning a corner sharp we came upon suthin like fifteen gentlemen who wuz a workin on the streets with a ball and chain attached to em. The minit his eyes struck em he loosed his holt on me and shot abed, keepin in advance till he hed turned the next corner.

"Why this maneouver?" askt I, that he hed even that much uv original Dimokratic feelin in him.

"My deer sir!" replied he, "You will excuse me, but the fact is, I'm in a precarious sitooashen. I'm a candidate; and its close. Them gentlemen with the ball and chain hev votes, and they hev a most crooil prejoodis agin those uv yoor color. We must honor their idiosyncrasies, till we kin correct them. The time is comin, and I am laborin for it nite and day, when it will all be removed. My deer sir, at the polls this fall will you and your flock remember the sacrifices I hev made and am makin?"

But I did come to greef. One uv these candidates insisted upon takin me, nigger ez he sposed me to be, home to his house to dinner. Injoodishus ez I wuz I went, and there met my fate. He led me to a chamber, and without thinkin uv the burnt cork on my hands I undertook to wash em, wich I made a pint uv doin reglerly twice a week. The first splash in the water showed me my blunder. Off came the color and I stood before him a white man in disguise. He gave one look at my hands, and then the kickin! Ignominyusly he led me to the front door, and one kick landed me on the sidewalk. Thank Heaven, he coodent kick the $160 out uv my breeches pocket!

It is needlis to pursoo this disgustin subjiek further.

Ez a nigger I wuz welcomed; when it wuz known that I was a white man I wuz ignominiously kickt! Is this the beginin uv a new order of things? Is the nigger to receive all the smiles hereafter of the Demikrats who want office? I fear me. No sooner is ther a probability uv this race gittin a vote than the Democratic leaders, forgitten their proud cawcashen blood, forgitten the difference in the anatomical structure uv the two races, and forgitten that the minit they give the nigger the vote, ther daughters must all marry niggers; they forgit all this, and cuddle with em the same ez they alluz hev with other inferior classes.

I returned home weary and sad, and silent; I hed nothing to say to Bascom, no cheerin words to sling at Deckin Pogram. They did not know what I went for, nor how I went, nor shd they ever know. I am, however, satisfied that I must immejitly make a shift into suthin. My time here is rapidly drawin to a close—the shadders is closin round me, and the nite is at hand.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.,
(Wich means Postmaster.)

HORACE GREELEY IN THE RIOT.

Only a hundred muskets had been brought into the building during the night; but these, by a happy *ruse*, had been magnified in the estimation of the mob into at least five hundred. They kept the rascals at bay for the night, but were totally insufficient for the regular defence of the building. With even a hundred brave men behind them they could no more have withstood that infuriated crew of five thousand, than a feather can withstand a whirlwind. This was fully appreciated by the defenders, and it was determined that if the building should stand over night, to load it up to the muzzle in the morning. Accordingly, by the following noon it was a perfect arsenal. The first floor was barricaded with bales of printing paper, and provided with a steam hose, that would have badly "scorched" any intruder; and the second story had at one of the windows a small cannon, loaded with grape and canister, and at the others, piles of hand grenades, ready to be hurled upon the rioters. The third story was equally well armed, and in the larger editorial room were a dozen forty-pound shells, with fuses shortened so they would explode on striking the pavement. These, with a brace or more of muskets at every window, and a hundred and fifty determined men, all under command of an experienced army officer, completed the armament of the building.

This arsenal Mr. Greeley entered about noon on the second day of the riot, and making his way to the editorial rooms, he looked curiously about at the warlike preparations. "What are these?" he inquired, inspecting the shells, which were ranged in an irregular semi-circle near one of the front windows.

"Balls of fire and brimstone for those red ragamuffins down there on the sidewalk."

"But I wanted no arms brought into the building."

"Yes, we know; but Col. Adams now has command of the *Tribune*, and we propose to see this dance out, if it lasts till doomsday."

Without further remark Mr. Greely went to his work, and all the day was knee-deep in editorials and exchanges.

Meanwhile a noisy mob was in possession of Printing-House Square, and whoever entered or left the building was greeted with yells and curses, and threats of even rougher treatment. Still, a throng of friends kept pouring in and out all the day, and these visitors so impeded Mr. Greeley's work that it was eight o'clock at night before he had finished his last leader. As it grew towards dark one friend after another went to him, urging him to leave for home, and representing the great danger of remaining after sunset. To all his answer was, "I am not quite through; I will go in a few minutes."

At last General Busteed came in from the street, reporting that the crowd, now greatly augmented, were clamoring wildly for "ould Grayley." "It is absolute madness," he added, "for you to stay longer;" but the answer still was, "I am not quite through; I will go in a few minutes."

Eight o'clock at last came, and then Col. Adams and another gentleman sent out for a close carriage, to be brought to the side door, and then going to Mr. Greeley, accosted him somewhat as follows:

"Mr. Greeley, a carriage will be here instantly. We want you to leave the office."

"I'm not quite ready; I will go in a few moments," was again the quiet answer.

"We insist on your going *now*. A hundred and fifty of us are risking our lives in defending your building, and you have no right to add to our danger."

At this the philosopher slowly rose, and with his peculiar smile, said, "But why order a carriage? I could have gone just as well in a street car."

"You couldn't have got to a car. Look down there, and see the kind of crowd that surrounds the building."

He looked down and saw what might have made a man of iron nerve turn a little pallid. The infernal regions had been unroofed, and the devils were there, shouting and hooting, and howling, and groaning on the pavement. Such another crew got together on this or any other planet; and as he looked they shouted, "Come out, ye ould haythen; come out, and we'll taich ye a naygar's as good as a Irishman."

"Well, they *are* a hard looking set," he said, turning quietly around and drawing on his coat, preparatory to leaving; "where could these fellows have come from?"

He was smuggled into the carriage, the door was closed, and in half an hour he was miles away, in safety.

As all know, the riot lasted two days longer. During every hour of those two days the *Tribune* office and its editor were in almost hourly danger; but Mr. Greely came and went as usual, and as usual attended to the duties of his position, as if only quiet were reigning over the blood-deluged city; and all this while some of the great dailies were posting him as a poltroon; and even a venerable archbishop had the bad taste to publicly brand him as morally and physically a coward!

Whatever may be the facts touching Mr. Greeley's moral or physical courage, he showed upon this occasion an intellectual courage that stood him in good stead, and constituted him in every deed a hero.—EDMUND KIRKE, *in Packard's Monthly.*

ANECDOTE OF DISRAELI'S WIFE.

A story is told of Lady Beaconsfield's devotion to her lord and his ambition, which, if true, is a touching commentary on the unselfishness of womanly affection. On one occasion, when Disraeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer, his wife accompanied him to the Parliament House. It was "Budget" night—the most momentous of all sessions to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for he had to unfold his financial plans for the ensuing year to a critical and not too easily satisfied House. Disraeli, as he took his place in the carriage, was wholly wrapt up in his subject and his figures; it was a crisis in his career; if he failed this night, he might well take Wolsey's advice to Cromwell, "Fling away ambition!" His wife entered the carriage also, softly, so as not to disturb the thinker. In getting in, however, her finger was caught by the door, which, shutting upon it, jammed it terribly and held it so fast that she could not withdraw it. She uttered no cry, made no movement; her pain and agony must have been intense. There was the finger crushed between the panels; to speak or to endeavor to withdraw it would disturb her lord—would drive the figures and arguments from his head. So there stayed the finger, every moment more painful, until they reached the House; nor did Disraeli hear a word of it till long after the famous debate of that night had become history. All that evening the faithful wife sat in the gallery, that her husband's quick-glancing eye might not miss her from it; she bore the pain like a martyr and like a woman who loves.

No wonder that by her husband's act she has become Viscountess Beaconsfield; still less wonder that, as Lady Beaconsfield, she is honored in England's proudest castles, and has taken her place in the hereditary society as naturally and easily as if she too had been "to the manner born."—*From* OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP, *in Lippincott's Magazine for June.*

OVERWORK.—There was William Pitt, dead at forty nine, carrying the British Empire on his shoulders for a quarter of a century, and attempting to carry a pint of port wine daily and a pinch of opium in his stomach, and foundering in mid-ocean from this over-cargo. What a wreck was that when Brinsley Sheridan went to pieces on the breakers of intemperance and overwork! There, too, was Mirabeau, that prodigy of strength and health, of versatility and splendid talent, killed by the overwhelming labors and excitements of the tribune and the orgies of Cyprian hells. Sergeant S. Prentiss attempted the double task; and if ever a man might with impunity, he could, with leonine health and marvelous mental gifts. Said a distinguished Mississippi lawyer to me, "Prentiss would sit up all night gambling and drinking, and then go into court next day and make a better plea in all respects than I could, or anybody else at the bar of our State, even though we studied our case half the night and sleep the rest." He tried it, and in the trying burned to the socket in forty-one years the lamp of life that had been trimmed to last fourscore. A draft upon the constitution in behalf of appetite is just as much a draft as in behalf of work; and if both are habitually preferred together, bankruptcy and ruin are sure and swift.—*From* USING STRENGTH WITH ECONOMY, *in Lippincott's Magazine for June.*

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.—The same God who moulded out sun and kindled the stars watches the flight of the insects. He who balances the clouds, and hung the earth upon nothing, notices the fall of the sparrow. He who gave Saturn his two rings, and placed the moon, like a ball of silver, in the broad arch of heaven, gives the rose-leaf its delicate tint. And the same Being notices equally the praise of the cherubim and the prayers of the little child.

HOW TO BE HANDSOME.

Most people like to be handsome. Nobody denies the greater power any person may have who has a good face, and who attracts you by good looks, even before a word has been spoken. And we see all sorts of devices in men and women to improve their looks—paints and washes, and all kinds of cosmatics, including a plentiful annointing with dirty hair oil.

Now not every one can have good features. They are as God made them; but almost any one can look well especially with good health. It is hard to give rules in a very short space, but in brief these will do.

Keep clean—wash freely and universally with cold water. All the skin wants is leave to act freely and it will take care of itself. Its thousands of air holes must not be plugged up.

Eat regularly and simply. The stomach can no more work all the time, night and day, than a horse; it must have regular work and regular rest.

Good teeth are a help to good looks. Brush them with a soft brush, especially at night. Go to bed with teeth clean. Of course to have white teeth, it is needful to let tobacco alone. Every woman knows that. And any powder or wash for the teeth, should be very simple. Acids may whiten the teeth, but they take off enamel or injure it

Sleep in a cool room, in pure air. No one can have a clean skin who breathes bad air. But more than all, in order to look well—wake up the mind and soul.

When the mind is awake, the dull, sleepy look passes away from the eyes. I do not know that the brain expands, but it seems to. Think, read—not trashy novels, but books that have something in them. Talk with people that know something; hear lectures and learn by them.

This is one good of preaching. A man thinks and works and tells us the result. And if we listen, and hear, and understand, the mind and soul are worked.

If the spiritual nature is aroused so much the better.

We have seen a plain face really glorified by the love of God and man which shone through it.

Let us grow handsome.

Men say they can't afford books, and sometimes they don't even pay for their newspaper. In that case, it does them little good, they must feel so mean while they are reading it.

But men can afford what they really choose. If all the money spent in self-indulgence, in hurtful indulgence, was spent in books, self improvement; we should see a change. Men would grow handsome and women too. The soul would shine out through the eyes. We were not meant to be mere animals.

Let us have books and read them, and lectures and hear them, and sermons and heed them.

SELF-MADE MEN.

The maxim that "every man is the architect of his own fortune," has been strikingly verified and illustrated in the history of American statesmen. The following collection of facts respecting some of our great men may prove interesting:

Very few of the fathers of our republic were the inheritors of distinction. Washington was almost the only gentleman by right of birth in all that astonishing company of thinkers and actors. Two or three Virginians, John Jay, of New York, and half a dozen meaner men from other provinces, were exceptions. But Franklin was a printer's boy; Sherman, a shoemaker; Knox was a book-binder; Green, a blacksmith; John Adams and Marshall, the sons of poor farmers; and Hamilton, the most subtile, fiery, and electrical, but at the same time the most composed and orderly genius of all, excepting the unapproachable Chief, was of as humble parentage as the rest, and himself at the beginning, a clerk or shopkeeper. And if we come down to a late period, Daniel Webster was the son of a country farmer, and was rescued from the occupation of a drover only by the shrewd observation of Christopher Gore, whom he called upon for advice in respect to a difficulty arising from the sale of a pair of steers; John C. Calhoun was the son of a tanner and currier; the father of Henry Clay belonged to the poorer class of Baptist ministers; Martin Van Buren, during the fitful leisure of the day gathered pine knots to light his evening studies; Thomas Corwin was a wagoner; Silas Wright, by heritage, a machinist. In later times we have had Lincoln of the flat-boat; Johnson, the tailor; Grant, the tanner; Wilson, the shoemaker's apprentice; and many others among our statesmen, who receive the applause and reverence of mankind, passed their earlier years, of what, in other countries, would be almost impassable distance from the eminences which they now enjoy.

All this is encouraging for our aspiring young men who would dare and do, rather than lean on the reputation of their ancestors.

In the old monarchies the question is, what is your pedigree; or who were your projenitors? Here, in our republic, the question is, What have you done? what are you doing? at what do you aim? To do, to grow, to improve, and become all that God intended us to, is our privilege, our right and our duty. "God helps those who help themselves."

WHAT ARE YOU LIVING FOR.—A pastor, walking out recently, met a little girl belonging to his flock. As they walked on together, he spoke to her of her studies, and was pleased to see her manifesting an interest, amounting almost to enthusiasm, in the cultivation of her mind.

"But why, Ellie," asked the pastor, "are you so anxious to succeed in your studies? What do you mean to do with your education after you have got it?"

"O, sir," said the girl, "I want to learn, that I may do some good in the world. I don't want to have to tell the Lord in the day of judgment that I have lived so long in the world without having done any good in it."

Noble purpose! Who of our young friends are studying and living to so good an end? Who of us are making an every day impress for good on the hearts and lives of those among whom we move?

THE way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

IN diving to the bottom of pleasures we bring up more gravel than pearls.

PRETTY TOP BOOTS.

If their is anything prettier or more sensible than the short dresses which the ladies wear now, what is it? If there is anything more bewitching than those cunning little feet that trip with a light spring across the streets and along our sidewalks, even in the muddy days, what can it be? As when Tennyson's Princess and her train were climbing the rocks,

"Many a light foot shone like a jewel set
In the dark crag;"—

So they shine over our rough cross-walks and pavements. And you remember, that one very charming characteristic of pretty Arabella Allen in Pickwick was, that she wore a very nice little pair of boots with fur around the tops, which Mr. Pickwick caught a glimpse of, as she was getting over the style with a bevy of damsels who were enjoying their Christmas frolic, and "who," says the author, "having pretty feet and unexceptionable ankles, preferred standing on the top rail five minutes, declaring that they were too frightened to move."

The short dresses have led the ladies to pay particular attention to their feet, and they have almost reached perfection in those thick, firm and artistically shaped shoes which they now wear, in place of the thin soled and sprawling things around which they used to drabble their muddy skirts.

A woman's foot now is, as it ought to be, a legitimate object of admiration, and it is not necessary for curious loungers to wait for muddy days and wind storms, and to congregate on corners to see them, while the modest young ladies could only express their admiration of that wise compensation of Providence, by which the same wind that mussed their crinoline, blew dust into the eyes of the wicked young men who would take advantage of their confusion. We can echo at this time an equal praise to the girl that wears short dresses that Stedman sang in the "sweet brogue" of the Emerald Isle, to the girl with the balmoral:

"Then here's to the gal with the balmoral
And dainty top-boots slinder,
Who's as discrate as she is swate,
And wise as she is tender."

GOOD ADVICE TO BOYS.—The following good advice to boys, which we find in an exchange, is worth reading and digesting. How many men would now be improved in mind and morals, if they had so acted in their youthful days. The boy who spends an hour of each evening lounging idly on a street corner, wastes, in the course of a single year, three hundred and sixty five precious hours, which, if applied to study, would familiarize him with the rudiments at least of almost any of the familiar sciences. If, in addition to wasting an hour each evening, he spends five cents for a cigar, which is usually the case, the amount thus wasted would pay for four of the leading magazines of the country. Boys, think of these things. Think how much precious time and good money you are wasting, and for what. The gratification afforded by the lounge on the corner, or by the cigar, is not only temporary, but positively hurtful. You cannot indulge in those practices without seriously injuring yourselves. You acquire idle and wasteful habits, which will cling to you through life, and grow upon you with each succeeding year. You may in after life shake them off, but the probabilities are that the habits thus formed in early life will remain with you to your dying day. Be warned then in time, and resolve that as the hour spent in idleness is gone forever, you will improve each passing one, and thereby fit yourselves for usefulness and happiness.

A MAIDEN'S FIRST LOVE.—Human nature has no essence more pure; the world knows nothing more chaste; heaven has endowed the moral heart with no feelings more holy than the nascent love of a young virgin's soul. The warmest language of the sunny South is too cold to shadow forth even a faint outline of that enthusiastic sentiment. And God has made the richest language poor in that respect, because the hearts that thrill with love's emotions are too sacred for the common contemplation. The musical voice of love stirs the source of the sweetest thought within the human breast, and steals into the most profound recesses of the soul, touching the chords that never vibrated before, and calling into general companionship delicious hopes till then unknown. Yes, the light of a young madien's first love breaks dimly but beautifully upon her, as the silver lustre of a star glimmers through the thickly woven bower; the first blush that mantles her cheeks, as she feels the primal influences, is faint and pure as that which a rose leaf might cast upon marble. But how rapidly does that light grow stronger and flush deeper, until the powerful effulgence of the one irradiates every corner of the heart, and the crimson glow of the other suffuses every feature of her countenance.

THE GIFTS OF HEAVEN TO WOMAN.—The first and most important quality in the female sex is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to them insinuation and persuasion in order to be surly; it did not make them weak in order to be imperious; it did not give to them a sweet voice in order to be employed in scolding; nor did it provide them delicate features in order to be disfigured by anger.

AFFECTION.—On the proper and complete exercise of the affections alone the best happiness of life depends; and, as the meanest scrape of gauze, of bead, or of tinsel looks beautiful and costly through the reflecting mirror of the kaleidoscope, so does the most common and dreary scene acquire attraction and value when beheld through the beautifying medium of gratified affection.

A GOOD GUIDE.—Every young man is eagerly asking the best way of getting on in life. The Bible gives a very brief answer to the question: "Walk in the way of good men, and keep the paths of the righteous." Many books of advice and direction have been written, but that is the gist of them all.

AFFLICTION.—The sorrowing believer like a noble and imperial bird, though sometimes driven down by the storm, yet keeps his plumes expanded and his eye on heaven, until, on the first gleam of sunshine, he shakes his wet and weary pinion, and eagle like, towers again to the sun.

IF we did but know how little some enjoy the great things that they possess, there would not be so much envy in the world.

A SOUL without prayer is like a solitary sheep without a shepherd. The tempter sees it and lures it away into his snare.

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ITEMS.

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.—The New York *Albion*, the organ of the English residents of this country, says:

The English journals, it seems to us, are too much excited on this question. In this city and country Mr. Sumner is regarded as a political enthusiast whose opinions must be accepted with a certain amount of mental reservation. His speech on the Alabama question was; in the first instance, regarded as neither more nor less than an individual opinion, and the exaggerated importance which has been attached to it on the other side of the Atlantic, is a source of surprise on this. Mr. Sumner is, undoubtedly a great egotist, and wished to be the mouth-piece of a great nation, but his speech is entitled to little more consideration than Mr. Chandler's and the people of the United States know that the latter is little better than an irresponsible agent when he mounts his British hobby-horse. Mr. Sumner's speech created very little sensation, to use a popular expression, in America, and as it has not been endorsed by the administration at Washington, there is no reason why it should have agitated the British public. We trust, however, that we are correct in supposing that the London journals attach more importance to Mr. Sumner's oration than the English Government does. The bulls in the gold room here, however, ran the premium up to 44¾, mainly in consequence of this Alabama speech of the Massachusetts Senator, and the bulls in gold and the bears in stocks are trying to make believe that war is a probable contingency, but in our opinion, it is a very improbable one, and the journals on this side that are directly or indirectly, urging the people on to such a catastrophe, are productive of grave public evil. There is no more danger of war between the two nations than there was a year ago, and those who endeavor to make out that there is are working against international peace. The Alabama question ought now to be allowed to rest, as, after what has been already said, no good can be done by agitating it afresh. All further controversy will result, under existing circumstances, in nothing but irritation.

EMIGRATION OF LONDON WORKMEN.—About six months since a body of London workingmen formed themselves into a society, under the title of the "Mutual Consolidation and Co operative Emigration Land Company," with the object of raising a capital of £250,000 in £1 shares, payable by weekly instalments; the money so raised to be used from time to time in the emigration of the members. The society was duly registered under the Friendly Societies Act, and met weekly at the Electic Hall, Denmark street, Soho. Shortly after the formation of the society its promoters placed themselves in communication with the Governor and Legislature of the Nebraska Territory, United States, by whom a large tract of land was offered to the society at a more nominal price, and upon conditions by which the society could carry out its plan of co-operation and family colonization. This offer and its conditions were, after some negotiations, accepted, and the correspondence between the Governor of Nebraska and the committee of the society was, a few weeks since, sent to Mr. John Bright, the President of the Board of Trade, by a deputation from the society, reported in the public journals. The right honorable gentleman, though unable to comply with the request of the deputaion for governmental sanction to the scheme, expressed himself as highly favorable to the objects of the society. About three hundred members, chiefly skilled artisans, have already enrolled themselves in the society, which has now commenced practical operations; and on Saturday morning last sixteen of the members, chosen by ballot, and named "The Pioneers," took their departure for Nebraska Territory in the ship Paraguay,